



Gracies Dinnertime  
Theatre

## Personal Ads

“What is a ‘free gift?’ Aren't all gifts free?”

It started, innocently enough, with a little alligator. Yeah, it was way cool in the 2nd grade to have one of those Izod cuties stuck on your shirt. Maybe even a Bad Dog tee. Then came the time that Levi's became mandatory to use the slide, and you couldn't play basketball unless you had Nikes on.

And now?

Now Coca-Cola sells home products (magnets, calendars, suitable-for-framing-pictures, tampons in their trademark bottle shape (just pop it in and wait for the toxic shock syndrome to set in)), as if people actually want to live surrounded by memorabilia of the good old days...when people also drank Coke. Then again, when mainland China and the United States of America first opened trade relations in the 1970's, the first thing they asked for was "bite the wax tadpole."

A big thank you has to go out to Norman Rockwell for helping us celebrate Christmas by depicting jolly old Santa slugging down his favorite soft drink. Like Santa'd make it around the world in that sleigh after a Coke binge. No wonder he's willing to squeeze his way down all those chimneys, he has to keep running to the bathroom. Too bad the old man's so addicted to caffeine. My Dad always used to leave Jim Beam for Santa. Somehow that was more comforting to me and my Dad...

Ted Turner has done more corporate evil than even Fox. Next year, after their satanic union, the Turner-Fox Network will deflower the first day of the new year with the Hitachi-Blockbuster-Home Depot Cotton Bowl.

At some point, the concept of supply and demand got twisted around. The market is no longer driven by the needs of the consumer. Companies don't pay attention to what people think they want; they make a product and then create a need for it.<sup>†</sup> Home shopping networks will gladly create a need in you for products ranging from acetelyne torches to zinc oxide at such phenomenally low prices that you can't help but rack up thousands of dollars in credit card debt, leaving you with interest payments far in excess of what you would have paid in cash at a local store.

Visa and Mastercard, listen up: if you don't own these networks, you should.

The shell-shock that was the 1980's created an immunity to wearing every item of clothing possible (yes, even codpieces) festooned with Adidas and Nike logos. You just do it. Daily, we allow companies to invade our lives, and the companies know it.

In the future?

Well, it will be the ultimate evolution of advertising! Truly personal ads. In the not-too-distant future, mega-conglomerates could hold sweepstakes to pick "lucky" individuals to be walking-talking-eating-"living" advertisements for their products. They could have this bright red Coca-Cola insignia emblazoned on their forehead,<sup>Δ</sup> and tiny speakers by JVC implanted into their epidermis, expounding the virtues of TimeWarner. Imagine after getting that new romantic interest out of their respective undergarments, discovering they have a nano-neon subdermal picture of the Republican Presidential candidate from 1984 winking back at you from their chest. You could even have your sweat glands altered to always excrete the newest perfume from Calvin Klein!

Not to worry. Celebrities will still turn their fame into advertising royalties. It'd be perfect -- O.J. Simpson as Oriental Ginsuhands, and AIDS clinics handing out free syringes colorfully decked out in another wacky Bugs Bunny scenario supporting the latest health plan of choice from the AMA (They™).

<sup>†</sup> Just look at the hoola hoop. Somebody just tell me there was a demand for that damn thing before it was invented. Today we've got the newest craze, one of those large colorful styrofoam things you can find in just about any store and you never see anyone buying. What the hell is that thing for anyway? If you really want to beat somebody with something, I can list a lot of things that would be more fun, if you can imagine all the giggles and guffas to be had with a really sturdy two-by-four with a couple of nails hammered into the end. Now that's a real child's toy. Cheap and easy assemblage, no batteries required.

<sup>Δ</sup> Do not accept the mark of the beast.



RYE.

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## The Religious Wrong

"The so-called underdeveloped societies are underdeveloped because they are socialist, demonist and cursed. Any attempt to blame the poverty of the underdeveloped world on the prosperity of the West is absolutely wrong.... The Bible tells us that the citizens of the Third World ought to feel guilty, to fall on their knees and repent from their Godless, rebellious, socialist ways. They should feel guilty because they are guilty, both individually and corporately."

-Gary North, Christian Reconstructionist  
in *Christianity Today*, 2/20/87

(On South Africa) "I think 'one man, one vote,' just unrestricted democracy would not be wise. There needs to be some kind of protection for the minority which the white people represent now, a minority, and they need and have a right to demand a protection of their rights."

- Pat Robertson, "700 Club."  
3/18/92



## **GDT Needs An Illustrator!**

All day long I was wondering what I could do to fill this space. I knew I could very easily bang off a "God File" (I have more vaguely theological thoughts than you know. Probably caused by a mild case of temporal lobe epilepsy). A little harder would have been to do a "Fey Denizen." I even took some of my reference books to work with me.

Then, as I went to look at our illustrations for this week, I received the news that our illustrator wasn't going to be able to do illustrations for us next quarter. Needless to say, I was not pleased.

Much of our front page material is done a few weeks ahead of time (at least over breaks) to insure that when we hit a lull in our creativity (like I did this week), we'll still have something to print. Now we're in a bind and need your help.

Anyone who is interested becoming our new illustrator would have to be reliable, as we print every week of the academic year, whether there are pictures or not. Though there is no monetary payment, you get to hang out with the people who started the original satire publication on RIT. Plus, you'll have an "in" with a publication that we hope will grow very big, very soon.

If you're interested, drop us a line as soon as you can. We have material all ready to be illustrated.

-Sean Hammond, co-editor GDT

## The apathy of time laughs in my face....

-E. Saliers

Welcome, brothers and sisters, to your own time of suffering--finals week. The **Martyr of the Week** for **November 10-16** is a little different this time around (no, I haven't lost weight or cut my hair in a tonsure again or anything as spectacle-ridden). There were many lesser-known martyrs crying out for recognition (or was that in pain?) this week, but I've decided to focus on one day in martyrology: **November 12**.

First we have **Saints Aurelius and Publius**. They were Bishops who wrote against the intellectual death that was the Montanist and Cata-Phrygian heresies in the 2nd century. I guess the opposition didn't care too much for the commentary and condemnation espoused by our saints and had them killed.

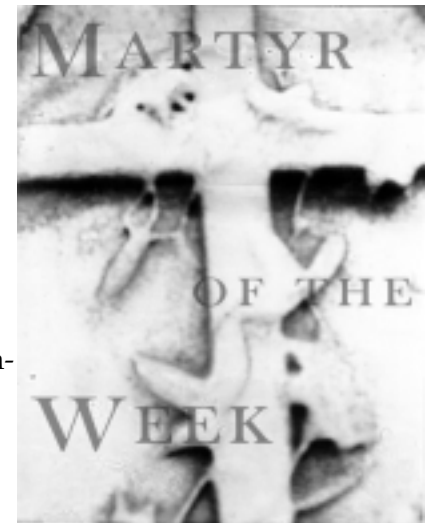
Next we have **St Benedict and his companion Saints John, Matthew, Isaac and Christinus**. They were missionaries to the Slavs who were massacred by thieves at their monastery near Gnessen (nowadays in the Czech Republic by my estimates).

Thirdly we have **St Paternus**, a French monk of the 8th century. He was murdered by a group of sinners he had attempted to counsel and reform.

Lastly we have **St Maxellendis**. Another of the proud line of Virgin Martyrs killed by an obsessed admirer due to her devotion to Christ and rejection of worldly relationships (You wondering where we get half of the TV movies made today? Simply replace the word "Christ" with "cheerleading" or "acting" or "horses" and "puppy-dogs" and "admirer" with "coworker" or "ex-husband" or "junkie boyfriend." Add anyone from the cast of a defunct sitcom (Judith Light, Alyssa Milano etc.) and voila! Cheese-o-rama).

During the upcoming break, don't forget to take time to remember **St Catherine of Alexandria** (Nov 25). She is the inspiration for the medieval torture wonder, "the Catherine Wheel," which in turn was the inspiration for a great band from East Anglia.

Until next quarter, *sorority lint ban*.



## Random Facts:

- When in heat, female chimpanzees have been documented to have sex more than 20 times a day.
- The FDA allows 20 maggots per 100 grams of canned mushrooms.
- You can be arrested for falling asleep in a bathtub if you're in Detroit.
- Lieutenant Andrew Bright has the distinction of being the first man to wear suspenders and die from them. According to witnesses he tried to take his pants off while his suspenders were still on, got tangled up, knocked over a candle, and burned to death.

## Insecurity

*Mount: Apparent Deception*

*Charisma: 9.5/9.5*

*Strength: 2.5/10*

*Weapons: a teddy bear with one eye missing and a pacifier*

*Description: Insecurity are actually twins. Their mother never accepted the fact that she had two children and thus has only afforded them one name. The male aspect of Insecurity is quite buff and robust. Most existence is channeled into the narrow streamlining of the stereotypical male. The feminine Insecurity is basically everything feminine. She is flamboyant, yet complacent, a seductress, and yet clings to the vestial chastity belt to protect her believed purity. Insecurity tries to become their own particular gender roles so much they become caricatures of themselves in the attempt. With the same horse, same name, and same existence they ride together for life, fearing ever to separate as if neither would have a name if the other were to no longer be their side. And without their name they are nothing.*



# Caged Predator Theatre:

A joint article by MP and GDT  
Super-duper special issue!



## Today's Special: "What price a soul?"

The gods that came into the game late and got stuck with the universe's equivalent of Mediterranean and Baltic Ave. are eternally squabbling over the value of souls.<sup>†</sup> The physical body is far more valuable for scrap and resale than its ethereal passenger, however. Besides, no one likes a backseat driver. With all the ecological movements washing across the country, like toluene from a parafilm covered test tube, maybe we should relearn the lessons of the plains Indians: when presented with a steaming carcass, we, too, should fashion integumentary handbags, femur flutes, and ropes of braided intestine. Not to mention skin coats and lucky foot-charms. An extra layer of skin from someone's hands that are bigger than yours make great pot-holders, a clavicle is an adequate paperweight and conversation piece, but not much of real value can be gleaned from a rotten corpse.

The last industrial-scale program along these lines was spear-headed by the Nazi Corp. in the early 1940's. With an exploding...um, Uber-population, space was at a premium. Graveyards were taking up much-needed space, and in lieu of burying people standing up, there's little that can be done to help free up space except to make the people smaller or not bury them at all. Making people smaller is the idea behind cremation (ashes take up very little space), but what a waste of energy!

The Nazis did their best to find uses for their surplus material. Signs

all over Germany read: Clean Jews needed. Rumor has it that Walt Disney actually used exported Jews and Gypsies to help fill in the swampland that became Walt's World of Wacky Wonder.

The end of World War II saw the end of the Nazi's program, as well as the problem. Ironically, Hitler's Final solution really did work: The number of Europe's eligible bachelors was in the parts-per-million-range, freeing up more land for the buffalo to roam. Now, the United States of America, third world countries that have water, and Asia in general are literally up to their bellybuttons in surplus humans. Options such as provoking war between India and China a la a Zimmerman telegram ploy are attractive, but in the end leaves a big mess and a nasty glow. Despite the numerous attempts at utilizing deceased humans as doorstops, lamp shades, and cannon fodder (or ammunition<sup>Δ</sup>), we still manage to bury most of the ones we don't put through our Roto-Tiller.

After centuries of development, the Ahrryp & Noilacued Corp. (a subsidiary of Hell Inc. (the same people who brought you Ethiopian Flypaper Boys, Lemme-pigs, and the Big Bang)) is proud to bring you a solution to all your problems. Look out DeBeers, here comes Corpus Crystal. Not cubic zirconium, but just as disturbing, you can now take a deceased love one or, hell, live ones (much more fun and better sound effects), and squish the be-jesus out

of them to make precious jems.

While it may be true that a dead-beat dad didn't contribute much to your life while he was alive, he's worth a lot to you dead. Could you imagine his unbelievable girth turned into a precious stone that could be sold at millions of times the value of the actual live scumball (and best of all, he no longer smells like cheap liquor. All the unprocessed alcohol in his system simply added more carbon and makes the facets really catch the light!)

Better than mood rings, Corpus Crystals really show you the kind of metal people are made of; more specifically, it shows you the carbon to trace element ratio. For a minimal cost Ahrryp & Noilacued will round up the extras in the drama (or cheap, badly written fiction) that is your life (the ones that just don't move the plot along at all and make you wonder why the author included them in the first place) and ship them to their Concentration Camps<sup>TM</sup>. There, these luckless wastes of space enjoy a short life of bliss rarely experienced this side of Valhalla.

Given a strict diet of carbohydrates, greens that have to be eaten at every meal, and forced to lounge about in great tents (well, it is a camp) high in carbon dioxide, their systems eventually are saturated in carbon.<sup>√</sup> When the time comes to harvest them, the carbon dioxide is replaced with carbon monoxide, and they stupidly keep breathing until they pass out, having no idea they

<sup>†</sup> The whole controversy revolves around the planned establishment of a single monetary unit in the EC (Ethereal Community). The prosperous gods don't want to have their portfolios devalued by the shanty towns run by slum lord deities.

<sup>Δ</sup> "...by the spleen's red glare..."

<sup>√</sup> Early on in the experimentation, there was the unfortunate case of rotund Walter Smithy the Second, who was supersaturated, scratched himself, and spontaneously crystallized into pencil lead. This is where the world's source of #2 pencil lead has been coming from for some years.

are being asphyxiated. Similar to a laboratory autoclave, but more like a salad shooter, the actual mechanisms used in the "worthless-stiff-to-precious-mineral-o-matic" are trade secrets. Suffice it to say that other elements in the body besides carbon give an entire range of precious gems: emeralds, rubies, sapphires. Diamonds can be made, but require some preliminary processing to remove the impurities. For additional cost, you can have people who screwed you over in life, were lousy lovers in bed, or had a tattoo that read "Gerald Ford Forever" converted into a rhinestone or perhaps those little plastic jewels that your mother would buy at the craft store. Ignoring the post-mortum retaliations, it will be easily evident to everyone that we're all bright, shiny, happy people holding hands on the inside. Even the people who are vicious and nasty on the outside. Maybe them especially....

This will, of course, will be the end of the line for those leaching, vulturous life insurance companies. After all, life insurance becomes meaningless when you can compress the body of the deceased and sell it for more than the value of the insurance award. In fact, the estate of the departed might be transferred to the jewel's wearer,<sup>o</sup> from heir to heir, until megacorps share links on one financial bangle of power, worn around the neck of the CEO.

It's our sincere hope that this literary piece of fluff and fun will inspire people of all cultures to put away their zubaz pants, Rush Limbaugh fan club newsletters, and join us in the crusade for a better, shinier tomorrow.

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<sup>o</sup> Rubert Murdoch: shiny, timeless, and the ornament of one truly wealthy individual.

I think Harlan Ellison said it best.... "There are always those who ask, 'What's it all about?' For those who need to ask, for those who need points sharply made, who need to know where it's at...this:"

DATE: MON, 28 OCT 1996  
FROM: PJM@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU

...I ALSO HAD A QUESTION TO ASK ABOUT THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT SECTIONS IN THE PUBLICATION. IS THIS TWO OR THREE DIFFERENT THINGS THROWN TOGETHER? IS THE MAIN TITLE GRACIES DINNER TIME THEATRE, OR IS THAT JUST ONE SECTION, WHY ISNT IT ALL JUST ONE COLLECTION, WITH DIFFERENT ARTICLES? IT SEEMS THAT HELLS KITCHEN AND MELANCHOLY PREDATOR REALLY LOOK AT THEMSELVES AS DIFFERENT ENTITIES. IM NOT EVEN SURE WHAT TO CALL THE PUBLICATION AS A WHOLE, BECAUSE I MIGHT OFFEND THOSE WHO ARE NOT PART OF THAT SPECIFIC SECTION THAT I UNWITTINGLY SINGLED OUT. PLEASE, IF YOU HAVE TIME, CLEAR THIS UP FOR ME. THANK YOU.

There has been more than the usual confusion about what Hell's Kitchen is, since the introduction of our new combined print format. Hells Kitchen, as seen in print right now, is made up of constituent parts that include *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, *Melancholy Predator*, *Cereal*, and *The Iconoclast*. Each of these names represents a discrete group of people producing a distinct publication.

Hell's Kitchen is not, despite its contiguous-paper appearance, a single publication. Hell's Kitchen is a rapidly expanding federation of like-minded groups of students and alumni that want to express themselves in print and on the web. The primary purpose of Hell's Kitchen, in its role as a purveyor of information, is to expose ideas to a reading public clearly and interestingly. This task is

completed by the individual publications within Hell's Kitchen in a variety of ways including poetry, illustrations, satire, prose, news, critiques, maps, diagrams, and even mail-in campaigns. Each separate publication group defines its own schedule, its own style, its own rules, but they each group agrees to become part of the larger coalition known as Hell's Kitchen.

Hell's Kitchen is currently composed of four extant publications, three produced on the RIT and U of R campuses and one produced in Rutgers, NJ. Hells Kitchen also includes two dormant publications, at least one of which is to become animate into life in only a few weeks.

So in other words, if you're not sure what to call the chunk of paper you hold in your hand, feel free to call it Hell's Kitchen, no one will mind; in fact, it's a point of pride among most of members to be associated with this group. You should also know, however, that each group has its own ideosyncracies, pet peeves, identity that it is built on.

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