



"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:

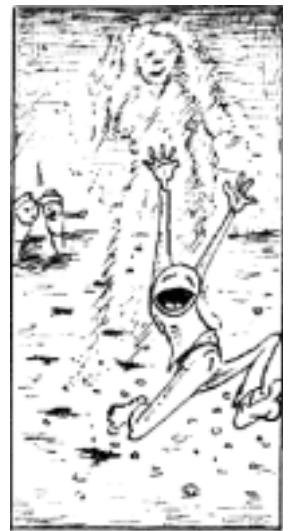
When the idea of the Cult of the Barefoot Girl was first suggested to me, I laughed, in that typical arrogant manner that I have, but the idea has kind of grown on me, so I've made an appointment with my physician. Imagine it: a whole group of people working together to promote the ideals of the individual. 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
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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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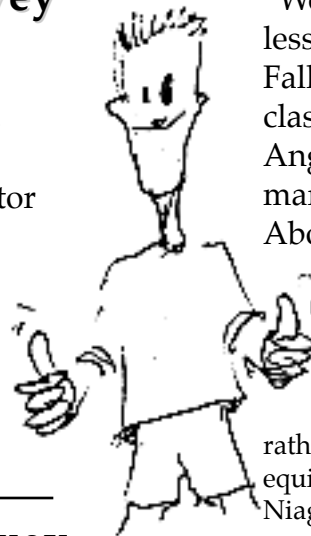
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Last Week's Survey Results

"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

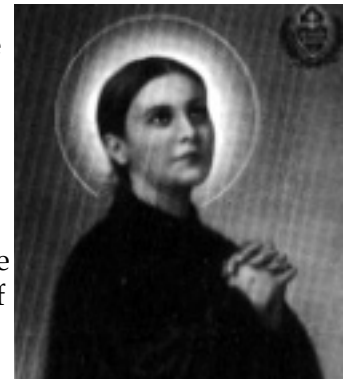


St. Stanislaus

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,

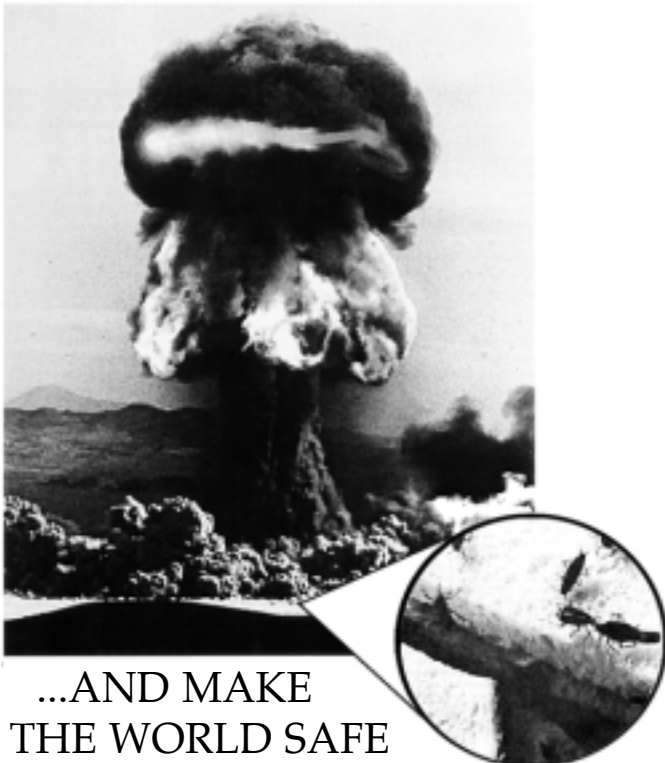
I am a faithful UR reader. I would like to inform you of some deviant behavior I witnessed on the academic quad in the past week. One of your writers, Mark Nowak, was seducing campus squirrels with a Snickers bar. I suggest an intervention before he either gets hurt or gets lucky.

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