



Volume 7 • Issue 5

Definitions

"If you eat a live frog in the morning, nothing worse will happen to either of you for the rest of the day."

Once again GDT is diligently at work. Slaving away in front of the computer for hours, just for you...our unresponsive wards. GDT serves up only the tenderest, most succulent phraseology for you...our unresponsive wards. So eat up! Digest this quarter's ripe slice of of slackdom, meant specifically for you...our unresponsive wards.

Amurakh - a culture-specific hysterical disorder that is characterized by compulsive imitation of sounds and gestures.

Anti-pope - Sort of like the anti-christ, only much smaller. About the same size as an anti-body.

Apologentsia - the class in a society comprising the apologetic, pathetic, and those with low self esteem, as opposed to those people who assume all problems are the fault of everyone else.

Archangel - 1.) One of the more powerful, beautiful angels, bent over, spread-eagle.

2.) The supernatural beings that protect patrons of McDonolds.

Autoerotic - having sexual relations with a car.

Avalanche - An exclamation shouted by skiers and mountain climbers which serves to inform others that there is a small hill coming down the mountain.

Bad news - when your pee comes out black.

Dialect - A language that doesn't have an army.

Disneyesque - Esquimaux featured in "It's a small world" ride.

Ennuierotomania - a particular form of anxiety, specifically when having sex and knowing you should to be doing something else.

Evil-doer - see "spreadeagle."

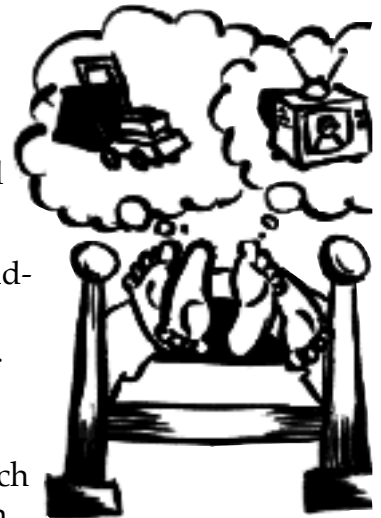
ex aesto et caleo - according to the principles of orgasm and afterglow.

Fetidfeticide - killing of a stinky baby.

Glossalalia - a culture-specific hysterical disorder that is characterized by tremor, disorientation, clouding of consciousness, delirium, speaking in tongues, and hallucinations.

The Great Trek - The predecessor of Star Trek, which was actually the mass migration in 1835 of Boer farmers from Cape Colony escaping the British to found such republics as the Orange Free State.

Hemophilia - the gift that keeps on giving.





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Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is published during the academic year of MCC, RIT, and U of R by a staff comprised mainly of people missing Troy. Submissions and letters to GDT may be submitted through email to diablo@csh.rit.edu or by sending mail to GDT c/o 472 French Rd., Rochester, NY 14618. GDT reserves the right not to edit for libel and/or clarity. GDT takes pride in the Happy Horseshit™ that is Hell's Kitchen.

Inhospitable - When the hosts eat the guests.

Lactic-empathic - "I feel creamy!"

Omphaloskepsis - a form of meditation while gazing at the navel.

Onanism - meaning both interrupted coition and masturbation. See Genesis 38:9

Pantechnicon - a furniture moving van.

Pop-up - When an idea or memory of something reaches your consciousness without apparent prompting, and you see/experience it the next day. This usually only happens with TV programs.

Pout - whining of the face.

Self-actualization - sick of waiting for people to give you a hand.

Sleep crawling - a Samoan sexual practice in which an uninvited youth would enter a young woman's house with the intent of seduction.

Spreadeagle - "Dear Forum, so I was in the zoo, and I never thought of myself as patriotic, but..."

Time-delay enema - A small cylinder of snow inserted in the anus. Usually occurs while sledding.

Yes - Karen's favorite word. Karen is one of Rochester Telephone's operators, and we thank her. Wanda was indecisive. Bitch.

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

I've learned that if you're in a boat fishing with your husband, you'd better have strong ~~kidneys!~~

Thighs -Age 60

I've learned that whenever I go to the grocery store I always get the cart with the ~~bum~~ wheel. s

cum on The -Age 30

I've learned that when my father says, "We'll see," the answer is generally ~~no~~ ' I am having sex with your mom,

wait your Turn! '

-Age 17

The reason why last week I said, "I think that I have decided to try to reprogram myself," instead of making it a definite statement, is that some days I just don't care about changing. I possess my own personal supply of gen-x apathy. One of the things I am trying to accomplish in this reprogramming is to create an impermeable containment unit for this torpor. As long as the containment unit keeps leaking this toxic indifference into my being, I will keep slipping up.

Some days I continue my reprogramming by pretending to care about it. If pretending gets me to actually bother doing the activity, then there is no actual difference in my performance than did I truly care. If I just don't give myself time to think about whether I care or not, I am more apt to accomplish the goals than when I allow myself time to justify my inaction.

Every day I struggle to begin my activities. If I postpone my exercise at the beginning of the day, dredging up the motivation to get dressed and go running can be a nearly insurmountable challenge, not to mention the bother of when I ate last and whether it will end up on the side of the road. When I set my alarm early enough to allow time for running before everything else I need to do, I generally will go, for I am a member of that rare and often hated breed: the morning person. Let me try to settle that bile you feel burning its way up your throat. I am not a part of the most repulsive and commonly recognized variety of morning people. You know, the ones who have a glowing smile and are bubbling over with inane banter when you drag your sorry ass into school/work in the morning. The ones who nauseate you to the point where you contemplate vomiting on them to see if that will get them to shut up. I am not that. My variety is far more elusive and less offensive. If you were to spend the night with one of us, you might wake to find breakfast waiting for you or the person finishing the book from your night stand (Oh shit, I just realized that if I successfully reprogram myself, I may switch allegiances. The changes may cause me to evolve (devolve) into the other type of morning person).

Once I do start an activity on a given day it doesn't take that much extra energy to see it to completion. For me, running doesn't feel bad, and I *do* like to sew. It is just that far less effort is necessary to simply keep reading than to sew or run or go into the studio. I have plenty of lazy time in my life, but some days a bit of passion or drive will surface. On those days you just need to stay out of my way. One morning last week I ran three miles and made a dress before going in to class in the morning, had a full day of classes and went dancing that night. I really want to have a higher percentage of days like that.

Ask The Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BARE-FOOT GIRL,

WHY DO PEOPLE CLAIMING TO BE "PRO-LIFE" SHOOT DOCTORS, RECEPTIONISTS, AND BOMB BUILDINGS? DO THESE PEOPLE ALSO DELIBERATELY RUN OVER CATS AND SQUIRRELS FOR FUN?

-RED 9

Dear Red 9,

I thought that everyone drove over cats and squirrels for fun? Oh well...maybe I'm just being a little too revealing.

Pro-lifers (to be confused with "lifers") have the unique distinction of being able to distinguish between the ideas of "life" and "efil." When shooting doctors and receptions or blowing up the odd clinic (or in rare cases the even clinic), these right-to-lifers (who often have a right to life without parole after such extracurricular activities) can rest assured that they never took a "life" no matter how many smelly old corpses eventually pile up.

Efil is not a state of non-life so much as it is the

inverse of life (actually being efil is quite a lot like being knurd, with not quite as much of an overhang the morning before). Doctors, nurses, receptionists, and any other walking piles of cellular material that enjoy hanging out in abortion clinics are always honored with the existence of efil. Incidentally, most used-carsalesmen, crossing guards, and male students of the art of cuisine are also quite prone to being efil; they usually catch it in their early teens.

As any pro-lifer on the witness stand will tell you, you can't take what someone doesn't have.

Now, if you are ever in the mood to go on a killing frenzy of your own, it is probably safest to go after the abortion clinics. However, if you are in a more daring mood, you probably won't get in too deep if you plant a used car bomb...just make sure that the salesman has real shiny teeth.

-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

(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

December 12th, 1996--

Over glasses of victory gin (we just finished finals) I was talking to a Bulgarian friend, Iva, about politics, sex, and generally wacky writing. She's studying literature here at AUBG because she's passionate about it; a very brave move in a country with 300% inflation. Freely admitting that her only hope is to receive a large enough scholarship to go to an American grad school, she told me that she knew her hopes were probably in vain but that she couldn't give up on her greatest love. This semester she took 18 hours of courses, and because of the crunch at finals, she presented identical papers to two different professors. But she was very proud of this paper and didn't feel that she was doing any wrong, mostly because this sort of thing had never been addressed in conversations concerning "academic dishonesty." The department noticed and had punished her by giving her an F in one class and forbidding her to repeat the class. Further, they said that they would be forced to mention this incident in the recommendations she would ask of them when she began applying to grad schools. It seemed a mirror of modern Bulgaria.

Later she told me a story from her childhood:

"I was in a special youth brigade; all of us had a youth brigade when we were young. My brigade was the Rose Brigade. In the summer we harvested the roses. We would get on the buses at 4 AM and arrive at the fields very early, maybe 4:30, because they wanted us to start picking the roses before the sun came up. The fields were huge lines of rose bushes, and we had special uniforms with high boots to keep the dirt and mud from getting all over us. Some days they wanted us to pick 20 kg of rose petals in one day. The roses were wet with dew, and slippery, and it was dark. You would find the blossoms by touch, and all around were many voices; we would all chat and talk in the dark. It was still cold in the mornings and the dew would cover my fingers and arms and it was so

chilly to be wet. But we would talk and make little jokes to keep each other company, and really it was such fun. As the sun would begin to come up, we could see the huge fields of roses with the sun rising before us, and it was so beautiful. It would begin to become warm and as the bushes dried, the thorns would tear my uniform and cut my hands, because you see, they don't cut you when they are wet, only when they are dry. When it became hot, the insects would come out and we would be covered with insects and sometimes bitten by wasps.

"But when we came back to our dormitories, all of our clothes would smell of roses, and it was even deep in your skin, the smell of roses. We were young, maybe 14 or 15, and they kept the boys and girls separated. But at night we had a special organized disco, beside a small building, with just a big tape player. And we would dance with the boys, all of us shy and smelling like roses.

"I remember the time of Communism, and it was so different. Maybe because I was just a child I couldn't see that it wasn't working, but I always felt so secure. I wasn't afraid to walk at night because there was no crime and we had no fear of each other. People had so many different friendships then. And now it's all so different, we are all so divided, and struggling and competing against each other. And there is so little opportunity that we are all reaching for it at once. But I remember Communism as being a very happy time, and now things are so different and people are so scared."

There was an awesome silence, after which she glanced at her watch and said "Oh, I have to catch my bus to the dormitory." Walking her to the bus stop, my mind was flooded with images of wide-eyed young teenagers dancing in a shy cloud of rose perfumes.

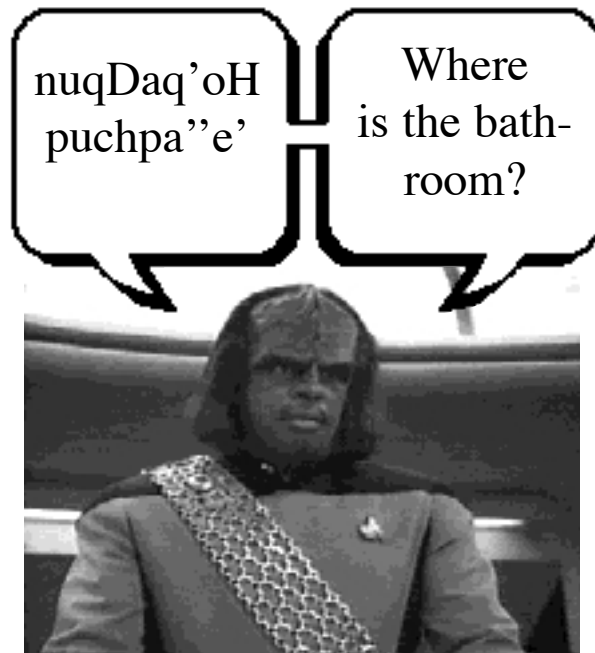
Religious Wrong

"With the apathy that exists in our nation, a small, well-organized minority can influence the selection of candidates to an astonishing degree.... If we have as few as 75-100 people in each county we could become the most powerful political influence in the state."

-Pat Robertson, The New Millennium

Klingonics

A Panel Discussion



Recently, the United Federation of Planets voted to recognize Klingon English (or Klingonics) as a distinct language. Reaction was strong both for and against this decision. What do you think? Come and let your voice be heard on this important topic!

Panelists:

Lt. Uhura, communications officer for the Enterprise-A

Klingon Lursa, destructor of the Enterprise-D

Q, omnipotent being to taunt the other panelists

PLUS a representative from Tribble home world

Stardate 41397.6

Deck One Observation Lounge

Replicators Will Be Online
Universal Translators Have Been Requested

Presented by: Society for Klingon-Speaking Star Trek Freaks

MY RADIO WAS TUNED TO 94.1, YOUR FAVORITE INSTRUMENTALS OF THE 50's, 60's AND 70's (PLAYED ON A REPEATING TAPE WITH NO DJ OR ADS), IN THE HIVE PARKING LOT. THANKFULLY THEY DON'T PLAY "WIPE OUT," BUT I THINK THEY COULD EXPAND ANOTHER DECADE TO INCLUDE HERBIE HANCOCK'S "ROCKET" AND THE CLASSIC "MIAMI VICE THEME." ANYWAY, I LISTENED TO IT ALL THE WAY HOME, TURNING THE RADIO OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF A SONG. WHEN I GOT BACK IN THE CAR SOME 7-8 HOURS LATER, I TURNED ON THE RADIO TO HEAR THE SAME SONG THAT I HAD SHUT OFF BEFORE, PICKING UP RIGHT WHERE IT LEFT OFF! NOW, AS A TRUMPET PLAYER, I'M CONTRACTUALLY OBLIGATED TO HAVE A BIG HEAD, BUT I WAS NEVER SURE UNTIL THAT MOMENT THAT THE WORLD REVOLVED AROUND ME (I KNOW, YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME THIS FOR YEARS)! IMAGINE A RADIO STATION CARING ENOUGH TO STOP AND START BROADCASTING ACCORDING TO WHEN I WAS IN MY CAR!

-- MARKRA (MORE RELATION TO MOTHRA THAN MITHRA)

P.S. FROM NOW ON I WILL BE COUNTING THE HAIRS IN MY BRUSH EVERY MORNING TO DIVINE HELL'S KITCHEN PRODUCTION SCHEDULES. I WILL BE OBEYED!



-Sean T. Hammond

And suddenly the sky opened up and a river began to fall on my vehicle. After a week of beautiful weather that had begun to make me forget that 90% of the year Rochester is either too wet or too windy for me, the local geography came to its senses and walloped me with rain.

Driving through the rain was further complicated by the night. Wipers slashing madly at the unrelenting deluge, I couldn't help but start humming a song buoyed up from the depths of my childhood: *With the window-wipers/Taping out the tempo/Keeping perfect rhythm/With the song on the radio/Got to keep moving.*

Or something like that.

I slowly pulled up to an intersection and stopped, obliged to wait for the light to change in my favor. As suddenly as it began, the rain stopped, leaving a auditory vacuum in its wake.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught a movement in the street. Under the jaundiced streetlights, I saw a small bird flopping in the road. After a moment, I identified it confidently as a Wiggle-Butt bird.

Last year, my roommate had found a small sparrow that had somehow fallen out of its nest. Bringing it back to our apartment, we proceeded to nurse it back to health. Annoying at first, the incessant peeps grew endearing, particularly when the small creature would laboriously work its way across the living room floor just to lay itself next to you and sleep. The thing that impressed me, however, was the apparent never ending gyrating it would do. Whether hungry, thirsty, content, or just sleepy, the little bird's butt was always moving.

After a few weeks, she had grown strong enough that she was beginning to experiment with flight. Leaping

about like spring activated toy, she seemed particularly fond of throwing herself into the air and madly flapping trying to reach my roommate or I. It was decided that, since we had already been teaching her how to search for food in the grass, it was nearing time to let her know that she was expected to leave soon.

The night before letting her go, she slept in my room because there was a nest of sparrows outside my window that I thought she would enjoy hearing. When I returned home from school that afternoon, I discovered her near my closet door. Asking whether she had had a nice day, and whether she was hungry, I approached. She lay with her legs straight out behind her. Bending down, I did a quick check: she had broken her neck. From what I could tell, she had heard the other birds sometime during the day and got so excited, flew into my closet door in her attempt to get to them.

So sitting at that light in the aftermath of the rain-storm, I saw a Wiggle Butt bird fluttering in the street. I assumed it had been unfortunate enough to be caught in the storm and was too wet to fly. If it stayed where it was, a car would surely hit it.

As I began to undo my seatbelt, intent on helping move the bird out of the street, I saw the bird thrust itself into the sky...and become a leaf. After 4 years in the Biology department, I'm pretty sure I can tell a bird from a leaf. Inbetween blinks of the eye, a sorry looking wet bird became a leaf that was blown lazily away by a passing breeze.

Of course it could have been a leaf the entire time. All those feathers and apparent weight as it crashed back to the road only tricks of the light and mind. Upon relating the story to Andrea Chrisman one of the minds behind *the Iconoclast* and a Believer, she simply said that maybe someone was trying to tell me something.

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