



Volume 6 • Issue 9

God Damn It

"Where am I going...and why am I in this handbasket?"

Think the world sucks? Well, you're probably right. Look around you, Pablo: Walmart carries wood laminate furniture that it passes off as oak, people are giving themselves concrete enemas ("Ah...Marge, can I have a price check on concrete enemas?"), testicular torsion, cars dent too easily, 75 year old men dent too easily, papercuts, getting your hair caught in a threshing machine (yeah, that's a bitch), biting aluminum foil, getting your pantleg caught in a bicycle chain, squirrels (Q-FUCKING BOOM)[†], p-sublevels of lithium atoms, socks that lose their elasticity and fall down, sudden changes of temperature and humidity when you wear glasses, mosquitoes.... And we put up with all of it on a daily basis. It's only when things don't work that we realize how evil has crept into our lives like an appreciation for amateur Hammond Organ music and we cry out with a resounding, "God damn it!" or, "I feel TERRIBLE!"^Δ

Thou shalt not take the Lord's name in vain. Jesus-fucking-Christ! What's wrong with you people anyway? Those silly little Israelites sure knew what they were talking about (Besides any group who passes on religion through the mitochondrial DNA is about as cool as you can get). Contrary to unpopular (at least with us) belief, God does exist and does stick his great big Jewish nose in our business...but only when we ask.

God is not a trinity as those fish scratchers would have you think. He is a divine dichotomy. He is the Alpha and the Ω , all and nothing. He is binary.

But.

Since he is a dichotomous omnipotent being, he can only respond to those of your needs that are translated into machine language. He is, after all, the Creator; who better qualified to use the most basic languages? Simple on/off requests only please, ma'am. If you ask God for something ridiculous like, "Please grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change blah courage blah wisdom blah blah ra ba ba," all you're going to get is a "Processing...please wait" message for roughly the rest of your life. God's translators are written in Java, which as we all know, needs about four billion runtime libraries (read: Angels) to be processed. However, if you make your request to God in binary code, i.e. "God damn it!"[¥] or "God bless you!", then you get a response, not only in your lifetime, but almost instantaneously.

Unfortunately, most of these effects are not noticeable, or at least not right away. After thousands of years of people stubbing their toes and shouting "Godammit," he gets the idea and puts a standard-issue Damning[™] on the event for all time. Same goes for papercuts, only they got the next level of damning, so they really Hurt-Like-A-Bitch.[™]

Sneezing, on the other hand, is about the most pleasurable thing you can do without involving your genitalia...which coincidentally also involves large amounts of god-blessing on the parts of most participants. In fact, sneezing (This is the reason why most people's sneezes seem to become louder and more earth shattering as a person grows older. God is under the mistaken opinion that bigger is better, and every time someone says "God bless you," it gets reinforced.) and sex are just about the only things left to us that



[†] See GDT "Universe" Volume 4, Issue 8

^Δ Page. 376 *Amok Journal*

[¥] Ironically enough, there are various other smaller deities that deal with such commands as, "Fuck'n Fuck Fuck Fuck!", "Shit Ass Shit!", and of course "God Fucking Damn It!" Although this last phrase seems a lot like the binary code "God Damn It!", it is in fact a little too complex a statement for God and his chummies to figure out what to do with on a moment's notice. This particular phrase usually gets shifted to the department of Gomorrhagic deities.



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have any kind of blessing on them at all, since so many people have been yelling "God damn it" on so many different objects and events, for millennia.^f

What's worse, people nowadays are in the habit of just sitting down after a long day and saying quietly, "God damn it," to nothing in particular. Given no specific target, God's unfortunate standard procedure is to send the command out to his randomizers (i.e. god's W.R.A.T.H[√]), which just adds to the over-all damnedness of today's world. It's another Be Careful What You Wish For situation, only it applies even if you didn't wish for anything in particular.

So keep screwing out there, folks, and don't forget to fulfill your required role when you hear someone sneeze, or we may lose our last bastion of pleasure. God Bless GDT! God Bless Carmen Miranda! God Bless Coffee Ice Cream!

^f Things in eastern Europe might actually improve if people would stop referring to that whole region as "god-forsaken." And this also explains the general trend of the *Reporter* to go to shit while we have been steadily improving: most RIT students have been chanting "Godamnreporter" as a time honored mantra every Friday (especially when they don't put out an issue) and we've had the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship members praying for our souls since they first discovered we were climbing of our own free will into the proverbial handbasket. Q.E.D.[≈]

[≈] Quite Easily Done

[√] Warranted Reasonable Anti-human Tribulation Hircine



Editor's Note

Though this letter was addressed to Hell's Kitchen, it is being printed in *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* because it mainly deals with an editorial printed in *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* on 9 February, 50 AT.

Subject: Bravo!

Date: Wed, 12 Feb 50AT

To: diablo@csh.rit.edu

DEAR HELL'S KITCHEN;

This comment is probably being sent out too late to be printed, but even if it's not, I just wanted to say: BRAVO! I just finished reading your editorial response to the "Race Baiting" article and I found it to be one of the most well-crafted, well-thought out, purely, and I mean PURELY, objective pieces of literature ever written by you guys. It stripped away all pretenses, it pulled no punches, it attacked all denial, it expressed the suppressed. Open-mindedness and simple, unbiased judgement like that usually disappears from people after age five...it's a rare and beautiful thing to be able to hold onto that kind of state mind.

That combined with the recent articles in GDT and MP have me thoroughly satisfied. I've never seen a publication so willing to take criticism and do something constructive with it. Keep up the good work!

Yours in admiration,
"Joe Schmo"

Literary Scavenger Hunt:

GDT's second, and possibly last contest (though probably not). This is the final week of the Literary Scavenger Hunt and we have as of yet to be sent anyone's answers to the quotes. This is your last chance to

Win \$75

If you are under the impression that you shouldn't send in your answers because you may only know a couple of the quotes, think again. Right now we have zip from anyone. At this point, answering just one quote could win the scavenger hunt. That may change, but how can it hurt to take a chance on seventy-five dollars? The probability of winning is better than the lottery. So go ahead and try it. The idea is simple: For the next few weeks we print a series of quotations from various literary sources. Some are very well known, others less so. Each quote has 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 is \$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 March 1st, 1997.
(we changed the date!)

Requests for the complete list of quotes should be sent to diablo@csh.rit.edu. Alternately, it can be viewed on our web site: www.csh.rit.edu/~diablo/gdt/extras/contest.html

We will keep all contestants apprised of their ranking on the list up until the very end. The winner will be announced next quarter. Happy hunting!

This Week's Hunt:

23. (1 point) "Look, I have two daughters, both virgins; let me bring them out to you, and you can do what you like with them; but do not touch these men..."

-Name the Book

24. (2 points) "'Shouldn't we, uh, stop or something?' asked Really Cool People. 'Yeah. Could be a pile-up,' said Treading in Dogshit (formerly All Foreigners Especially The French, formerly Things Not Working Properly Even When You've Given Them a Good Thumping, never actually No Alcohol Lager, briefly Embarrassing Personal Problems, formerly known as Skuzz).

'We're the *other* Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' said G.B.H. 'We do what they do. We follow them.'"

-Name the Book and Authors

25. (3 points) "Oh, that...I was talking about policing, not alcohol. There's lots of people will help you with the alcohol business, but there's no one out there arranging little meetings where you can stand up and say, 'My name is Sam and I'm a really suspicious bastard.'"

-Name the Book, Author and the rank of the character speaking

Bonus Question: What does the author of the twenty-fifth quote have in common with one of the authors of the twenty-fourth quote?

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>

-Kelly Gunter

WHILE DRIVING MICHELLE AMORUSO TO ONE OF OUR WEEKLY GDT MEETINGS, THIS WEEK'S ASK THE BARE-FOOT GIRL QUESTION WAS PROPOSED. MICHELLE WAS, AS USUAL, TALKING ABOUT HER FAVORITE SUBJECT: MIDGETS. SHE WAS EXPRESSING HER CONCERN AS TO THE PROPAGATION OF THESE LITTLE PEOPLE. SHE WAS CERTAIN THAT MIDGETS COULD GIVE BIRTH, BUT HOW DOES A FOUR-FOOT TALL WOMAN GO ABOUT GIVING BIRTH TO A NORMAL SIZED CHILD? IT'S GOT TO HAPPEN SOME TIME, BUT ISN'T IT DANGEROUS?

Michelle,

I already gave you your answer, but I have to have something to write down for this week. So here it is...

Not wanting to seem ungrateful to modern methods, a caesarean section would work. Some people, even developmentally stunted ones, want to give birth in a more natural way, though.

Actually, many midgets are sterile. I believe the correct terminology for this group is "dwarf." These are the ones with either big heads or big torsos, just something that doesn't proportionally work out quite right. However, the perfectly proportioned ones are still fertile...just tiny. Everything is smaller, but they can still give birth to normally sized children, which can be hell on a woman whose pelvis may be five or

six inches smaller than the average. Come to think of it, it's usually not a party for a woman of average size, so it's got to be worse on those little women.

The solution is simple: crack. You know, that all-pervasive drug of the inner cities. Merely administer crack to pregnant midgets as you would calcium or other vitamins, internally stunting the growth of the soon to be crack-fetus. This way midget women can give birth the natural way to children with abnormally low birth weights. Sure they'll be born addicted to crack and they probably won't live past the first three months, but don't we all have quirky physical traits? Hey, if I can overcome freckles and thin hair, they can certainly overcome a debilitating physical addiction. It's called growing up.

It just goes to prove that there really are some socially redeeming qualities to crack. Crack... uh, natural way... uh, yeah. Whatever. I just have to go see about getting hair implants...

-BFG

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

SKEWERED NEWS: -Vinny Bove

YELLOW JOURNALISM WITH WIT AND SARCASM

This Week's Story: Eeediots in Ecuador

Every now and again, I like to check CNN's home page (the Internet is free here, unlike the D&C) and keep up-to-date on current events. You know, America can often become a very sane place to live in when compared to places like, say, Ecuador...

Abdala Bucaram, former mayor of the city of Guayaquil, was recently elected president of the Ecuador by popular vote, despite the fact that he had been in self-exile TWICE during his mayorship whilst evading fiscal mismanagement charges lodged against him. In fact, this man owns the proud moniker of "El Loco" -- "The Madman," given to him because of his irrational stunts and wilful disregard of the people's rights.

Hmm. His publicist during the

election must've been Robert Shapiro. Either that or his opponent was Satan (not to be confused with C. Diablo).

Anyhoo, Crazy Man gets elected into office and immediately proceeds to barricade his presidential mansion with barbed wire and soldiers galore. Not a very heartwarming sight for ambassadors, I'm sure.

Believe it or not, things get nuttier from here.

Last week, the Ecuadorian government removed him from office on the grounds of "mental incapacity." Using that same logic, Clinton could easily be impeached for "Extramarrital promiscuity."

After Bucaram's removal, the Congress was prepared to name Fabian Alarcon the new president of Ecuador when new VP Rosalia Arteaga stepped in, declaring that according to the con-

stitution, she was the rightful prez of Ecuador.

So the Congress shrugged its shoulders, content to wait until her term was over...

...when suddenly, five days later, she resigned.

So the Congress announced Alarcon president.

Then Arteaga stated that the Congress did not have the right to select presidents, and that another election would have to be held.

Just to illustrate how insane this whole process has been, let me quote the opening paragraph of the CNN article: "While Congress met Tuesday to name Fabian Alarcon president of Ecuador for the second time in five days, acting president Rosalia Arteaga submitted her resignation and last

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week's president, Abdala Bucaram, left the country."

Here's another interesting, very understated quote:

"...Ecuadorean politicians set about resolving a situation they fear is making a laughingstock of Latin America."

...

...

(snicker)

(giggle)

So, while chaos reigns supreme in the city of Quito, Bucaram is touring South America, trying to gain support for his return to power, which he says should occur in a about a week. According to Arteaga, no one can assume power until August 10, 1998, when the next election is scheduled to take place.

Well, the next time you complain about American politics being bogged down in bureaucracy, about it moving too slowly, just consider the alternative.

This is Vinny Bove, reporting to you not-so-live from Hoboken, New Jersey (in my heart, man! In my heart I'm there).

R a n d o m F a c t

The worst tongue twister in Xhosa (an African dialect) is "The skunk rolled down and ruptured its larynx." Easy in English, but try their version: "Iqaqa lazi-qikaqika kwaze kwaqhawaka uqhoqhopha."

Яфв Кговшмфэф Яфмуыф

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

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

In Sophia, we take a tram from the station to the old city's center. Even completely packed with people, the tram's acrid, sweaty air seems fresh compared to the bus ride. At every stop, people have to slither and shove their way out of the crowded tram, and a fresh batch of riders push themselves into the sardine can. An old pensioner starts up with a harmonica close to me, and somehow the body-to-body proximity becomes a form of comradery in my mind. Getting out close to Alexander Nevsky cathedral, I see Sophia's beautiful old city for the first time. Although the architecture and views aren't on the same plane as beautiful Western European cities, I realize that I had assumed that there was nothing endearing about the city. It's the "new" city that is terrifyingly ugly. I can't enunciate how horrifying and repulsive the mega-sized communist-era apartment high rises of Bulgaria are. And Sophia seems to have the lion's share (huge stretches of nothing else) of these blighted structures.

Arriving at Nevsky Cathedral, I see my first monumental Orthodox church since my trip to Moscow 12 years ago (I don't remember my 2- year-old views of Istanbul's St. Sofia). I didn't get a chance to take a good look, since the bazaar we were headed for was in the Cathedral's park. At this particular bazaar, peo-

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"You provide the prose, we'll provide the war."

ple sell old knick knacks and antiques. 19th Century Turkish daggers, nickel-plated Soviet liquor flasks, silver cigarette cases, old E. European currency, and for some reason, used cameras. Our first two stops were uneventful, with either bad prices or faulty mechanisms. The third time was the charm. Two coffee-and-cream colored guys (were they Bulgarianized Turks?) stood behind a table full of Zenit and Kiev (both Russian brands) cameras. Within 20 minutes, I had found 3 cameras in good working order, along with several extra lenses. A SLR (single-lens-reflex) Zenit with a viewfinder light-meter and a good 58mm lens was going for \$35. Amazing, since it was basically a Russian copy of my Pentax K1000, which cost me \$130 (slightly used, including a 50mm lens) in the states. As we began to talk, we found that the boss, Krasamir, was from Blagoevgrad. After telling him our situation, he made a spectacular offer: He would round up as many basic, cheap Zenits and Kievs as he could lay his hands on, have his repair-man check them all over, and bring them to Blagoevgrad in 2 weeks. The fact that we were prepared to spend at least \$400 on 10+ cameras probably helped.

Over winter vacation 1996/1997, I visited Midget Town, New Jersey. Well, actually, it's Totowa, NJ with a twist. One stretch of the road is exclusively occupied by midgets. I was fascinated by this midget culture and I desperately wanted to learn more. So, to further my education and in the interests of offending the administration, I decided to submit a study abroad proposal for anthropological study to the University of Rochester Study Abroad Office.

As part of my curriculum as an undergraduate anthropology student, I would like to take part in a self-designed study abroad program. My proposal involves an ethnographic account of a small section of Totowa, NJ, commonly referred to as "Midget Town." It consists of ten houses which are situated on what is best described as a residential jughandle. The homeowners are exclusively midgets, voluntarily segregated from the rest of the community. Their houses and front doors are scaled down to a more convenient size, as is evident in the photo essay. I would like to live among the midgets for a single semester, and attempt an intensive ethnographic report of the

inhabitants.

Instead of choosing to focus on their deliberate attempt to separate themselves from society, I wish to examine the effects of consumerism on their small community. My working title is "Consumption Practices Among Midgets in Totowa, NJ." In such an environment, I could examine how the midgets have re-socialized their material environment. What is unique to midgets in how objects are appropriated in order to become integrated with their species?

My research methods will initially include extensive interviews with all willing residents. If permitted, I will thoroughly document the material possessions in the household and interview the owners in an attempt to extract a personal account of the importance and significance of various items.

My hope is to contribute to current consumption theory. Permitting the midgets' approval, I will complete an ethnographic account of an American subculture.

Stay tuned, folks!



1- For scale, note the height of the mailbox with respect to the top of the door.

2- For context, note that the large dark shape in the corner is part of the car the photo was taken from. The photographer, concerned for her safety remained within her locked vehicle.



-Sean T. Hammond

Before I jump in, I'd like to apologize for not finishing this thread prior to RIT's break. When I first started it, I had plenty of time. Then, due to numerous reasons, "Fey" did not run for a few weeks and I'm behind. If I'm asked nicely, maybe I'll consider revising the old columns into a large reprint. Anyway, here we go...

After Partholon's people were eradicated by a plague, leaving only Tuan to watch the towns and fields fall into disuse, a group of refugees arrived. Originally from a mighty fleet in the Atlantic, nine hundred and fifty-one people in thirty two boats died in storms, from disease, or starved. Finally the last ship and her crew of nine gratefully settled on the island.

Led by Nemed, they (like previous invaders) began by leaving their mark on the land, diverting rivers and cutting down forests. As in the time of Partholon, the malevolent Formorians roamed the land. To their credit, the Nemedians met them in four major battles over the centuries. In the fourth battle, however, the Nemedians were nearly wiped out. In the last battle, the Nemedians breached the fortress of one of the two Formorian Kings on the isle of Tory. One king was slain, but the other, using his rage and magick, slaughtered all but thirty Nemedians. One of the survivors, a man named Britan, settled on the island to the east. Others are said to have fled as far as Greece.

After RIT's break, all of Eire was divided into three parts...