



# Space: The Disney Frontier

How do you define “space age technology”? As far as I can tell, it only pertains to crafty baubles that are thirty years old: vacuum-tube-dependent mainframe computers, synthetic polymers (i.e. plastic), and Tang. Despite how cool something sounds when we call it space age technology, we have to face the unfortunate truth that the space age *IS* the 1960’s.

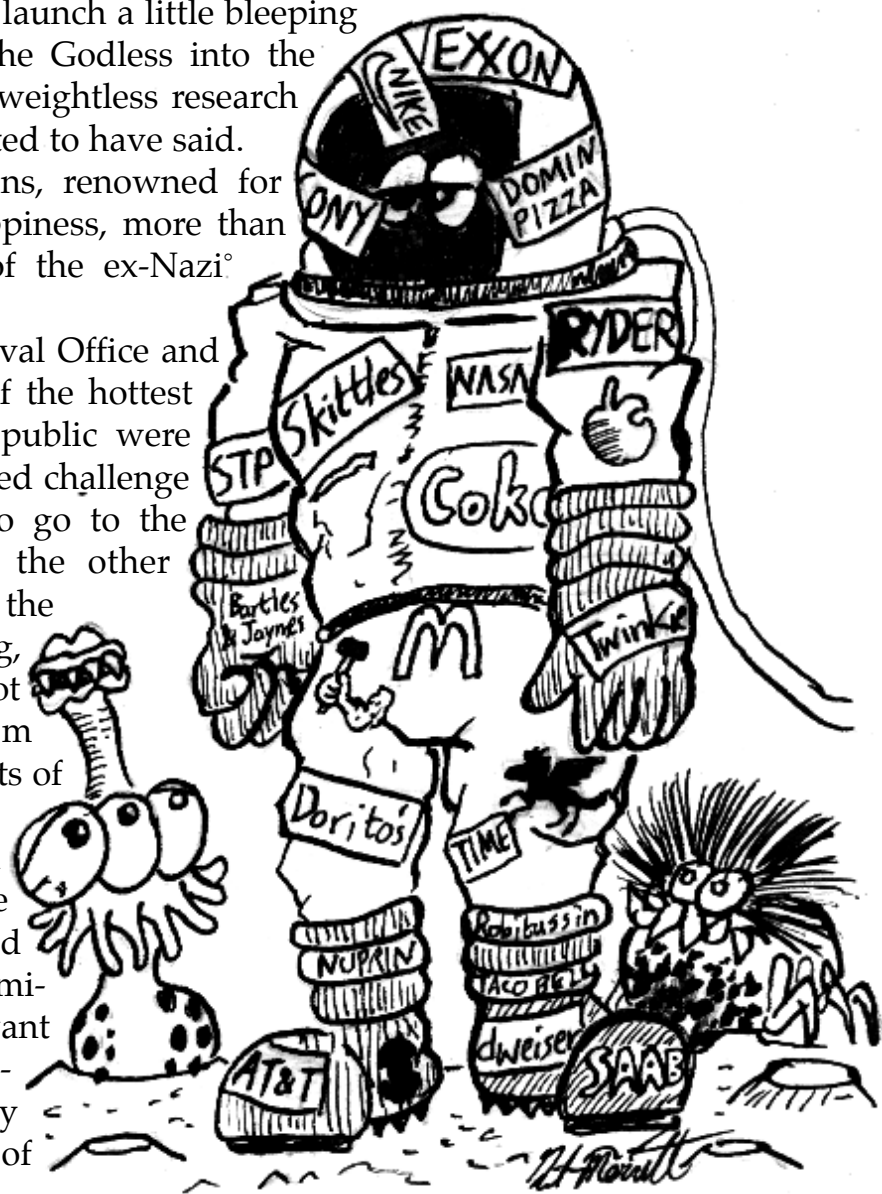
In under five years, the Germans went from playing with Estes solid-fuel rockets to bombing the be-jeebers out of London<sup>‡</sup> with the fury of the V2s. Once the Allies handed Hitler and his goose-stepping cronies a handbasket and told him where to go, the Americans and Soviets divided the spoils of war. Not only did they cut up Germany like a piece of cake, they spirited the Nazi rocket whiz-kids away with the finesse of the Pied Piper.

After locking these poor Krauts in a room and essentially saying, “You’re MY little white boys now,” the Soviets managed to launch a little bleeping probe. Well, this put the fear of the Godless into the Americans; “We could be facing a weightless research GAP,” a prominent general is reported to have said.

Thus motivated, the Americans, renowned for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, more than happily ignored the civil rights of the ex-Nazi<sup>°</sup> bright boys and put them to work.

With Kennedy sitting in the Oval Office and receiving regular visits from one of the hottest blondes in history, the American public were quick to rally behind his impassioned challenge when he said that “We choose, to go to the moon...in this decade...and DO the other things!” Next year will represent the 30th anniversary of the lunar landing, and I think its about time we got around to those other things. And I’m not talking about studying the effects of weightlessness on water...again.

Thirty years. The TV has told me a lot about what to expect in the future, and frankly I’m getting tired of waiting. I want my self-aware, homicidal computer singing “Daisy.” I want Martian colonies to demand independence and for an interplanetary civil war to break out. I want gads of



<sup>‡</sup> “Be-jeebers” apparently means “children” in British English.

<sup>°</sup> “Ja, mein Führer...er...Mr. President.”



**Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

**Publisher:** C. Diablo

### Editors:

Matt Weaver  
Jeremiah Parry-Hill  
Giles Francis Hall  
Adam Fletcher

### Layout:

Adam Fletcher

### Illustrators:

Chris Madden  
Gil Merritt

### Writers:

Eric Thomas  
Sean Hammond  
Adam Fletcher  
Howard Hao  
Pat Fleckenstein

### Contributors:

Jeremiah Parry-Hill  
Kelly Gunter

### Cartoonists:

Gil Merritt  
John Holt

### Moving Out:

205 Colony Manor

### Las Vegas Staff:

Matt Weaver

### Seattle Staff:

Gibalicous Hall  
Frankie Bones

© 1998 Gracie's Dinnertime Theatre

*"CUBA! It's HOT!  
250,000 Canadians  
can't be wrong!"*

space vixens in spandex knocking on my motion sensed portal and saying they come from a planet without men and need good breeding stock.

Instead I get John Glenn.<sup>Ⓔ</sup>

It's time for those of us who wish we could build rockets in our garages to face the reality that NASA is never going to make space travel as sexy as it should be. NASA is not Audrey Hepburn in a teddy. And it really could be! We're talking about the most powerful machines on the planet. Big, hulking, phallus shaped rods of unadulterated, raw, raging power! If the thought of getting your cherry popped in the back of a Shelby Cobra<sup>Ⓓ</sup> gets you wet, imagine getting it on in a rocket destined for Venus...the planet of loooovve.

No. John Glenn is not exactly the Sean Connery of the 1990's; unlike good wine and cheese, John does not get finer with age. Given, Glenn has pulled in some much needed media coverage (mainly because of the running bets as to whether the old man will bite it while in orbit)—NASA hasn't seen a circus like this since the heyday of space reporting under the tender hand of Walter Kronkite.<sup>Ⓗ</sup> This sort of attention can only be short lived, however. The chance that NASA will use this as a springboard for true space exploration is remote at best.

The obvious recourse at this point is for NASA to sell out completely. Just bring in the corporate sponsors and turn them loose. Paint the booster rockets for the shuttle so they look like they're wearing massive condoms and emblazon "Trojan: To the Moon, Baby!" on the side. Of course Microsoft, always looking for a plug, would emblazon "Where do you want to go today?" on the side of a shuttle.

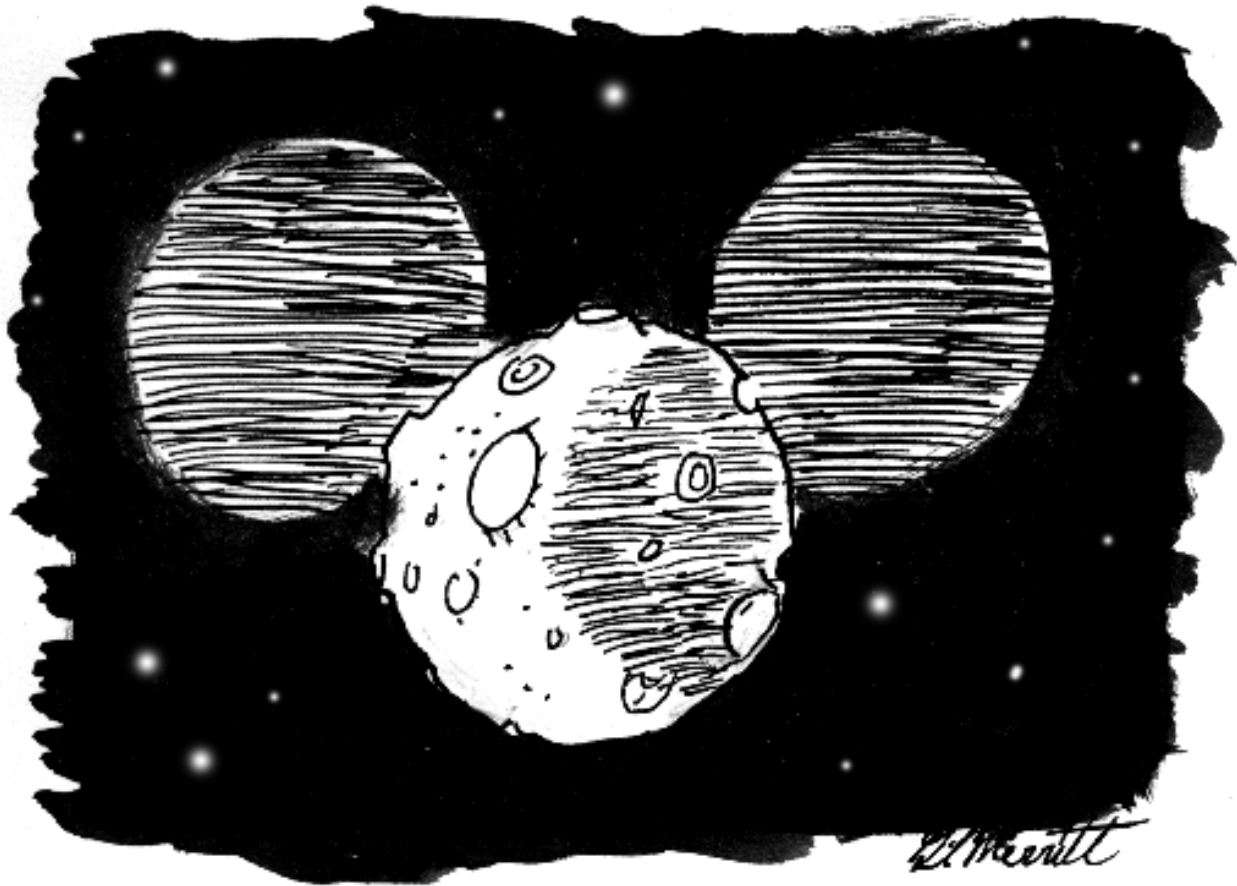
Short of this, NASA should stage the greatest hoax in history. Zimmerman telegram be damned! Using the latest US military technology, NASA could construct a series of space weapon platforms aiming Val Kilmer's 31337 "Real Genius" laser at targets in the US, Russia, China, France, India, Pakistan, Germany, Britain, and Liechtenstein for good measure. At the signal, death from on high would strike all these countries simultaneously, precluding their ability to blame one another and start a war of global annihilation.

NASA would, of course blame aliens. With the world population primed by "Sightings" and "X-Files," how could they dis-

<sup>Ⓔ</sup> And he's OLD!

<sup>Ⓓ</sup> You limber bastard.

<sup>Ⓗ</sup> And what a tender hand it was. Oh, uncle Walter....



believe? With a fire like that under the collective asses of the major world powers, a new space race would begin. This time, however, the competition wouldn't even exist and there's no way we could feel safe in slowing down our progress. To the stars in glorious wars of conquest and revenge!

Realistically, what will happen is that the most powerful nation in the world, Disney, will simply annex NASA. It only makes sense to add interplanetary conquest to the list of their weapons of evil. Besides, imagine the thrill rides they could make! Screw Disney Land, EuroDisney, and Disney World. Bring on Orbital Disney, complete with a fatty monorail. It'd be like Babylon 5, but less rendered and with better parking.

After retooling the shuttle to look like an inverted Mickey Mouse head, Disney would rule the heavens and the earth.

To promote the glorious age of the Mouse, Disney could finally steal the last children's book of value and produce "Disney's Little Prince". Appealing to the young girls, he has everything going for him as a lovable pre-pubescent planet-hopper, and with that scarf, he's got a sort of Dr. Who look to sucker in the old PBS donors. You could follow his adventures as he travels from planet to planet battling the evil Baobabs<sup>o</sup> with his sidekicks Sam the Snake and Ruby the Rose.

Until Disney manages to gain control and bring space to the masses, we'll have to put up with NASA's glacial rate of progress. Deep Space One might be a stupendous technological step, but in the end it's just another bleeping probe. Ion drive. Yea. But until Disney's coup, this is the author writing the 1049th word of this article. From *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre*, goodnight and God bless.

---

<sup>o</sup> We are the superior beings. Ex-ter-min-ate!

# HOWARD'S HAPPY HOUR

By Howard Hao



### Errata:

In reference to last issue's dedication, Dr. Martin "Steve-oh" Vaughan is a plant physiologist, not a botanist (sorry!).

### Turkey Day

And let every Wednesday  
Be known as "Turkey Day"  
Where the minions gather  
Religiously, without fail  
To indulge the salted fowl  
And perhaps an ice-cream  
Scoop or two of mashed  
Smothered in squooshy,  
Lukewarm gravy.

### Happiness

Nothing else says it better  
Than the broad, sincere  
Glimmer of a smile.

### Security

That cozy little twinge  
That you feel...  
Analogous to the ol' blanky.

### Jive On!

- for Big Jay  
And so he said:  
"Ease up, sucka!"  
Thus begins the  
Revolution that  
Shall be known  
For time immortal as  
"Pimping with Big Jay"

### Disdain

Glaring "if looks could kill"  
Look that propels daggers  
At one's antagonist.

### Society

We laugh at the misfortunes  
Of others.  
We enjoy watching violent  
Television shows.  
We thrive on gossip and  
sex scandals.  
What a way to go.

*We wallow in the pornography of suffering! - Cheese, Evan Dorkin's "Milk and Cheese"*



BLACK VELVET, SLICK, AND UNDERWEAR DRAWERS JUST DON'T MIX, AS SEEN HERE FROM HIS INFAMOUS "PANTY AUCTION." HE THEN DANCED THE LAMBADA WITH A SPIDER PLANT, AND KARMA BOUGHT BACK HER Q-G-STRINGS.



OH, THIS IS EMBARRASSING. IT'S ME CONFUSING SIMPLE DIRECTIONS TO THE BATHROOM. THIS IS DUE TO BRAIN DEATH CAUSED BY AN EXTENDED DANCE REMIX FROM "THE INSANE CLOWN POSSE."



AGAINST EVERYONE'S WISHES, A VENGEFUL KARMA TOLD SLICK "THE TRUTH ABOUT TELETUBBIES, ONCE HE LEARNED THEY WERE NOT MARTIAN FLESH-EATING GAMES, HE SOBERED UP IMMEDIATELY. THE REST OF THE PHOTOS ARE IN POLICE CUSTODY."



# Shirk'n'Shout

By Eric Thomas

2DED4U

When I die, I want someone to drag my corpse to the mall, take me into the Gap, stand me up like a mannequin, douse my body in gasoline, and set me on fire. I think that would be really funny.

Or maybe strip me naked, put a space helmet on my head, and drop me from an airplane into the middle of New York City.

A Viking burial would be nice, I guess. Put me in a small, wooden boat, push it out to sea at sunset, shoot flaming arrows at it, and if the color of the boat's fire matches the color of the sunset, I'll go to heaven. I'm not sure if that's Viking heaven, though. I'd hate to be stuck with a bunch of stinking Vikings for eternity. Besides, why should I face eternal damnation just because my friends are lousy archers?

Maybe I'll make my friends dress my corpse in a powder-blue tuxedo with lots of frills and take me out for dinner and dancing. Better yet, they could see how much money you'd have to pay a hooker to have sex with a dead guy (assuming cooperation from *rigor mortis*, of course).

Filling my entire lifeless body with ricotta cheese would be kind of cool.

I bet you could play an exciting round of golf with my testicles. Or maybe play rugby with my head—

you could use my arms and legs as goal posts. Playing hockey with one of my feet would be easy enough. You could use my body as a dummy for practicing football tackles. My intestines would make a great lasso for hog-tying heifers.

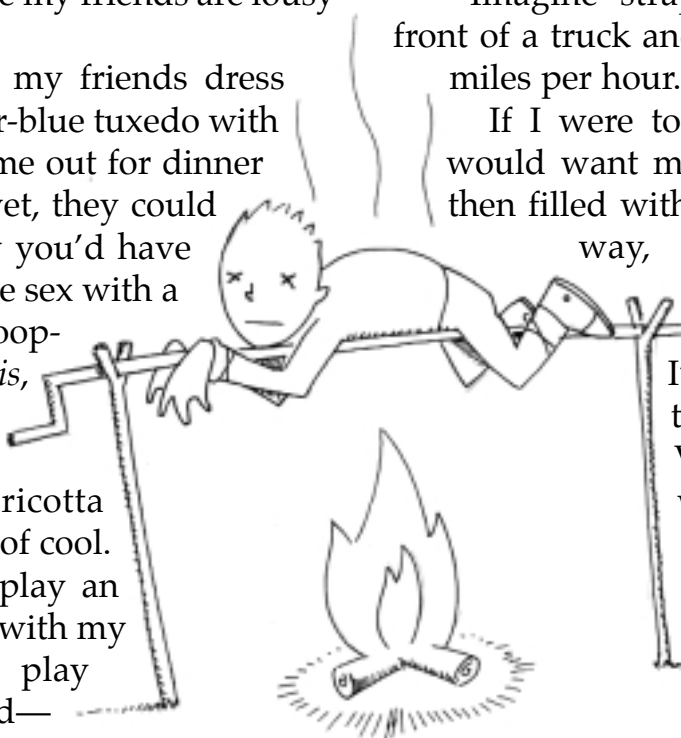
Of course, you could just roast me on a spit and have a party. A couple of kegs on ice, some good music, some Frisbee, and my corpse crackling over an open fire would be a real hit.

You could stand me up in your den, with some feathers on my head and a mug full of cigars in my hand.

Imagine strapping my corpse to the front of a truck and driving into a wall at 80 miles per hour. That would be cool.

If I were to have a formal funeral, I would want my skull hollowed out and then filled with strawberry gelatin. That way, mourners would have something to tide them over until dinnertime.

I'd want tofu in my mouth, too— who knows where a Vegan will pop up? I'd want to be dressed in spandex and have the coffin filled with water, rose petals, some fresh-water fish, and leeches. I'd want a



killer sound system at the funeral, blaring Foghat's "Slow Ride" over and over again. And cage dancers. I'd really want some cage dancers. Male and female, to be fair. I'd probably want a penis pump, too, so I could impress the shit out of the Lord when I got to Heaven. I'd want racing stripes on my coffin, and a vanity license plate that reads, "2DED4U." I'd want LSD-spiked punch served at the funeral, and some hash brownies, too. I'd want a forty-inch television directly behind the casket, playing a videotape of Gallagher's Greatest Hits.

I'd like the Beastie Boys to speak at my

funeral, as well as Rosie O'Donnell, Sir Mix-A-Lot, and Mary Kate Olsen (Ashley's not invited — she's such a bitch). I'd want readings from the *Book of Mormon*, the *Unabomber Manifesto*, *Wine for Dummies*, and a high school Geology textbook. At the climax of the service, I'd want fireworks and a full orchestra playing King Missile's "Detachable Penis" as my body is raised in the air and finally exploded. After a final song written and performed in my honor by Madonna, the funeral would be over, with mourners receiving complimentary sex toys as souvenirs.

---

### This week's Jungian Shard: Kent State



MOTHER: Anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or bare-footed deserves to be shot.

RESEARCHER: Have I your permission to quote that?

MOTHER: You sure do. It would have been better if the Guard has shot the whole lot of them that morning.

RESEARCHER: But you had three sons there.

MOTHER: If they didn't do what the Guard told them, they should have been mowed down.

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY (listening in): Is long hair a justification for shooting someone?

MOTHER: Yes. We have got to clean up this nation. And we'll start with the long-hairs.

PROFESSOR: Would you permit one of your sons to be shot simply because he went barefoot?

MOTHER: Yes.

PROFESSOR: Where do you get such ideas?

MOTHER: I teach at the local high school.

PROFESSOR: You mean you teach your students such things?

MOTHER: Yes. I teach them the truth. That the lazy, dirty, the ones you see walking the streets and doing nothing ought all to be shot.

Pg. 409 - 410, Kent State: What Happened and Why, James A. Michner, Fawcett Crest, NY. 1971



# LINUX



*The choice of the GNU generation!*

19981028

By Pat Fleckenstein

Alright, there are certain advantages to sanity. When I put the effort into it, I can carry on a coherent conversation, I can earn a living, I can tie my shoes in either order, and I can eat all of the colors of Skittles™. But, there's this whole gray area of insane genius that I want. I want it bad.

If I had to keep a minimum of five feet between me and any product containing malto-dextrose in order to pound out a fourteen volume dissertation on the economics of lint, then bye-bye Fig Newtons™. If I had to wake up every morning and rearrange my sock drawer as a function of the phase of the moon in order to be able to recognize prime numbers on sight, I'd go out and buy socks this very minute. If I had to sort my peas in a three-dimensional grid based on size, color, and firmness before I could even consider sipping my milk in order to cram one of the mysteries of life onto a canvas, I'd carry calipers with me everywhere.

I have read a great deal of schlock from the self-help, pseudo-religion, and pseudo-science sections. I have read about Zonpower, Synergetics, OBEs, Laws of Form, Ideonomy, Scientology, ESP, Christianity, Jungian analysis, Behaviourism, Intuition, Trepanation, the Plutonium Atom Totality, Transhumanism, Free-Masonry, Psycho Cybernetics, Silva Mind Control, and a slew of other things. There's genius in every one of them.

When I was in ninth grade, we had a speaker come to talk to the math team. The thrust of his presentation was that we must constantly be on guard against ruts in our thinking. He had a remarkable demonstration of all of this. He brought a student up to the front of the room. He asked her three questions:

"Spell 'roast'."

"R-O-A-S-T."

"Spell 'coast'."

"C-O-A-S-T."

"What do you put in a toaster?"

"Toast."

"Hmmm.... I usually put *bread* in the toaster."

He did the same demonstration with a different student using "ilk," "silk," and "What do cows drink?" And, then he did it all again with a third student using "crop," "top," and "What do you do when you come to a green light?" Now, it was amusing to me that this demonstration worked once. It was surprising to me that it worked twice. But, it was completely unnerving to me that it worked three times on an audience which, by now, undoubtably *knew* the trick.

How often does this happen? I have no idea. I'd guess that it happens all of the time. It's reassuring to feel that when I'm going to work in the morning, that work is still in the same place that I left it yesterday. But, I'm sure there are millions of those little reassuring things that aren't so accurate. How can I ever hope to find those? How can I, who has never felt compelled to get out of bed at 3:22am to count the number of Cheerios™ in my home, ever expect to get very far outside of the box?

With Herculean effort, I can make excursions outside of some of the boxen. But, what I wouldn't give to just be outside the box, running full-tilt, leaving a trail of scribbled notebooks and neatly folded Cheetos™ bags behind. What I wouldn't give to be able to say with total inner confidence that all of the problems of mathematics would be fixed if it weren't for the conspiracy of tenured mathematicians who refuse to embrace the p-adics as the proper basis of all things numeric. What I wouldn't give to spend tedious weeks without food or sleep producing a full graph-

ical accounting of the interconnectedness of all possible forms of thought.

In <http://www.stirthefire.com/universe.htm>, Robert Lavelle states it all very clearly:

“Space moves like this.  $O \ / \ + \ \ / \ O$   
And this is the understanding of all of time.

$O$  This is what was first, in the beginning.

$/ \$  This is the old kings and queens.

$+$  This is democracy.

$\ \ /$  This is socialism.

$O$  This is when the Lord Jesus Christ returns.”

Duh. Why didn't I think of that? I

mean, it's obvious when you see it written down, isn't it? Of course, it's probably every bit as obvious if we substitute “socialism” with “the Fluorescent Capons of Nador”, but the point is still the same. There is a whole Universe of Truth™ out there that my poor, deficient, “sane” brain can't possibly find, let alone comprehend. Instead, I'm resigned to appreciation from a distance. I am a secret admirer blazing with unrequited love.

In the book, *The Einstein Factor*, the authors suggest that one way to increase your intelligence is to be surprised more often. I'm trying. I'm trying hard. The insane make it look so easy. When I'm surprised, it often jolts me down different corridors. But, I rarely find a corridor I've never seen before. And, it's even rarer that I can outrun the corridor to be blazing a trail into free space.

Now, before you recommend LSD to me, you should know that I am not going to go that route. For starters, I'm not sure that I could count on public assistance if my insanity were drug-induced. Second, drugs seem like a huge crutch to me. Insane and drugged up people have essentially the same brain structures that I do. The chemical balances of it all conspire to afford them fluid (albeit uncontrolled) access to a bunch of the mind's greatest grab bags. There has got to be another way to reach all that, no?

Sure, I could sit down and exhaustively list all of the anagrams of the third letters of all of my relatives' middle names. Sure, I could coat a whole wall of my bedroom with micro-fine zig-zag patterns painted in India ink with a single pubic hair. But, I wouldn't *need* to do it. And, that *need* is the dividing line between insane genius and pointless exercise.

They say “there is nothing new under the Sun.” But, to me, that's because of cultural barriers, not external barriers. If





“there is nothing new under the Sun”, it’s our fault. We’re not open to all of the dangling threads. When I finally find one, I’m going to hang on for the ride of my life. When I finally find one, you can have my bed, my car, my books, my food, and all the rest of my worldly possessions—just keep me in constant contact with pen and paper. Until then, I’ll be here to absorbing as much as I can beating on the walls of this box.

Insanity’s nothing to laugh it. It’s something to revere.

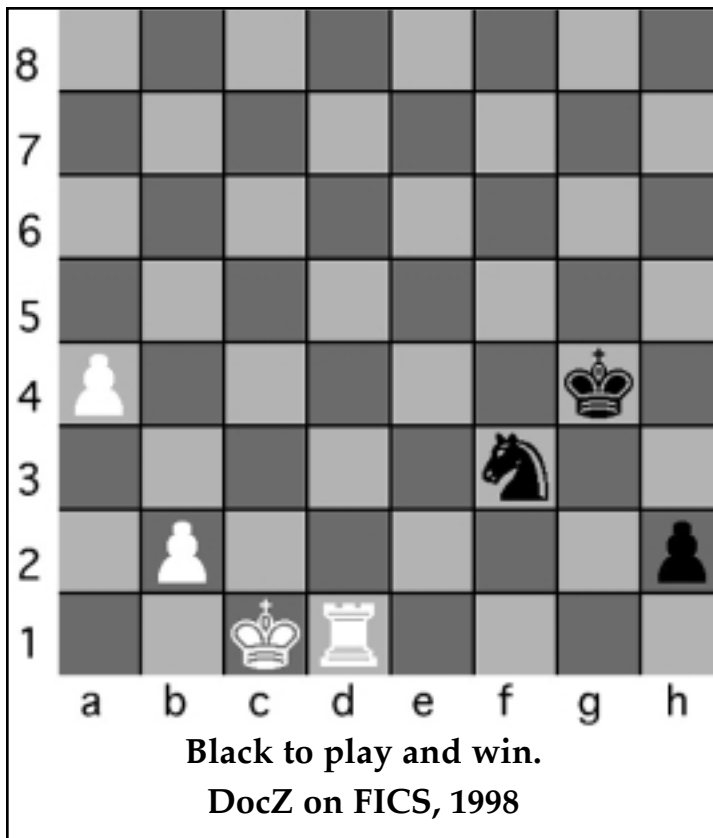
“[If I were ‘God’] The Universe would

be part of a Cosmic cake-walk with giant Ju-Ju-beadesque dancers rapping Psalm 151 to keep the Earth spinning. I’d have put old-lookin’ dinosaur fossils in the rocks to make you think that world wasn’t created on Oct. 19, 828 B.C. at around 6pm. I’d have super-c pixies running through your little slits of paper, and the Maxwell’s demon in charge of keeping the Sun burning. I’d have every-friggin’ electron kept in motion out of fear that if it stops, a big orange gila monster from planet 10 will crush it with a Freez-pop.”

**Chess: You whiny brat, don’t fucking tell me what to do.**

by Adam Fletcher (1390)

ZERO. That’s how many people come to the RIT chess club because of this chess column. How can you read this column and not go to a chess club? And if you go to RIT, or are within a 40 mile radius of the campus, how can you put your head on the pillow at night,



knowing that you haven’t been to the chess club? I’ll tell you again: Thursday nights, at 8pm, in the Student Alumni Union, room M-1. It’s up the stairs and down the hall.

Didn’t I explain to you how everyone who doesn’t play chess is going to hell? Do you want to burn in eternal damnation? Think about the consequences of your actions, then think about your Thursday nights. What could you possibly be doing that is more important than playing chess? To recap:

*No chess = STRAIGHT TO HELL.*

The position on the left is from a game my friend Dr. Zimmerman played a few weeks ago. Doc didn’t win the game, but he should have— so black to play and win.

1. ... Ng1 DocZ didn’t play this, but he should have. Ng1, as Rory pointed out for me, introduces the important concept of screening the queening square. Whites options are limited:
2. Rd4+ A check, in hopes of black playing away from the rook.
2. ... Kf3 3. Rd3+
3. ... Kf2 or Ke4 and white can resign because of black’s unstoppable pawn promotion on h1. Kf2 is more elite, because after 4. Rd2+ black has Ne2+ followed by h1=Q.

## Help me Harlan!

by Harlan Cohen, U-WIRE

Dear Harlan,

I'm a 17-year-old girl living with my father. Three months ago, I had a surgery in the hospital and something happened. Before the surgery, a nurse came into my room and told me she had to give me an enema. I got scared, but she told me not to worry. She kept talking to me in a nice voice and was very sweet. Maybe, that's the reason I was turned-on by the whole experience.

When I came home, I could not forget about it. I then went to the pharmacy and got some enema gear and took it home. I ended up giving myself an enema and found it very pleasurable.

I'm afraid of telling someone about it. I was wondering if people use enemas for pleasure? Is it dangerous to my health to get these often? I get at least five a week.

-Afraid to tell

Dear Afraid,

Your letter would be so much easier to answer if only you enjoyed the sponge bath.

According to Dr. Scott Kale, an enema is not a normal occurrence. And certainly, five per week is excessive and potentially dangerous. Dr. Kale urges you to consult with your doctor.

As for anal stimulation, there are other routes to go besides the enema. A helpful book that offers some alternative options is "The Good Vibrations Guide to Sex," by Anne

*Help me, Harlan! is published in papers around the nation. God help us all.*

Semans and Cathy Winks. While it may be a great book, you absolutely must first talk to your personal physician.

**The bottom line - home enemas aren't the answer.**

Dear Harlan,

A couple of friends and I, tired of paying exorbitant rates for one bedroom apartments and have decided to rent a large house together. Completely hetero, mind you.

My question is this, how do we decide who gets the large master bedroom?

-Moving soon

Dear Moving,

I'm glad you cleared up the whole hetero thing, because I was going to suggest you all move into the master suite and rent the other rooms out as offices.

Because it's hetero, there are a few options for you. The first is to have the roommate renting the master bedroom put a little extra money toward the rent. The other is to do a random room pick out of a hat (it doesn't have to be a hat). The final option is to switch rooms every few months.

Seriously, if you are having this difficult a time deciding which roommate gets the big room; I would be a little weary of signing more than a short-term lease. The big room may be the beginning of big problems.

## Thank You!

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre's editors would like to thank all of our readers and writers for another great quarter.

See you after Thanksgiving!

**Want to be a writer? Then write! Send your work to [gdt@iname.com](mailto:gdt@iname.com)**