



Volume 6 • Issue 1

## Bait & Shoot

"Hackles, Heckles, Feckels, Sheckels, whatever they are, they're up and pointed at you, buddy!"

In the 19th century, Doom-Meister Malthus made everyone (well, everyone who wasn't busy breeding) take a good hard look at the world's population (and the ensuing shudder was felt round the globe) and available food. He predicted that the rate of growth in the human population would soon surpass the planet's available num-nums. The Apocalypse Boys would ride supreme across the face of the earth. Luckily for us, Malthus could not have predicted that plant breeding techniques would allow food production to increase far faster than the population.<sup>δ</sup>

Now, our planet undulates with over 5 billion hominids and new gloom sayers are polishing their soap boxes. Current estimates, this time taking into account projected increases in food production, say the planet can support anywhere from 9 billion to 12 billion humans. It's not a matter a space; Antoine de Saint Exupery himself said, "Men occupy a very small place upon the Earth. If the two billion<sup>ν</sup> inhabitants who people its surface were to stand upright and somewhat crowded together, as they do for some big public assembly, they could easily be put into one public square twenty miles long and twenty miles wide. All humanity could be piled upon a small Pacific islet." He was not being accurate, of course, he was merely using sensationalism (In those times, showing an ankle was considered sensationalism.) to make a point: it's quality, not quantity (not necessarily of humans, but of life and living it).

In 1992, at approximately the time of year when a bunch of yahoos get all trussed up in neon orange suit jackets and drive around all day hoping to "bag that big one," I found myself with a bunch of protesters outside the Irondequoit town hall picketing the latest vogue in controlling the blossoming animal populations called, "bait and shoot." The rally revolved around a simple problem: with man's expansion across the globe, he has obliterated or chased away the natural predators of deer. Sure, people have dogs, but watching a pack of dachshunds trying to bring down a deer is laughable. So, in the name of mastery, man dons the mantel of Top Predator and lets the various chin-less weekend warriors strut their funky stuff.

The Democrat and Chronicle took my picture. I held a sign saying, "The human race is overpopulated, shoot them!"<sup>Δ</sup> Little did I know then what an absolutely brilliant scheme this bait and shoot thing was...when given a broader purpose.

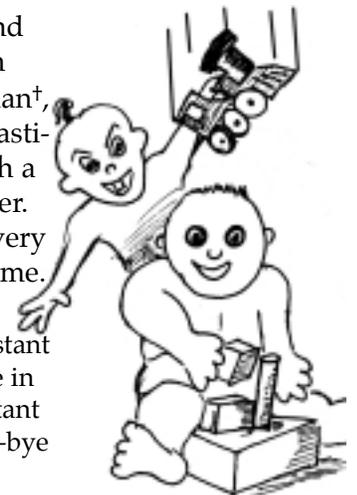
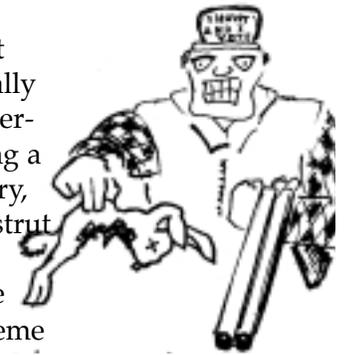
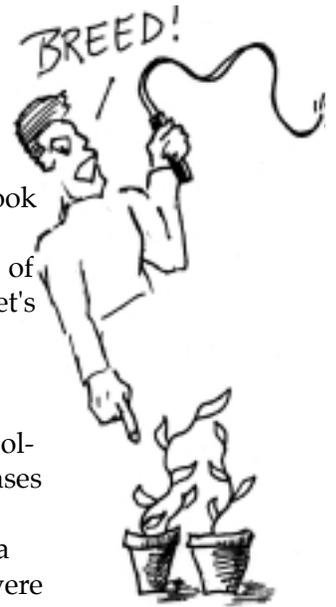
Let's face it, I had a damn good point to make a few years ago, and, thanks to the Reporter, arrogance, and hard work, now I have a forum. People are overpopulated and crowded, and when any good population becomes too crowded, even the best of them have a tendency to become peckish and dangerous. Yes, humans are naturally Gregorian<sup>†</sup>, but only in groups of 20 or so. Hit 300,000 and there's just too much opportunity for nastiness. If you want an example of what humans are really like in a group, covertly watch a group of kids below the age of five. They are the meanest, nastiest beasts to one another. Civilization mellows them out a bit, but that horrid little creature is inside each and every adult, just ready to throw a tantrum when their favorite football team loses the Big Game.

<sup>δ</sup>However, crops are constantly at risk to infectious agents. The Potato Blight<sup>™</sup> of the 1800's would look like missing a meal if the world's grain were attacked by hordes of pesticide-resistant locusts with thousands of pointy, bitey teeth. Or not even anything so Biblical. A mild change in weather patterns over the Great Plains (like, say, really dry weather in the summer, and constant flooding in the spring) could turn the amber waves of grain into roving dunes of sand. Good-bye Shredded Wheat<sup>™</sup>.

<sup>ν</sup>Written in 1943.

<sup>Δ</sup>Proving that GDT is not something you do...it's something you are.

<sup>†</sup>Gregarious, gregorian, different words you say? Yes man, but look at the context!



Train Go Boom!



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Hell, you only have to look at English Football games to realize that.

Yeah, too many people, people are poopie-heads in groups...any idiot can look at a problem and say, "Oh, well THAT's what's wrong." It takes an extraordinary individual to illuminate the solution. So you think the solution to our problem is to colonize the oceans and head that wagon train into the great expanse of space? Well, that may work for the nomadic-non-social, spatially-unchallenged, or the amoeba-wanna-bes, but it just won't cut it for your average blue collar schmo. Drastic measures must be taken for the overall mental stability of the human race. Optimally, I'd like to see at least half of the world's human population disappear. Don't get me wrong, I don't want them killed, per-say...just not here anymore. In the absence of the Rapture, let's look at our options:

Genocide has been proven effective but it's too messy, wastes too many resources, and doesn't leave enough variation in the gene pool (I don't swim in your toilet. Don't breed in my pool). Genocide's sister, Eugenics, is a far sighted plan ("Father! The sleeper has awoken!") perfect for our future hordes, but what do we do about the ones we've got now?

There's always forced sterility (a subsiderary of Eugenics). Nearly as far-sighted as eugenics, the same problem remains: millions of pesky gilded eunics. You've got to feed them, cloth them, and give them plenty of women to bathe and peel grapes for. Besides, the orange clad yahoos have a hard time with their sperm counts as it is, thanks to their tight jeans and chain smoking.

Probably the most practical way to cut down on the number of available humans is through scientific experimentation. You thought LD50 (lethal dose 50%: the amount of a virus or bacteria that kills 50% of those infected) was something scientists just knew? It took thousands of criminals making the ultimate sacrifice to give us the information doctors use daily to save people from diseases that would keep the human population at a manageable size otherwise. Unfortunately, there are just so many times you can say, "Huh. Ebola really killed those 10,000 people quick. I suppose you want results in triplicate?" Too much work.

Bait and shoot targeted evenly toward all demographics..... Ah, there's the rub.

Oh the beauty of if it. Imagine a picturesque country field in late fall. The sun is just coming up and there is a frost covering the ground. In the background, Rossinni's William Tell Overture is playing gently. In the center of the field is a 1970 Ford Fairlane, its rust gleaming like a squirrel in the morning light. Mounted on blocks, its empty wheel wells are like dark pools of water, enticing small children to lower their heads and drink deeply. Slowly from the

woods emerges Jolene. Timid at first, she sees the vehicle and approaches in awe. As she slowly reaches out a reverent hand...

Fucking BOOM!

Birds flutter from the trees and the shot echoes into the distance. All that's left of Jolene after the hollow-tipped, teflon-filled slug finished its job is her halter, a-flutter in the wind. It rises on an early morning thermal, a creature from the past taking its first, tentative flight across long forgotten lands, but soon falls to the lush green grass, and the world has one less breeder.

You see, you just have to know how to choose the right bait for the desired demographic.



# Literary Scavenger Hunt

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

Since we're such nice people, we'll give you an example of what we mean by giving you the answer to question number three.

## This Week's Hunt:

1. (1 points) "A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

'Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.'"

**Name the author and the character speaking.**

2. (2 points) "A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

**Name the author and the book title.**

3. (3 points) "When you find your self alone, isolated in a world totally without time, face to face with yourself, all the masks that you hide behind- those to preserve your own illusions, those that project them before others- finally fall, sometimes brutally."

**Name the author and the book title.**

Answer to 3: Veronique Le Guen, *Alone at the Bottom of an Abyss*

## GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

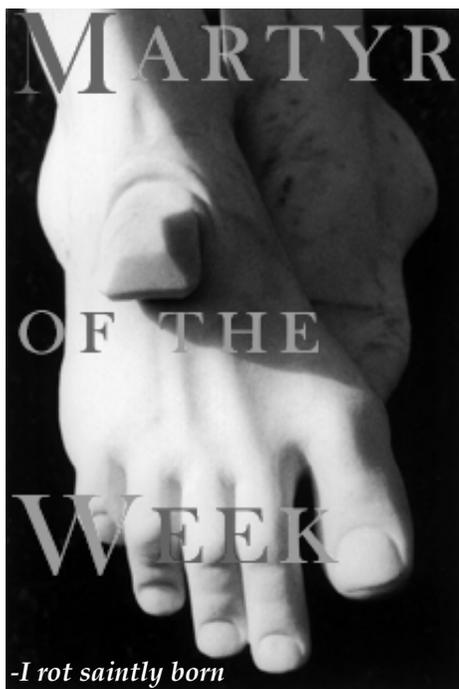
This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre.

Additional...

...because our readers on the University of Rochester have break while GDT continues to print issues, they will have a special insert in the 26 January, 1997 issue of GDT. That will bring them up to date with everyone else in the world and keep them competitive.

**Send answers to  
diablo@csh.rit.edu, or send  
replies to: GDT, 472 French  
Rd, Rochester, NY 14618**

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site: <http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>



**"If you can't convince them, confuse them."-Harry Truman**

Hello once again, and welcome to the last installment in the journey that has been known as **Martyr of the Week**. Like the caterpillar entering the cocoon, the duckling into the swan, Slowdive into Mojave 3...this isn't the end but a new beginning. I was simply going to start this quarter afresh with a new column, but began to see that it would be rude to dismiss my mistress (the only one I'll ever have I'm afraid) without a glance and a wave. I've enjoyed researching and reporting on the calamities and triumphs of those unique and noble souls who, whether through deed or action, were transformed by the Catholic culture into Martyrs.

After completing one full circle of the calendar, I see that I retread the same soil and stories as last year. I have no wish to become hackneyed and pedestrian, to be an echo of the year before or a foreshadow of columns to come. This realization and the advice of a good editor lead me to revamp my weekly distraction into something more akin to a travel guide, a *martyr-logue*, per se. It is in this way that I can present new and useful information and keep my idea of a weekly reminder of suffering and miracles alive. I hope you will join me in marrying the two ideas together when we begin a new pilgrimage next week, until then...

-Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. AUBG is a multi-national English language University with students coming mostly from Eastern Europe. For your entertainment, he will be writing a weekly column called "Behind the Rusty Curtain" concerning his adventures in Bulgaria. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

Thursday, August 28th

After much discussion and excitement, Kara, Christa, and I head for the coast for the weekend. (Kara and Christa are 2 American students that I've become good friends with here). Our destination is Sozopol, a small town on the Black Sea coast.

We jump a train out of Blagoevgrad heading for Sofia, with three tickets through Sofia to Burgas (a big Black Sea Port). The train is late arriving at the Blagoevgrad platform, so we drink beers in the tired little station-cafe. Dingy, pale green floor tiles covered with grime make sad sounds underfoot, and the checkered table cloths beg to have the crumbs shaken off and the grease washed out of their fabric. While lighting a smoke, I notice a young guy in the corner making ugly, leeringly suggestive faces at Kara. I flash him the universal "Whaz up, Muthafucka?" sign of stabbing fingers spread before a cocked grimace of fury. He looks away shyly and doesn't bother us any longer. I feel very cavalier as we board the train to Sofia.

The ride to Sofia is uneventful, but we are brimming with excitement...we were all feeling quite dull hanging out in Blagoevgrad. Our train hits Sofia at about 10PM and we pile out into a huge station house filled with backpackers, businessmen, beggars, Turks, and hitchikers. The noise is deafening. We wander around the terminal to find a great big ticker-board of trains, complete with big tiles that go "Clickitty-Klackitty-Click!" as they flip through announcements of trains going everywhere but the Albuquerque airport. After figuring out that we need to find track 4 we begin to wander around trying to decipher huge conflicting Cyrilic signs. Then we run into a Bulgarian AUBG student who is seeing his brother, Martin, off to Burgas. He says the train is overbooked and there are no seats, so apparently we'll have to stand. What the hell. It's only an 8 hour ride. So with Martin in tow we blunder off to track 4. We find the train and I spot a little snack stand down the platform and run off to buy a chocolate bar before departure. It's almost 11PM.

At the stand I manage to make myself clear that I want a bar with almonds, Molya (please!). As I get

the bar, a birdish little voice at my elbow says "Excuse me sir, but could I please have a bite of your chocolate. I've just fallen down stairs and I'm pain." Eh? I turn to see a tiny young woman who looks malnourished and very shy. Her right eyelid is turning blue and over her eyebrow is a bandaid with blood seeping out from under it. I turn to the stand and buy another chocolate bar. She's overjoyed and thanks me with polite little nods while seeming too shy to hold eye-contact.

The train is beginning to roll forward and I jump on the nearest steps as it picks up speed. I turn to see the young waif-girl jumping on a few cars back. We all make camp in the cafe car, on a long counter-bar that runs through the middle of the car. It's not really a cafe-car per se, more like a grey-yellow box with a fat, grumpy old man behind a burglar-bar counter selling sodas, peanuts, and warm beer. After a little conversation, Kara and I decide that the only way to survive 9 hours on our feet is to drink as much beer as possible. Christa and Martin stay sober and pledge to watch over us. The beer's not too great, kinda like drinking warm Coors (maybe a little better..).

Kara and I did our best to become silly-drunk, and I must admit it was a weak attempt once we were faced with downing liters of warm stale-flavored brew. Chain-smoking our Melnik cigarettes, we start relating brave sexual tales. Before long we all began telling dirty jokes and disrupting the car with our raucous laughter. Martin did his best to translate Bulgarian jokes...but it generally left the three Americans staring at each other with bewilderment which led to mirth on realization that it was just a bad joke. He did have one amusing joke, though:

A Bulgarian is bicycling through Sofia. At the Bulgarian Communist Party Headquarters, he stops and leans his bike against the big granite building. A party official leans out a window and yells, "Hey! Don't leave your bike there!!! A Soviet delegation is coming for a big meeting!" The man shakes his head and replies, "Don't worry! I'm going to lock it up."

*To be continued next week...*

THE YANOMAMO ARE SOUTH AMERICAN FORAGING HORTICULTURALISTS WHO OCCUPY THE AREA BETWEEN SOUTHEAST VENEZUELA AND NORTHWEST BRAZIL, WHICH IS MOSTLY COMPOSED OF DENSE TROPICAL FOREST COVER. THEY ARE OFTEN DESCRIBED WITH SUCH TERMS AS 'FIERCE' AND 'VIOLENT' DUE TO THEIR HIGH RATE OF WARFARE. HOWEVER, THEY ALSO ENJOY A WIDE VARIETY OF OTHER NON-VIOLENT ACTIVITIES RANGING FROM DRUG USE TO COOKING....

**Favorite Battlecry:** "I am a meat hungry buzzard!"

**Favorite Appetizer:** Plantain soup, with a twist -- Deaths which are suspected to be the result of foul play by enemy shamens require an elaborate cremation ceremony complete with chanting and lamenting. After a year, the ashes are added to a plantain soup and consumed by villagers, ensuring the deceased's place in *hedu*, Yanomamo paradise above the earth.

**Favorite Hallucinogen:** Inner bark of the ebene tree-- it is scraped, moistened and kneaded before being baked and ground into a fine powder. It is consumed with the help of another, who blows the powder through a long, narrow tube up the nose of the one partaking.

**Tastiest Form of Endocannibalism:** In normal deaths, plantain puree (yum!) is mixed with bone ashes (yum!) and eaten by mourners, demonstrating respect for both the deceased and the surviving relatives.



-Sean T. Hammond

There are places in our realm where the worlds thin. Humans intuitively understand this when they enter such a place: they are filled with an overwhelming sense of wonder, that the world is new and still courses with raw Power. These are the truly wild places, and on them, numerous shrines and religious structures have been built, altering the nature of the power. Imagine what the first European explorers felt when they first saw Niagara Falls, surrounded by wilderness. Now compare that to what a Japanese tourist feels when they visit Niagara Falls and visits the memento shop: the power has been tapped. It is no longer raw, and can never be again.

Man's increased numbers have necessarily meant his expansion into the more isolated areas of the world where any passages between the worlds might be. The doors to Faerie are slowly and systematically being closed in these twilight years by the removal of wilderness. Hand-rails, clearly marked trails, and snack shops make the magickal areas of our world into places to visit and photograph over a weekend. Still beautiful, but beautiful in a controlled fashion.

Popular and classical fiction maintain that children enter Faerie far easier than adults: that somehow children are more "enchanted." Tolkien in his essay *Tree and Leaf* felt that the fundamental difference between adults and children was that children take stories about Faeries and read them "...as tales, that is, not *studies* them as curios. Adults are allowed to collect and study anything, even old theatre programmes or paper bags."

The gate to faerie is not bared to all adults who attempt to enter. The proof of this exists within the literature written by adults, set within or along the grey, shifting borders of Faerie. Many traditions state that the night of Samhain marks the one time in the year when the boundaries between our world and the others lower. That night, Gods and faeries, the dead and demons can walk among men, and mortals can pass behind the veil. If they are not vigilant, they can become trapped in that moon-lit realm. Even on that special night, it is doubtful that the land of Faerie would open unto a city street. It is the wild places that are needed.

In story after story, the thin membrane separating our world from Faerie allows only those who fully believe in the land they are about to enter to pass. It is as Helen Lourie wrote:

"Children pass easily from the incomprehensible adult world to the equally mysterious world of fantasy...they have acquired less disbelief to be suspended before they can enter into the Kingdom of Never-Never."

Although humans have been known to force their way into Faerie (much to their eventual displeasure), much more common are the tales of Faerie opening itself to individuals. Faerie lore is littered with tales of faeries being attracted to artists, poets, and musicians. It is the eternal children of our tribe who can most easily enter Faerie.

The doors to Faerie can not be located on any map. They do not exist in physicality, nor are they only in the mind. The gates to Faerie open when one is filled with wonder by their surroundings. In that instant of rapture, one stands on the edge of Faerie.



-Kelly Gunter

Dear BFG-

A farmer had five sons. When he died, his will had these instructions for the division of his land among the sons:

1. Each son had to be the neighbor to all the others.
2. The land of any two brothers had to have at least one edge in common, not just a point.
3. Each brother's land had to be in one piece.

-Mobius

Dear Mobius,

There are a couple of various solutions to this problem, choose one or mix and match.

Ain't two dimensional geometry a bitch?

Answer #1: "Mole Man"

Mole boy is the method in which the father, or the siblings in his absence choose the most hated brother of the family and thereby decree a substantial proportion of the mineral rights to a portion of the land, without actually giving him any above ground rights to the share of acreage (Figure 1).

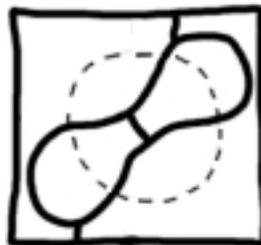


Figure 1

Answer #2: "Six Feet Under"

Similar to the "Mole Boy" solution, this one includes the idea of one superfluous, shat on member of the family. However in this version, it is more likely that it is the siblings duty to choose who among the siblings will pull the short end of the straw, so to speak.

In the "Six Feet Under" method of dealing with the will, the least popular brother is actually "removed from the running" perhaps by a nicely placed tire iron. Whatever the method, the fifth brother will invariably find himself requiring less space originally expected. In fact, all the space he'll need is a nice little plot of land approximately six feet under in which to lay his final remains. His body would be buried at the apex of all of their lands, allowing each brother a small patch of foot room to admire their handy work from (Figure 2).

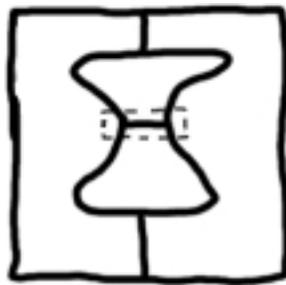


Figure 2

One of the benefits of this plan is that it will accommodate a fair amount of deviation as to the number of brothers to be planted.

Answer #3: "Mountain Man"

This particular choice depends entirely upon the geography of the region. Assuming the acreage has a hill or mountain in it's center, this method will do. In this

method one brother owns the inside of a mountain or hill, but not the surface of the mountain, nor the mineral rights to the land below it. He could build a house in there, while two of the brothers would share it's surface, and the other two would share it's mineral rights. Alternately they could build a tunnel under his house to connect their two plots of land.(see figure 3)

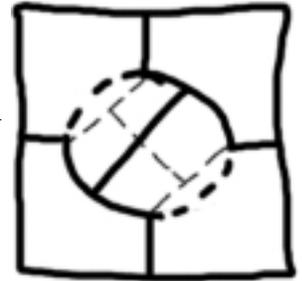


Figure 3

Answer #3 -Variation1: "The Old Hermit"

This variation allows even brothers who are not given a plot of land which possesses a hill to share in this method. "The Old Hermit" simply requires that the brothers first build their own mountain or hill most economically utilizing land fill to accomplish their goal. In this scenario, they would actually make some extra cash from their respective state by taking the... troublesome material out of its hands. The most humane thing to do with the cash after that would be to buy a life supply of Renuzit™ deoderizers for whomever ends up living in Mount Dumpster Dune.

Answer #4: "Easy Answer"

If all of these other methods have become too involved for one family of five to consider, then the easy way out would be to simply split the acreage into five even pieces which meet at the center. For anyone, unless otherwise restricted, who owns land in fact owns the property plus all of the mineral rights beneath that plot of land, right down to the molten core (which is treated as if it were a body of water) (Figure 4).



Figure 4

Answer#5: "Parallel Plots and Alternatives"

Is merely a space of the usual GDT jargon involving alternate realities. So in fact one of the brothers, under the assumption that there exists a different reality for every different possibility in the universe, could simply take possession of all of the available land. Assuming that in at least one other reality one of his other brothers owned all the land, they would be certain that they not only lived near to all their other brothers, but that they only had to pass through an alternate probability to wave hello (no figure available, as any sort of reconstruction tended to hurt my head).

-BFG

Do you have any questions for BFG? Send them to her care of diablo@csh.rit.edu.

## We interrupt this issue of GDT for a special report from Behind the Rusty Curtain:

GDT had originally planned on running Christopher Lane's articles in chronological order. Due to the policy of mis-information pervasive in Eastern Europe at the time this issue was put together, we've decided to give you a first hand report of what's going on.

November 26th, 1996

Suddenly things seem to be spinning out of control in Eastern Europe. It's as if some wild mood of destruction has gripped the region. Yesterday 200,000 people demonstrated in Belgrade against the government controlled by Serbian strongman Milosevic. Students were calling for his resignation, and I've heard rumors that portions of the crowd were tear-gassed by police units. Meanwhile in Belarus (ex-Soviet republic), returns from a referendum seem to give total power to the extremist Pres. Lukashenka. Apparently there are massive voting irregularities and my friend from Minsk is sure that the entire vote was rigged. The parliament is moving to impeach him, and he has threatened to dissolve the government if parliament proceeds. Closer to home, Bulgaria is in severe economic crisis.

The Lev (Bulgarian currency) has collapsed. In the space of a week, it's lost about 40% of it's value. People suddenly look tense and worried when I watch them on the streets. Though I empathize, I can't imagine what it would be like to wake up and find that the money you earned last week is worth 60% of what it used to be. Obviously, things are about to get very serious in Bulgaria. Winter is almost here, and people are broke. There's a grain shortage which makes bread more expensive than it would be normally. Heating prices were hiked 20% in the last month. The banks have collapsed (except for the state bank), and the gov't is in total disarray.

The SDS (Union of Dem. Forces) holds the presidency and everyone wants the Communists (who hold Parliament) to call elections. Obviously, it'll be political suicide for them to do this, and the way things are looking, it'll be political suicide if they don't. I've heard rumors that money changers in Sofia are so swamped with business that they are selling the

dollar at 400 or 450 leva, while the official rate is about 340. Also, I've heard that there is a small amount of street looting and civil unrest. The city police are undermanned to control any large scale riots. The alternative would be to call in Army units, which are made up mostly of unhappy conscripts who probably wouldn't be thrilled about shooting other Bulgarians.

Bulgarians are at the end of their rope. There is nothing more that they can do to alleviate their economic misery. The rage that I assume they would feel towards their government and mafia for robbing and cajoling them must boil over at some point. When people begin saying to themselves "What do I have to lose?", that's when governments and police forces have to be real scared. Everyone knew that at some point there would be a massive devaluation, since the banks had made a lot of bad loans and the government was using foreign loans to pay state employees, etc. But it's arrival is no less terrifying for the working class. Bulgaria probably wasn't ready for a switch to free markets, but there's not really any way for it to stop at this point. I feel very sure that Bulgaria, along with Albania, is going to be the last part of Europe left in a 3rd world position. Things are bad in Serbia, Macedonia, and Romania; but these countries all have massive natural resources. Bulgaria has nothing to sell the world but wine, prostitution and drug smuggling routes.

It's not just fear that you can feel in the streets of Bulgaria: beneath it is a misery that people have felt since the first Turkish invasions. The Balkans are used to hardship that is brought to them by dominant empires. But they have never experienced such total national failures brought by their own governments.

Nothing for me to do here, just hold tight and keep my camera close.

---

### **The Religious Wrong:**

"I want you to just let a wave of intolerance wash over you. I want you to let a wave of hatred wash over you. Yes, hate is good... Our goal is a Christian nation. We have a biblical duty, we are called on by God to conquer this country. We don't want equal time. We don't want pluralism."

-Randal Terry, *The News Sentinel*  
(Fort Wayne, Ind.), 16 August, 1993

# Student Protest in Belgrade



The student protest in Belgrade, begun on Nov 27<sup>th</sup>, is the largest sustained protest to Milosevic and his ruling party. Little information has reached Western countries, however, due largely in part to the crack down by the government. The students have taken it upon themselves to disseminate information via the internet...

From: "Leonid Oknyansky" <LFO930@stud.aubg.bg>  
 Date: Wed, 27 Nov 1996  
 Subject: For Your and Our Freedom

Dear Colleagues,

Considering the information blockade in our country (Yugoslavia), we are trying to inform universities all over the world via Internet about the events in Belgrade. The situation in Belgrade and Serbia is becoming more and more dramatic.

The students' protest has been going on for three days now, with the full support from our teachers. All the larger university centers in Serbia are also in protest, together with the Belgrade University. We are asking you to inform students of your universities as to what is happening here. Any kind of support coming from you will be highly appreciated.

**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre  
 welcomes comments.**

**Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or  
 suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or  
 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472  
 French Rd, Rochester, New York,  
 14618**

## Declaration of Decency

We, the students of the Belgrade University, support the citizens of Serbia, who demand the protection of their rights, guaranteed by the Constitution. Brutal violation of law and annihilation of regular electoral results are the unprecedented attack on the basic principles of democracy. We are not taking sides between the party in power and the opposition--what we insist upon is the rule of law. Any government unwilling to acknowledge the electoral defeat is not worth of our support, and we are overtly opposing it.

Therefore, we demand:

Immediate establishment of State's Electoral Committee, which will be formed on proportional principles by the parties that took part in a second ballot. The purpose of this Committee will be to objectively establish the outcome of the second ballot. We appeal on all participants of the current political crisis to abstain from any and all violence. The students of the Belgrade University will endure in their protest.

-University of Belgrade

**The official site of the Student protest:  
<http://galeb.etf.bg.ac.yu/~protest96/>**



Volume 6 • Issue 2

## Mithra

"All I ask of a firearm is that it be reliable, accurate, and capable of dropping a god at 500 meters."

Well, it's that time of year again. Jack Frost is nibbling at my nips, the Salvation Army is whipping their bellboys into shape, and suicides, not so coincidentally, are skyrocketing. Must be Christmastime! December 25th is the one time of the year when people around the world put aside their petty differences and come together in a spending frenzy (like a feeding frenzy, only more blood).

It wasn't always like this. Long, long ago, in a distant galaxy...whoops, wrong story -when Jews were building pyramids and Rome was getting its ass kicked by the Celts, the Living God was being a nebbly-nose in the area of the Middle East. I'm not talking about Jesus and his jolly band of ex-fishermen and whores. No! I'm talking about that other Living God. You know, the one that was as well admired as cleavage in Hollywood. He was thriving in the Roman Empire 200 years before Christianity rode in on His coat tails.

Mithra started out as a major minor deity of Zoroastrism (It's sort of like being the star player on the local dairy company's softball team, or like being the manager of a 7-11). You may remember the Zoroastrians for bringing us such joys as "The Modern Zodiac," the word "Magician"<sup>†</sup>, and providing cool names for books that go "bing!"

With so much Mithranic liturgy and symbolism hinged upon the Iranian culture's deep dependence on zodiac symbols and meaning, not to mention their astounding good taste in clothing, much of the moving drama of Mithra has been reduced to non-sensical innuendo. Nevertheless, I'll try to outline some of the high points.

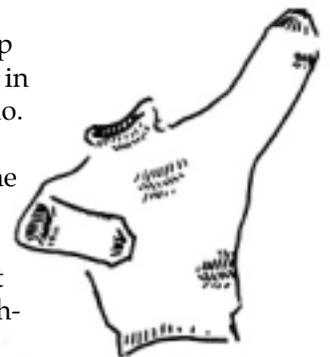
Symbolized as a trinity (bringer of light and life, the emblem of cold and death, and the ever-present invincible God), Mithra was the God of the sun, often symbolized as a coiled snake. As the protector of truth, antagonist of falsehood and error, and bane of Ahriman (a supremely evil entity in the Zoroastrian etherical melodrama, kind of like Pat Robertson, but with better dress sense), Mithra was the mediator between the unapproachable and unknowable God and the masses of humans huddled in fear on the globe listening to Tony Bennett and Mel Torme on 8-tracks. Well, it was a very long time ago!

As a sun god, it's only natural that his day of celebration would be the winter solstice. Held on December 25th, it represented His return after the cold, dead winter. Curiouser and curiouser.

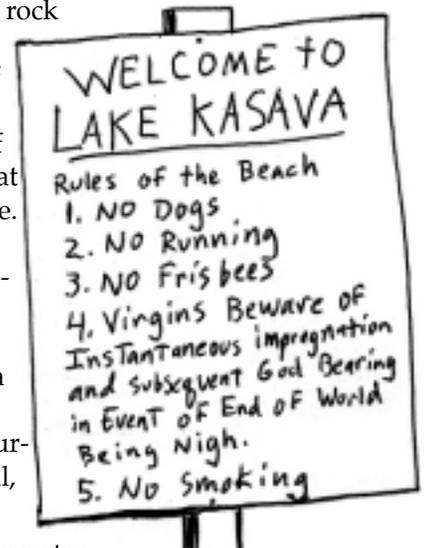
Mithra's birth is subject to some interesting scrutiny, as well. He was born from a rock that became known as the Rock of Generation. As he emerged from his igneous womb, shepherds heralded his arrival and offered the divine infant the first fruits of their flock and harvest. Oddly enough, there were no humans or many plants, or even a whole heck of a lot of animals at the time. There were, however, a plethora of mushrooms, slippers, and an old red sweater. Where the red sweater got the idea that there were people mucking about is the subject of a great deal of theosophical debate. It seems that all sweaters are sentient beings, but lack any sort of linear time reference. That is totally beyond the point of this article, and in hindsight, this whole portion should have been banished to a footnote.

As Mithra grew older, he undertook a series of Herculean labors at the request of Heaven, one of which was the capture of the only animal in the world at that time: a large bull. After chasing the beast into exhaustion, Mithra bound the creature and dragged it across a road strewn with obstacles. It might sound silly to us, but His journey with the bound bull was known as the Painful Journey, *Transitus*. For the faithful, it became a symbol of human suffering. Like we need another...

<sup>†</sup> "Hi, I'm Troy McClure, you may remember me from such religious documentaries as, 'Watch your step, there's a god down there,' 'Heaven, nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there,' and 'Venus...Cool.' The word magician comes from the name of the Zoroastrian priests, the Magi. Yeah, these are the same guys as the three wise men who came to heap presents on Jesus in the story of the Nativity...or was it Mithra in that cradle?"



I MUST Find  
"The Child"





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In time, the bull escaped and Heaven ordered Mithra to slay the beast. Although Mithra did not wish to, he sacrificed the creature. From the corpse, all animals, plants, and life sprang forth. Like the Hindus and many other Indo-Iranian peoples, time was considered a subjective concept and the bull was a powerful symbol of...well, bull. It was the first animal domesticated and symbolized a great deal. It was food, cheaper labor, and made a great idol. In slaying the bull, Mithra made the ultimate sacrifice in the eyes of His worshippers; one that allowed death to bring forth new life that was richer and more fecund than the old.

With his tasks finished, Mithra and his companions celebrated in a Last Supper, after which they ascended to Heaven. The entire ritual of the last supper was recreated by the faithful for those confirmed in the faith during their masses. Little is known of the Mithric communion, mainly due to the systematic destruction of all Mithric temples and literature.<sup>∂</sup> The only remnants are in the form of Christian commentary that makes it clear that the pagan Mithrans used bread and wine in their service.

After his retirement in the eternal salvation, it was said He would return. The Avesta (Zoroastrian holy book) said that semen from Zaratust would be kept safe from demons by preserving it in Lake Kasava and protected by 9,999 spirits of righteousness (They couldn't have found just one more). At the end of the proscribed time for the earth, the virgin Eredat-fedhri, would be bathing in the lake and would conceive. Her child would be the Savior, Saoshyant (i.e., Mithra in human form).

In those end days, Mithra will awaken the dead and judge them. For a job like that you really do need a god; it's not as if you can nudge a corpse long enough and it will come back to life just to smack you. He will slaughter a another sacred bull (New and improved Sacred Bull-- Now comes with Stain Guard!) and, using fat from the sacrifice, will consecrate wine and bestow immortality to the just. Ahriman and all the evil in the world would then be devoured by a divine fire from Heaven and the chosen would spend eternity playing cribbage and drinking prune juice. Forever. "Saoshyant with his helpers shall restore the world, which henceforth will never grow old and die, never decay and never rot, ever living and ever increasing, and master of its wish, and the dead will rise [like yeast?], when life and immortality will come, and the world will be restored at its wish."



UM, ... You'd Better throw it Back. That's Godseed, NOT eel...

With so many similarities, it

is not surprising that Christianity quickly gained a hold in the Roman Empire. Only after Constantine was converted was the power of the Mithric mystery cults totally destroyed by roving bands of Christians. Knowing their enemies, they would slaughter the Magi in their temples, thus rendering the temples unfit for worship, making a holy ruckus, and spoiling a damn good afternoon.

So when Santa is getting ready to squeeze his fat tuckus down your chimney and you're chugging your 'nog, give a few moments of thought to Mithra.

Merry Mithramas.

<sup>∂</sup>Remnants of Mithra remained in Europe as late as the Middle Ages, when the Inquisition stamped out the final traces of Him. Before that time, heretics could be heard to mumble, "Lord, have mercy upon us," at the rising of the sun each morning.

**GDT is desperately seeking a new illustrator.**

If you're interested in joining a gaggle of creative people with too many ideas and not enough illustrators, please contact GDT via [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or [sth8884@rit.edu](mailto:sth8884@rit.edu)

U of R inmates encouraged. Warning: GDT is not an equal opportunity employer. Idiots need not apply.

# Literary Scavenger Hunt

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

## This Week's Hunt:

4. (1 point) "Out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."  
**Name the author and story.**

5. (2 points) "At one time most of my friends could hear the bell, but as years passed, it fell silent for all of them. Even Sarah found one Christmas that she could no longer hear its sweet sound. Though I've grown old, the bell still rings for me as it does for all those who truly believe."

**Name the author and book.**

6. (3 points) "Did you ever notice, the only one in A Christmas Carol with any character is Scrooge? Marley is a whiner who fucked over the world and the hadn't the spine to pay his dues quietly; Belle, Scrooge's ex-girlfriend, deserted him when he needed her most; Bob Cratchit is a gutless toady without enough get-up-and-go to assert himself; and the less said about that little treacle-mouth, Tiny Tim, the better."

**Name the author.**

**Bonus Question:** Name the relationship between the author of the story quoted in question number four and the person it was written for.

**Valkyrie Air (a subsidiary of Hell Inc), Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, and Troy Liston are proud to present the ultimate guide in making travel plans...**

# MartyrLogue

-Troy Liston

Welcome to the *Martyrlogue*: a travel guide (of sorts) to shrines, relic sites and places of general morbid religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas. This week we look at **St. Andrew** (for those who like to cook, his Feast Day is **November 30**). St. Andrew is the Patron of Scotland, Greece, Russia, fishermen, sailors and spinsters. He is invoked against gout and neck problems.

Andrew was a fisherman who, along with his brother, Peter, became one of the original disciples of Jesus. Andrew was present for both Christ's Passion and Crucifixion. He traveled and preached widely and is said to be responsible for the evangelization of Greece and Asia Minor. It was there, in Achaia, that our saint was martyred; he was crucified on an X shaped cross for baptizing the local Roman governor's wife.

**TRAVEL PLANS:** TO VISIT ST. ANDREW'S, A TOWN ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND NAMED AFTER AND CONTAINING A PRE-REFORMATION SHRINE TO OUR SAINT THAT ONCE HOUSED HIS RELICS, TRAVEL TO EITHER EDINBURGH (AND GO NORTH) OR DUNDEE (AND GO SOUTH). ST. ANDREW'S RELICS (MINUS THE HEAD) ARE NOW HOUSED IN THE TOWN OF AMALFI IN SOUTHERN ITALY. THE HEAD (STOLEN CENTURIES EARLIER BY CRUSADERS) WAS RETURNED TO ISTANBUL (NOT CONSTANTINOPLE) IN 1972 BY POPE PAUL VI, WHERE IT STILL RESIDES.

## GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Additional...

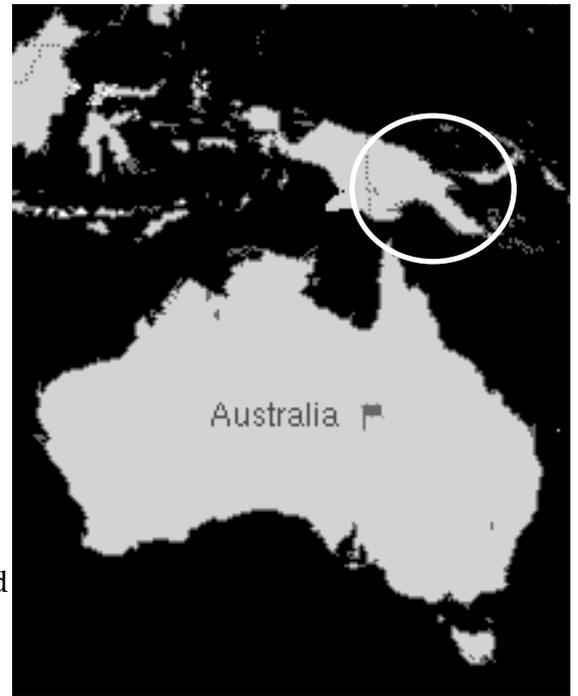
...because our readers on the University of Rochester have break while GDT continues to print issues, they will have a special insert in the 26 January, 1997 issue of GDT. That will bring you up to date with everyone else in the world and keep you competitive.

**Send answers to diablo@csh.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618**

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site: <http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

The Fore people live in the eastern highlands of Paupa, New Guinea, practicing horticulture and ritual cannibalism. Their claim to fame is the 100% fatal kuru (which they exclusively are afflicted by), a degenerative neurological disease. It is unique because the causative agent contains no nucleic acid; it is an infectious protein (prion). The disease is transmitted through consumption of human brains (yummy... Now introducing at Taco Bell, the Kuru brain wrap, the perfect gift of revenge). Annual deaths of kuru have dropped from 200 to about 10 after cannibalistic practices stopped around 1960.

As for social control, Fore women have a unique monopoly on marital power. Husbands live in fear of their wives polluting them with their menstrual blood. Imagine if American females had this same ability. Instead of hoarding cans of Mace and Pepper gas, women could carry around used tampons in a holster (tampon by day, wand of death by night). In case of assault, just whip it out and use your best fencing moves. And if that doesn't work, I hear the seven layer brain burrito doubles quite nicely as a shield.



## A Holiday Message from Damn:

Dear Readers:

Happy Yom Kippur! Now, I know that every February your family usually does get together for this grave, solemn occasion for the typical bacchanalian revelry that happens every year during these Hispanic festivals. BUT, this year, I shall not let a single day of the Kwanza pass me by without letting someone know how much it means to me (I'm sending cards out rather than personal notes for the other days, Rosh Hashanah and Hanukah, in the Canadian nationalists' celebration).

Even though I don't really like wearing green, on this day I am proud to display the stars and stripes of the little pixies of Wales. And, of course, no Yom Kippur would be complete without the decorating of the maple tree or the caroling of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s speeches through the streets. I hope that your family is also remembering to give thanks for that first day where the pilgrims got together with the Indians and their sacred cows and had that giant barbecue.

Yes, as the snows melt and we take pride in Alaska's joining of the Union, on this Really Great Friday no one should forget to lay out his sleeping bag, kneel facing the west, and pray to Mohammed in the fully automated city of Mecha. Oh, and happy Father's Day. It is so terribly unfortunate that you still haven't been able to conceive.

In case you didn't know, Yom Kippur also encompasses the fierce patriotic spirit of Presidents' Day and Benedict Arnold Day, and just happens to coincide with Three Kings' Day, where we all set our clocks back one hour for each of the three royal members of the house of Saudi Arabia. Plus, it's a terrific occasion to commemorate National Secretaries' Day (I'm not making that up!) and to thank relatives for gifts of all kinds.

Lovingly yours,  
Damn

## The Religious Wrong

"You don't dare say America or Christianity is a better way of living. When I said during my presidential bid that I would only bring Christians and Jews into the government, I hit a firestorm. 'What do you mean?' the media challenged me. 'You're not going to bring atheists into the government? How dare you maintain that those who believe the Judeo-Christian values are better qualified to govern America than Hindus and Muslims?' My answer is, 'Yes, they are.'"

-Pat Robertson, *The New World Order*.

"[There is] no difference, frankly...between blowing up an abortion clinic or blowing up a gas chamber in Dachau."

-Dan Treshmen, leader of  
"Rescue America."

"Our culture is not equal to other culture; it is superior because the root of our culture is Christianity, Catholicism, the truth that makes men free."

-Pat Buchanan, 1993

(Behind the Rusty Curtain) -Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

As the evening wears on I watch the weary mix of people around me. There's middle class businessmen reading Cyrillic newspapers and porno-novels. When ever we all burst into laughter or start shouting at each other in English, they peer over the papers suspiciously. A group of three Gypsies crouch by an open window passing a bottle of Raquia (a very strong Bulgarian fruit-liquor), and pausing to grin at our laughter or spit out the window. I watch their brown, wrinkled faces and field-scarred hands as they share cigarettes and mumble to one another in heavily accented Bulgarian. Old women in brown babushkas shuffle past scowling this way and that, looking for an empty corner to sleep in. Later, the girl with the bruised face comes to stand with us and smile shyly at our jokes. Her name is Virginia (hardly a common Bulgarian name!), her mother is an English teacher, and she wants very badly to study in the US. We reassure her that she will. She says she ate the entire chocolate bar immediately. As I watch her, I see the thin anemic skin and the grey circles under her eyes. Her limbs are all terribly thin. I wonder if she has an eating disorder. (Apparently this is a big problem for Bulgarian young women, the sudden explosion of Western media here having left them feeling incredibly deficient in the face of the elegant super-models on TV and in the magazines.)

Virginia wants to see our ID's, drivers licences, passports, and snapshots. She marvels over them and asks shyly if she can show them to her mother. She runs off and soon returns toting her own Bulgarian ID and several snapshots of her graduation party and her new dress that she wore. I am struck by the preciousness that photographs have for Bulgarians. (I have observed this behavior several times now, sometimes having to page through great stacks of snapshots in order to be polite.) The photos are invariably unexciting. But they seem to hold an incredible value to Bulgarians as fetishes (or tokens) of personal identity and connection to society, family, and love interest.

Sometime after 3AM, I stick my head out of the window to blow smoke into the wind and notice that we have left the mountainous terrain of inner Bulgaria and are crossing the huge expanse of the Danube floodplain (This plain spreads out for hundreds of miles North and South of the last 200 miles or so of the

Danube. It is some of the richest farmland of both Bulgaria and Romania.). By the light of the almost-full moon, it seems that we could be crossing South Dakota...wheat and corn fields stretch out forever in all directions. I smile into the wind and the smoky voice of Kerouac rolls a great jazz tale of moonlit fields seen from train windows across my mind as I think of my own wild-hearted adventure.

At a small stop (a concrete pad, 2 streetlights and a tiny ticket shack) somewhere in this huge agrarian nocturne, we notice a few seats open up in the next car. We get to sit for the last few hours of our journey. I doze a little, but am too excited to really sleep.

Friday 8/29/96--

At 6:30, I see the creeping light of dawn through the windows and lean out to have a look. We're heading along the edge of the great C-shaped Bay of Burgas. The view deserves the bracing pain of an early morning smoke. The skyline is held by great rusting freight-cranes, who lean over little blue-grey freight cars to snatch colorless loads and deliver them to the great slug-like freight ships that seem to hover in the thick, oily water. It is the cold, grinning, caterpillar dawn of the wreck of industrialism. Even the first rays of sun seem to be stained by grease and oil smoke. Everywhere are great refinery tubes and pipes, crawling up to burned-grey towers burning their hideous smoking flames. I feel like I've rolled onto the set of some gloomy no-future sci-fi movie. At the station we stumble wearily onto the concrete pad and try to avoid getting run over by a train-car load of hollering kids arriving for summer camp who spill like a grinning blond river around us. Martin points out the buses heading for Sozopol, then leaves to visit his mother's house.

We decide to find coffee and breakfast before getting on another moving vehicle. At the little sidewalk non-stop (what Bulgarians call 24hr cafes) we sip espresso (the only coffee Bulgarians drink -- they claim that Americans drink coffee-flavored water) and eat chewy chocolate croissants. Suddenly a swarm of mosquitos descend upon us and bite Kara repeatedly. Finally we are forced to leave the cafe in a rush to escape being eaten alive.

*To be continued next issue...*

## RIT's Twelve Days of Christmas

To be sung to the tune of (duh) "The twelve days of Christmas"

On the first day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE

On the second day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.

On the third day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.

On the fourth day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.

On the fifth day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.



On the sixth day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
SIX KEGS OF BEER,  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.

On the seventh day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
SEVEN FEET OF SNOW,  
SIX KEGS OF BEER,  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.

On the eighth day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
EIGHT FRATBOYS PUKING,  
SEVEN FEET OF SNOW,  
SIX KEGS OF BEER,  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.



On the ninth day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
NINE DEBIT DOLLARS,  
EIGHT FRATBOYS PUKING,  
SEVEN FEET OF SNOW,  
SIX KEGS OF BEER,  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,

FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.

On the tenth day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
TEN FINGERS SIGNING,  
NINE DEBIT DOLLARS,  
EIGHT FRATBOYS PUKING,  
SEVEN FEET OF SNOW,  
SIX KEGS OF BEER,  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.



On the eleventh day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
ELEVEN LADS A' CHEATING,  
TEN FINGERS SIGNING,  
NINE DEBIT DOLLARS,  
EIGHT FRATBOYS PUKING,  
SEVEN FEET OF SNOW,  
SIX KEGS OF BEER,  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.

On the twelfth day of Christmas, a RITard gave to me...  
TWELVE GRACIES LADIES,  
ELEVEN LADS A' CHEATING,  
TEN FINGERS SIGNING,  
NINE DEBIT DOLLARS,  
EIGHT FRATBOYS PUKING,  
SEVEN FEET OF SNOW,  
SIX KEGS OF BEER,  
FIVE MILLION BRICKS,  
FOUR-POINT-O,  
THREE DRAGQUEENS KISSING,  
TWO ROOMMATES YELLING,  
AND A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DOLLAR DEGREE.



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***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre***  
**welcomes comments.**

**Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**



Volume 6 • Issue 3

## After the Rapture

"When your purpose in life is to entertain the gods, there's nothing to do but to put on a good show."

A new year has been born, and as we strip the cowl away to get a good look at its bloated blue face our inescapable march toward the Millennium continues. The impending fall of the centuries has always been a tense time for those of Christian persuasion, what with the ever present promises of the return of Jesus and His Homies. The passing of the millennium, however, is making more than the usual number of

Pascal-Christians<sup>f</sup> a bit nervous. Seems everywhere I look, I see wild-eyed, horse-faced women feverishly clutching their rosary beads to their bosoms (ok, not everywhere, usually just the ones I'm stalking). Can you blame them? Look around you, buddy! The end is nigh! Apathy, Famine, Pestilence...all the Apocalypse Boys are loitering about, just itching for a rumble.

History's greatest prophets are even backing up John's fungus-induced Revelations<sup>Δ</sup>; Nostradamus, Edgar Cayce, George the Goitered Garageman...they all enigmatically point to the crossover from 1999 to 2000 as a time of strife and unrest. No rest for the wicked, I guess.

With the Rapture practically huffing and puffing, and demanding to be let in (not by the hairs on *my* chinny-chin chin!), there are no delusions in my mind that when Gabriel blows his divine alto kazoo, and all the true believers (i.e. Christians) are taken up into Heaven (unless the kids from kingdom hall are correct and heaven only has space allotted for 200,000), I will be left behind to revel in the Tribulation. Unfortunately, a lot of others will be left behind, too. According to the 1993 World Almanac there are 1,783,660,000 Christians in the world. Assuming that every professed Christian leaves this mortal coil in the Rapture, that leaves just about four billion people left on the planet. With most of the Christians nestled in Europe and the Americas, the sudden disappearance of two billion people would reduce it to vast tracts of unsettled land open for Asia, African, and Middle Eastern colonialism<sup>μ</sup>.

All in all, the Rapture and following Age of Tribulation is sounding pretty good. Unfortunately, the dregs of humanity would have to come to terms with the greatest existential crisis ever. Think Gen-Xers are apathetic? Imagine what things will be like after the leftovers learn that 1) There is a God and 2) They just missed the literal soul train.

As civilization slowly grinds to a halt, carried forward on inertia alone, there I'll be, in the vast Heartland of the now desolate North American continent, camera in hand.

Wandering from area to area, searching for those left behind, I plan on creating a photo-journal called "After the Rapture." Employing stark black and white images styled after those taken during the Great Depression, the journal will show the slow death of a people's soul, and perhaps the birth of something greater. You see, with the Great Divine Tourist having come and left us behind in the Dark, we can stop hiding our hatred for His leaving us the first time. As the newly fumigated regions are resettled, humanity will have a chance to do it right, leaving God out of the picture for the first time. No more theological arguments by design. God exists: Venerat, viderat, relinquat. He left us, not necessarily because we were bad, but because we weren't wearing the right team colors. A new Age of Reason, the Tribulation, rising from the remnants of two thousand years of Sky-Father worship, like the Phoenix of legend. If the human remnants realize that their holy ship had sailed, they could finally get on with the business of living. Humanity would be able to storm Olympus with our flaming flashlights as Zeus once feared, scattering a junk mail trail of Ed McMahon and Ames fliers behind us.

Already there are a number of publishing companies (after all, *they'll* still be here, too) interested in my proposal, and I've received some rather substantial offers. Although I can't discuss the details of the impending contract, I can tell you that the sum in question can buy more Silly-String and glow-in-the-dark chalk than even I can imagine.

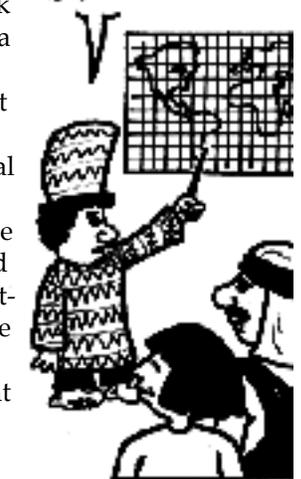
<sup>f</sup>Pascal had a wonderfully practical outlook on religion. He reasoned that if there is a God in Heaven, and you went to Church every week, you were bound to weasel your way in. If upon your death you find there's nothing to find (i.e. you no longer exist), then you had simply wasted some of your time while alive, and that it wouldn't matter to you at that point anyway.

<sup>Δ</sup>John the Apostle received the visions for Revelations while shipwrecked in the Mediterranean. The only foods available were lichen, moss, and mushrooms.

<sup>μ</sup>On the down side, the vacuum created by 2 billion people winking out of existence could level several cities, send massive tsunamis screaming across the seas, and make a parrot named Jacque quite irate.



KOREA, YOU GET  
EUROPE; IRAN,  
YOU GET THE  
US; RWANDA, YOU  
GET HOBOKEN.





**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

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**Editorial: Connections too**

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 2

Once upon a time... a few upperclassmen got together and decided that the *Reporter* needed some definite spiffing up. And how better to do it than add their own peculiar column. The Great Big Student and the Itty-Bitty Student thought it was a capital idea, whereas the Fuzzy-Headed Medium Height One thought they were off their rockers. Regardless, the three wrote their very first column and sent it off to the *Reporter* to be scrutinized. Looked at, that is. Examined. Jello Journalism.

Their column was denied on the grounds that the content was reprehensible, even if it was funny. The three students moped about for a couple of weeks until one day the Fuzzy-Headed One pointed out that they could print it themselves. A publication was born.

Initially the whole thing was merely a diversion with a circulation of sixty. They didn't really figure that they would be doing it for very long until the fateful day when they received their first hate mail. Ah, Volume 4 issue 4. How I doth love thee. Ironically enough this was their fourth issue, then they stopped fucking about with the designations and made everything into Volume 1. By the end of the year they had gathered so much support from the faculty and students at the school that they were able to get a grant to do this stuff; they even managed to pick up a few more staff members.

As their first issue anniversary fast approached, the Great Big Student had already said his fond farewells, the Little Publication that Could realized that as the Itty-Bitty Student and the Fuzzy-Headed Student would eventually be graduating, they couldn't possibly continue doing this sort of thing from beyond the grave, could they? The publication's biological clock was ticking, it was time to have a child.

By now you must realize that this little fairy tale story is about the birth of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*. Well, three children and a first-cousin (and let me tell you, she makes me wish I were more like Poe. Ohhhh, the recessive mutations...) later, GDT is still around and hasn't

lost her girlish figure. With the birth of *Melancholy Predator*, *10:1 Cereal Delusions*, *Cereal*, and coming soon to a publication near you, the *Iconoclast*, I guess you could say with so many offspring that GDT is a mommy...and not a one of them really suckled her dugs.

As part of our constant attempt to stay in shape, all the publications of Hell's Kitchen will be undergoing a tuck here, a nip there. We'd love to hear what you think of our (soon to appear) new publications and any changes to your old favorites so we can live...



## Happily Ever After



*Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!*

Send all your wenches ("It's good to be the Santa"), money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618

## Literary Scavenger Hunt

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc.). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

### This Week's Hunt:

7. (1 point) What was Winnie-the-Pooh's original name and where did he get his current name?

8. (2 points) "Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please."

**Name the author**

9. (3 points) "Is it an inspiring sight to see a man commit a heroic gesture, and then learn that he goes to the vaudeville shows for relaxation? Or see a man who's painted a magnificent canvas- and learn that he spends his time sleeping with every slut he meets?"

**Name the author and character speaking.**

**Bonus:** (1/2 point) What is another name for the author who said the quote for question number eight?



## Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

Welcome to the *Martyrlogue*, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites, and places of general morbid religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas.

This week we look at **St Thomas Beckett (Feast Day: December 29)**: the patron invoked against blindness.

Thomas Becket was the Archdeacon of Canterbury when he became good friends with King Henry II. When the King arranged for his buddy to become the Archbishop of Canterbury, Henry's plans backfired on him. Instead of being a pushover, Thomas took his position very seriously and began opposing his former friend on many issues concerning the separation of Church and State.

Some soldiers overheard the King complaining of his problems with our saint, and they took it upon themselves to rid their monarch of this thorn in his side (is that crown?). They brutally murdered Thomas in Canterbury cathedral in 1170. The Pope was appalled at the kind of message that this sent and ensured that Thomas was canonized within three years. The shrine built to him in Canterbury cathedral was for centuries one of the premier pilgrimage sites in England (It's the destination of the travelers in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*).

**TRAVEL:** TO CANTERBURY, ENGLAND. CANTERBURY IS LOCATED IN SOUTHEASTERN ENGLAND IN KENT. IT IS EASILY ACCESSIBLE FROM LONDON.

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By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

On the bus to Sozopol (only a 40 min. ride) we pass more of the blighted landscape, including an aging nuclear reactor that is rumored to be the most dangerous in the world. The design is supposed to be more faulty than Chernobyl. Two soldiers and their girlfriends ham it up and laugh together a few seats away. They are beautiful in their swaggering pride, and I begin sneaking photos of them. After a while they notice and seem to enjoy it. About 15 minutes into the ride, Kara begins to itch everywhere and complains that her cotton tee-shirt feels like scratchy wool. Within another 10 min. or so, it's obvious that she is having a full blown allergy attack. Great red welts appear on her arms and legs, and her face turns puffy with large red blotches. She scratches maniacally and I try to calm her down, telling her that everything is going to be fine, and to just concentrate on not scratching herself. She clasps her hands tightly and stares straight ahead with gritting teeth.

We arrive in Sozopol, which is a far cry more beautiful than the industrial wreck of Burgas. As we stand at the bus station trying to figure out where to go to find a doctor, we fumble in our guide books and are accosted by an asiatic woman who wants to put us up in her boarding house. After much confusion she tells us that she has a woman staying with her who speaks English and can help us find a doctor for Kara. We wander up through narrow cobblestone streets bordered by beautiful old stone and wood-carved houses. I try to get as much of a look around as possible while reassuring Kara, even though she is beginning to look really bad. At the boarding house, which is set over a kitschy looking restaurant with thatched straw umbrellas, we find the English-speaking woman from Sophia. After a little explanation she suggests giving Kara some anti-histamine tablets before finding a doctor. Even though Kara is lying on a bed panting, it seems like a reasonable idea. 10 minutes after taking the pills she seems almost cured. In the meantime Christa and I check out the room, etc. and decide that it's a great find for the price (about \$7 1/2 for all three of us per night.) We take naps to recover from our journey.

Later, showered and excited, we wander down into the idyllic streets of Sozopol. The town is built on a small rocky peninsula that juts in a curved finger, about 1/2 a mile out into the Black Sea. It was originally one of the first ancient Greek settlements on the Black Sea,

in about 700 BC. Later, it was an important military and trade post for the Roman empire, the Byzantine empire, the Ottoman Empire, and finally it was one of the last Ottoman towns to fall to the Bulgarians in the Balkan Slavic wars of the 20th century. In the modern day it is populated by a mix of ethnic Greeks and Bulgarians and is known to be the beach resort for those who prefer quiet cobblestone streets to Beach-side high-rise casinos. We ate clam salads and olives in a small restaurant, then headed for the beach.

The beach was populated with hordes of beautiful, barely-clad women who made it extremely difficult to concentrate on something like, say... walking. Bulgarians are as hip to topless swimming as the French are. There were more women going topless than not. The crowd of people seemed to mostly be locals, judging by their incredible Florida-grade tans. The beach had almost-surfable waves, and the water was clear, clean and refreshingly cool. I jumped in and swam about 50 meters from the shore to realize that I was being pulled out to sea by a hideously strong undertow. I worked for a solid 10 minutes to get back in to shore. About the point where I could just touch my toes in the sand, a young boy, maybe 6, came floundering over a wave, flapping his arms and crying in Russian. He was powerless in the undertow and looked like he had already swallowed a lot of water. I swam over to him and towed him into shore. The lifeguards were too busy flirting with their girlfriends to notice me doing their job for them. Likely he would have drowned if I hadn't happened to be there at that moment.

After a long day of sunbathing and dozing, we retired to the hotel. As we were wandering out in twilight trying to decide what to do with ourselves, we ran into a guy we had talked to on the train...a Bulgarian named Loubeko. After stumbling over his name several times, we christened him "Lou". He was a quiet-faced, dark-skinned guy who studied Philosophy in Sofia. We had a great time hanging out with him. We eventually ended up in a small cafe, drinking wonderful dry Bulgarian white wine and talking with a table full of Poles. (The Bulgarian coast is still predominately toured by Eastern Europeans, although it seems to be attracting a fair amount of middle-class English and Germans these days.) After much fun, we exchanged addresses and they urged me to come visit them in Krakow.

*To be continued next week...*



Volume 6 • Issue 4

## Race Baiting

"Why hate a whole race of people when it's so much more fun to deal with individuals?"

*Slowly, the corroded silver disks of worship emerge from their twilight slumber. Sensually, the acolyte inserts them into the centrally located slots and selects the deity of choice. After a hesitant moment, the vestibule issues forth the cylinder of refreshment, descending like a sperm whale's nightmare from the hidden mechanisms within. Its painted surface reflects the ambient lighting and the Pepsi can's trademarked "Uh-Huh" beckons....*

Contrary to popular, and logical, conceptions, words can be owned. "Uh-Huh" is the trademark of Pepsi, thanks to Ray Charles and his evil triumvirate of sexy swingers. If Pepsi can trademark "Uh-Huh," then the N-double-A-CP should be able to trademark undesirable words like, oh..."nigger" and collect royalties on them. Imagine it: thousands of Mini Arcana Farces being put through college based on the race hatred of others.

While we're on the topic of less-than-perfect worlds (like England), in the land of chips n' crumpets there once lived a squinty, shrew-like transvestite named Mrs. Niggerbaiter. Granted, she only "lived" for a few minutes in a Monty Python sketch, but the impetus behind her creation was driven by more than just a goofy bunch of cross-dressers. Working with Jungian archetypes, the geniuses of Monty Python drew upon our collective unconscious and revealed the quintessential question of our existence that mankind has tried to explain through mythology, religion and science: What is nigger-baiting?

At this point, you might not be ready to start screaming, "RACIST SCHWEIN-HUND!" Please wait, it gets better. Sure, we could do some obvious things that involve seeded melons and fried avians, but they are trite and not worth mentioning. Seasoned hunters<sup>†</sup> know that it is important to pick an area where they are sure to catch their prey. It is obvious that one will catch more beavers in a swamp than on the side of Mt. Kilimanjaro. We suggest setting up your Clever Acme<sup>Δ</sup> Nigger-Trap<sup>™</sup> in the forlorn, desolate areas of modern cities (where large vehicles use gunshots instead of beeps to indicate they are backing up) and leaving a "My First Crack-Pipe Kit" (now with optional pacifier-adaptor for crack babies) in the middle of the street. If you're not sure where to acquire your kit, call your local CIA affiliate. Motto: We Deliver for You.

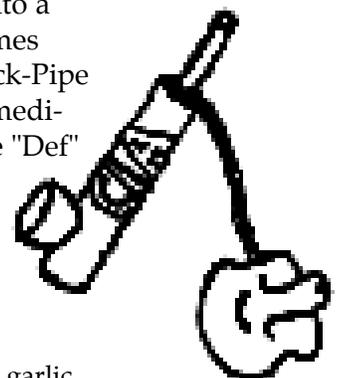
Of course, the obvious problem is that of selection. In addition to your desired prey, you are bound to attract the attention of White Trash<sup>™</sup> and countless Latinos. Besides, you don't want the poor souls who keep trying to freebase all the baking soda and diatomaceous earth they can get their shaking hands upon. Biotechnologists run into a similar problem when screening for specific bacteria (shaking hands, that is). It comes down to using the right selective media. May we suggest television? Set your Crack-Pipe Kit on top of a Samsung playing a tape of "Def Comedy Jam," the show where comedians dare not tell an actual joke for fear of being stoned to death by the crowd. One "Def" monologue went exactly like this:

"Remember that toothpaste you used to use..."

(Some giggles)

"...when you were a kid?"

(Uproarious laughter)



<sup>†</sup>Mrs. Dash is one of the more ferocious big game hunters. She and her tribe of marauding garlic cloves stalk the hermitesque grazing lands in cupboards and refrigerators, bagging Molly McButter, and on good days, Mrs. Butterworth. Aunt Jemima is above all this, of course, serving as the warring factions' demigod.

<sup>Δ</sup>The three tenets of the Acme Company: Quality, Reliability, and Cleverness.

(Continued on next page...)



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Brian Miller

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"And those cars you used to have?"

(Guffaws, hooting, mild incontinence)

Other races won't be able to get anywhere near the bait. They'll try, of course, first dropping to their knees and trying to crawl under the vocal barrage. After their ears start to bleed, dragging themselves ever so much closer to your bait, they'll finally burst into flames.

So by now you may be taken aback by all the racial slurs floating around this article like radon in our homes. I don't really take issue with the double standard that it's acceptable for black people to call other Africans "nigger" while white people instantly become "The Man" if they use the N-word. What I don't get is why the President, for instance, doesn't call up, for example...the Director of the FBI and say, "Hey, honky! How's the surveillance going on that cracker Bill Gates?" Why don't I ever hear a student in my class say, "Prof. Whitebread, I have a question." When someone misses a class and asks a friend what they missed, why don't they ever say, "Yeah, the Man said the paper is due next Friday."

And since we are kind of on the subject here, why is there only one Hispanic D.J. on the radio? I'm not talking about just 88.5 and 90.1 on your FM dial. I mean everywhere I've heard Latin music (not the Gregorian chant kind, silly), there's the same guy saying something like "¿Donde está el cuarto de baño? Tú estás un maricón bendejo puto. Tu madre tiene un pito de caballo. ¿Cómo estás su familia? ¿Quieres comer desayuno en la restaurante conmigo? ¡Nosotros estamos limpiando hijos pocitos chochos ahora a Johnson's Supermarket!" He and the white bitch whom you talk to every time you use voice mail or automated touch tone answering systems have the biggest monopoly on the face of the earth. And it'll keep going, too, because they don't employ children in sweatshops or lock cats in little boxes (can't tell if they're dead, can ya?); the federal government ( a.k.a. "The Man") won't shut them down. How do I know? Because she is also the "Computer" on Star Trek! Today, the phone lines, tomorrow, the Federation!

---

**Editorial from the Most Pious Editors:**

(as if the main article weren't enough)

**PRETENTIOUS- CLAIMING TO POSSESS SUPERIOR QUALITIES OR GREAT IMPORTANCE, WITHOUT JUSTIFICATION.**

GDT has just been given a rather substantial compliment today. One of our readers confided in us that a significant portion of our demographic seems to find us pretentious.

Pretentious...us? How could this be?

We've always given the very best of ourselves to you ungrateful wretches. Week after week we slave away creating and treating each issue as if it were a fine piece of art. How could our insufferable audience ever possibly understand how we suffer for them? After all of our diligent service, this is how our masterful craftsmanship is to be treated?

We nurture each article until it has become the quintessence of its former semblance. So woe unto they who mock our sacrifices thus, may a pox be on all of your households! May you be cast into the flames of everlasting redemption for this foul turn!

Next week's word: **Presumptuous**

**PRESUMPTUOUS- DISPLAYING EXCESSIVE SELF-CONFIDENCE AND TAKING LIBERTIES.**

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## This Week's Hunt:

10. (1 point) "Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member."

-Name the Document.

11. (2 points) "Oook?"

-Name the Author, Character speaking, and any book that it is found in.

12.. (3 points) "He sat up. She was young, and so beautiful he all but cried out from the pain of seeing her. There was recognition, shocked, confusing. He loved this woman as if he had always known her--as indeed he always had. She was mother, daughter, lover, the betrayed woman within us all. She was the one in whose lap we lie when we are babies and when we die.

"When a boy on a battlefield calls for his mother, it is she who comes. She is why we make love so often. No matter how deeply we penetrate the bodies of our lovers we never reach her.

"Our eternal striving for her has brought the whole human race out of our loins."

-Name the Author and Book



# Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

*Welcome to the Martyrlogue, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites and places of general morbid religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas.*

This week we look at **St. Edward Martyr (Feast Day: 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 area of Edward's grave, Ethelred ordered a nationwide observance of his martyred brother's feast. The wicked (but penitent) stepmother joined a nunnery.

**TRAVEL:** TO GLOUCESTER, ENGLAND. OUR SAINT IS BURIED IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

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We slept late, and spent much of the day wandering around checking out all the interesting hand-crafted wares street vendors were selling. A new throng of vendors seem to have descended on the town; we later found out that they were coming for the Apollonia festival--a ten day swing of music, drama, and art shows. We split up...I spent some time swimming from black rocks on the point of the peninsula, and some time sitting in a greek restaurant nursing a beer and writing romantic things to Silvia, my Italian sweetheart. We all met Lou again that evening and did more talking and wandering...ending up at a beach-side disco where Kara, Lou and I danced until 4 AM, then went to a "non-stop" (24-hr cafe) with friends we made in the disco. At 6, Lou, a gorgeous Bulgarian girl named Anni, and I all walked to the beach to watch the sun boil up out of the Black Sea.

Before I've thought about it, I am embracing Anni, lost in soft kisses, and the curves of her barely-18 body pressed against me. It is the irony of fate that keeps me faithful to Sylvia, as there is no place to be private, and I am to leave the town within an hour.

I return to our room at 8AM to wake the girls, trying to keep my shame for kissing Anni under my skin. By 9 AM we were headed back to Burgas, then on to Sofia on a train that arrived 2 hours late. On the train I was treated to another

of the snap shot sessions by Bulgarians riding in our compartment. We left Burgas without buying any water bottles to take with us. It was a hot, sweltering day on the Danube plains, and within three hours of leaving Burgas we had to find the cafe-car to buy water. It was on the far side of the over-crowded train...when we finally struggled through the halls packed with sad-faced people trying to act like they were comfortable, we were greeted by another grumpy old guy in the cafe car. "Ne Voda! Biera e Wodka!" he shouted at us. No water. Beer and Vodka only. It was an ugly long trip.

In Sofia we found that we had missed the last train leaving to Blagoevgrad, and had to take a train headed to a small town about 30 km from Blagoevgrad, hoping to find a bus or taxi.

As soon as we left Sophia, dusk fell and it began to rain like a Bible story. Along the way to Doupnitsa we fell into a hilarious conversation with a conductor named Andre. When he realized our plight, he offered to take us to Blagoevgrad if we would buy petrol for his car. (Gasoline is hideously expensive for Bulgarians...it runs about \$2.25 a gallon...and the average Bulgarian makes about \$70 to \$100 a month.) We obliged and had a great time getting home. Back in Blagoevgrad, we found that we'd missed a whole weekend of rain.

---

## **The Religious Wrong:**

"Just like what Nazi Germany did to the Jews, so liberal America is now doing to the evangelical Christians. It's no different. It's the same thing. It's happening all over again. It's the Democratic Congress, the liberal-biased media and the homosexuals who want to destroy all Christians. Wholesale abuse and discrimination and the worst bigotry directed toward any group in America today. More terrible than anything suffered by any minority in our history."

-The Man (aka Pat Robertson), *The Star Telegram*

"When you read articles by Janet Jones, Robert Marzano, Skipp Porteous, Theodore Sizer, and John Goodlad, remember that their agenda is atheism, socialism, and anti-democratic world globalism. To them, 'critical thinking' means teaching children to empty themselves of their own values (transmitted from parents, church and culture) and accept a set of suggested values (atheist/socialist)."

-Robert Simonds, "A Plea for the Children," *Educational Leadership*



**Fey  
Ozinzen**

-Sean T. Hammond

Over the Christmas break, I returned to the fields and forests where I spent my childhood. While there, in one of those moments when I wasn't braving the frigid Maine air to journey across ill-kept fields where the trees and brambles were slowly winning the battle against the cows, or using my brother's trampoline and dreaming of flight, my parents offered to treat me to a movie. After driving 22 miles to the first Lowes Theatre to be built in the state's capital, Augusta, we decided to see Michael.

Stop here. This is not a movie review. As much as I, as an editor of GDT, would like to have a weekly column dealing with movies or TV (No music. 'Zines focus on music and I refuse to let GDT be a 'zine. We're too literate for that). Suffice it to say that the movie was entertaining. The thing I'd like to focus on here in my little faerie ring (gather closer, friends, lest you fall from the dance) is the lead character's personality.

Michael the Archangel; Chief of the Angels; angel of repentance, righteousness, mercy, and satisfaction; conqueror of Satan; and if we believe the movie, wooer of women, searcher of fun, and He Who Acts Like A Spoiled Child.

In short, not angelic at all.

He was demanding, manipulative, insistent on getting his way (in one scene, causing a car to get a flat tire so he could see "The World's Largest Frying Pan"), and partaking in sexual intercourse outside of wedlock. Hmm, sounds positively Faerie-like to me.

At one point halfway through the film, even my mother whispered, "He acts like a faerie." Yes, mom, he does. Maybe there's not so big a difference between Faeries and Angels as is thought. Angels, aliens, faeries...they could be simply the same manifestation seen from different cultural points of view. Culture is an amazing filter, bending and filtering the Multiverse until what we see is not what is really there, but what we expect to see. And with entities that may cloth themselves in our expectations, that effect would be compounded.

Next week: Part one of the Invasion Cycle of the Irish.

**Mail and suggestions from faeriephiles and disbelievers are welcome. Drop a line to Sean Hammond care of [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu), or use [sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu](mailto:sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu)**

**Pre-prepared Hate Mail Response**

*(Do to the questionable and obnoxious content of this week's feature article, we are saving everyone a bit of time and energy by already preparing a response to any hateful material our readerage may choose to bestow upon us.)*

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,  
(insert your name here)

We appreciate the concerns you have voiced and thank you for bringing the abhorrent business of \_\_\_\_\_ to our attention. \_\_\_\_\_, thanks for the vigilance you have  
(state subject matter of hate mail) (insert name here)

shown in attempting to identify our ill qualities and for trying to make the world a better place to live in.

Sincerely,  
The editors of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

**Instructions: Simply cut out this part of the issue, fill in the blank spaces, put it in a self-addressed, stamped envelope and send it to yourself, care of:**

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ (insert your address here)

-Sean Hammond

Ahhh... James Burke. If anyone deserves to be elevated to the level of False Idol, it's Him. Those who regularly watch the Learning Channel (all five of us) or read Scientific American probably know who I'm talking about. The man is a wealth of historical, scientific, and cultural minute. In the various series created by Him that run on TLC and in His columns that periodically appear in Scientific American, he excels at connecting apparently isolated, absurd events:

- How grapefruit directly led to WWII
- How an obscure inventor's "Wheelbarrow on a tightrope" trick lets battle ships shoot down jets in stormy seas.
- How thermometers were spared the embarrassment of being heretical because Galileo insisted, "But it does move."

Often I've lamented that I lack His sheer width and breadth of knowledge. Don't get me wrong: I know a lot of useless crap, but I'd be embarrassed to even look at the guy.

What I do want is to have Him on a leash. Oh, happy day! While women are walking Great Danes that are used for more than protection (wink, wink, nudge, nudge), I'd have grey-haired, balding-on-top James Burke on the end of one of those retractable leashes.

The best part is that when other dogs harass my Burke, I could cry the dreaded, "Connect!" Woe onto they who are subjected to the endless diatribe that would, eventually, connect all the things in the Universe and answer The Ultimate Question (No. The answer is not 42. You're one of those people who can quote the entire Holy Grail, aren't you? Aren't you?!) and drive any moderately sentient being mad.

Thank all that is good, i.e. James Burke, that He understands, "Heel!"

### Random Facts:

•The Australian William Gold (born 1922) has finished eight books and seven novels in an eight-teen year writing career. His only published work was an article accepted to an Australian newspaper, for which he was paid the equivalent of 50¢.

•Francis Bacon was one of the most influential minds of the late 16th century. A statesman, a philosopher, a writer, and a scientist, he was even rumored to have written some of Shakespeare's plays.

One afternoon in 1625, Bacon was watching a snowstorm and was struck by the wondrous notion that maybe snow could be used to preserve meat in the same way that salt was used. Determined to find out, he purchased a chicken from a nearby village, killed it, and then, standing outside in the snow, attempted to stuff the chicken full of snow to freeze it. The chicken never froze, but Bacon did.

***Young female publication, 36-24-36,  
desperately seeking illustrator....***

***If you haven't noticed, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been without a permanent illustrator for a few weeks.***

***But for the love of God, we  
need someone who's good!***

***(Vinny is not included. Nor are batteries)***

***So if you are:***

- Reliable
- Have an overactive imagination
- And want to hang out with Rochester's premiere satire publication then contact us call 271-6823 or email [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu).

***GDT: We know we're sick people--the question is whether it's charming or offensive.***

***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!***

***Send all your wench(es) ("It's good to be the Santa"), money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or***

***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618***



Volume 6 • Issue 5

## Definitions

"It's a condescending thing, dear--you wouldn't understand."

As a presumptuous (see volume 6 issue 4) publication we would like to take this chance to educate our literate public by presenting them with this article of definitions that are simply too important to not integrate into the common man's vocabulary and working day.

**Advent Horizon**- Getting closer and closer to Christmas but never quite reaching it.

**Deglutition**- The act or process of swallowing.

**Demisemiquaver**- A note having half the time value of a semiquaver.

**Demisemiquasar**- A celestial body (Oh, yeah) having half the lightness of being.

**Ebononegophobia**- Fear of mispronouncing "ebonics."

**Fuck-a-licous**- Mmmm... fuck-a-licous. Aaaagggggggghhhhhhh.

**God**- A being you don't have a tendency to try to kill. Just goes to show that Jesus couldn't have been a God.

**Hermetic**- Having the quality of being reclusive, like a hermit.

**Isosignimer**- Two or more words which have the same spelling but different meanings.

**Jello Journalism**- The most up-to-the-moment news articles written entirely with jello jigglers (i.e., Bill Cosby's son getting shot).

**Juice for Jesus**- Holy citrus (with vitamin C).

**Master Cardiology**- Study of how receiving credit card bills can adversely affect ones health.

**Matrimonial Lease**- Replaces today's outmoded state of matrimony, by leasing your marriage for one, two, five, ten, or in especially *certain* cases, twenty years. If, for some reason, one of the two parties wishes to void the contract early, certain penalties will be placed against the member voiding the contract. Thus divorce becomes obsolete.

**Procidentia**- Condition in which a woman's womb, having been weakened by traumatic or repeated child birthings, falls down against the vagina. In severe cases, the womb actually continues its downward spiral and hangs out from the vaginal opening, managing to take the vagina with it. To quote Edward Shorter: "...The woman looks as though she has an elephant's trunk between her legs." Win some. Lose some. You're skinnier, what are you worrying about?

**Syncretism**- The changing of an absorbed religion to fit the culture.

**Wile E Coyote**- Cleverness with ears.

**Ya' way- Epithet**. Common response to "No way!"





**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

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**Facts are Unfortunate Things:**

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 2

Since their founding, the various publications of Hell's Kitchen have had to work very hard to receive the meager recognition which they enjoy today. Gone are the days when Bards were treated with respect and reverence, lest they compose a satirical commentary about their rude host. There really was a time when a well phrased comment could totally destroy one's reputation, hence the phrase: "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Because of the experiences of Hell's Kitchen, we feel a sense of solidarity with the RIT Players, the drama troupe on the Rochester Institute of Technology, and are pleased to present a piece written by the director of the Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Much of what Peter has to say is applicable to any group which is taking risks in producing material that the majority of people may not approve of. But, as Ibsen said:

"I AM THINKING OF THE FEW, THE SCATTERED FEW AMONGST US, WHO HAVE ABSORBED NEW AND VIGOROUS TRUTHS. SUCH MEN STAND, AS IT WERE, AT THE OUTPOSTS, SO FAR AHEAD THAT THE COMPACT MAJORITY HAS NOT YET BEEN ABLE TO COME UP WITH THEM; AND THERE THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR TRUTHS THAT ARE TOO NEWLY-BORN INTO THE WORLD OF CONSCIOUSNESS TO HAVE ANY CONSIDERABLE NUMBER OF PEOPLE ON THEIR SIDE AS YET."

(See "Presumptuous," Volume 6, issue 4)

-Sean Hammond, co-editor GDT

**Shakespeare on Campus:**

The conditions that confronted Shakespeare's company, operating at the dawn of Western commercial theatre, still face theatres today. They have to finance themselves and appeal to the general public, while also maintaining some aesthetic standards. Playwrights and designers hanker after their own theatres, where they can develop and establish artistic identities. They would also like to perform specially for wealthy folks who have estates with large empty rooms (the republican equivalent of royalty), but it is no longer very fashionable. They have to be wary of moralizing politicians who might squash their grant support, and they have to worry about offending various groups with their choice of plays or playing styles. They have to compete for audiences with other forms of recreation and entertainment, some of which are indistinguishable from prostitution. Their equivalent of English foul weather and plague is the American obligation to justify their work as socially worthwhile—as if it were self-evidently inferior to things like engineering and investment counselling.

This commercial theatre model is out of place in our non-profit educational institutions, where play production should be part of an experimental process of learning how theatre works and what its cultural use is. At the Rochester

Institute of Technology (RIT), this learning process is steadily taking shape as a collaboration among students and faculty from several separate colleges and programs. The productions of the two-year-old drama club, RIT Players, now enjoy support from the College of Liberal Arts' specially designated fund for fine arts performance. The first steps have been taken to fashion a multi-disciplinary course around an annual production of a work of performing art. And there is a renewed impetus to combine the performance resources of National Technical Institute for the Deaf (NTID) and other schools of RIT in cooperative productions. There are still obstacles. RIT Players does not yet have its own rehearsal, storage, or performance space; nor are its theatre productions accorded priority claim to any campus performance facility or equipment. And, of course, it must compete for its local audience with several established campus activities—parties and movies chief among them.

The progress of student theatre on campus and the continuing difficulties it faces define a challenging situation which must be met by a combination of resourcefulness, energy, and commitment. This is what you will see in the current RIT Players' production of *Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing*, performed in the SAU Cafeteria (RIT), Shumway Commons (RIT), and Fireside Lounge (RIT), Thursday through Sunday, January 23 - 26, Thursday through Saturday, January 31 - February 1, and on Sunday, February 2, at Media Play in Southtown Plaza.

-Peter Ferran, College of Liberal Arts, RIT

## Literary Scavenger Hunt

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc.). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

### This Week's Hunt:

13. (1 point) "Would you, could you, with a goat?"

**-Give the Book's original copyright year.**

14. (2 points) "I'd have liked to have you for a sweetheart, or a wife, or my mother or my sister -- anything that a woman can be to a man."

**-Name the Author and Book.**

15. (3 points) "It was because I heard father and mother," he explained in a low voice, "talking about what I was too be when I became a man." He was extraordinarily agitated now. "I don't want ever to be a man," he said with passion. "I want always to a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived for a long long time among the faries."

**-Name the Book's original title.**

**Bonus Question:** What book in particular is Captain Hook said to keep?



## Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

Welcome to the *Martyrlogue*, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites, and places of general morbid religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas.

This week we look at **St William of York (Feast Day: June 8)**. William Fitzherbert was the nephew of King Stephen (of England) and was appointed Archbishop of York in 1142. This appointment was opposed by a number of people, including St. Bernard of Clairvaux, due to suspicions of simony (a bribe or payoff made in order to receive an appointed ecclesiastical position). William's enemies didn't rest until he was deposed from his bishopric. He went into retirement as a monk in Winchester and was a model of patience and resignation. He was ultimately restored to his position at York and received a hero's return from his congregation. He died, it is rumored of poisoning, almost immediately. William is interred in York Cathedral

**TRAVEL:** TO THE CITY OF YORK, ENGLAND. YORK IS LOCATED IN NORTHEASTERN ENGLAND AND IS EASILY ACCESSIBLE FROM LEEDS.

## GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Send answers to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu), or send replies to: GDT, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site:  
<http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

### Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

is always looking for new help, especially from our University of Rochester Readers!

Send critiques, questions, or inquiries into possible positions open to:

[diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)

or  
GDT

c/o 472 French Rd,  
Rochester NY, 14618

WHY DO RIVERS RUN FROM THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE NILE?

- A CONCERNED GEOGRAPHER

Dear Concerned Geographer,

I can understand your concern and thus to help find the answer to your baffling conundrum we must first look at the actual psyche of the rivers. Rivers are very old creatures, some of the oldest on the planet, however because it's been some time since their youth, they aren't so in tune with some of these new fangled concepts such as a spherical planet.

When the rivers were young, or even middle-aged, it was still largely believed that the globe was in fact flat. As many people might recall, a majority of maps are recorded such that the north is always indicated to be pointing in an upwards direction, while the south is considered to be pointing downward. Rivers, being quite impressionable believe that this means they should be flowing in more or less the same direction whether it be downhill or down map, gravity being as inescapable as it is. The Nile is an exception as it flows through the valley of the kings, more then anything it wants to be noticed and how better to be noticed than to go against the current (so to speak). In every way this river has shown itself to be an unruly and haughty river, much too good to do as all the other rivers.

Now if you were to look at a relatively accurate depiction of the globe, you might be struck by the fact that a fair number of rivers (ie. a majority) seem to be going in either an eastern or western direction rather than south as stated in the question. Do not let this trivial physical manifestation of evidence dissuade you from the true heart of the matter. All these visually meandering creatures are actually under the impression that they are going south. A vast proportion of the rivers have either gone senile over the years and no longer remember which direction is south, or they are much to obstinate to ask directions and thus perpetually meander. This is most evident in the fact that the younger rivers, with their faster flowing waters cut relatively straight paths in the Earth's surface, while the older, slower rivers tend to oxbow and get stuck in sand bars, often becoming nostalgic and gurgling to themselves about the good old days (you know turning to blood, that sort of thing).

-The Bare-Foot Girl

**Do you have any questions for the Bare-Foot Girl? Send them to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)**



-Sean T. Hammond

Before we come close to the fire, I have to make a short disclaimer. One of the earliest GDT advertisements read, "GDT: Because we have way too much free time." Not

so anymore. Between spending the last couple days working on "Cadence" because the illustrator backed out at the last minute, doing lay-out for GDT, attending night after night of rehearsal for Much Ado About Nothing, and working full-time, I'm a tired little boy. It's 3:12 AM, Thursday morning, and I am just now able to start this column. No one but me has had the opportunity to read this column prior to going to the printers. Any spelling or grammar errors, are therefore entirely my fault.

That having been said, let me talk about the Irish a bit.

In recent years, the fantasy genera has been deluged with novels, excellent and questionable, pulling on lore form the British Isles. Rightly so. Even today,

the islands and moors are peopled by individuals who still sing smooing songs and follow the old ways concerning the Good Folk.

Though thoroughly Christianized, much of Ireland has retained many of its traditions concerning their peculiar brand of faerie. Before they can be spoken of, however, it helps to know some history as recounted by The Book of Invasions.

Prior to Christianity and writing, The Book of Invasions was, undoubtedly, an oral tale. Only after St. Patrick would it have been set to print. Christian influence is plainly seen, for the earliest settlers of Ireland are recorded to be the descendants of Noah. Comprised of fifty-one women and three men, all but one man, Fintan, perished in the Flood by changing himself first into a salmon, then an eagle, and finally a hawk. His survival allowed the tale of his people to be passed onto the island's next settlers.

**Next week: continuation of The Book of Invasions.**



(Behind the Rusty Curtain) -Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

Prophecies are the coinage of fools, but I have had the dubious honor of predicting correctly that the proverbial shit would hit the fan in Bulgaria (See GDT Dec. 15th).

In the past three weeks I've seen protests in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, and returned home to Bulgaria in time to see that the country is teetering on the edge of economic and political chaos, even outright revolution. The Leva (Bulgarian currency) continues its freefall (it's now worth 1/3 of what it was when I arrived in August), and strikes and protests are being held daily in every large town in the country, often paralyzing industries, schools, and public utilities.

Angry students seized the huge Belgrade University campus in late November, and they now control most of its buildings. Within a few days of the first anti-government demonstrations, students had set up a complex organizational body that resembled a parliament, engineered the en-masse boycott of classes, and secured funds for food and the manufacture of propaganda. Arriving at the Philosophy building (which has become the heart of the student movement), I was questioned by "Student Security" (all access to the building is limited to students and journalists). In classrooms where lectures would have been going on, chain-smoking students were planning protests and designing propaganda posters. I was briefed in the student Press Center by idealistic young students with excellent English. The



A Zajedno protestor waves the Serbian flag during a night rally. Flags such as this one, with the old royal crest sown on to the flag have become a common sight at protests. The protests have renewed many Serbs' patriotism and national sentiment.



Behind the lines of the riot police during the Dec. 24th riot. A single clenched fist tells the story of the day's frustrations.

entire student movement has extraordinary media savvy: protest acts and propaganda are designed for maximum media impact. Placards and banners are often in English, and their slogans, like "Belgrade is the World" are catchy and powerful.

"We can't afford to fail now, because there will be a silence that lasts for 30 years if Milosevic wins," Miroslav Maric told me in the student press center, "We know that state security knows who we are by now." The spectre of 'D.B.' (state security) looms in everyone's mind. After hearing several rumors of shadowy secret police activities, I spoke to a young women who had had an "informative conversation" with two plain-clothed agents who took her to an empty apartment and told her the names of everyone she worked with and that it would be unfortunate if any of them "got into trouble." Another second-hand story told of a similar interview in which a student was played a tape from a meeting he participated in. The students expect that the university buildings are bugged, and often preface meetings with a group shout of, "Hello, D.B.!!!"

Posters lining city walls and leaflets scattered on sidewalks make the ongoing protests a tangible presence everywhere. Buying roasted chestnuts on the street, I was surprised to find that they were served on a student protest news leaflet. Everywhere in the city, people can be seen wearing anti-government buttons and colorful whistles which are used to raise a great roar during demonstrations. On the edge of Terazje square, rock music and pre-recorded fiery speeches blast along all day from speakers in the third story

office of the Democratic Party, which is part of the Zajedno opposition coalition. The students and the coalition supporters are both demanding that the government revoke its dismissal of local elections in which Zajedno was widely victorious.

Two independent newspapers and an independent radio station provide the citizens of Belgrade with news that is more objective than the state-controlled media channels. But people in smaller towns and rural areas across Serbia are being informed by state-run media that the huge 50,000 to 300,000 people demonstrating daily in Belgrade are actually "small bands of rabble rousers" who are being fed Exstasy pills and paid \$300 a day by Western governments to disrupt daily life in the city. During my six day visit, the students' portrayal of the rural Serbs (who make up the bulk of Communist support) changed from "misinformed farmers" to "manipulated peasants." A defining element of the current power struggle is the battle which is raging for the



Christopher Lane

**Late on Dec. 24th, riot police withdrew from downtown Belgrade. Many of them were quite happy to leave, as they had spent most of the day struggling with protestors and were not given any food or water for at least twelve hours.**

minds of Serbians. The struggle to distribute information and thereby portray the opposite party highlights what has become a war of theatrical drama on the streets as well in the media.

On December 22nd, news of a large pro-government rally was leaked to one of Belgrade's independent radio stations. The demonstration was to take place on Terazje square, at the same time a Zajedno protest would be occurring there. "This means that December 24th will be the first day of a civil war," Marta Gligorijevic told me after her meeting with her co-captains of student security. On the 24th, a huge fleet of buses arrived in Belgrade carrying at least 75,000 workers from the countryside who had been given free transportation and a day of paid leave to come to the pro-

government rally. Most of them did not realize what was really happening in Belgrade and believed they were being given a day off from work by the gracious President Milosevic. Clearly what was being organized was a riot that would justify the use of force by the huge contingent of riot police waiting on the outskirts of the city (estimates put their number at 50,000).

The pro-government protesters arrived to find a huge, angry mob of about 200,000 people waiting for them on Terazje square. The melee that ensued was simply horrifying. Men of all ages beat each other with sticks while the air was thick with eggs, fruit, and rocks thrown by both parties. Old women sat on the sidewalks and wept. While they tried to scrape egg from their clothes, young women hurled vicious jeers at them. I kept low and tried to photograph, but still took a glancing blow on the head from an airborne rock. When the anti-government mob threatened to destroy the cinema lights and cameras that had been set up for the rally, riot police arrived wielding clubs and shields to clear the anti-government mob from the square. Tear gas was used, and at least two people were killed and scores injured.

In Bulgaria, protests against the Communist-controlled Parliament began on Jan. 7th. Having succeeded in destroying what's left of Bulgaria's economy, the deputies then tried to postpone elections as long as possible. Students at the University of Sofia have been boycotting classes to lead the opposition protest, which is demanding immediate elections. On Dec. 10th the protests turned violent when the protesters encircled the Parliament and refused to let the deputies leave. That night, a group of protesters broke into through a riot police cordon, entered the Parliament building and set it on fire. Riot police used tear gas and badly beat at least 100 protesters.

Much to my chagrin, all this happened while I was stranded in Greece. But I have since attended the marches, and felt the nervously excited mood of my Bulgarian friends. As I said before, Bulgarians are at the end of their rope, and even the most drastic improvement in politics will not improve their economic woes. A few days ago, a Bulgarian friend confided to me that his monthly salary was about \$25. The cost of a loaf of bread has risen to almost 50 cents, and beggars now commonly try their luck outside bakeries, sometimes with young babies on their hips.

I worry all the time about the friends I've made all over the Balkans. To struggle against governments who oppress and bankrupt your people is a beautiful and honorable deed, but things could get real "hot" at any time now. It's spooky. But it's damn nice to see the bastards fry in their own fat.



Volume 6 • Issue 6

## Swords

"...And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, for if you hit a man with a plowshare, he'll know he's been hit."

Each year while the inner cities degrade like the brain of some poor soul with Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, mayors scramble to find some new way to slow their districts' tendency to resemble rejected sets from *The Road Warrior*. Currently, the most popular method is to build massive public aquariums and hope that tourists are willing to brave local war zones to look at mud-coloured native fish. Unfortunately, the indigenous population tends to get excited at seeing all the pretty fishies, and tries to shoot them with their little boomtwigs, usually without taking into account the refractive effects of the water.<sup>†</sup>

Ah, yes. Hand guns. Those slim, black slug throwers created solely to exterminate one's peers. Proponents of high velocity lead insist that hand guns are needed for protection...from other people with hand guns. Can you say, "circular logic?" Nevertheless, do-nothing local sheriffs from America's heartland are pushing the unconstitutionality of the Brady Bill. Why should good, hard-working, neurotic Americans have to wait two weeks to own a hand cannon while the local yokels do background checks? It's our Constitutional right to bear arms!

As Megalopolis<sup>¥</sup> falls into ruin, the suburbs are flourishing. Refugees are fleeing from their houses to "safe zones" set up by the UN. Each year, usually in mid-summer, something amazing happens in these areas of respite: Renaissance Festivals.

With cries of "Huzzah!" and "Thou naughty varlet!" thousands of people across the country willingly pay economically unwarranted fees (While managing to put off visiting the "Fish of Lake Ontario" exhibit in Buffalo. Unfortunately, the only things to see are Zebra Mussels.) to see community actors act like asses, eat fatty, ill-cooked food, buy criminally-priced leather mugs, get insulted by "the rat catcher," and watch mock sword fights. Now there's an arm with style. Swords haven't been used as a realistic weapon for hundreds of years. Difficult to conceal, taking years to master, and ironically, illegal in the United States, fewer people are killed by swords in this fair nation than by stampeding chickens.<sup>Δ</sup>

While the NRA continues to push for the repeal of handgun waiting periods, NASA (the National Association for Sword Advancement) has been working behind the scenes. By lobbying Congress, they are on the verge of solving all of America's problems.

By this time next year, all hand guns will be illegal. That's right. No more Saturday Night Specials. No more .22's. No more hollow-tipped, armor-piercing, uranium-depleted, teflon-coated, high-velocity slugs just itching to disintegrate some jack-booted thug's head. Most pickup trucks will get weapon-rack overhauls, designed now to hold scabbards instead of shotguns. Of course, there will be a period of transition where many will cling to their guns (Oh, it hurts), but with the government's proposed "Swords for Guns" program, it is expected that all over the country, gangs will be packing over three feet of sharpened steel. Imagine Akeem, wearing his size 40 jeans, feeling safe in the knowledge that he is concealing a rapier in its billowing folds, and his buddy Jacques (with his size 24 corduroys) by his side resting rather nervously, thinking about his sawed-off scimitar, all the time repeating, "Hey, Ak, what'rewegonnadotoday, huh? huh? What'rewegonnado?"

Then, the real magic begins. Crime-infested cities will transform into year-round Renaissance festivals. Good-bye, "Brown trout exhibit" and "Mississippi Snail Tank," adieu; no



<sup>†</sup> The bottoms of aquariums in inner cities look just like the bottoms of the wading pools in malls, covered with small, flattened metal slugs.

<sup>¥</sup> Nine out of ten geographers can't be wrong.

<sup>Δ</sup> The most recent chicken stampede occurred in Pispot, New Mexico. Over 17 chickens broke free from Farmer Regis's pen and swept into downtown Pispot. Causing over 14 million dollars in property damage and resulting in the deaths of two elderly men who were caught in the flock while they were attempting to cross the street, the President is expected to declare Pispot a natural disaster zone. Local authorities are still baffled as to what caused the stampede.

Pispot has no aquariums.



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**This week's fog index is:**  
~10

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glory lies behind the back of such. Thousands of 'burbanites will flock to areas where "tourism" is a word that has no comparable translation into Ebonics. Local officials could charge exorbitant admission fees to enter their district of the city. There, families could stroll about eating fatty food by products, being insulted by the "fat man in a rocker," buying genuine rat-leather mugs, and watching real swashbuckling as rival gangs fight over turf.

Of course, their inexperience in sword play ("Tag! You're it!") will result in long, pitched battles, often ending when everyone is either exhausted from swinging steel about, or has broken his blade. This, fortunately, will lead to the re-creation of whole economies. Using abandoned cars, and forcing kidnapped Japanese exchange-students/sword-masters to disclose family secrets, gangs will begin their own blacksmithing, forging new swords and rediscovering the art of folding metal to create a blade capable of cutting through a shotgun barrel.

But then, there won't be any shotguns, will there? They'll have to use a new unit of measure: Hiiyah- the SI unit of sword damage potential.

### Attention U of R Readers!

Recently I called up one of our University of Rochester staff writers to inform her that there wouldn't be a staff meeting due to conflicts brought up by the editor's involvement with the RIT Player's production of *Much Ado About Nothing*. Much to my chagrin, I was told by her roommate that she was off, "Doing something for RIT."

Immediately, I felt bad because this meant she was waiting to be picked up. I explained that I was a part of the "thing for RIT" and that, if she wouldn't mind, I would like to speak with Michelle, so please go get her thank-you-very-much.

As I waited, I realized the importance of what I had heard. Despite our attempts to make students on the U of R feel that Hell's Kitchen is not a publication run by RIT students, we are still seen as interlopers. Granted, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, the first seed crystal of Hell's Kitchen, began as publication put out by RIT students. That has changed. Of the fifteen staff members that currently make up GDT, seven of them are non-RIT students. Still we are an "RIT thing."

Of course, it does not help that the U of R has established publications as The Norm. When GDT first began to print articles on the RIT campus, we did so in a vacuum. There were no other publications competing for that particular niche. In a short time, we did very well, and have even begun to compete with RIT's official newsmag, the Reporter. Quite well, I might add, if their pleas for writers to come and work for them is any indication.

I knew the situation would be different when trying to expand to the U of R. We only had one person from the U of R on the staff at that point, and would not be in a humor vacuum. Conditions would be very much be in the favor of

the home team, aka The Norm. Although the combined yearly output of the publications that make up Hell's Kitchen buries that of The Norm (Hell's Kitchen produces approximately 350 pages of original material per year verses The Norm's 90), we do not seem to have won the support, trust, or readership that we had hoped to.

To help prove that Hell's Kitchen is committed to the University of Rochester, we hope to increase our printed presence on the campus, and actively recruit writers (attention Normites: feel free to contact us. We'd love to start working together). Because the U of R was on break while RIT was still holding classes, readers have missed some issues. With a prize of \$75 going to the winner of the Literary Scavenger Hunt, we thought those literate enough to appreciate Hell's Kitchen would like the chance to have a level playing field. To that end, we are reprinting all of the questions asked thus far.

I hope that we hear from any readers from the University of Rochester. If nothing else, drop us a line letting us know that our issues are being read and not just thrown into the trash. And if we are being thrown into the trash, at least care enough to recycle. We do.

-Sean Hammond, co-editor Gracies Dinnertime Theatre/Hell's Whip

## Literary Scavenger Hunt Special:

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc.). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

### Questions to Date:

1. (1 points) "A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

'Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.'"

Name the author and the character speaking.

2. (2 points) "A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Name the author and the book title.

3. (3 points) "When you find your self alone, isolated in a world totally without time, face to face with yourself, all the masks that you hide behind- those to preserve your own illusions, those that project them before others- finally fall, sometimes brutally."

Name the author and the book title.

4. (1 point) "Out on the lawn there arose such a clatter  
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter."

Name the author and story.

5. (2 points) "At one time most of my friends could hear the bell, but as years passed, it fell silent for all of them. Even Sarah found one Christmas that she could no longer hear its sweet sound. Though I've grown old, the bell still rings for me as it does for all those who truly believe."

Name the author and book.

6. (3 points) "Did you ever notice, the only one in A Christmas Carol with any character is Scrooge? Marley is a whiner who fucked over the world and the hadn't the spine to pay his dues quietly; Belle, Scrooge's ex-girl-friend, deserted him when he needed her most; Bob Cratchit is a gutless toady without enough get-up-and-go to assert himself; and the less said about that little treacle-mouth, Tiny Tim, the better."

Name the author.

7. (1 point) What was Winnie-the-Pooh's original name and where did he get his current name?

8. (2 points) "Get your facts first, and then you can distort 'em as much as you please."

Name the author

## GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Send answers to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu), or send replies to: GDT, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site:

<http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

9. (3 points) "Is it an inspiring sight to see a man commit a heroic gesture, and then learn that he goes to the vaudeville shows for relaxation? Or see a man who's painted a magnificent canvas- and learn that he spends his time sleeping with every slut he meets?"

Name the author and character speaking.

10. (1 point) "Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member."

Name the Document.

11. (2 points) "Oook?"

Name the Author, Character speaking, and any book that it is found in.

12. (3 points) "He sat up. She was young, and so beautiful he all but cried out from the pain of seeing her. There was recognition, shocked, confusing. He loved this woman as if he had always known her--as indeed he always had. She was mother, daughter, lover, the betrayed woman within us all. She was the one in whose lap we lie when we are babies and when we die.

"When a boy on a battlefield calls for his mother, it is she who comes. She is why we make love so often. No matter how deeply we penetrate the bodies of our lovers we never reach her.

"Our eternal striving for her has brought the whole human race out of our loins."

Name the Author and Book

13. (1 point) "Would you, could you, with a goat?"

Give the Book's original copyright year.

14. (2 points) "I'd have liked to have you for a sweetheart, or a wife, or my mother or my sister -- anything that a woman can be to a man."

**Name the Author and Book.**

15. (3 points) "It was because I heard father and mother," he explained in a low voice, "talking about what I was to be when I became a man." He was extraordinarily agitated now. "I don't want ever to be a man," he said with passion. "I want always to be a little boy and to have fun. So I ran away to Kensington Gardens and lived for a long long time among the fairies."

**Name the Book's original title.**

16. (1 point) If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him.

**Name the speaker.**

17. (2 points) As she started up the rungs on the side of the engine, a reporter thought of a question he had not asked.

"Miss Taggart," he called after her, "who is John Galt?"

She turned, hanging onto a metal bar with one hand, suspended for an instant above the heads of the crowd.

"We are!"

**What was Miss Taggart about to do?**

18. (3 points) **What was the working title of the book referenced in question seventeen?**

**Bonus Questions:**

•(1/2 point) Name the relationship between the author of the story quoted in question number four and the person it was written for.

•(1/2 point) What is another name for the author who said the quote for question number eight?

•(1/2 point) What book in particular is Captain Hook said to keep?

**Ask the Bare-Foot Girl:**

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BFG:

HOW MUCH WOOD COULD A WOODCHUCK CHUCK, IF A WOODCHUCK COULD CHUCK WOOD?

Dear Sir,

A woodchuck could chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood. In short, seven logs. Next question...?

-BFG

DEAR BFG:

IT'S ISTANBUL, NOW CONSTANTINOPLE. NOW IT'S ISTANBUL, NOW CONSTANTINOPLE. BEEN A LONG TIME GONE, CONSTANTINOPLE. WHY DID CONSTANTINOPLE GET THE WORKS?

Dear Other Sir,

That's nobody's business but the Turks. Besides, nobody ever seems to lament the passing of Byzantium.

-BFG

*To the reading public at large.: I can appreciate that you are sending questions into me, but would you mind not sending ones in which the answer is already*

**Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl? Send them to her care of [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)**



# Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

*Welcome to the Martyrlogue, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites, and places of general morbid*

*religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas.*

This week we look at **St Pancras (Feast Day: May 12)**. Pancras is the patron of Children, Oaths and Treaties.

St. Pancras was a 14 year old Syrian orphan who was martyred in Rome in 304. Pope Vitalian sent relics of our saint from the cemetery of Calepodius in Rometo, England. St. Augustine of Canterbury dedicated the first Church in England to St. Pancras, and subsequent churches throughout England are similarly named for him. You can visit the remains of the original church in Canterbury or stop at the St. Pancras railway station in London, built on the site of a now-demolished church.

TRAVEL: TO CANTERBURY, ENGLAND OR LONDON, ENGLAND. CANTERBURY IS LOCATED IN SOUTHEASTERN ENGLAND IN KENT. IT IS EASILY ACCESSIBLE FROM LONDON. THE ST. PANCRAS STATION IS LOCATED NEAR BOTH WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND BUCKINGHAM PALACE IN LONDON.

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## Culture Kampf

-Michelle Amosuso

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 5

THIS WEEK WE ARE GOING TO RETURN TO SCENIC PAUPA, NEW GUINEA TO LOOK AT THE GEBUSI. THEIR MAIN METHODS OF SUBSISTENCE INCLUDE GARDENING, FORAGING, AND FISHING. AS OF 1982, ABOUT 450 GEBUSI REMAINED.

The men and women prefer to sleep separately in communal longhouses, even after marriage. It's quite similar to an episode of the Brady Bunch I saw over winter break. Mike and the boys stayed in one tent while Alice, Carol, and the girls remained in a separate tent a few feet away. The only difference is that the Gebusi don't have air mattresses or a picnic basket filled with Kentucky Fried Chicken. But what they do have would make every Brady jealous.

**Favorite Snacks:** Protein-filled grubs, bird eggs, and nuts all supplement the otherwise starchy diet of the Gebusi.

### Favorite Recipe:

*1 Convicted sorcerer*

*Greens and sago to taste*

Butcher sorcerer. Place in oven with greens and sago until medium-rare. Eat everything, with the exception of the intestines, which are to be discarded.

**Best Thing to do on a Saturday Night:** Male initiation ceremonies which occur between the ages of 17 to 23 provide hours of entertainment. In this rite of passage, boys must be orally inseminated by the older males in order to receive the essential male life force. Manhood can only be attained through this ritualistic semen consumption (this type of ritual should be familiar to all you fraternity brothers).

---

## Яфв Кговшмфёф Яфмуыф

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

-Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at [CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG](mailto:CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG)

OCTOBER 10TH, 1996

At the end of the day I was getting itchy to get out of town. My flight left Sofia at 11:20 AM. I planned to take the 6 AM train to Sofia, which would land me there by 9:30, with enough time to take a city bus to the airport. Milano was almost in sight.

For my English class that evening, I showed the Bulgarians slides and asked them to talk about the images. Received all manner of comments. From the awed and mystical (on views of the Rocky Mountains) to disgusted and uncomfortable (on the famous photo of a Viet Cong's summary execution on the streets of Saigon). They loved it, going so far as to ask me to do another slide show for them. For homework, I told them to write an essay on Love due upon my return from amorous adventures. No doubt my excessively romantic mood dictated the subject. But they all seemed happy to write about it, especially the young

women....

By 1 AM I was fed, packed, and totally unable to sleep. Why not have a drink...get back by 5, grab my bags, and head train station ways? Put on my nice pants and took my happy feet over to "Grafitti" (the only big disco in town). A big cavernous place painted black with too many black lights, weird modern-art-neon-cavemen on the walls, and bad American pop on the sound system. On Thursdays, the AUBG kids get in free and it's the great hopping night of faux-sexy grinds and too much drinking. Skirting the line of booth-tables on one wall, I found BISER sitting alone, nursing his vodka and emanating that audaciously unconscious cool. "Krees!" He shouted as I sat down. "Where are you days?" he slurs, meaning 'where've you been lately, dude?.' The great hulking puppydog of a man with greasy Balkan black hair always in a ponytail is the town's resident young-Turk artist, com-



plete with his American girlfriend (my friend Kara, from Oregon), and his dawn to dusk drinking habits. He took me to his studio a few weeks back to show me his almost abstract portraits of women in Fauvist colors with frantic, swirling movements. He's good, maybe the most forceful and powerful painter I've ever personally met...apparently an artist waiting to explode from the unknown shadows of the Balkans.

Biser knocks down the last of his vodka, and we light cigarettes. "Kara go to Greece." he hollers at me. I shake my head, Da. "Kara beautiful woman, I love her, maybe she not loving me. Razbierash?" Yeah, yeah, I understand. I've had these conversations with Biser before, and experience shows that the only way to appreciate their nuances is to get as wacked as he is. At the bar, I buy a big double gin and a small vodka with a coke, Biser's usual. The girl behind the bar gets very upset that I don't have 10 leva to give

her so she can avoid breaking my bigger notes. She waves the money at me, "Decet! Decet!" Look lady, I just want a drink. All the Bulgarian bars keep a yellow squeeze bottle of factory lemon juice on the counter. I've taken a liking to the cheap Bulgarian gin with a huge squeeze of the lemon juice. Sitting down, I meet Biser's eyes and see that we're in this one for the better part of a hangover. I'll sleep it off on the plane, I think. "Nasdraveh!" We smack our glasses together and keep mumbling to each other about Kara, women, and paintings. Every few sentences, the big lug wacks me on the knee and says, "I love you Krees!" I've found over the years that for some reason men need to say this to each other when they get really hammered. I pat him on the shoulder and keep drinking.

*Continued next week...*

### ***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!***

**Send all your wenches, money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or**

**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**



**Fey**  
**Opizzen**

-Sean T. Hammond

**DUE TO A PERSONAL CRISIS,  
"FEY" WILL NOT APPEAR  
THIS WEEK.**



### **Random Facts:**

- Attila the Hun was one of the most notorious villains in history By 450 AD his army had conquered all of Asia--from Mongolia to the edge of the Russian Empire--by destroying villages and pillaging the countryside.

In 453 AD, Attila married a young girl named Ildico. Despite his reputation for ferocity on the battlefield, he tended to eat and drink lightly during large banquets. On his wedding night, however, he really cut loose, gorging himself on food and drink. Sometime during the night he suffered a nosebleed, but was too drunk to notice. He drowned in his own blood and was found dead the next morning.

- It is rumored that the Vice President of RIT is in Croatia running an errand for the CIA. Personally, I hope he is negotiating to buy it.

- Jerome Irving "I'm going to live to be 100 unless I'm run down by a sugar-crazed taxi driver" Rodale was the man who started the health food craze. At the of 72 he appeared on the "Dick Cavett Show" in January 1971. Part way through the interview, he dropped dead in his chair. Cause of death: heart attack. The show was never aired.



Volume 6 • Issue 7

## Repo Man

"I owed the government \$3400 in subsidized loans, so I sent them two hamsters and a toilet seat."

Every day, hundreds of people take out loans for everything from their car or house to their college education. Most of these people have no foreseeable means of ever repaying those loans. But, since you have to be in debt to have a good credit rating (or any credit rating), it's not uncommon to hear horror stories from

people who could no longer make the payments on their 1978 Yugos<sup>†</sup> and found one morning, much to their surprise, that their piece-of-shit-mobile had been paid a visit from the Repo man and managed to start a war in the Balkan states.<sup>Δ</sup> Part of the problem is the sheer lobbying power of the Repo Men's Union (RMU) to make the banks continue to give them contracts. Whenever the percentage of loans paid on time gets too high, the Yugos start to disappear again from unsuspecting driveways all over the suburbs of middle America.

That is only the first slip that sends young, successful burger-flippers straight to the bottom (not without the inevitable ka-chunk as their head smacks into the side of that dark, slime-covered shaft). Sooner or later you find yourself in a louse-infested room at the YMCA with your little gears sluggishly turning and you wonder, "Where did I go wrong? What next? They've taken my house, my car, my Skittles, all my worldly possessions, what more can they take? On the upside, I have four years of college under my belt, so I should be able to get a job somewhere. Right? Right!?"

Well, now thanks to <sup>∅</sup>Lethe Gee, a subsidiary of Hell Inc., the big bad Repo-man is coming for your college education. Haven't paid off those college loans yet? Thinking you had a little cushion zone since there was no way for you to default on your loan and you felt secure in the knowledge that your knowledge was secure? HA! Lethe Gee is on your tuckus, boys and girls. There's nowhere to run. The Gee-Men come not in the night like other RMU members, but in broad daylight when you are most likely to really need that Yugo to get home from the mall. The age-old "Anybody remember where we parked?" routine quickly becomes the bitter taste of Diphenhydramine Hydrochloride when the parking lot empties and there's nothing left but a few Tumble-Cans<sup>™</sup> and the one obligatory tricycle playing hide and go seek with the empty shopping carts. As you dodge between race lanes of local frat brothers sailing by in the windy straits of the lot's many monocotyledonous curbside dividers (MCD's), you catch sight of the crushing blow: Lethe Gee's calling card. Yes, the Lethe Gee-Men do leave a calling card, so you know when you've been hit by the big boys (but only if you knew your ancient Greek mythology prior to taking out your college loans). When you see the larger-than-life parallelogram pink eraser<sup>¥</sup> where your spouse used to be, you begin to feel the edges of the hole left in your mind. You begin to realize that since you bought that car while attending college, you have no idea what it looks like.

Lethe Gee repossesses your education when you default on your college loans. Because of

---

<sup>†</sup>A Car Before its Time.

<sup>Δ</sup>One of the (many) facts not released by the CIA concerning the latest BOOM from Europe's powderkeg is that the entire disintegration of Yugoslavia was not precipitated by cultural/religious tensions. The war was started because Serbia, thinking itself to be the Detroit of the Balkans, invested massive amounts of capital into their hope: the Yugo. Sadly, when worldwide sales fell far short of expectations, creditors insisted that debts be paid. Before Lethe Gee-men<sup>∅</sup>(uhhh, headnote) appeared to collect as only they can, the country fell back upon the tried-and-true theory of the redistribution of wealth. They invaded neighboring areas to snatch up land and valuable silly-string resource rights, and paid off their debts.

<sup>∅</sup>This is not the footnote you're looking for. It was a headnote, silly, look up.

<sup>¥</sup> When Lethe Gee was only a few lonely men in the basement of the Hell Inc. world headquarters (when it exists corporeally), they considered the wedge-shaped pencil-tip erasers as their standard issue weapon of choice, but they chose the parallelogram style erasers because they are more ominous when pointed at a victim. And they hurt more when you get hit upside the head with them. Especially in rapid-fire mode when the teacher turns her back.



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



**Publisher:** C. Diablo

**Head Editors:**

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**Layout:**

Kelly Gunter  
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Damn

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**Editor's Apology**

I want to sincerely say I'm sorry for the sloppiness in last week's issue of GDT. I could make excuses, but (Achtung! Reporter Staff) bad work is bad work and excuses don't fix things. I take full responsibility for all the stupid layout mistakes (like the last line of the Bare-foot Girl's column being cut off and the illegible white on black text for the Scavenger Hunt). And most of the spelling and grammar problems. What I don't take responsibility for is the apparent apathy of our readers. No one wrote us to say, "Hey Dumby! You screwed up!" It's no wonder the crap-filled Reporter (RIT's officially sanctioned Newsmag) is able to continue to print the mediocre material that is its mainstay (at best).

I'd like to say GDT won't fuck up again, but that would be a lie. Suffice it to say that us biologists, engineers, mathematicians, and anthropologists will continue to do the best job we can. -eds.

the way humans learn, however, it's just too much trouble to remove the practical knowledge learned in classes without making the rest of the memories from that time of your life totally disjointed. Besides, most of the people who attend and/or graduate college don't care much for their book-learning, and so it loses all value as a bargaining chip; it's buried so deep under fuzzy recollections of beer funnels and gang-rapes (both giving and receiving) in the neighboring sorority house that most of them couldn't find it to answer a Jeopardy question with anyway, so who cares? To ensure the satisfaction of their client banks, Lethe Gee just takes the whole chunk. You literally lose four (or five or six) years of life, with only the summers and vacations left lingering, feeling utterly lost in the sea of fog that was your early adulthood.

In theory, you could negotiate with your loan companies to try and get your memories returned if you began payments again. Unfortunately, most people don't remember that they have forgotten something and wander aimlessly around their old High School haunts, wondering where all their friends are.

For those fortunate or observant enough to notice, the eraser left for them has a handy phone number to call: 1-800-LETHE-GE. The number is, of course, a front operation. When you call, even if they insist that they are a special delivering service for expecting mothers, be persistent. By all means give the operator your name and home address, but insist that you WANT to pay back your loans and could you please have your memories returned? Make it clear to them that you would be in a much better position to land a successful job if you could remember what exactly it was that you majored in. Best of luck, and remember the operators are Gee-men specially trained to keep up the facade... Be persistent!

**LIVE AND LEARN AND  
PASS IT ON (A CRITICAL REVIEW)**

I've learned that the easiest way to bridge the generation gap with teenagers is with ~~great spaghetti and bread sticks!~~  
margarine, a Turkey baster, and a vat of sea monkey keys  
-Age 56

I've learned that there's a world of difference between "~~I don't know~~" and "~~I'll find out.~~"  
Sock it to me Buddha! Oh God!  
-Age 54

I've learned that ~~gum~~ is only good the first day.  
grandma  
-Age 12

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### This Week's Hunt:

19. (1 point) "When angry, count to four; when very angry, swear."

**-Name the Author**

20. (2 points) "You have to learn to laugh. That will be required of you. You must apprehend the humor of life, its gallows-humor. But of course you are ready for everything in the world except what will be required of you."

**-Name the Author and Novel**

21. (3 points) "Kay Gonda does not cook her own meals or knit her own underwear. She does not play golf, adopt babies, or endow hospitals for homeless horses. She is not kind to her dear old mother -- she has no dear old mother. She is not just like you and me. She never was like you and me. She's like nothing you bastards ever dreamed of!"

**-Name the Author**

---

*THIS WAS PART OF AN E-MAIL WE WERE SENT GIVING US AN UPDATE ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN BELGRADE*

Dear friends:

Tonight at 11.30 PM (local time) several thousand policemen attacked the Belgrade demonstrators. I've just come back from the town, and as a witness I can say this:

We were blocked in front of the Branko's bridge for more than 2 hours. 10-15,000 people were on the other side of the bridge, but police blocked the bridge from both sides, and did not allow them to join us. There were 30-40,000 people on our side of the bridge, but many of them left the place. When only 4-5,000 remained, and when we saw that strong police forces began to circle us, the opposition leader Vuk Draskovic spoke, and told us to go to the center - because 5-10 minutes before that we felt that perhaps they would attack. We started to go, and less than a minute later police attacked us from all sides with water cannon and tear gas. There was NO provocation from our side, and there was NO one single reason for the police to attack! We began to retreat and run away, but the police started running after the people, beating brutally everyone whom they could catch - older women, children, everyone without difference. A taxi driver took me and my wife and drove us home. Now I am listening to the two independent radio stations here (B92 and Radio Index): several thousand policemen are on the streets in the center of Belgrade beating everyone there! People try to escape, but at the moment the situation is dangerous around the Faculty of philosophy where many people found a shelter. The latest news is that policemen entered into the Faculty, beat several people and arrested many others. Hundred of people are injured. Many cameramen were attacked. In a dramatic interview Vuk Draskovic just said that police fired at him, but somehow he managed to escape - he says that the regime gave order to kill him this night. The lady from the opposition, the leader of pacifist Civil Ligue of Serbia Vesna Pesic is injured. At the time I am writing this messages, the police action still goes on!

Please, help us by informing everyone on the net about this terrible night in Belgrade.

And we are going to keep fighting for our freedom and rights, no doubt! They can arrest us, but they cannot win, no matter what happens!

Yours, Novica Milic

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If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site: <http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

## Letters and Responses:

Date: Tue, 28 Jan 1997

From: "Joe Schmo"

DEAR HELL'S KITCHEN;

I have been an avid follower of GDT ever since it began circulating regularly last year. I always enjoyed your goofiness, your wittiness, your wordiness, and everything else that ended in -ness, but lately it seems like the format has changed. Nowadays you guys are all...so damn serious! While I appreciate the sign of literate life on this campus, I miss your lighthearted, smartass commentaries on life, your quirky facts about the outside world we never see, and your completely random insanity.

What makes me bring this up is when I read the "Bare-Foot Girl" column in Vol. 6, Issue 5 (Jan. 26): her article about the direction of rivers. It was just so completely left-field; I loved it. It reminded me of the "incest" editorial you guys did last year, the one that had a footnote on time travel.

So you see, while I admire being poetic and artistic and expressive, columns like "Martyrlogue" and "Fey Denizen" (sorry to single you out, guys) have gotten way too serious lately. Hell's Kitchen in general has seemed to adopt a very dreary tone...it seems almost like an epitaph. Everything's got its place, and that includes corniness too.

Apologies all around if I sounded like a jerk. Thanx for listening, have a good day.

Sincerely,  
"Joe Schmo"

### Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

WHAT WAS THE BEST THING PRIOR TO SLICED BREAD?

-CHRISTOPHER LANE

Dear Christopher Lane,

The best thing since sliced bread is obviously the mime-trap. Unfortunately that was not your question. But since I am a human of means, I shall answer your question.

There were actually several really great things that existed in the world prior to sliced bread; I will only proceed to name the top three:

3) Named as the "most ornithologically useless animal of all time," the Dodo bird. The Dodo was originally discovered by Portuguese sailors in 1507 on the island of Mauritius. It was described as being "...a stupid, fifty pound, roly-poly, flightless bird with a permanent silly expression on its face." (Stan Lee, *The Best of the World's Worst*. Los Angeles: General Publishing Group, Inc., 1994) There are only a couple of things that could possibly be better than a completely useless fowl, which explains why this is only in the third position.

2) Lot's wife. (i.e., the world's first salt lick.)

1) The Tick. Granted, he's a little more contemporary than the others, but he did go back in time to help a clan of early ancestors. Although they did have croutons and freshly ground pepper for their salads, I didn't notice any sliced bread.

-The Bare-Foot Girl

DEAR JOE SCHMO,

Way to make a girl feel all warm and mushy inside! Oh, wait... I am all warm and mushy inside (sans calcium deposits)! Actually, you're right. Our writing style has gotten a little dismal and dreary recently. I think this can be attributed in part to our over-worked head-editors. We've certainly lost a lot of steam since last year, and several active members. We still actively lament the passing of Troy into Metropolis, where he can no longer assist us with main articles. But we are pleased to be welcoming our most prized pupa, BJ Leopold back into our little fold.

All I can say is that you're right. We have lost sight of our fundamental principles, and if we could have a little assistance from our readerage, we can make GDT just as random and offending as it ever was. Please help the over-worked head-editors of GDT by sending in submissions, ideas, free food, and yourselves (slave labor).

In other words we could really use some assistance. We're at a point where we're not even sure where our illustrations will be coming from from week to week.

-Sincerely  
Kelly Gunter  
Head Editor

And just keep in mind that it's socially acceptable to talk to yourself in a public place, as long as you hold a cell phone.

**Send questions for the Bare-Foot Girl to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)  
If you don't ask, she won't tell.**

(Behind the Rusty Curtain) -Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

10 October, 1996

It's true that men who drink buckets of vodka are pitiful creatures who stumble around and mumble loudly at passing strangers. This spectacle is infinitely more entertaining when you add a guy drinking buckets of gin to the scene. Somewhere after finishing my third glass, Biser and I begin taking great pleasure in throwing our glasses on the concrete floor after the last gulp. The normal ass-watching and ugly-gesture-making follows soon afterwards. Suddenly I'm full of energy and shaking it along with the best of what remains of the dancers. After what is more than obviously the last dance, I return to the table to knock back the end of another gin and stumble out into the city park with Biser. We manage to make our way to the all-night bakery that serves steamy-hot banitsas as they come out of the oven.

Like a scene from what you'd think a late night bakery in Communist country would be, this place is. Three pudgy old women rolling out huge stretches of dough and chuckling through missing teeth at each other, while a great beer-gutted wonder of a man with a sweat-soaked tee-shirt tosses pans in and out of several huge, dusty ovens. There's no counter or register it's more like walking in the back door. Most nights I have to shuffle my feet a few times before one of the old women looks up from greasing pastry pans. On a good night my change is covered with greasy fingerprints and my banitsa is almost too hot to hold. This is a good thing, as cold banitsa tastes like flour flavored cooking oil, whereas hot banitsa tastes like a cross between a croissant and a donut filled with feta cheese.

By the time we're almost done munching our breakfast while leaning on trees in the park, I realize that it's already 5:30 AM. With a hurried farewell, I stumble-run to the dorm and grab my bag and change my shirt. Leaving the dormitory, I realize that I have about 20 minutes to run two kilometers with a huge bag of clothes and books. Groggy and still-half drunk, I'm trying to figure out a better alternative as

three beautiful young women run out of the dorm and ask me if I've seen their cab. It arrives moments later, and I get to ride with them to the train station for a part of the fare. Five minutes before I could have possibly made it to the platform, I'm rolling towards Sofia. We all sit in the same compartment and I'm able to get a real look at these three freshmen. All from Stara Zagora (a town in the North, close to the Danube, where Zagorka, the only well known Bulgarian beer, is made), they're heading home for break. Deliana, the only very talkative one of them, is bleach-blonde (very popular here) with arching black eyebrows, light olive skin, and a 'devil-be-damned' smile. As I drift into sleep a few minutes after we roll out of town, she's the only one who remains solidly in my mind.

Sofia is as gray and tired as ever. I get in a taxi and tell the driver to take me to Orlov Most, a famous bridge where I can catch a bus to the airport. The airport is 10 km from town and taxis won't take you there for less than \$10 (from what I've heard). Compared to a 20 cent bus ticket, I am willing to spend 4 times as long getting there. The driver asks if I am going to the airport. "I'll take you there, \$10." No, I'll take the bus. A few blocks later, he offers again for \$9. By the time I can see Orlov Most, he's down to \$5. What the hell...that's worth it. And off we go to the airport. Arriving at the international terminal (which sounds impressive, but is more like a huge warehouse with windows and a few Cyrillic signs), it's 10:05. I realize to my total luck, that the travel agent wrote my ticket times wrong (they're still written by hand here) and that my plane is leaving at 10:20, rather than 11:20.

As the plane's nose edges up and that reassuring roar of wide open engines rolls around me, I smile a great self-satisfied smile. Luck is mine, and I am on a great hollow spear flung at the London of North Italy. Soon there will be a tall yellow-haired girl to smile and kiss me in a new airport. And sleep rolls over me like a great warm weight.

---

### ***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!***

**Send all your saucy Scottish wenches (*all I said*), money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**

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## **Don't want an opinion? Don't have one.**

"True humor begins when a man ceases to take himself seriously." -Herman Hesse, *Steppenwolf*

Recently a faculty member from RIT expressed his concern over the Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) cover article, entitled "Race Baiting" (volume 6, issue 4). He had spoken with several people who found the article...hurtful. Indeed it was a little tinderbox, just waiting to spurn a fire. On our side, we had at least attempted to spread the flames around a bit by talking about many different groups and not just one. But this faculty member informed me, as I had heard from other sources, that this article had hit the African-American crowd particularly hard.

Good. That particular article was so loaded with racist material that I was surprised we didn't have a mob attempting to hunt down the editors. Instead, those objecting to our content exercised their Constitutional rights to suppress our Constitution rights by throwing issues into the non-recyclable trash ("Help! Help! I'm being repressed!"). Oh well...

When I was much younger, I knew several members of the local White Supremacist Skinheads, as well as Racial Unity Skinheads (I might have known several members of the local Nazi Skinhead Group, but my best friend was Jewish, and the fact that they were trying to kill her sort of strained any possible relations with them). In my association with the two groups, I noticed some interesting correlation's: they both thought there was something wrong with their lives and they desperately wanted someone to take it out on...someone to blame. I remember listening to one of the white supremacists I knew talk about his beliefs. He said that it had been scientifically proven that blacks were missing something in their brains, that they were genetically inferior. I had grown up in a family of scientists and I knew that the party line he had committed to rote memory was made up of as many lies as the uber-whites could construct. Their rhetoric was created to instill a sense of control. Sure, their lives were bad now, but at least they knew who they could blame. Their rhetoric was only given power because of their fears. As long as there is a scapegoat, you don't have to accept that you are responsible for your own life.

In addition to the fear-mongering white supremacists, I had also encountered the counter-version. When I was in middle-school my best friend braided up my hair in hundreds of tiny little braids and, while walking through the halls at school, one of the older black girls started threatening me, saying that, as a *white* girl, I had no right to wear my hair in that style. Years passed and I watched as children who had played together, not caring what color they were, no longer spoke with each other. Some of the African-American students had become angry at the injustices dealt them and began to blame all whites, not just the ones that were involved.

There is a double standard that has evolved. I remember hearing a boy say at one point that the word discrimination only included the injustices of whites against blacks, that it couldn't possibly be considered the injustices of blacks against whites. I learned from one of my friends, whose father was black and mother was white, that those in the middle receive the short end of both sides. There is race and gender hatred on all sides, and that must be acknowledged before we get anywhere. These types of "White pride" and "Black pride" are the same phenomena, they just perpetuate the problem and both

are undesirable.

In the two short years that Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been publishing, we have covered a diverse range of topics, many of them controversial. We have openly encouraged cannibalism, and suicide (in no less than three articles), implied that the Holocaust was a sort of karmic justice for genocide the Israelites committed against the peoples already living in the Holy Land prior to their invasion, and in the issue published a few weeks prior to "Race-Baiting" (GDT Volume 6, issue 1), we implied that humans were overpopulated and should be thinned a bit utilizing the methods currently used to control deer herds: Baiting and shooting. In that article, we graphically described the luring of a white hick named Jolene and her inevitable murder at the hands of a hunter.

We upset some African-Americans when we published "Race Baiting?" Where was their anger when we published "Bait and Shoot?" Same concept, different races. You see, we set you up.

And you fell for it.

GDT was once accused of taking the attitude of, "It's funny because it's not me." Not so. It's funny even when it is us. If you don't believe me, then read past issues where we make fun of ourselves. It is our *readers* who get offended when the topics we choose get a little too close to home. Luring stupid whites to their death with cars placed on blocks? Oh, that's funny. Luring stupid blacks with crack pipes and Def Comedy Jam (and we didn't even kill *them!*)? All of a sudden we're racist.

As long as there are people basing their behavior on absurd tribal loyalties (real or imagined), GDT will have a wealth of material. You want equality? Well, in GDT you've got it. We'll treat every form of absurdity we encounter the same. That's what we're all about. Absurdity. Racism is absurd. Denying individuals civil and intellectual rights is absurd. Denying personal freedom is absurd. Every form of hate and denial of life is absurd. Absurd actions are...well, absurd! If you can't laugh in the face of absurdity, then you've missed the point of the whole game. And if you can't play the game well, can I buy Baltic Ave. from you?

You should already know what you are capable of as a human being. You know what respect you deserve in the eyes of others. Do not sit around and ask them for the respect you so rightly deserve; they will never hand it over under those terms. Show them how worthy you are of their regard with your actions. Prove to them that they have no choice but to respect you as much as you respect yourself. If your sense of self or your allegiance to some group is so threatened by our attempts to bring the absurd into the spotlight, then something is wrong.

If anyone has anything they would like to say further on this matter, please contact us. Why people brought this issue up with faculty members is beyond me. We wrote it. We published it. Talk to us. We want to hear your voice. We want to hear everyone's voice because that means you're thinking! We are an open forum for anyone who chooses to take advantage of it.

**-Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond  
GDT founders, editors, and writers**



Volume 6 • Issue 8

## Hesitation

"I can't think of anything that remotely fits the subject."

*Silence surrounds the fleeing bystanders as they weave through the deepening darkness. Wide-eyed and out of breath, they pause next to the side of a dilapidated Walmart. Suddenly, a fist rings out, the hero falls to the ground, and an ominous figure stands silhouetted in the incandescent frenulum; a gloating figure, ready to deliver the death blow. But something stops the end move. The arch-villain stands transfixed. Slowly he lowers his hands to his hips and exhales deeply. The moment of hesitation is all that the hero needs, and he delivers the coup de grace. Startled, yet still inexplicably pleased with himself, the arch-villain, moving as if the world is now being played at twelve frames per second, caresses, sensually, this new-found orifice. His eyes track down until his gaze lights upon his crimson-kissed fingertips. Raising his sweat-streaked crown to meet the beguiling eyes of his childhood nemesis, his smile reaches auris ad auris, and his maniacal laugh seems deeper and more guttural than usual (perhaps a little gurgle-E). His immense mass careens in a downward trajectory towards terra firma, producing a satisfying sound akin to that of waxy, greasy, pink, sliced, processed meat by-products slapping against cold concrete. With his parting breath, the quickly fading villain leaves his final words to an uncaring and unknowing world:*

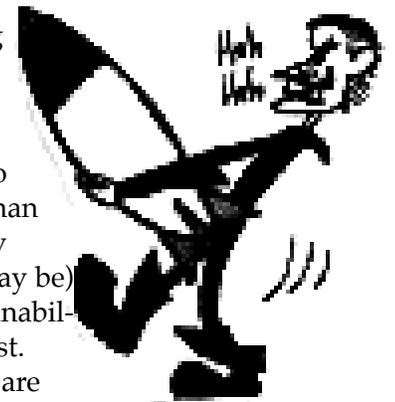
*"Well, saaaayyyy...."*

Clitori. We all have them. "What about peni?" I hear the bright young lad in back ask ("Loops? Did you say Loops?" – Melancholy Predator's epitome of bad segue). Four out of five gynecologists agree that the only difference, the only scientific, medically-proven way to differentiate the two is that one gets much bigger than the other. One you can grab and the other you can only rub ("Oh genie of the clitoris!"). I mean, for that kind of difference, you need some serious blood migration. All in all, arousal in the typical male is a fairly cataclysmic event. Blood is diverted from other areas of the body just to pump that Bad-Boy™ up.† Ironically, when the human male goes for long periods of time without pitching a tent, the body may be pleased to be getting all the oxygen it needs, but the psyche becomes warped like an ill-prepared Shrinky-Dink (Oh, please. We wouldn't stoop so low as to use THAT bad of a pun. Yeah, we're way too cultured for that sort of nonsense).

Researchers have gone through the trouble to waste valuable time and money to make connections between physical violence and impotence. Who's more violent than most? Why, super-villains of course! They might be cold and calculating, or lovably maniacal, but they all share the same thing: limp Willies (or Willmas, as the case may be)

One of the least know facts concerning the worlds' varied supervillains is their inability to sustain a half-way respectable erection. The best most can manage is half-mast. The one time that nearly guarantees the fulfillment of their manhood is when they are doing mean things. Be it not holding a door open for an old woman or launching stolen nuclear weapons toward Liechtenstein, the perpetrators always, and I mean always, take a few moments to bask in the glory of their penis (or swollen clitoris if they happen to be a woman).

Time and again villains' schemes are thwarted because they hesitate. They gloat. They share their plan. This isn't due to some character flaw that makes them cocky (again, we won't stoop to such obvious p-hey there's a penny down here!) or just a necessary way to allow the trapped hero to escape and eventually triumph. How much easier it would be if the villains would just kill the silly son of a bitch when



† Why men wish they had a larger penis is beyond me. What good is it to have a 12 inch penis when you pass out while getting aroused?



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he is sprawled out, weapons nowhere in sight, at the mercy of their bestial wrath. Instead, they stop. Why? Because they have a hard-on and are taking a moment from their very busy day to stop and smell the roses.

Ah, to have an erection! To share in the simplest sexual activity that is man. For that all-too-brief moment, the super-villain feels human.

Conversely, super-heros have the problems of perpetual hard-ons. Traipsing about in tights and jumping from building to building with the biting wind coursing across their compacted genitalia.

"Spoon!"

With gobs of oxytocin (what scientists into studying sex technically refer to as the "cuddle chemical") screaming through their systems, superheros are in the unique position of being non-sexual and infinitely sexual. Think about it this way: if you ran about in a state of perpetual post-orgasmic bliss (PPOB, not to be confused with the PWU: the Postal Workers Union), how sexually active do you think you would be? Superheros have achieved a Zen-like state of sexual existence. All the satisfaction and half the contact.

(insert Tick voice here)

"There isn't much to say about superheros. They're big, they're buff, they've got boners, they're happy. All they really want in this world is to cuddle, and isn't that we all want, to cuddle with the world, like the big teddy bear that it is, sure it's got an eye missing and limbs torn off from time to time, but it's your teddy. So grab that teddy and cuddle for all you're worth!"



**Editor's Note**

A great injustice has been brought to my attention, and I'd like to take this time to set the record straight. A few weeks ago a friend of mine commented that he was amazed at a particular issue of GDT because I had written the whole thing. I was a little surprised, because I distinctly remembered there being more pieces than what I wrote. Given, I've reached a point that all you have to do is stick a blank sheet of paper in front of me and I'll fill it and ask for-more-please, but GDT is definitely not mine alone.

Look under the list of staff members on page two (to the left dumby!). There, conspicuously appearing in an attractive font, complete with serifs, is the name "Kelly Gunter." It's not there merely for decoration. Kelly is just as active as I, though because of my boisterousness (I'm afraid that neighbors will never be able to say, "He was such a quiet boy...."), I am attributed as being the driving force behind GDT.

Well, not so naughty varlet! Kelly may be the quiet one, but it was her, and her alone, that started this puppy. She came up with the topic for our very first issue ("Ethiopian Fly-paper Boy," Volume 1, issue 1) and suggested that we begin printing our ideas on our own after the *Reporter* rejected our proposed weekly column. She's one arrogant bare-footed chick (oh yeah!).

So, if you enjoy our work, or hate some topic we choose, blame her.

Get off my back man! I'm "Little Hitler" and she's "the Bare-Foot Girl?" How's that fair?

-Sean Hammond, Co-editor GDT

***Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!***

**Send all your saucy Scottish wenches (all I said), money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**

## Literary Scavenger Hunt:

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). For the next few weeks we will be printing a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some will be very well known, others less so. Each quote will have a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize will be \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc.). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7. All answers must be sent to GDT by February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1997. GDT bids you good luck.

### This Week's Hunt:

22. (5 points) "This is what it is to be human: to see the essential existential futility of all action, all striving- and to act, to strive. This is what it is to be human: to reach forever beyond your grasp. This is what it is to be human: to live forever or die trying. This is what it is to be human: to perpetually ask the unanswerable questions, in the hope that the asking of them will somehow hasten the day when they will be answered. This is what it is to be human: to strive in the face of the certainty of failure.

"This is what it is to be human: to persist.

"For this is what it means to be human: to laugh at what another would call tragedy.

"This is what it means to be human: to commit hara-kiri, with a smile if it becomes needful. "

### -Name the Book and Authors



-Sean T. Hammond

Hello. again. I've been gone for a while, but I see you banked the fire and kept it smoldering. Drag some dry wood over. We'll get the flames higher.

It's been so long since I started telling you about the Irish *Book of Invasions* as a means of introducing the Tuatha de Danaan that I might as well start over. Instead, a brief synopsis will have to suffice.

The earliest invaders of the Emerald Isle consisted of fifty-one women and three men, all descendants of the Biblical Noah (insert St. Patrick's influence here). When the Deluge covered the globe, they all died with the exception of a man named Fintan. To escape, he used his magick (a very un-christian ability) to transform himself into a salmon. Only once the waters started to recede did he become an eagle, hawk, and finally returned to human form.

As Fintan spent his days alone, a new group of invaders arrived. Led by Partholon and his wife, Delgnat, the new-comers came from the west. In time, they met Fintan who passed his story on to them, lest it be lost.

Soon after their arrival Partholon surveyed the island and ordered enough forests cleared to create three new plains and seven additional lakes made by diverting rivers. With all that hard work, it only made sense that they discovered how to brew ale. Ah, the Irish...

During the rule of Partholon, he had the dubious honor of being embroiled in the island's first lawsuit. In that time, a dark race called the Formorians (sometimes considered a type of faerie) ranged over the country. Time and again, Partholon and his followers fought them off. Being gone so often his wife yearned for... companionship, and seduced a servant named Topa. Upon his discovery of this, Partholon charged her with adultery before his court. She countered that, with him gone so often, he had left her tantalizingly vulnerable. It was as though he had left his valuables out for any thief to fuck, I mean steal. Her infidelity was partly his fault and they must both share blame. In the end, she won her case.

After many years of battling the Formorians, Partholon's people were wiped out. Not in battle, but by a plague. Only one man, Tuan, survived. Hiding in the mountains for twenty years to avoid the Formorians, he saw the landing of a new group: nine survivors from a great fleet that had floundered in the Atlantic.

*Continued next week...*

## GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Send answers to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu), or send replies to: GDT, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site:

<http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

## Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR WHOMEVER IS READING THIS:

I GOT THIS ADDRESS OFF THE INTERNET WHILE READING STUFF RELATED TO GOING BAREFOOT. I LOVE GOING BAREFOOT AND WAS VERY TAKEN WITH THE "BAREFOOT GIRL" POSTINGS FROM 1995. I AM A WRITER AND HAVE BEEN WORKING ON SOME FREE-LANCE MATERIAL RELATED TO THE BAREFOOT LIFESTYLE OVER THE LAST COUPLE YEARS (SEE ENCLOSURES). I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THIS BAREFOOT GIRL BOTH FOR PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL REASONS (WE ARE, AFTER ALL "SOLE MATES"), AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO DIRECT ME TO HER.

I AM PUTTING TOGETHER A FREE-LANCE FEATURE STORY (NO MARKET YET) TENTATIVELY CALLED "NO SHOES, FULL SERVICE" BASED ON MY OWN EXPERIENCES AND INTERVIEWS WITH OTHER BAREFOOTERS, AND WOULD LOVE TO TALK WITH OTHERS WHO LOVE GOING BAREFOOT AS MUCH AS I DO.

A SASE IS ENCLOSED FOR YOUR REPLY.

SINCERELY,  
DARREN RICHARDSON

### LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON (A CRITICAL REVIEW)

I've learned that summer has finally arrived when you stop dreading and ~~start~~ looking forward to sitting on a cold toilet seat.

Extra points! No words added! -Age 19

I've learned that you don't *have* to answer the ~~doorbell or the phone~~ just because it ~~rings~~.

disenchanted child slave demands To be fed every day. -Age 50

I've learned that it is better to try to fix a ~~child problem~~ than to spend all of your time finding out ~~who caused it~~.

how not to impregnate her. -Age 33

Dear Darren Richardson,

You found her, well...me. I'm afraid, actually very afraid, that you are not the first person who has contacted me wishing to discuss our mutual roles in the "barefoot lifestyle." One guy even went so far as to send me a stack of pictures of his feet. I found this a little odd, but I guess to each his own. He kept asking me what I thought of them; I thought they were his feet.

Frankly, I don't know what the "barefoot lifestyle" is, and from the few interactions I have already had with other "barefooters" it seems kind of silly and perhaps obsessive. Just because I walk barefoot does not mean that I am a spiritual earthy sort of person, it does not mean I am a vegetarian (in fact I am a carnivore on moral grounds), it doesn't mean I take particularly good care of my feet or that I mentally control my body temperature, and it certainly doesn't make me capable of identifying whatever it is that is growing out of your little toe (sorry PJ).

I walk barefoot. It is not a political statement, nor a ploy to meet new and interesting people. I have no deep personal reason behind my choice to walk barefoot; it has been ten years now and I have gotten to the point where any injuries I may sustain walking barefoot are insubstantial compared with those I will sustain trying to wear shoes again. Walking barefoot is not something that defines me as an individual – it is just something that I do.

Actually, I wish that people would stop making a big deal about it. Seven years (not a mistake, for the first three years, no one cared. Just as I like it.) of listening to complete strangers ask inane questions starts to grate on your nerves after a time. As Christopher Lane says, "No shirt, no shoes, no karma." And that statement says about as much nothing on the matter as I really want to. -The Barefoot Girl

**Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl, or just want to torment her? Send questions/comments to GDT c/o [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)**

### Random Facts:

-compiled by Sean Hammond

- In 1931, British novelist Arnold Bennett, attempting to prove that the tapwater of Paris was safe to drink, poured himself a glass of local water, contracted typhoid, and died in Paris.
- In 1992, 96,857 American businesses folded. In 1932 (i.e. Great Depression), 32,000 businesses went under.

(Behind the Rusty Curtain) -Christopher Lane

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

November 1st, 1996

Wearily rubbing my face while walking as fast as possible down Ul. Cyril Methodius, I hoped that I didn't miss the bus I was supposed to catch at 8:45. It was cold enough that I wished I was wearing longjohns under my Levis. Ul. Cyril Methodius is a big boulevard that runs from the "Gara" (train and bus stations) past the University, and up into the hills at the edge of Blagoevgrad. A week ago, I had given a lecture concerning cameras to the newly formed AUBG photo-club, "Focus." They had received \$600 from the school to outfit the club with cameras, and wanted to be able to get the most bang for their buck. Although I was nervous as hell about my first "lecture," I was doing my best to illustrate to them that they needed better cameras than a Taiwan "point and shoot" to take control of their photography. Eventually, they decided that they would go to Sofia to look for cheap Russian 35mm manual bodies. Having started them on this path, I could not refuse to come with them to check over the cameras, to see that they were functional.

The sky was hazy, and when I got to the station, the low morning sun was throwing soft, gold, slanting beams of light into the "Avto Gara" platform. All good-sized Bulgarian train/bus stations have small "bazaars" or markets thrown up next to or nearby their platforms. From dawn to midnight, old ladies peddle coffee, bananas, cold banitsa, soda, "sok" (isn't that a great word for juice?), newspapers, porno zines, plastic icons and sunflower seeds. I was surveying the scene and noticing the industrial railyards towering behind the station when Tina and a few other Focus members arrived. After buying tickets, I took them back to my previous spot to point out the haloed backlighting that caught frosty breath so brilliantly, and the information-rich scene which spoke so fully about Bulgaria. Having put in most of the organizational energy to start Focus, Tina was enthused. With richly dark brown hair framing her ivory pale face, she is a typically beautiful Balkan woman (Romanian), and it was invigorating to watch excitement spread from her chocolate eyes to her flushed cheeks as she listened to the lesson.

All over Bulgaria, people tell me that the trains are much worse than the buses. The trains are ugly and

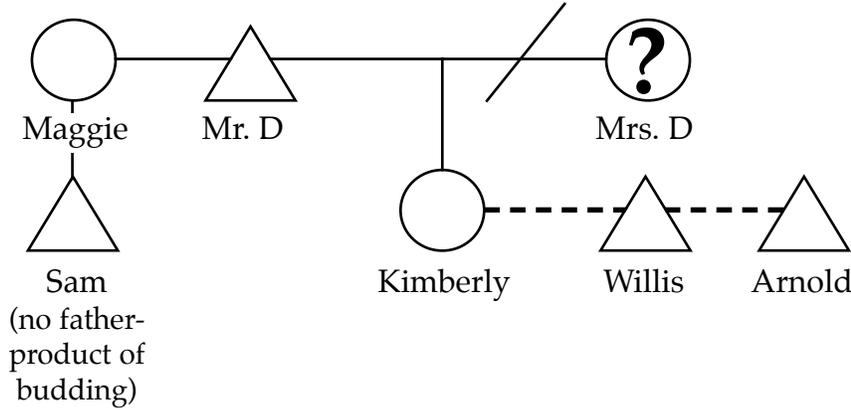
run down, they say. They're always too slow. The people who ride them are "distasteful." With the exception of being slower (although cheaper to ride), I've found that there is, in fact, no difference between the conditions on trains in comparison to buses. Conversely, the bus seats are much less comfortable, and of course, there are no bathrooms on the buses. And I always have better chances of an interesting conversation on a train. Maybe I just prefer distasteful people.

As we pulled out of Blagoevgrad, I found that there was a possible discomfort on the buses which I'd never considered. The exhaust of this particular bus was venting into the cabin. Not in great quantity, but it was sufficiently stinky that I felt that it must be very unhealthy to breathe. Opening a window, I caused a great cry of dismay from the passengers around me. "It's too cold outside!" they insisted. I couldn't believe that people would prefer to sit in exhaust fumes than to let in some cold air. However, I seemed to be the only person on the bus troubled by the smell of half-burned gasoline. Within 15 minutes of leaving town, the stench of the fumes was becoming a revolting fascination in my mind: I turned it over and over, and couldn't stop thinking of how to get some fresh air. Finally, I noticed a tiny draft coming from my window's seals, and spent the rest of the trip with my head leaned against the window, so that I could breathe unpolluted air. The last 1/3 of the trip seems to take an excruciatingly huge amount of time. I kept thinking about the Bulgarian condemnation of the trains.

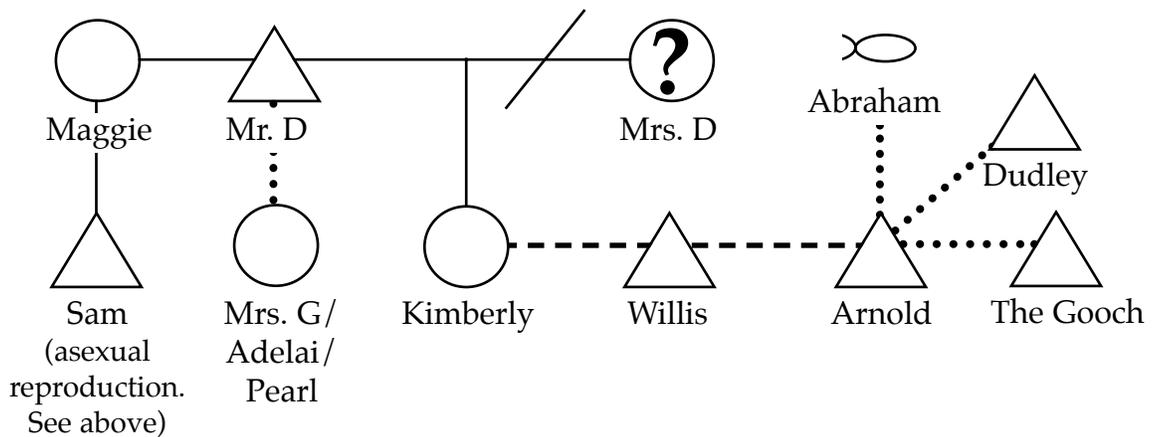
About half-way to Sofia, we passed a huge chemical manufacturing complex. Held to ground level by the cold air, the thick brown haze that the factory was spewing caused visibility falloff at 200 meters, and total loss of sight within about 500 meters. The stench of sulfur reached us, even through closed windows. The fumes were settling heaviest in a large 'dell,' or depression close to the plant. A dozen or so ugly, gray, socialist-built concrete apartment buildings (which seem more like huge machine components than homes) were visible in the dell. I had no doubt that they were for the plant's workers. The vision of that place is my unrealized idea of "Hell on Earth."

*To be continued next week...*

In anthropology, genealogies are constructed as visual representations of a particular family's relatives. The gender, generation, and relationship (siblings, spouse, child) of the individuals is included by the diagram. From these and through the study of kinship terminology, ideas about the roles which regulate social order of kinship systems can be formulated. Unfortunately, the details of all outside relationships are neglected. I feel that this is a disturbing omission. For illustration purposes, I have re-constructed the genealogy of Different Strokes by two methods. First the traditional anthropologist's approach:



Look at the incomplete picture we get of the Drummond household. Let's revise the diagram in a more informative way:



Ahhhh, the future of anthropology. Soon to be in textbooks everywhere.



# Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

Welcome to the Martyrlogue, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites and places of general morbid religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas. This week we look at **St Denis (Feast Day: October 9)**. St. Denis is the patron of France, invoked against headaches and frenzy. St. Denis was sent from Rome to convert the pagan Gauls in the year 90 AD. He became the first bishop of Paris and was martyred by decapitation there. Legend has it that after his head's unfortunate separation from the rest of him, his body picked up the misplaced part and carried it six miles to the spot on which a Cathedral bearing his name stands today.

**TRAVEL :** TO VISIT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS YOU SIMPLY NEED TO STOP BY PARIS, FRANCE.



Volume 6 • Issue 9

## God Damn It

"Where am I going...and why am I in this handbasket?"

Think the world sucks? Well, you're probably right. Look around you, Pablo: Walmart carries wood laminate furniture that it passes off as oak, people are giving themselves concrete enemas ("Ah...Marge, can I have a price check on concrete enemas?"), testicular torsion, cars dent too easily, 75 year old men dent too easily, papercuts, getting your hair caught in a threshing machine (yeah, that's a bitch), biting aluminum foil, getting your pantleg caught in a bicycle chain, squirrels (Q-FUCKING BOOM)<sup>†</sup>, p-sublevels of lithium atoms, socks that lose their elasticity and fall down, sudden changes of temperature and humidity when you wear glasses, mosquitoes.... And we put up with all of it on a daily basis. It's only when things don't work that we realize how evil has crept into our lives like an appreciation for amateur Hammond Organ music and we cry out with a resounding, "God damn it!" or, "I feel TERRIBLE!"<sup>Δ</sup>

Thou shalt not take the Lord's name in vain. Jesus-fucking-Christ! What's wrong with you people anyway? Those silly little Israelites sure knew what they were talking about (Besides any group who passes on religion through the mitochondrial DNA is about as cool as you can get). Contrary to unpopular (at least with us) belief, God does exist and does stick his great big Jewish nose in our business...but only when we ask.

God is not a trinity as those fish scratchers would have you think. He is a divine dichotomy. He is the Alpha and the Ω, all and nothing. He is binary.

But.

Since he is a dichotomous omnipotent being, he can only respond to those of your needs that are translated into machine language. He is, after all, the Creator; who better qualified to use the most basic languages? Simple on/off requests only please, ma'am. If you ask God for something ridiculous like, "Please grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change blah courage blah wisdom blah blah ra ba ba," all you're going to get is a "Processing...please wait" message for roughly the rest of your life. God's translators are written in Java, which as we all know, needs about four billion runtime libraries (read: Angels) to be processed. However, if you make your request to God in binary code, i.e. "God damn it!"<sup>¥</sup> or "God bless you!", then you get a response, not only in your lifetime, but almost instantaneously.

Unfortunately, most of these effects are not noticeable, or at least not right away. After thousands of years of people stubbing their toes and shouting "Godammit," he gets the idea and puts a standard-issue Damning™ on the event for all time. Same goes for papercuts, only they got the next level of damning, so they really Hurt-Like-A-Bitch.™

Sneezing, on the other hand, is about the most pleasurable thing you can do without involving your genitalia...which coincidentally also involves large amounts of god-blessing on the parts of most participants. In fact, sneezing (This is the reason why most people's sneezes seem to become louder and more earth shattering as a person grows older. God is under the mistaken opinion that bigger is better, and every time someone says "God bless you," it gets reinforced.) and sex are just about the only things left to us that



<sup>†</sup> See GDT "Universe" Volume 4, Issue 8

<sup>Δ</sup> Page. 376 *Amok Journal*

<sup>¥</sup> Ironically enough, there are various other smaller deities that deal with such commands as, "Fuck'n Fuck Fuck Fuck!", "Shit Ass Shit!", and of course "God Fucking Damn It!" Although this last phrase seems a lot like the binary code "God Damn It!", it is in fact a little too complex a statement for God and his chummies to figure out what to do with on a moment's notice. This particular phrase usually gets shifted to the department of Gomorrhagic deities.



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have any kind of blessing on them at all, since so many people have been yelling "God damn it" on so many different objects and events, for millennia.<sup>f</sup>

What's worse, people nowadays are in the habit of just sitting down after a long day and saying quietly, "God damn it," to nothing in particular. Given no specific target, God's unfortunate standard procedure is to send the command out to his randomizers (i.e. god's W.R.A.T.H<sup>√</sup>), which just adds to the over-all damnedness of today's world. It's another Be Careful What You Wish For situation, only it applies even if you didn't wish for anything in particular.

So keep screwing out there, folks, and don't forget to fulfill your required role when you hear someone sneeze, or we may lose our last bastion of pleasure. God Bless GDT! God Bless Carmen Miranda! God Bless Coffee Ice Cream!

<sup>f</sup> Things in eastern Europe might actually improve if people would stop referring to that whole region as "god-forsaken." And this also explains the general trend of the *Reporter* to go to shit while we have been steadily improving: most RIT students have been chanting "Godamnreporter" as a time honored mantra every Friday (especially when they don't put out an issue) and we've had the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship members praying for our souls since they first discovered we were climbing of our own free will into the proverbial handbasket. Q.E.D.<sup>≈</sup>

<sup>≈</sup> Quite Easily Done

<sup>√</sup> Warranted Reasonable Anti-human Tribulation Hircine



**Editor's Note**

Though this letter was addressed to Hell's Kitchen, it is being printed in *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* because it mainly deals with an editorial printed in *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* on 9 February, 50 AT.

Subject: Bravo!

Date: Wed, 12 Feb 50AT

To: [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)

DEAR HELL'S KITCHEN;

This comment is probably being sent out too late to be printed, but even if it's not, I just wanted to say: BRAVO! I just finished reading your editorial response to the "Race Baiting" article and I found it to be one of the most well-crafted, well-thought out, purely, and I mean PURELY, objective pieces of literature ever written by you guys. It stripped away all pretenses, it pulled no punches, it attacked all denial, it expressed the suppressed. Open-mindedness and simple, unbiased judgement like that usually disappears from people after age five...it's a rare and beautiful thing to be able to hold onto that kind of state mind.

That combined with the recent articles in GDT and MP have me thoroughly satisfied. I've never seen a publication so willing to take criticism and do something constructive with it. Keep up the good work!

Yours in admiration,  
"Joe Schmo"

## Literary Scavenger Hunt:

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). This is the final week of the Literary Scavenger Hunt and we have as of yet to be sent anyone's answers to the quotes. This is your last chance to

# Win \$75

If you are under the impression that you shouldn't send in your answers because you may only know a couple of the quotes, think again. Right now we have zip from anyone. At this point, answering just one quote could win the scavenger hunt. That may change, but how can it hurt to take a chance on seventy-five dollars? The probability of winning is better than the lottery. So go ahead and try it. The idea is simple: For the next few weeks we print a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some are very well known, others less so. Each quote has a point value associated with it, based on the difficulty of the question, in addition to periodic "Bonus Questions." The winner of the contest will be the person who gets the most points. The prize is \$75 dollars, and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo," the most diabolical coffee in the world (and the official drink of Hell Inc.). The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 7.

**All answers must be sent to GDT by March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1997.**  
(we changed the date!)

Requests for the complete list of quotes should be sent to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu). Alternately, it can be viewed on our web site: [www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html](http://www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html)

We will keep all contestants apprised of their ranking on the list up until the very end. The winner will be announced next quarter. Happy hunting!

### This Week's Hunt:

23. (1 point) "Look, I have two daughters, both virgins; let me bring them out to you, and you can do what you like with them; but do not touch these men..."

**-Name the Book**

24. (2 points) "'Shouldn't we, uh, stop or something?'" asked Really Cool People.

'Yeah. Could be a pile-up,' said Treading in Dogshit (formerly All Foreigners Especially The French, formerly Things Not Working Properly Even When You've Given Them a Good Thumping, never actually No Alcohol Lager, briefly Embarrassing Personal Problems, formerly known as Skuzz).

'We're the *other* Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' said G.B.H. 'We do what they do. We follow them.'"

**-Name the Book and Authors**

25. (3 points) "Oh, that...I was talking about policing, not alcohol. There's lots of people will help you with the alcohol business, but there's no one out there arranging little meetings where you can stand up and say, 'My name is Sam and I'm a really suspicious bastard.'"

**-Name the Book, Author and the rank of the character speaking**

**Bonus Question:** What does the author of the twenty-fifth quote have in common with one of the authors of the twenty-fourth quote?

## GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*.

Send answers to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu), or send replies to: GDT, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 6, you may find them on our web site:  
<http://www.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html>

-Kelly Gunter

WHILE DRIVING MICHELLE AMORUSO TO ONE OF OUR WEEKLY GDT MEETINGS, THIS WEEK'S ASK THE BARE-FOOT GIRL QUESTION WAS PROPOSED. MICHELLE WAS, AS USUAL, TALKING ABOUT HER FAVORITE SUBJECT: MIDGETS. SHE WAS EXPRESSING HER CONCERN AS TO THE PROPAGATION OF THESE LITTLE PEOPLE. SHE WAS CERTAIN THAT MIDGETS COULD GIVE BIRTH, BUT HOW DOES A FOUR-FOOT TALL WOMAN GO ABOUT GIVING BIRTH TO A NORMAL SIZED CHILD? IT'S GOT TO HAPPEN SOME TIME, BUT ISN'T IT DANGEROUS?

Michelle,

I already gave you your answer, but I have to have something to write down for this week. So here it is...

Not wanting to seem ungrateful to modern methods, a caesarean section would work. Some people, even developmentally stunted ones, want to give birth in a more natural way, though.

Actually, many midgets are sterile. I believe the correct terminology for this group is "dwarf." These are the ones with either big heads or big torsos, just something that doesn't proportionally work out quite right. However, the perfectly proportioned ones are still fertile...just tiny. Everything is smaller, but they can still give birth to normally sized children, which can be hell on a woman whose pelvis may be five or

six inches smaller than the average. Come to think of it, it's usually not a party for a woman of average size, so it's got to be worse on those little women.

The solution is simple: crack. You know, that all-pervasive drug of the inner cities. Merely administer crack to pregnant midgets as you would calcium or other vitamins, internally stunting the growth of the soon to be crack-fetus. This way midget women can give birth the natural way to children with abnormally low birth weights. Sure they'll be born addicted to crack and they probably won't live past the first three months, but don't we all have quirky physical traits? Hey, if I can overcome freckles and thin hair, they can certainly overcome a debilitating physical addiction. It's called growing up.

It just goes to prove that there really are some socially redeeming qualities to crack. Crack... uh, natural way... uh, yeah. Whatever. I just have to go see about getting hair implants...

-BFG

**Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl, or just want to torment her? Send questions/comments to GDT c/o [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)**

## **SKEWERED NEWS:** -Vinny Bove

*YELLOW JOURNALISM WITH WIT AND SARCASM*

*This Week's Story: Eeediots in Ecuador*

Every now and again, I like to check CNN's home page (the Internet is free here, unlike the D&C) and keep up-to-date on current events. You know, America can often become a very sane place to live in when compared to places like, say, Ecuador...

Abdala Bucaram, former mayor of the city of Guayaquil, was recently elected president of the Ecuador by popular vote, despite the fact that he had been in self-exile TWICE during his mayorship whilst evading fiscal mismanagement charges lodged against him. In fact, this man owns the proud moniker of "El Loco" -- "The Madman," given to him because of his irrational stunts and wilful disregard of the people's rights.

Hmm. His publicist during the

election must've been Robert Shapiro. Either that or his opponent was Satan (not to be confused with C. Diablo).

Anyhoo, Crazy Man gets elected into office and immediately proceeds to barricade his presidential mansion with barbed wire and soldiers galore. Not a very heartwarming sight for ambassadors, I'm sure.

Believe it or not, things get nuttier from here.

Last week, the Ecuadorian government removed him from office on the grounds of "mental incapacity." Using that same logic, Clinton could easily be impeached for "Extramarrital promiscuity."

After Bucaram's removal, the Congress was prepared to name Fabian Alarcon the new president of Ecuador when new VP Rosalia Arteaga stepped in, declaring that according to the con-

stitution, she was the rightful prez of Ecuador.

So the Congress shrugged its shoulders, content to wait until her term was over...

...when suddenly, five days later, she resigned.

So the Congress announced Alarcon president.

Then Arteaga stated that the Congress did not have the right to select presidents, and that another election would have to be held.

Just to illustrate how insane this whole process has been, let me quote the opening paragraph of the CNN article: "While Congress met Tuesday to name Fabian Alarcon president of Ecuador for the second time in five days, acting president Rosalia Arteaga submitted her resignation and last

*Continued of page 5 GDT...*

week's president, Abdala Bucaram, left the country."

Here's another interesting, very understated quote:

"...Ecuadorean politicians set about resolving a situation they fear is making a laughingstock of Latin America."

...

...

(snicker)

(giggle)

So, while chaos reigns supreme in the city of Quito, Bucaram is touring South America, trying to gain support for his return to power, which he says should occur in a about a week. According to Arteaga, no one can assume power until August 10, 1998, when the next election is scheduled to take place.

Well, the next time you complain about American politics being bogged down in bureaucracy, about it moving too slowly, just consider the alternative.

This is Vinny Bove, reporting to you not-so-live from Hoboken, New Jersey (in my heart, man! In my heart I'm there).

### R a n d o m F a c t

The worst tongue twister in Xhosa (an African dialect) is "The skunk rolled down and ruptured its larynx." Easy in English, but try their version: "Iqaqa lazi-qikaqika kwaze kwaqhawaka uqhoqhopha."

### Яфв Кговшмфэф Яфмуыф

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

By some strange confluence of fate, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, arrived on Byzantium's last shore, Bulgaria. He now studies at the American University in Bulgaria (AUBG), teaches English, broadcasts an Alternative music radio show, takes the occasional weekend adventure, and hangs out with the wrong crowd as much as possible. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

In Sophia, we take a tram from the station to the old city's center. Even completely packed with people, the tram's acrid, sweaty air seems fresh compared to the bus ride. At every stop, people have to slither and shove their way out of the crowded tram, and a fresh batch of riders push themselves into the sardine can. An old pensioner starts up with a harmonica close to me, and somehow the body-to-body proximity becomes a form of comradery in my mind. Getting out close to Alexander Nevsky cathedral, I see Sophia's beautiful old city for the first time. Although the architecture and views aren't on the same plane as beautiful Western European cities, I realize that I had assumed that there was nothing endearing about the city. It's the "new" city that is terrifyingly ugly. I can't enunciate how horrifying and repulsive the mega-sized communist-era apartment high rises of Bulgaria are. And Sophia seems to have the lion's share (huge stretches of nothing else) of these blighted structures.

Arriving at Nevsky Cathedral, I see my first monumental Orthodox church since my trip to Moscow 12 years ago (I don't remember my 2- year-old views of Istanbul's St. Sofia). I didn't get a chance to take a good look, since the bazaar we were headed for was in the Cathedral's park. At this particular bazaar, peo-

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"You provide the prose, we'll provide the war."

ple sell old knick knacks and antiques. 19th Century Turkish daggers, nickel-plated Soviet liquor flasks, silver cigarette cases, old E. European currency, and for some reason, used cameras. Our first two stops were uneventful, with either bad prices or faulty mechanisms. The third time was the charm. Two coffee-and-cream colored guys (were they Bulgarianized Turks?) stood behind a table full of Zenit and Kiev (both Russian brands) cameras. Within 20 minutes, I had found 3 cameras in good working order, along with several extra lenses. A SLR (single-lens-reflex) Zenit with a viewfinder light-meter and a good 58mm lens was going for \$35. Amazing, since it was basically a Russian copy of my Pentax K1000, which cost me \$130 (slightly used, including a 50mm lens) in the states. As we began to talk, we found that the boss, Krasamir, was from Blagoevgrad. After telling him our situation, he made a spectacular offer: He would round up as many basic, cheap Zenits and Kievs as he could lay his hands on, have his repair-man check them all over, and bring them to Blagoevgrad in 2 weeks. The fact that we were prepared to spend at least \$400 on 10+ cameras probably helped.

Over winter vacation 1996/1997, I visited Midget Town, New Jersey. Well, actually, it's Totowa, NJ with a twist. One stretch of the road is exclusively occupied by midgets. I was fascinated by this midget culture and I desperately wanted to learn more. So, to further my education and in the interests of offending the administration, I decided to submit a study abroad proposal for anthropological study to the University of Rochester Study Abroad Office.

As part of my curriculum as an undergraduate anthropology student, I would like to take part in a self-designed study abroad program. My proposal involves an ethnographic account of a small section of Totowa, NJ, commonly referred to as "Midget Town." It consists of ten houses which are situated on what is best described as a residential jughandle. The homeowners are exclusively midgets, voluntarily segregated from the rest of the community. Their houses and front doors are scaled down to a more convenient size, as is evident in the photo essay. I would like to live among the midgets for a single semester, and attempt an intensive ethnographic report of the

inhabitants.

Instead of choosing to focus on their deliberate attempt to separate themselves from society, I wish to examine the effects of consumerism on their small community. My working title is "Consumption Practices Among Midgets in Totowa, NJ." In such an environment, I could examine how the midgets have re-socialized their material environment. What is unique to midgets in how objects are appropriated in order to become integrated with their species?

My research methods will initially include extensive interviews with all willing residents. If permitted, I will thoroughly document the material possessions in the household and interview the owners in an attempt to extract a personal account of the importance and significance of various items.

My hope is to contribute to current consumption theory. Permitting the midgets' approval, I will complete an ethnographic account of an American subculture.

Stay tuned, folks!



1- For scale, note the height of the mailbox with respect to the top of the door.

2- For context, note that the large dark shape in the corner is part of the car the photo was taken from. The photographer, concerned for her safety remained within her locked vehicle.



-Sean T. Hammond

*Before I jump in, I'd like to apologize for not finishing this thread prior to RIT's break. When I first started it, I had plenty of time. Then, due to numerous reasons, "Fey" did not run for a few weeks and I'm behind. If I'm asked nicely, maybe I'll consider revising the old columns into a large reprint. Anyway, here we go...*

After Partholon's people were eradicated by a plague, leaving only Tuan to watch the towns and fields fall into disuse, a group of refugees arrived. Originally from a mighty fleet in the Atlantic, nine hundred and fifty-one people in thirty two boats died in storms, from disease, or starved. Finally the last ship and her crew of nine gratefully settled on the island.

Led by Nemed, they (like previous invaders) began by leaving their mark on the land, diverting rivers and cutting down forests. As in the time of Partholon, the malevolent Formorians roamed the land. To their credit, the Nemedians met them in four major battles over the centuries. In the fourth battle, however, the Nemedians were nearly wiped out. In the last battle, the Nemedians breached the fortress of one of the two Formorian Kings on the isle of Tory. One king was slain, but the other, using his rage and magick, slaughtered all but thirty Nemedians. One of the survivors, a man named Britan, settled on the island to the east. Others are said to have fled as far as Greece.

*After RIT's break, all of Eire was divided into three parts...*