



Volume 6 • Issue 8

Hesitation

"I can't think of anything that remotely fits the subject."

Silence surrounds the fleeing bystanders as they weave through the deepening darkness. Wide-eyed and out of breath, they pause next to the side of a dilapidated Walmart. Suddenly, a fist rings out, the hero falls to the ground, and an ominous figure stands silhouetted in the incandescent frenulum; a gloating figure, ready to deliver the death blow. But something stops the end move. The arch-villain stands transfixed. Slowly he lowers his hands to his hips and exhales deeply. The moment of hesitation is all that the hero needs, and he delivers the coup de grace. Startled, yet still inexplicably pleased with himself, the arch-villain, moving as if the world is now being played at twelve frames per second, caresses, sensually, this new-found orifice. His eyes track down until his gaze lights upon his crimson-kissed fingertips. Raising his sweat-streaked crown to meet the beguiling eyes of his childhood nemesis, his smile reaches auris ad auris, and his maniacal laugh seems deeper and more guttural than usual (perhaps a little gurgle-E). His immense mass careens in a downward trajectory towards terra firma, producing a satisfying sound akin to that of waxy, greasy, pink, sliced, processed meat by-products slapping against cold concrete. With his parting breath, the quickly fading villain leaves his final words to an uncaring and unknowing world:

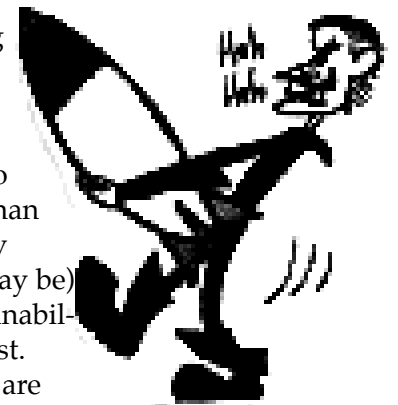
"Well, saaaayyyy...."

Clitori. We all have them. "What about peni?" I hear the bright young lad in back ask ("Loops? Did you say Loops?" – Melancholy Predator's epitome of bad segue). Four out of five gynecologists agree that the only difference, the only scientific, medically-proven way to differentiate the two is that one gets much bigger than the other. One you can grab and the other you can only rub ("Oh genie of the clitoris!"). I mean, for that kind of difference, you need some serious blood migration. All in all, arousal in the typical male is a fairly cataclysmic event. Blood is diverted from other areas of the body just to pump that Bad-Boy™ up.† Ironically, when the human male goes for long periods of time without pitching a tent, the body may be pleased to be getting all the oxygen it needs, but the psyche becomes warped like an ill-prepared Shrinky-Dink (Oh, please. We wouldn't stoop so low as to use THAT bad of a pun. Yeah, we're way too cultured for that sort of nonsense).

Researchers have gone through the trouble to waste valuable time and money to make connections between physical violence and impotence. Who's more violent than most? Why, super-villains of course! They might be cold and calculating, or lovably maniacal, but they all share the same thing: limp Willies (or Willmas, as the case may be)

One of the least know facts concerning the worlds' varied supervillains is their inability to sustain a half-way respectable erection. The best most can manage is half-mast. The one time that nearly guarantees the fulfillment of their manhood is when they are doing mean things. Be it not holding a door open for an old woman or launching stolen nuclear weapons toward Liechtenstein, the perpetrators always, and I mean always, take a few moments to bask in the glory of their penis (or swollen clitoris if they happen to be a woman).

Time and again villains' schemes are thwarted because they hesitate. They gloat. They share their plan. This isn't due to some character flaw that makes them cocky (again, we won't stoop to such obvious p-hey there's a penny down here!) or just a necessary way to allow the trapped hero to escape and eventually triumph. How much easier it would be if the villains would just kill the silly son of a bitch when



† Why men wish they had a larger penis is beyond me. What good is it to have a 12 inch penis when you pass out while getting aroused?



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he is sprawled out, weapons nowhere in sight, at the mercy of their bestial wrath. Instead, they stop. Why? Because they have a hard-on and are taking a moment from their very busy day to stop and smell the roses.

Ah, to have an erection! To share in the simplest sexual activity that is man. For that all-too-brief moment, the super-villain feels human.

Conversely, super-heros have the problems of perpetual hard-ons. Traipsing about in tights and jumping from building to building with the biting wind coursing across their compacted genitalia.

"Spoon!"

With gobs of oxytocin (what scientists into studying sex technically refer to as the "cuddle chemical") screaming through their systems, superheros are in the unique position of being non-sexual and infinitely sexual. Think about it this way: if you ran about in a state of perpetual post-orgasmic bliss (PPOB, not to be confused with the PWU: the Postal Workers Union), how sexually active do you think you would be? Superheros have achieved a Zen-like state of sexual existence. All the satisfaction and half the contact.

(insert Tick voice here)

"There isn't much to say about superheros. They're big, they're buff, they've got boners, they're happy. All they really want in this world is to cuddle, and isn't that we all want, to cuddle with the world, like the big teddy bear that it is, sure it's got an eye missing and limbs torn off from time to time, but it's your teddy. So grab that teddy and cuddle for all you're worth!"



Editor's Note

A great injustice has been brought to my attention, and I'd like to take this time to set the record straight. A few weeks ago a friend of mine commented that he was amazed at a particular issue of GDT because I had written the whole thing. I was a little surprised, because I distinctly remembered there being more pieces than what I wrote. Given, I've reached a point that all you have to do is stick a blank sheet of paper in front of me and I'll fill it and ask for-more-please, but GDT is definitely not mine alone.

Look under the list of staff members on page two (to the left dumby!). There, conspicuously appearing in an attractive font, complete with serifs, is the name "Kelly Gunter." It's not there merely for decoration. Kelly is just as active as I, though because of my boisterousness (I'm afraid that neighbors will never be able to say, "He was such a quiet boy...."), I am attributed as being the driving force behind GDT.

Well, not so naughty varlet! Kelly may be the quiet one, but it was her, and her alone, that started this puppy. She came up with the topic for our very first issue ("Ethiopian Fly-paper Boy," Volume 1, issue 1) and suggested that we begin printing our ideas on our own after the *Reporter* rejected our proposed weekly column. She's one arrogant bare-footed chick (oh yeah!).

So, if you enjoy our work, or hate some topic we choose, blame her.

Get off my back man! I'm "Little Hitler" and she's "the Bare-Foot Girl?" How's that fair?

-Sean Hammond, Co-editor GDT

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Demands Tribute!

Send all your saucy Scottish wenches (all I said), money, taxes, submissions, hate/fan mail, or suggestions to diablo@csh.rit.edu or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618

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.

This Week's Hunt:

22. (5 points) "This is what it is to be human: to see the essential existential futility of all action, all striving- and to act, to strive. This is what it is to be human: to reach forever beyond your grasp. This is what it is to be human: to live forever or die trying. This is what it is to be human: to perpetually ask the unanswerable questions, in the hope that the asking of them will somehow hasten the day when they will be answered. This is what it is to be human: to strive in the face of the certainty of failure.

"This is what it is to be human: to persist.

"For this is what it means to be human: to laugh at what another would call tragedy.

"This is what it means to be human: to commit hara-kiri, with a smile if it becomes needful. "

-Name the Book and Authors



Fey
Ozinzen

-Sean T. Hammond

Hello. again. I've been gone for a while, but I see you banked the fire and kept it smoldering. Drag some dry wood over. We'll get the flames higher.

It's been so long since I started telling you about the Irish *Book of Invasions* as a means of introducing the Tuatha de Danaan that I might as well start over. Instead, a brief synopsis will have to suffice.

The earliest invaders of the Emerald Isle consisted of fifty-one women and three men, all descendants of the Biblical Noah (insert St. Patrick's influence here). When the Deluge covered the globe, they all died with the exception of a man named Fintan. To escape, he used his magick (a very un-christian ability) to transform himself into a salmon. Only once the waters started to recede did he become an eagle, hawk, and finally returned to human form.

As Fintan spent his days alone, a new group of invaders arrived. Led by Partholon and his wife, Delgnat, the new-comers came from the west. In time, they met Fintan who passed his story on to them, lest it be lost.

Soon after their arrival Partholon surveyed the island and ordered enough forests cleared to create three new plains and seven additional lakes made by diverting rivers. With all that hard work, it only made sense that they discovered how to brew ale. Ah, the Irish...

During the rule of Partholon, he had the dubious honor of being embroiled in the island's first lawsuit. In that time, a dark race called the Formorians (sometimes considered a type of faerie) ranged over the country. Time and again, Partholon and his followers fought them off. Being gone so often his wife yearned for... companionship, and seduced a servant named Topa. Upon his discovery of this, Partholon charged her with adultery before his court. She countered that, with him gone so often, he had left her tantalizingly vulnerable. It was as though he had left his valuables out for any thief to fuck, I mean steal. Her infidelity was partly his fault and they must both share blame. In the end, she won her case.

After many years of battling the Formorians, Partholon's people were wiped out. Not in battle, but by a plague. Only one man, Tuan, survived. Hiding in the mountains for twenty years to avoid the Formorians, he saw the landing of a new group: nine survivors from a great fleet that had floundered in the Atlantic.

Continued next week...

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*.

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>

Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR WHOMEVER IS READING THIS:

I GOT THIS ADDRESS OFF THE INTERNET WHILE READING STUFF RELATED TO GOING BAREFOOT. I LOVE GOING BAREFOOT AND WAS VERY TAKEN WITH THE "BAREFOOT GIRL" POSTINGS FROM 1995. I AM A WRITER AND HAVE BEEN WORKING ON SOME FREE-LANCE MATERIAL RELATED TO THE BAREFOOT LIFESTYLE OVER THE LAST COUPLE YEARS (SEE ENCLOSURES). I WOULD LIKE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THIS BAREFOOT GIRL BOTH FOR PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL REASONS (WE ARE, AFTER ALL "SOLE MATES"), AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO DIRECT ME TO HER.

I AM PUTTING TOGETHER A FREE-LANCE FEATURE STORY (NO MARKET YET) TENTATIVELY CALLED "NO SHOES, FULL SERVICE" BASED ON MY OWN EXPERIENCES AND INTERVIEWS WITH OTHER BAREFOOTERS, AND WOULD LOVE TO TALK WITH OTHERS WHO LOVE GOING BAREFOOT AS MUCH AS I DO.

A SASE IS ENCLOSED FOR YOUR REPLY.

SINCERELY,
DARREN RICHARDSON

LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON (A CRITICAL REVIEW)

I've learned that summer has finally arrived when you stop dreading and ~~start~~ looking forward to sitting on a cold toilet seat.

Extra points! No words added! -Age 19

I've learned that you don't *have* to answer the ~~doorbell or the phone~~ just because it ~~rings~~.

disenchanted child slave demands To be fed every day. -Age 50

I've learned that it is better to try to fix a ~~child problem~~ than to spend all of your time finding out ~~who caused it~~.

how not to impregnate her. -Age 33

Dear Darren Richardson,

You found her, well...me. I'm afraid, actually very afraid, that you are not the first person who has contacted me wishing to discuss our mutual roles in the "barefoot lifestyle." One guy even went so far as to send me a stack of pictures of his feet. I found this a little odd, but I guess to each his own. He kept asking me what I thought of them; I thought they were his feet.

Frankly, I don't know what the "barefoot lifestyle" is, and from the few interactions I have already had with other "barefooters" it seems kind of silly and perhaps obsessive. Just because I walk barefoot does not mean that I am a spiritual earthy sort of person, it does not mean I am a vegetarian (in fact I am a carnivore on moral grounds), it doesn't mean I take particularly good care of my feet or that I mentally control my body temperature, and it certainly doesn't make me capable of identifying whatever it is that is growing out of your little toe (sorry PJ).

I walk barefoot. It is not a political statement, nor a ploy to meet new and interesting people. I have no deep personal reason behind my choice to walk barefoot; it has been ten years now and I have gotten to the point where any injuries I may sustain walking barefoot are insubstantial compared with those I will sustain trying to wear shoes again. Walking barefoot is not something that defines me as an individual – it is just something that I do.

Actually, I wish that people would stop making a big deal about it. Seven years (not a mistake, for the first three years, no one cared. Just as I like it.) of listening to complete strangers ask inane questions starts to grate on your nerves after a time. As Christopher Lane says, "No shirt, no shoes, no karma." And that statement says about as much nothing on the matter as I really want to. -The Barefoot Girl

Do you have a question for the Bare-Foot Girl, or just want to torment her? Send questions/comments to GDT c/o diablo@csh.rit.edu

Random Facts:

-compiled by Sean Hammond

- In 1931, British novelist Arnold Bennett, attempting to prove that the tapwater of Paris was safe to drink, poured himself a glass of local water, contracted typhoid, and died in Paris.
- In 1992, 96,857 American businesses folded. In 1932 (i.e. Great Depression), 32,000 businesses went under.

(Behind the Rusty Curtain) -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. Feel free to email him at CPL960@JMC.AUBG.BG

November 1st, 1996

Wearily rubbing my face while walking as fast as possible down Ul. Cyril Methodius, I hoped that I didn't miss the bus I was supposed to catch at 8:45. It was cold enough that I wished I was wearing longjohns under my Levis. Ul. Cyril Methodius is a big boulevard that runs from the "Gara" (train and bus stations) past the University, and up into the hills at the edge of Blagoevgrad. A week ago, I had given a lecture concerning cameras to the newly formed AUBG photo-club, "Focus." They had received \$600 from the school to outfit the club with cameras, and wanted to be able to get the most bang for their buck. Although I was nervous as hell about my first "lecture," I was doing my best to illustrate to them that they needed better cameras than a Taiwan "point and shoot" to take control of their photography. Eventually, they decided that they would go to Sofia to look for cheap Russian 35mm manual bodies. Having started them on this path, I could not refuse to come with them to check over the cameras, to see that they were functional.

The sky was hazy, and when I got to the station, the low morning sun was throwing soft, gold, slanting beams of light into the "Avto Gara" platform. All good-sized Bulgarian train/bus stations have small "bazaars" or markets thrown up next to or nearby their platforms. From dawn to midnight, old ladies peddle coffee, bananas, cold banitsa, soda, "sok" (isn't that a great word for juice?), newspapers, porno zines, plastic icons and sunflower seeds. I was surveying the scene and noticing the industrial railyards towering behind the station when Tina and a few other Focus members arrived. After buying tickets, I took them back to my previous spot to point out the haloed backlighting that caught frosty breath so brilliantly, and the information-rich scene which spoke so fully about Bulgaria. Having put in most of the organizational energy to start Focus, Tina was enthused. With richly dark brown hair framing her ivory pale face, she is a typically beautiful Balkan woman (Romanian), and it was invigorating to watch excitement spread from her chocolate eyes to her flushed cheeks as she listened to the lesson.

All over Bulgaria, people tell me that the trains are much worse than the buses. The trains are ugly and

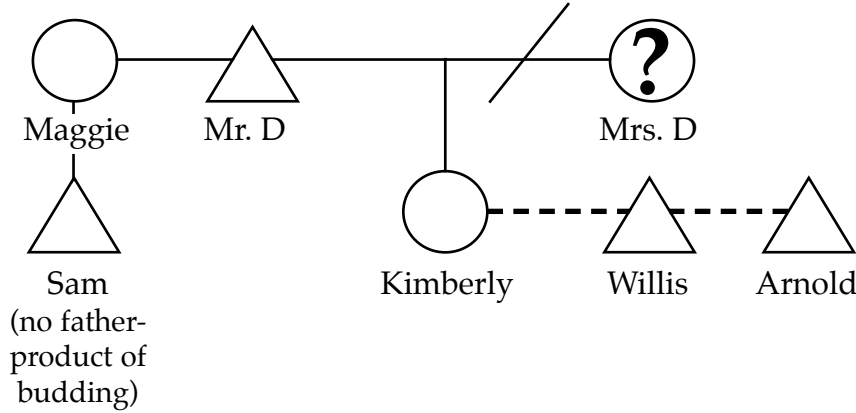
run down, they say. They're always too slow. The people who ride them are "distasteful." With the exception of being slower (although cheaper to ride), I've found that there is, in fact, no difference between the conditions on trains in comparison to buses. Conversely, the bus seats are much less comfortable, and of course, there are no bathrooms on the buses. And I always have better chances of an interesting conversation on a train. Maybe I just prefer distasteful people.

As we pulled out of Blagoevgrad, I found that there was a possible discomfort on the buses which I'd never considered. The exhaust of this particular bus was venting into the cabin. Not in great quantity, but it was sufficiently stinky that I felt that it must be very unhealthy to breathe. Opening a window, I caused a great cry of dismay from the passengers around me. "It's too cold outside!" they insisted. I couldn't believe that people would prefer to sit in exhaust fumes than to let in some cold air. However, I seemed to be the only person on the bus troubled by the smell of half-burned gasoline. Within 15 minutes of leaving town, the stench of the fumes was becoming a revolting fascination in my mind: I turned it over and over, and couldn't stop thinking of how to get some fresh air. Finally, I noticed a tiny draft coming from my window's seals, and spent the rest of the trip with my head leaned against the window, so that I could breathe unpolluted air. The last 1/3 of the trip seems to take an excruciatingly huge amount of time. I kept thinking about the Bulgarian condemnation of the trains.

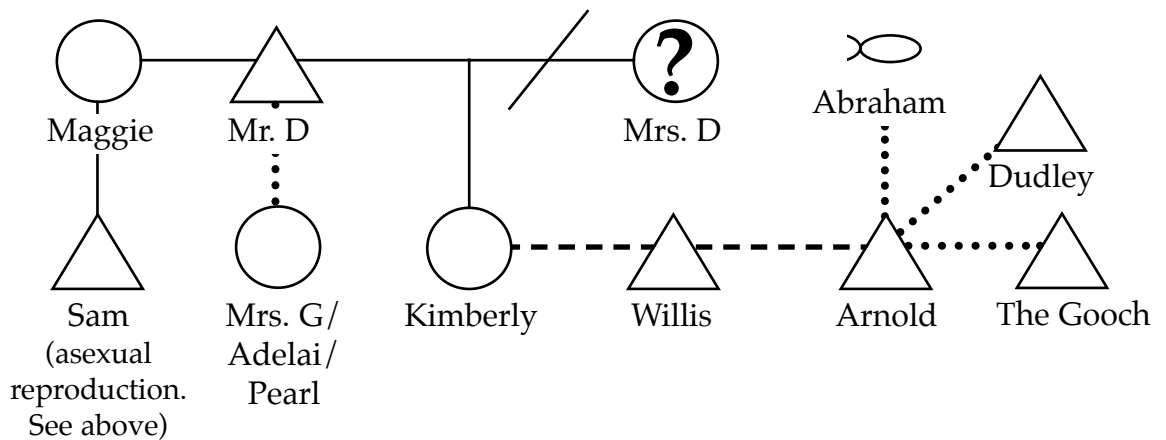
About half-way to Sofia, we passed a huge chemical manufacturing complex. Held to ground level by the cold air, the thick brown haze that the factory was spewing caused visibility falloff at 200 meters, and total loss of sight within about 500 meters. The stench of sulfur reached us, even through closed windows. The fumes were settling heaviest in a large 'dell,' or depression close to the plant. A dozen or so ugly, gray, socialist-built concrete apartment buildings (which seem more like huge machine components than homes) were visible in the dell. I had no doubt that they were for the plant's workers. The vision of that place is my unrealized idea of "Hell on Earth."

To be continued next week...

In anthropology, genealogies are constructed as visual representations of a particular family's relatives. The gender, generation, and relationship (siblings, spouse, child) of the individuals is included by the diagram. From these and through the study of kinship terminology, ideas about the roles which regulate social order of kinship systems can be formulated. Unfortunately, the details of all outside relationships are neglected. I feel that this is a disturbing omission. For illustration purposes, I have re-constructed the genealogy of Different Strokes by two methods. First the traditional anthropologist's approach:



Look at the incomplete picture we get of the Drummond household. Let's revise the diagram in a more informative way:



Ahhhh, the future of anthropology. Soon to be in textbooks everywhere.



Martyr Logue

-Troy Liston

Welcome to the Martyrlogue, a travel guide of sorts to shrines, relic sites and places of general morbid religious interest throughout Europe and the Americas. This week we look at **St Denis (Feast Day: October 9)**. St. Denis is the patron of France, invoked against headaches and frenzy. St. Denis was sent from Rome to convert the pagan Gauls in the year 90 AD. He became the first bishop of Paris and was martyred by decapitation there. Legend has it that after his head's unfortunate separation from the rest of him, his body picked up the misplaced part and carried it six miles to the spot on which a Cathedral bearing his name stands today.

TRAVEL : TO VISIT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS YOU SIMPLY NEED TO STOP BY PARIS, FRANCE.