



Un-Civil War

"The country is in a terrible state. People are starving and giving up, the economy is falling to pieces, nobody is producing any longer. We don't know what to do about it. You do. You know how to make things work. Okay, we're ready to give in. We want you to tell us what to do."

"I told you what to do."

"What?"

"Get out of the way." -Atlas Shrugged, Ayn Rand

WASHINGTON, 30 DECEMBER, 1997 (UPI) U.S. PARK POLICE SAY THEY ARRESTED 20 PROTESTERS IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE (TUESDAY) AND CHARGED THEM WITH DEMONSTRATING WITHOUT A PERMIT. TWO OF THE DEMONSTRATORS WHO Poured A RED LIQUID ON THE SIDEWALK WERE CHARGED WITH DEFACING PUBLIC PROPERTY. A POLICE SPOKESMAN WAS UNABLE TO SAY WHY THEY WERE PROTESTING.

The last time I checked the Bill of Rights, the Facists hadn't yet managed to erase the fact that "Congress shall make no law...abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble...", yet why is it that protesters require a permit in Washington D.C.?[†] In the same part of the nation where Lady Freedom stares down on the denizens of D.C., it worries me to think that people haven't burst out into fearful laughter in the face of such contradictions.

Revolution may or may not be in the air, but if we're going to do it right, we gotta find the proper forms baby! We'll probably need to fill out seven different forms in triplicate and submit them to the responsible authorities at least two years in advance of our approaching uncivil war.[‡] I really think I need to start petitioning now if I want my revolution to begin before I find myself too old to clip my own toe nails. Oh, here we go: Form 9825EZ..." Application for Permit to Revolt." The estimated amount of time required to finish the paperwork is 4.25 hours, and will take up to 25 years to process. Okay, everybody meet me back here when we retire.

Why would I want to start a revolution do you ask? Well, I don't...not off hand. You see, the disturbing thing about revolutions is that those who want most to start a revolution are the last ones who should be allowed to lead them. On top of that, the results of revolutions are almost always indistinguishable from their causes. Revolutionaries will lay down their lives, a



[†] I suppose the law makers thought it would be too much to expect them to wear collars and clean up their own poop too, so I left those aspects out.

[‡] War is never civil. Perhaps this may not have seemed to have been the case for the landed gentry of the middle ages, for whom it was considered impolite to kill. However for all others concerned, war has never been a civil affair. Unlike Dungeons and Dragons, the Gathering, and Final Fantasy, melees have never been what could be called an ordered exchange with each participant awaiting their own turn to strike and be stricken.

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ****Publisher:** C. Diablo**Head Editors:**

Josh French
 Kelly Gunter
 Sean Hammond

Layout:

Josh French
 Kelly Gunter
 Sean Hammond

Main Article:

Kelly Gunter
 Sean Hammond

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
 Kelly Gunter
 Sean Hammond
 Don Rider
 Sean Stanley

Illustrator:

John Golden

Cartoonist:

Matt Mesner

Contributors:

Steve Antonson
 Adam Fletcher
 Giles Francis Hall
 Jason Olshefsky

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new layer of paint, build some monuments, but their way of thinking hasn't changed. Replace the Czar with Stalin, and what has changed? Revolutions must be fought on the individual level and make people want to change the way they think. Do that, and the rest will follow. Unfortunately, I couldn't get anything like that through legislation; if I could, I would spend the rest of my days, dirty and homeless in D.C., laughing hysterically upon gazing up to the Capital's Rotunda until I go blind.

Please understand that I'm not one of those mid-western, gun-toting, chain-smoking, boot-wearing, roast-beef-eating types intent on fenagaling large tracts of land from the federal government, proudly committing tax fraud while making immature little speeches about the rights of the people^ð to shoot judges. They're not really revolutionaries: they just don't want to pay taxes. They want the infrastructure and any other governmental programs they use to support itself, they just don't want to have to pay for any of it. They are just like any other red-blooded American whiner.

A lot of patriotic types are just happy enough to wrap themselves in their favorite slogan to protect them from the changing times. "America, love it or leave it!" As though this invocation of wisdom were so laden with power that it explained all of the available options. Just like any human being, this country has its faults, but it also has a great deal that is right about it. I don't have to love everything about it in order to believe in it. If I didn't care for the country, I wouldn't find myself contemplating revolution; I would simply pack up my silly string and hitch a ride on the first available air whale. The world is a big place with plenty of governments that could match my ideal. The closest to my ideal is this nation, however. Unlike the thinking of such slogan brandishers, this country was not meant to stagnate. Our constitution was supposed to grow, flourish, and change, not get twisted up in partisan squabbling.

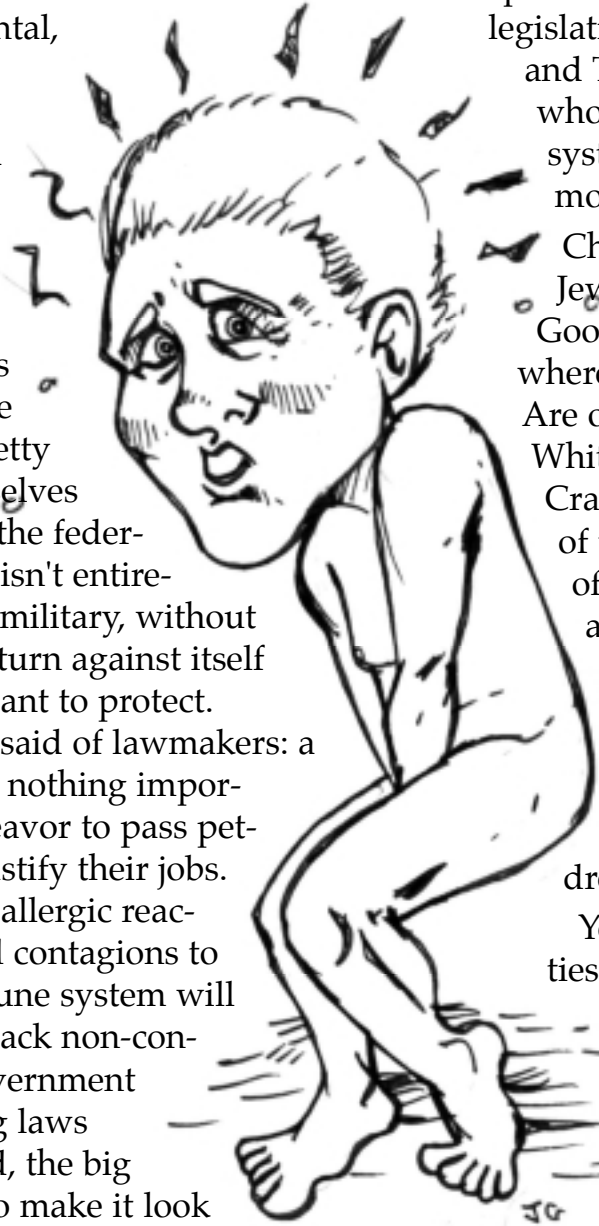
Pardon my French, but who in le merd cares anymore whether Clinton had anything to do with Whitewater or if he has "distinguishing features" on his genitalia besides the special persecutor Mr. Star? For lack of the use of filibusters, the House is happy to hold investigative hearings, who's sole purpose is to make one (or more) of the other guys on the other team look

^ð Well, okay. Maybe I do a bit of the immature speeches.... But at least I don't have my own soap box yet. Maybe if I'm good this year Santa will bring me one.

worse. Closer to home, I'm sick of watching commercials heralding Alfonse Tomato as an environmental, women's, and education advocate when I know damn well that he would sell his illiterate daughter to mining concerns if she were found to be rich in minerally goodness. The varied branches of government seem to be spending more time in petty bickering amongst themselves than in actually running the federal government. Maybe it isn't entirely their fault. A standing military, without enemies, will eventually turn against itself and the people it was meant to protect. Perhaps the same can be said of lawmakers: a body of lawmakers, with nothing important to address, will endeavor to pass pettier and pettier laws to justify their jobs. Laws today are a lot like allergic reactions. Given a lack of real contagions to fight off, the body's immune system will turn against itself and attack non-contagions. As far as our government is concerned all of the big laws have already been passed, the big kids in the capital have to make it look like their still earning their wages.

Continuing with the military paradigm,

If you find Mistakes in GDT, please consider that they are not mistakes and you just don't know what we're talking about OR the universe is wrong and we are simply pointing out the errors.



the two major parties of this nation only add to the problem of infighting and revenge legislation by creating a feeling of Us and Them. Who was the nitwit who thought up the two party system in the first place? As with most problems, I blame the Christians^Δ I'd like to say the Jews, but at least they believe in Good, Evil, and Not Applicable, whereas for Christianity you either Are or Are Not. Right or Wrong. White or Black. Cheese and Crackers. And in the special case of the Southern Baptists, capable of singing in key or not. We've already been given a preview for how this little excursion into the two party religious system is going to end, Armageddon, lots of war, and the occasional death or hundred billion.

Yes, I know: there are other parties. The Bull Moose Party, Libertarians, Communists, Nazi's, the Reform Party, bla, bla, bla. But there are two main parties, and that's the point. Remember what I said about revolutions rarely

changing the way people think? The Revolutionary War helped the establishment of a fairly unique governmental system for the time, but they kept the idea of the Whigs and Tories. All they did was change the names, the goals are the same. Given, no one said, "Hey, this God vs Devil idea is pretty good, why not try it in the American political

^Δ In all honesty, I should probably blame the Zoroastrians. If memory serves correctly, they were the first to come up with the concept of a Absolute Goodness and an Enemy. They still have a lot more grey than the Christians do, however.

system?" These things have a habit of just sort of happening, but there is nothing in the General Rule Book of Life™ which states we are not allowed to try to change it.

Change, however, is never easy. Things build up like hair clogs in the drain, I mean inertia, and our government has a lot of mass and has been moving along for some time now. The professional strength Draino is some time in the coming. Powering the entire juggernaut is our system of electing representatives through the electoral college ("I want to go to Bovine University").

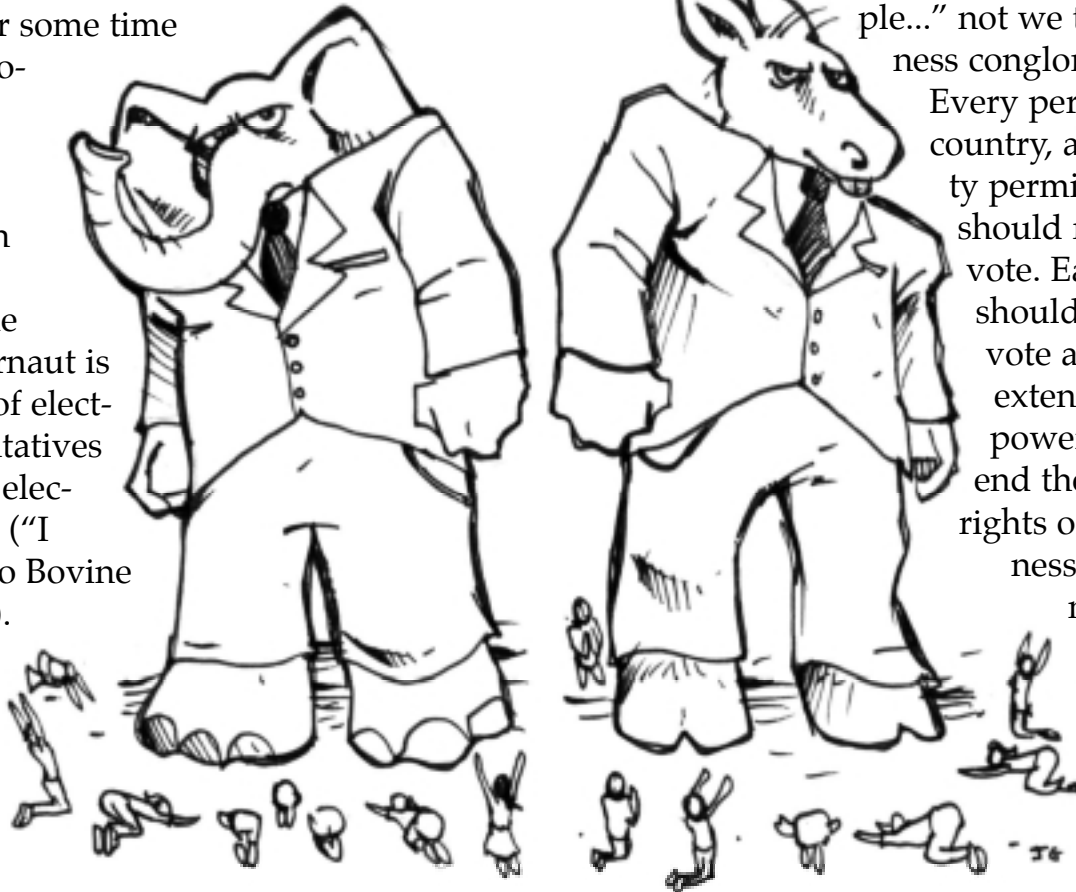
In theory, we vote the person into office whom we feel is most likely to do our particular bidding. I can't speak for everyone, but I can speak for myself and, in this case, several of my close relations that when it comes to election time we are not voting so much to put someone into office as we are voting to keep someone out of it. When was the last time you actually voted for someone and didn't just decide upon the lesser of two evils? I know that it could mean I am just too young and idealistic, but I really feel as if I should be voting for someone for a change.

It seems like everyone who makes it through the political system alive is either an idiot, an asshole, or an actor. The general pub-

lic has taken the back seat to the political engines who can find more of what they are after by allowing themselves to be wooed by the lobbyists. Even though the lobby groups are wooing the political system, in the end the ones who get screwed are the people who make up this nation. The constitution says, "We the people..." not we the big business conglomerates.

Every person in this country, age and sanity permitting, should receive a vote. Each business should receive one vote and the extent of their powers should end there. The rights of big businesses should not extend farther than the rights of the people who make them up.

It doesn't take a genius to look at the political system at hand today and say that it isn't working in an efficient manner. I want a change. However with the rules of the system as they are now, making that change within the system seems an impossible dream. For now, I suppose Thoreau had the right idea with "Civil Disobedience." I will play the game for now, but as soon as it seems that the government is no longer what it aspired to be, with no hope of redemption, I will do my damndest to—oops. Time for my medicine. See you next week!



Tourist's Movie Reviews:

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: TITANIC

Rare is it today that a film actually takes you out of your seat and into another world. When one manages to do so for three hours straight, you know you've got something good. Let me just start by saying that James Cameron is the daddy of all that which is mack. As a filmmaker, I must say that I idolize this man. It seems that he cannot make a bad film. Go ahead, try to say that one of his movies sucked (except for Piranha 2: The Spawning, I yield on that one). He really outdid himself on this one though. There was



Fish bait...

action, romance, lust, gunplay, class discrimination, secret motives, breasts, diamonds, hats, and big coats.

When I saw the film, I had the unfortunate experience of sitting behind a bevy of pre and present-menopausal women. They wouldn't shut up. The dumb bitches had a comment for every goddamn moment in the film, from "Hey, I wonder if they shot this on the actual Titanic...", to "Oooh, I bet they're going to hit an iceberg because the captain is going too fast." So you know I took a bit of personal pleasure when the crying began. Being an emotionally bereft American male DOES have its perks from time to time. And man did they cry. Gallons and gallons, more even then the time that they all went out to see "Steel Magnolia's" together after Janet's divorce. Leaving the theatre, I smiled at them and said "I heard that Cameron actually drowned Leonardo DiCaprio to make it look real. Yeah, then he served the corpse to the gaffers..." Just kidding. But it did feel good to leave the theatre so moved by a film for a change.

I only had a *few* suggestions.

If I had Cameron's ear for a few minutes, after orgasming and praising him for every film he's ever done (especially ALIENS, because you really can't get much better than that) I'd whisper a few friendly observations. First, where the hell was Steve

McQueen, or George Kennedy, or Lee Marvin? Is this not the mother of all disaster films??? That has been a recent trend - disaster movies without those guys, or at least Ernest Borgnine. Second, I would have added a special scene in which Kathy Lee Gifford mistakes the Titanic for a Carnival Cruise, hops aboard and is later seen rotting in a life preserver, her bloated and frozen corpse being consumed by the scavengers of the sea in painstaking detail (we can only hope that that's in the Directors Cut).

I would have also added extra steamy footage of the sloppy-teenage-sex-in-a-model-t-in-a-cargo-hold scene, cut to the Doors' "Break on Through." Sure it's an anachronism, but Jim Morrison and Jim Cameron CANNOT go wrong!

Finally, there'd be a scene involving a drunken Issiac (your bartender with afro) welching on a cockfight bet in the third-class section. He beats the shit out of Billy Zane. Other than

those minute changes, I'd leave it alone, because you can't alter perfection, and Grand Master Cameron has done it again. Oh yeah, let me just ruin the end a little and say that the fuckin' boat sinks. Sorry, I had to.



... and quite a catch.

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VANDALS DECAPITATE MERMAID

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK—THE STATUE OF THE LITTLE MERMAID (NOT DISNEY'S BITCH™. I MEAN THE REAL ONE), BASED ON THE FAIRY TALE BY DANISH AUTHOR HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, WAS VANDALIZED TUESDAY, 6 JANUARY.

ACTING ON AN TWO ANONYOUS PRE-DAWN TIPS, MICHAEL POULSEN, A FREELANCE PHOTOGRAPHER, WAS TOLD TO GO AND SEE WHAT HAD BEEN DONE TO THE STATUE. UPON ARIVING HE FOUND THE STATUE HAD BEEN DECAPITATED. HE TAPED TWO YOUNG MEN WHO



Every step was like walking on knives, but she would laugh, just being with the Prince.

OF FINDING THE STATUE'S HEAD.

SINCE ITS ERECTION IN 1913, IT HAS BEEN DAUBED WITH PAINT SEVERAL TIMES BUT HAS ONLY HAD ITS HEAD REMOVED ONCE BEFORE, IN 1964.

THE POLICE ARE STILL LOOKING FOR THE BASTARDS THAT DID IT.

TAUNTED HIM FROM A DISTANCE, SAYING HE WAS TOO LATE, BEFORE THEY ROLLER-SKATED AWAY, LAUGHING.

POLICE DIVERS FOUND TWO HACKSAW BLADES IN THE HARBOR NEAR THE STATUE AND CONTINUE TO HUNT IN THE HOPE



Editor's Note: Soul

Contrary to popular belief, much of what GDT runs is in some way based in fact. The more bizzare something sounds, the more facts it probably has it in. The quicky about the Little Mermaid statue is one of those very real pieces we run.

I just need to say that the Little Mermaid is one of the most moving stories I know. Mentally, I group it with Cyrano Debergirac (for obvious reasons). And although the statue does not evoke in me the same raw emotional responce as Winged Victory, I think it 's so terrably that she had her head cut off. This bothers me more than when Disney made that horrible movie....

GDT
Countdown
8 issues left to
our 100th
issue!



Ask the Bare-Foot Girl



DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,
IN CAP'N CRUNCH CEREAL, THE
CRUNCHBERRIES ARE CALLED
CRUNCHBERRIES, BUT WHAT ARE THOSE
LITTLE YELLOW THINGS CALLED?

-JASON OLSHEFSKY

Dear Jayce,

I'm glad you asked. The story behind those little yellow blobs is a long and interesting one; it's a story about life, love, and the exploitation of a little known working class. It actually describes a fascinating cycle of nature.

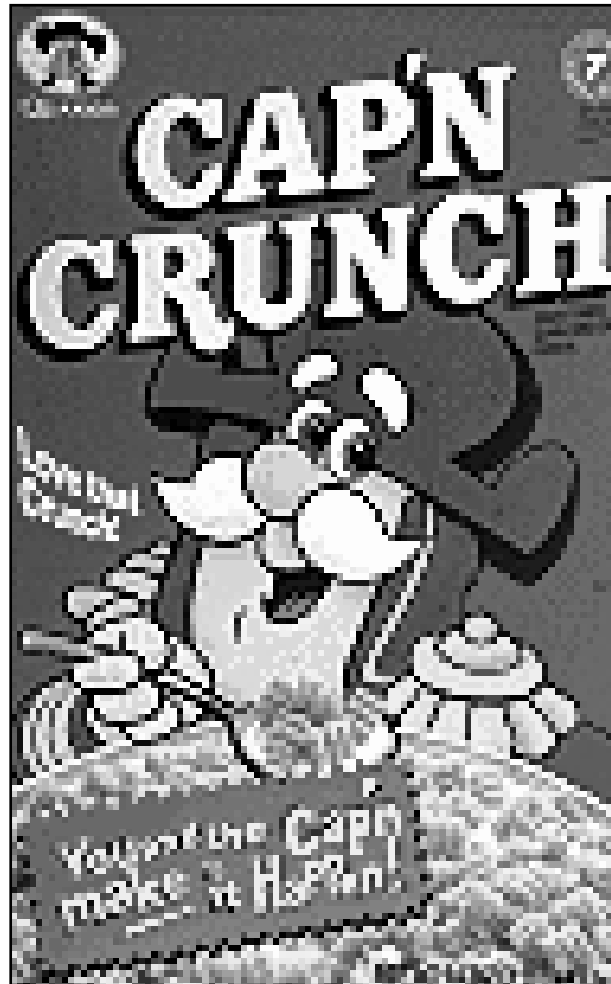
I'll start describing the cycle at the point when you go to the store and buy a box full of these delectable little edibles. You take them home with you. And on some bright and beautiful morning you spend a few fleeting moments shoveling these crunchy confections, generously embellished with lactose, down your sorry gullet. For the blue and red berries, this marks the end of their life-cycles, but for the little yellow crunchies life is just beginning.

They spend a remarkably educational

eighteen hours touring your digestive tract. When those little tykes, for they are crunchberries in an immature stage of life, are finally flushed from your system (these days truly flushed from your system) they emerge stronger, harder, and more importantly deeply imbedded within feces. At this point our story diverges in two directions: the historical migration of the yellow (brownish) crunchberries, and the new modern day equivalent of that same journey.

Unless you come from some enlightened European country or a third world nation, this next little bit does not apply to you anymore. In the olden days, when man heard the call of nature it was taken just there, to nature. Men crapped behind trees, over rocks, on the sides of churches, and in the subway, basically anywhere that was convenient. Outhouses and latrines are really not that far from the early beginnings of behavioral bowel movements such

that they may be treated in the historical manner. In those days the little hardened yellow crunchberries, once excreted, would be picked up by roving gangs of earthworms, carried to a nice location, and piled up to await the time of "change". No one is clear on why the worms did this, but some have suggested



that much like rats, mice, and pediphiles they like to horde materials they find pleasing to the senses.

These days matters are much stranger. Modern man likes to pack his shit in large metal boxes called septic tanks and modern earthworms are having a tougher time of extracting those pre-pubescent pellets. These days earthworms are nothing better than an unskilled and exploited work force,[†] being forced to break into these impenetrable steely fortresses and retrieve these smelly larvae to carry them, sometimes hundreds of miles, all the way to the nearest Captain Crunch Factory. These poor, exhausted worms are literally working for dirt. But they feel compelled to do the labor now, if only for their children's sake. You see, today's soil is so filled with DDT, weed killer, acid rain and any other type of chemical warfare you can think of, that it is actually unpalatable for the poor worms now. So in these times that try worms entrails they must turn to Captain Crunch and the mighty corporation of Quaker as their only supplier of medium grade fertilizer.

Now we enter the factory floor part of the cycle. After the worms drop off their booty and get payed, all of the little stinky balls are assembled in one room. They are allowed to sit for a couple of weeks while the "change" occurs. The

[†]They did on one occasion attempt to form a union and strike for better working conditions, but it rained and they were all flushed out to the surface. After that they were fighting a losing battle, they had the company birds unleashed on them and everything was over in a matter of minutes. It was a massacre.

They lost a lot of good worms in that misadventure, but their plan never would have worked, they had to many scabs.

"change" is when the little yellow crunchberries begin to take their true form. They develop into little male crunchberries (blue) and little female crunchberries (pink). Once the yellows have changed color, the factory workers take a handful of each and toss them into a box. The box is then sealed, and allowed to be shipped via third class mail to arrive at any of the country wide distribution spots. During this long and arduous journey the crunchberries reach sexual maturity, and begin a three day long period of frenzied orgy (these circumstances can only be fostered through the third class mailing process). After three more weeks of being lost in the mail, the crunchberries have given birth, often to quintuplets, and have reared the young undifferentiated berries to a ripe age to begin the rest of their magical life journey. I hope this brings a new perspective to breakfast cereal. And thanks for the question.

Incidentally, when the box refers to the cereal settling in the mail, this occurs when the cereal was shipped too quickly and did not have ample time to fornicate.

-the Bare-foot Girl

**Questions for the
BFG? Send them to
gdt@iname.com**

-Don Rider

CURIOSLY STRONG:

Those who know me know I always have a tin of Curiously Strong Altoids Peppermints on hand. There's two new developments in

the world of Altoids to take note of: First, the new Wintergreen flavor: It rocks! I love Wintergreen LifeSavers, and I was pleasantly surprised by the appearance of the new blue tin of Wintergreen Altoids in the supermarket. Second, the Big Tin: a much larger version of the famous Altoids tin filled with almost 6 times as many Altoids! I was the lucky recipient of two "Big Tins" of Altoids this past holiday season, and now possess

more Altoids that I will probably ever need to consume.



Tom's cat spotted a mouse on the dinner table.



and the punishment for eating X-mas' dinner, was to become Christmas dinner.

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