

Have you ever really thought about how people choose the names for their pets? There are always the generic names, the default settings reserved for those people whose imaginations do not extend much farther than the agricultural revolution; I mean, these people still think the plow is a novel idea. Names like Fluffy, Spot, Spike, Butch, and Tweety abound in such neolithic homes. Then there are those who insist that they are far too important to have active imaginations at all. They inflict their pets with names like Princess, King, Poopsie, and the all time favorite Archduke Reginald Arthur Mephistopheles the Third. With nomenclature like that, how do you call such a creature to you? Granted, you probably wouldn't call the pet in question; such tasks are reserved for the servants and other such plebeians. Just for a moment assume that you were trying to call your pet to you or even trying to discipline him for turning your favorite toupee into one of those strange and not wholly fascinating clown wigs. Archduke Reginald Arthur Mephistopheles the Third does not exactly come tripping off the tongue. In more apt terms, it pitches a tent and stays for the night.

So the question remains, why do so many people insist on outfitting their pets with such unsuitable names?

In my family it has always been the custom to name the creature after observing some of its more pronounced idiosyncrasies. This can backfire, however, and usually produces some rather interesting names.

We had encountered one such problem several years ago when my mother procured a small blue parakeet. She kept insisting that since the bird spent a good deal of his time moving his tail in a back and forth motion, that he should be christened "Tail-wagger". The rest of my family were horror struck and vehemently protested on the basis that it sounded like something a dog would eat. For the ensuing weeks our strike force bombarded her with a list of absurd names that would make even General Schwarzkopf quake with fear (or at the very least blush from impropriety):

Head-bobber, Foot-walker, Eye-blinker, Wing-flapper, Belly-poofer, Beak-talker, Snot-sneezer, Cud-puker, and Butt-poofer (the list continues, but I can't)

After this unending deluge of inane names continued for several weeks my mother finally waved the white flag and called for a cease fire and truce. The name Blue Bum was conceded to, although not entirely by my mother. Blue Bum seems adequate, perhaps not as adequate as Devil's Little Minion, Malicious Kamikaze Demon, or Evil Blight of Early Morning Sound Waves, but we call him Bum for short. We only call him Mad Foaming Monstrosity of a Multiple Disposition on special occasions.

Here's a short list of some of our other pets' names:

Chewbaderd (Actually she was named by another bird)

Oliver Twist (He was a kind of drab olive color and he liked to dance.)

Sasquatch (He has big feet)

Trouble (Kind of self-explanatory if you ask me.)

Mia (Actually named by her former owners. We have since lengthened this out to Mia Culpa, which doesn't really matter anyway, because she only responds to "Hey Stupid")

My other sister has never quite gotten the hang of things, though. She owned a mouse named "Mickey" (very original) and a pair of birds named, "Bonnie and Clyde." Her most recent trek into the wonderful world of naming has been moderately successful. She calls her new bird Aerial. Which isn't too bad, but it would be a lot more interesting if she were to call him Dual Airbags, Anti lock Brakes, Adjustable Steering Column, or even Five Speed Transmission.

So just consider these words next time your staring deep into the mournful, yet menacing eyes of your neighbor's Doberman pinscher dubbed, "Floppy", and realize for the first time the real reason behind why he ate your little sister's cat, "Mr. Flubble." He was actually being quite kind and just putting the poor little beast out of his misery.

We know
There are
usually
pictures here,
but The U.S.
Postal
Service failed
To deliver
The work of
our illustrator
by October
14th.
We will
reprint this
page on page
Two of next
week's issue.
In The mean-
Time, we're
disgruntled
and are going
hunting for
postal men
-GDT

worlds

two spheres	aware of themselves
two floating forms	they are
wandering the world	drawing each other in
two worlds	brought out to the edge
within worlds	of their realms
within the sphere	randomly
passionate	they speak
two diamonds	briefly
shimmering	understanding--that
in order to allow	return to wholeness--
growth	despite their retreat
two worlds must meet	to find their centers
they continue their journey to the stars.	

-submitted by Andrea Chrisman
<http://clam.rutgers.edu:80/~p00h>
 (the "0's" are zeros)

Microscopic Moral Mythology

Did you all enjoy our pink issue last week? Let me tell you, we didn't. Not one bit. I HATE pink. Now, I'm sure most of you didn't think anything of it. I talked to someone, and they thought we printed on pink paper on purpose, as a sort of eye catcher. Hell, if we wanted to catch your eye, we'd have the Barefoot Girl handing out issues on the quarter mile dressed only with the strategic placement of two thimbles (but she doesn't seem to want to sign all the release forms necessary). Nope. That pink paper was the result of a screw up made by the printers; a screw-up, I might add, which was made and could not be corrected in time to meet our deadline.

After many stress filled minutes as the editors shouted at one another in an attempt to make things right through sheer decibels, we swallowed our pride and decided to go with the (uuuggh) pink prints, because twenty six dollars worth of reprinting is a lot harder to fit down the gullet on a full stomach than our pride is. We know most of you didn't know it was a screw up, but we did. Believe it or not, we do have a certain level of quality that we adhere to. Sure, our grammar can be questionable at times, and there is at least one type-o in each issue, but we are not sloppy, not like that anyhow. So this week's Microscopic Moral Mythology is dedicated to Mediocrity:

Ever just done something to get it done? Then you've been the victim of Mediocrity. To hell with the old, washed up Riders of the Apocalypse. War, Pestilence, ya-de-da de da. They are all nasty, sure. But nasty in a permanent kind of way. You meet Death only once (unless you're Rincewind, then you run into him all the time). Mediocrity is much more insidious. You meet mediocrity everyday, and whenever you give in, that much more of your soul is lost. Give it all away to the "good enough man" and you have nothing left.

Well, we're all in college now, and I know I've met more than one person passing the sands of their life away in this manner. Why are you here?

...to get a good job, to get a nice house, to buy a nice dog, nice children, husband, wife, friends, ...life.

And you think this will do it? Do you even know why? Is this your parents dream? I mean, yeah sure, these words look pleasant and have a nice feel to them, but what the hell does it mean?

It's not just the good life people. It's that guy who came here out of parent or peer pressure. It's that kid with a tint of hangover to his colour who still smells of piss water and smoke. It's that young girl dreaming after fame and drama. Even the high priced suit after the thrill of economic monetary battles. And it's the "I don't know" guy, there was nothing better to do.

Power, prestige, money, love, they are all vague sort of limbo words, where you can't look to closely at the edges or you might realize that they were shaded in around the corners and there is really very little there after all. Granted they look good on a resume, but your life can't fit through a machine to be underlined and bold faced, no matter how advanced the technology.

So think about it next time you are doing something for someone else, but do a half-assed job, remember to say "hi" to that sloppy dressed character slouching slightly as he meanders off the scene, snickering (though not with any sort of real humor. That would take way too much energy).

Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

Warning: Please ignore this story and all its allusions. Any reference to real people or circumstances is probably deliberate, but may just be coincidence.

The Sandwich: Episode I

The cacophony from within was overwhelming the Lieutenant's thoughts, but he kept his Cool, and kept his eyes and ears on the front gate. He had known all along, of course, that his job was useless to the operation as a whole, but you don't get promoted for leaving your post, even if you save the sorry asses of everybody else on the force while you're gone. The Lieutenant watched patiently, scratching and shifting every few minutes to keep the blood flowing.

Then the impossible happened, someone actually left by the front gate, which meant the Lieutenant's hours of boredom were finally over. He radioed to say he was leaving his post to track the suspects, heard the go-ahead reply, and started the car.

"But you promised me that I would get the bracelet when all this was over! You promised!" His slap echoed in the surrounding forest, and she stepped back, awed.

"Shut up," he hissed, "you want the whole friggin' neighborhood to think we've got the bracelet we've been swearing ignorance of for three days!?"

"Sorry, Vic, I just got excited, I ain't used to this, ya know? This ain't the normal daily routine or somethin'," she pouted as she got in the front seat of the little sports car, "You don't hafta hit me like that."

"Aw, I'm sorry baby," he said over the noise as he revved the engine, "I know I shouldn't scare you, but you gotta be careful or we're in big trouble, and I ain't in no mood for big trouble, ok?" She nodded with a slight hidden smile, and they turned left onto the dirt road. "Nobody else ever uses this road," Vic said thoughtfully, "so who the hell followed us out here? Sandy, you recognize this car behind us?"

"Shit, Vic, i can't even see it right, but it sorta looks boxy and flat, like maybe it could be Virginia or somebody? I don't know."

"Virginia!?" Vic gawked, "Nah, it can't be her, she oughta be halfway home by now. It's gotta either be the cops, or some random asshole who doesn't know he's trespassing. either way, I'm gonna lose him in the bends up ahead - nobody knows this road better than I do."

"Yeehah! Here we go - hang on, baby!" Vic hit the gas as he entered the series of switchbacks that led through the pass. The car behind sped up, too. They were definitely being followed, but they were starting to gain ground. On the last turn, they heard the screech of breaks and sliding tires on the dirt road behind them. Sandy turned to look through the rear window, and caught a glint of metal flying over the edge.

"They're gone, Vic, slow down now, ok? I saw 'em go over the edge."

To be Continued...

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre would like to help celebrate Samhain with a week of issues, but we need your help.

Submit stories, pictures, poems, and other creative endeavors that deal with some aspect of Halloween.

The best will be printed in special issues.

For more information, contact

sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu.



Letters to GDT

Date: Fri, 06 Oct 1995 19:24:52 -0700
 From: "marc"@onyx.idbsu.edu
 Subject: This weeks Question
 To: tbl2788@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

I'd rather lose both my depth perception and my directional hearing so I could walk into a wall that I thought was ten feet further back while turning the wrong direction to hear what someone had said. I'm not sure why I'd like to do this but I think it has something do with that "Chicken and Egg" question.

As for the lava vs the parana thing. I think I am going to have to go with spending an evening with Rush Limbaugh. Being dropped into a pit of lava or eaten by piranhae just sounds like too horrible of a death.

Err, uhm wait, no I think I will go with the piranhae, or lava, or both. Then served as an entree, "chared fish and Marc." Baked beyond perfection. Or something...

Last Survey Results

"Would you rather lose directional hearing or depth perception?"

73.7%: Directional hearing
 21.1%: Depth perception
 5.3%: Both

"Would you rather wade at your own pace into lava, or fall, suddenly, into a seething pool of piranha?"

42.1%: Fall into piranah
 52.6%: Wade into lava
 5.3%: Both



Latest Survey

"Would you rather accidentally kill a dolphin or purposely kill a Nun?"

"Would you rather get flattened by a steam roller or inflated with a garden hose?"

Send replies to GDT care of
 tbl2788@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Sick of never finding a copy of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre?

Well, now we deliver.*



Contact GDT for more details.

*Restricted to areas on campus or RIT controlled apartments

Date: Mon, 09 Oct 1995

From: Ed

Subject: uuuh..me again.

To: GDT

...the offical reason for this here letter is i was wondering if you can make GIBSON D an offical drop off point for GTD. We have a hard time finding copies, and often fist fights break out over them, and old issues can be traded for cigarettes and nude photo's of peoples sisters. Haveing copies here would make life much easier.

Welp, toodles.

BTW, have you ever owned sea monkeys? i found out 2 weeks ago toys r us sells them and i have a nice crop of them growing in a keen little aquarium on top of my computer. They are incredibly distracting, your eyes sort of see them and you just HAVE to watch them swim around and do little brine-shrimpish things. it took me 15 mins to write this letter cause i kept looking at those damn sea monkeys. You kinda feel like a god, though. your own self contained universe you control. helps the ego.

ah, well.

ta!
 -Ed

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
 or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

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 Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>