



Gracies Dinnertime
Theatre

Tang

"I think you guys are beating 'Midgets' to death."
"Yeah, but what isn't funny about beating Midgets?"

Picture, if you will, the Oompa Loompa's wild state. Huge tribes of Oompa Loompas turning the ground orange with their presence.[†] Eventually, Watusi hunters discovered the Oompa Loompa hidden valley of bliss during the Watusi Age of Discovery (52 BT). After decades of cooperation, the two dissimilar tribes had reached a symbiosis that few other human populations have enjoyed^f. The Watusi would thatch the roofs of the Oompa Loompa homes, while the Oompas put in duty as pest control, provided the spit for building homes (like a wasp, dummy), and were the unit of measure.[≈] In hindsight, the Watusi actually were the ones getting the better deal, but if you were 2.5 meters tall and had to deal with a bunch of orange guys that were 1 meter, who would get the better deal?

As with all Golden Ages, this euphoric life of rodent catching and roof thatching couldn't last. It ended quite innocently: two Watusi walking side by side ran into a Oompa Loompa, the short little guy got caught up in their knees, and

POP!

Suddenly the air was filled with orange dust. The Watusi, instinctively knowing that Something Had Happened, stood their ground as the fines filled the air. Almost against their will, the towering tribesmen began licking the air, savoring the sweet, orange ambrosia. All activity in the village stopped as the Oompa Loompas present saw what had happened, and the two Watusi eyed each other knowingly (Nudge, nudge. Wink, wink).

In one of those memorable moments when simple $1+1=2$, $a^2+b^2=c^2$, Oompa loompa + mauling speed = yum, the larger of the two giants calmly walked up to a cowering Oompa Loompa and clobbered him over the head.

POP!

"Tang!"[§] shouted the excited Tribesmen inbetween excited licks.

Tang. You remember it: the astronauts drink it. High in vitamins, all your essential nutrients, the damn stuff is like a Schmoo, or more specifically, like a discorporated Oompa loompa. (On the downside, you have to deal with the toxic orange dye. Warning: Not to be used by children under 6 years of age unless recommended by a dentist or physician. If more than 3 metered doses (1 oz.) are actually swallowed, give several glasses of milk and contact a physician for further advice. Do not get on carpets, clothing, or counters.)

Thus began the genocide of the Oompa Loompas. After all, they didn't make really good units of measure, and they are pretty tasty.

If it wasn't for the imperialism of the Europeans, filling every crack and crevice with their need to Christianize, homogenize, and pulverize everyone, the Oompa loompa-

[†] Prior to the arrival of Europeans, Oompa Loompa herds could cover whole countries of what is now Africa. Given, they were small countries, but it's still pretty impressive.

^f Except for the Christians and Romans. You see, without the Christians, the Romans would have been shit out of luck when it came to entertainment. As for the Christians...well, where would they have gotten their concept of persecution and learned all the nasty things to do to Mother God worshippers of the Middle Ages?

[≈] Ironically, the Watusi unit of measure, the Loompa, is equal to one meter. Funny old world, isn't it.

[§] "Tang," in the native language of the Watusi, means : "sweet tasting, squashed orange midget, which we can all stand around and taste by simply licking the air." Just another example of words that don't translate well...kind of like the Japanese Computer company, Wang. Someone should have warned them....





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would be as lost as most of those tribes of Israel. The grandfather of the infamous Willy Wonka first happened upon the diminished tribe in the 1870's; offering to relocate them to the United States in return for their assistance in a factory he wanted to build, they eagerly accepted.

Just another bunch of slaves, bound for the new world.

Now, generations after being rescued from powdered oblivion, the luckless orange ones reside in Willy Wonka's Concentration Camp: the world of Dairy Queen gone horribly wrong. Where's the ACLU when you need them? Orange midgets forced to work and live in a windowless factory for a tyrannical, yet lovable, loon. Forced to sing and work, probably under the influence of random hallucinogens (What other boss do you know of that encourages workers to lick the wallpaper? I guess it's better than licking the air.) without compensation. Talk about a civil rights violation! It's not hard to figure out that the Oompa Loompa songs are in reality a sizable repetoir of spirituals, possibly with coded messages revealing the whereabouts of the Secret Oompa Loompa Underground Railroad.

Thanks to our resident anthropologist, we have obtained a copy of one of the Oompa Loompa spirituals and analyzed it.

Oompa Loompa, doompadee doo	→	THE SONG IS A RIDDLE
We have a perfect puzzle for you.	→	
Oompa Loompa, doompadee dee	→	LOOK, BUDDY! YOU WANT TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THIS PLACE? LISTEN UP!
If you are wise you will listen me.	→	
What do you get when you guzzle down sweets,		
Eating as much as an elephant eats?		
What are you at getting terribly fat?		
What do you think will come of that?	→	ONLY ONE WHO IS SKINNY CAN ESCAPE
I don't like the look of it.	→	
Oompa Loompa, doompadee dah	→	IT IS POSSIBLE TO ESCAPE AND LIVE AWAY FROM THESE FREAKISH GIANTS
If you're not greedy you will go far.	→	
You will live in happiness too	→	
Like the Oompa Loompa doompadee do.		
Doompadee do.		

The escape route from Willy Wonka's Sweat Shop is only through the chocolate river and up the outlet tube! Anyone too fat would end up getting stuck and burst into powder from the buildup in pressure. Bad for the Oompa loompa, good for the chocolate. All those who have seen the documentary, think back to when that young boy fell into the river and got lodged in one of the outflow pipes. The looks on the faces of the Oompa Loompas was that of fear. "What if the Massa finds out about our escape route?" Luckily, he sent only Oompa Loompas to retrieve the luckless child.

At the chocolate factory, however, the horror never stops: when the Oompa loompa reach such an age that they can no longer withstand the backbreaking labor forced upon them, they are "retired." It is said that the Oompa Loompas who have worked hard their whole life spend the end of their days in a rest home within the factory.

But.

No one has ever seen seen this fabled home. Those poor souls are herded into the extensive Tang works like horses to a glue factory. Employing the descendants of the Watusi that immigrated to the United States to mash the elderly into uncut Tang, Willy Wonka continues traditions of hatred and regulated genocide.

Please, write your local Congressman. Help Sally Struthers save the poor Oompa.... Oh, fuck 'em. Kill all the orange freaks! Great heaps of Tang for everyone!

An Editor's Apology:

I had planned on doing an entire column talking about the Pope's statement concerning evolution that came earlier this week. After I picked up Hell's Kitchen from the printers, however, I discovered that *GDT* had pulled a *Reporter*. So, I'd rather address those problems and I'll say something about the most pious one if I have room.

From time to time, *GDT* makes some major layout errors. Last week was one of those times. Because of deadlines (i.e. when the printers go down at night), it was impossible to put our images in and make sure everything looked ok when printed. Consequently, our main article had a few letters at the ends of words covered by our front page illustrations. As if that weren't enough, the column "Live, Learn and Pass It On: A Critical Review" had words totally obscured.

Now, in my eyes, the role of any publication (contrary to the whizzes that bring you such graphic disasters as *Ray Gun* and RIT's official new-mag, the *Reporter*) is to convey specific information. When text is obscured by graphics, or is even omitted, the publication has gone against its dharma.

As one of the head editors of *GDT*, I take full responsibility for the graphical errors last week. We have reprinted "Live 'n Learn" for your entertainment. My staff felt that the front page errors were minor, and I agreed. That material is not reprinted, mainly due to space constraints.

What I find most disturbing about all this is that no one sent us mail complaining about what a shit job we did. Even last year, when we failed to continue a front page arti-

cle (we really screwed the poodle that time), we didn't hear a word from readers. I implore you all to send mail to publications that are failing in their job to convey information clearly. Layout is important, but it must be secondary to the text it is meant to augment.

If you read any publication, be it *GDT*, *Melancholy Predator*, the *Reporter*, or whatever, and find that it is obscuring text, or not making it clear where articles begin or end, than tell them. Write them a letter. Give them a call. Complain. Your silence only implies that your acceptance of unreadable material.

That having been said, let's talk about the Pope.

Earlier this year (volume 5, issue 4) I wrote an editorial titled, "It's been nice, but I have to scream now." In it, I mentioned, just as an aside, that Creationism is not a issue mentioned in political discussions anywhere in the world except the USA. The exact quote was:

"...no where else in the Western world is Creationism still an issue. I'm sure even the Pope doesn't give Creationism anything more than lip service."

Well, bless my prophetic soul! Nearly a month later, the Vatican released a statement from the Pope saying, "new knowledge leads us to recognize in the theory of evolution more than a hypothesis." He went on to say that current that the available scientific data, "constitutes in itself a significant argument in favor of this theory."

Ok. Give myself and Biology a pat on the back.

Hope to be bringing you more of tomorrow's news today....

-Sean Hammond, co-editor, *GDT*

The Religious Wrong

"The feminist agenda is not about equal rights for women. It is about a socialist, anti-family political movement that encourages women to leave their husbands, kill their children, practice witchcraft, destroy capitalism and become lesbians."

-Pat Robertson, a fundraising letter

"I think Pat Robertson is very pro-woman."

-Ralph Reed, on Meet the Press

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre welcomes mail
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FRUSTRATION

Mount: Anxiety

Charisma: He's got friends, but only because they're afraid to be his enemy.

Strength: when need be

Meditation: 0

Endurance: "I don't know how much more of this she can take, captain!"

Description: Frustration's face seems as if it's locked in a terminal grin; not a friendly sort of grin. He is forever on the edge; any given person to encounter him will have pretty even chances that he will either commit a spontaneous act of violence, or a menacing act of kindness (the type of kindness you want to keep as far away from as possible). He looks as though every muscle in his body is going through a twenty-four hour-a-day charlie horse. You almost feel the urge to teach him lamaz, to help him through the tough times.



Ah, the suffering, the sweet suffering. Once again I make the trip (I speak in the singular because I always seem to be alone) to the shrine of suffering, that elusive prize, the Martyr of the Week. The honor for the week of **November 3-9** is bestowed upon the innumerable **martyrs of Saragossa**, Spain (Nov. 3). This group was another of the multitude put to death under the Diocletian persecution. The prefect Dacian, sent from Rome to uphold and enforce the laws, banished all xians from Saragossa. Ever the tactician, he took this opportunity to "sick the dogs on them." His soldiers slaughtered them as they left the city *en masse*. No one was spared--it was an equal opportunity massacre. 18 of these martyrs are venerated in a special ceremony **April 16** (Mark your calendars!).

Other saints of note this week include **St Martin De Porres** (Nov. 3 as well (He is the patron saint of Hairdressers, Public Health Workers, People of Mixed Race and Peruvian Television)) **St Willibrord** (Nov. 7(A conga-like dance undertaken at his tomb once a year is supposed to cure participants of epilepsy, convulsions, and lum-bago)), **The Four Crowned Martyrs** (Nov. 8 (A group of stonemasons martyred under , gee... let me guess--Diocletian?, for refusing to carve the statue of a pagan god)), and lastly **St Benen** (Nov. 9 (People are miraculously forced to regurgitate intestinal worms at our saint's tomb thus, curing them of this dreaded blight on humanity.)) Until next week, Trinity Labors On.



GDT's winter contest is back and bigger than last year! Starting next quarter we begin the Literary Scavenger Hunt

Recently our loving publisher Carissimus Diablo donated a sum of \$75 to our publication, leaving the instructions that the money was to be used as an award. So we thought up the idea of a literary scavenger hunt. Each week of volume 6 we will print three quotes from various literary sources or other well-known documents. These quotes will be graded by difficulty and will receive corresponding point values. Participants must guess the source of the quote and the author if applicable. At the end of the quarter all points will be tallied up; a winner will be publicly announced in the first issue of volume 7. Because this money was a donation, everyone but the head editors of GDT is qualified to enter. Watch for it!

Live and Learn and Pass It On:
 A critical review
 vaccines
 I've learned that receiving homemade ~~valentines~~ is much better than receiving ~~store bought ones~~.
 syphilis from a French waitress working at a second rate talent agency.
 -Age 26
 I've learned that, frequently, those who need love the most are the ~~least lovable~~.
 ones filming kiddy porn.
 -Age 58
 a flaming El Camino
 I've learned that I should not let ~~opportunities~~ pass me by, always thinking there will be a ~~next time~~.
 another one..
 -Age 20

After Dinner Mints
 All this week I have spent time observing a certain tree I noticed some time ago that has been afflicted with a severe case of male pattern baldness. I suppose that more of those testosterone-stuffed men would prefer their situation if they only knew their hair would grow back again in the spring. Deciduous Hair, another fine product brought to you by the people who found out that Rogaine wasn't just for high blood pressure.
 Maybe trees should get leaf implants or start taking advantage of the green house effect.
 -Kelly Gunter

Random Fact:
 In Portland, Oregon it is illegal to wear roller skates in a public bathroom.