



Volume 7 • Issue 6

Gangsta Jews

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the weaponry to make the difference."

Despite my apparent irreverence towards the Chosen People™, since moving to the North Brighton Area I have gained a great deal of respect for them...and more than a dash of fear. Each week on the *Shabbes*, I see crowds of God's Groupies walking to and from their local *shul* (because it's against the *mitzvahs* to drive there, silly). Cute Jewish girls in their pretty dresses; older, more orthodox men wearing black and earlocks galore. Becoming accustomed to walking along busy city streets, they have banded into groups for mutual protection. Utilizing elaborate methods of defense and impressive strategic patterns when threatened,[†] they put the Shriners in their silly little go-carts to shame.

Last Friday, I was standing on a street corner, idly watching a crowd of Chosen amble towards the Temple down the road, when some *goyish* strangers came around the corner. Those with the Holy Mitochondria silently arranged themselves into a flanked wedge with their hands in their coat pockets. With growing dread I just knew they were fondling their *matzoh-stars*,^Δ keeping the deadly little weapons at the ready.

What the blissfully ignorant gentiles never realized was that they had just crossed paths with one of the more aggressive Jewish gangs: the Kosher Club. Being able to walk away from an encounter with the Kosher Club is lucky indeed. The strangers, undoubtedly on their way to the Catholic Store, never even knew how fortunate they were that it was the Sabbath.

In recent years, Americanized Jews have been forced to adopt more street culture than any family could hope to support, let alone feed and educate. Starting with the conflicts between the Hasidic enclave in Brooklyn, New York and their Hispanic and African neighbors in the fall of 1990, many Jews have begun to join various gangs for protection; a menorah Jewish Grandmothers (gaggle of geese, murder of crows, menorah of Jews. What, you think we make this shit up?) is almost guaranteed to make any would-be assailants think twice.

"Have you eaten? You look so thin! You remember Mrs. Lebowitzch..."

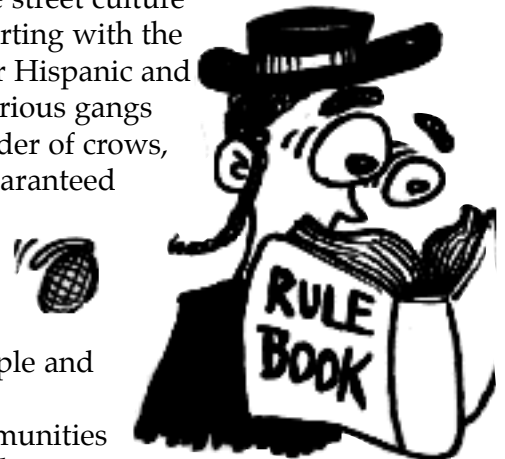
Calling upon the Protocols of Zion and employing Deutemoronnic methods, Jewish Gangs are finding the best way to be a righteous people and live by God's commandments...all 613 of them.

Unfortunately, what began as a symbol of solidarity in Jewish communities has splintered into several competing factions. Recognized as the toughest gang is the Satmarer. Unlike other groups that display their gang allegiance by the colour of their *kippah*, the Satmarer retain the distinctive dress of their Hungarian origins, wearing their *peyes* in full view, while the women shave their heads showing they are ready for combat, if necessary. Although less intimidating than the Satmarer, the 4H Club,[‡]

[†] Like musk-ox and covered wagon circles, they herd the weak ones into the center for protection.

^ΔSometimes called Stars of David.

[‡]The 4H Club (Herr Hammond's Hasidic Helpers) is actually a sociologically interesting anomaly. The original community, fleeing from Nazi persecution in the early 1930's, settled first in Boston. There, after kibitzing with the Irish in Massachusetts, they traveled to Rochester, New York. It wasn't until 1994 that the community began to see gang activity. In battles over turf, the 4H Club are well known for singing peculiar battle songs, including "*Lom Singen Ciri Bim, Ciri Bom*," "*Bin ich mir a Schneiderl*," and "*Mit a Nudl un a Nudl*." Though serving little strategic purpose, the singing of the 4H Club in battle serves to confuse enemies and co-ordinate movements of geographically separated divisions.



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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 members of the Paraguane Navy. 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.

Lubavitch, and WB are all powerful forces in modern American cities, enforcing the *mitzvahs* on the streets, advancing the art of bickering over prices in the market place, and occasionally clashing over turf.

The Jews,^ð repressed for centuries, have been forced to develop an entire arsenal of weapons meant specifically to lull the *goyim* into a false sense of security. Take for example, the *matzoh*-stars: fun, crunchy snacks for children, but when in the hands of the wily orientally-trained Master Ninja Jews...deadly weapons. It's all in the follow-through. Rest assured, however, the unleavened bread that may take your life is *kosher l'pesah*.

Only the most pacifistic people of God would ever consider leaving their protective abodes without a few cleverly concealed *matzos*-stars, but there are other effective armaments to be had. For instance, the spring-loaded steel-rimmed *kippah*. Though they can't be used on Saturdays due to the mechanical mechanisms contained in the set-up, the steel-rimmed *kippahs* themselves are not mechanical in origin. So on the occasion of the sabbath, special stackable *kippahs* (SSKs) are available. They're not quite as technologically advanced, but their functionality is undeniable. When you've used your first one, you will still find five or six more killer *kippahs* stacked beneath it. The only important point to make note of is that you must have already stacked these on your head by Friday at sunset, because once the big bright one hits the deck you are not allowed to do any work. The inherent instability of *kippah* in flight, however, limits their effectiveness.

By far the most dangerous weapon of the Jewish gangs is the *dreidel*. Where the Yo-yo was once a weapon used by the Philipinos, the top-like *dreidel* has come to be much more than a child's toy. Now, children with *dreidels* are actually practicing for their future place in gangs.

The *dreidel* used by the gang members look very similar to those found in the hands of the young. Referred to as "spinning *dreidels* of death," these joys are edged with diamond and sharpened on the folded tongues of at least ten mother-in-laws. The best *dreidel* slingers can actually create an audible whine from the twirling of the horrible weapons. At up to 10,000 rpms, many potential conflicts between antagonistic gangs have been defused by the sudden high whine of *dreidel*-packing Jews, warning the other group of their imminent peril. The only effective defense to the ungodly mess that a well-aimed *dreidel* can inflict are *challah* shields. Skillfully used to deflect the weapons rather than simply stop them, these bready saviors are worn over the back in the fashion of a quiver of arrows and double as field rations.

Of course, there are times when conflict can not be avoided, and the air is filled with *matzos*-stars, bladed *kippahs*, and *dreidels* humming down the sidewalk, embedding in the sides of buildings, trees, and the occasional fowl hanging in a store front window. Even when retreating from such a fearful barrage, there are terrors. Hidden in the streets and under sidewalks are anti-personnel *kniche*. One wrong step and you're a *kosher* meal. In response to the growing gang activity, the *rabbi* of various communities have organized riot control groups, armed with quantum *challah* body armor and rubber *gefelte*-fish bazookas.

A rigorous regiment of Kosher Killing Calisthenics and hard street experience, the life of a Jewish gang member is far from easy, but that's

^ðNot to be confused with J.E.W.S: Jaded European WaifS

ok! They're Jews and are used to suffering. Unlike their *goyish* counterparts, the Jewish gangs have the restrictions of the *Shabbes* to contend with. Unable to work, drive automobiles, or hunt between sundown on Friday and sundown on Saturday, planning is a necessity. During the week in general, there are few clashes between groups, as their members are usually out making vast amounts of money and undermining the American way of life. As the Sabbath approaches, however, the gangs begin to get itchy for a fight.

Friday is typically a day of preparation, planning during the day for any unforeseen incidents that may occur during the holy sabbath. A Jew in the wrong neighborhood on Friday could find himself in quite a bind. Thanks to the distinctive colours of the gangs and the braided threads in their earlocks, they are easily recognized. The braver gangs will intentionally get trapped in enemy neighborhoods after sundown, confident that they will not be attacked and knowing they are provoking a rumble in the near future. Taking advantage of the situation, gangs behind enemy lines often take up a chant that can send chills down the spines of people in the area. Said by an entire gang, the Gregorian-esk sound travels far and announces to the neighborhood:

**Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
I made you out of clay.
Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel,
With you we all will play.**

After a whole day of being unable to strike out at their enemies (and prayer), Saturday night is rumble time and the gangs explode in immense displays of violence. Few Gentiles have ever seen the secretive clashes of the Jews. Often, furious battles last no more than five minutes. In that time, the air filled

with *matzos*-meal smoke screens and the deadly whine of *dreidels* can create a surrealistic image in the jaundiced street lights. When the unleavened bread finally settles, there is little to attest to the fact that there had been such a venting of aggression. Bodies have been spirited away as though by the Destroyer, and spent weapons are mysteriously absent...save for the stray *dreidels* that baffled Christians on their way to Church the next morning find embedded in trees.

Where their conflicts had been limited to fighting with other Jewish factions, Hispanics, Italians, and

Africans, feeling that their inherent right to gang activity is being infringed upon, have begun to strike into Jewish hoods. Their cockiness at fighting the Jews quickly vanished after a few encounters with Stars of David and hollow tipped *dreidels*, however. Even attacking the Jews on the Sabbath has failed to yield



little more than casualties from *matzos*-meal inhalation...thanks to the Jews use of automated perimeter defenses. Even when other gangs manage to capture and torture a member of a Jewish gang, they find it useless. What does torture mean to a people who have been persecuted for thousands of years?

"What? This is a hurting thing? I think you're doing it wrong. Here, you want that I should show you?"

Do you have a problem with any of this?

We encourage everyone to let us know their opinion. Opposing opinions are welcome and encouraged.

Send comments to 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

February 1st, 1997--

Miroslava and I woke in our strange hotel to find that the hotelier had forgotten to wake us, and we had only 20 minutes to dress and catch our bus to Sveta Petka. While Mira washed in the bathroom I stood bare-chested before the window and looked out at the dawn. Hearing what sounded like a cat meowing, I looked down to see that Borislava was waving and shouting at from the sidewalk. The clerk hadn't even opened the door!

Pulling on a flannel, I ran down to the lobby and hammered on the clerk's window. A scrubby old man with bed-head and sleep in his eyes stumbled out and opened the door, mumbling "*Iszvanjate, Gospodin.*" It's not common that an old man calls a young man *Gospodin* in Bulgaria, as it means something close to "my Lord."

Bori was flushed and cold, beating her hands together as she cursed the clerk. I was starting to feel a little bit sorry, since we were after all the only people in a 100 room hotel. As we rushed up, Bori apologized for not having brought us cups of morning espresso, but as it was 7 AM on Saturday morning, there were no coffee stands open. After throwing on my over-shirt, I was ready and we ran for the bus stop.

The air was cold and crisp, and the grand socialist architecture of Velingrad was somehow strange and empty in the early blue light. We had come from Blagoevgrad the evening before with Bori, who was guiding us to her home town and had promised to take us to some neighboring Pomak villages. After a couple of weeks over haggling about a topic for our independent study project, Mira and I had finally settled on exploring the identity of the Pomak (Pomatsi, plural). These were people who were said to be Bulgarians whose ancestors had been converted to Islam by the Ottomans and had held onto their religion after Bulgaria was liberated.

The night before, Bori had arrived at home to find that another relative was visiting and that she was unable to put us up at her family's home. She shrugged, and her deep-set brown eyes moved quickly in her tiny face as she apologized profusely. She had to send us to a hotel, which was very embarrassing, as she had already promised to find us a bed tonight. For a Bulgarian, there were few acts that

could be more of a faux pas.

The Hotel Zeltnitsa, on the town's main square, was close and cheap (can you imagine paying \$1.25 for a double room in a hotel?), although its rooms seemed awfully similar to the Volga dormitory. That evening, we took in the majestically unexciting town. There was nothing much to be said for it. The only thing that impressed me much was the great circular town plaza: paved with white flagstones, its center was a huge bronze statue of soldiers and workers straining skyward for a proletariat utopia. Each building around it had huge murals on the walls which were filled with chunky, machine-like people moving in streamlined motions. Although it seemed a bit overdone on the worker-ethic thing, it was generally a nice center for a town. Thinking of the crisis that was blowing through Bulgaria, I realized that it would be a long, long time before a government would build public works here [Bulgaria] like this again.

At the bus station we stamped our feet and tried to keep the early chill out of our shoes. But the bus was toasty with a rich smell of morning milk and bread, and as we climbed up into the twisty Rhodope mountain roads, sleep quickly drifted over me. Bori's insistent voice tumbled me out of my seat and down onto the gravel shoulder a few minutes later.

Before us was the shoulder of a mountain, stretching like a thick arm from the road to a rounded promontory on which a cluster of houses surrounded a single white spire. Around the village were sculpted tiers of farmland, now brown and vacant. It was only 8 AM, and the sun's light was a low cross-beam that caught the mist from our breath as we hiked down the dirt road leading to Sveta Petka. Bori seemed relaxed and confident, but Mira and I were both itchy and unsure. Neither of us had any real idea of what to say or how to begin. I had my camera out, but I worried about what these people would think of its thirsty glass eye.

At the edge of the village, we passed a large shed in which we could hear the movement and voices of people working. A short, fair-skinned man came to the door after we knocked, and while Mira and Bori spoke to him, a woman with a babushka'd face peer out of the shadows behind him.

"Where is there a cafe?" asked Bori. They are all

closed for Ramazan! And is the Hojha in the mosque?" Yes, probably.

After talking between ourselves, we decided that Ramazan must be Ramadan, but we didn't know what to do as it was so early. The mosque seemed like the best bet. The pristine white tower suggested a humble, perfect dome at its base, but turning the corner in the village center, we found that it graced an average looking Bulgarian-style home. These buildings are generally constructed of brick and covered with white stucco, with red tile roofs.

At the door, we found a "shoe room" with a long line of almost-empty shelves. A young girl peeked out from another room, having heard us come in and stumble about. Her head was wrapped in a brightly colored bandanna that was tied close under her chin. Bright eyes shining inquisitively, she watched us with great surprise. Before she could answer Mira's first question ("Is the Hojha here?"), the door was opened and a small, warm faced man stood behind the girl. His face was filled with smile-wrinkles, and his green eyes shined brightly from his olive skin. Come in! Come in! He stammered. Leaving our shoes behind us, we entered a warm room bright with colorful rugs and yellow, slanting light that cut through the windows.

Around us was a cluster of children, pre- to early teens. They held together in a group, like a crowd of excited goats, straining their necks to peer curiously over each other's shoulders. The three young girls all wore brightly colored cloths on their heads, framing their excited faces and causing their blue or green eyes to stand out like little gems. They wore long, colorful dresses whose shape was straight and simple, while the boys dressed like all Bulgarian boys. I had never seen so many fair-skinned, light-eyed children gathered together in all my time in Bulgaria. The Bulgarians are almost all dark-eyed, and mostly olive-skinned.

Keeping up with the Joneses

May 13, 1931 Jim Jones born in Lynn, Indiana.

1950's Jim Jones led his own congregation, with faith healing, visions, and advice from extraterrestrials. To his credit, it was an interracial congregation (very rare at the time. Read a book).

1965- Everyone packed up and moved to California. First they stayed in Redwood Valley (because that was supposed to be unharmed when the End came). When they got tired of waiting for the end, they relocated to San Francisco.

1974- Jones buys some land in Guyana.

1976- Jim Jones was appointed chairman of the San Francisco Housing Authority, partly because of his programs to help the poor. Later that year, Jones was accused of extortion, enforcing discipline by beatings and blackmail, and other petty things. He and 800 followers decide to go to Guyana.

1976-1978- Jones goes crazy.

1978- US Congressman Leo Ryan visited Jonestown with several aides to investigate rumors of abuse. On the 18 November, Jones had Ryan and his party killed. He then forced his followers to drink a cyanide/Flavor-aid (a cheap copy of Kool-Aid) solution. Others were shot.

1980- House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence reported there was "no evidence" of CIA involvement in Jonestown.



MARTYRLOGUE

-Torn into By Liars

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. Bernadette (Feast Day: April 16)**.

Bernadette was only 14 when she encountered the Blessed Mother (who referred to herself as the Immaculate Conception) in a natural grotto near the

banks of the Gave river outside of Lourdes, France. The mother of God appeared another 17 times over the next six months, and during each visit imparted some tidbit of advice or warning ("...that dress is all wrong for you!"). It was from these miraculous conversations that Bernadette discovered the healing spring of Lourdes, and the world famous shrine eventually came to be built. Bernadette, wanting nothing more than to join the Sisters of Nevers and live out a life of obscurity, had her wish granted when she was 22. Unfortunately for her, one of the "tidbits" passed on to her from *most highly favored among women* was, "I do not promise you happiness in this world, but in the next." This, of course, came to pass. Bernadette lived her life in the convent in a state of almost constant illness. Nevertheless, she lived to the ripe old age of 35 and was canonized a mere 30 years later.

Bernadette's incorrupt body (lovingly coated in a thin layer of wax) lies in a glass casket in the Motherhouse of her order in Nevers, France.

You can also visit the Shrine of our Lady of the Immaculate Conception and the healing waters of the spring in Lourdes, France (over 3 million of the faithful, and who knows how many faithless, visit each year). If France is just too far too go, why not visit one of the many shrines dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes in the U.S.? There is one in Euclid, Ohio, and one in Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Directions for reaching Euclid, Ohio from Rochester, New York:



- 1: Go Southwest on I-490 to I-90 (22.8 miles)
 - 2: Go Southwest on I-90 (Portions toll) to Pennsylvania (119.7 miles)
 - 3: Go West on I-90 to Ohio (45.7 miles)
 - 4: Go Southwest on I-90 (64.3 miles)
- Total distance: 252.5 miles

Travel arrangements made possible by Charon Travel (a subsidiary of Hell, Inc.)

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

Culture Kampf:

-Michelle Amoruso

THE ANDIS LIVE IN WESTERN DAGHESTAN (OF THE FORMER USSR), PRIMARILY IN ANDIA, A VALLEY BORDERED BY THE ANDI RIDGE. THEIR NUMBERS HAVE GROWN FROM 9750 IN 1938 TO OVER 25,000 IN 1990. DESPITE THE DIFFICULT TERRAIN, AUTOMOBILE ROADS LIKE ALL ANDIAN VILLAGES. THEY ARE AGRICULTURISTS AND EXTREMELY ACTIVE IN TRADING WITH NEIGHBORING VILLAGES.



- **More fun with midgets:** The Andis believe in a community of souls, who are miniature beings. These tiny people must be appeased with gifts from the Andis.
- **Belief most likely to be used as a plot for "The X-Files:"** Invisible doppelgangers act out the lives of Andi people. What happens to each person is merely a reenactment of their doppelganger's earlier actions. A person's doppelganger abandons him or her ten days before death.
- **More fun than watching ER:** Occasionally, the Andis have been known to practice a wonderful medical technique called trephination. It involves boring a hole into the skull of a living individual. Historically, this process has been used elsewhere as a cure for severe migraines or spirit possession.