



Sunday March 17th, 1996 Vol. 4 issue 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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Colloquial Contest Winner

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

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

Colloquialisms and Answers

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

cont on pg 3

(Colloquialisms continued)

15. Eleemosynary deeds have their incipience intramurally.

- Charity begins at home.

or

- Good deeds begin within.

16. Male cadavers are incapable of yielding any testimony.

- Dead men tell no tales.

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

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

18. Neophyte's serendipity.

- Beginner's luck.

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

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

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

- A rolling stone gathers no moss.

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

- He who laughs last, laughs best.

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

- Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

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

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

24. Rejection of conspicuous consumption prevents penury.

- Waste not, want not.

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

- It's always darkest before the dawn.

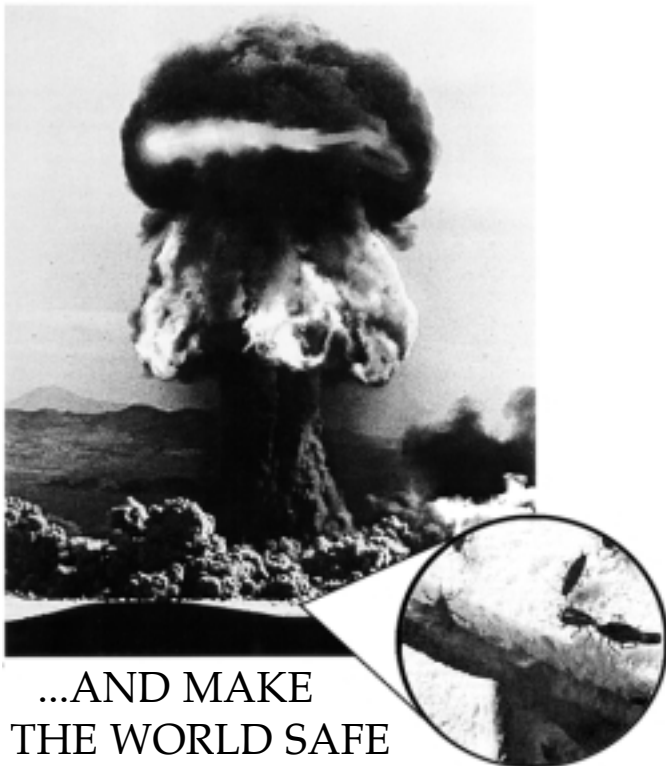
26. Rapidity of nuptualization can be bemoaned over an extended period of terrestrial rotation.

- Marry in haste, repent at leisure.

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

- He did not have a leg to stand on.

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THE WORLD SAFE
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ROACHES.

GDTees are back!

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

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

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

To order contact diablo@csh.rit.edu

Martyr of the week

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

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

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



St. Patrick March 17

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

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

Line, Layers, Life
 An Exhibition of current senior ceramic thesis work at RIT
 Featuring Artists: Holle Finch, Kelly Gunter, and Megan Walborn
At the Tea House Gallery
 March 15th-31st
 Tuesday thru Saturday 4-6pm
 Entertainment provided 8-12am on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday
 Tea House Gallery
 20 Windsor Rochester NY 14605



Reprinted for your entertainment.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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



Sunday March 24th,1996 Vol. 4 issue 2

“Life is a holiday in the same way that glass is a liquid”

Have you ever noticed that just about everyone has some official day named after them? National Secretary's Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Hairy-Man-in-an-Old-Moth-Eaten-Overcoat-Who-

Smells-Like-He-Runs-With-the-Yaks Day. How do people get days assigned to them? Draw straws? Pick numbers ("This week's Lotto jackpot is up to one national holiday")? Is there actually some lame government agency whose sole purpose for eating our tax dollars is to hand out official days? If there truly is such an useless agency, GDT has a suggestion: We would like to honor that proud and exclusive crew who boldly call themselves the "cry for help"-ers. Hell, they shouldn't just be given one day, there should be an entire month..."National Cry for Help Month" when all the closet call for helpers come out and show the world the true meaning of their pseudo-suicidal tendencies.

Why shouldn't we honor the growing number of "it was a cry for help" people? You know who the "cry for help" people are. They're the ones who try to overdose on children's Tylenol and laxatives. The ones who think about slitting their wrists in a manner that won't leave a permanent scar. They don't actually want to kill themselves. I mean by the time one of these guys figures out a convoluted plan of "attempted suicide" that would make any member of Mission Impossible weep with joy from the subtle intricacies included any self respecting suicidal maniac has already shown the world just how long their entrails really are after committing hari-kari with a number two pencil while dangling out a twenty story window (lead poisoning and disembowelment...what a way to go. "Do not colour outside the circles!").

In my middle school, suicide attempts seemed to be a rite of passage. If your voice hadn't changed and you hadn't pierced a major artery in the presence of a friend, (somebody had to know didn't they?), you had not yet experienced the true trauma that is adolescence. People used to brandish their war wounds as signs of honor, as if surviving, not five, but six attempts on their own life could show the significance of their life's inner struggle. All that shows is that they are incredibly incompetent.

Those people who couldn't find a handy friend on location at the time would call them up to tell them, sometimes on a weekly basis. They would say such things as, "Don't tell anyone." (Well aren't they going to know after the fact?), "Don't try to stop me." (Why did you call?), "I just wanted you to know " (and the other half of the seventh grade. It's not as if you're not going to notice that your friend is dead).

Meanwhile the person sitting at the other end of the line is running through another rehearsal of the lines they have to recite at least once a month while calmly meandering through the latest issue of Seventeen magazine. The steady monotone droning on: "No. Don't do it. I'll miss you. Please, don't do it. We all need you." All of this emerges with about as much emotion as an airline stewardess marking the nearest exits...but with fewer hand signals. They sit there checking their watch wondering, "How much longer is this going to be? Don't they know I have practice at three?"

When I was growing up my parents taught me a couple things:

- You don't have to like it you just have to eat it.
- If you're going to do something, do it right.
- And when I'm speaking sarcastically to my father it's called being "sassy"; when he does it, it is his god-given right.

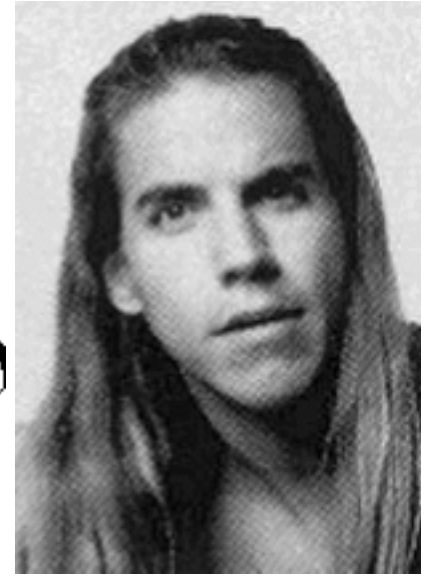
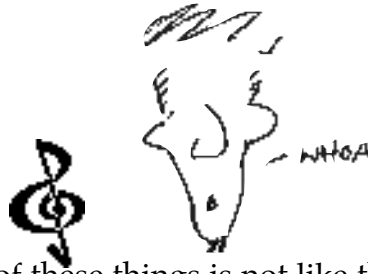
Most of this is unimportant with the exception of, "if you're going to do something, do it right." Much like the incomprehensibility of thousands of foiled assassination attempts on a moose named Bullwinkle, you have to stop and wonder: just how incompetent do you have to be to successfully survive six suicide attempts? Then again, I suppose they wouldn't call it attempted suicide if it was actually successful.

So to sum it all up dear friends if you are so lame that you can't even manage to kill yourself, ask a friend to do it, or better yet, contact the professionals at the Church of Euthanasia care of Rev. Chris Korda, coe@netcom.com. The next time you call for help, check their credentials and their attempt:death rates. Chose only the best.

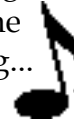
Oh, and keep your local coroner amused...die strangely.



Peterson ©



One of these things is not like the others.
One of these things just doesn't belong.
If you guess which thing is not like the others, by the time we finish this song...



When Miss Morissette hit the scene some months ago, I kept getting the vague impression that she looked like someone I knew. After weeks of being bothered by it, I

realized it was someone I KNEW, but someone I had seen. It finally clicked when I saw A Red Hot Chili Pepper video followed by an Alanis video. That's right. Alanis Morissette is actually Anthony Kiedis. Sure, softer chin and larger breasts, but LOOK AT THEM! They could be siblings for Christ's sake.

News from the Kitchen

First off, we at the Hell's Kitchen confederation would like to say "sorry" for the screwed up order of the Melancholy Predator last week. We had hoped to initiate a new format for the Predator, but there was a breakdown in communication among the people who knew what was going on and the people who were in charge of the printing.

If it helps, look at it as the "Limited Edition Left-handed Melancholy Predator." Save those puppies...they'll be worth big bucks.

Speaking of bucks...

With the end of the year fast approaching, we've received various questions and concerns about subscriptions. If you are graduating, transferring, or have just seen the Hell's Kitchen publications on the WWW, we offer yearly subscriptions now. One year consists of at least 30 issues, at a cost of \$24. That sounds like a lot, but at the end of a year, that is 240 pages. Plus it helps us stay in print.

- Printing cost 5¢ a page
- 32¢ stamp
- That means every issue costs 72¢ to print and mail.

For each subscription, we make just over \$4.00 profit. Bad for us, good for you. Trust us...it's a good deal.

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

The GDT Challenge

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

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

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

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

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

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

Martyr of the week

Welcome again to my haven for the religiously repressed. The **Martyr of the Week** for **March 24-30** is the little known **St Alkelda (March 27)**. Very little is known about her, and what is known is somewhat conflicting. Alkelda seems to have been an Anglo-Saxon princess who was either strangled by a pair of Danish women or (as an ancient painting represents) was strangled by Danish pirates (arrgh!). Two Yorkshire (England) churches are dedicated to our Saint. One, in the town of Giggleswick, has a holy well in whose waters the faithful seek solace from eye troubles.

Random Facts:

President Benjamin Harrison and his family were afraid to turn on the electric lights in the White House.

Scientists at the University of Pittsburgh discovered that pinching a rat's tail while he's eating will make him eat more.

The seige is over. Praise be to God!

Last Survey Results

"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in public schools?"

73.7%: Sports

21.1%: Arts

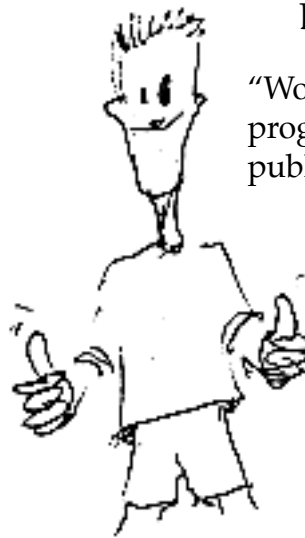
"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

57.4%: Dildo

52.6%: Hickey

1%: Both

Best response: "A hickey fades with time, but a dildo is forever."



Latest Survey

"Would you rather have your eyebrows permanently removed or be very sad on Tuesdays?"

"Would you rather look alot like a Barbie doll or have a series of abdominal growths that looked alot like Barbie dolls?"

Send replies to GDT care of diablo@csh.rit.edu



Heaven is an interesting concept. There hasn't always been the idea of a Paradise: people sitting around, eating peeled grapes, playing with androgenous angels and whatnot. Most people assume that because Christianity and all of its bastard children have an afterlife that is just a softer, cushier version of what we have here, most religions had a world of bliss. I could go on and say that this isn't true; I actually thought about talking about Valhala a little, but I've a more interesting topic.

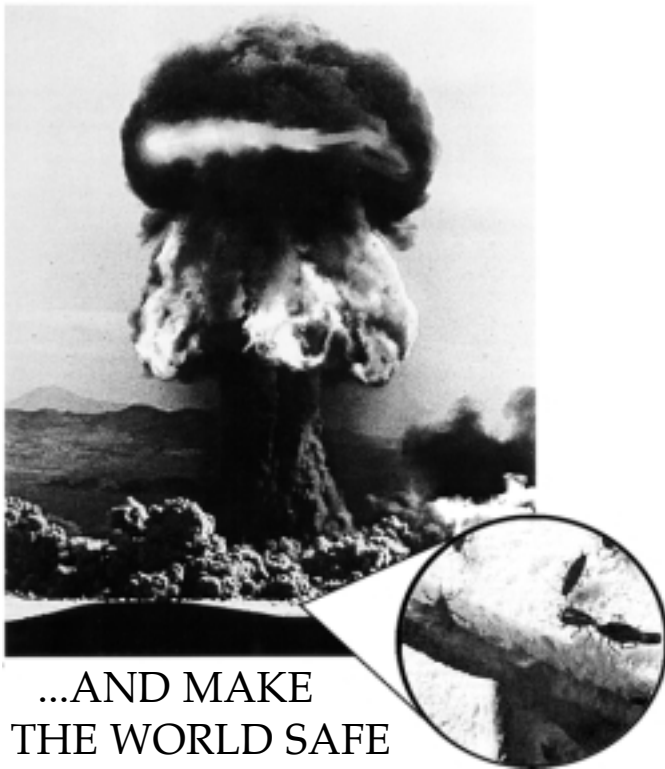
The concept of a better world waiting for the pious necessarily degrades this world. In comparision to any hypothetical Paradisic world, this world becomes substandard, a lemon, a 1973 GL with all four fenders made from screening and unsanded Bond-O, painted green, black, and blue to cover various repairs, and the alternator held together with Duct-tape; in short, it sucks, and should be treated accordingly.

I don't think it is any coincidence that the stereotyped "right-wingers" are supporters of the Christian Coalition, relaxed environmental laws, and "Right to Life." Hey, let's strip that ozone layer, jack up the population density, and make everyone Christian. That way, once we suffocate in our own waste (only if we are not killed by roving bands of starving people after the planet's ability to support our massive numbers has been exceeded) at least when we all die, we'll all go to Heaven.

If the meanwhile, as we all whittle away the time waiting for the coming crash, we can enjoy sprintime walks in the soft acid rain, the sound of cany wrappers blowing in the fall winds, and the sunsets made all the more vivid by the increase of particles in the atmosphere.

And who's to say we'd keep Heaven so clean? A lifetime of habit can be hard to break. Can't you see it? Heaven is now studded with smoke stacks; but the standard of living is skyrocketing.

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Here's GDT's latest regular collumn, showcasing our own version of The Army of Darkness. Just in case the Apocalypse Boys come a call'in at your door, you'll know everyone by name; you might even know their favorite beverages. Then, if you're really good, you could invite them all in and throw the party that ends all parties...in their honor of course.

Just as a side bar to our future financial forecast, we will be making each of these images and corrsponding statistics into limited edition trading cards, which allow you to adore both the genius artistry of our illustrator, Scott Peterson, and the deranged, deteriorating minds of our maladjusted editors. We will print more information on collecting the cards in later issues (as soon as we have more than one).

Enjoy.

Unconditional Love

Measurments: 35-23-28-7 (don't ask what that last measurement was, you don't want to know)

Mount: Dont-mind-if-I-do

Likes: Abstinence

Dislikes: abstinence

Strength: More than you know

Agility: 10

Wisdom: 0.2598

Dexterity: 9/10

Charisma: 9

Speed: "Put a Black&Decker drill on the end and I can go through walls."

Stamina: Ohhhh. yes!

Health: 18⁰⁵





Webster-God of the Universe

"Drink up, Socrates, it's all natural."

The staff (well, most of them. Everyone except Damn) of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre are horrible spellers. With such outstandingly miserable spellers, we all have a psychopathic hatred of one particularly loathsome human being. A smeggy lexicographer from the early eighteen hundreds, who has plagued stenographers since the dawn of his era. Do you know how infuriating it is to spend your entire childhood caught up in circular logic?

"How do you spell quadragenarian?"

"Go look it up."

"How do I look it up if I can't spell it."

The horror...the horror! Anyone who has gone through this can understand exactly what I mean. The impact upon all our childhoods was made even more nightmarish when They™ made us sit idly by while They™ mocked us with that stupid, oh so cute, midget on TV. Ohhhhh how I yearned to squash that 40 year old under my size 4 sneakers (Come on, I was young...).

I pine for the age of Chaucer. I'd trade my thesaurus for those days. Well, maybe not. I mean, the Thesaurus is after all a top predator (favorite prey: Stenonychosaurus. Of course the various Thesaurus species have decreased in stature since the late Cretaceous period when they could get to be over 20,000 pages in length. Arguments still rage as to whether these ancient predators were hard or soft bound, however). It's so handy to have around when I just have to get rid of old, horribly written books. Especially the ones that tend to inhabit the Best Sellers List ecosystem. Let's face it folks, 90% of the population thinks that top ten lists (a la Letterman) and fart noises are the apex of humor. This means that any book that makes it the best sellers lists is probably of no value at all.

Sure, there are books on those horrid lists written by incredible authors, but chances are they made it there on word of mouth based on their past books. All in all, you're talking about a bunch of literary epicack. Case in point... *The Celestine Prophecy*. Holy Christ. I read it, and it had some interesting ideas (though not very original) but the style was abhorrent. It read like a long dialogue. Maybe Mr. Redfield intended to mimic the style of Plato. My advice to Mr. Redfield would be to actually have some superlative original philosophical ideas and then to act like the Plato/Socrates communal being (feel free to try the hemlock tea), otherwise get some nail polish remover and unglue your pinky from the quotation key.

You'd probably be better off if you didn't read any book in the top ten. Actually, you should be careful of any book you read. It's commonly said that people hunger after knowledge, but what is not known (or maybe it is known but is hushed up) is that knowledge hungers after people (This is actually where black mass gets its power from. They don't really worship Lucifer, they worship the books[†]). Books want people to read them; need people to read them. The more a book is read, the happier it is. But old books, those dry and crumbly manuscripts, clay cuneiform tablets, fragments found in caves near the Dead Sea...all these are so starved to be read they can induce literary addictions in those who are foolish enough to begin reading them. Many a poor researcher has gone into an antiquated library and never returned.

Cont. on page 2

[†] This actually applies to most groups with any sort of holy text. Christians, Jews, Muslims, lawyers, bla, bla, bla. Of all the groups, it is the Christians that have the greatest weight to bear; there are more Bibles in the world than any other book (so the propaganda goes). If everyone were to just stop reading the Bible, can you imagine the devastation? The earth dark with frenzied packs of roving Bibles hunting for readers ^Δ.

The Bible is a terrible predator, sapping your will and judgment. Thank you, Christians, for making the world safe for the rest of us sinners.

^ΔIf this footnote doesn't make much sense, try reading the rest of the article, and then visit here again.



Person@

(cont. from page 1)

The ancient, starved grimoires got them[¥].

Libraries, because of their very nature, are some of the most dangerous places on earth. The ancients knew this; that is the real reason that the libraries at Alexandria, and later at Tripoli were burned flat ("Every book burned enlightens the world."- Ralph Waldo Emerson). To wander about in a library is to take your life into your own hands. Librarians know this. That's why they are stereotyped as being single (because of the constant threat on their lives) and are always insisting on silence. Maintain your silence when wandering the labyrinthian corridors of libraries, lest you attract the attention of the starved texts.

When night falls and the shadows grow long, that is when rogue packs of books, loosely organized into what we would call shelves, hunt for unsuspecting readers. They home in on sound, and when your back is turned, they sneak up behind you and...CRACK! They present their most luscious spines to you.

Ahhhhhhh, what the hell. Succumb to their siren song. It can be fun.

[¥]Many of these old texts don't intend to kill their readers (it's self defeating, isn't it? I mean, the best adapted parasites don't kill their hosts). They are so out of practice that they have forgotten how to be parasites and have adapted to a predatory life style.

News from the Kitchen:

GDT would like to apologize for the one day delay of our usual delivery to the residential side of campus and to the U of R, although our U of R correspondent said that you guys would never know the difference. The delay was caused because the person who has to pick the issues up from the printer on fridays actually forgot until there was nothing she could do about it. The issues were printed up, we just couldn't pick them up until 8:30, monday morning. We do apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

On a different note, GDT would like to thank managed attrition for making life interesting. If any of you remember the colloquial contest and the fifty dollars promised to it's winner, rest assured that RIT is not prepared to make this easy for him. Right now GDT's printing costs are being covered by the remnants of the grant we were given by the RIT Creative Arts Committee, but that won't last long. After much haggling with our contacts working for RIT, we managed to get them to agree to give the winner a check out of our funds. The check was supposed to be given to the winner a while ago, but thanks to the great god of managed attrition, Rit has wisely cut it's check writing department down to two people. Now all of the checks that need to be written on behalf of RIT are run through these two poor mistreated individuals. For the sake of all that is reasonable, what is the use of managed attrition if it is managed with the finesse of a failed savings and loan.

For once in your career make sense RIT!

**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre welcomes
correspondence.
Send any submis-
sions, hate/fan
mail, or sugges-
tions to:
diablo@csh.rit.edu
or: Gracies
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c/o 438 Clay Rd.
Apt. C, Rochester,
New York, 14623
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Theatre reserves the
right to reprint any
letter without edit-
ing it for clarity or
liable.**

Abstinence

Mount: Virginty

Likes: Prudence

Dtsllkes: Tuesdays and Fuzzy Bunnies

*Dtsposittion: You don't even need to
put coal up his ass. he just shits dia-
monds.*

Strength: 10+

Agilty: e¹⁰

Wisdom: 50%

Dexterity: π

Chartsma: .3741

Health: Perfect specimen

Gelassenhett: 76!

Pain Threshold: 350° C

*Distinguishing Features: Hairless and
perpetually oiled. except for the 1/2
inch long eyelashes.*



Martyr of the week

by Troy Liston

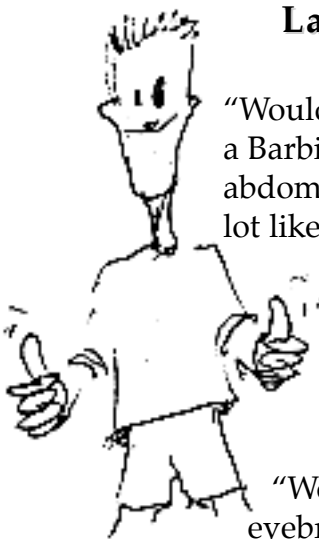
Greetings to all those seekers of the curiosities of religion. May I shed a little light on one of the many bizarre things ye shall encounter on your journey? The **Martyr of the Week for March 31-April 6** is the beloved **St Irene (April 3)**. Irene was one of three sisters arrested in Macedonia for

the unfortunate crime of possessing Holy Scriptures (such tripe was illegal at the time; now you can't burn the stuff fast enough...). When the governor, Dulcitus, (drunk as he was) attempted to defile the sisters in their dark cell, the trio tricked him into kissing kitchen utensils (maybe it was one of those special cells, y'know, the ones with a breakfast nook). Two of the sisters (Agape {charity} and Chionia {snow}) were immediately burnt at the stake. Irene, like so many before her, was sentenced to be deflowered in a brothel. Like all other virgin martyrs before her, she emerged unscathed from the ordeal. She didn't manage the same feat after she was tied to a pillar and shot through the throat with an arrow. Irene's name means peace (she is, surprisingly, the Patroness of Peace) and there is supposedly an Icon of our Saint in New York City that weeps real tears in time of war (it must never stop).



St Irene

Last Week's Survey Results



"Would you rather look a lot like a Barbie doll or have a series of abdominal growths that looked a lot like Barbie dolls?"

- 45.5%: Abdominal growths
- 36.4%: Look like Barbie
- 9%: Taken the fifth
- 4.5%: Both
- 4.5%: To stupid to tally

"Would you rather have your eyebrows permanently removed or be very sad on Tuesdays?"

- 66.7%: Sad on Tuesdays
- 25%: Eyebrows removed
- 8.4%: Both

Favorite response: "I- I want to be clean."

Latest Survey

"Would you rather always know the exact time or go around in a Roman gladiator costume six days out of seven?"

"Would you rather float oarless in a kayak over Niagara Falls twice or be mailed from Miami to Los Angeles third class in a refrigerator box marked 'Handle with care: Abortion Equipment enclosed'?"

Send replies to GDT care of diablo@csh.rit.edu

The GDT Challenge

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

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

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

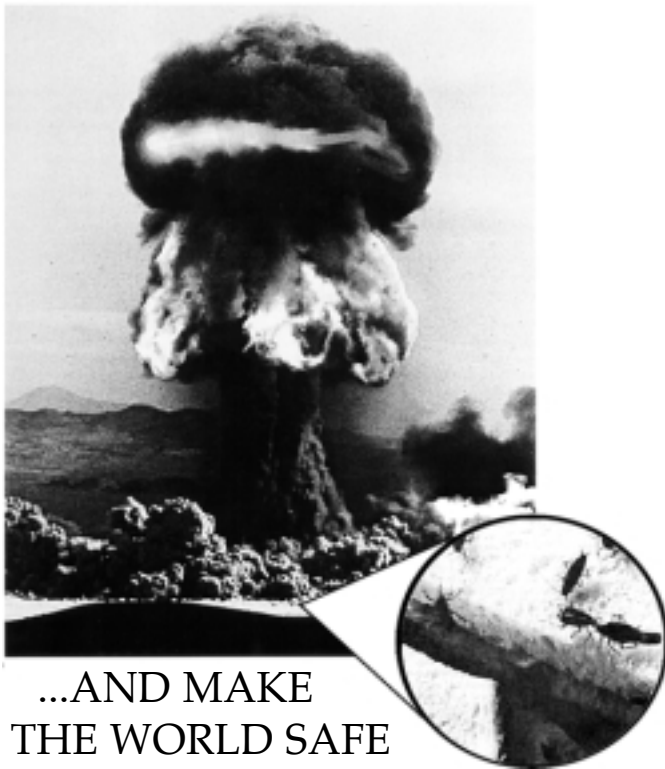
You've only got a few weeks before the end of the quarter, so get cracking. Here's the rules:

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

Random Facts:

The nations of Nauru, San Marino, Liechtenstein, Maldives, Malta, Granada, St. Vincent, and Seychelles would all fit within the borders of Rhode Island with room to spare.

SUPPORT NUCLEAR TESTING...



...AND MAKE
THE WORLD SAFE
FOR BLIND, SCREWING COCK-
ROACHES.

GDTees are back!

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

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

We only order as many as we need, so they are limited edition and you must order them soon.

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

To order contact diablo@csh.rit.edu



Submission from Robert McKay, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I spent 13 years in catholic schools, I've had all of the education, the exposure, the dogma. I know what

it's all about. But you know, I've done one better - a religion for me and me alone:

Godism.

Ask any Christian- God made all that is, was, will be, is pretty much the most powerful entity going- and they'll all respond in synchronicity- bobbing their pious brows "Oh, yeah."

Here's one better:

The universe, for all its vast expanse (it's really quite big) is just too orderly to be one big accident. Let's face it, only the most dominating, controlling forces can keep it all in order. It's not a soup simmering in a pot, or a

lava lamp of the gods; it's a clock. Never ending, always repeating, in a predetermined order.

Therefore-

My every action, thought, word or whimsy, even my best jokes, all come from God. That's inspiration! My thoughts equal God's thoughts. It works for me 'cause you can't prove to me that you exist. Therefore, I can do or say anything because God wants me to. You think if he didn't I would still be able to do it? What are you saying, that I'm better than God? My will is greater than his? You phucking heathen!

The Catholics have operated on the same system for centuries, only I turned it up. The pope's still waiting for the bush to tell him he's wrong." Ok God. If I don't get a sign not to, I'm gonna eat that cheese-cake.

Submission:

I received this from a friend of mine quite some time ago, but haven't had the opportunity to try it out. If you should try it, let us know how it goes.

-GDT

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Mon, 12 Feb 1996 22:17:44

Okay, everyone....a true story of justice in the good old U.S. of A. Thought y'all might enjoy this; if nothing else, it shows internet justice, if it can be called that.

My daughter & I had just finished a salad at Neiman-Marcus Cafe in Dallas & decided to have a small dessert. Because our family are such cookie lovers, we decided to try the "Neiman-Marcus Cookie". It was so excellent that I asked if they would give me the recipe and they said with a small frown, "I'm afraid not." Well, I said, would you let me buy the recipe? With a cute smile, she said, "Yes." I asked how much, and she responded, "Two fifty." I said with approval, just add it to my tab.

Thirty days later, I received my VISA statement from Neiman-Marcus and it was \$285.00. I looked again and I remembered I had only spent \$9.95 for two salads and about \$20.00 for a scarf. As I glanced at the bottom of the statement, it said, "Cookie Recipe - \$250.00." Boy, was I upset!! I called Neiman's Accounting Dept. and told them the waitress said it was "two fifty," and I did not realize she meant \$250.00 for a cookie recipe.

I asked them to take back the recipe and reduce my bill and they said they were sorry, but because all the recipes were this expensive so not just everyone could duplicate any of our bakery recipes....the bill would stand.

I waited, thinking of how I could get even or even try and get any of my money back.

I just said, "Okay, you folks got my \$250.00 and now I'm going to have \$250.00 worth of fun." I told her that I was going to see to it that every cookie lover will have a \$250.00 cookie recipe from Neiman-Marcus for nothing. She replied, "I wish you wouldn't do this." I said, "I'm sorry but this is the only way I feel I could get even," and I will.

So, here it is, and please pass it to someone else or run a few copies....I paid for it; now you can have it for free.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 cups butter | 4 cups flour |
| 2 tsp. soda | 2 cups sugar |
| 5 cups blended oatmeal** | 24 oz. chocolate chips |
| 2 cups brown sugar | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 8oz. Hershey Bar (grated) | 4 eggs |
| 2 tsp. baking powder | 3 cups chopped nuts (your choice) |
| 2 tsp. vanilla | |

(Recipe may be halved.):

** measure oatmeal and blend in a blender to a fine powder.

Cream the butter and both sugars. Add eggs and vanilla; mix together with flour, oatmeal, salt, baking powder, and soda. Add chocolate chips, Hershey Bar and nuts. Roll into balls and place two inches apart on a cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes 112 cookies.

Have fun!!! This is not a joke --- this is a true story..

That's it. Please, pass it along to everyone you know, single people, mailing lists, etc.....

Ride free, citizen!

just hope no one finds out

LIVE AND LEARN AND ~~PASS IT ON~~

I've learned that the sheer pleasure of silencing ~~old people~~ TV commercials makes the remote control one of the best inventions ever! *heat seeking skud*

-Age 67

I've learned that you should never go to Grandma's house if you ~~want to stay on your diet.~~ are allergic to latex, handcuffs, and duct Tape (just a buck a roll).

-Age 33

I've learned that people in the "10 items or less" express line don't ~~know how to count.~~ buy much in the way of ~~studded strap on leather accessories.~~

-Age 42



"The Cult of the Bare-foot Girl"

"We're heavily armed, easily bored, and off our medication."

GDT's very first letter concerned a little piece of fluff we wrote last year on the bare foot girl. For those of you not familiar with it, we were accused of being Nazis for that literary gliblet. We are neither Nazis, nor do we endorse Pat Spew-cannon (Go Pat Go) for the 1996 Republican Presidential nomination (one of the founding members of GDT, however, is known as "Little Hitler" in particular circles). It was only after our attacker realized that the bare foot girl was a member of our staff that he knew he looked like a jerk-off to us. Since that time, GDT has expanded onto the World Wide Web and has received numerous e-mails concerning that one short article, all asking if she exists.

That one article is GDT's single most popular piece. There is an appeal to her that we can not fathom nor care to. She is not charismatic nor particularly pleasant to people, yet they adore her. Why?

We have spent long sleepless days and wakeless nights pondering this question. I think we understand now, and offer you the opportunity to join the small, exclusive fold in the light.

The Cult of the Bare Foot Girl.

That's right. GDT now has an official religion. We're not worshiping the girl who just happens to be on our staff, but the entity of the Bare Foot Girl that is personified by her. Surely you've experienced the rapture of The Bare Foot Girl. Remember when you were young and ran about without any shoes...making fists with your toes in the sand at the beach...maybe running out into a slight dusting of snow, without anything on your feet, to check the mail. All these are times when the Spirit has ridden you (giddy-on little doggy). The spirit of the Bare Foot Girl can enter anyone at anytime, making their lives much more livable (and their feet much tougher).

There are so many reason to join in our worship of this aspect of the Nature Spirit. You can become The Bare Foot Girl (underoos available, batteries not included). No foolish dogma (yet. You can be a part of making it). Best of all, if we can get over 100 members, we can be recognized by the United States government as an official religion (as long as Go-Pat-Go isn't elected. Then there will be only one religion and only the revised Republican-Facist Party. All hail el Presedente).

In all honesty, we just wanted to trump up a reason we could bring back the concept of tithing. Hey, we need the money, you're all guilt ridden with your imagined sins; lets get together. We'll forgive you your sins, so you can go sleep with your best friend's girl/boy-friend and cheat on all your tests. We even offer affordable rates and no bothersome "Hail Mary's." Best of all, it's tax deductible!

Now, here are some sage words from The Bare Foot Girl prophet:

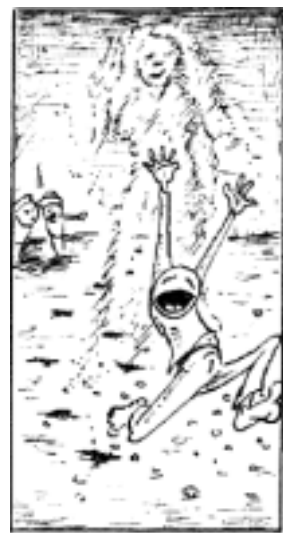
When the idea of the Cult of the Barefoot Girl was first suggested to me, I laughed, in that typical arrogant manner that I have, but the idea has kind of grown on me, so I've made an appointment with my physician. Imagine it: a whole group of people working together to promote the ideals of the individual. How absolutely absurd. How unnecessary. How truly human. For those of you who find it important to have specific religious relics, we don't have any golden plates, only used plastic spoons, but we promise we won't lose them.

Oh Shit. We've gone too far haven't we. We're in the land where nothing is funny now. Not seriousness, but Non-humorous. We're even beyond the point of fucking with your mind. Only resentment and paranoia can be found here..so what the fuck do you want of us!

It's so cold here...cold and pink. The colour of magick is beyond purple, infinity is blue (as is humor, by the way), seriousness is grey, but the land of Non-humor is pink.

What a weary people are the Nonhumarians. Those soft, silent creatures who stare out from their pink, fleshy faces as you try to amuse. Here, jokes actually can be heard when they hit the floor.

In the distance is a great standing form, dark against the sun. It's so familiar, so...oh my God...it's full of stars.



PERSON
©



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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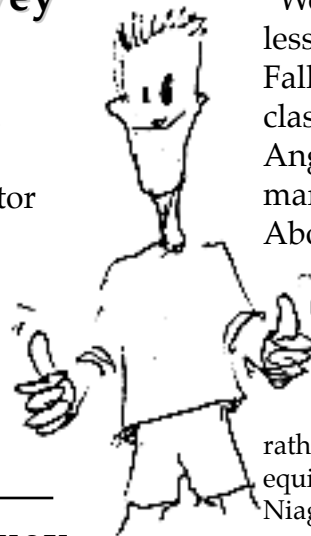
Staff Illustrator:

Heather Danielson

Last Week's Survey Results

"Would you rather always know the exact time or go around in a Roman gladiator costume six days out of seven?"

- 47.4%: Gladiator Costume
- 42.1%: Exact Time
- 5.3%: Both
- 5.3%: I don't know how to answer that



"Would you rather float oarless in a kayak over Niagara Falls twice or be mailed third class from Miami to Los Angeles in a refrigerator box marked, 'Handle With Care Abortion Equipment -Enclosed.'"

- 50%: Refrigerator box
- 40%: Niagara Falls
- 5%: Both

Favorite response: I'd rather be wrapped in abortion equipment and thrown over Niagara Falls twice.

This Week's Survey

Would you rather be a millionaire only allowed to spend your fortune in nickels or have a magical refrigerator that was always stocked with your favorite foods?

Would you rather have your name tattooed on your forehead or a portrait of your favorite Vice-President covering your chest (and if so, who)?

Apathy

Mount: Procrastination

Likes: not applicable

Dislikes: not applicable

Strength: \bar{x}

Agility: 10

Wisdom: \bar{x}

Dexterity: \bar{x}

Charisma: \bar{x}

Most Commonly Used Phrase: "There's nothing I can do about it."

Remarkable Qualities: The most remarkable quality Apathy has is that he is so completely unremarkable it is almost noteworthy, almost.

Procrastination: The only possible explanation we can make for the old nag is that a giant moth tried to digest her and half way through, thought better of that decision.



Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

Enter, please, the corridors of stigmatic succor. The **Martyr of the Week** for April 7-13 is **St. Stanislaus (April 11)**. Stanislaus Szczepanowsky was an 11th century Bishop of Cracow who had a long standing feud with his

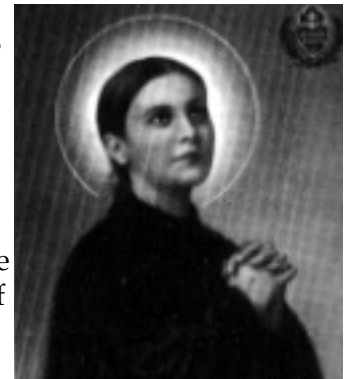


St. Stanislaus

King. Stanislaus objected to the King's extramarital philandering and for this was accused by the Monarch, Boleslaus the Cruel, of stealing land from a peasant, who was, at the moment, deceased. Our saint prayed fervently for three days and then went to the graveyard and summoned forth the corpse of the citizen in question. The decaying witness accompanied Stanislaus to court where he testified that he had indeed been paid in full. The feud ended when King Boleslaus, under threat of excommunication, entered the cathedral in Cracow during the middle of the Eucharist in High Mass and hacked Stanislaus to pieces with his sword. For many years afterward the coffin of our saint gave off a delicate fragrance (thus proving his holiness). It is contended by modern Polish historians that Stanislaus was actually killed due to his part in a plot to overthrow the king (but we all know that conspiracy theories are the crutch of all revisionist historians).

Other Martyrs of note this week include **St. Hedda (April 10)**. St. Hedda was the Abbot of a community of monks near Peterborough in England. In the year 869 the same wave of Viking attacks that claimed the life of St. Edmund (Nov 20) also claimed the lives of St Hedda and 84 monks in his abbey.

While not a martyr, **St. Gemma Galgari (April 11)** was one of the rash of female mystics that the Catholic Church saw at the close of the 19th century. Due to her poor health St. Gemma was never able to become a nun. She did however exhibit the signs of stigmata (her hands, feet and side regularly "gushed" blood), the wounds of the crown of thorns and those of Christ's scourging. These blessed gifts were so severe that her bones were exposed and her hair regularly drenched with blood. At the age of 25 Gemma died of tuberculosis, her arms outstretched, as if on the cross.



St. Gemma



"Be true! Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world, if not your worst, yet some trait whereby the worst may be inferred!"

-The Scarlet Letter, Nathaniel Hawthorne

Each day millions of people across the face of the globe pray for salvation. Yet, how many of them rob from their friends, lie to their

loved ones, and commit atrocities against Life, then beg for forgiveness to be let through the gates into Paradise upon their Judgement, only to commit the same acts the next day? They are sinful, but yearn for the bliss of Heaven. In true humbleness, they prostrate themselves before their Lord...their God.

As a rule, organized religion has accommodated their piousness by outlining a sanctified path to salvation; simply by living one's life by what is outlined, one can achieve Paradise.

However.

People digress. they falter. They fail.

They sin.

They are, after all, only human. So they ask for forgiveness...which is often granted. God is a forgiving god...in the eyes of most.

It is not only guilt of sin that drives people to seek forgiveness, but fear. At the polar opposite of Heaven is Hell. In theory, Hell need not even exist. hell could be no more than non-existence and evoke feelings of dread in most. The Epicureans solved that problem, so Hell is Punishment.

My point is this: people live their lives in a fashion that will allow them to achieve a hypothetical heaven, all the while denying themselves; all the while, living a lie.

Such hypocrisy! What God would welcome hypocrites into His Kingdom? Though Charles Manson sinned against Life, he is among the blest.

He was pure and true to himself.

Live your life, not to achieve a Heaven you may or may not deserve, but as you really want to live. Accept the consequences for your actions and enter Heaven without the blemish of Hypocrisy.

GDT's First Hate Mail: from Nostradamus

This issue marks the one year anniversary of our most popular issue to date, the Barefoot Girl issue. Recently we were rummaging through our old material and stumbled over our first hate mail letter and read through it. To our honest surprise we discovered that our assailant was none other than one of the world's greatest seers into the future or he had just caught the luck virus. Follow through the letter and we shall elucidate it's subtle intricacies.

"Gracies Slandertime Brainwash.."

Hello... I'm writing this letter in regards to your "publication," "Gracies Dinnertime Theatre."

Did you ever ask yourself why The Reporter didn't let you publish that? Did it ever occur to you that journalism, at least in theory, is not based on opinions, but on facts? Did you even read your own publication? It's no surprise that they didn't want it in their newsmag.

First off, you must be one hell of an insecure individual. Not only is this "publication" sexist in the highest degree, you speak as if you're perfect. As if you're ALLOWED to condemn people, and pronounce judgement upon them, based upon how they choose to express themselves.

Let me ask you this- has that woman ever told you to fuck off? Has she ever accosted people preaching a message about world peace, or environmentalism? Is she outside your room pounding down the door, telling you to "repent, repent?"

I don't think so. Why ever she does what she does is her business, and her business alone. You have *no right* WHATSOEVER to slander her, especially in a public write up. According to the first amendment, this type of bullshit is punishable by Law.

"Yeah, it's always funny to laugh at people, it's funny to put down people... I feel great when I make people feel like shit, it makes my balls feel big." Is that what you say after you distribute this garbage? You're just another typical RIT asshole. Did you ever study your history? Ever read anything about World War II and the Nazi's? Most of the jewish race getting annihilated, and things like that? Remember reading about that? Is that what you're trying to start up here?

And don't tell me this publication is "just a joke," or "You're taking this way too seriously." Because THIS garbage is no joke.

I could say more, but I'll save it. I think you get the picture.

-Dave

In the paragraph that begins, "Let me ask you..." Has the barefoot girl ever told the author of said article to fuck off? Why yes, I have, but how did he know? Have I ever preached world peace or environmentalism? Logic tells us that because the word "or" was used only one part of that sentence need be true to make the entire statement truthful, and as it so happens, huh, I started writing "From the Corner" last quarter giving advice on, wouldn't you know it, environmentalism. As for that question about pounding on the author's door shouting, "Repent! Repent!" it was more of a knock and it was only because Dave gave me the idea in the first place, but yet it still happened. Kind of creepy isn't it.

As final proof of Dave's ability of foreshadowing I have to site his quote, "Yeah, it's always funny to laugh at people, it's funny to put down people... I feel great when I make people feel like shit, it makes my balls feel big." How could he have known if not for his great abilities that we were going to adopt that exact quote as our creed to be stated prior to each meeting when we prepare our issues for distribution.

With abilities like that we can really over look such things as, "the jewish race", it's sort of like talking about the christian race, but excuse me my slanderous comments and do not consider me a non-believer.

-The Barefoot Girl and the GDT Staff

~~Psssss!~~

~~LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON~~

~~origice~~

I've learned that when screwing any ~~object~~ onto another, remember "righty-tighty, lefty-loosey."

-Age 31

~~day care~~

I've learned that if you call it ~~gardening~~, you can play in the ~~dirt~~ all you want.

~~kids~~ -Age 65

I've learned that it's always good to have the dog around when Mom ~~serves brussel sprouts.~~

~~isn't~~ -Age 18

~~porn~~

I've learned that when I have a "~~pity~~ party," I am the only one who shows up. ~~with minors~~

-Age 54

Random Acts of E-mail

-from Mark Nowak

YOU KNOW I'VE ALWAYS HEARD OF THE SONG "EL CONDOR PASA" BY SIMON AND GARFUNKEL, BUT I NEVER ACTUALLY HEARD IT TILL TONIGHT. AND IT WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS:

I'D RATHER BE A MOLLUSK THAN A SHELL,
IF I COULD, IF I WOULD
I'D RATHER CALL IT AN ODOR THAN A SMELL,
IF I COULD, YADA YADA YADA
(MEANDERING FLUTE)

I WAITED 21 YEARS FOR THIS?!? I'M SOOOO GLAD I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH OF THE 70's.

DID I TOP MYSELF?

--ME, BEAUTIFUL, ME

letters

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 5

Hurrah! A letter from the University of Rochester! We are being acknowledged! Now if only we can get some submissions...

Date: Fri, 29 Mar 1996
From: Michelle Amoruso
Subject: Deviant behavior

Dear GDT,

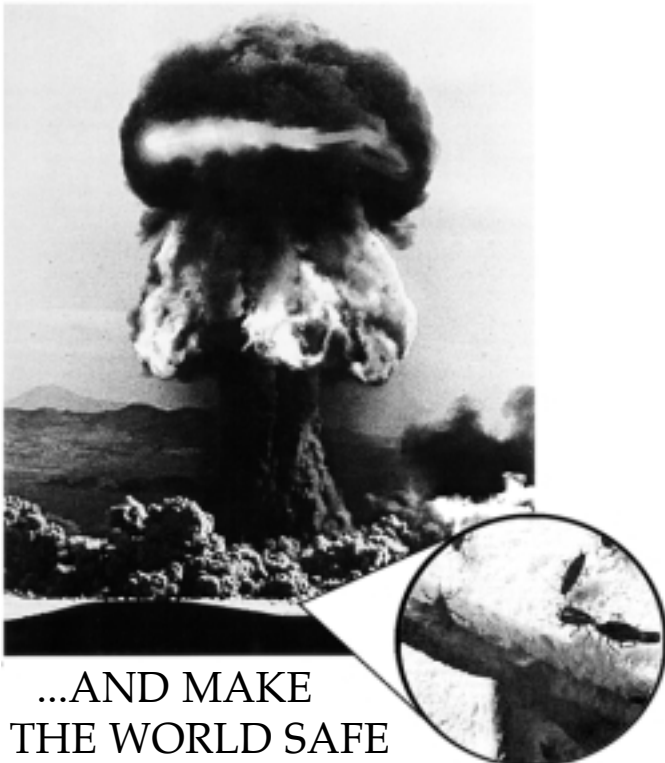
I am a faithful UR reader. I would like to inform you of some deviant behavior I witnessed on the academic quad in the past week. One of your writers, Mark Nowak, was seducing campus squirrels with a Snickers bar. I suggest an intervention before he either gets hurt or gets lucky.

A concerned reader

Send any submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to: diablo@csh.rit.edu or: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester, New York, 14623

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing it for clarity.

SUPPORT NUCLEAR TESTING...



...AND MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR BLIND, SCREWING COCK-ROACHES.

GDTees are back!

Last quarters GDTees have been delivered to all of the people who ordered them. We'd like to thank everyone who ordered one and say that we raised enough money to pay for the printing of one and a quarter issues, but at this point every little bit counts.

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

We only order as many as we need, so they are limited edition and you must order them soon.

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

To order contact diablo@csh.rit.edu



"Has anyone seen the water hole?"

"He's fat, but James T. Kirk still likes to impress the ladies."

Let's talk about evolution. Not the abstract, oh-look-at-how-the-beaks-of-birds-change-over-generations-in-response-to-drought, but the hard hitting, really important issues concerning human evolution. We've got to face it, humans are evolving (except for all the Christian Coalition Phanatics. THAT'S how evolution should work: if you're not aware of the concept of evolution, you evolve to a point that you can consider it. If you decide to disbelieve in evolution, it decides to not believe in you, and you stop evolving. So get the hell out of my way you, you Creationists you!), but we're not nearly as crafty as the ducks behind my old high school who managed to survive on diets which consisted entirely of discarded cigarette butts and used condoms (lots of protein in one of them things). The problem is the way we are evolving.

It has been pointed out again and again that we, as a species, are really not all that great. We're like the decathletes of the animal world: we're the best mediocre creatures on the planet. We're not particularly big, or fast, we don't have claws, or teeth^f, or poison, or protective mimicry[†]. Hell, even the fact that we have opposable thumbs isn't so hot. I know a cat that has double paws and it uses them to pick up pens and throw them at you when it wants attention (no shit. No, really. He just throws pens). At one point people were saying it was our intellect that separated us from animals, but recent studies have shown that animals as close as other apes, and as varied as dolphins and parrots possess both a human intelligence level and language abilities.

So what makes us so damned crafty? Imagination. Without imagination, we're just hairless apes hitting flashing buttons or using the clapper if we're a little lazier (as I sit here typing, my non-opposable thumbs getting in the way while my jutting brow ridge is blocking my view of the Commodore 64 monitor). Unfortunately, we're backing ourselves into an evolutionary crevice (wwwhhhhoooooaaaa...). Technology and the imagination (of Bill Gates. We thought this would be understood...) has led us to the front door of the "global village," and we're all just waiting till someone has the nerve to knock. Soon all information will be just a fingertip away; you think we're fat and lazy now, wait until your computer can double as cook and hospital orderly. In the global village any one idea can be spread across the entirety of the globe in a matter of seconds. As soon as you've had an idea, the world has it. Look at the advances in the rate of information transfer from, say, the British Isles to mainland America. First, a sailing ship: a few months. A steam powered ship would have cut that to a few weeks. Then the telegraph brought that down to a few minutes. Now, not only can I send information to individuals in Great Britain in a few seconds, but to Japan, Brazil, and just about anywhere that there is a phone jack. In this sort of world why would original thought even be considered? Every new thought could be instantaneously spread across the world and become the world's thought. People will have less of an incentive to create original ideas. We as a species will eventually be relegated to merely recombining old ideas into as of yet unused combinations and any technological advance will occur merely as a product of centuries of creative inertia.

Don't believe me? Well I have one word for you. Suits. That's right. Suits. You know, the kind that are worn by business men ALL AROUND THE GLOBE. All business men, regardless of where they are, who they are, how much they earn or whether or not they can identify the Wall Street Journal in fifty paces or less can now be seen sporting the



^f Well, we just don't have fun teeth, like sharks(rows and rows of razor sharp friends), pit vipers(hinged, hollow, venom conduits of pain) and narwals(yes, that is one mama-jama of a tooth)

[†] Except for the amazing and absolutely dazzling mimicry enabled by uttering the magic words, "I'm a little tea-pot, short and stout, here is my..."



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Sean T. Hammond

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10:1 Cereal Delusions

Editor/writer:

Peter Fir'Ruys

From The Kitchen: Well, our favorite sport, Reporter bashing, is back in season. It was considerate of the Reporter to facilitate us by printing their worst issue to date. Distributed late and containing articles with no apparent ending, the editor-in-chief had the gall to write an editorial entitled "Apathy," asking the readership to re-evaluate what they thought of the Reporter in an attempt to sway the popular opinion that it is no longer worth the paper it is printed on.

The Powers-That-Be at the headquarters of Hell's Kitchen recieved a copy of the issue in question and promptly sent out a letter to the Reporter and all Hell's Kitchen member publications in the Rochester area. Whether the Reporter publishes the letter or not, you get it here.

Subject: The Reporter
Date: Monday, 9 Apr 1996 00:00:01
From: cdiablo

"Here at the Reporter we have a responsibility to be professional., and we make every effort to maintain a high level of quality."

-Jason Curtis, Editor-in-Chief
April 5, 1996 issue of the Reporter

I, and many of those who work with me, are students of irony. Take for example the April 5th publication of the Reporter. In the Letter from the Editor aptly entitled "Apathy" the resident editor-in-chief bemoaned the common sentiment that the Reporter is not a high quality publication, passing blame to the faculty. Like all individuals, he yearns for respect for the project with which he is involved.

However.

Respect is to be earned, not given; and once earned, it does not have a sort of grandfather clause granting it respect ad infinitum. Respect must be deserved.

Now let's examine the Reporter and determine whether it deserves the respect of its readership.

The April 5th issue of the Reporter appeared at drop sites on the 8th of April ("Our entire staff learns how to meet deadlines..." -Jason Curtis). This minor delay in publication could be overlooked if it were not for the repetition of this pattern. Over and over again the Reporter has been distributed late...and in some instances, not at all.

Overlooking the sloppy punctuation and questionable grammar common in the Reporter, two articles in this issue, "Some Changes to the Computer

Privacy Policy" and "Girl 6," were meant to be continued on additional pages but lacked any indication as to where the continuation could be found. Another two articles, "Spike Lee's Gotta Have It," and "Oliver Stone: Uncensored," proudly announced that the articles were continued on page 23. Unfortunately, page 23 consisted of interviews with a number of students on multiculturalism. All of the unfinished articles were concluded on page 28 (which, incidentally, had no page number printed)...a fact not mentioned anywhere in the colour coordinated pages of the Reporter.

The last piece of evidence I have to present concerns the cover of the Reporter, featuring a very impressive graphic of the RIT logo comprised of flags of the world. Unfortunately, the symbol in question is no longer the logo for RIT; it was changed to "R•I•T" quite some time ago.

So the task of you, the readership of the Reporter, is to determine if the Reporter is worthy of respect. Ignore the graphics, remove the plethora of ads, and subtract the colour format. Ask yourself: does the weekly (usually) evidence indicate a "...high level of quality?" If not, why support a publication unable to live up to its own standards.

Cease whining about not getting respect and do something to deserve it.

-Carissimus Diablo
Head, Hell's Kitchen
-Sean Hammond and Kelly Gunter
Editors, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
-B. J. Leopold
Editor, Melancholy Predator

latest Armani suit jackets and the sharpest ties. As little as fifty years ago you could have traveled the world and seen a diverse collection of garments. Now, most counties treat cultural dress as a sort of costume that is worn only on special occasions.

The last bastions of imagination lie in the "underdeveloped" countries of the world. Here, among the uncouth goat herders and simple farmers, where they have never used a computer in their life, fresh thoughts thrive. But thanks to groups like the Peace Corps, even these groups are disappearing. Sure, they are exposed to our thoughts, causing an overwhelming increase in the new ideas they have, but the western world simply classifies, codifies and tucks away any new thoughts received from their addition to the "idea pool."

Knowledge and perception go hand in hand. How we perceive the world dictates what we perceive as the truth, and what we see as the truth determines how we see the world.

So There™.

The GDT Challenge

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

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

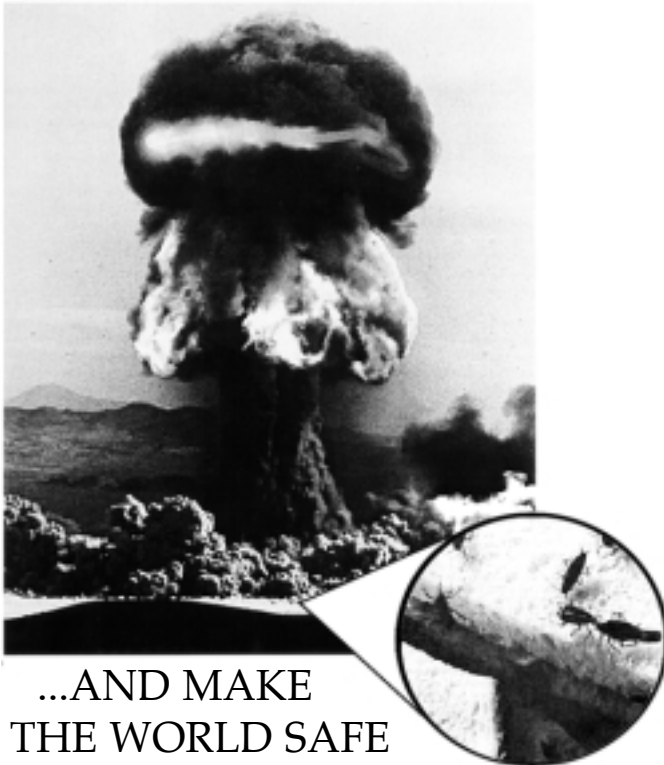
As an incentive, we're offering a free GD Tee Shirt, but we're not worried; even if there are issues we can't write about, people are so apathetic we won't hear anything..

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

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- All ideas must be printed before the last issue.
- Not all ideas will be first page material. Some may show up as Dear BFG's, God Files, From the Corner, After Dinner Mints, or any other column we regularly run

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

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Last Chance for GD Tees!

We'd like to thank everyone who has ordered one of our new tee designs. If, however, you've been waffling on the edge of tee-shirt oblivion, this is your last chance to order a GD Tee shirt this year. Remember, all profit goes to cover printing costs, and at this point, every little bit counts.

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

We only order as many as we need, so they are limited edition and you must order them now, because the order gets send in on April 16th.

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

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Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

Welcome again to my ramblings and revelations. **The Martyr of the Week for April 14-20 is St. Peter Martyr (April 20).** Peter was born in Verona, Italy to



St. Peter Martyr

Catharist parents who subscribed to the Manichaean heresy (it's an offshoot of Xianity that believed that their spiritual leader, Mani, had lived many previous lives as great spiritual leaders; Buddha and Jesus were two of his previous incarnations). Peter didn't follow in his parent's footsteps, but instead joined the Dominican order at the age of 15. He gained much fame preaching and performing miracles and was soon appointed to head the Inquisition at Lombardy. Not surprisingly, he specialized in condemning people who had believed in/belonged to/initiated heresies against the Church.

During his travels across northern and central Italy he performed numerous miracles including cloud production, vanquishing the devil, the curing of scorpion bites, and the defeat of the Cathars in battle. Some interesting stories reveal the uneven temperament of our saint. Once, when some children were throwing stones from a building, he cursed them, causing the building to collapse and kill the offensive youths. When a man confessed to Peter that he had, in a fit of anger, kicked his own mother, he was told to cut off the offending limb. The man complied and Peter was kind enough to restore the appendage. Peter was martyred when the Catharists succeeded in waylaying him on a journey to Milan. He was stabbed in the breast and his head was cleaved with a large knife.

Pride

*Mount: She doesn't need one, dammit!
But if she did, it would be Arrogence.*

Likes: Herself and Humans

Dislikes: Humility

Strength: 7.5 on the richter scale

Agility: 10+ (no one else is good enough to please her, so she has to please herself)

Wisdom: 10+

Dexterity: 10+

Charisma: 5

Speed: 1

Description: Tall, with hard features and a head that would not bow before man or god, she has often stood out in the rain rather than seek shelter.

Humans are especially fascinating to Prinde.

No other creature would dare to defy the elements and Time to create massive, yet doomed structures.

She can identify with this....



Random Facts:

-Compiled by Sean Hammond

Thomas Parr of England was born in 1483 and died in 1635. King Charles I was so impressed with his age, he was invited to meet the king, but died during the trip.

Queen Christina of Sweden had a four inch cannon made for killing fleas in the 1600s.

There is no record of a flea ever being killed by one of the tiny cannon balls.

~~LEARN AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON~~

I've learned that man may move mountains, but he'll never move the ~~postal service~~.
re *cum stains from the sorority couch*
 -Age ~~23~~
 6

I've learned that nothing feels as solid, smells as good, or holds as many infinite possibilities as a ~~brand-new book~~.
 . . . -Age 29

I've learned that you should make sure your ~~kitten~~ is safe from your kids or they will put her on the ceiling fan and watch her ride ~~around~~.
wife
it hard
 -Age 31

Last Week's Survey Results

"Would you rather be a millionaire only allowed to spend your fortune in nickels or have a magical refrigerator that was always stocked with your favorite foods?"

- 54.16%: Magick fridge
- 41.67: Fortune in nickels
- 4.17%: "Huh?"

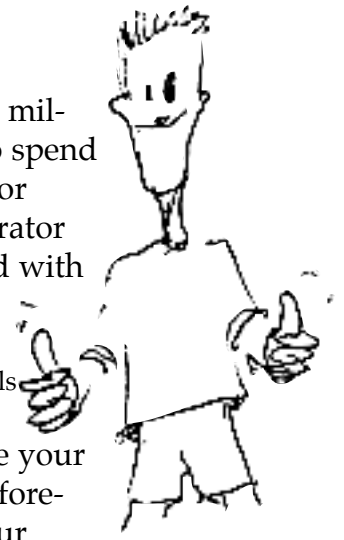
"Would you rather have your name tattooed on your forehead or a portrait of your favorite Vice-president covering your chest (and if so, who?)"

- 4.5%: Neither
- 81.8%: Tattooed name
- Favorite Response: "...a paragraph of slurs and epithets (in parentheses), left justified on my head, that explain my name."
- 13.5%: Vice-President

The Choices:

- Dan Quale
- Grant ("...because he's such a bastard.")
- Nixon ("...tattooed so that his hands, in the

famous "V"s, would be on my pecks. Then I'd learn how to flex my pecks and make it look like he was moving his hands.")



This Week's Surveys

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

"Would you rather deliver healthy babies to grateful parents or suitcases full of money to poor people?"
 send responses to GDT c/o diablo@csh.rit.edu

Submissions

Come!
 Come buy a life. Non-refundable. All sales final. You'll wonder what you ever did without one.
 Come buy a life.
 But we? We never get that choice do we?
 Come this is life. This is yours whether you wish it or no. Come, you have no choice in the matter.
 Take it or it will take you!
 Come!
 Come buy a life. Non-refundable. All sales final...
 -Hanna Thomas
 Oct 25th 1993

Ahead of me, I roam an empty landscape.
 To tired to continue, to frightened not to move.
 While all along inside of me it grows. A seed of life, of death, of both, who knows?
 Still moving, ever in motion, always leaving.
 But behind, what? Others? Self?
 Emotions? unknown.
 How can you escape the pain that grows inside?

-Hanna Thomas
 Nov 10th 1993



“definitions”

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

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

Without further ado...

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

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

Arborealophobia-fear of tree-like things.

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

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

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

Flacoxenogeriatrodepilakopfviroducoastrobarquephilia- The love of Patrick Stewart in Star Trek.

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

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

Gregarious- loudly chanting.

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

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

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

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

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

Muleteer-A driver of mules.

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

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

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

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



Swain



Swain



Swain



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

Hell's Kitchen

Head: C. Diablo

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10:1 Cereal Delusions

Editor/writer:

Peter Fir'Ruys

News from the kitchen:

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

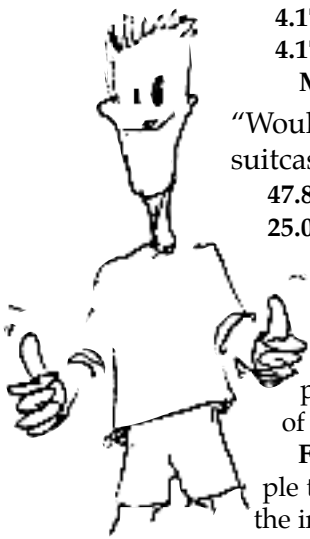
Harry F. Walter
809 14th Avenue SE
Olympia, Wa 98501

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

Last Week's Survey Results

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

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



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

- 47.83%: deliver money to the poor
- 25.00%: deliver babies to parents
- 8.70%: both
- 4.35%: "I need more information."
- Favorite Quote:** "I'll do the babies."
- Most Practical Response:** "I would rather TAKE babies from poor people and SELL them to grateful parents for suitcases full of money!"
- Favorite Response:** "I'd rather deliver suitcases full of poor people to grateful parents and healthy babies stuffed with money to the insane."

This Week's Survey Questions

Would you rather live without mirrors or without clocks?

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



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

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LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON

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

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

"Maybe I should Tell my kids about The dark place." -Age 59

I've learned that one nice thing about reaching eighty is that you don't have to apologize for ~~anything~~ -Age 82

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

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INQUISITION

Mount: Piety

Likes: Dadaism and Fire

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

Strength: of four Vienna choir boys.

Agility: E₀

Wisdom: Wax on, wax off.

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

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

Favorite Implement: The TRUTH

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



Hell's Kitchen subscriptions available

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

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

Martyr of the week

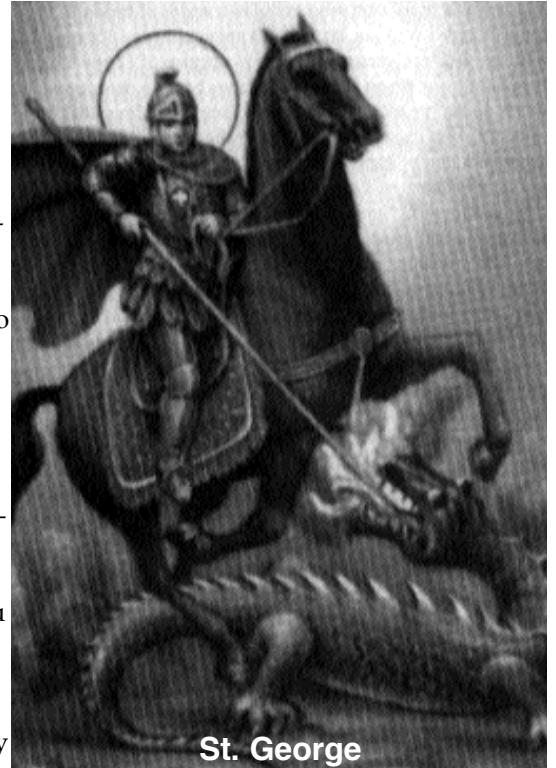
-by Troy Liston

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

staunch avenger of women. There are numerous varying accounts of his legendary encounter with a dragon, which is actually a fairly recent fabrication originating in Italy. The now classic version generally goes as follows:

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

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



St. George



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Subject: The GDT Challenge

Date: Tue, 9 Apr 1996

Dearest GDT,

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

My Biggest Problem
by
Michelle Amoruso

Furious licking
Leads to misunderstandings
And more things that suck.

Thank you.

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

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

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

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


I anxiously await your response.

Love always and forever,

Your favorite UR reader

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



"RcIaT"

"RIT will admit and hire men and women, veterans and persons with disabilities, individuals of any race, creed, religion, color, national or ethnic origin, sexual orientation, age, or marital status in compliance with all appropriate legislation including the Age Discrimination Act and Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (P.L. 88-352) Gee... I wonder if that covers HAIR?"

-From a sign hung by students in Building 7a to protest the proposed discontinuation of many of their programs.

Written 22 April, 1996

Once again the student body of RIT finds itself spiraling towards conflict with the administration. The last time this happened was shortly after the Gulf War and led to the dismissal of RIT's former President Rose. It was big news at the time, finding it's way into national busy-body news mags and government watchdog publications across the country. You probably don't know what I'm talking about...allow me to elucidate:

Undoubtedly you have heard the rumors that the CIA is directly involved with RIT. Well, that is not a rumor. It is a fact. There are CIA contact people who are open about their positions on the campus as I write this. The CIA's involvement now is nothing but a shade...but an echo of it's former greatness. Back in the days when there was an Art School, even back when there was a Photo program, the CIA was God (or at least the agency RIT sold it's soul to, but they had the good sense to buy more than a lousy dinosaur sponge for five dollars, or a couple of couches).

It was recently pointed out that it is the money that companies, such as Kodak contribute, that drive RIT. Well, if that is true, the CIA was a canister of nitrous oxide hidden under the hood. Between 1966 and 1975 the CIA openly gave the College of Graphic Arts and Photography approximately \$200,000 in grants^f. These were open, transactions, there for anyone to see if they examined the books[†]. Imagine the amount of money being trickled into the school through more subtle means.

During the time Rose was President, millions of dollars were channeled into RIT and the RIT Research Corporation[√]. No great surprise that this was the Renaissance of RIT. The photo program at RIT competed for first in the nation for quality with RISD. No surprise, with courses being offered in satellite imagery, lock smithing (casting keys), and currency quality printing that RIT quickly gained credibility, not to mention channeling students from RIT directly into the CIA. It was reported that "30 RIT...students have gone to work just for the National Security agency and the Central Intelligence Agency." There was even a half-hearted joke that the millions in counterfeit currency that flooded into Iraq after the Gulf War to destroy their economy was printed at RIT.

It wasn't until President Rose announced on February 15, 1991 that he would be taking a sabbatical to serve his country that the inrush of federal money into RIT was threatened. Apparently Rose's concept of serving "in an area that maximizes my military, educational, and management experience" consisted of helping the CIA devise new training methods for agents operating in a post Cold War era. What the hell does that have to do with the Gulf War?

Outraged at the deception, the students of RIT and the faculty who had long yearned to remove the CIA from RIT began a series of protests that eventually exposed the full scope of the entwinement between the two acronyms. Under pressure, the giggle gas finally gave way,

^f Incidentally, RIT was constructed on its current site with thoughts toward Riot Control. All those narrow openings between buildings, floor seven of building one being capable of shutting off all access (as some students discovered on Monday), and the interesting fact that building 7 is one of the few buildings on the academic side that is not connected to any other building; they did that because they knew that if the shit ever hit the fan, it would start in building 7 and they wanted to be able to contain it easily. Still, they'd never be able to get rid of the smell and dung beetles.

[†] Assuming, of course, the books didn't examine them first.

[√] Jennifer Hyman, "Millions in CIA Funding Pumped into CIA Coiffers," Democrat and Chronicle, May 16, 1991, p. A1



(continued from page 1)

Rose resigned, and since that time, the CIA influence has waned.

Huh, wouldn't you know it: a few year after the CIA was officially gone, the photo program was raped (rapere signum), much to the chagrin of the students. "Not enough money." Now, with Dr. Margret Lucas's policy of strip mining the Arts College[§], all programs are threatened. The CIA no longer has a need for the college of Arts, and is cleaning up after itself. Another major building not connected to the others on the academic side is Computer Science, and their programs aren't being cut, that we are aware of. Perhaps they are still of use....

RIT, you shot yourself in the head when you exposed the CIA's involvement. Talk about biting the hand that feeds you, this school was built on the federal money pouring in from the CIA. When the CIA left, it took its affluent coffers with it and all that's left of it's former glory days is the shadow of the Japanese garden, governmental misinformation administration policies (information on a need to know basis only), and a poorly designed metal cat. Of course the programs offered in the

various College of Arts are disappearing; the money that created and funded them had the metaphorical Orkin man set upon them.

We at Hell's Kitchen suggest we welcome the CIA back onto the campus. Let them return and shower us with their golden coins. Sure, the CIA have been called baby killers, but haven't we all[∂]? What it comes down to guys, is what is more important: keeping an organization responsible for plotting the assassination of foreign leaders and attempting to topple "unfriendly" governments, or have excellent education programs?

Write to the CIA and ask them to return to RIT, or talk to your local CIA representative. They are everywhere on campus. Maybe they are just waiting for us to ask them back. Well, here's your chance to welcome with open arms and have your mind laundered while you wait. It might be even more fun to let them give you a full cranium cleansing (with extra scrubbing bubbles); it's like spring cleaning for all of those non-essential idiosyncrasies and out moded beliefs (Christians, please form an orderly queue).

§ Interestingly enough, many of the higher administration staff of RIT have developed their own version of full contact tackle toss the buck, complete with kick me signs.

∂ The worst I was ever called was a "pinko-communist-bastard." Little did they know I was a "self-centered-egoistic-son-of-a-bitch."

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of diablo@csh.rit.edu or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any correspondence received
Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt>

Al Simone

Mount: *Managed Attrition*

"And I would have gotten away with it if it weren't for you meddling kids!"

Strength: *Able to demolish programs in a single bound. or a couple of shorter. though more time consuming strides.*

Agility: *To dodge students questions in a single breath.*

Wisdom: *Well. you won't catch his grubby little mitts in the cookie jar. he's already got Oreo on the payroll.*

Charisma: *"Oh. I wish I were a little bar of soap! I'd go slippy, slippy, slidey over everybody's hidey. oh I wish I were a little bar of soap!"*

Speed: *Kind of like a watched pot. Turn your back for a minute. all your water is gone. and your pot is ruined.*

Favorite Sayings: *"Out of site really is out of mind."*

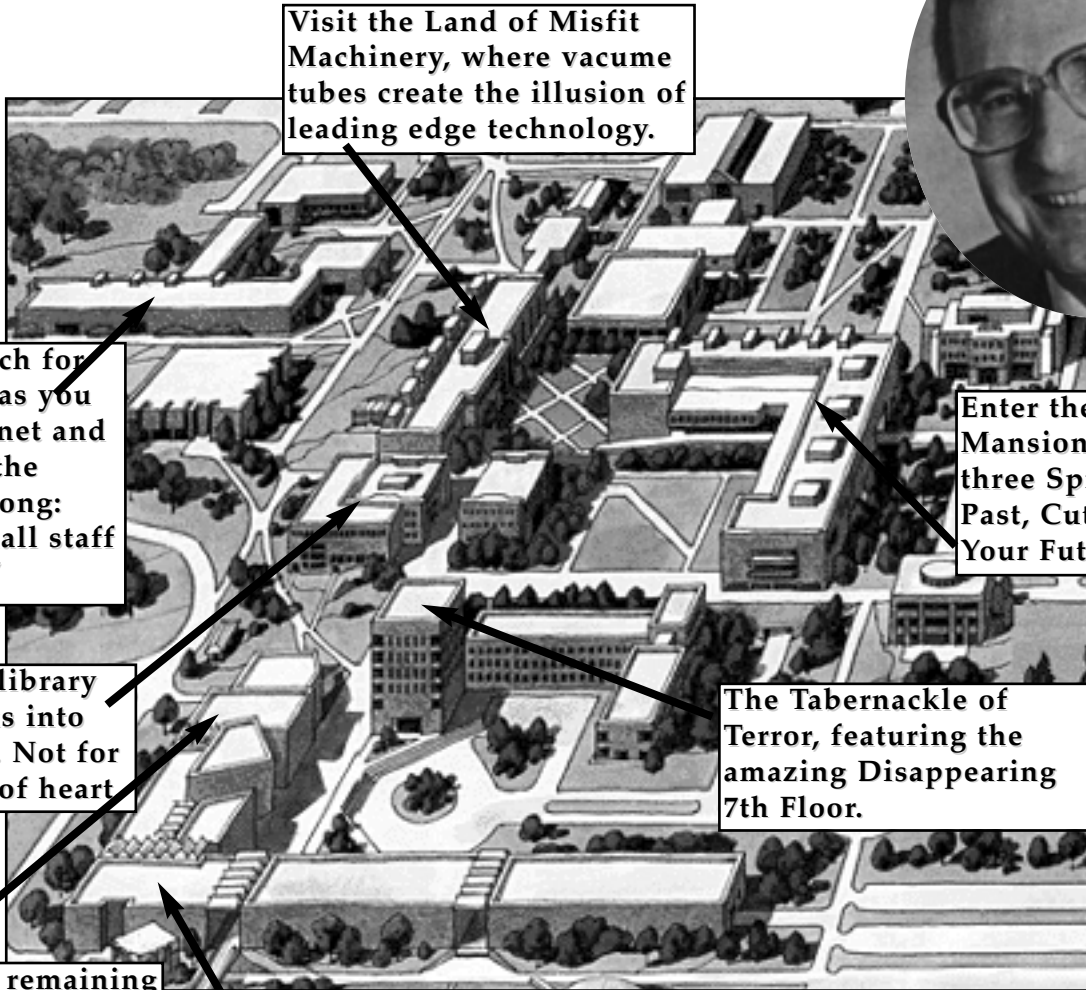
Var.1 "Out of site. Out of curriculum."



Reclaimer

The Army of Darkness Card series to the left features fictional characters which may or may not exhibit any redeeming qualities. Any similarities that exist between these characters, in either appearance or demeanor, and any actual persons, either living or dead, is purely intentional.

Welcome to Al's Bad Lands



Visit the Land of Misfit Machinery, where vacume tubes create the illusion of leading edge technology.

ISC: Search for meaning as you surf the 'net and listen to the native's song: "It's a small staff after all."

Enter the Haunted Mansion and see the three Spirits: Programs Past, Cuts Present, and Your Future.

Ride the library as it sinks into the earth. Not for the faint of heart

The Tabernacle of Terror, featuring the amazing Disappearing 7th Floor.

The only remaining college for writing: Essay U.

Enjoy the aquarium filled with all the local aquatic life (ie. zebra muscles. That's it. They've killed everything else).

These are the majors recommended for elimination by the Dean (Margaret Lucas) of CIAS:

Place Stamp Here

Central Intelligence Agency
Public Affairs Office
Washington, DC 20505

- (G=Graduate U = Undergraduate)
- Interior Design (G)
- MST Art Education Studio (G)
- Glass (U), (G - on probationary condition)
- Ceramics (U), (G - on probationary condition)
- Weaving/Textiles (U,G)
- Printmaking (U,G)
- Painting (U,G)
- Medical Illustration - to be combined with Illustration as a concentration

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

The **Martyr of the Week** for **April 28-May 4** is none other than **Building 7**, the Booth building on the RIT campus. Building 7 houses the School for American Crafts and the School of Art and Design, both of which are the subject of proposed program cuts. If these cuts are put into effect it will literally rip the creative soul out of the Institute. A large part of what makes an education in the arts truly worth-

while is versatility and the ability to experiment and dabble in diverse fields of study. It seems obvious that if this is taken away from the students they will be getting less of an education. What is the benefit of eliminating 5 of 7 programs in the SAD school? It is given that the money saved will be used to strengthen the remaining programs by providing better equipment and facilities. I ask what good that will do when the students coming out of such a program are stifled drones with little experience at expressing themselves, creators without creativity, artists without souls.

I believe that we are also reacting in exactly the way that the administration expected and planned. I'm sure that there were a few programs that the Academic review board did find lacking, programs that are either rapidly deteriorating or those in which there is little interest beyond the scope of an elective class. If the administration finds that these two or three programs could be eliminated to save money it needs a way to do it in which it will come out looking good. Why not recommend those programs along with some others that have minor problems, but that you don't truly wish to cut, to be discontinued. There will, of course, be a huge outcry from students and faculty against these proposed cuts. Numerous reasons why and how minor problems can be fixed or avoided are brought out from a now rallying student body. When the administration seems to compromise and only cuts two or three programs instead of eight it looks like it is accommodating student needs. Don't be fooled by the administration's feigned ignorance, this was all planned (though not as well as Iron Mountain).

Thugs

As I came within sight of the nearest entrance to the Eastman building I could see two people from Campus Safety turning a group of people back from entering the building. I just went in the side entrance (I guess we were supposed to get discouraged after seeing our first efforts turned away) and ran up the stairs.

The stairs stop at the 4th floor so I roamed around looking for another means of gaining altitude. I found a pair of elevators and soon so did another small group of students, a woman, some dreds, two kids with a camcorder, and a guy from the Reporter with a tape recorder.

So we were all waiting for the doors of the elevator to open (they took about 4 minutes) and there's this guy in a midnight blue suit jacket standing in the elevator jockey position next to the buttons. "Going down." I think was what he said when he saw us. Later on, "No one's allowed on the seventh floor," and, "You can't go up there," came too.

Dreds started turning on the asshole ray and hit him right between the eyes. He started arguing while the guy from the Reporter gleefully recorded: why can't I go up into the seventh floor? You mean I can't go into my own building? Well what if I go up to the seventh floor? You'll stop me? Well what would you do if I did? What are you gonna do to stop me? So if I tried to get to the seventh floor you'd assault me? You'll assault me if I go to the seventh floor?

At this time the other elevator opened up. I, and most of the crew jumped in. I was puzzled why the midnight blue suit didn't pay us any attention until I found out that the seventh floor button wouldn't light up; they had turned off access to the seventh floor. I hit #6 and it lit up, so we were off once again. We got out and started rooting about discrete-

ly for the back stairs (how discreetly can 4 kids with a camcorder root about?). One of the employees wandered out and the kids began preparing to interview her. She gave a no comment but grudgingly showed us the direction to the back stairs. We went as quickly as we could through the offices and ran up the stairs.

Locked. The 7th and 6th floor stairway doors were both locked, so we went back down to the 5th floor and then I finally departed.

-John French, GDT Staff

- YES! I want a high quality education using the best, state of the art equipment and supplies and encourage the influx of legal and illegal contributions of money to the Rochester Institute of Technology from the Central Intelligence Agency.**
- No. I am willing to stand by my moral objections while the quality of my education decreases and my degree is worth only the paper it is printed on.**

Sponsored by the *Let's Get the CIA Back on RIT Campaign* and *GDT*

Hair

While standing in front of a crowd of annoyed students, RIT's current President, Al Simone had the misfortune of being asked to clarify just what he thought the role the art school played for the RIT community. He began talking about how the engineering students are in trouble because they run the risk of becoming too specialized in their major. The critical part the art students play in Als Bad Lands (see page 3 of GDT) is to provide diversity for the campus, so the engineering students can look to their side as they walk to class and see someone with long hair walking beside them.

I think I heard a cricket at this point. The silence in the room was actually tangible as everyone had to stop and take a step back. I know that I was whispering inside my skull, "Please dear lord, let this be a metaphor for something. Please don't let him mean what I know he's saying." Of course he had to keep talking. I, and everyone else in that room who had been repeating that silent plea, could no longer block it out: he was indeed saying what we thought he was saying. In the wake of that after-shock, the room's ambient animosity level grew ten fold and threatened to percipitate out of solution.

Simone eventually realized his folly and made a feeble attempt at saving his floundering position by saying, "Well I guess there are a lot of people in here with short hair." All was lost.

So, there it is. The pivotal role played by the art school community is providing engineering students some long hairs to stare at. 1300 students whose most important function in this institute seems to be stocking the grounds with freaks. I wonder if the experience we provide for the engineering students could be acknowledged on their resumes...

EDUCATION:1995-1999 RIT

- saw and experienced deviants.

...no wonder we're expendable.

-Kelly Gunter, GDT Editor



Observations

After the proposed program eliminations (see page 3) only four majors in the very reputable(13th in the nation) School of Art and Design would remain: Industrial Design, Interior Design(U), Graphic Design, and Illustration. In the internationally known School of American Crafts, only 2 (count 'em - 2!) majors will remain: Metals and Wood. This undercuts the reputation of the school. Although these programs would be "phased out" -no new people admitted, but those in the program can go throught to graduation- the quality of professors would decrease, as would the facilities. Also, the degrees obtained by the majors seemingly not affected, would decrease in value. Prospective employers seeing that the individual went to R.I.T.'s School of American Crafts (SAC) or School of Art and Design (SAD), and would say, "Gee. That school was once reputable, but now they hardly offer anything. This person has not had a diverse education."

The concept behind the creation of R.I.T.'s two art schools was to mirror the ideals of the Bauhaus. This included having many opportunities to explore new and different medias and options, with the ability to flow easily into a class not in one's major. Unfortunately, with these cuts, the Bauhaus ideals are lost.

Monday, 22 April, 1996, numerous students inspired by posters, flyers, and word of mouth, met at the Bevier Gallery. The meeting was moved to Building 1, where RIT's President, Al Simone, and the Provost, Dr. Stan McKenzie, spoke to the group.

The feelings of unease grew as problems became more and more apparent.

Individuals volunteered to act as representatives from each major and met early the next day, 23 April. They discussed future plans, wrote letters, started an alumni chain, set up a table with letters for people to sign, and planned for the a large rally. The rally was held at 1pm between buildings 7A and 7B. After several student speakers, including an engineer who opposed the cuts, the rally was moved to the "Town" meeting located in Building 76. This meeting was run by the Dean, and was for the faculty and public. The Dean addressed many questions, although many who were there were not satisfied.

-Tracy Gilbert, Guest Writer

Copies Available

If you would like additional copies of this issue, the costs are 60¢ for all of Hell's Kitchen, 40¢ for Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, and 25¢ for the Melancholy Predator. Issues need to be mailed, please include an additional 32¢. Contact diablo@csh.rit.edu

"The horrors which we have seen, the still greater horrors which we shall presently see, are not signs that rebels, insubordinate, untameable men, are increasing in constant numbers, but rather that there is a constant increase, a stupendously rapid increase, in the number of obedient, docile men."

-Georges Bernanos



“Universe”

“At least it’s better than Frank, who shoves pens up rats asses and sends them into the future.”

Time is fun, but only for those who can handle it. There are beings in the multiverse that can dip in and out of time and reality. Actually, they spend more time leaping about from reality to reality than stepping outside of time. Even They™ get the willies being outside of time. Once outside, time smells yellow, feels loud, and just overall makes you think that you're a water fowl. It has never been explained why this is....

Never the less, one of the more interesting features of the multiverse is that everything not only has the possibility of happening, but HAS happened. I mean everything. With an infinite amount of time and an infinite number of different realities, sooner or later, you're going to get repeats.

So it was just a matter of statistics that one of our staff (for matters of anonymity, let's call him...Mark) would be seducing squirrels with a Snickers® bar. It's an odd hobby; baiting squirrels to come close enough to club. Not to kill, mind you, just stun them. Of course there were years of experimentation and practice to work out the means and methods. Wiffle-ball bats move too slow. Steel bars just pulverize their little skulls. Elastic bands scare the bejeebers out of them. Over the years casualties built up, along with a field filled with shallow graves holding tiny, indistinct bodies (who look as if the last noise to flee their rapidly diminishing form was either an inrush of air far to large for their tiny lung capacities, or that tell-tale sound of gooey crackles, much like the sound emitted when driving a steam roller over a large wad of packing paper that had grape jelly substituted for the air pockets), and notes...lots of notes.

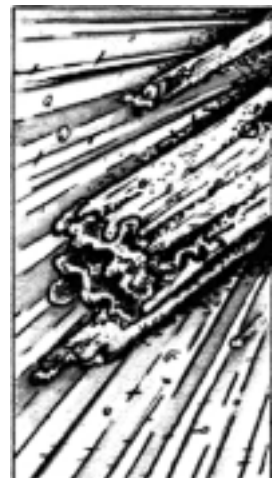
Eventually, Mark was able to faun in just the appropriate manner and the squirrels came. They came even when the ground around him was littered with the faintly twitching bodies of their stunned relatives. It was always the same. A squirrel appears, is coaxed close, and ends with the satisfying impact of rod with skull. But once, instead of the usual routine: Closer. Closer...and...BAP!

Well, there was a dust devil...vaguely shaped like a surprised squirrel, then nothing. Slowly, Mark put his staff away and sat for a very, very long time.

There are things that just happen. Your jaw will just start to hurt sometimes, or no matter what you do, your side burns never are the same length. That was the case with the squirrel. It just happened. Using the mighty resources of Hell Inc., we found that conditions were just right to send that little fuzzy shit back through time before the big bang occurred. Of course, the life span of the extremely surprised quadruped in question was slightly under 20 seconds in the pre-Universe. With a temperature of 0 Kelvin, and no external pressure, the little bugger exploded and froze all at once, looking amazingly like a piece of reddish popcorn. Incidentally, this is why the temperature of the universe is just above 0 Kelvin. When the squirrel with its endothermic, though short lived, body appeared on the scene, the heat in the universe went from 0 to just above 0 Kelvin. I'm getting ahead of myself, though.

Now, the funny thing is, there was bound to be a reality with the same general set of conditions. And wouldn't you know it? The whole place was anti-matter, complete with an anti-Mark and anti-squirrels. Of course some poor anti-squirrel got clobbered and "PAB" it vanished. It actually went hurdling back through time and popped back into the time stream just before the Big Bang occurred.

It was only by freak eventualities that both squirrels ended up light years (but there was no light. In fact, there was nothing but two squirrels. Does that make it dark years? Maybe squirrel years: The amount of distance covered by 2 squirrels in a year?) away



from one another in that pre-Big Bang space. Anyone with basic physics under their belt is going to realize that two bodies of any mass will attract one another, and with only the Two Squirrels, there was nothing to deflect their course. For eons, the two entities slowly moved toward each other, gaining speed, becoming dark blurs against a field of nothing.

Actually, it really wasn't all that spectacular to see. If you ever go to Mammoth Caves and go down to the lake and they shut the lights off, that's about how stunning it looked. Trust me though, they were traveling along at speeds that would make most physicists shiver and take a cold shower.

So eventually...

Actually, there was no sound. Just a sudden increase in the amount of things to be seen, and in the amount of light to see them by. As a matter of fact, everything suddenly got kinda bright. Rather conveniently, matter and antimatter totally annihilate each other on contact, producing gobs of energy, so from the moment of contact, the view was much more interesting, then again watching a cow chew it's cud is more interesting than just waiting for two squirrels to collide, you can't see them, you can't even try to take bets.

The long and the short of it is, the entire multiverse came into existence when two squirrels ran headlong into one another. Thanks Mark.

"Q-FUCKIN' BOOM!"

News from the Kitchen:

Well, the end of the quarter is fast approaching. This means that the RIT staff of GDT and MP are under a lot of pressure. Last week was absolutely crazy, what with the news about the proposed cuts. Undoubtedly there was (Hey, I wrote this on Thursday, and I'm guessing) all kinds of fun stuff in the Reporter. News articles, cartoons, and all kinds of crap in the Opinion section. Just remember this, friends and neighbors: GDT scooped the Reporter. HA!

Speaking of the Reporter....

Did you notice all the letters of praise that the Reporter printed last week? Well, we haven't seen the letter the Head of Hell's Kitchen sent to the Reporter (with the blessing from the editors of the Melancholy Predator and Gracies Dinnertime Theatre). Lucky for you *we* printed it (issue 5, volume 4). I guess the Reporter has to keep up appearances.

From its conception, there has been bad blood between GDT and the Reporter. We've provided a short list of highlights to the right.

In the meantime, we urge all of you that regularly read us NOT to submit anything to the Reporter. Nothing that is but criticism. Tell your friends, spread the word. Let's *really* piss those bastards off.

A Short Synopsis of the Blood Feud with the Reporter (with highlights):

January 1995: A prototype column named Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, dealing with duct-taped Ethiopians, was rejected.

19 February, 1995: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre begins to publish a one page weekly article.

12 March, 1995: GDT was banned from the dining hall named Gracies.

26 March, 1995: GDT received it's first hate mail, convincing the founding triumvirate that they should publish more than their planned 5 issues.

2 April, 1995: First fan mail from a staff member of the Reporter.

Fall, 1995: The Reporter starts their "Opinion" section. Though we can't prove it, we think it was to compete with GDT.

Winter, 1995/1996: The Reporter begins to to put phrases like "The shitty" before their title...kind of like what the Melancholy Predator had been doing.

Spring, 1996: A small addition to the Hell's Kitchen publication family, 10:1 Cereal Delusions, submitted an article to the Reporter for publication. It was printed under the title "Delusions."

5 April, 1995: The Reporter prints their worst issue ever. C. Diablo writes a Letter to the Editor and sends it to the editors of GDT and MP for their signatures. They then give the Reporter a copy. The editor of 10:1 Cereal Delusions does not sign it.

Mid-April, 1995: The editor of the Reporter made it clear that 10:1 Cereal Delusions was not to appear in the Reporter again...presumably because of it's affiliation with GDT and MP.

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

to simply immerse her "chaste" arm in the well in their garden. When she complied the water boiled, scalding the adulteress. Instead of killing the unfaithful woman, as was his right, our saint removed himself and took up residence in another part of his castles. The scheming wife took advantage of Gengulf's merciful demeanor by sending her lover to hack him to pieces in his bed. Gengulf is the saint invoked against Cuckoldry.

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Ava (May 6)**; She was the only maiden spared of the 11,000 that traveled with **St. Ursula (see Oct. 21)**. She was tortured and imprisoned by the Huns. When they decided to get rid of her, she was first thrown to the lions (who wouldn't touch her), and finally put to the sword. Her mutilated remains were put to sea in a stone boat that eventually came to rest in Brittany. Toddlers are dipped in the boat to help them develop strong legs. Another martyr this week is **St. Solangia (May 10)**, a peasant girl who lived near Bourges, France. She resisted the advances of a local aristocrat's son and in retribution he stabbed her to death.

Martyr of the week before

The **Martyr of the Week Before (April 28-May 4)** was **St. James the Lesser (May 3)**. St. James (known as "the Lesser" due to the fact that he was the younger of the two apostles named James) was a cousin of Jesus and, after our Lord's resurrection and ascension, became the first bishop of Jerusalem. It is interesting to note how literally the people living at the time of X's ascension believed the prophecy that he would return very soon to usher in the new kingdom. As an example, St. James vowed to fast until the return of X. Our saint may well of starved to death had the dear Lord not paid him a visit (and cooked him dinner). James didn't have to wait much longer to see paradise; he was captured by Pharisees and thrown from a pinnacle of the temple in the year 62.AD. James lived long enough to grant forgiveness to his wrongdoers before he was either stoned or beaten to death with a club (accounts differ).

Other Martyrs of note last week include **St. Zoe (May 2)** (Zoe, her husband, and their two children were slaves that happened to be Xian. When they refused to partake in their master's pagan rituals they were tortured and then burned alive)), **St. Philip (May 3)** (one of the big twelve, Philip was performing a public exorcism at which some of the spectators were killed by the beast being "cleansed." Among the casualties was the son of a local pagan priest who, as retribution, had our saint stoned and crucified upside down.)), and **St. Florian (May 4)**. An officer in the Roman army and a Xian- not a wise choice. Florian was repeatedly whipped, had the remaining skin flayed from his body and then was thrown into the Enns river (in Austria) with a millstone around his neck.

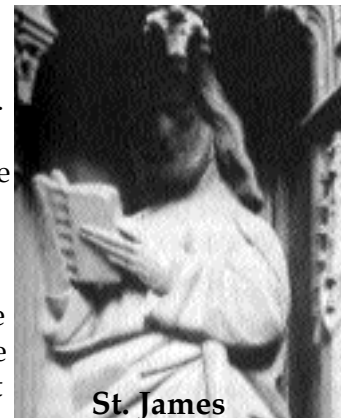
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes comments. Send submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or GDT c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester, New York, 14623 GDT reserves the right to reprint any letter without editing it for clarity.

Welcome to the writings of a certified freak, albeit one with short hair. The **Martyr of the Week for May 5-11** is the venerable **St. Gengulf (or Gangulphus (May 11))**. St. Gengulf was a respected Burgundian knight in the eighth century. Rumors that his wife was unfaithful to him were constantly being brought to his attention. He confronted her with these allegations, which she denied. In order to prove her innocence, he asked her

to simply immerse her "chaste" arm in the well in their garden. When she complied the water boiled, scalding the adulteress. Instead of killing the unfaithful woman, as was his right, our saint removed himself and took up residence in another part of his castles. The scheming wife took advantage of Gengulf's merciful demeanor by sending her lover to hack him to pieces in his bed. Gengulf is the saint invoked against Cuckoldry.

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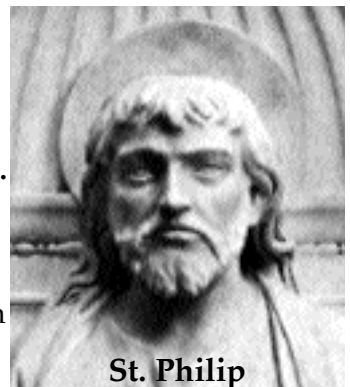
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St. James

cousin of Jesus and, after our Lord's resurrection and ascension, became the first bishop of Jerusalem. It is interesting to note how literally the people living at the time of X's ascension believed the prophecy that he would return very soon to usher in the new kingdom. As an example, St. James vowed to fast until the return of X. Our saint may well of starved to death had the dear Lord not paid him a visit (and cooked him dinner). James didn't have to wait much longer to see paradise; he was captured by Pharisees and thrown from a pinnacle of the temple in the year 62.AD. James lived long enough to grant forgiveness to his wrongdoers before he was either stoned or beaten to death with a club (accounts differ).

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St. Philip

ATTENTION ARTISTS/CARTOONISTS:

Has the *Reporter* shut you out because "there's no market for comics anymore"? Then talk to us. We have plans....

Often, when the staff of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is working on front page material, there is a natural selection process; survival of the fittest. When we began publishing last year after being rejected by the Reporter with first one, and then two pages, our limited space requirements led to whole-sale slaughter of ideas; in some cases, as much material had to be discarded as was kept.

After a year of conditioning, we have had an extremely hard time overcoming our Skinner Box training ("Oh, I'm sorry.... That issue is too long." !ZAP! "Ahhh!"). With this issues, however, we had enough material to fill at least 2 more issues.

Anyway, here are some of the out takes from this week's issue. Enjoy.

The Squirrel Saga Continues...

Even before the founding of Hell Inc., many of its founding entities were intimately aware that our universe was created by the obliteration of two tiny, unaware vermin, traveling at dangerously high speeds. For centuries the Hell Inc. staff in the Cronus Corporation have been trying to jump start the Big Bang (think of the glory, think of the prestige, think of the copyright infringements). The Cronus Corp. being a gentler, more caring company, wanted to add an extra little twist to creation of the universe (as if two squirrels traveling just under the speed of light isn't strange enough). For years the blue-collar workers of the corporation have been taking squirrels and sending them spiraling back through time with a AA mini-theater penlight strapped to their muz-

zles. The writing staff of Hell's Kitchen is still unaware of whether this was meant to be an additional perk, showing the furry little rodent where it would be going, or if it was intended to introduce the

ill-fated creature to the fact that within a relatively brief amount of time it would soon be careening at speeds now unimaginable to the human mind, toward a small sparkling light in the distance attached to a mirror image of its anti-self[†]. Not that the neuroses of the Cronus Corp. actually



[†]The concept of a flashlight in the mouth of a squirrel traveling at the speed of light predictably sparked a week long debate among the staff of Hell's Kitchen on the physics behind the idea. There were two factions (well, three. One group didn't see the point of arguing, since the little guys exploded and wouldn't be seeing much of anything): The majority felt the squirrel wouldn't see anything, where as the minority felt the squirrel would not only see the light from their flashlight, but any other light around them. After much debate, exchanging of formulas, and vague death threats, it was determined the question was phrased incorrectly.

Because no object with mass can travel the speed of light, the question has to be rephrased as "If a squirrel traveling just under the speed of light had a flashlight in its mouth would it see the light, or any light around it." Then, the answer is yes, though any outside observer would see in infinitely small point that is the squirrel...and no light from the flashlight.

[‡]Though the time travel abilities of the administration of Hell Inc. are extremely advanced, the methods used by the various satellite corporations and divisions are shotty at best. The method currently in use by the Cronus Corp. can best be described as "the shot gun" method. The workers can not control when a squirrel will appear in time.

For eight hours a day, 5 days a week, the floor workers of the Cronus Corp (A section. The people working in C Section shove pens into rat's bums and shoot them into the future to bring about Armageddon. The less asked the better. "Just sign you're name here sir...". Presumably, B section sends some kind of furry mammal with a prostheses into the present (though they really can't tell. I mean, if you are time traveling into the present, you don't move a whole heck. Because of the apparently insane nature of the job, the workers in B Section are all Zen Masters. Heck, working in B Section is like living a Zen Koan)) talk with co-workers about who they are fucking and their damn kids while they stoically shove flashlights into the mouths of stunned squirrels rolling along a sort of assembly line (insert cartoon assembly line music).

Eventually the squirrels reach the end of the line, and disappear^Δ.

This has led to the embarrassing discovery of little mammal skeletons with corroded bits of zinc and copper in their mouths at various archeological sites and imbedded in the shale of many quarries. Of course, Hell. Inc.'s security division, Pandora, works diligently to insure this information is never released to the public at large. The only reason we are able to print it is no one believes what we print. Hell, people thought my After Dinner Mint about modifying IMB simms to work in Macs was a joke.

^ΔAlong with the portion of the assembly line the squirrel was on. This has resulted in a massive recycling program, encompassing all of time and space.

[√]How's that? A one word paragraph consisting of only 5 words. Nothing like flaunting what you haven't got.

matters too much in light of the fact that if those fateless little buggers even did make it back to the correct time[‡], they'd only have a fraction of a second to contemplate it, and even then this time would most likely be filled with the squirrel equivalent of, "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

From our vantage point at the end of the twentieth century, the physical dynamics of the pre-bang era are quite questionable. The incredible truth of this strange journey is that as the two squirrels traveled back in time toward the dawn of existence, they both started picking up excess mass and matter, much like the moon collects asteroids and Bert collects bottle-caps. At any rate, when they finally made it...they were huge. They were still squirrels, but squirrels you might think twice about before trying to shoo them

away from the bird feeder.

They were galactic size squirrels.[√]

Even being as large and as glorious as they were, with quite literally the weight of the universe on their backs, they still ended up

looking much like a couple of freezer (and Christmas) ready Pop Secrets®. All the matter in the universe can be traced to these two founding critters. In fact, that dark matter that physicists are so keen to believe in, much like a child might wish on a star, is there. It exists, but it might be better named "Squirrel Matter."

Letters:

Subject: GDT Volume 4 Issue 7

Date: Wed, 01 May 1996

From: "John O'Connell"

Attn: Kelly Gunter

RE: "Hair"

I'm sorry I missed that meeting in Webb, not only have I never actually seen our esteemed <ahem> president, I generally don't want to miss public, or semi-public, people in positions of authority make complete asses of themselves. I heard from other people that the tv news carried other quotes to that effect from him. Over, and over again.

As one of the many engineering students with long hair, I can't help but wondering if Simone can actually handle that concept. He seems, from what I have heard (pretty biased, admittedly) to have divided the campus community (such as it is) into two groups.

Engineering students, and people with long hair. Crossover between these groups has potential to require him to make an adjustment in thinking (heaven forbid).

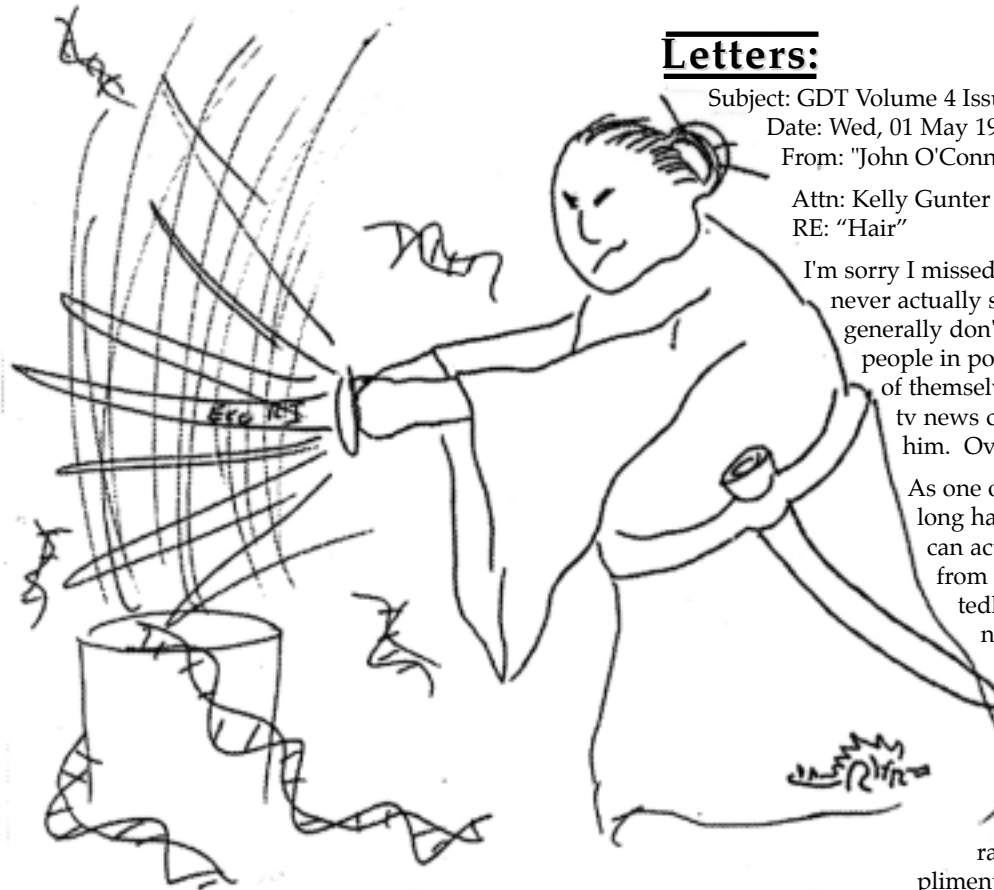
While I've taken this opportunity to ramble at you, I'd like to express my compliments to the entire GDT staff for another issue of refreshingly intelligent humor. Thank you, and please, please, keep up the good work.

-John

**Hell's Kitchen
subscriptions
available**

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

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



Random Fact:

The center of all North America is Rugby, North Dakota.

Binge & Purge

Mount: Obsessive Compulsive

Likes: circular logic and Excess

Dislikes: Moderation

Agility: What do you think? It's like trying to balance a whale on your pinky, using it's tail as the fulcrum.

Distinguishing Features: Binge has curves where they were never meant to be. Purge could hide easily in a sarcophagus.

Description: Watching these two walk is like watching the most grotesque comedy in existence. Whenever Purge attempts to take a step, she ends up having her entire insubstantial weight thrown forward by the unstoppable momentum built up behind Binge. However when Binge takes a step it's like listening to rice crispies. Binge's weight is too much for Purge's underdeveloped musculature, but that's ok, because it's her osteoperostic bones that are doing the puffed rice imitation.





Alphabet

“When you pull the pin, Mr. Grenade is no longer your friend.”

Millions of years ago, before the reign of oversized, flightless, featherless birds, another type of creature ruled the earth. In the little known Alphabetic Era of Geologic Time (255 to 240 million years ago) letters roamed wild and free! Like the tyrannosaurs that could see based on motion and velociraptors that were civilized enough to open doors and hold up their pinkies while taking afternoon tea, these letters had characteristics all their own[†]. The following are the field notes and observations of a poor shluck who just happened to be passing while one of our staff was seducing squirrels close enough to club^f:

A is the prodigy of the group. Always at the front. But V is the evil (stress the V) twin of A. Other members of the family include U and W.

U and W are siamese twins, as are M and N. Both of these were separated at birth around the same time by their parents to avoid the public's disdain for freaks. There was a mishap during operation, leaving w and m with two heads. The ensuing result was that they became close to enemies, producing only negative words, such as wuss and mnemonic--which brings every adult back to school days when teachers still whipped them with rulers and demigods. Ironically, M is the lover of W; his egotistic narcissism forced him to chose a mate resembling himself.

O is nothing. Buddhist, Taoist. No mind. Nil. It is the perfect being. In opposition to O's comfortably rotund nature, B and D are less confident and try to hide their large stature by stuffing their forms into girdles of straight lines. C is close to achieving the oneness of O, and had, for a brief moment, realized perfection. At that moment, Q stole the missing piece from C, and is keeping it from perfection.

C, Q and U were in acquaintance once, but when Q stole the piece from C they split up; that's why you don't hear the word very often anymore. The guilt from this nasty break up resulted in Q and U becoming co-dependant, with U as the enabler. In the mean time, C has lost its own personality and is the doppelganger of S and K. C only asserts its personality when it's with H.

Unfortunately this C-H relationship is a lot less stable than the Q-U. I mean, C and H really get around. H is into coupling. When W and H are together you get a whore. Who doesn't H fuck? C, S, T, sometimes even G and R! and SCH often make a kinky threesome.

Y is a hermaphrodite and because of its ambiguity of identity, Y has developed a serious case of self-loathing. Even when Y is forced to work within groups, it tends to stay at one end of the word party or another, rarely visiting the center of the group where it would find itself surrounded on all sides. P also has low self esteem, and is constantly concerned with what other letters think. P is yet another one of H's partners, and the sound of their climax is "F".

J and G are the most neurotic of the letters. After years goading and jesting, J's personality split and G was the result. Every now and then G will try and take J out for a drink and they get all confused. After all, who's buying?

Z and S are brothers. Z, being the older of the two, was sent to military school because his parents had enough money at the time. S ended up in a liberal arts school studying sculpture and thus became more refined in form. Z ended up straight edged, and harsh, without the slippery sounds that S was able to conjure with his exquisite art.

E is a complex letter. It is retiring because it is often silent, polite because it lets I before it, and a social butterfly, showing up everywhere, as does S. All the other letters like E, but find S too cocky because he knows damn well that there would only be one of everything without it.

X, on the other hand is the polar opposite of T, who has never been able to get the cross out of it. Amusingly enough, X is an atheist and has a tendency to be found on soap boxes saying things that are not allowed. X was infuriated when mankind decided to make it the symbol for Jesus when He decided to come stomping his little Jesus-shoes on *this* fine earth. It enjoys the irony that it is an atheist and the symbol for one of the most popular religious icons of the Western world.



Hey guys!!... Y doesn't want to make Sounds anymore. He wants to be a Dentist.



[†] How do we know this? We keep telling you that time is a lot more interesting when it's non-linear, but do you listen to us? Noooooooo! Go ahead, break a writer's heart.

^f Maybe you've guessed: this footnote was the inspiration for last week's issue. Unfortunately, the footnote was a page and a half. Not even we could justify that, let alone center it.

For almost a year I have refrained from attacking
the shitty

reporter

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Sean T. Hammond

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The Melancholy Predator

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10:1 Cereal Delusions

R.I.P. (April 1996-May 1996)

Editor:

Peter Fir'Ruys

Writers:

Cairn Jousts
Tori Pinery

but, if you've been keeping up with recent issues, I've stopped that practice. Sure, comments about the Reporter were always made during staff meetings; discussions on content, taking measurements on the amount of blank space present, lousy (though some would call it artistic) layout, etc[¥]. Conditions have recently reached a head, however.

In April, the Reporter made the mistake of printing a horrible issue in terms of layout. Maybe you remember it.... It was the one that had articles that were not continued on the pages indicated (or not even indicated where the articles were continued). The head of Hell's Kitchen drafted a letter which the editors of GDT and MP signed condemning the sloppiness of the Reporter.

Oh course, the Reporter never printed the letter^Δ. Maybe we should have expected it. What we didn't expect were the letters of praise they printed in an issue shortly after we submitted the letter.

Equally surprising was article entitled "Dick Tease" in the May 3rd, 1996 issue. Sounding vaguely like a justification for date-rape, the article in question was even more interesting because it was printed in the same issue as a story covering the Take Back the Night[†] rally. Ahhh, irony.

My point is, with a shoddy track record over the past several months, is the Reporter worth having? Or more accurately, can RIT afford to have the Reporter be the news publication that represents the campus to the world at large?

I am trained in Biology, and have a tendency to use biological paradigms. In my eyes, the Reporter was a successful organism in an environment for a time. That time has passed, however, and the organism is in decline. One of the most important rules for all Hell's Kitchen publications is "Evolve or die." Maybe the time has come for the Reporter to be swept aside for a new publication.

Competition can lead to excellence. Right now, the Reporter has no competition. To rectify that, I invite any one interested in starting a new, alternative news mag for RIT to contact us. We would especially need illustrators, photographers, and writers. Imagine how impressive your resume would look if you could say: "Helped form a weekly news publication at the Rochester Institute of Technology while destroying another."

Help us help RIT (and give the Reporter a hard time).

-Sean T. Hammond
Editor, GDT

[¥]Not that GDT, MP, or 10:1 (God rest its cute little soul) have a spotless track record. Far from it. I think the difference between the RIT based publications that are a part of Hell's Kitchen and the Reporter is that GDT and MP is mostly written and put together by Science majors. We don't pretend to know what a good layout is. We just try and make things look good, be creative, and speak our minds.

^ΔLucky for you, we printed it a few weeks ago.

[†]If you are not familiar with Take Back the Night, it is intended to call attention to violence against women...especially sexual harassment, rapes, and murders.

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

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

The **Martyr of the Week** for **May 12-18** is the virgin martyr, **St. Dymphna (May 15)**.

Dymphna was the daughter of an Irish Chieftain, Damon. When his wife died, Damon



St. Dymphna

grieved heavily for her and searched in vain for another bride as fair. Around this time he began to notice the likeness of his dearly departed in his blossoming teenage daughter. He made his desires known to Dymphna, upon which time she fled with her chaplain, St. Gerebern, to Belgium. The Chieftain's men managed to track down the fugitives and revealed their location (the woods near Geel) to Damon. Damon sailed from Ireland, surprised our saint, and demanded she return with him and accede to his demands. Dymphna refused fervently, knowing such carnal incestuous relations were absolutely forbidden by the Church. With this refusal the maddened father drew his sword and slew his daughter. St. Dymphna was buried in the woods near the shack in which she was martyred. Soon after her death miracles began occurring at her grave. Epileptics and the insane were especially drawn to the site, and an asylum was constructed there in the 13th century. The asylum still stands today (with improved and modernized care) and is dedicated to our saint. St. Dymphna is, understandably, the patron of lunatics.

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Matthias (May 14)** (chosen to replace Judas as one of The Twelve, Matthias was captured and blinded by cannibals on a mission to Ethiopia. He was rescued by St. Andrew, but met his death of martyred bliss with an ax near the Caspian Sea.) and **St. Hallvard (May 15)** (A Norwegian prince who was struck down by a shower of arrows when he attempted to help a falsely accused slave woman.)

You've never given up on anything in your life.

~~LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON~~
 Damn it! Live! in my ass

I've learned that a warm chocolate chip cookie can put a whole new perspective on life.
 -Age 20

I've learned that what you regret most in life is all the times you missed the opportunity to give ~~praise and appreciation.~~
 pure rimmin' satisfaction
 -Age 51

I've learned that you should never try to make your wife laugh when she's in the middle of labor ~~swallowing~~
 -Age 40

I've learned that no serious decisions should be made ~~late at night~~
 while being rapped by a jackal on your way To The Kiddy porn convention
 -Age 17

This Week's Survey

Would you rather have a condition where every statement you spoke was accompanied by a curse word (such as "curses!") or a condition where every statement that you spoke was the opposite of what you meant (such as "I have no such condition!")?

If you go to RIT, do you read the

reporter

because you enjoy the articles or because it is the only thing available?

Please send responses to diablo@csh.rit.edu

Random Facts:

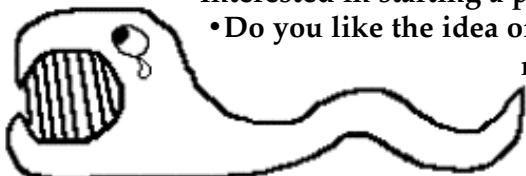
For years I have looked for God...and wouldn't you know I found Them in the most obvious place: the Rochester, NY white pages.

Warren & Jane God live in Fairport. If you'd like more info, just look them up.



Attention Illustrators/Cartoonists:

- Do you have an idea for a comic and the Reporter just wont print it?
- Would you like to help the publications of Hell's Kitchen illustrate articles?
 - Interested in starting a publication dedicated entirely to the graphic arts?
 - Do you like the idea of publishing your work in a small publication read in at least three countries?



The Melancholy Predator

Then consider joining the staff of one of the member publications of Hell's Kitchen.
Contact diablo@csh.rit.edu for details.



**Gracies
Dinnertime
Theatre**

GDT's Sex Quiz

Directions: Simply match the sexual practice with the definition provided. Send guesses to diablo@csh.rit.edu and maybe win a prize!

- Attractive & Willing: Meet Quality Singles NOW! 1-900-283-0320 Ext. 7911 \$2.99 per min. Must be 18yrs.
1. Sadism
 2. Bestiality
 3. Snowballing
 4. Gerbiling
 5. Frottage
 6. Fisting / Puppeteering
 7. Auto Erotic Asphyxiation
 8. Rimming
 9. Water Sports
 10. Felching
 11. Masochism
 12. Tea-bagging
 13. Boot-jaq
 14. B&D
 15. Red Hand
 16. Necrophilia / Necromantic
 17. Pederasty
 18. Coprophagia
 19. Gerontosexuality
 20. Scopophilia
 21. Heterochromophilia
 22. Infantosexual Transvestism
 23. Hyposexuality
 24. Souteneur
 25. Oralist
 26. Sexual Hyperversion/
Nymphomania

- A. Sexual relations between a man and boy.
- B. Sexual condition in which pleasure is derived from pain or cruel treatment.
- C. Condition in which sexual pleasure is derived from licking another's shoes or boots.
- D. Having sexual relations with a corpse.
- E. Sexual act in which the scrotum is exclusively sucked by the sexual partner.
- F. Sexual act in which an heightened level of orgasm is achieved through strangulation (usually masturbatory in nature).
- G. Condition in which sexual pleasure is achieved by rubbing up against others in a public place (esp. elevators).
- H. Sexual act in which the ejaculate of a male is held in the mouth of his partner and then passed to him in a kiss.
- I. Sexual gratification attained by causing pain to others.
- J. Sexual relations with animals (consenting or otherwise).
- K. Sexual act in which one partner licks the anal sphincter of the other (may also include anal penetration with the tongue).
- L. Fetish in which one achieves sexual gratification through urination/defecation/enemas.
- M. Spanking fetish.
- N. The insertion of a small rodent into a tube that is inserted in the rectum followed by the blockage of the tube, usually with a strong tape.
- O. Sexual act in which the hand is inserted (possibly to the elbow) in the vagina or anus.
- P. Sexual pleasure derived from bondage and domination.
- Q. Excessive sexual desire and inability to satisfy it no matter how frequently intercourse is attempted.

FEAR

Mount: Panic

Likes: Terror and the parasympathetic nervous system

Dislikes: Lucidity

Strength: Stronger than you...

Age: As old as time

Speed: Faster than the speed of adrenal glands

Charisma: Ø

Favorite Quote: "I must not fear. Fear is the mind killer..."

Description: Her sword is named "Innocence", although it is not hers. Innocence belongs to mortals, and is always given willingly to Fear, allowing Her to retrieve her silver crown and rule their lives. Her ravens, Doubt and Uncertainty, constantly circle about Her whispering the secret dreads of mortals.



- R. Dressing in the clothes of a child for sexual purposes.
- S. The obtaining of sexual pleasure by watching other people.
- T. Literally dirt eating but now encompassing all those who derive pleasure from ingesting secretions.
- U. The seeking of an elderly person as a sexual object.
- V. Men who are capable of only being sexually attracted to women of another color.
- W. Frigidity
- X. A man who cohabits with and lives on the earnings of a prostitute.
- Y. One who obtains sexual gratification from sucking.
- Z. Blowing brine shrimp through a straw into the anus or vagina of your partner and then sucking it back into your mouth.



Jews

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

In our short literary history we have attacked various Christian sects. In honor of our final issue of the year, political correctness, and giving everyone their fair share, we'd like to pick on the Jews for a while, but then again, who doesn't. And don't start snickering too loud Mohammed (and quit that twitching. Will someone stick a spoon in his mouth so he doesn't swallow his tongue?), you're next. As for the rest of you pale excuses for organized religions...we've got time.

I've one word for you: genocide. I admit, it's a scary thought. I'm not a Jew, though (I play one on TV...) my great grandmother was a certified Gypsy (tea-leaves, phony accent, the whole thing). Although this fact casts no light on a higher understanding of the Jewish plight, I just wanted it clear that some of my family (besides those who were accused of witchcraft) were used as charcoal briquettes. To try and obliterate a race based on arbitrary criteria is incredibly short-sited. Think of all the ideas that are lost when an entire people is obliterated (though this may be the intent. After all, wasn't the Cold War a dispute over two differing economic systems that could have easily erupted into global holocaust?). Think of those lost genes. No more big noses, no more crazy dreadlocked sideburns, no more dead chickens hanging in store windows (yes, it's genetic), and sorry kids...no more draydls. We may just keep those kippas though; they're damn cheaper than Rogaine, not to mention more stylish than the Lewis Rukyser hinged-hair look ("We've secretly replaced this man's hair with a hand knit doily. Let's see if they notice the difference...").

The Jews did their share of raping and pilaging...besides since the founding of Israel I mean. Turn back the clocks, to the days when the Jews first stumbled upon their Holy Land. Imagine the beauty of the whole scenario: thousands of stinky Israelites, after decades of wandering around behind Moses finally realized that (...he had a front side too) test versions of Dr. Scholls just didn't cut it, and decided They™ had had enough. Of course Israelites called where They™ stopped the Promised Land (They™ didn't have Dairy Queens then, the real land of milk and honey, well milk and sucrose, so no one really knew what They™ were missing); after years in the desert, just stopping for a while is Paradise. Unfortunately, the Promised Land was currently inhabited with scads of people living their humdrum lives on plots of land that they had thought were quite ordinary...and quite theirs.

So anyway, the sand sick Israelites wanted what They™ felt God had meant for them, which of course justified war. To make a long story short, the Israelites annihilated an entire people. The Amorites, while trying to defend their homes, were beaten back by the uncouth goat herders who had until recently been building shacks that would make Pythagoreus cry ("...at least if we had 21 people, then we could form an equilateral triangle..."). After the defeat of the Amorite army, the Israelites swept into their kingdom and proceeded to destroy the cities and kill the inhabitants. To quote the King James version of the Old Testament:

"Blah, blah, blah. Yadda yadda yadda."†

Good for them. Hooray! God's Chosen People finally killed themselves a homeland (a wounded homeland is a dangerous thing, you've got to kill it. If you don't believe me, just ask the Bosnians). Great. Just tell that to the people who were killed then, and later,

†"...and they [the Israelites] smote him, and his sons, and all his people, until there was none left him alive: and they possessed his land." -Numbers 21:35



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cont from page 1

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 2

as the Jews spread their dinky little kingdom like literacy in Arkansas (From #50 to #49 in the country in a mere four years! Sorry Georgia.

.Let's elect that governor to the Presidency). In a way, it's ironic that the Semitic Promised Land became nothing more than a stop over for the great armies of the ancient world (Yup, just another sad rest area that ran out of toilet paper years ago). Hittites, Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, they all marched through the Israelite's lands, pushing them around, making fun of their little hats, and generally acting snooty.

Koodos to the Romans for finally burning the Temple down and scattering the Jews around the globe. If it weren't for that single event, the Jews wouldn't have such a persecution complex. Seriously, what other group takes such pride in being picked on for thousands of years? Certainly not the blacks; they've only had a few hundred years practice. Besides, persecution has allowed the Jews to maintain their sense of identity. The Amish have their silly beards, the Brits have "The Big Book of British Smiles", ...the Jews have their persecution. Sure, the Roman's were assholes to burn the Temple down in the first place, but as assholes go, the Roman's rocked. The Romans excelled at being assholes when subjugating people. And as far as holding a grudge for no particular reason, they were better than McCarthy. When the Roman's finally beat up Hannibal's friends, they went so far as to salt the ground of Carthage, making it a desert. Anyway, by scattering the Jews, that started a precedent for Jew bashing. Later, the Catholic Church did a really good job of generally being mean to the Jews. Even the Christians, who excelled in spilling blood in the name of the Prince of Peace, couldn't compare to the Nazi's.

Enter Hitler and his goose stepping blackshirts, doing the two step all over the throats of Europe. Forget that Hitler pulled Germany out of the worst depression the globe had ever seen. He's just remembered as a Megalo-maniac with a pear shaped body and a piece of felt just over his upper lip. Oh yeah, and the Holocaust.

The Final Solution wasn't all that smart (or all that final, or even really a solution at all. I guess it could be called Hitler's Temporary Stopgap^Σ). At least when the Romans burned the library at Alexandria, they used the books to heat bath water. All the Jews, Gypsies, Queers, Blacks, mentally ill, and anyone else they weren't particularly keen on just became a waste of gas, bullets, or air pollution.[¥] Oh. almost forgot the lamp shades and handbags, but to be honest these Semite-skin bags never really did much for the state of worldly fashion at the time, and thus can be ignored.

It's kind of funny how a bunch of goat herders with delusions of grandeur escaped from Egypt, got sunburned, wiped out a race, and centuries later, Aryans with delusions of grandeur tried to wipe them out.

I guess you could say what goes around, comes around.

^Σ Yeah it's a redundant, but so is "Final Solution".

[¥]Yes. All global warming can be blamed on the Nazi death furnaces.

Do you think yellow journalism has gotten a bad rap?

Are you a disgruntled ex-writer for *the Reporter*?

Would you like to start a new news publication for distribution on the Rochester Institute of Technology?

Well, we'd like to help. Join the growing Hell's Kitchen family of publications. We're looking for writers, photographers, and illustrators.

If you are interested, contact C. Diablo through diablo@csh.rit.edu or bjl4009@ritvax.rit.edu for details.

Well, it's the end of another year. This year has been a special one for us here at Hell's Kitchen. It saw the growth and expansion of *GDT*, the formation of the *Melancholy Predator* (much like Botticelli's "Venus"), and brief lifespan of *10:1 Cereal Delusions*. Who would have thought last year that a column idea rejected by the *Reporter* would grow to be the nucleus of a group of publications read across the country and around the world? And ohhhh, do we have plans.

But it is the end of the year, and after over 30 issues (approximately 200 pages of fresh material. God, and to think we started with a single one sided page last year), we are all a little tired. Hopefully, after graduation and a summer of having to deal with people in the wide world, we'll be back with even more to share.

In the meantime, we'd like to thank all of our fans, both new and old. We'd also like to discuss something that was recently brought to our attention. When we used the *Reporter's* logo last week, that was what would be termed as "copyright infringement." Well, I suppose we could cover in the corner of our publication begging ^{the merciful} *Reporter's* pardon, but fuck that.

Two weeks ago when we lent them use of our Euclidean Losers (aka. the staff of *10:1 Cereal Delusions*), first they changed our title, then they didn't even give credit to the authors (3 May, 1996 issue of the *Reporter*). Bad move guys. I guess we made one copyright infringement for each author that had been neglected, and, technically speaking, plagiarized. The only thing that stopped us from trying to nail the *Reporter* for plagiarism was we discovered that an apology was already being written for publication the next week (10 May, 1996 issue of the *Reporter*), even if it was in small-ass print.

Oh, had we forgotten to say we're sorry? Must have slipped our minds.
See you next year.

-Editors, GDT

~~LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON~~

pastel dandelion's nirvana

anagrams are so much fun!

I've learned that when you are at a family picnic, don't ever say that you don't like what you are eating because the person ~~sitting next to you might have prepared it.~~ in front of you, spread eagle, might be embarrassed.

-Age 18

lie

I've learned that you should say a prayer at least once a day for someone you don't like because it helps you ~~both.~~ in seducing unwary girl scouts.

-Age 43

Letters

Date: Mon, 13 May 1996

Thanks for including the comment about how distasteful the *Reporter* was in their choice to print "Dick Tease" in the same article as *Take Back The Night* in this [3 May, 1996] weeks issue. I could tell that you had a take on that when I saw you at your apartment 2 weekends ago, but BJ and I were not feeling well enough to stick around for your meeting. As you can see my letter to the *Reporter* in response to that opinion column was not printed. It was nice to see that a similar view was published (and in a much better publication).

-Stephanie L. Knapp

Random Fact:

In colonial America, there were so few literate people, if you committed murder you could be set free by proving you could read.

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

Come closer, enter and know what strange fates do befall the chosen among us. The **Martyr of the Week for May 19-25 is St. Andrew Bobola (May 21)**. St. Andrew was a Polish Jesuit in the 17th century who spent his years trying to reconcile the Orthodox Church and the Holy See (Papal

Authority). Being involved in negotiations to resolve the schism apparently created enemies for our saint, and they sought their revenge at Janov near Pinsk. Andrew was accosted by a broguish band of Cossacks; they beat and tortured him, partially flayed his skin from his body and, when he continued to call out the names of the blessed mother and her sandal-clad son, removed his tongue through the back of his head. His nickname among schismatics was *Duszochwat* (robber of souls).

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Pudentiana (May 19)** (one of those Roman maiden martyrs, except that the Church announced in 1969 that she was fictitious (her name means "she who ought to be ashamed of herself" in Latin)), **St. Ethelbert (May 20)** (was visiting a neighboring kingdom to seek the hand of a princess in marriage when he was deviously killed (it involved hidden trap doors!) and his land annexed) and **St. Julia (May 22)**. A maiden of Carthage who was sold into slavery by the Vandal conquerors, Julia was crucified in Corsica when she refused to partake in the pagan festival being celebrated. While not a martyr, the patron saint of scholars (**St. Bede**) happens to have his feast day on **May 25**-the graduation/commencement day for RIT this year. Coincidence? I think not. It's the first sign that the Art School is secretly being replaced, not merely eliminated, with a seminary or perhaps full-fledged Oral Roberts satellite college. You heard it here first.

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

Anger

Mount: Fury

Likes: Radical extremism, Antagonism, and Provocation

Dislikes: Indifference, Sloth, and Apathy

Strength: The advantage of surprise

Charisma: A foul weather friend

Wisdom: Of impetus

Speed: He will materialize when needed.

Habitat: When he has not been summoned, he lives in a land of metamorphosizing volcanic upheaval.

Description: All he is interested in is being fed. He will often ride into the devastation left behind his companions Fear, Antagonism, Hate, Prejudice, and Provocation and will further brutalize their prior victims. Anger is the original indefatigable tracker. He can wait until eternity has passed just to collect one more victim to engage in his life blood: the fight. He is merciless, cruel, and often carries a small teddy bear.



**We're looking
for fresh Blood!**
All types accepted,
A, B, even O...

GDT is looking for people interested in joining the staff as writers/ photographers/ illustrators in the fall.

If you would like more details, please contact GDT at the above addresses.



Check out the GDT web site at www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt

After Dinner Mints

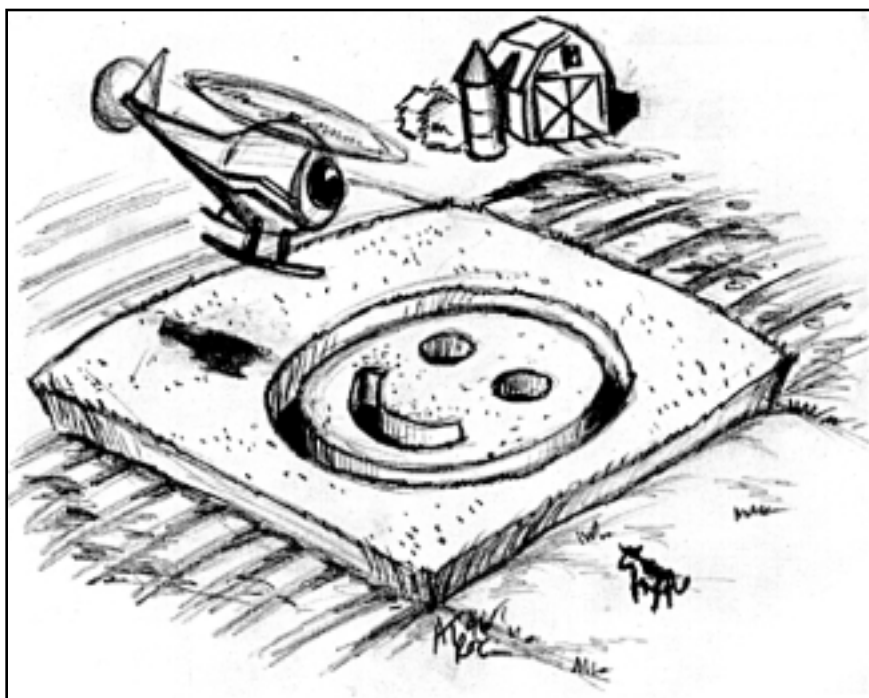
-by Kelly Gunter

For years I have been astonished that most stores, particularly department and grocery stores, seem to think that Christmas begins at the end of Halloween with a brief stop over for Thanksgiving. Stores advertise for holidays as if they were things that lasted longer than one day. It's like stretching Chanukah for half the year and Passover for the other half. From September on the year is a perpetual holiday; "Back to School" (you didn't know that was a holiday did you?), Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Valentines Day, Easter, Mother's Day... continuing *ad infinitum*, right?

There's one small problem with that though: the only real holiday of note between Mother's Day and "Back to School" is Ascension Day, and that won't cut it because it's only five days after Mother's Day. Even department stores can't feasibly justify advertising for "Back to School" in May or June when most lower grade schools haven't even finished yet. If they tried that they'd probably get attacked by a mob of angry kids armed with glue sticks. Independence Day and Flag Day just aren't strong enough to hold up the entire summer by themselves, what with the higher apathy level. The only reason people go all out for so many of those other holidays is because if people can't manage to let off some steam somehow they're all going to blow. In the summer, the holidays are lacking because most of the people have more time to rest so they don't need any stupid holidays cramping their style.

At this juncture in the holiday gap, the department and grocery store seasonal sections slip up; they end up showing you what life would be like if there were no holidays. In stead of another holiday, stores deck their halls with lawn jockies, bubbles, barbeque equipment, and the ever charismatic pink flamingo (tastefully hidden behind a few gnomes and a bird feeder).

After discovering what we would be putting up with without holidays I think I am far happier with large paper pumpkins, plastic Santas and purple marshmallow bunnies than the alternatives.



The reason you haven't been hearing much about crop circles recently: they no longer leave anything to the imagination

Are you one of those poor unfortunates who is graduating this year and fear you will never enter your beloved Hell's Kitchen ever again? Well, fear not! Hell's Kitchen publications are offering subscriptions. That's right, Hell's Kitchen (or any derivation of its publications you choose) can be delivered to your door on a weekly basis.

I know that earlier we had printed some sort of exorbitant number as the price of subscription, and to tell the truth, we screwed up the math. It won't be that expensive and it will be dependent on what parts of the publication you want delivered. The price of subscription will be determined on a quarterly basis, dependent upon length of publication and the price of stamps.

Just contact Hell's Kitchen and let them know which publications you are interested in receiving, and we'll send you a quarterly estimate of the price.