



Volume 7 • Issue 9

## Muslims

*"When your purpose in life is to entertain the gods, there's nothing to do but to put on a good show."*

As our more dedicated readers surely have noticed, AGDT pokes a lot of fun at the Christian God concept. This is because it is the concept we are most familiar with. But in the trendy new spirit of multiculturalism (brought to you by Big Blue), we think it is high time we had a shot at another major world religion. With that, we bring you...

### GDT's Look at the Origin of Islam

*Our story begins in 7th century Arabia. Muhammad walks out of the desert and approaches a small group of soon-to-be followers.*

**Muhammad:** Hey! I've just been talking with God!

**Skeptic 1:** Oh really. And what did God say?

**Muhammad:** We are the righteous! We have been given his final, perfect plan for living ethically and morally, and it is our responsibility to follow it!

**Muslim 1 (formally Skeptic #1):** Wow. *(significant pause)* What should we do with this knowledge?

*Silence.*

**Muslim 2:** I know! We could build an honest, law abiding society that preserves and expands the knowledge of the ancients. We can build a society that will pull Western Europe out of the Dark Ages so in future eras they can take credit for everything.

*General muttering of agreement.*

**Dissenting Voice:** Yeah, but will the chicks dig it?

**Muslim 1:** Okay, so what else should we do?

*Silence. A non-indigenous cricket is heard in the background.*

**Muslim 2:** I Know! Let's kill Africa!

**All:** YEAH!!!

*Muhammad falls to the ground in an epileptic fit, with a smile on his face. No one notices.*

**One to Another:** It was under our noses the whole time.

**Muslim 1:** But how will we tell who's who? I don't know about you guys, but all us heathens look pretty much the same to me.

**All:** Hmmmm....

**Bobby:** Um, we could, uh, wear towels on our heads?

**Muslim 2:** Bobby, not only are you stupid but-

**Muslim 3:** No, wait! That's a great idea!

*All mumble reluctant acceptance. Bobby runs from an approaching clown.*

**Blow-me-self-up Dib-ar:** But isn't there something we could do about commerce?

*Everyone looks blank.*

**Dib-ar:** Ah, like, open some small markets on the corners of trade routes and sell



*Continued on page 2 of GDT...*



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cheap iced drinks?

*Still silence*

**Dib-ar, looking nervous:** We could call them 9-11s? Or not....

*Muhammad finishes his twitchy dance and slowly gets to his feet. Dibar pushes his cart of "sausage-on-a-stick" away.*

**Muhammad:** I've had a vision from Allah! We, the chosen, shall instill the word of Allah unto all others. And those who choose not to see the holy way, shall be smitten by the hand of God. (a.k.a. A sucking chest wound caused by an AK-47).

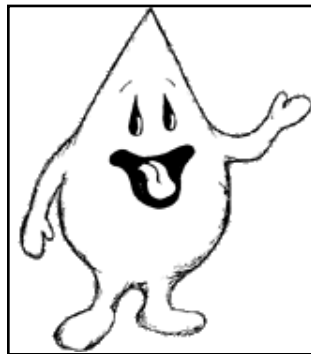
**All:** YEAH!

*Muhammad has fallen asleep and slumps to the ground. Everyone rushes off in preparation for the coming Jihad. Fade to black.*

Perhaps coincidentally, this is a lot like how GDT staff meetings go.

## GDT's Investigative Reporters Examine The NORM

-by GDT Editorial Staff and Josh French



**The NORM: Symbol to U of R's sanctioned satire mag and indicator of good times and great taste. The question is, "Salty or Sour."**

to GET INFORMED ABOUT YOUR PENIS! You've got to RESTORE & EMPOWER YOURSELF! And I said, yeah, yeah I can do that cause I'm smart, smart see. I can see you've got to TAKE BACK WHAT WAS WRONGFULLY TAKEN FROM YOU, Baby. BECOME WHOLE AND COMPLETE! Stick it to the Man.</Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice>

**F**or the past several weeks *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* (and Hell's Kitchen in general) has been communicating with the University of Rochester's sanctioned (which just means the S.A. controls them) semesterly satire mag, the NORM. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that that glossy-covered, tri-annual, funny thing was simply a cover for a national mens group. Just listen to their spokesmen...

<Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice> He said so ya' think DOCTORS ARE BUTCHERS! Gotta, gotta FIND OUT WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO YOU! And I said, yeah, yeah, I want to STOP THE MUTILATION! And he said, oh you're smarter than that. You have

to GET INFORMED ABOUT YOUR PENIS! You've got to RESTORE & EMPOWER YOURSELF! And I said, yeah, yeah I can do that cause I'm smart, smart see. I can see you've got to TAKE BACK WHAT WAS WRONGFULLY TAKEN FROM YOU, Baby. BECOME WHOLE AND COMPLETE! Stick it to the Man.</Mad Bomber What Bombs at Midnight voice>

The National Organization of Restoring Men (NORM. We swear we're not making this up) is one of the coolest offshoots of the various men's groups that promote grown adults to go into their backyards, beat on drums, howl at the moon, and cry about being circumcised. If *you* lie awake at night with tears slowly coursing down your stubbled cheeks because your circumcised penis feels lonely and exposed in a cold, uncaring world, then the NORM is definitely for you.

Meetings for the University of Rochester's branch of the NORM take place Wednesdays in the basement of Wilson Commons, room 104. Beginning at 8pm, meetings usually last less than half-an-hour, at



**Pasty-white-guy equipped with PUD (Penis Uncircumcising Device).**

which time the captive members contemplate how best to dismember Dixie (their cult leader/editor-in-chief) in five strokes or less (got to keep under par), sometimes mention writing material for issues that then promptly gets ignored, and plot how to expand their horizons...or at least the penal epidermis of diminished men on the campus.

One the best known members of the NORM, Dr. Jim Bigelow, is the author of *The Joy of Uncircumcising*, put out by Hourglass Book Publishing (PO Box 171, Aptos CA 95001, ISBN 0-9630482-1-X). In the tome Dr. Bigelow, a former Christian minister, advances the opinion that the circumcision of children is a physical assault on par with other activities like kindergarten, wearing a leash, and being forced to orally gratify you. Yeah, YOU!

Fear not, however, there is help. The good Reverend outlines several methods that circumcised men can regain the attractive hood to cover their glans, thus keeping it moist, protected, and providing a breeding ground for yeast that you can later share with your sexual partner...or make bread with. By using a 115\$ Penis Uncircumcising Device, or PUD (again, I swear I'm not making this up), the available free skin of the penis is stretched over the glans. Once the penis looks like a sea anemone on display at the Camden Aquarium in New Jersey, an "O-ring" is attached. Weighing any-

where between 10 to 22 ounces, depending on just how much of a man you *really* are, the weight gently yanks that fucker down toward your knee caps.

To help you speed the process along, and keep your penis from oscillating like a pendulum on a spastic Grandfather Clock, there are a series of elastic-like cords that can be used to connect a knee brace to the PUD. Making a kind of penis-apult, the wearer is assured of constant pressure on their PUD, though the risks are always high.<sup>†</sup>

Taking as long as 5 years the procedure is FUN (Fucking Un-Necessary). Regardless, the U of R's branch of the NORM has been hard at work for over 10 years, instilling a sense of impotence (publishing only 3 times a year) and that of missing something of importance. You can't convince us that they aren't bent on making men think their penis is missing some crucial bits here and there. If their logo isn't a smile with a sperm, we can't imagine what it is; that's the happiest half set of chromosomes we've ever seen.

If you would like be be placed on a mailing list along with other NORM members, send the following message to [majordomo@lists.foreskin.com](mailto:majordomo@lists.foreskin.com):

SUBSCRIBE RESTORATION

Send mail to the group by writing to:

[restoration@foreskin.com](mailto:restoration@foreskin.com)



**Sea anemone on display at the Camden Aquarium in New Jersey, equipped with "O-ring."**

<sup>†</sup> One of the more graphic PUD incidents occurred to Mr. DeSeabra, head of the NORM's New York Chapter. While running to catch a subway, his safety was off and he accidentally fired, sending his PUD rocketing out of his pants. It managed to strike the cart of "Steve The Hot Dog Man," upsetting it and sending wieners spinning out of control. Amid shouts of, "What the hell was that?" and "DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT!" several Vegans were forced to ingest the airborne processed-meat shrapnel. There were no other casualties.

# Яфв Кговшмффеф 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

March 20th, 1997

After much harrying at the big school, which I keep thinking of as some alien machine that has fallen from the sky, my day became more interesting than the big buzzing computer screens. After our photo class, I spoke for a while with Florian, an Albanian boy all tall and dark, with a George Michael beard. He'd just returned from Tirana, and though he didn't want to talk much about it, he said he could never go back to Albania. His mother gave him the last of the family money and told him to get out of the country fast. Sneaking through rebel and gov't check points filled with crazy Kalishnakov carrying men, he finally had to pay a farmer to smuggle him in a truck full of cattle crossing to Macedonia on a small mountain road at night. Now he was back in Blagoevgrad. Strong, but a little bewildered. We had a mutual interest, as I had told Kael I would find her some grass and he had the connections. No problem, man. He takes a ten spot from me and promises to bring me a bag in Graffiti.

Finally time comes free and there is some space for a little cat nap. Because after all my dancing and late drinking, need was still to rise at a nasty early hour of 8, and I was tired, tired, tired. Down in my slow, under-water dreams, I dreamed of Maggi, her curved lips breaking smiles and driving my poor old human body all crazy with the want of her. Rising for a small bite at Our Bar, I then showered my body all squeaky clean and grinned at my new-stubbed head in the mirror. Patchouli tonight, lots of patchouli, and she'll smell me and love my exotic pheromone. Slip on my soft and comfy corduroy tan- brown slacks, a white tee-shirt and multi-designed brown dress shirt. I'm smart in the mirror, and now it's time to go down to Drum, as she said to come at eleven. But I play it cool and go back to Our Bar, drink a Zagorka with Nevena; got to be a little late so she don't know I'm all eager and jumpy with the zip of girl-wanting-fun in my veins. I've just received my father's beautiful documentary movies and want to show them at school; Nevena promises to help out and get the Movie Club VCR for a little show.

Drum is packed again, and looking across the place, I spot Maggi watching me. She smiles and waves me over to lean on the big beat up old pine bar with her friend Elena. A tallish blond girl, she had a

great laugh, but a spooky evil look in her eye.

Before I can order a beer, the girls decide they want to drink tequila. We all dab salt on our hands, squeeze lemon concentrate into the tequila, then lick the salt and slam the big shots. Bulgarian tequila tastes a lot more like sweet rum than tequila, and I wonder if it's all artificial or if they at least try to make it from some cactus. Anyhow, the girls don't know the difference and think their Bulgarian tequila is great, and I won't argue because they're so happy about it.

Maggi and I dance a few nice spins then lean on the bar. Turning to me with a wild smile, Elena tells me that she's a BSP (socialist party) member and sure that all of Bulgaria's problems come from the SDS (democrats). I just shrug and tell her that I hate politics. In a moment Maggi turns to me and says "Do you know about Macedonia? You know it's ours? Macedonia is part of Bulgaria!" Oh man, don't lay this bad-dream nationalist hyper-bullshit on me. You were doing so well before, girl. A bit startled, I say, "Yes, and I guess Europe is part of Asia." She doesn't know quite what to make of this, and tells me to dance with her instead. OK, darlin'. Lets just be lovey and leave politics for the vultures and maggot hounds of the tired, starving blue streets of humanity's soul-eater machines.

The brassy, jumpy Serb-Turk-Bulgarian songs of Underground come on, and Maggi does the wild Bulgarian gypsy dance. I'm trying to follow but she bursts into laughter.

"No, like this, Krees, move your stomach, no your heeps!" She demonstrates, standing away from me with raised arms, finger snapping with small shuffly steps she weaves with her arms while gyrating her pelvis so that her belly wiggles and her hips stay still.

Wow, I didn't know I had muscles that would do that! No, it's no use, I keep bringing my Latin hip-swing moves to it anyway. She just smiles and continues, a gorgeous Balkan belly dancer flirting with her dark eyes and curvy smile. I can't help myself, and sidle up to lay a kiss on those shiny soft lips. She just kisses me back with that same drive-me-crazy smile. Between our flirty gaze Elena cuts in and hollers "OK, OK, haide za Grafitti!"

We wander out into the crisp cold and hunching in our jackets, make a quick run to the "discoteka." It's

warm inside, the big thumping, grinding sound of modern techno pounding. I try to smuggle the girls in behind my AUBG card (we get in free on Thursdays), but we're nudged by the bouncer and the girls have to shell out 200 leva. (Which is still less than 20 cents). The girls take position beside one of the big speaker stacks and we're frolicking to Prodigy mean- cuts right away. I've gotta find Florian, so I tell 'em I'll be back soon, and sift through the heavy, packed crowds.

Beside the biggest of the 3 bars he's hanging with his gang all slap-hand happy, girlfriend leaning against him to tell him sweet things. "So you wanna try it first?", he shouts into my ear. OK, so we're standing there beside/behind the corner of the bar and he whips out a Brady-Bunch straight pipe and lights up. Freak out! I'm giggling myself funny by the time the pipe passes from a couple of his buddies to me. I'm getting a big drag and one of the guys tears off his shirt to exhibit his big Bulgarian Lion tattoo. So I've gotta show my tats too, and here we are in a cloud of sweet, green pot smoke, half naked in a dance club. Aww, ain't nobody noticing us here in the corner, Huck. I keep wondering how I'll ever adapt to tight-ass America again, while the girls around us are giving big cheers and shouting for us to continue the strip tease. Oh, it's good weed, and Florian reaches into his pack then hands me a bag that would cost me \$150 in the USA. Holy shit, what am I going to do with it! I can smell its sweet young perfume from arm's distance, and once I roll it up smallish, it's a huge bulge that takes up my entire deep pants pocket. Pulling on my shirt I keep grinning and wander back across the club.

In front of the speakers, the girls are dancing all slow and boredly; Where's our boy? So I grab Maggi and we swing into Depeche Mode, while Elena smiles, leaning against a column. It's a long night of dancing that goes on, until we're both sweating and grinding against each other on the dance floor then leaning in the corner for big, passionate kisses. Dance has turned into the ecstatic ritual of sex that it's meant to be, and we, veins filled with screaming desires, almost forget that we're in crowded club. Now and again I catch wild stares from my friends from AUBG, and one long, sad, baleful glance from a girl who's had a crush on me for too long. Nevermind, it's just fine with me if they wanna stare...

By 4am we're all exhausted and head out. I'm cursing that there's no way to take her home since my roommate is there, asleep. But the cold night air is like a cold shower, and she takes my hand and guides me on a long walk home to her house. A long good night kiss and the promise to meet me again on Saturday. Then I'm walking home with mind spinning and wanting for her so badly, loving the sweet tantalization that life plays us.



## Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

DEAR BFG,

WHO PUT THE "BOP" IN THE "BOP-SHOO-BOP-SHOO-BOP"? WAS IT THE SAME PERSON WHO PUT THE "RAM" IN THE "RAM-A-LAM-A-DING-DONG"?

SINCERELY,

MARK-IN-THE-DARK-SHOO-DARK

Dear Mark-in-the-dark-shoo-dark,

Unfortunately, the man who put the "bop" in the "bop-shoo-bop-shoo-bop" and the "ram" in the "ram-a-lam-a-ding-dong" can not have his hand shaken. He is what is more commonly referred to as a gestalt entity: not one, but many individuals. The real people who took part in these great deeds were in fact a group of poor, unfortunate sufferers of a strange syndrome known as "Tourettes Syndrome."

Many victims of this disorder often exhibit symptoms by physical twitches or shouting out long, obscure chains of obscenities. However, a rather less well publicized population of Tourettes patients have a peculiar variation on the syndrome, often referred to in medical journals as *senex ast bono*. Rather than the quite distracting twitches of some victims or the offending heckles of others, those suffering from *senex ast bono* are noted for their loud, jubilant outcries of, "Hah!", "Good God!", and "I feel good!" They are also known for such antic behavior as producing loud popping noises which are often followed by such exuberant phrases as "ba-dum-bum-bum" or "oh-lolly-lolly-lolly."

Strangely enough, the effects of close proximity of such misbegotten souls with the general public is quite opposite that of their Tourettes Syndrome brethren. The people who most often work, live, and interact with such afflicted individuals often find themselves experiencing unexplainable sensations of well-being and happiness.

It is interesting to note that these *senex ast bono* members of society seemed to have been one of the largest catalysts in influencing the lyrics of many song writers from the early fifties up until the mid-seventies. With, of course, the possible exception of the song "The Age of Aquarius."

-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](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)**

# Culture Kampf

-Michelle Amoruso

Why waste your time getting a liberal arts education when you can learn a trade? You're guaranteed to be working within six months of graduation or your money back. Choose from these professions:

**Air conditioning repair**

**TV, VCR repair**

**Book-keeping**

**Electronics**

**Cheese Making**

**Gun Repair**

**Chimane Shaman *!NEW!***

Want to achieve a state of ecstasy without an apple and a toothpick? You can:

- Learn to consume the yet unclassified narcotic *robodye* and tobacco juice while chanting and drumming.
- Impress dining center employees by ingesting small human and jaguar figures as ritualistic representations of human flesh.
- Learn the secret way of distinguishing whether bodily evil (illness) is caused by taboo violation or by witchcraft without having to fall back on the *Melancholy Predator* Decoder Ring.
- Learn the diagnostic secrets of the masters including chanting, sucking, plants, animal oils, healing clays, and Cafe Diablo.

or get your **High School Diploma.**



~~Satan~~ Sally STRuthers



-Sean T. Hammond

The end of April and beginning weeks of May are filled with a plethora of holidays that could, if you let yourself, be traced to a single celebration. Arbor Day, Earth Day, Mother's Day, even college activities such as the U of R's Dandelion Day or RIT's Noname Festival. They are all celebrating the end of winter or stress agricultural fertility and are simply the fragments of Beltaine, or May Day, splintered over the years.

Not too long ago, our forefathers would celebrate May Day as a way of welcoming the fertile months back. Traditionally involving singing and dancing, the festivities usually centered around a pole erected in the center of a town. Normally made of white birch, the tree was cut down, paraded through the town by the May Queen and her revelers, and then erected with great pomp and ceremony. Depending on the area of Europe, the Maypole would either be wrapped in ribbon by dancers, or adorned with wreaths and other decorations. It is from these traditions that the modern practice of decorating Christmas Trees comes.

For the pagans of Europe, the May Queen became the personification of the Earth Mother, often proceeding the pole naked or clothed in a simple white dress and wearing bells to ward off mischievous faeries. The pole...well, in this case it is *not* a cigar.

Today, though Maypoles are little more than a novelty in the United States, they are regularly put up in the British Isles, Germany, and other areas of Europe, serving as the center a town pride and acting as a display of what crafts the towns produce.

On the first of May this year, GDT and *Melancholy Predator* erected a Maypole on the RIT campus, complete with presiding May Queen. We hope that in the years to come, RIT will recognize the potential importance of a Maypole. With a different colour ribbon for each College, it could be a place where all Colleges and students can show what it is they do best. Give the students a place where pride and ability can be shown, rather than *just* a release and excuse to drink.

**GDT and Melancholy Predator would like to thank the following groups and people for their support and help during our May Day Festival:** Ruckus, RITPlayers, Men's Octet, Funk Foundation, Stan McKenzie, Anne Coon, Peter Ferran, Jean Douthwright, Jamie Campbell, Sam Abrams, Jan Riech, O' Terry Bruce, Mark Nowak, the two staff members of the Norm that showed up, everyone who hung out, and anyone else I'm forgetting.

**GDT and Melancholy Predator would like to not thank the following people and groups:** Michael D'Arcangelo, the Center for Campus Life, and Jered Bogli.