



Volume 7 • Issue 3

# Day of the Living Dead

*"Neutrinos have mass? I didn't even know they're Catholic!"*

In 1995, when GDT first started printing, we had what we lovingly called Religious Marathon Week. Starting on Palm Sunday and ending on Easter, GDT put out an issue a day, each dedicated to Religion in some form or another.

We had hoped to repeat this Herculean task this year, but budget constraints would not allow for it. What we did manage to do, however, was bring back a game that served as a way of sharpening the tongues of

GDT's founders before we began printing. The game is simple: Using the alphabet, one person begins a childish rhyme such as "A is for apple," and then provides a description of some sort. The second person must then provide a B word and a description that would rhyme with the one given for A. For example:

*A is for apple, all shiny and round...*

*B is for boy, smushed into the ground.*

You get the idea.

Depending how good one is, a whole series of versions can be played. The hardest is where a person provides the ending description of one letter, and the word for the next letter. Tacticians such as my counter-part Kelly would inevitably stick me with trying to rhyme orange. Then again, she always had a hard time because she could never remember the accepted order of the letters in the alphabet.

Have fun with our latest creations. And remember, GDT can be just as artsy-fartsy as the Melancholy Predator.

-GDT staff



- A is for Adam, kicked out on his ear...
- B is for Babel, who taught man God-fear.
- C is for Cain, God needs his meat...
- D is for Delila, ain't her flesh sweet.
- E is for Ezekiel, swept up in the sky...
- F is for Frankincense, gifts for that Guy.
- G is for Glossolalia, an angel's own tongue...<sup>f</sup>
- H is for Hebrew, who baked brick from dung.
- I is for Issachar, whom we know nothing about...
- J is for a Jew, killed by a Kraut.
- K is for Kings, of which there are three...
- L is for Lamb, "Go kill him for Me."
- M is for Mary, both virgin and whore...
- N is for Neb<sup>v</sup>, and the Gardens of yore.
- O is for Obadiah, and the vision he had...<sup>Δ</sup>
- P is for Pilate, started a Jew-killing fad.
- Q is for Queer, just like an altar boy's friend...
- R is for Romans, and the Christians they penned.
- S is for Serpent, on bellies they crawl...
- T is for Trinity, for one and for y'all.
- U is for Urim, determines God's druthers...
- V is for Vampire, Lilith their mother.
- W is for Wrath, from The Big Dink...
- X is for Xtian, despite what you think.
- Y is for Yhwh, it is spelled correct...
- Z is for Zoroastrians, who showed their respect.



<sup>f</sup>Ewwwww... How'd that get in there?

<sup>v</sup> Nebuchadnezzar

<sup>Δ</sup> Sugarplums



**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

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**GDT's Tribute to Easter:**

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre Page 2

A is for Artifice, this whole holiday...  
B is for Bunny Cud, a Kelly High all day.  
C is for Cadbury, and yolks in their eggs...  
D is for Decoration, hanging from pegs.  
E is for Easter, this time of the year...  
F is for Fuzzy, scratch behind my ear.  
G is for Goodness, from me to my peer...  
H is for Hell, where Jesus became queer.†  
I is for Icing, and the cakes they cover...  
J is for Joy, like me with your lover.  
K is for Kazoo, always a blast...  
L is for Lady, and my dick at half-mast.  
M is for Mildew, and all eggs unfound...  
N is for Necrophilia, sex underground.  
O is for Ovum, no Jesus from there...  
P is for Pope, and the children he shares.  
Q is for Quaker, good breakfast for all...  
R is for Rapture, and the time of men's fall.  
S is for Searching, for candy in tons...  
T is for Tumours, don't eat the red ones.  
U is for Udder, some look like old gourds...  
V is for Vagisil, three days like the Lord.  
W is for Whoppers<sup>Ω</sup>, that taste sweeter with time...  
X is for Xenomorph, that can dine on a mime.  
Y is for Yellow, a dye that can kill...  
Z is for Zymurgy, pick up the bill.

† "You're my little savior now. Why don't you bend over and pick up that soap."

<sup>Ω</sup>The malted milk balls, not the coagulated meat by-products. That particular Burger King™ "food" usually tastes rancid and wriggly with time.

**Religious Wrong**

"Nobody has the right to worship on this planet any other God than Jehovah. And therefore the state does not have the responsibility to defend anybody's pseudo-right to worship an idol."

**-Rev. Joseph Morecraft, Chalcedon Presbyterian Church, Marietta, Georgia, quoted in "the Public Eye," June 1994**

"[W]e need a legal strategy which protects the rights of those of us who hold Christian convictions which will afford us the opportunity to contend once again for the mind of this culture."

**-Keith A. Fournier, ACLJ brochure "Religious Cleansing"**

*Just a little healthy juxtapositioning, brought to you by GDT.  
Don't forget to wash the sin behind your ear now!*

A few weeks ago, I alluded to a similarity between the Gebusi of Paupa, New Guinea, and the Greek system of (insert your college name here). Upon further investigation, I realized that this was merely the tip of the iceberg. The parallels are uncanny.

**Gebusi**

- Men and women sleep separately in gender segregated longhouses.
- Marriage is ideally sister exchange.
- Sometimes, male homosexual encounters occur in the privacy of the bush outside of the longhouse.
- For rite of passage, adolescent males are orally inseminated by the previously initiated men.

**Greek System**

- Men and women sleep in gender segregated houses/floors.
- Random hook-ups are ideally sister exchange.
- Sometimes, male homosexual encounters occur in the privacy of the pool table inside the frat house.
- For Rush, males and females are orally inseminated by the previously initiated men.



**Editorial: An Open Letter to the CIA**

As you may or may not know, the Rochester Institute of Technology is a virtual hotbed of CIA activity. Rumors are always flying around about people who are hired right after graduation to join the elite intelligence agency. Hell, GDT has someone who is aspiring to those lofty heights.

With so many faculty on the pull for the CIA, I'm confident that if I wanted something to reach the correct people, it would. With that in mind, I present my open letter to the CIA...

DEAR MR. CIA MAN,

FIRST, I'D LIKE TO SAY THAT YOU HAVE MY UTMOST RESPECT. FOR DECADES YOU HAVE HELPED PROP UP PUPPET DICTATORS AND ASSASSINATE UNFRIENDLY HEADS OF STATE WITH EASE AND FINESSE. I FOUND YOUR WORK IN JONESTOWN PARTICULARLY EFFECTIVE. BRAVO.

IN KEEPING WITH YOUR PAST SUCCESSES, I'M ASKING THAT YOU PLEASE KILL NETANYAHU. I UNDERSTAND THAT ISRAEL IS A NECESSARY ALLY TO HAVE IN THE OIL RICH MIDDLE EAST, BUT I THINK HIS ACTIONS HAVE PROVEN THAT HE IS AN ASSHOLE!

SINCE STEPPING INTO OFFICE OVER (PREVIOUS PRIME MINISTER'S NAME HERE)'S DRYING POOL OF BLOOD, HE HAS SYSTEMATICALLY ALIENATED AND PROVOKED THE PALESTINIANS AND ARABS IN GENERAL.

SECRETLY OPENING THE ARCHEOLOGICAL TUNNEL UNDER THE MOSQUE, REFUSING TO KEEP TO THE AGREED-TO TIMETABLE FOR TROOP WITHDRAWAL, AND FORGING AHEAD WITH THE BUILDING OF A JEWISH SETTLEMENT IN THE PREDOMINANTLY ARAB COMMUNITY OF HEBRON ARE PROOF THAT THE MAN'S AIM IS THE ESCALATION OF CONFLICTS. AS MORE AND MORE TERRORISTS STRIKE, IT WILL PROVIDE HIM WITH THE JUSTIFICATION HE NEEDS TO RETAKE THE AREAS PREVIOUSLY GRANTED SEMI-AUTONOMOUS PALESTINIAN CONTROL.



I WOULD VOLUNTEER MY SERVICES, BUT I AM SURE YOU HAVE BETTER TRAINED AND BETTER EQUIPPED OPERATIVES TO DO THE JOB. INSTEAD, I WILL REMAIN IN THE CUSHY UNITED STATES AND FIND SOME MOVIE STARLET TO STALK.

HAVING WRITTEN THIS, I WILL COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND WHEN I AM VISITED BY VARIOUS LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIALS. IF YOU CALL AHEAD, I WILL MAKE SURE I HAVE ENOUGH TEA FOR EVERYONE.



-Sean Hammond

## (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

November 4th, 1996

It's been a long, beastly day at the office. I'm trying to finally knock out the rest of the Italian journal, and squeezing the last bit of it out begins to feel like squeezing blood from a finger that's been pricked. The computer becomes the squeezing machine. So come midnight, when the labs close, I slide down to the Drum.

Under Volga dormitory there's a Macedonian restaurant (Volga used to be a hotel) that plays great Macedonian folk-rock music until midnight or so. I really liked their music the first night I stayed in Volga. After that, I realized that they only had one tape of the music and played it every night. At this point I don't even hear the music anymore. Beside the entrance to the Macedonian joint is a stairwell that leads to a basement. The walls of the stairwell are painted with all kinds of neon green and orange art-graffiti. At the bottom of the stairs are a pair of stinky bathrooms and an entrance to Club Drum. Inside it looks almost like a seedy American youth-bar. A huge picture of Jimmy Morrison stares off of one of the walls, there's black light here and there, and low yellow tungsten lights set at the top of the bar throw warm columns of luminance down on the bar. From somewhere in a dark corner, a photo of Ray Charles tosses his funky blind smile aimlessly into the room. The stereo is booming all kinds of Western pop, a lot of U2, Pulp Fiction, and Doors. This is where the cool people go. On most nights of the week, Drum is crowded with girls and boys playing the Big Game. There's no dance floor, but they dance anyway. On a Friday night you might have to slither past couples grinding to Gypsy Kings to get to the bar. Unlike an American bar of this sort, most of the people aren't putting up the tough-boy front or the gone-girl cool. In Drum, Bulgarian bohemians try to imitate a Western scene, but they still bring their rude honesties.

At the bar, lipsticked counter girls with tired eyes

serve two brands of Bulgarian beer (Pleven and Zagorka, both named after Bulgarian towns) and cheap Bulgarian liquors. Somewhere in the background is Kostadin, or Kosta, the big smiling man whose English has a beautifully fat accent. He's the owner and something of a local celebrity. In Blagoevgrad, everyone knows Kosta, and Kosta knows just about everybody. But even if you're a good friend of Kosta, at the bar you can't get a screwdriver or salty dog. If you ask for a gin and tonic in Bulgaria, they'll look at you strangely and give you a glass of gin and bottle of tonic. No one mixes their alcohols, they just knock them down straight. On a packed, busy night, they sell all the beer in the house, and everybody's happy to drink vodka and gin.

*"I've seen things you people would never understand. Attack ships on fire off the coasts of Orion. I watched sea-beams glitter in the dark outside the Tenhauser gates! And all these moments...will be lost...in time...like tears...in rain..."*

*(-Roy Batty's last words, "Blade Runner")*

Having a bar 50 meters from your front door is kind of like having too much chocolate in the house. I find myself in Drum whenever my mood swings in any direction and sometimes just because I'm bored. It's what a good bar should be: cheap, sexual, and disarmingly unpretentious. Probably the best thing about Drum is that you don't have to smoke if you are having a Nic-fit. There's no ventilation and the ceiling is only 7 or 8 feet tall. So on a busy night, the air in the place is as thick as fog. It's not for the timid or the weak at heart. The place has balls.

On this funky Monday, I find Kara and Biser hanging out on bar stools. There's something heavy in the air between them, and I can't put my finger on it. I slither over to the bar to buy a beer instead. Beside the cash register, a girl fixes me with undress-me eyes then slips her arm around my waist and plants a soft kiss on me. Were there introductions that I missed at some point? After some flirtatious talk, her name floated up. Nadia had sex boiling off her skin like spilled perfume. Straight and thin, she's got the body of a 15 year-old with the wicked smile of a middle aged vixen. Suddenly, all my lonely frustrations had

found an answer: a nubile Kate Moss to soothe my ego. After a few minutes she drifted off to talk to friends, and I return to the weird energy of Kara and Biser.

While Biser is talking to a friend, Kara tells me that he's been flirting with a girl at the next table, that she just found out that she's pregnant, and that she's going to get really drunk and beat him to a bloody pulp. All this comes out in a frustrated burst of non-stop cursing, and I'm left flabbergasted. Biser? The big lug who was drinking himself into a coma because Kara was going to Greece for a week? Nothing to do but shrug in a friendly way and buy her another drink even though she's already blowing in the wind. Nadia waves at me from the "dance floor" (a wide aisle between tables), and after a few minutes she's doing the Limbo...grinding her groin against me while leaning back into a 90 degree angle. It's bizarrely sensuous because I can't grind back against her without knocking her off-balance. I find myself shooting smirks over at Morrison's rock-god poster.

Later, it becomes obvious that Kara's accusations are on the money. Biser is sitting at another table, nuzzling an over-dressed local girl. Kara is boiling over. "You can't tell me it's just because he's drunk! He's an asshole! And I'm...," she chokes it off with a big slug of Vodka. Bad scene. She's about to fall off her bar-stool, and Biser is stumble drunk and groping a cheapy. Thinking about the pregnancy bit, I'm suddenly enraged. Rushing over, I wack his huge shoulder. "What are you doing, Biser! What are you doing? Kara is very sad!"

He looks up at me, suddenly confused and hurt, like a young child. "Krees. I no understand." He mumbles something with the same pained look. All there is to do is walk away. Nadia returns for more flirtatious dancing, and after awhile, she delivers my escape from the painful Kara situation. She wants me to walk her home, since she is alone.

It's a cool, clear night, with a sky full of stars and no one but us on the streets. Nadia tells me she's from Pleven, a town close to the Danube. She's studying at the "U-Z" (S'Western University, here in Blagoevgrad). After a big kiss in the middle of the street, she looks at me quietly. "Do you want me, Krees?" Yes...Do you want me? "I want you, but I have boyfriend in Pleven." Suddenly she bursts into tears on my shoul-

der, and cries with her head buried in my leather jacket for several minutes. I'm speechless. After wiping her blood-shot eyes, she bums a cigarette.

She smokes silently, and I lean on a streetpost to stare at the buildings and stars, the streets with the first layer of autumn leaves, the blossoming plume of smoke she sends out of her small mouth. It's another moment of strange comfort in a strange moment that eludes any capturing. Time collapses and I'm laughing drunk in Austin alleyways with Joseph Pettyjohn; staring across the empty Texas void with Silvia, telling her of a childhood spent in dust storms and hog-lots; spitting poetry in the run-down "Chicago House" with the blooming young poetress Tricia (when will she publish that book?); standing alone in the shadow of Miner's Needle, watching moonrise in the Arizona desert.

"I've seen things you people would never understand. Attack ships on fire off the coasts of Orion. I watched sea-beams glitter in the dark outside the Tenhauser gates! And all these moments...will be lost...in time...like tears...in rain..."

(--Roy Batty's last words, "BladeRunner").

The rest of the way to Nadia's apartment, I'm humming Counting Crows "Mr. Jones."

The apartment is two rooms - a small bathroom, and a bedroom, with 3 beds and 2 other girls sleeping. Everybody wakes up and we chatter at each other for a few minutes, then the lights go off and we slide into bed. I doze off with Nadia's sylph-little body pressed to me like wax around a mold.

We're the last to wake in the morning, and the roommates are already gone. While she showers, I stand on the little balcony (almost all apartments in Europe seem to have one of these, so that people can hang out clothes to dry) and look out across part of the city I'd never seen. This is one of the lower to middle class housing zone. It's a stretch of huge, ugly Socialist-era apartment buildings (10+ floors). Between this building and two others is a playground. Grass has been worn away in most spots, and a new fall of yellow leaves covers the ground. I wonder about this life. It's so far from me. The peripheries are touchable, but the heart of it is elusive. Where does hope come from for these people?

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### *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](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu) or Gracies Dinnertime Theatre c/o 472 French Rd, Rochester, New York, 14618**

A is for Abbeys and the nuns that they hide...  
 B is for Baptists and the savior they ride.  
 C is for Catholics, who drink wine for blood...  
 D is for the Damned, like those drowned in the flood.  
 E is for Episcopalians, who won't follow the pope...  
 F is for the Faithful, with all things they'll cope.  
 G is for Gospel, songs sung for the Lord...  
 H is for Hebrews, with God's law they accord.  
 I is for Israel, the children of God...  
 J's for Jehovah, with that celestial bod.  
 K is for Kaiser Wilhelm's Gedechtniskirche which stands for the Lord...  
 L is for Lutherans with their "Book of Concord."  
 M is for Methodists, on lay preachers depend...  
 N is for Nazarene, and the sins He did mend.  
 O is for Omens, for good and for bad...  
 P is for Puritans, who could neither dance nor get mad.  
 Q is for Quakers, who separated by the sex of their folk...  
 R is for Reformation, nails in some oak.  
 S is for Sabbath, a day we all rest...  
 T is for Talisman, evil not to molest.  
 U is for Uz, the country of Job...  
 V is for Vespers, heard round the globe.  
 W is for Wicca, scattered and torn...  
 X is for X-mas, when The Man was not born.  
 Y is for Yahwism, the sound a cat makes...  
 Z is for Zealots, real ones, not fakes.

## Ruckus RIT: No Dogs Playing Cards

-Vinny Bove

Yesterday (March 26th for those of you on Bulgarian Standard Time) I finally had a chance to see the inside of the Ruckus RIT trailer. Many a time going home from class I had stared in wonder at that beat-up old hunk of junk, with its packing-tape white-trash sunbathers enjoying the frigid Rochester weather (actually, I imagine if they had any motor control whatsoever, they'd get their adhesive butts indoors, and quick!). Once I found out it was actually an ART gallery, I knew I had to see it for myself.

So, after a few minutes of perusal, and having talked to the art student who was working there, I had to say I was thoroughly impressed. The gallery itself may not be beautiful or high-class, but the whole concept of the trailer is brilliant. It is an ANYTHING gallery (be it fine art, graphic art, literature, your biology homework, or a square of toilet paper with a particularly nice quilted pattern); if there's something you want to hang up, simply bring some pushpins and boom, suddenly your soul is on display for the whole campus to examine.

The trailer is open at rather limited and odd times, but that can't be helped...it was built and is manned by a small group of art students who I'm sure have as little time on their hands as the art student writing this article does. But if you have a chance to go inside, please do. It's a great change of pace from the corporate coldness of our lovely campus, and a refreshing look at what a little bit of ambition and a whole lot of insanity can produce.

## MARTYRLOGUE

-by Troy Liston



*W*elcome 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. John the Baptist (Feast Days: June 24 and August 29)**...

This "voice crying in the wilderness" was the precursor to the coming of the Messiah, and it was only with John's naming of the Nazarene as such that Jesus gained the credence among disbelievers that paved his way to Calvary. John was an ascetic and loner at times, and many saints throughout the ages have patterned their hermetic ways after him. John sank into obscurity after baptizing Jesus and spent the last years of his life as Herod's captive in the prison of Machaerus. John was decapitated, his head presented to the King's favorite stripper, Salome, on a silver platter.

Due to the close nature of our saint to the son of god (Luke claims that they were cousins), his relics are highly sought after and widely claimed. He has two feast days, one to celebrate his birth (**June 24**) and one to celebrate his martyrdom (**Aug 29**). If you ever wanted to visit all of our saint's repositories you would have to make a rather circuitous journey through Europe. The church of St. Sylvester in Rome claims to have the "best" part of the head (through my research this seems to include the brain); The Cathedral of Amiens prides itself in having a substantial section of John's face, consisting of the upper lip, nose, eyes and forehead; part of the skull is at Ville du Pay, France; The scalp is in Ste. Chapelle in Paris; the Abbey in Tyron, France claims to have the nape of the neck and John's brains (now housed in a skull brought to the Abbey by angels); Some of our saints ashes are venerated in Genoa, Italy; Part of the jaw (lower lip to the chin) is housed in the chapel of the chateau de St. Chaumont in Lyonnais, France; St. John's finger (the one with which he pointed out the lord saying "This is the lamb of God") is in Malta. Not to miss out on the party other churches in Turin, Aosta, Venice, Lyons, Nemours, Nola and Bresse all also claim to miraculously have parts of the head.