



Sunday March 17th,1996 Vol. 4 issue 1

“My life is like juggling Fauberge eggs in variable gravity.”

Do you ever think about the Romans? (Sure, we all do.) I'm not talking about the cheap Christian imitations, but the real Romans. Back when Pagans were Pagans and Christians were a wacky sub-

sect of Judaism waiting for Jesus to come back with the metaphorical pizza (if your Messiah is late, you get the second one free). Think of all the things the Romans built and the vast empire they controlled. What administrators; sheesh, talk about planning. From roads, to food storage, to aqueducts, to breeding programs.

That's right. The Romans are the first to fully use eugenics in a Herbertian fashion. Years of breeding the right couples to achieve their penultimate Emperor. But something went wrong...horribly wrong. He was born a generation too soon, and mad as a hatter.

Yeah, the last great Roman emperor was Caligula. What a crazy, twisted mother fucker (quite literally) he was. Inbreeding, incest, and lead lined cups and pipes came together to make his insanity even more endearing. After Caligula all the other emperors just paled in comparison (as did many of Caligula's subjects. Ohhh, yes...). The Romans went from the most powerful empire in the Mediterranean to being a bunch of hicks roaming through Europe and the like. One minute they were HUGE and the next they're just a bunch of second rate psychotics with delusions of the grandeur they had once possessed. The Romans built the Pantheon, one of the most spectacular examples of architectural engineering in the world, an act those pseudo-Romans (ie. Christians) and Europeans during the same time period couldn't even come close to for another six hundred years, and only then because they stole the knowledge from the Moors in Spain. Those bloody fools couldn't even get their churches to stand up; some churches had to be rebuilt five or six times until the foundations could actually support the structures ("The other kings thought I was daft to build a castle on a swamp..."). The Romanesque churches^f were truly the wooden clogs of architecture, they'd keep you dry, give you a place to stick rotting dead saints, and if you were lucky they wouldn't fall on you.

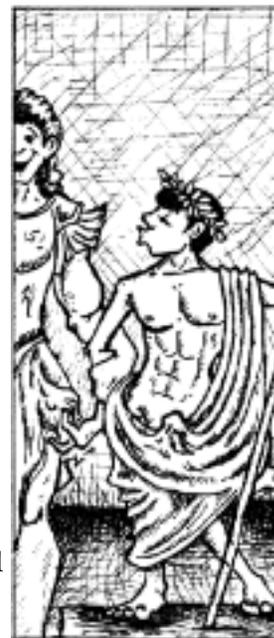
Why did the once great Romans become Christian simpletons? It's quite elementary: all that lead from the aforementioned lead pipes and cups not only made them twitch a lot, but paranoid as well. They became convinced that the world was out to get them, and the Christians wholeheartedly agreed. They said that God was punishing them for not being Christian, not to mention being born (a creed still spread today). Once it was not only safe to be Christian, but highly dangerous to be anything else (as soon as enough Christians rose to power, their old standby brotherly love got his ass kicked out the window), the masses were easily converted. If they weren't converted, they were either burned at the stake, had holy wars declared against them, or were eventually given yellow flowers and sent to gas chambers...depending, of course, upon what time period is being examined.

This same crazy / stupid paranoia is also a good explanation for the mass conversion of many of the indigenous populations of Latin and South America (the Spanish Inquisition with their oh-so-subtle Islam-like conversion methods didn't hurt either). The natives just exchanged lead poisoning with being high on cocaine. Those funny little buggers would walk across the Andies to market over tiny straw suspension bridges with the equivalent of a grand piano strapped to their heads, not giving a damn as long as they had that Coca leaf in their mouth with a little added lime to chew on.

If you think of the situation they found themselves in at the time, most of the farmers were crazy, high, and paranoid, and the rest of the population was just dying (huzzah smallpox!). They were little bastards (I mean they hadn't had the Church to marry them yet) and easily converted after most of them were just about dead.

After all, what else did they have to lose, but their culture?

^f Many of these churches would have tall spindly steeples and miniscule naves. You could fit maybe seven people in them, but those who could squeeze into the tenuous structures could see God, or maybe that was just the pressure and the lack of oxygen getting to their heads (see auto erotic asphyxiation).





Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Colloquial Contest Winner

GDT is pleased to announce that the winner of the Colloquial Contest is Joshua French. He answered all twenty-seven colloquialisms correctly and will be pocketing fifty dollars of contest prize money as soon as we can get RIT to cough it up.

Just to enlighten our readership, we are now posting the answers to the colloquialisms. As a side note, the second runner-up missed the first place spot by one incorrect word, so the race to the finish was terribly tight, but we thank everyone who participated in the contest.

Colloquialisms and Answers

1. Scintillate, scintillate asteroid minific.
 - Twinkle, twinkle little star.
2. Members of an avian species of identical plumage congregate.
 - Birds of a feather flock together.
3. Surveillance should precede saltation.
 - Look before you leap.
4. Pulchritude possesses solely cutaneous profundity.
 - Beauty is only skin deep
5. It is fruitless to become lachrymose over precipitately departed lacteal fluid
 - There's no use in crying over spilled milk.
6. Freedom from incrustations of grim is contiguous to rectitude.
 - Cleanliness is next to godliness.
7. The stylus is more potent than the claymore.
 - The pen is mightier than the sword.
8. It is futile to attempt to indoctrinate a superannuated canine with innovative maneuvers.
 - You can't teach an old dog new tricks.
9. Eschew the implant of crection and vitiate the scion.
 - Spare the rod, spoil the child.
10. The temperature of the aqueous contents of an unremittingly ogled saucepan does not reach 212 degrees F.
 - A watched pot never boils.
11. All articles that conruscate with resplendence are not truly auriferous.
 - All that glitters is not gold.
12. Where there are visible vapors having their provenience in ignited carbonaceous materials, there is conflagration.
 - Where there's smoke, there's fire.
13. Sorting on the part of mendicants must be interdicted.
 - Beggars can't be choosers.
14. A plethora of individuals with expertise in culinary techniques vitiate the potable concoction produced by steeping certain comestibles.
 - Too many cooks spoil the broth.

cont on pg 3

(Colloquialisms continued)

15. Eleemosynary deeds have their incipience intramurally.

- Charity begins at home.

or

- Good deeds begin within.

16. Male cadavers are incapable of yielding any testimony.

- Dead men tell no tales.

17. Individuals who make their abode in vitreous edifices would be advised to refrain from catapulting petrous projectiles.

•People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.

18. Neophyte's serendipity.

- Beginner's luck.

19. Exclusive dedication to necessitous chores without interlude of hedonistic diversion renders John a hebetudinous fellow.

•All work and no play makes John a dull boy.

20. A revolving lithic conglomerate accumulates no congeries of small, green bryophytic plants.

- A rolling stone gathers no moss.

21. The person presenting the ultimate cachinnation possesses thereby the optimal cachinnation.

- He who laughs last, laughs best.

22. Abstention from any aleatory undertakings precludes a potent escalation of a lucrative nature.

- Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

23. Missiles of ligneous or oterous consistency have the potential of fracturing my osseous structure, but appellations will eternally remain innocuous.

•Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me.

24. Rejection of conspicuous consumption prevents penury.

- Waste not, want not.

25. The depth of nocturnal gloom reaches its zenith just prior to the appearance of a flood of eastern photons.

- It's always darkest before the dawn.

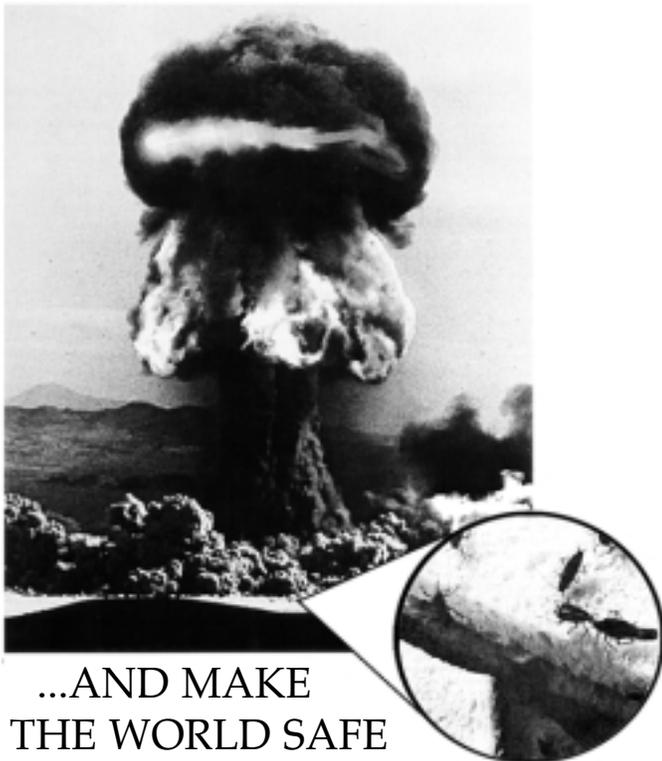
26. Rapidity of nuptualization can be bemoaned over an extended period of terrestrial rotation.

- Marry in haste, repent at leisure.

27. He failed to have a single femur, tibia or fibula available to support his bulk.

- He did not have a leg to stand on.

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GDTees are back!

Last quarters GDTees are in and will be delivered as soon as we can get in touch with all of the people who ordered them. We'd like to thank everyone who ordered one and say that we raised enough money to pay for the printing of one and a quarter issues, but at this point every little bit counts.

So in the spirit of counting bits GDT would like to present the next GD Tee shirt. The t-shirt's back will be smartly garnished with the image to the left. T-shirts are available in small, medium, large, and extra large. The cost is \$10.00 for fan club members, and \$12.50 for the rest of you slobs.

We only order as many as we need, so they are limited edition and you must order them now, because in 1,814,400 seconds your chance will be gone (that's three weeks to you laymen).

And they won't take too long to process, because we actually know what we're doing now, hooray!

To order contact diablo@csh.rit.edu

Martyr of the week

Welcome to my weekly worship of Catholic catechism. The Martyr of the Week for March 17-23 is **St. Edward the Martyr (March 18)**. Edward, the

son of St Edgar the peaceful, assumed the British throne at the age of 13 upon his father's death. When our saint was 16 he was killed while visiting his half brother at Corfe. His stepmother (his father's second wife, Elfrida) instigated the assassination in order that *her* son, Ethelred, could be King. When miracles began being reported in the ate of Edward's grave, Ethelred ordered a nationwide observance of his martyred brother's feast. The wicked (but penitent) stepmother joined a nunnery.

Other Saints of note this week include **St Joseph of Arimathaea (March 17)** (He is famous for letting the disciples bury Christ in his tomb. Legend has it that after Christ's ascension St. Joseph traveled with St Mary Magdalene (who was not a prostitute) to France, and then went on alone to England and established a Church at Glastonbury. He supposedly brought the holy grail with him on this journey, which explains how this relic got to England.) and of course **St Patrick (also March 17)**. Patrick wasn't Irish; he was Welsh-Italian. His real name wasn't Patrick, it was Succat. He wasn't the first Christian missionary to Ireland (that was St. Palladius) and there were never any snakes in Ireland for him to drive out. Along with being the Patron of Ireland he is also the patron of Nigeria- so on this feast day raise a glass of Irish brew and belt out your favorite Nigerian drinking song! Here's to blood in your eye.



St. Patrick March 17

EVERYONE ON THE STAFF OF THE ROCHESTER, NEW YORK BRANCH OF HELL'S KITCHEN WOULD LIKE TO THANK COMPUTER SCIENCE HOUSE (WWW.CSH.RIT.EDU) ON RIT FOR PROVIDING SPACE FOR OUR WEB PAGES...SO THANKS.

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has moved!
 Comments, submissions, and requests can be sent to :
 diablo@csh.rit.edu
 Hell's Kitchen WWW site: www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo

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Why do so many people always assume animation is for children? That's like assuming that inflatable toys are only for minors ("Puncture repair kit on stand-by, sir"). These same people want their children to stay away from drugs and be nice to everyone (family values and what-not), but do they even think about what's really being presented on a typical Saturday morning?

Look at the old Warner Brother cartoons. You know: Bugs and all the gang before they started copying Disney. I'm talking way back when Daffy really was...well, Daffy (I wonder what happened to him. He started out so manic, then just got mean. When he first appeared on the screen, I bet he could have kicked Bugs' ass. I think that when Bugs won an Oscar, Daffy just gave up and became bitter). Those are definitely not for children. So much of the humor depends on adult



experience (or maybe it depends on adults forgetting how to think absurdly on their own, and so they let Warner Brothers do it for them).

Then again, Rocky and Bullwinkle didn't exactly aim for the 5-9 year old demographic either. Sure, if your kid had a handle on contemporary world issues,

and had a smattering of world history, he could've enjoyed all the bad puns and the "Ruby Yacht of Omar Khayyam" episodes. Maybe, judging from all the studies around today telling us how stupid children are becoming, the kids of the 50's and 60's could handle it.

I think the moose and squirrel were the Ren and Stimpy of their day. They both started out underground and had crappy animation. As they grew in popularity, they kept the same material: Ren and Stimpy with abundant mucus and exploding eyeballs; Rocky and Bullwinkle with implicit references to sex and drugs.

I know that Boris and Natasha didn't have a platonic relationship (we know they did it, we just haven't decided who's on top. We've seen the pictures, watched the restored footage, made the diagrams, done the physics, and still can't figure out HOW they did it). And do you think they didn't drop the animated acid? How do you miss 837 consecutive assassination attempts? At least the attitudes of this show made it easier for later cartoons to be more explicit, namely Scooby Doo.

Scooby-Doo. Oh. My. God. What a drug cartoon that was. Think about it. Particularly Shaggy and Scooby. The two of them would do anything for a "Scooby snack." And a few minutes after



† I sometimes wonder if Scooby-Doo wasn't a metaphor for all of our lives. A group of people, driving through the world in a vehicle that is mystery, even to themselves, struggling to solve the mysteries of others. Maybe there is some sage advice in Scooby's catch phrase. Maybe there's an anagram in there. A phrase that could set us all free from the shackles of mortal thought....Then again, maybe it's just a stupid phrase like "Ri rove rou Reorge."

‡ It's interesting to note the similarity between the creation of Smurfette and Eve. In The Smurfs, Gargamel made Smurfette to trick the Smurfs so he could catch them and turn them into gold. Was the writer trying to say that God had evil intentions when he made Eve? Or was he just saying that all females are inherently evil?

eating one, you could be sure to find both of them in the kitchen with the munchies. Even the way they walked made it look like they were stoned. That exaggerated leg thrust of Shaggy's...and how many people understand their dog when it talks to them, discounting David Berkowitz of course.

And the Mystery Machine? No mystery about that. Our beatnik friend Fred was definitely driving more than the van.

More specifically, he was wooing Daphne. Daphne was the prep of the crew, you see, and helped support their drug habits, but since she was a nympho, her choice of payment was obvious. Hell, Daphne would even pay for champagne to fill the six foot bong in the back of The Mystery Machine.



Poor Velma. Poor, poor, blind Velma. Always the fifth wheel. Shaggy had Scooby[†]. Fred had Daphne (hell, I'm sure they all had Daphne at some point or another). Velma had her glasses, and they just kept falling off.

The Hanna-Barbara studios must have been the opium den of their day. They didn't stop at Scooby. Remember Grape Ape and Speed Buggy? I'll bet you could've just LICKED the TV screen during an episode of Grape Ape to take a trip to the inner workings of the subconscious. Speed Buggy didn't take unlaced gasoline, either. And it would explain the reoccurrence of speech impediments in these characters. Don't even get me started on the Laff Olympics. Far more than your usual caricatures of evil loonies vs. dopey good guys there.

And look at the Smurfs. Another cartoon with societal deviancy as its theme. Little blue guys that live in mushrooms? Ah-huh. And only one female for 100 guys? I'm sure Smurfette made the rounds.[‡] Baby Smurf had to come from somewhere. Smurfette's birth control was only 99% effective and, well....

Let's face it; if I were walking through the woods and saw a bunch of Smurfs, my first reaction would be astonishment. That would quickly fade after the 17th verse of their one and only song. Then I'd just start squashing those little blue shits. To hell with the gold, I want to see blood.