



Volume 6 • Issue 1

Bait & Shoot

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

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

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

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

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

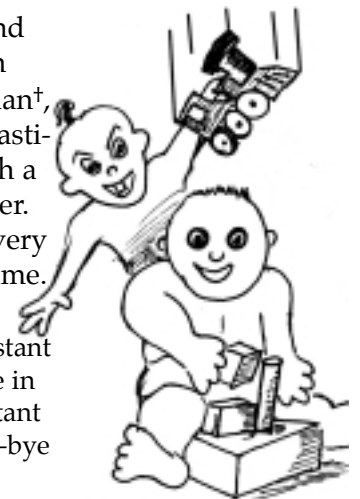
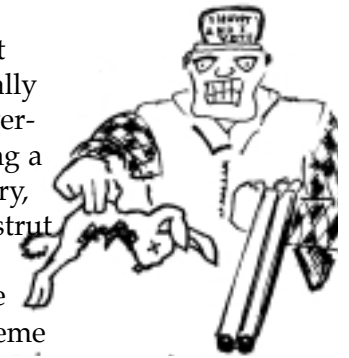
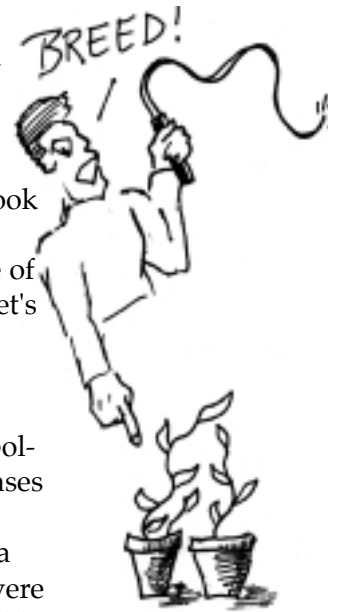
Let's face it, I had a damn good point to make a few years ago, and, thanks to the Reporter, arrogance, and hard work, now I have a forum. People are overpopulated and crowded, and when any good population becomes too crowded, even the best of them have a tendency to become peckish and dangerous. Yes,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

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

^νWritten in 1943.

^ΔProving that GDT is not something you do...it's something you are.

[†]Gregarious, gregorian, different words you say? Yes man, but look at the context!



Train Go Boom!



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fucking BOOM!

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

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



Literary Scavenger Hunt

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

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

This Week's Hunt:

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

Ask me a riddle and I reply:

'Cottleston, Cottleston, Cottleston Pie.'"

Name the author and the character speaking.

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

Name the author and the book title.

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

Name the author and the book title.

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

GDT Literary Scavenger Hunt Rules and Regulations:

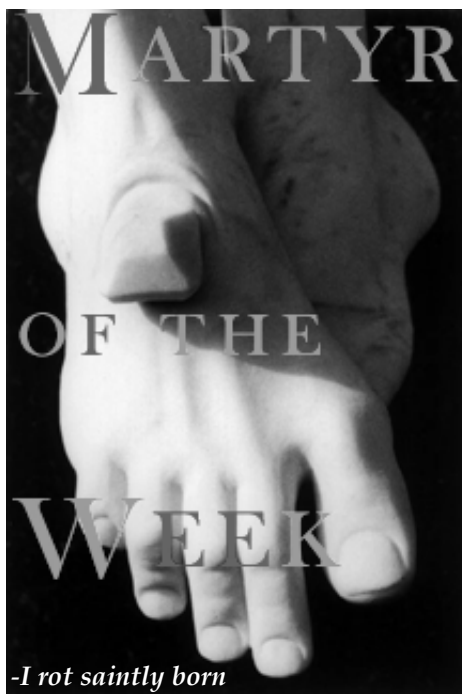
This contest is open to everyone, with the exception of the two head editors of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre.

Additional...

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

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

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



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

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

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

-Christopher Lane

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

Thursday, August 28th

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To be continued next week...

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

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

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

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

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



-Sean T. Hammond

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



-Kelly Gunter

Dear BFG-

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

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

-Mobius

Dear Mobius,

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

Ain't two dimensional geometry a bitch?

Answer #1: "Mole Man"

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

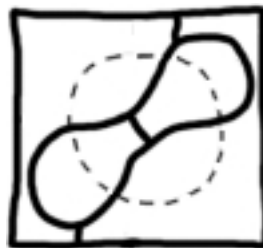


Figure 1

Answer #2: "Six Feet Under"

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

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

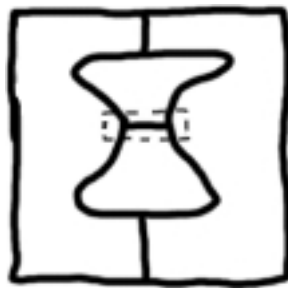


Figure 2

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

Answer #3: "Mountain Man"

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

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



Figure 3

Answer #3 -Variation1: "The Old Hermit"

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

Answer #4: "Easy Answer"

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



Figure 4

Answer#5: "Parallel Plots and Alternatives"

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

-BFG

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

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

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

November 26th, 1996

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Religious Wrong:

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

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

Student Protest in Belgrade



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

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

Dear Colleagues,

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

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

**Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
welcomes comments.**

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

Declaration of Decency

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

Therefore, we demand:

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

-University of Belgrade

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