



Volume 7 • Issue 10

Stupid People Shouldn't Breed

"Wa'ss ignorant?"

"I don' know. But we's it!"

Periodically, GDT is accused of being stupid. We're not stupid: we're ignorant. There's a difference. You see, Grasshopper, ignorance is when one is blissfully unaware of facts, such as how to spell and use correct grammar. Now, someone is stupid when they know something, but don't pay it no nevermind. It's kind of like, "I know in my heart that you love me, but I don't know it in my head." Stupid.

Case in point: the apartment I'm living in right now has crap-assed wiring. For a while it was impossible to have a light on, the TV running, and use the microwave for longer than 43 seconds before blowing a fuse. The fun part was that every god-damned light leading down to the cellar was on the same circuit. When you blew a fuse you were in the dark the whole way. I knew that. I mean, after the first time the fuse blew I discovered just how much the lights in the cellar didn't work. So I learned to get my flashlight before trekking into the dark. One time the flashlight was in a room with a bunch of clutter. I entered the room and flipped the light switch on. To turn on the light. So I could find the flashlight. So I could fix the light. I was acting out of habit instead of thinking.

Stupid.

Thoreau called non-stupidness "living deliberately." At one point he mumbled, "I went into the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." In an early draft found earlier this year, he put it this way: "I ran away from home because I was sick of acting stupid in front of mother." It wasn't until he saw he had beaten a path from the door of his cabin to the pond that he realized he had replaced one life of non-deliberateness (stupidness) with another; it was why he finally left his little club house at Walden.[†]

Everyone is stupid at one point or another: Hitler's decision to invade Russia (...never wage a land war in Asia!), the Austrians trying to stop tanks with horses and pikes, ("Otto...was gibt mit deinen Panser?"), the Republicans raising such a big stink about the Democrats taking money from foreigners when they still had *their* hands in the same cookie jar. Stupid, stupid, stupid.

So in all fairness, such wonderful statements like the one carved into the wood surface of my old high school lab bench stating in simple, almost runic lettering, "Stupid People Should Not Breed," (No, I didn't put it there. I sometimes I think my Biology instructor did. He was *way* too pleased with it.) should not necessarily be made into an edict from the Pope. If it were there would be no one left to be stupid. We'd all be dead.

It's a good premise from a eugenic^Δ point of view (I don't swim in your toilet, don't pee in my pool), however. Thin the ranks out a bit. Stronger stock.[∂] Trim the fat, so to speak.

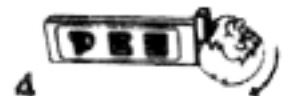
Unfortunately, there's the messy business of enforcing that particular decree and making sure there are no repeat offenders with the help of some rubber bands, scissors, and high beta-particle emitting ³⁵S laced undergarments covered with a lead-leaf for the little ladies. You could conceivably avert the whole messy business of sterilization and having to spend billions of dollars stopping the illegal flow of dumb blonds from Scandinavia (which seem to be flooding our own American dumb blond market) by looking to nature for an example. When an animal screws up in the wild, the biggest,

[†] That and he was probably sick of his mom's bagged lunches.

[∂] Good stock! Good Battle! Good Bye!

^Δ Who this guy Eugene is and why he's so uppity is beyond my ken.

Directions to fill
your PEZ Dispenser
with PEZ Candy



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



Publisher: C. Diablo

Head Editors:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

They Who Advise:

Michelle Amoruso
Josh French

Layout:

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond

Graphic Design:

Sean Hammond

Writers:

Michelle Amoruso
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Christopher Lane
Mark Nowak

Contributors:

daniel atkins
Damn
Vinny Bove
B.J. Leopold
Troy Liston
Robert Mac Kay
Don Rider
Anthony Terlizzi
Robert Terlizzi

© 1997 Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT) is published weekly during the academic year of the Rochester Institute of Technology and the University of Rochester by a staff comprised mainly of vacationing contraband rebels. 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. Don't plagiarize our material or we'll kill you with a GDT action figure.

clearest, most unmistakable sign that they did something very, very stupid is that they are dead. One minute you're a squirrel trying to get a Snickers bar from a guy with a huge grin on his face, and the next minute, Q-FUCKING BOOM!

Why not just say that stupid people shouldn't live? Oh, but we couldn't possibly pass a law like that. It's wrong. It's immoral. Besides, if we did that we'd never have the pleasure of watching those damn dullards kill themselves in inventive and mind-boggling moronic new ways. Some call it "Evolution in Action" whereas I would prefer to call it good-old-fashioned fun.

Justify yourself do you ask? No, I don't have to justify the deaths of imbeciles. They should have to justify their existence.

The problem is that the morons aren't dying off. In fact, our entire society is geared to pampering to these dullards. Ever since childhood, with grade curves and special-ed programs for the nitwit class, the system has compensated for these ultimately challenged individuals. Many of our modern laws are geared towards keeping these unnecessary simpletons, not only on God's green earth, but allowing them to continue swapping spit, genetic lineage, and occasionally parent the odd diploid or twelve (more welfare that way).

A woman spills hot coffee on herself and it's not her fault. It should have had a warning on it, of course. The same goes for the guy who picked his child up into a spinning ceiling fan. Not his fault. There wasn't a warning label on the fan saying, "Do not shove children in whirling blades of fan while running."

Our age is not one of space, information, or grace; we live in the age of Aquarius...oh no, warning labels (sorry about that). Everything from sun screens on cars that read "Remove before driving," to five gallon buckets that warn "Do not leave child unattended near bucket," and kazoos that say things like "Use other end."[√] For Christ's sake, Pez dispensers have diagrams and instructions on how to load the Pez...or Prosaic if you prefer. These things seem even stranger when in comparison with things that actually need warning labels...like guns. Guns should have little notices near the end of the barrel saying, "Point away from face" or, "Do not put in mouth."

Thanks to well meaning people (or maybe they're just bitter bastards that stepped on a rake and got clobbered like in the cartoons. Don't laugh. I've done it), like MENSA (Mental Entropy's Not So Astricting), the lobbyist group for all the stupid people, all the little threats are being systematically being cauterized from our lives. The next item you see a warning label on is going to be a pencil. A stencil on the outside will warn "Not for use on genitals" or "Only for use on genitals with adult supervision."

Thankfully, there are those dedicated few who, thanks to apathy, continue to put out faulty products. Here's to the men who designed the Ford Pinto (BOOM!), the old Boba Fett action figures that shot rockets down the throats of unsuspecting babes, lawn darts filling the air with their barrage of fun, and, of course, motorized Cabbage Patch Kids that eat the hair of children. Huzzah!

[√] One unfortunate member of GDT has been mistakenly blowing into the business end of standard issue I-49-3 kazoos for years until his folly was made public at a GDT meeting. In his defense he stated, "You got more room to smack your lips around!" Long live the Masked Kazoos at Midnight. Actually, we're gonna take the poor bastard around the back of the barn and put him out of his misery; save him from his own shame.



Editor's Note

by Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond

Another publishing year has reached its climax, and we don't mind telling you that we are bone tired. In GDT's short life span, never have the editors been so burnt out.

Though we have recently received a great deal of support from readers in the city of Rochester, the U of R, MCC, and from the faculty at RIT (our homeland prior to the Scattering), we no longer receive mail from student readers at RIT. Articles that we cringe about publishing cause no phone calls or e-mails. Instead, a few "concerned individuals" often wander to our backside and ask people like Vice President Stan McKenzie to stop the madness.

GDT started (among other reasons) as an alternate method for students and faculty to express themselves. Faculty, instead of producing prosaic pieces condemning us for our intolerance, or even contributing pieces to help keep their buried yet still breathing muses fed, simply sit back, pat us on the head, and sometimes contribute to our wellness fund (these donations are always appreciated), and politely don't get involved.

"It's a student publication. Why should I get involved?"

And most students seem to think that GDT is an elite little club. Well...it is. We seem to be the few students and alumni willing to stick our necks out and try something subversive. We (Hell's Kitchen collectively) produce a *weekly* publication that now links four geographically separated campuses and two different cities. I don't know of anything else that is as regular or is attempting the same feat.

These are not new complaints, however. Long ago we steeled ourselves against the immense inertial apathy inherent in established structures. We were not entirely successful, however, and have found ourselves down to the bare wire as far as all of the intensive bureaucratic bullshit we had to tolerate to get the job done.

In July, the Hell's Kitchen Federation of publications began. Three meager publications in two cities, but with hopes of attracting new members. To that end, we drafted a constitution that would facilitate relations between the groups.

We meant well. We really did. But instead of reducing our workload, we increased it, driving the Founders mad with paperwork and subconscious self-loathing.

On top of that, we learned the hard way that a creative/satirical publications are not considered marketable advertising space. Too easy to collect bruised egos there. Yes, we managed to get some ads this year, but it was like pulling fingernails. We'd need a full-time staff just to keep advertisers interested, and we don't have the time or manpower.

In our favor, we did start offering subscriptions, gained a wonderful new writer, ended our two year feud with the Reporter, opened relations with the Norm (UorR's men's group- I mean humor magazine), met people interested in having their publications co-operate/join Hell's Kitchen, and expanded onto MCC. All in all this is a good list, but we're still tired.

We encourage everyone seriously interested in helping to do so. Many people have said they were interested, but they never showed. We're sick of GDT being the "Sean and Kelly Show" and are more than willing to let people come in and start taking over our current positions. You don't have to go to RIT or even be a student. All that's required is that you are dedicated enough to do the job to the best of your ability.

When we started writing two years ago, we had three people on the staff; two writers and an illustrator. We produced one full page of material a week until we realized the page had another side. Paid for from our own pockets, we printed up sixty copies a week. It seemed at that point as if we could continue churning out such material forever. But now we spend so much time each week trying to get first page articles done, writing and correlating six pages worth of material, and trying desperately to get illustrations from anywhere that we have little time to relax, unwind, and prepare ourselves for the upcoming issue. Even though the head editor's of GDT have become tired and worn out, we still expectantly look towards next spring when our one hundredth issue should be printed.

Realistically, however, we are uncertain whether or not we will be able to maintain our current workload for that long. We would love to find people to pass this garland onto, people to take over the reigns to find out where they may take this publication next, but there is absolutely no one vying for that role. There are a few members of the staff, but none wish to take our places. This makes us afraid that this publication that we founded, raised, and spent so much of our collegic career working on may have only a very short future to look forward to. We can not continue working at this level for much longer. This is neither a threat nor a warning, merely a matter of time at this point.

If you wish to help us in any way, just contact us at diablo@csh.rit.edu and we can figure out what you can do to help our publication

(Behind the Rusty Curtain)

For the past several months, Christopher Lane, a RIT photo student who decided to study abroad for a year, has sent us material from Bulgaria. This is his last entry from Byzantium's last shore. Soon, he will be returning to the United States. I just wanted to take this opportunity to publically thank Chris for doing such a great job this past year. Though thousands of miles away, he was one of our most reliable writers and supporters. Be safe in your travels, Chris.

-Sean Hammond, co-editor, GDT

May 1st, 1997 –

We're sitting at the big plastic tables of Gorna Djumaya restaurant, looking over the church and the edges of Varosha (old town). With much laughter and glass clicking (it's great fun to be able to say "Cheers" in 6 languages) Vladamir and I are introducing Jen, his American girl, to Rakia. Dave is quiet and day dreamy beside Vlad, and Maggi is giving us her slow stare through my heavy black sunglasses. In the courtyard of the church below, people are milling around on sun drenched stones. It's tee-shirt weather after the long doldrums of cold grey rain, and I'm lazy, happy in the cool Spring sun. The Rakia is a cool flavor in my mouth and my neck is warm without sweat.

Maggi smiles her pouty smile. "Hey Chris, how are you?"

I look out into the sky for a long time, across the foothills of the Pirin, over the Struma river valley, and into the mountains of Macedonia. All the mad adventures and, crisp sights, nights of lovemaking, and moments of wretched failure string through my mind in a rapid flash of memories and scents. There's Krista and Kara, playing on Sozopol beaches; Silvia crying in my arms as she tells me it's over; Thorne and Kael haggard in a Belgrade cafe as we wipe the stench of tear gas out of our clothes; Joshua spouting his mad-man prose while we wander the tangled little streets of Matera; Gueri shaking out her wild long locks while dancing to Pearl Jam in her little Sofia apartment; Vladamir starring his toothy grin at me over big

glasses of gin in Bar Milena; Maggi giving me her long sad look after we decide it's best not to be married, then taking me home to make love. The view from the old Citadella over Budapest at night; the wild eyed fear of watching Milosevic's "Special Forces" spill across Belgrade in their tall blue and grey uniforms; the beat frustration of walking through Thessaloniki in the winter rains, broke and hungry enough to steal from a fruit cart; the shock and fear of Bulgaria's crisis, bread lines and fuel shortages; the cold beauty of Sveta Petka and the incredible kindness of the Pomatsi; the throaty laughter of Maggi's father, and the softness of her lips.

It's coming to a close now. In a few weeks I'll be long gone from Bulgaria, to return to the sweat and gasoline stink of Texas summer. All these people and places, they'll all be fragments of my memory, the sound of laughter that will echo in my mind some night in the midst of an Austin slacker crowd. Maybe the tramp of soldier's feet will bring back the fear and adrenaline of Belgrade and send me under a chair in hiding. There's only a few more days to feel Bulgaria's rough caress. Only a little while before I return to the plastic world of computers and business ties.

I take a slow sip of the strong grape liquor and let its sweet flavor hang on my palate for a long time. For a moment it feels like I've been leaving places all my life.

"I'm fine baby, I'm fine."



-Sean T. Hammond

In recent years a quite cute and popular book has been appearing on more and more bookshelves: *Lady Cottington's Pressed Fairy Book*. Touted as the diary of Angelica Cottington, the book is a clever combination of a narrative similar in style to *Flowers for Algernon* and wonderful illustrations that are meant to be the psychic impressions left after squashing several dozen faeries in a notebook.

As is the case in good satire (or least when the general reader isn't on their toes), it is sometimes difficult to separate fact from fiction. Unbeknownst to most people who enjoyed the *Pressed Fairy Book*, there is a seed of truth behind the fiction. The book begins with a sort of introduction:

Of course everyone is familiar with the famous photograph of the small girl surrounded by fairies, which caused such a sensation when it was first published in The Regular Magazine in 1907. It inspired many imitations and was hailed in many quarters as the final, irrefutable proof of the existence of faeries. No less an authority on the subject than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was fully persuaded of its authenticity, and spoke to packed audiences of its significance, particularly in the Manchester area. J.M. Barrie himself was convinced that he recognized at least one of the fairies in the photograph, and the Rev. Charles Dodgson (better known as Lewis Carroll) appeared from beyond the grave to clairvoyants up and down the country to vouch for the veracity of the photograph.

In point of fact, there is actually a great deal of truth in that opening statement. Beyond that point, however, the author is having a great deal of fun with his readers.

The "famous photograph" mentioned has been reproduced thousands of times around the world. Taken in July 1917 by 16 year old Elsie Wright of Cottington, England, it showed her 10 year old cousin Frances Griffith with a number of fairies dancing in front of her. A second less known photo shows Elsie with a gnome.

Elsie's parents both suspected trickery and searched the girl's room looking for paper cut-outs, and even searched the beck where the girls claimed that they frequently saw fairies. They found no evidence. The pictures were shown to family and friends, but interest in them quickly died out.

And the whole incident would have been forgotten if Elsie's mother hadn't attended a 1919 meeting of the Theosophical Society in Bradford. It being the late teens/early 1920's everyone who was anyone was interested in Spiritualism. If you hadn't seen a ghost or gone to a séance, you were a social pariah. The particular lecture Polly Wright attended was on "fairy life," and she mentioned that her daughter had taken photographs of fairies. Well, a statement like that was akin to saying, "Oh, did I mention I'm Adolf Hitler?" at a Friends for Fascism rally. Word of the photographs spread to a leading theosophist named Edward Gardner, who then passed prints of them on to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Doyle, of "Sherlock Holmes" fame, happened to be a fanatical Spiritualist. At the time he received the photographs, he was working on an article on fairies for a Christmas edition of *Strand Magazine*. As he prepared the article, he dispatched Gardner to interview the Wright family. Upon returning, Gardner reported that the family seemed honest and totally respectable. Both Doyle and Gardner felt that if more photographs were obtained, it would put the matter beyond question. Gardner again journeyed to Cottington with cameras and 20 photographic plates which he left with Elsie and Frances hoping they would take more photographs.

Doyle's article was printed at the end of November 1920, and sold out within days. The subject of much ridicule, Elsie and Frances were interviewed by several reporters. Each was forced to return with little new evidence, no sign of trickery, and the feeling that the family was not hiding anything.

Things died down, but then erupted again when Elsie and Frances claimed to photograph three more faeries in 1920. Again, controversy surrounded the two girls, and reporters swarmed over the area, searching for trickery. None could be found. Geoffrey Hodson, a clairvoyant, came in and claimed to see faeries. Elsie agreed, though she later admitted she humored Hodson to the point of leading him along.

In 1971 the BBC's Nationwide programme interviewed Elsie back in Cottington. Though she continued to strongly deny that her father had any hand in the photographs, she refused to swear whether the photographs were faked.

Interviewer: Are they trick photographs? Could you swear on the Bible about that?

Elsie: I'd rather leave that open if you don't mind...but my father had nothing to do with it I can promise you that...

Interviewer: Have you had your fun with the world for 50 years? Have you been kidding us for 10 days?

(Elsie laughs)

Elsie: I think we'll close on that if you don't mind.

Despite numerous examinations of the original photographs and plates, no trickery could be identified. It wasn't until the mid 1980's that one of the two women came forward and confided that the faeries were nothing but paper cut-outs mounted of wire frames.

So much for faeries.



Elsie Wright and a gnome. The photograph was taken in 1917 by Elsie's 10 year old cousin, Frances Griffith.



Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

-Kelly Gunter

This is my last column for this volume of GDT. I still have a back-log of questions to answer, but have the whole summer off to rest my little grey cells. I'd like to assure all of those who sent me questions that I will eventually swing around to them, probably in the next volume. The questions I've got stashed away for the summer fall into one of three groups: fucking stupid, uninteresting, or excellent questions that are so good they've got me stumped for the present. I will eventually get to all of them in good time. I chose these last two questions, because one was just the kind of crap I hate getting, and the other was an interesting question that I probably didn't do justice to from some great people at the U of R. I wanted to fit that last one in to encourage such intelligent interaction with U of R students. To anyone else who wishes a question answered in not necessarily the correct manner, but at least an interesting one, then keep sending questions on to me. I enjoy it. It allows me to continue putting off those ones that I just don't feel like answering. Have a nice summer.

DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL,

SPEAKING OF FEET, WHICH WE WEREN'T BUT, I WAS WONDERING WHY DO MY FEET SMELL BAD? I DO BATHE EVERYDAY, AND CONSIDER MYSELF A CLEAN PERSON.

THANKS !

-STINKY FEET

Dear Stinky feet,

Oh yeah...feet. Must be my favorite subject. Mustn't it?

If you were expecting a silly answer, I'm sorry, you pushed the wrong button. Prepare for the electric shock you fuck'n mooley. I'm afraid that idiotic questions about one's feet make me grumpy. So expect a little candor.

Your feet smell bad because you wear shoes and socks a large proportion of the time. All through the day your feet radiate the greatest amount of heat from your body. Often this heat generates sweat, especially from your feet. So if you spend long periods of time moping around in socks and/or shoes, you create hot humid conditions within the closed conditions of your shoes. Your shoes become the perfect nesting/breeding ground for a variety of fun bacteria.

Now, I'm assuming that you don't thoroughly bathe your socks and especially shoes everyday with you when you get into that shower, so you are continually putting your semi-sanitary peds-that-xing into foul vesicles of microscopic miscreants every time you squeeze your little piggies into your favorite old pod-cozies.

In fact, the less you wear of shoes, the lower your chance of succumbing to such parasitic pals as Athlete's Foot. These jovial little buggers can't attach themselves readily, nor even attempt to cling, to someone whose feet remain dry. This is not to say that if you walk around barefoot your feet don't sweat as much, but they are not constrained within a closed system such as shoes, and thus air flow allow the feet to dry without all the unnecessary bacterial bystanders. In this instance, most of the smells wafting

up from your nether regions will be more strongly determined by what you just stepped in and not the more common microbe of the month club.

Next time any of you has a question like that, just keep it to yourself. I don't know all this stuff because I walk around barefoot, I know it because I am a reasonably intelligent mammal, gifted apparently with the uncommon gift of common sense.

-the Bare-foot Girl

DEAR BAREFOOT GIRL-

WHAT KIND OF NEUROSIS IS IT WHEN YOU CONSTANTLY WANT THINGS YOU CANNOT HAVE? WE WANT TO CALL IT THE TRENT REZNOR PHENOMENON, BUT WERE WONDERING IF THERE REALLY IS A NAME FOR IT.

-CURIOUS HELL'S ROADIES FROM THE U OF R
"HELL'S ROAD CREW- THE WORST AT OUR BEST"

Dear Curious Roadies from the U of R,

There is a real name for it. If you pick up your favorite copy of the Old Testament and briefly flip to that worn section near the ten commandments, you'll find it. It's called coveting, and boy does God get his proverbial panties in a bind when he catches the scent of that particular sin on his mortal coils. If the Soup-Nazi were Gabriel, he'd say "No savior for you!" You get the idea.

The best way to beat this mortal sin seems to be a little eccentric. You need to shave you head, speak with a particularly pompous brogue, and be sure to carry lots of little pictures of the Pope about your person to tear apart whenever the need arises. If that doesn't work, try a little garlic.

-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