



“definitions”

“In the beginning there was nothing, and God said ‘Let there be light.’ And there was still nothing, but you could see it.”

Hey readers. Welcome to another definitions episode of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre. If you haven't noticed by now, these episodes are sort of the space fillers for us; we run low on initiative sometimes. Sue us. It's not easy coming up with interesting material weekly. Look at the nightly news. Hell, they rarely make up anything REALLY interesting. Most of their stuff just builds off of the interesting stuff they made up years ago. Yup, just living off of their glory days.

Without further ado...

Advocodocating- When words spontaneously increase in length. It is a rare disease, though, strangely prevalent among the GDT staff.

Anti-paranoia-that eerie feeling that nothing is connected to anything else.

Arborealophobia-fear of tree-like things.

Baboonery- kind of like a nunnery, but with baboons. I don't know....

Dark Blader- aka Dark Man. That guy at RIT who rollerblades about campus (badly) wearing a cloak ("...together, we can end this destructive conflict and rule the campus as father and son") (please note that this was written two weeks before this year's Distorter came out).

Dimensionally Transcendental- Whovians know what we mean. For those deprived souls, it simply means "bigger inside than out."

Flacoxenogeriatrodepilakopfviroducoastrobarquephilia- The love of Patrick Stewart in Star Trek.

Flitterbick- a mythical flying squirrel that flies so fast that no one has ever seen it.

Geriatridepilakopfviroastroducoflacoxenobarquephilia-The love of Sean Connery in The Hunt for Red October.

Gregarious- loudly chanting.

Homogeriatriphile- a person attracted to the elderly of the same sex.

Line-man- Nathan Arnone (Yeah. 2 point. Definitely 2 point).

Lummox- Actually, we're not sure of the spelling or meaning. Someone who throws their mass about the immediate area due to overexcitedness, and a general lack of concern as to what/who they knock over.

Militant Agnostic-I don't know and you don't either!

Mouseketeer-A driver of mice (and, when discussing one Mouseketeer in particular, a driver of men).

Muleteer-A driver of mules.

Paradisc- Like paradise, only it clings to the back of your neck, under your hair line.

Pronoia-that eerie feeling that people are secretly conspiring to do you good.

Puritanism- The haunting fear that someone somewhere may be happy.

Quadragenarian- a person who is 40 years old or over but not yet 50.



Swain



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Hey Buddy! ... Us, Not the Kid.

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News from the kitchen:

It has come to our attention that some of the survey questions we have been using are not totally original. Though many have come from our need to know, there are some that originate with a 'zine called "Universal Monsoon." Put out by Harry F. Walter, one of our staff had come upon his surveys and liked the idea. If you'd like to get in touch with Mr. Walter (his real name is David B. Schere), you can write to:

Harry F. Walter
809 14th Avenue SE
Olympia, Wa 98501

On a totally different topic, I'm sending out a message to our readers on the University of Rochester. We'd love to hear what you think of our attempts to amuse you. If you don't like the idea that most of our staff is from the Rochester Institute of Technology, than change it. If you are interested in joining the staff of any of our publications, get in touch with us. Otherwise you are in for more RIT biased material.

Last Week's Survey Results

"Would you rather sleep for a hundred years every time you were awake for ten years or sleep for twenty thousand years and wake up to live out the rest of your natural life with whoever was still around?"

70.83%: sleep 100 years
8.33%: sleep 20,000 years
4.17%: "These are unrealistic questions."
4.17%: "I'd like to go to sleep and never wake up."
Most uncomprehensible response: "today"

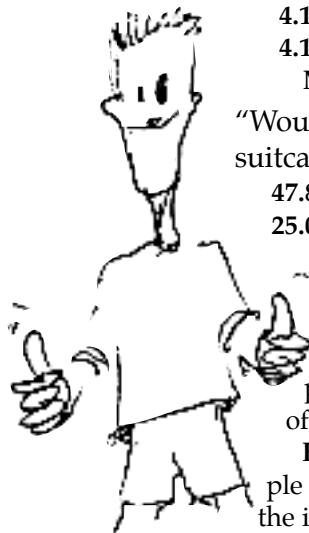
"Would you rather deliver healthy babies to grateful parents or suitcases full of money to poor people?"

47.83%: deliver money to the poor
25.00%: deliver babies to parents
8.70%: both
4.35%: "I need more information."

Favorite Quote: "I'll do the babies."

Most Practical Response: "I would rather TAKE babies from poor people and SELL them to grateful parents for suitcases full of money!"

Favorite Response: "I'd rather deliver suitcases full of poor people to grateful parents and healthy babies stuffed with money to the insane."



This Week's Survey Questions

Would you rather live without mirrors or without clocks?

Would you rather lose the ability to make the 'r' sound or gain the ability to stutter?



Send your survey responses to diablo@csh.rit.edu

The GDT Challenge

Over the past year, we have touched on a number of topics, and it doesn't look like we're going to run out of inspiration any time soon.

BUT, we do like challenges. So, we challenge you, our readers, to come up with topics for us to write about.

As an incentive, we're offering a free GD Tee Shirt, but we're not worried; even if there are issues we can't write about, people are so apathetic we won't hear anything..

You've only got a few weeks before the end of the quarter, so get cracking. Here's the rules:

- We require at least two weeks to write and publish the idea.
- All ideas must be printed before the last issue.
- Not all ideas will be first page material. Some may show up as Dear BFG's, God Files, From the Corner, After Dinner Mints, or any other column we regularly run

Send your ideas to GDT c/o the address below.

LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON

Screw it. you Try and
come up with Titles
each week.

I've learned that you can tell you're growing old when you bend over to tie your shoes and say to yourself, "~~Is there anything else I should do while I'm down here?~~"

"Maybe I should Tell my kids
about The dark place."

-Age 59

I've learned that one nice thing about reaching eighty is that you don't have to apologize for ~~anything~~

-Age 82

- premaTure ejaculation
- using senility as an excuse for hiT-
Ting on grandchildren
- masTribuTing in public while fumbling
for The keys
- making new friends every day
- hiding your own Easter eggs
- hiding spare change in your wrinkles.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes comments. Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or GDT c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester, New York, 14623
GDT reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing it for clarity.

INQUISITION

Mount: Piety

Likes: Dadaism and Fire

*Dislikes: Literacy, Inductive Reasoning,
and Latin to French dictionaries.*

Strength: of four Vienna choir boys.

Agility: E₀

Wisdom: Wax on, wax off.

*Ingenuity: He received top honors back in
college for his creative use of pullies and
eraser tips.*

*Charisma: He has the love of GOD, what
does he need of the love of man.*

Favorite Implement: The TRUTH

*Favorite Sayings: "I'm going to beat you to
within an inch of your life, and then I'm
going to have you." and "I can think of
no greater pleasure than the gang
raping of exceedingly beautiful people."
-see "The Iron Mountain Plan"*



Hell's Kitchen subscriptions available

With the end of the academic year fast approaching, many seniors are undoubtedly coming to the realization that, "My God, I'm graduating and won't be able to read GDT, MP, or that whore 10:1 Cereal Delusions any more!"

No need to worry. We are offering subscriptions to anyone that wants them. If you're interested, please contact Hell's Kitchen for options and prices.

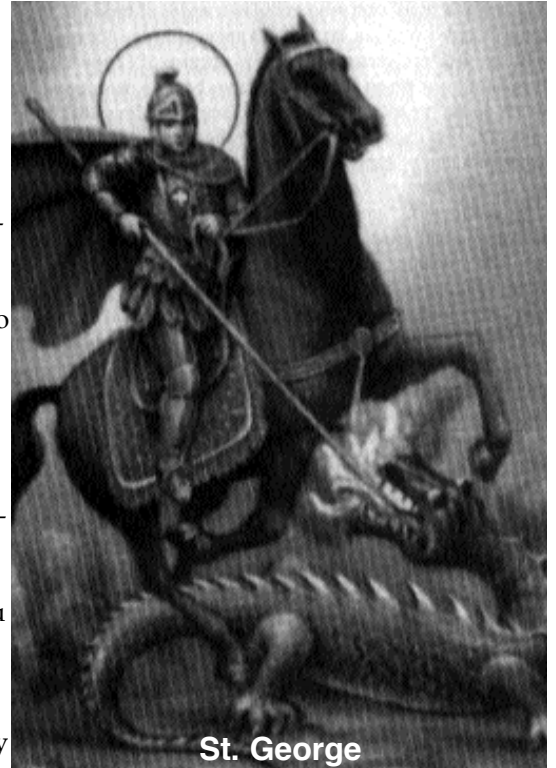
Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

The Martyr of the Week for **April 21-27** is the much lauded **St. George (April 23)**. It is commonly believed that St. George was a Palestinian soldier who was martyred there under the Diocletian persecution (circa 300 AD). He is venerated as one of the 14 holy helpers, as a model of knighthood, patron of soldiers and

staunch avenger of women. There are numerous varying accounts of his legendary encounter with a dragon, which is actually a fairly recent fabrication originating in Italy. The now classic version generally goes as follows: George, the young and handsome knight, must rescue a princess (she got the bad draw in the town lottery and/or she was dying in a castle from lack of water) who is being held prisoner by a dragon (either fire-breathing or poisonous-breath-spouting). George defeats the dragon with his lance, binds it in the princess's girdle and leads it through town instantly converting 15,000 people. An eastern version depicts our saint as a Hercules-like quasi-god who endures a series of tortures (ie running in red-hot shoes) and who miraculously recovers each night for the next day's task. A western account of the previous version has George as a Prince of Cappadocia who is tortured daily for seven years. His bravery in the face of this ongoing ordeal is so great that 40,900 people (including Empress Alexandria) are converted. Another, less noble, George story is also recounted. In this one George is a freebooting bandit who deals in black-market bacon and rises to power as a Primate in Egypt. This George is arrested and cast into the sea. As a side note, "Riding St. George"-that is sexual intercourse with the female on top (for those of you still dutifully practicing the missionary position) was long believed to be the method for siring a bishop.

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Adalbert (April 23)**, killed as a Polish spy near Danzig in pagan Prussia in 997, **St. Fidelis (April 24)** (Angry at his success in converting Protestants, Calvinists turned the peasants against him by inventing a story that our saint was an agent of the Austrian Emperor. He was stabbed to death and dismembered in the church at Seewis, Switzerland)), and **St. Mark (April 25)**. Mark (the evangelist, the gospel-writer, one of the twelve) was in his latter years the Bishop of Alexandria. It was here that he was bound by the neck with a rope and dragged through the streets, imprisoned and strangled in 75 ad.



St. George



Welcome to the "burned over district". For those of you from away (anyone from Maine can appreciate that), the burned over district is the name given to the region of western New York where there were massive religious movements roughly between 1800 and 1850. Revival

tents popped up like giant mushrooms from hell and great herds of people followed charismatic and not so charismatic people across the state. The only thing that was missing was brimstone (oh, here was plenty of fire), bloody rivers and Jesus himself walking down the isle towards the healers asking, "Can you help with this pesky cut on my side?"

The Millerites preached the end of the world, John Smith found some gold plates and founded Mormonism, Ann Lee turned her back on marriage and sex, and founded the Shakers (the craftiest group of people. If they were allowed to have children, it's the Shakers, not the Japanese that would be running things. Then again, maybe it was their NOT having children that had them strung up so tight that

they just sat around and created things all day), Jemima Wilkinson built the colony Jerusalem near John Noyes' Oneida Community, the Fox sisters talked to the dead and started the modern spiritualist movement, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians had various schisms, and a merry time was had by all. With all of this activity, it's easy to attribute it to religious mania that snowballed out of control, but there are some other occurrences. Susan B. Anthony got together with a bunch of chicks and started the suffrage movement, and Fredrick Douglas hit the scene preaching equality.

There was a single source of all these movements: God was indeed trying to communicate with the various bipeds living in upstate New York between 1800 and 1850 (a little later, some of the residual theological fallout hit New Hampshire and make Mary Barker Eddy fall on the ice). The numerous movements are so varied simply because each receptive individual had their own biases and agendas. It was like interference blocking parts of the signal. After 50 or so years of trying to get His point across, God finally left.

Now we're all alone, left with only bits and pieces of His last message to us.

I'll See Your Challenge and Raise You...

GDT recently received it's very first challenge. Here it is and how we have met it:

Subject: The GDT Challenge

Date: Tue, 9 Apr 1996

Dearest GDT,

First, I would like to open this e-mail with an original haiku.

My Biggest Problem
by
Michelle Amoruso

Furious licking
Leads to misunderstandings
And more things that suck.

Thank you.

But now, back to the issue at hand...

You challenged readers to come up with a topic for you to write on. Well, I would love to see a published work dealing with the cultural significance of oatmeal.

Include the following phrases: **Wilford Brimley, Maple and Brown Sugar, bowel movement** (this one is optional)

Please avoid the following phrase if at all possible: **warm cereal**


I anxiously await your response.

Love always and forever,

Your favorite UR reader

P.S. My friend Greg gave me a pork chop and a disposable douche for my birthday. Can you explain?

-Wilford Brimley is only THE man when it comes to oatmeal. Remember the heavyset man with the mustache and spectacles pushing 60 or so? he gave oatmeal to small children in the Quaker instant oatmeal commercial... ring a bell? he also starred in The Firm as one of the bastard villains and got killed at the very end (whoops, i hope you've seen it...)

 As I am the GDT staff's resident Quaker, I thought it only fitting that I should be the one to answer your challenge. You see, over the years I have been bombarded by insane and not fully thought through cultural stereotypes, all of which gild the true neuroses of Quakerism. First of all, I want you to breath deeply and clear your mind of all those tedious questions dealing with Shakers, the Oneida Community, and the Amish. These four religions are not even remotely related, though my school mates seemed to think so. Jeesh...belong to one obscure religious group and you might as well join all of them.

Grade school was hell on me; I was the only Quaker in a school where even "the boy who walked around with a bag on his head" was not the only one in school who actively practiced his religion, (they just usually didn't wear the bags on their heads). Every year in Social Studies or World History we would come to a chapter that dealt with Quakers, the teacher would find out I was one, and the questions would start. It's funny how all forms of logic get thrown out the window once you find out you're dealing with some religion that is obscure enough to have become quasi-mythical. It's like bumping into an Aztec (just before the club you and serve you up with tea and crumpets). I could be sitting in class wearing jeans, a bright red sweater, my hair down, having just said to my present the inquisitor, "No, you are thinking of the Shakers," and I would still be asked, "Aren't you guys supposed to wear those funny hats?", "Why aren't your wearing black?", and "Don't you always say 'thee' and 'thou'?" What am I supposed to do, look at them without laughing and say, "Yes, thine memory serves thee well?"

Other times I get the brainiac who insists that Quakers don't know what electricity is. What? Thou meanest that the school has not been illuminated by my own inner light all of these years? Then it would happen. In amongst all of this stereotypical drivel, the question I most dread to hear, the question that was like holding up a crucifix to a vampire: "You guys make a lot of oatmeal cookies don't you?"

In that instant, both William Penn and George Fox leap out of their aged graves screaming in unison, "Nooooooo!", but alas, the damage had already been done. The word was out. Yes, we make a lot of oatmeal cookies. All of that stuff about the inner light, the truth being more holy than the book, helping inmates in prison, and the availability of God to the common man is all a sham when compared to the great oatmeal conspiracy. It all comes down to oatmeal. God doesn't make himself available to Bishops, nor the common man. God is only truly there to those holy individuals who eat oatmeal, day in, day out. And if you're going to be eating oatmeal every. damn. day, you had better become pretty creative in preparation. The possibilities go far beyond maple and brown sugar. The oatmeal, rolled oat, and groat combinations alone are endless.

It is not well known, but modern Quakerism had received a heavy blow from the once coconspirator corporation of Quaker Oats. Although benevolence and brotherly love have been pushed forward as our general dispositions by our PR people, this is not entirely on the level. The fact is that we couldn't care less what you may or may not do to another, as long as we, the Quakers, have cornered the market on God by our devoted consumption of steeped oat products. Unfortunately for us, several years back, Quaker Oats hired Wilford Brimley to be their spokesman, and all hell broke loose. Wilford Brimley not only showed how eating oats was healthy, but made it sexy as well. Because of this, Quaker Oats has cornered the difficult to control early-morning-eating demographic of ladies between 6-12 and over 64. Quakerism is now finding its religious footing faltering at the close of the twentieth century as more and more people begin to consume steeped grain products that have had an increase in their random particle motion outside of its original religious context.

So if you'll excuse me, I have some delightful chilled groat gepacho soup to eat.