



Volume 7 • Issue 8

Dwarf Farm

"Sleep deprivation is fun-you see such pretty colours."

Imagine the joy of having a Dwarf Ranch (or if you want to drop the extra money, you could get the Dwarf Resort, or aim for the stars and save up for the Dwarf City). Of course, you would have to be willing to invest an entire wall of a room to your newest hobby. Well, even if you don't think that watching little buggers burrowing around through layers of dirt is entertaining....

*(catchy theme music here)
Back at home
in the Kitchen of Hell,
we are just thrilled,
especially Michelle.*

We just got our Dwarf Ranch™ sent through the mail, and the walls are just scuttling with the pitter-patter of tiny feet. While looking through the instruction manual we found it so informative and helpful that we just had to share excerpts of it with our reading public...with the express written permission of Andvari (a subsidiary of Hell, Inc.), of course.

Dwarves are the most fascinating freaks of nature because of their complex social behavior. There are many varieties of dwarves, each with their own peculiar habits and colorations, and they are very interesting creatures to watch as they go about their activities. Your set provides an excellent way of keeping and observing the dwarves. They might make one part of the colony an eating area, make the cemetery in a different area, store relatives in a third area, etc.

Dwarves are fun to watch and care for. Your set will be a busy, bustling observatory. All you have to do is take care of your dwarves properly. This booklet will tell you how to feed and care for the dwarves. Read this booklet carefully and you will have much fun for a long time, reader-san.

What is a dwarf? Dwarves belongs to the class of creatures known as Freaks of Nature. They are invertebrate animals, meaning they have no backbone, i.e., they swagger away from fights.[†] ^ΔDwarves have permanently bent legs, or are "bow-legged," from hiding too many hedgehogs. Even their minds are bandy, and they often suffer from alien hand disorder,[¥] providing hours of amusement. The dwarf has a head and a two sectioned body; only close inspection with a magnifying glass can verify this, however, because when you're that short, it really doesn't matter.[∅]

There are over one million different freaks of nature known to science and P.T. Barnum, and many more are not discovered yet. In fact, there might be 6,000 different species of dwarves alone. Dwarves belong to the pariah class known as Libidule, which translates as "little freak" or "military power." With dwarves, only the males and young females have vestigial tails. This class, Libidule, is the most advanced of the frightening humans, living in communities, such as dwarf colonies, rather than alone. They are often heavily armed militants, taking their giant neighbors hostage and demanding the creation of dwarf homelands.

Metamorphosis of the dwarf-- Metamorphosis, meaning literally, "before a body of water," refers to the different stages of development of the adult dwarf from the egg. Dwarf eggs are

[†] It's hard to run when you're packin' a hedgehog up your ass.^Δ

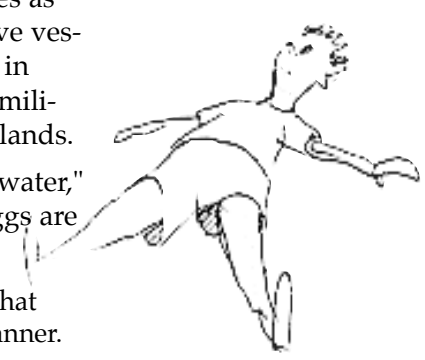
[¥] Alien-hand syndrome results from severe brain trauma, either planned or unintentional, that allows one's hand to act independently of one's will, sometimes in a violent, destructive manner. Think *Evil Dead Two*.

[∅]Be careful not to accidentally burn your dwarves upon inspection with the magnifying glass. WARNING: Dwarves are composed of highly combustible material. Do not ingest after lighting. In case of accidental flaming ingestion, do not induce vomiting. Call Wanda at Rochester Telephone for further instructions.

Our
illustrator
is tem-
porarily
out of
order



We apologize for
the inconven-
ience.





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laid by the queen dwarf in geometric clusters looking like bowling pins, and are quickly moved to nursery rooms in the colony's west wing, where nursemaid worker dwarves look after them. The eggs are laid in the spring and summer and within a period of a few weeks they hatch into creatures looking remarkably like Tonka trucks. These small, durable, yellow, truck-like creatures are totally dependent upon children, requiring them for their movement. They (the dwarfs...not the children) are always hungry and the worker dwarves are kept busy for weeks feeding the larvae by the cover of darkness. Then the larvae suddenly stop eating and are ready for the next stage: the pupal stage.

Using their insidious mind control, the dwarf pupae force children to cover them in a mud chrysalis. It is at this time that the various parts of the adult dwarf begin to take shape. After a gestation that can vary from several hours to several years, the pupa begins to move her tiny, tiny legs and tail. The dwarves in the nest gather around and will help the birth by tearing away the pupal mud if necessary. The young dwarf emerges, releasing a cloud of noxious fumes, and stands on wobbly legs. Because it takes a few days for their chitinous (meaning "novelty condom shaped") bodies to harden, newly hatched dwarfs are easy prey. The sulfurous clouds released at birth are a natural defense, used to keep Predators and circus recruiters away from the young dwarf, and allows it to skitter under a rock or eat its own leg, depending on how bad the smell is. If she survives this perilous time, the young adult is ready to begin a lifetime of work. She needs no learning period-- she quickly follows her instinct and starts performing her complicated tasks.

The Queen –The Queen is the most important dwarf in the colony. She is the mother of all the others. In active colonies, wench dwarves wash the queen, feed her the best Mandarin Oranges, polish the silver, and take care of her fresh ovulations. The queen is much larger than the worker dwarves and she spends most of her life getting laid.

Each Queen begins life as a young, tailed, female; that is to say, "Baby's got Back." She does not help build the nest or worry about gathering food. Instead, she sits around and watches "All Ricki All The Time." The menial labor is done entirely by the worker dwarves, all number^f than a hake. In every colony there are a few tailed males, or breeders, who do not work either. On a special day, in spring or summer, the tailed dwarves take to the bars in swarms. The males mate with the females in the corner pockets of the pool tables. The males die quickly, usually lodged between barstools and wrapped around overhead fans, but for each fertile female a new life is beginning. She drops to the floor and seeks shelter from the onslaught and seals herself off underground, making herself a prisoner. After her breathing eventually slows, she settles down and rubs off her vestigial tail.

She will never wag again. She has become a true queen.

Though she may live for 105 years, she will never go above ground again. Instead, she ovulates like mad and starts her own colony. A few of her eggs will turn into tailed males, and a smaller number into tailed females, but the largest number will be of tailless females or workers. This is the form we see most often in local circuses.

Harvester Dwarves – These are the dwarves that come with your set, known by the name of Agricule. They are one of the most interesting and best known dwarf species in the US. These dwarves are grain harvesters in the Bible Belt, and they move along tiny highways in the grain fields. These highways meet at the entrance to Methodist Churches. Worker dwarves collect grains and grass seeds and carry them along the highways to the mouth of the church/bomb shelter, where they then scurry religiously underground to store

^fNumber - pronounced "numb-er." This is an isoschitzomer.

their food for the impending apocalypse. "Chewers" masticate the seeds until it becomes a sticky, dough-like material. This Dwarf Bread[†] is placed in bins for use later on as the Holy Host. Because there are usually patches of grass around the church entrances of the harvester dwarves, it was thought that the dwarves planted their own seeds to have a convenient source of food. This is incorrect, however. They are too stupid; it is more likely that the grass seeds were dropped around the entrance by dwarves scurrying to salvation.

To have the healthiest dwarf ranch it would be best to find your own dwarves in your backyard or garden. These dwarves will be use-ta your local climate and conditions, and will thrive in your set. Also, there is the possibility of collecting your own queen dwarf. We are not permitted to send queen dwarves across state lines, so the only way to obtain one is to find one yourself. One important fact to remember is not to mix dwarves from different colonies. They will fight to eliminate each other. The dwarves we will ship to you will be from the same colony so, you will not have any problems.

Whether you collect your own dwarves or send away to us for a supply of dwarves, the instructions for getting them into your module are basically the same. Instructions for catching your own dwarves:

A DWARF CATCHER IS PART OF THE DWARF RESORT SET.

PLEASE TREAT HER NICELY.

1. Bait the bottom of the Dwarf Catcher with a pinch of vinegar.^Δ Cider vinegar is best. Ferment the vinegar with a drop or two of saliva so that it is semi-alcoholic. Also place a very small piece of raw or cooked hamburger meat into the catcher's hand. Dog meat can be used if hamburger is inaccessible.

2. Locate an active dwarf colony by turning over flat rocks, old pieces of wood, or suspiciously small shanty towns. Dwarves use these to shelter themselves from rain and sunlight.^{∂(front page)} Vacant lots, fields, or gardens are likely places where a colony might be located. Prop up the rock or wood by placing a small stone under it. Lay the Dwarf Catcher on her side next to the area where dwarves have been seen. Check at intervals to see if the Dwarf Catcher has caught any dwarfs. If possible, leave them overnight. Dwarf scouts are always looking for food sources for the colony. When a single dwarf finds the food it likes, it signals other members by pissing in the bushes and screaming obscenities, thus directing them to the food source. They will attack the Dwarf Catcher in large numbers, but this will pose no significant threat to the Catcher, as most dwarves are laughingly ineffective in combat situations.

WARNING: NEVER TOUCH DWARVES AS SOME CAN BITE AND PINCH.

The Dwarf Catcher may be placed wherever dwarves are observed moving about in vast herds. Dwarves may be more inclined to attack the dwarf catcher in black light.

3. If you cannot find dwarves in your area, you are shit out of luck. But, you may use the enclosed coupon for obtaining a supply of Harvest/Worker dwarves directly from us. Please fill out the coupon carefully in ink. Shipment will be made within four to six weeks. Dwarves are difficult to ship in the months of December, January, and February, so if there is a delay, be assured the postal workers are cleaning up the mess. In cases of extreme cold weather, they will die, but we will ship them anyway. Though some dwarves may die during shipment, don't worry about it; by instinct, the other dwarves will actually remove them to a separate section which they will use as a burial ground. This is perfectly natural and there should be enough dwarves to stock your Dwarf Resort. It is best not to have too many dwarves. The fewer the dwarves, the harder their struggle.

NOTE: IT IS AGAINST FEDERAL LAW TO SHIP QUEEN DWARVES. THE DWARVES SHIPPED TO YOU WITH THE ENCLOSED CERTIFICATE WILL BE WORKER DWARVES, WHO WILL BE QUITE INTERESTING TO OBSERVE. IF YOU GATHER YOUR OWN DWARVES, YOU MAY BE ABLE TO FIND A QUEEN. DWARVES CAN ONLY BE SHIPPED IN THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES. SORRY, GUAM.

Stocking your Dwarf Resort

Take our tube of dwarves, or your Dwarf Catcher with dwarves, and place in the refrigerator (not freezer) for about thirty minutes. This will numb them and render them motionless. They naturally slow down in cold temperatures. When the dwarves are not moving, open hatch on side of Dwarf Resort. If you have the dwarves we supply in the tube, give them to the Dwarf Catcher or directly into the dwarf Resort.

[†] Read "Witches Abroad," by Ptery Pratchett

^Δ You can catch more bees with honey, but you can catch more dwarves with vinegar, go figure.

(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

March 19th, 1997--

Equipped with my camera and flash, I was heading out to make a foray, first to Our Bar, then maybe onwards to Drum later. Seemed to be time to make some photos of the crazy scene in the Bulgarian bars, as the thought had come that I would deeply miss the free expression that was to be found in the sweaty little places all the kids hung out in. First in Our Bar, I sidled in to have the regular (Zagorka beer and a "sandvich salam") and just as I began watching the crowd (10 people in a room the size of an average American kitchen), three Bulgarian boys started talkin' to me, and we were soon jiving about rock music and Jack Kerouac. Old Jack's made a big splash in the new youth here, and I often wonder how good the translation is for his books. How could the poetry and mania of "On the Road" possibly be translated? Maybe this means that I should learn French so I can really understand Camus and Baudelaire. I whipped off to my room and returned with a biography full of pictures from Lowell to San Francisco, and they all were digging it, began many rounds of bottle-raised cheers.

One of these fellas seemed a shocking carbon copy of a friend from Rochester: Danny Shankin. And though their gesture and poise weren't the same, I kept staring at the same smile. This boy could have been his brother. All of them being from Sophia, they explain that they've come down to see a friend. "We like Blagoevgrad very much. More cheaper than Sofia, and everything very close for walking," says the Danny clone. They've been drinking for hours, they say, and have the slurred voices to prove it. Slamming down our beer bottles, it's suddenly decided that we're heading for the Drum, the smoky, crazed little sweatbox of a bar that's underneath Volga. Before leaving, they insist that I come to a big party they're having in a village north of Sophia next week. Not sure that I can make it, I promise to try to attend. One of them hurriedly writes an address on a twenty Leva note (which would buy a coffee this summer, and is chump change now).

It's about 1 AM when we get to Drum, and the place is going crazy. Buying a beer at the counter, I run into Nadia, who gives me a kiss and tells me that she's just aced all her exams at U.Z. (the Bulgarian Univ. here in town). Spinning a couple of small dances

with her, I notice that she's got a boy waiting for her, watching me. "Is he your boyfriend?", I ask with some amusement. "No, he likes me very much, and I don't like him so much." Ah, you're in for a rough ride, buster Bulgarian boy slouchin' over yer beer; this one's as free and crazy as they make 'em...

I'm snapping a few shots and thinkin' to myself that there's nothing like this in white America, and never will be. All the tight-shirted, respectable Americans could never possibly get so excited about anything to do more than shiver their hips. But these kids are swinging to everything: Joe Cocker and the Rolling Stones, Tina Turner wailing along "Proud Mary," and everybody with a girl swingin' and shaking like it was New Year's eve 2000. One chick grabs the rafters (which are only 7 1/2 feet up) and swings upside down in the midst of her troop of friends. Nadia's bumping my hips with her ecstatic shaking while I try to focus my lens. The air is so hot I'm stripped down to a tee shirt and still feel ready to sweat (while outside it's almost snowing). There's not a single heater in Drum; it's only the quaking bodies and cigarettes that make it so thick.

In the midst of it all, a little Balkan gem comes over with a friend, and shouting in my ear, asks me if I would take a picture of her friend with boyfriend. Sure, sure, why not? And I snap a snapshot then ask the introducer's name. Magdalena. She's a long drink in the desert, a short, spunky lady with beautiful black Bulgarian hair, deep brown eyes that jump into a smile, and curvalacious delicious hips to swing with. And still a little interested in photos, I've got my camera slung backwards, bumping on my shoulder, dancing fun swings with Maggi (she says "Mahgee"). Hey, little girl, What's your name! You sho lookin' good tonight. What a great flying time life is, if you can just dance crazy and hang it all out into the night and go!

Now it's gettin' late, and I need to be up early, say adieu to Maggi, and drift home to bed. "You will be here tomorrow night?" she asks, all glancing shy. Damn straight, honey, I'll be here. At last, a beautiful girl to wave away my Silvia - Gueri beat luck, down trodden romantic musings. Hah, tomorrow be Thursday, I'll just take her to Graffiti, too.

-Michelle Amoruso

What kind of New Guinean Are You? Take this Quiz to Find Out



1. When it comes to marriage...

a) You prefer it if the woman engages in ritualized group sex while the man has homosexual relations with his sister's adolescent son(s).

b) You become engaged when you and your significant other share a meal at the male's parental house.

2. When it comes to politics...

a) You don't believe in formal political groups. You and your community just have a sense of "belonging together."

b) You believe in just one way of engaging in external conflict: revenge cannibalism.

3. When you're sick you ask the doctor to...

a) extract foreign objects from your body that were placed there by hostile sorcerers.

b) chant, rub doctored leaves all over your body, and spit chewed ginger on your head.

Scoring:

•If you had mostly a's, you are a Marind-anim at heart. You enjoy eating sago, coconuts, bananas, pork, taro, and yams. Your favorite stimulants most likely include kava, betel, and tobacco. You are probably Catholic, but you also may be Protestant. You often find yourself getting in arguments over garden land. Don't worry— just remind the other person about the threat of sorcery, and you'll resolve it in no time.

•If you had mostly b's, you belong on Goodenough Island. You enjoy gardening and use magic in order to ensure a good yield. You have a 33% chance of divorce, usually on grounds of neglect, laziness, or infidelity. You are very distrustful of external authorities and prefer to use your own methods of social control, including public ridicule, ostracism, and revenge sorcery. But remember-- that external warfare could continue on indefinitely unless you take the first step and break the cycle of revenge cannibalism.

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

I've learned that whenever I go to the grocery store I always get the cart with the ~~bum~~ ^{cum on The} wheels.
-Age 30

I've learned that just closing your bedroom door won't accomplish anything. You better lock it.
^{Keep The TumescenT baboons from}
~~ing~~ -Age 12

I've learned that college really is "one big party" until your parents ~~receive your first semester~~ ^{Find out about} grades: incestuous relationship with your dead grandmother.
-Age 19

I decided that now was the time for me to change for a few different reasons. Other people and I occasionally remember that change has to come from within me (my own desire to change is the only truly powerful force in this area), not as something done to please Them™ (a gladiator with big muscles raring to go, but he's just on a sugar high bound to crash and burn under sustained assault). Currently, my life is in my own hands. I am not entangled with one who wishes to change me to fit their model of "what I should be," and I'm far enough away from my parents for them to have minimal interference power. I think I can be reasonably safe in my belief that I am attempting these changes for my own selfish reasons, which are the most valid

reasons (did I mention that I have been reading Ayn Rand lately?). I have known for a long time that I am not happy, but I have never really known why or what I could do about it.

Through my reprogramming, I hope to become happier or at least to manage to be amused (by myself and others) a higher percentage of the time, I pray (to that supreme being: my psyche and motivation manufacturer) that I can find a way to make my motivation less bipolar. Since no one has ever been able to tell me where to purchase motivation, I have decided that the only practical supplier of motivation available to me is me. If I can generate it, internal motivation may prove to be one of my most valuable assets (right up there with my creativity and my insanity) in a couple months. I have decided that the highest potential for happiness for me lies along the route of self-employment (but without self motivation to pave that path, I'm sure I will end up flat on my face bleeding in many places). During school, when I have had motivational problems, I have just waited them out. I know, that with the combination of my high guilt content and low threshold for bad grades, I would manufacture some motivation at some point if I waited long enough. The main problem with this method is the side products of stress and depression that were also manufactured due to the length of fermentation occurring during the slow delivery of motivation. The motivation only arrived when I knew that if I did not start working right, I would not finish; finishing would require me to be a functioning, productive individual more than 70% of the hours each day working on my projects. I'm not sure what types of deadlines I will have to inspire motivation Out There™, so I feel that I need to be on better terms with my supplier. Maybe if I make steady payments of amusement to my dealer, he will keep me hooked up with a constant fix of motivation.

I also have this vague suspicion that the quality of my life may go up with successful reprogramming. And if I am really blessed (once again talking about that same supreme being), passion (another commodity of which I have not been able to find a vendor) may actually be integrated into my existence.

Editorial: The Woes of Delivery

-Sean Hammond



In the past few weeks, Hell's Kitchen has begun to deliver issues onto MCC (Monroe Community College). Because Hell's Kitchen can not afford it (our main financial support comes mainly from RIT. We use RIT money only to print on RIT. All

other locations are paid for from other sources. That gets hard with no club or faculty support from U of R), we decided to try and implement a sort of "adopt-a-site" plan. An individual can voluntarily pay for 25 issues to be put wherever they wish. I chose MCC.

So every Monday after getting out of work, I wander the hall's of MCC, feeling like a interloper, putting tiny stacks of issues in places that seem like good locations. Last Monday, however, when I returned to my vehicle, I found two presents. The first was a parking ticket. The second was the MCCop who wrote it, sitting in his car watching me.

The funniest thing is that the ticket will cost me \$5.00, which is just under what I usually pay for the 25 issues on MCC. Maybe I'll just pay in issues.

NOTICE OF PARKING VIOLATION

MAIL CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
 MONROE COMMUNITY COLLEGE - PARKING SERVICES
 1000 UNIVERSITY BL. + ROCHESTER, NEW YORK 14620-9999
 TELEPHONE: 716 584-6000



VIOLATION NUMBER 27868

LICENSE NUMBER	5	8	2	7	4	4														
STATE	NY	PLATE TYPE	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG	REG
BODY TYPE																				
MAKE																				
MAKE MODEL	7																			
EXPIRES																				
EXPIRES																				

RESERVED SPACE VIOLATION -- 001

1. UNPAID SPACE 2. FIRE ZONE (See Sec 17-100)

OBSTRUCTION/ILLEGAL PARKING VIOLATION -- 010

3. OBSTRUCTION TRAFFIC 16. RESERVED SPACEMAN

4. BLOCKING DRIVEWAY 18. NO PARKING

5. BLOCKING INTERSECTION 17. LOADING ZONE

6. BLOCKING CURBSTOP 19. UNPAID PARKING

7. DOUBLE PARKING 18. NOT PARKED WITHIN SPACE

8. BLOCKING OBSTRUCTION/NO PARKING 20. ON SIDEWALK

13. BUS LANE 21. ON DRIVE

14. TOW AWAY ZONE 22. LEFT SIDE TO CURB

VIOLATIONS BY DRIVER/OWNER -- 020

9. NOT REGISTERED/NO PERMIT 23. OVERPAID 10 AM - 1 AM

10. PERMIT NOT VALID FOR AREA 24. PARKED AT VIOLATOR'S SPACE

11. ILLEGAL UNUSUAL PERMIT 25. IDPPED METER

12. EXPIRED/INACTIVE PERMIT

26. UNLICENSED -- 000 27. VEHICLE NUMBER

Appeal must be filed within 10 calendar days from the date of issuance. (Instructions on back)

Effective January 17, 1995
 Penalties for Non-payment of fines
 Failure to pay the fine within the time frame listed below shall lead to additional penalties, and within 90 calendar days shall be deemed an admission of liability and may result in initiating collection procedure, which includes an additional \$5.00 administrative fee for each outstanding ticket. Vehicle may be impounded at additional expense. A hold will be placed on student accounts for transcripts until debt is paid.

Fine Schedule	
Initial Fine	\$5 \$10 \$25
After 10 days	10 20 40
After 30 days	15 35 65
After 75 days	35 55 75