



Simply Having a Wonderful Christmas Time

*"No one leaves a Jewish wedding hungry;
then again, no one leaves with a hangover."*

Tis the season to get rip-roaring drunk and flash your neighbor's dog...or at least that's what most Swedes think. Of course for Swedes there really is no bad time to flash the neighbor's hound. In the spirit of such unconditional giving as the Swedes often demonstrate, GDT is prepared to teach you a few new—and quite old—drinking games that you might not have heard of before. Drinking games throughout history have always required stamina, cunning, and guile. Oh yeah, and a high tolerance for low proof alcohol and a bladder that has it's own agenda.

The first unrecorded drinking game (actually, it was called a "Salting game" for reasons that will become clear. Read along. There's nothing to see here.) in history came out of Sumaria around 4000BCE. The only reason we are privy to this information is because of a couple quite graphic, and mostly non-existent, tablets that were not found in the great library of Ashurbanipal at Nineva located on the beautiful Tigris River. The game itself was quite complicated, and only after a series of long, drawn-out tortuous ordeals, was the "player" allowed a small swig of wine, which everybody drank anyway. As a part of the game, the revelers shouted, "Svitzcha!"[†] and threw salt over their shoulder and was used as a way to test a "player's" metal in a pre-bronze age society (about a week later and they would have been in the bronze age).



Gazelle offering goblets of wine to the scorpion-man as he throws salt with his right hand.

As drinking games were just invented they had not yet realized what the true purpose of a drinking game is: to get drunk and act stupid. They had the stupid part down cold, what with the salt throwing, but were a little behind in the inebriation field.

Because this first game was invented in the enlightened society of the Sumarians it did not take them long to catch on...just look at the circle (prime piece of marketing that was).^{*}

[†] Cheers.

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^{*} In addition to being top notch astronomers and mathematicians (case in point: the Nineva constant. A number which divides into the orbit of each planet, most moons, and several of the larger asteroids evenly), they were the world's best marketers. The phrase "He could sell the Devil a glass of water"^f really does not do them justice. Prior to their foray into the rough and tumble world of pre-Iron Age marketing, most cultures and tribes made do with what they had, and what they had mainly consisted of squares. Striving for an increased geometric density, early researchers diligently worked on new shapes (Ah, square? No. Ah, square? No. Oh! I got it! How about a square?). After centuries of circular reasoning ("Hey!") Wesslie the Daft from the Anatolian Plateau mistakenly left a cross bar off one of his experiments and the triangle was born. Ridiculed by

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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Unlike the Sumarians, the more uncouth civilizations just getting the hang of agriculture just wanted to have a nice tall one, and didn't want to go through all that other muck to get at it. The Sumarians were smart, but not all that smart. Then again, neither were the afore mentioned uncouth ones; they kept the salt throwing in because they thought the alcohol wouldn't work without it.

The game became wildly popular and spread quickly across the known world (all forty-four hectares of it) eventually making its way to the flourishing societies of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro in the Indus river valley, who until this time, had only known of the less engaging party games of pin the tail on Flloyd ("Ow! Quit it! Why don't you guys go play Kick-the-Sandstone or something?") and kick the sandstone. These early Indus civilizations just couldn't get enough of this new drinking game (and neither could Flloyd) and ended up occupying all of their otherwise unoccupied time in playing the game. This resulted in vast quantities of salt being flung about and eventually making their soil too saline to sow their seeds. Their once great civilization then went the way of Selfosophy in Utah, never to be heard of again.

(As an interesting side note, the Salt Drinking Game, having disappeared for millennia, suddenly reappeared in the biggest party the Mediterranean ever saw. Shortly after the Carthagians invited the Romans over for a party, someone broke out a store of salt and taught everyone how to play. After a week of cavorting and merriment ("Hell of a joke, you bringing those Elephants to our party last time.") Carthage was a mess and reduced to a saline wasteland. Hell of a party, though.)

A major innovation to drinking games came with the rise of the Minoan civilization. Until this time most drinking games had never really incorporated the cause and effect status of modern drinking games (ex. Roxanne). In fact, it was the other way around: "When I drink, I've got to throw some salt." With

the Society of Squares ("What kind of square is that? Kind of lacking in sides, isn't it?") it was discovered that the triangle could handle more weight using fewer sides. A break through in geometric density! The Sumarians, scoffing at their superfluous sided shapes, presented the circle. Totally new ("Hey! You just cut a part out of a tree."), or at least mostly new, the circle proved to be so innovative and practical that it was mostly ignored as a tool for centuries, due mainly to the extensive owner's manual that carefully explained each of the 360 degrees^Δ and blathering on about arc's and angles and snake pies. Consisting of only two sides (inside and outside), it had only one practical load bearing surface. Unfortunately, it tended to roll away from

the rise in trade and commerce among different civilizations, the concept of cause-and-effect was hit upon. The really advanced groups came to look for a cause and effect in everything.^d Enter early Minoan Society: naked, broken legged fisherman who let young boys and girls jump over bulls for kicks.

They had to be drunk.

The game they played consisted of taking a drink every time some strong, nubile youth flipped themselves, ass over end, over the marauding beast. Two if the youth made it. All you can drink if two of the youngsters collided in the air.

The next great innovation in drinking games was introduced by the great and wacky religion of Judaism, and was called Passover Dinner. The Hebrews successfully married the solemn occasion of religious ritual with the fun of consuming vast quantities of alcohol, without turning the whole thing into an orgy like the less successful versions of the Roman's Bacchus drinking

where it was set down, causing a great deal of confusion. The first real use of the circle in a architectural project was by Imhotep the Feeble when he attempted to fuse the three major geometric forms in a theory of Unified Geometry or just give good old King Zoser a better view from his picture window in the after-life. The resulting Step Pyramid fused all three: with distances measured with the circle, squares used to make rectangles, the entire shape was roughly a triangle. Hailed as a major breakthrough, the new Unified Geometry was refined to the point of making the Great Pyramid at Gizeh. Seen by many modern whackos as a source of ancient knowledge, they cite the fact that the Great Pyramid contains pi in its very structure as proof that the ancients weren't all stupid enough to be gold plating their sculptures using grape juice powered batteries. Of course it has pi in it you prats! They measured the length of sides with a circle. Even if they didn't know about Pi it would be a part of the structure. Sheesh!

game. The Bacchus drinking game mostly consisted of taking a drink whenever you saw someone and then having sex with the closest available sheep ("If the sheep doesn't say no, it's not rape"). Oddly enough some forms of the early Roman game seem to continue on to this very day, even though most of the religious meaning may be lost, it was probably lost about the time they invented it in the first place (see hazing).



Floyd being forced to wear the funny hat as the tiger whispers in his ear, telling him that everyone hates him.

Innovation being the hallmark of the Western alcoholic, games continued to grow, spread, prosper, be repressed, go underground, form a guerrilla movement, topple the Powers-that-Be, and prosper. Over the centuries, several games have been lost, but thanks to

some intense pleading to Hell Inc., the Bacchus Corp has supplied us with a few less interesting games than we've already covered:

The Catholic Drinking Game - a.k.a. Communion

Christianity not seeing why the Jews

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should have all the fun created this game to honor the lord their Father and their less than respectable cannibalistic sides. As with most modern religious drinking games (quite unlike the Bacchus game) the game is either not played often enough, or the interval between drinks is a little too substantial, like a week, for most heavy drinkers to fully enjoy it's subtly nuances. Ultimately this game often loses it's purer nature in the banal pageantry of modern day Catholicism.

The game is played like this:

The parishioners endure forty-five minutes of dogma, then the Priest says, "Let us proclaim the mystery of our faith." Everybody drinks. Communion is finished, the Mass ends, everybody goes home for a week and returns the following Sunday. Repeat.

One can only imagine how much more satisfying Mass must have been in the age of Pope Alexander VI.

The Drinking Game Drinking Game

This game is about as simple as it gets and reflects the minimalism of our times. Every time you take a drink, you have to take a drink.

This game will only end upon the occa-

sion:

- a) that you pass out
- b) that you die
- c) that you run out of things to drink

It is advisable never to play this game around Drano or household cleaning fluids.

Advisory Aviatory Drinking Game of Admiral Byrd

This game was created by the great explorer and pilot Admiral Byrd. The game consists of becoming scared to death of flying, drinking enough to bloat a camel and only then setting foot on an airplane. Once on board the plane you become so disastrously frightened that you nearly cause the pilot to crash.

Repeat as many times as you need to take flight. This game is given a TDDYP rating (Till Death Do You Part).

So just remember the what makes an alcoholic and the ways to avoid accusations of being one. In this festive holiday season, drinking games not only cover our drug use for purposes so noble as burying our vicious emotions, but also keep us from drinking alone. Don't get MADD get even...more drunk, and then just see what happens.

^f Which really isn't that hard. Ol' Club Foot is parched most of the time.

^Δ While humans tended to overlook the circle, the Gods of old were quite taken with the idea. They were so impressed that they decided to adopt the circle with it's 360 degrees as the solar standard. The length of days and the orbit of the Sun around the Earth were adjusted to the year was exactly 360 days. For millennia the earth's systems relied solely on the 100% Pure Circle system. By the time of Persephone a new operating system called Ellipse had begun to gain in popularity and several aspects of it were incorporated into Circle. The hybrid system worked effectively until 1582AD when the number of internal errors caused a massive crash and caused the irretrievable loss of 10 days. Rather than have to rewrite the entire system (a serious pain because it was written in base 60 planet code, and no one scripts in base 60 anymore), Pope Gregory the 13th created a work-around altering the length of each day and causing the length of each year to be 365.256328 days, proving once again that when you measure an object you change it's nature. Sure, the system's sloppy, but it works for now.

[∂] "Now, if you don't have that shipment a' fish you promised, my boy 'll h've to break you legs. Nothing per-s'n'l. Jus' Bizness."



Editor's Note: Pig-fucker Deluxe

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 5

Disclaimer: In the past, editorial comments on the activity of RIT's official news-mag has been the domain of me, Sean Hammond. A bitter, short man with coal for a heart, I would rail against Reporter, questioning why it consistently wins national awards when faculty, staff, and students all complain about it's content. Notice the past tense: I was banned by my counterpart from senselessly attacking the Reporter. Imagine my surprise when Kelly Gunter coquettishly said, "I want to write an editorial about one of Reporter's editorials." Well I'll be damned. In short, I didn't write this editorial, but I do agree.

This editorial is actually a rebuttal of sorts. Sean has been banned from writing more meaningless editorials about the *Reporter Magazine* for his habit of writing something up every other week, but the rest of us are free to write as we please. It is not often my interest to even think of the *Reporter*, but I saw a bit of drivel that was supposed to pass for an editorial and got annoyed at the presumptuousness of the head editor, Ms. Harsch.

The October 24th issue of the *Reporter* was apparently controversial; some students threw 3,000 of their copies in the trash. I wasn't really paying attention...I've got better things to do. In the next week's *Reporter* editorial, dealt with in their usual stylistic manner, the words "Censorship by Students?" somehow were plastered all over the page. Mind you, I didn't find out about this until a few days after the issue. I was visiting a teacher and spotted the issue in question on their desk open to the editorial. It intrigued me for a moment, so I decided to see what all the fuss was about and read it.

The editorial spouts off all of brilliantly

-Kelly Gunter
patriotic crap about "THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS" and first amendment rights, and it really it brought a tear to my eye.

Really.

It went on to accuse those students who threw out the *Reporter* issues of not believing in those fore mentioned rights and most importantly "guilty of censorship." I'm sorry Ms. Harsch, but I'm going to have to ask you to get down off your high horse. I could much more easily prove that the three branches of the government are a farce than you could prove these students are guilty of censorship. I'm afraid, my dear, that you don't even have the slightest clue of what you are saying.

First, and most importantly, what you must know to make a statement like that is what exactly censorship is. According to Steve's Big Book of Everything[†] censorship is the work of a censor, and a censor is one who works in an official capacity to suppress information on political, moral, military, or other grounds. A censor works in an official capacity. *Reporter* is censored when Al Simone (President of RIT) leans down from on high and says, "No, don't print that." What the students did to your publication was not censorship, because they do not work in an official capacity.

The second point I'd like to make is that the students you accused of said action in no way oppressed your freedom of press. You were able to print what you liked, and you did. The publication you created is what allegedly hit those newsstands. Freedom of the press ensures that you will be able to write what you want and print it. After you place your issues in the public domain they become public property to be dealt with in any manner your reading public sees fit to behave towards it. You have no rights to dic-

[†]Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of the English Language

tate to others how your publication should be treated once you relinquish your control over it.

The next important issue I believe this raises, which your article failed to mention, is free speech. Free speech protects some actions, such as flag burning, as well as protecting one's freedom of speech. The students who threw the *Reporter Magazines* away were merely exercising their right. It was their choice of action, and with it they made a statement, and should not be condemned for such an action.

For several years now *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* has been printing questionable articles—writing more than worthy of a little outrage. I have no idea how many times our issues have seen the inside of a trash can. Our fifth issue of volume one nearly got obliterated by one guy on a mission. In those days we paid for everything out of our pockets, granted we were not too pleased, but we also understood why he did it and could not con-

demn his actions. In fact, we replied to his hate mail and encouraged him to continue to express his rights...once he was better informed of the issues at hand. As a subtle statement, Hell's Kitchen learned from our experiences and includes a recycle symbol on the cover as a means of reminding any right-minded citizen wishing to wipe our filthy rag off the face of the planet that they should at least do something worthwhile with our worthless rag. If one of our readers finds it necessary to destroy one of our issues on some basis, we concede, for it is not our place to complain (at least not in this arena). Once an issue leaves our hands, it is out of our hands. Your behavior, Ms. Harsch, would seem more commendable were you able to do the same.

I suggest if you can not emotionally concede such points, your journal should avoid making any articles which are remotely controversial, lest the consequences offend your own person.

Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: COP LAND

I just saw the latest Sylvester Stallone movie, "Cop Land." I liked it a lot. Not because it was a good plot, or that Sly was acting again, although that was a nice change. No, I liked this film for one reason - ass. Hold up! Let me explain. Have you ever been driving along and caught of an odor so putrid you had to exclaim "Man, this place smells like ass!?" Or have you been into someone's room and it was so messy and unkempt that you had to say "Jesus, your room looks like ass, dude.?" That's what I'm talking about. The stars of "Copland" were the embodiment of ass. Either the makeup guy never showed up, or they hired Stan Winston's special makeup effects crew and said "Stan, you've done a lot of work in the



Sylvester Stallone offering Robert De Niro a curiously strong mint.

past, 'Alien,' 'Jurassic Park,' 'Terminator 2,' we like it. Is there a way that you can make Sylvester Stallone, Ray Liotta, Harvey Keitel, and Robert Patrick look like ass?"

Stan must have said yes.

The movie starts, and you see that most

of the characters look as if they've been collectively hit by an amtrack train...daily. The industry standard of three-day growth on the lead males was extended to twelve or thirteen day-growth (and I bet if you look real hard, you can see small insects playing 'smear the queer' in Robert Patrick's stubble). Cathy Moriarty plays a trumpy housewife to one of the cops, and when she opens the door to speak with Sly, I had two reactions:

1. How many times did they beat her across the face with a shovel?
2. Did they add the implied "Booty Rot" smell in post production?

Smell was a major factor. There is no such thing as smell-o-rama at Movies Ten, but still! I wanted to leave the theatre, grab some Altoids from CVS, and throw their curiously strong goodness at Harvey Keitels mouth! You know a film smells bad when the word "Fuck" smells like cheap whiskey, cigarettes, and day old cheese steak sub. As an audience member in a regular theatre, I shouldn't know what Sly had for dinner two nights ago! Robert De Nero was in the film as well. He didn't really have to have anything altered, except for some extra hair coming out of his mole. There are films that try to emulate real life, this was one of them. Corruption in the New York Police force, a small town sheriff caught in the middle of a conspiracy, the mob owning an entire police



Beasties: Circa Brass Monkey

precinct, I can believe all that. What I found hard to believe is the total lack of personal hygiene in the film! Cops have access to soap! They could probably score a few bottles of Listerene if they tried. I don't think that internal affairs would object to a cop using a razor from time to time! I like that movies are getting back to their naturalistic roots, but there can be too much realism. People go to movies to escape reality, not to wipe it off their shirt collars every time some wino-cop calls Stallone a "Deaf Fuck."

All in all, it was a good film. If you liked the video for the Beastie Boys' "Sabotage," you'll dig "Cop Land." Hey! Wait a sec. What if we could get the Beasties for the sequel? "Copland 2: Return of the Brass Monkey."

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The Religious Wrong

-Sean Hammond

"...in the beginning when the world was young there were a great many thoughts but no such thing as a truth. Man made the truths himself and each truth was a composite of a great many vague thoughts. All about in the world were the truths and they were all beautiful.... There was the truth of virginity and the truth of passion, the truth of wealth and of poverty, of thrift and of profligacy, of carelessness and abandon. Hundreds and hundreds were the truths and they were all beautiful.

"And then the people came along. Each as he appeared snatched up one of the truths and some who were quite strong snatched up a dozen of them.

"It was the truths that made the people grotesques.... The moment one of the people took one of the truths to himself, called it his truth, and tried to live his life by it, he became a grotesque and the truth he embraced became a falsehood."

-Paraphrased from *Winesburg, Ohio*,
Sherwood Anderson

In the past The Religious Wrong has highlighted frightening quotations from various members of "the Religious Right," such as Pat Buchanan and Ralph Reed. This week I want to make a quick comment on what has occurred in a small high school in Kentucky.

Fourteen year old Michael Carneal calmly inserted ear plugs into his ears, pulled out a .22 caliber handgun that he had stolen on Thanksgiving, and opened fire on a group of students who regularly held prayer meetings prior to the start of classes for the day. When he stopped, Michael had killed three: Kayce Steger,

Jessica James, and Nicole Hadley.

Nicole's death is significant for she was a close friend of his, was his first target, and was the only one he took the time to aim at, killing her with a slug in the brain. Obvious I'm not privy to all the facts, but I can't help but wonder about what motivated Brutus. Did he help kill Caesar to stop his ambitions or to save Cæsar from corruption? Did Judas betray Jesus for the thirty pieces of silver, or because Jesus had to be killed for our sins? Where is the line between caring enough to save, and caring enough to kill...and which shows more love?

Suffice it to say I'm saddened by what he did. I disapprove of Christians in general, but I have no plans to go out and lay them low. I'll let their Savior do that when the time comes. What bothers me is that if he did it to stop them, he became no better than they are. Violent suppression is violent suppression, be it disemboweling a witch with a rusty saw, stoning a Palestinian in the name of nationalism, or murdering misled high schoolers with lead.

All grotesques.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre wants You

GDT is looking for new staff writers and contributors from MCC, RIT, UofR, Rochester, and elsewhere. We accept nearly everything, be it artwork, photos, submissions, or weekly columns (we especially like weekly columns).

We're really in need of a new illustrator. No experience necessary. All that is required is a firm understanding that we'd need illustrations each week.

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