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"Any sufficiently complicated technology is indistinguishable from bad karma."

Cloning. It's all over the news like necrotizing fasciitis...which is also all over the news. After slightly under a kajillion[†] unsuccessful attempts,[‡] Dr. Ian Wilmut of Scotland has recently cloned a sheep named Dolly.[√] This has led to some obvious postemp-

tive reactions in this country: every student who has ever asked if a differentiated cell could be made to be totipotent by implanting its nucleus into an unfertilized egg has been vindicated, and a new senate subcommittee[◇] has sprung up *de novo*, dedicated to debating the ethics of the issue.

Cloning may be new and interesting, but the Senate debate itself is as foolish as ever. While they're hemming and hawing about the ethics of the technology, nobody has even mentioned the economic feasibility of the issue. Sheep are a precious commodity in some parts of the hills,[√] but if you can clone wool and lambchops then Dolly just becomes a freakshow type of novelty (Baaahh[√]). Sure, there will be a global audience wanting to see this touring sheep, but there's no chance of repeat customers: if you've seen one clone, you've seen them all. Besides, can it really be cheaper to clone a sheep than to just wait for the damn things to go into heat and let nature run its wiggly, wily course?[√] Why force the poor Scots into shame[√] for creating this technology unless we're sure it isn't going to make us any money?

When the question of cash is on the table, why shiver at the mention of Brave New World and 1984? Turn those frowns upside down! It's time to stop reading those prophetic books as a warning and see them as a promise of a better tomorrow. Big Brother is already here...has been for quite some time. Spy satellites that can read the box of cigarettes your holding post images to the internet and with only a little electronic background, nearly anyone can go to Radio Shack and build sophisticated hacking and phreaking equipment. Modifications to oscilloscope and cellular phones allow people sitting in parking lots to learn PIN numbers from people using ATM cards.

We have all become Big Brother. There is no question of who watches the watchmen; we all watch one another. Misdirected voyeurism in the post-industrial world.

Where technological invasion into all of our lives has been accepted as a necessity of living in a dangerous world (a world where the dangers come from those who use the latest tools against us. Ouroboros anyone?), reproductive changes will be driven strictly by economics. Face it: sex sell. Prostitution is not only legal in many parts of the world, it is a thriving business with owners of some of the larger cathouses considering selling stock, and the only businesses able to succeed on the internet thus far have been dedicated to pornography. With women constantly applying to be artificial inseminated with the sperm of Nobel laureates and Forbes 500 groupies, there is a definite market. Cloning is just the next logical step.

[†] How much is a kajillion, you ask? Will it's less that a googolplex^Δ and more than a quadriplegic.

^Δ What's a googolplex? Well, it is a 1 followed by a googol of zeros. The name originated in 1955 with Edward Kasner, a mathematics professor who, when asking his young child what he should call the number, was confidently told, "a googolplex."

[‡] Otherwise known in more politically correct circles as "effectiveness-impaired attempts."

[√] Why do Scots wear kilts? It's so the sheep don't hear the zi- oh. Never mind.

[◇] Ohh, a senate subcommittee. Now there's a group of blokes who can get the job done. With years of practice at filibustering, it shouldn't be much of a surprise that very little gets done in subcommittees other than the engaging reading of "the C section" of the Hong Kong phone directory.



Illustrator...



... cloned...



... again...



... and again.

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To paraphrase Harlan Ellison, what's the use of having money if you can't use it? There's a market for nearly everything: fake dog poop, white slavery, sleeping gimps, child porn, and most of it is done willingly. No one is being coerced into buying fake dog-poop. The best way for the government to control cloning would be economically. If they were really smart, they would change birth certificates so they could double as official copyright notices. Any human clones then become copyright infringements. Then they'd have to worry about China cutting black-market clones ("Hey buddy, want a spare?").

Besides, Hollywood (if she could) has made cloning out to be the coolest thing since the Spruce Goose and it's difficult to feel apprehensive. Movie after movie has shown the power of cloning. Jurassic Park: cloned dinosaurs running amuck killing people? Cooooool. Multiplicity: a woman getting screwed by three genetically identical men? Again, coooooool. Clones of Adolph Hitler running around in Argentina? Well, not so cool...but funny.

Don't get me wrong, I understand the biological implications of cloning perfectly. I just don't care. A shrinking pool of genetic variation is a serious problem, biologically speaking, but if some stupid git thinks they are the apex of evolution and that it just doesn't get any better than this, so be it. Even if an ego-maniac like George Foreman wants to make his offspring even more like himself (Hi, I'm George, this is my brother George, this is my other brother George, and our newest edition... George), that's his business. The desire for more sameness and continuity is in each of us to a greater or lesser degree. If it weren't, then most of the staff of GDT wouldn't have been so traumatized by all the kids in junior high trying to be just like each other...and trying to screw each others' siblings. Then again, frats and bitch-houses are along the same lines. For that matter, so is any social organization.

All biological concerns aside, I don't really see what the problem is. What's that, Senator Christopher "Git" Bond, a Missourian Republican? "Humans are not God and therefore should not play God"? Well, don't we do that already? You know, with the exception of a few individual parakeets and all cats, I've never run into a more self-important group with no particularly good reason for it than humans. Looking at things in perspective, you have to admit that mankind seems to think it can should play God just because we have opposable thumbs.

Don't believe me? OK. You're right, Fat Man and Little Boy could never be considered playing God.[†] Then again, if we are made in God's image, maybe everything we do is driven by our desire to be God. After centuries of mystics searching for God, NASA's activities (the National Aeronautics and Space Association, as opposed to the National Association for Sword Advancement) are only a more advanced version of the Tower of Babel. Besides, Yhwh told his cute little bipeds to be fruitful (i.e. not taste good with cheese) and multiply. Up until this moment we've only been able to add to our numbers. Thanks to Henry Ford and Dr. Ian Wilmut, humanity is on the verge of complying with Yhwh's commandment. We really could multiply.

Personally, I prefer to go about things in a more natural manner, but if

[†] What do you want for Christmas, guys? - I wanna decide who lives and who dies! - Oh, I don't know....

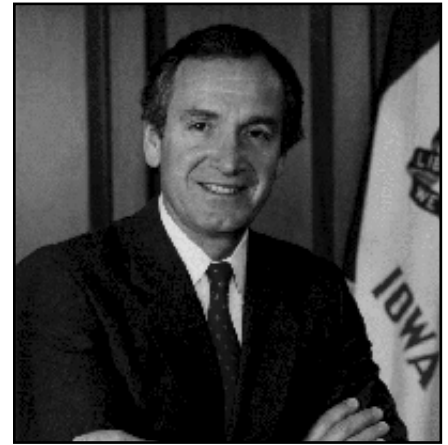
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some socially overzealous parents want to give birth to the most beautiful child in the world, who are we to forbid it? It's about time we killed our last sacred cow. Just as the sun does not revolve around the Earth, the Earth should no longer revolve around mankind.

At least Senator Tom Harkin, a Democratic Illianawan, agrees. That man has seen the future and is willing to replicate himself in it:

"To attempt to limit human knowledge is demeaning to human nature. What utter, utter nonsense to think we can hold up a hand and say stop it." He went on to say, "Human cloning will take place in my lifetime, and I don't fear it. I welcome it. I think it has untold benefits for humankind."

Right on, Tom! Now there's a man with vision! ("There's a man with vision. There's another man with vision. And there...oh...no, he's not a man with vision. My friend, you are blind. You are not a visionary.")



Senator Tom Harkin looking quite pleased with himself.



Editorial: Peace in Our Time

-Kelly Gunter

After three years the merry war between *GDT* and the *Reporter* has become tedious, pointless, and rather too stupid to partake in. Unlike some people on the staff ("Sean, you get back in that corner! You still need a time out."), I have felt this from the very start. The problem is that when I started this whole thing with my co-head, I neglected to even think of putting a choke collar on some of his actions. As of now...

This war is over!

The only casualties added up to a few bent egos, several frazzled nerves, the destruction of a *GDT* spin-off specifically made for the *Reporter*, *10:1 Cereal Delusions*, killed at the hands of that fiend Jas ("Hey! Who let him get near the keyboard?! Get him quick!") lsdk sadfa hnmn goitstuo and maybe a hurt feeling here or there. Mr. Hammond is now nursing his wounds quietly in the corner ("Hold him tight. I think he suspected we were going to do this and lubed himself up with butter. He's slicker than banana slugs."). He will live to bare another cross and fight another war, but not this one. No more will *GDT's* gauntlet be raised against the *Reporter*, in this uninteresting, no-win situation.

In the end it comes down to two things: we each have what the other wants in some small degree. The *Reporter* needs dedicated, decent writers...which we have in surplus. We, on the other hand, lack capital. Each week we produce more material than we can feasibly print, because we lack enough money to cover the extra cost.

However, my esteemed colleague is correct in the assumption that often people require a nemesis to help drive themselves to greater heights. His choice of the *Reporter* was poor, and he concedes this point

("Uncle! Uncle! Quit hitting me!"). The *Reporter* is not to be considered a worthy adversary. As in pagan-Roman times, if the opponent is larger and more powerful than yourself, the vigilance necessary to keep up the struggle is many times more compelling. New nemesises have been chosen; whenever something needs to be done right, you need to do it yourself....

Talk about biting the hand that feeds you...our minor foe is to be the beurocratic deficiencies of RIT, a field some of us know quite intimately. We also hope that some of our readers can help further our efforts in this area whenever they see the chance. We would appreciate any assistance.

Our prime enemy, or perhaps prime mover, is the deficiencies of our modern governmental system. Because this country no longer seems to be a government for the people, by the people, we will be taking our own stab at revolutionizing our era. No, we are not hippies or communists. We're Humorists. I think we need to decide if we can fix what we've got, and if it is not feasible, think of starting from scratch. I am not a political activist, nor am I a leader, but I'm tired of sitting around watching as lobby groups and big business take control of a decisive corner of our governmental policy. I don't want to live in a country where I will be required to pay the clean-up costs for whatever poisons and toxins any major industry should choose to spread around my home. I don't want to pay thousands of dollars my entire life to find out one day that my grandparents have eaten up my social security benefits. And I don't want to be any part of a country where it eventually becomes legal policy in a mid-western state to make all homosexuals register as such, or where it is illegal to fall asleep in a bath tub.

Where will the madness end?!

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

All of this observation aside, we all left McDonald's in high (if greasy) spirits. Tina babbled about how much nicer the Bucharest McDonald's was. I wondered if she realized or would understand any of what I saw McDonald's as symbolizing. After poking through a huge book/magazine/newspaper bazaar, Tina and I decided to return to the cathedral before returning to Blagoevgrad. Architecturally, it was impressive for its massive and slightly bulbous appearance. While Catholic cathedrals have great stretching straight lines, Orthodox cathedrals seem to be designed with circles playing a greater importance than rectangles. The cathedral had the characteristically Orthodox rounded domes, three of copper-turned-bright-green and one of brilliant gold plating. Inside, the paintings and frescoes were disappointingly monumental. Although they were of the same style as the ones I'd seen at the Rila monastery, their hugeness somehow twisted the folksy charm of the style and turned it into some grandiose monument. However, the darkness of the interior turned their colors into

somber and delicate tonal shifts (as opposed to the screaming brightness of the colors of Rila's paintings) which injected a sense of calm into the mood of the interior.

The bus back to Blagoevgrad was packed (no exhaust fumes this time), and I got the last seat, which proved to be the best: a jump-seat that folded out to put me shotgun with the driver, getting the whole view of the huge windshield. I promptly fell asleep after we pulled out of Sofia. Waking somewhere close to Dupnitsa (where Krista, Kara, and I had been almost stranded in the rain returning from Sozopol), I found that we were cresting a hill that afforded a monumental view: the huge Rila Mountains, sliding into the blue of dusk, with only their snow-topped crests lit with the burning red-gold of sunset. I cursed the fact that I was riding on a bus, and unable to get a nice color photo. But it's still bright and vivid in my mind, which seems in some ways superior. Something I might have to try to make this Focus group understand after they get their Russian cameras.

LIVE AND LEARN AND PASS IT ON
(a critical review)

I've learned that if you're going to ~~cook~~^{kill} yourself a nice dinner, always invite someone over to ~~share it with you.~~
make balloon animals
OUT OF THE ENTRAILS

-Age 24

I've learned that my father gets ~~wiser~~^{less erotic} as I get older.
midnight encounters

-Age 20

I've learned that siblings tend to improve with age.
Didn't have to change a thing

-Age 20

I've learned that whenever you have an appointment for a repairman at 9:00 A.M., you are lucky if you ~~see him~~^{are done gang raping} by 4:00 P.M.
him and his mom

-Age 65

random facts:

- It is against the law to fall asleep in a bathtub if you're in Detroit, Michigan.
- In 1890, the United States government paid a total of \$30,000 to the grieving widows of 11 lynched men who were members of a small criminal organization. The \$30,000 was used to begin the Mafia.
- The Reporter isn't worth the pap ("Shit! He's loose again! Grab 'em!") iasdasn t'gldfs 1.2 errors per asdf-fak.

Certificate of Birth

STATE OF NEW YORK
County of Monroe

CHILD'S BIRTH NUMBER
112

I, GARFIELD R. LEAF, COUNTY CLERK, do hereby certify
that JOHN GALT of the Male sex
(Male or Female)
child of Mary and Joseph Oppenheimer

was born on 16 July, 1945 at Whitefield
(Date of Birth) (City, Village, or Township)

in the County of Monroe and State of New York, all of which appears from the records and files in my office

GIVEN under my hand and seal, this 23rd day of August 1945.

Filed for Record 11 September A.D. 1945

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Culture Kampf:

-Michelle Amoruso

Ethnographic Mad Libs

Follow the instructions and then turn over this page to discover the outcome of your mad lib culture:

- Read each of categories written below.
- On a separate piece of paper write a word (or words) that comply with the category in a correctly numbered space.
- Turn over this page and insert your answers into the correspondingly numbered spaces.
- Read through entire mad lib.

1. A group name
2. Type of terrain
3. Geographical location
4. Your favorite food
5. A food you hate
6. Something that crawls
7. A sexually transmitted disease
8. European nationality, pl.
9. Type of relative

10. Animal, pl.
11. Plural noun
12. Another plural noun
13. Noun
14. Word ending in 'ing'
15. Place
16. Adjective
17. Plural noun

0l0nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8O10nlu8...O10ulu8?

Ethnographic mad lib continued...

The _____ 1. _____, who live in the _____ 2. _____ of _____ 3. _____ mainly subsist on _____ 4. _____, _____ 5. _____ and _____ 6. _____. Although their population was once thriving, their numbers have greatly decreased due to the _____ 7. _____ epidemic brought in by the _____ 8. _____. It is acceptable to marry your _____ 9. _____ and it is custom to throw _____ 10. _____ at the bride and groom during the ceremony. They barter with the neighboring tribes, trading locally made _____ 11. _____ for the much prized _____ 12. _____. When individuals break the _____ 13. _____ taboo, drastic action is taken, usually resulting in death by _____ 14. _____. When members of the tribe die honorably, it is believed they go to _____ 15. _____, an afterlife filled with _____ 16. _____ _____ 17. _____.

Religious Wrong

-by scary people nationwide

"The next step, if at all humanly possible (and in 90% of the cases it is), it is to get our children out of the humanistic, brainwashing institution called 'public education.' Frankly, it is a mixture of insanity and irresponsibility to turn our children over to our adversaries and their curriculum in a God-less education system (i.e., a system that teaches history and science without God)."

-Randall Terry, *Why Does a Nice Guy Like Me Keep Getting Thrown in Jail?*, p168, Huntington House Publishers/Resistance Press, 1993

"Satan uses the evil in the new age witchcraft lesson in our classrooms to divert our children's faith away from the true and loving God towards the new age god of 'Mother Earth' while our school teachers and administrators are saying, 'Well, it's good environmental ecology.'"

-Robert Simonds, "Citizens for Excellence in Education," Earth Day message, 1992

Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL

WHERE DO ALL THE IGNORANT PEOPLE GO? YOU KNOW, THE ONES WHO WON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING UNLESS THEY CAME UP WITH IT FIRST? THE ONES THAT GENERALLY START SERVICE INDUSTRY PEOPLE ON RAMPAGES WITH LARGE WEAPONS?

(FEEL FREE TO EDIT THAT HOWEVER YOU LIKE; I TRIED TO MAKE IT SHORT BUT I CAN'T THINK OF HOW ELSE TO PHRASE IT.)

-MICHAEL P. COSBY

Dear Michael P. Cosby,

I could try to edit it anyway I like, but I'm not so certain I understand what you're asking here:

When you say, "Where do all the ignorant people go?", do you mean where do they work? Or do you mean where do they like to hang out? Or perhaps a location of some sort like, "Go to Hell. Go straight to Hell. Do not pass go. Do not collect two hundred dollars?"

Or do you mean to say something along the lines of, "Where did all the flowers go...", a sort of rhetorical/coombayaish sort of question? Is this some "what is the sound of one hand clapping..." sort of question?

Or do you actually mean this question to be more along the lines of, "Where do all the calculators go?", a question of mortality?

Please clarify this question further and send it back to me so I can figure out what the hell it is I'm supposed to be writing about.

Thanks.

-the Bare-foot 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

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Wants to Hear From You!

Hey, if you don't let us know what you like, we can't keep bringing it to you. Drop us a line and let us know what it is that you think.

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