



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Holy Crap! It's the GDT Faerie!





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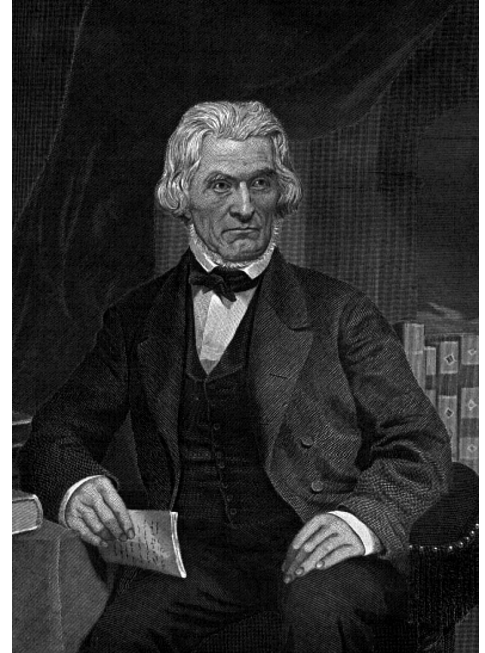
Sean J. Stanley, field reporter for The Magic Wondershow, passed this letter on to GDT. The original was dated September 11th, 2005.

An Open Letter to FEMA

By John C. Calhoun, Secretary of State

Dear Sirs,

As a member emeritus of the Tyler administration, I am utterly appalled at how the current administration has handled the unfortunate happenstance in New Orleans. These grave lapses in judgement truly cast a sinister light on how the government of our great country has sullied itself over the years. The logic employed by the dubious characters at the helm confounds at best and renders great calamity at worst.



Most unsettling of all, and a travesty to taxpayers everywhere was this gentleman Brown's idea to simply give these refugee people money. It is disgusting to think that our leaders would even consider doling out debit-cards, with little or no consideration as to the impact of such an error. The National Guard has enough things to deal with down there, let alone a bunch of displaced Negro "citizens" reduced to the very tribal nature at their core, and now in possession of capital funds with which to purchase their freebase cocaine and malt liquor products. This form of "charity" does little for Negro or common Christian man alike.

I come from a line of strict Calvinists, however I do feel that there is some benefit to be had within arms-length charity from time to time, no matter how undeserving the poor may be. But the old adage of "40 acres and a mule", no longer applies to these people. The terms need to be updated:

40 acres and a yak. Or what I call, the "FUBU Yak".

You see, since their questionable emancipation, the Negro's fashion sense has changed through the years. Long gone are the days of loincloths and spears. Now

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they have their own sense of "fashion", which includes baggy clothing and backwards hats and a preponderance of gold teeth. Some of them even own companies! You may not know this, but FUBU is a Negro interest that makes clothing for Negroes. It is an acronym that means "For Us, By Us". I suppose that it is good to see them taking matters into their own hands for a change, but it should be noted that the clothing is predominantly fabricated in China. This is not good for them, nor is it good for our gross domestic policy as a whole. Which is where the yak comes in.

One good thing that came out of the federal response is that they were able to strategically breach the levy and flood out the poor neighborhoods in New Orleans, in order to save the French Quarter tourist traps and other valuable real estate. But now, there is this lingering hullabaloo about what is going to happen to these flood areas, on account that humans can no longer (safely) live there. One could argue that the Negro has endured many a bout with cholera and diphtheria and survived. If they still long for 40 acres, what better real estate than that which has marinated under the effluvia of a sinful city for nigh on three weeks. If however, the liberal dolts have their way, this land will go fallow, or worse yet, once again sport the veritable ant colonies of public housing that God, in his infinite mercy and wisdom, felt compelled to remove. Instead of returning to the status quo, with your average destitute negress spewing forth her criminal brood in vulgar droves, I suggest that we take this land and render it into verdant pasture. Yak pastures.

If every displaced Negro household were to receive the gift of one yak and a bit of flood-cleared pasture lands, you would really see an about face in quality of life. No longer would these people be arriving on distant doorsteps, hat in hand, gladly munching on K-rations and canned goods. No, you would see a proud Negro, working his own silt, his hand steadfast on the yoke of a plow - a plow pulled by his trusty Yak.

The economic data is solid, indeed. Proven breeding yak bulls, even yak-bred

cows fetch more than fair market price in the bovine beef industry. But even that is short sighted, compared to the commodities incurred from the careful breeding of a live yak population. The Negroes can take their yaks, milk them, and sell the milk to food co-ops or other communist enterprises. I am told that yak milk cheese is quite a delicacy among homosexuals. This is not to say that I endorse communism or homosexuality at all, far from it. I simply suggest that until the AIDS virus has successfully eradicated the gays, the Negroes will have a ready supply of customers for their yak dairy wares. Not to mention the fact that international trade in yak fiber textiles is more than comparable to today's synthetic imports from South Asia.

If popular sentiment wishes to see the Negro unchained, there is little any right thinking individual can say during this current political clime. But I submit that if this is the case, and the Negro will enjoy freedom, we too should break our chains of so-called fiscal responsibility to him. It seems as though once a Negro, always a criminal and this is not likely to change anytime soon. The silver lining is in how this great nation deals with that intractable reality, and how it may profit from a flawed sense of fashion in the ghetto population. Why, imagine a world in which the Negro reprobate stands upon his crack corner, enjoying his 40-ounce flagon of King Cobra, all the while festooned in an over sized FUBU jersey which is hewn entirely in Yak's wool! A domestic product, taxable and sustainable, FTBT, or "For Them, By Them" if you will. In this, we will start to see the light at the end of the dire black tunnel, and hopefully future generations will never suffer the indignity of having their beloved sports arenas converted into makeshift velodromes for gang-rapists and dice gambling.

Very Truly Yours,



John C. Calhoun,
Secretary of State under President John Tyler

Personal Ad

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Future History

By Peter C. Gravelle

“I never thought it would be like this,” she says

as my mind flutters back to the day I grew too tall to be an astronaut or the day I realized I didn’t remember things well enough to do medicine or law but had more than enough math (although the tests disagreed) to engineer and anyways I hated programming

“What do you mean?”

“That I’d be in college, have a job, be out of my parents’ house before thirty, have a boyfriend who I love and loves me...”

“I dunno, I don’t think much of the future these days. Things are the way they are.”

But my past was full of futures

Meet Us!

Folding is at 8pm on Wednesdays in the Crossroads

GDT Is looking for an illustrator!



You’re reading this, so you obviously know about GDT. But we don’t know about you.

If you can draw (or can’t) and want your artwork displayed in GDT for all to see, e-mail us today at gdt@hellskitchen.org.