



"We do whatever our rice crispies tell us to."

"What I'm saying, in sum, dear friends, is that it is all hopelessly artificial. that people are no better at X-mas time than any time, and by spouting platitudes in the name of a scrawny prophet who got hammered in place for saying stuff a lot more radical than what I'm saying here, none of those yule-nuts become brighter or more sanctified or even a lot kinder.

"And weighed against the people who suicide out of loneliness and misery, all the sales of Timex watches don't mean a goddamn thing."

-Harlan Ellison

Christmas time is drawing near, and along with it, the increase in that wonderful seasonal ailment: holiday depression. Yes, suicides will steadily rise as people open their veins like crimson advent calendars. Heck, a splatter of red corpuscles next to the mistletoe can look downright festive if done right.

Sure there are always those who really mean business. Those people who kill themselves quickly and efficiently; hell, they're even polite about it. They don't tell anyone, leave little mess, and usually aren't really missed for long. But then there are the "cry for help people."

You know who we mean. They're the ones who try to overdose on children's Tylenol and laxatives...the ones who think about slitting their wrists in a manner that won't leave a permanent scar[†]. They don't actually want to kill themselves. Hell, all they really need is a good stage. By the time one of these guys figures out a feasible plan of an "attempted suicide" that guarantees at least twenty concerned onlookers, or just a small gathering of the most important family and friends, any self respecting suicidal maniac has already splattered themselves all over somebody else's vehicle registration.

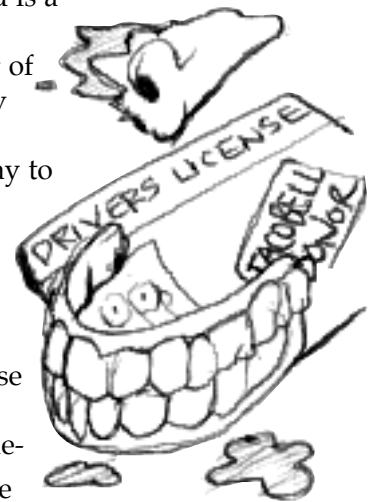
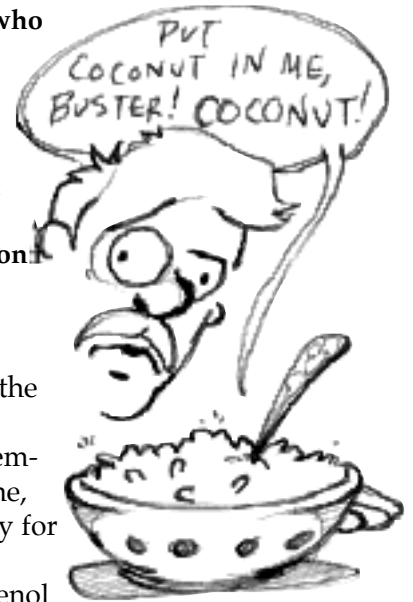
In honor of these proud individuals who are so lame they use suicide as a great way to make friends, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and the Judas Corp. (a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) proudly present: National Tetrodotoxin Week; the ultimate way of finding out just how much they care.

Ever wondered how much your family and friends would miss you if you died? Ever wanted to know what they really thought of you? Want to be dead or just look like you are? Yes, you too can now enjoy all the advantages of dying with none of those harmful side effects (like being dead). This miracle drug, derived from the livers of puffer fish, can bring your life functions down to a point where they are virtually undetectable by modern medical science[‡]. What the Haitians use as magic and the Japanese eat as a decidedly dangerous delicacy, you can use to satisfy your own insecure drives ("spooky noise" musical tie available for additional effect...and additional price). You can rest confidently (or be laid to rest) knowing that your brain functions will still be operating and for a period of forty eight hours, while you're cold on the slab, you will be able to hear every thing that goes on around you.

Imagine the hilarity that ensues when your nerves finally begin to work correctly and

[†] A little hint: if you ever do really want to slit your wrists, do it length wise. Start at the wrist and run the cutting utensil down to your elbow. This will ensure that you'll be a goner; no one will be able to close a wound like that easily. The only problem is that the wrist has less nerves than the rest of your arm, so laying your whole arm open will hurt a lot. My advise is: don't. Hell, we all die soon enough. Are you really that impatient?

[‡] there are actually four stages to tetrodotoxin poisoning. The first is a slight numbness in your body. This is the desired effect when the Japanese eat it. The second stage is vomiting and overall discomfort. The third is paralysis in which the victim appears dead. All metabolic functions nearly cease, though consciousness continues. The fourth stage is death, but by the time the third stage is reached, most people are already planted six feet under anyway.



Colloquial Contest

GDT's first, and possibly last contest. For the next few weeks we will be printing up several common colloquialisms which have been reconstructed in a more verbose manner. The winner of the contest will be the person capable of deciphering more of these colloquialisms than anyone else. The prize will be fifty dollars (cash, none of this "the card" crap), and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world and the official drink of Hell Inc. The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 4. All answers must be sent to GDT by Reading Day (February 21st 1996) at the end of the quarter. GDT bids you good luck.

Just to illustrate what we're looking for, we're going to give you the first one free:

This Week's Colloquialisms:

1. Scintillate, scintillate asteroid minific.
2. Members of an avian species of identical plumage congregate.
3. Surveillance should precede saltation.

Answer: 1. Twinkle, twinkle little star

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

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After Dinner Mints

-by GDT Staff

Many of you have seen or even wear the current style pants, big enough that even with a belt they hang inches below wearer's underwear, and shirts so large they could be considered viable as a low income housing project. Did you ever wonder why things in sizes you used to have to go to a specialty store to find have become so popular? One thing that probably contributes to it is that many young people today are too out of shape or at least a lot more buoyant than they used to be (that is except for witches who were always burnt to a crisp afterward so they don't really count), and they would prefer that others really couldn't decipher what size or shape they are. They prefer such reasonably stationary sports as "hacking" for an afternoon outside. They also spend hours upon their collective (or collected as the case maybe) asses watching cable TV, videos, playing Nintendo, or surfing the internet all the while eating those high fat, high sugar, high calorie, low nutrition snack foods that are so popular in this country.

The popularity of marijuana use doesn't help either, what with the munchies people experience while high and the lasting effect on the lungs which prevents extended physical exertion. America has become a land of the fat, home of the lame. No wonder people find themselves playing games of hide and seek in among yards of excess fabric.

Random Acts of Email

-from Mark Nowak

I'M SUFFERING A DROUGHT. JUST CHECKING TO SEE IF YOU GOT MY MESSAGES. THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TWO. NOW THAT I'M IN THE HABIT OF CHECKING BERTA'S VAX EVERY DAY, I'M NOT GETTING MESSAGES! I LOVE THOSE PESKY SPACE-TIME PARADOXES. YOU KNOW, LIKE ON EVERY THIRD EPISODE

OF STAR TREK: THE BALD CAPTAIN (THE OTHER TWO EPISODES BEING "THE CREW GOES BACK IN TIME" AND "AN ALIEN ENTITY INVADES THE ENTERPRISE"). ACTUALLY, THE FIRST CAPTAIN IS PRETTY BALD BY NOW TOO, BUT AT LEAST HE HAS THE INSECURITY TO COVER IT UP.

DO I BABBLE?

ENGAGE!

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any correspondence received
Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

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Rules and Regulations:

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Additional...

...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hedious executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

Dr. Cy Kosis™

"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."

Dear Cy

Recently, I caught my dad dressing up in womans clothing. I'm sure my mom doesn't know anything about this. I'm very confused. My dad and I have never been emotionally close so I don't feel I can talk to him about it and, I don't know how to tell my mom. Why does he do this and what should I do?

Signed,
The Daughter, age 18

Dear Daughter,

Men who enjoy dressing in woman's clothing may act out for any number of different reasons. My counseling experience leads me to believe they may have a subconscious need to identify with the sexual role of the woman; specifically, someone who is pursued or sought after. To overcome this tendency your dad may need years of psychoanalytic counseling.

More than likely, your dad is confused about many different important issues. Over the years, i have counseled a number of crossdressers, and from my observation of them, I think what your dad probably needs more than anything else right now is some good sound fashion advice. Before I can advise you further I would need to know a little more about your father, or more specifically, is he an autumn, winter, spring, or summer? I suggest that you get him to a fashion consultant immediately, then help him choose a new wardrobe. It's important for you to understand that you can play a crucial role in building his self-esteem.

Consequently, it's very important that you don't compound the problem by choosing clothes that make him feel fat, and unattractive. You might also look into removal of his unsightly leg and facial hair. By sharing his little secret, it could truly bring you and your father closer together. And finally, in dealing with this most delicate and sensitive issue, just remember one thing: the key to any successful crossdresser's wardrobe is, accessorize, accessorize, accessorize.

Dear Dr. Cy Kosis,

I'm a 37 year old mother of six, happily married, but in a state of depression. I looked in the mirror the other day, and I noticed wrinkles forming around my eyes. I know it's vain, but I like to look nice and I can't bear the thought of looking older. I used to love having everyone tell me how pretty I was. I really have felt quite depressed over this. I need help.

Signed,
Wrinkles

Dear Wrinkles,

It's interesting to me that every sentence in your letter starts with "I." Subsequently, it's no coincidence that your issue is one of vanity. You can hire a plastic surgeon to try and keep the wrinkles away, or you can address the real problem; the fact that your sense of self identity is far too attached to your physical appearance. A strategy which would solve both problems simultaneously would be to get fat. Fat people don't have wrinkles. If you get fat and you still have wrinkles then you need to get fatter, but not so fat that your wrinkles turn into folds. Stretch that epidermis out tight enough and your wrinkles will simply disappear- this concept has done wonders for Elizabeth Taylor- and, at the same time, you loose your emotional crutch of always relying on your good looks to pull you through. In essence, you'll have to get what most of us who are appearance challenged already have, a personality!

Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.

E-mail: drcy@netzone.com

Written address:

**Dr. Cy Kosis
632 N. Redrock
Gilbert, Az 85234**

Martyr of the week

St. Lucy - December 13

Hello again, and welcome to the column of Catholic conundrums. Our martyr of the week for December 10-16 is the popular St. Lucy of Syracuse (Sicily, not upstate NY.) After her mother was cured at the shrine of St. Agnes, Lucy vowed to remain a virgin until death. Her acts of charity were distressing to her gold-digging fiance and he reported her as a Christian to the Roman authorities. Since it was illegal to execute virgins under Roman law, Lucy was sentenced to be deflowered in a brothel prior to death. This was to no avail, a team of oxen could not move our Saint from where she chastely stood. She survived being burned at the stake, but finally succumbed to a sword in the throat. At some point during these ordeals she plucked out her eyes as a gift for her estranged suitor, and thus she is depicted in art as holding her eyes on a plate.



Happy Holidays

Original Author: Joseph Brendler, CPT, SC, Instructor, D/Physics

Distributed by: Yetta Howard (smasher@acs.bu.edu)

Subject: Santa

Question: Is there a Santa Claus?

No known living species of reindeer can fly. BUT there are 30,000 species of living organisms yet to be classified, and while most of these are insects and germs, this does not COMPLETELY rule out flying reindeer which only Santa has seen.

There are 2 billion children (persons under 18) in the world. BUT since Santa doesn't (appear) to handle the Muslim, Hindu, Jewish and Buddhist children, that reduces the workload to 15% of the total - 378 million, according to the Population Reference Bureau. At an average (census) rate of 3.5 children per household, that's 91.8 million homes. One presumes there is at least one good child in each.

Santa has 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming he travels east to west (which seems logical). This works out to 822.6 visits per second. This is to say that for each Christian household with good children, Santa has 1/1000th of a second to park, hop out of the sleigh, jump down the chimney, fill the stocking, distribute the remaining presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left, get back up the chimney, get back into the sleigh and move on to the next house. Assuming that each of these 91.8 million stops are evenly distributed around the earth (which, of course, we know to be false, but for the purposes of our calculations we will accept), we are now talking about 0.78 miles per household, a total trip of 75.5 million miles, not counting stops to do what most of us do at least

once every 31 hours, plus feeding, etc.

This means that Santa's sleigh is moving at 650 miles per second, about 3,000 times the speed of sound. For purposes of comparison, the fastest man-made vehicle on earth, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles per second - a conventional reindeer can run maybe 15 miles per hour tops.

The payload on the sleigh adds another interesting element. Assuming that each child gets nothing more than a medium-sized Lego™ set (2 pounds), the sleigh is carrying 321,00 tons, not counting Santa, who is invariably described as overweight. On land, conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting that "flying reindeer" (point #1) could pull TEN TIMES the normal amount, we cannot do the job with eight, or even nine reindeer. We need 214,200 reindeer. This increases the payload - not even counting the weight of the sleigh - to 353,430 tons. Again, for comparison, this is four times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth (the cruise ship, that is).

353,000 tons traveling at 650 miles per second creates enormous air resistance. This will heat the reindeer up in the same fashion as spacecraft reentering the earth's atmosphere. The leading pair of reindeer will absorb 14.3 QUIN-TILLION joules of energy. PER SECOND. EACH. In short, they will into flame almost instantly, exposing the reindeer behind them, and create deafening sonic booms in their wake. The entire reindeer team will be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second. Santa, meanwhile, will be subject to centrifugal forces 17,500.6 times greater than gravity. A 250-pound Santa (which seems ludicrously slim) would be pinned to the back of his sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of forces.

In conclusion - if Santa ever did deliver presents on Christmas Eve, he's dead now.



"If you can't say something nice, say something surrealistic."

Let me pose a question of horrific beauty to you. The kind of question that makes your very innards resonate in anticipation; much like a bridge that has been so poorly engineered that all compensation for resonance and frequency are ignored...or maybe more like picking at a scab.

What if you could trap a mime in an invisible, soundproof box?

Imagine it: a grown man in a profession you know everyone, deep in the darkest realm of that metaphysical mayhem they call their souls (or maybe not that deep. Heck, maybe it's right there on

the surface, growing like a huge, warped Tree of Good and Evil), despises, trapped in the unwitting public's eye. In more ancient, and possibly more noble times, the Roman's would have charged admission...but we digress.

You can watch people marvel at the "oh so real" way in which the victim in question is slamming his ever dwindling frame (reminding you more and more of the Mule) against an invisible box in the mime style reminiscent of that which is taught in all of the best classical Mime Colleges that remain hidden within the lumbering Juggernauts that are the Ivy League Schools (it is a little known fact that 80% of the country's mimes graduate from a hidden Mime College located somewhere on the grounds of Harvard).

"Wow! How does he get his face to squash like that?" people say as they witness his futile attempts at escaping his own private hell. "It's so life like." Yes it is, isn't it?

Imagine how exciting it would be to watch, and even relate to your friends, as a grown human being dwindles from existence, slowly, and threatens to fade into greater obsessive compulsive behavior than Howard Hughes. Here is a hypothetical chronology of events leading to the eventual breaking of a man, like the splintering of a used toothpick:

Day 1- Find the prey. Street corners and parks are probably the best places to frequent. Usually such maneuvers would entail weeks of stalking and planning to determine the most appropriate moment to commence the attack. However, since you are only human, and probably prone to apathy and boredom, you could just attack the first unsuspecting mime you find; better yet, abduct a person off the street, paint their face white, add black clothing (or you could assault the pre-prepared beatnik sect and avoid all that clumsy dressing) and place them into your box.

Day 2: The Mime paces about his prison mumbling "You can break my body, but you cannot break my mind." No one pays any attention; they can't hear him, and even if they could, chances are they wouldn't know what movie he was making reference to.

Day 4: He has resorted to openly insulting the passersby in an attempt to get people's attention. Since he can make no sound, he is generally ignored.

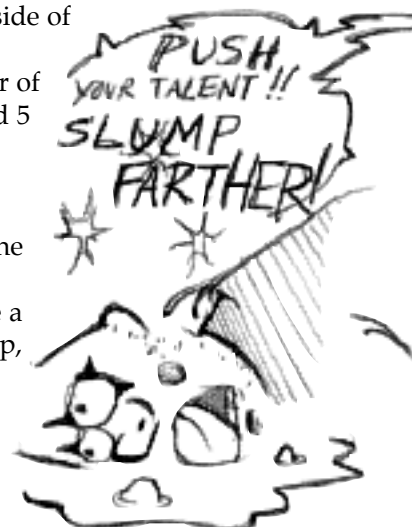
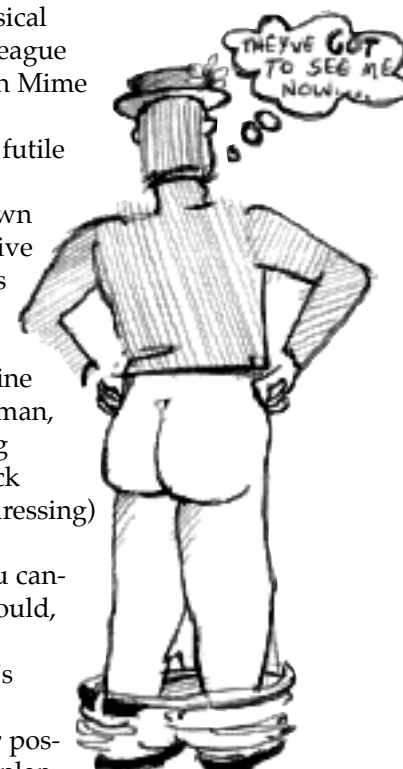
Day 6: He decides to attempt to shock people into either outright confronting him or possibly calling the police to have him arrested by exposing himself at strategic times. The plan backfires as most people who do notice this new behavior think it's some kind of bizarre performance art. The good news is that he makes a killing in tips (too bad he can't reach outside of his box to get them).

Day 9: He has basically given up all hope now and moves very little from the corner of his box. Some comments heard today are "Hey, I've never seen a mime with such a bad 5 o'clock shadow." and "I wonder if he had to practice slumping in his own vomit."

Day 11: I remove the box (whoops! I guess the cat's out of the bag. This isn't such a hypothetical scenario after all), but like any animal caged for years, he doesn't even attempt to move beyond the known confines of his world. His voice is useless due to the extreme and repeated attempts to gain attention earlier in captivity.

Last I knew my victim was still in that park where I originally found him. So do me a favor: if you ever see a mime performing in a public place, run up to him and push, trip, slap or otherwise physically accost him, just to make sure he isn't suffering a similar fate[†].

[†] If you don't really care about the mime and are more interested in seeing him suffer, then Hell Inc. would be pleased to provide any prospective science fair prodigies with the Mime Farm Start-up Kit.



X-MAS

by Mark Nowak

It's almost that time of year! The time when the whole country is united in feelings of elation, joy, and child like excitement.

Yes, it's almost time for....the Super Bowl!! Sure, you thought I was going to say Christmas, but compared to the big S.B., Christmas is now second rate. Not all Americans celebrate Christmas, but a TV featuring steroidal men mauling each other on one wintry January night drops the cultural barriers for a fleeting time. Money wise, Christmas is a big haul for retailers, but big corporations frantically bid against each other to debut their new commercials during the Super Bowl. And let's talk Nielsen ratings: Super Bowl- hundreds of millions of viewers, Charlie Brown Christmas- four. Why watch Linus pontificate when you can see the NFC dominate?

So Christmas is taking a beating. Some even say that the true meaning of Christmas has been lost in the holiday bustle. To that I say, let it go. 'Christ' is now just 'X' (oh, the irony) to most holiday revelers. If the true spirit is truly gone, it will take a long time to switch people's attitudes back.

Which means it's high time somebody proposed a quick fix! The sure fire way to boost Christmas' ratings is to combine it with the biggest event of the year. Have Christmas one day and the Super Bowl the next[†]! Which dates to pick isn't even an issue; December 25th is just as arbitrary as any other day (Jesus is believed by biblical scholars to have been born in the spring), so it could easily be switched. The Super Bowl has to stay on the same date, or the whole NFL season would be messed up. What do you want, the emotional heart of this nation in scheduling chaos?

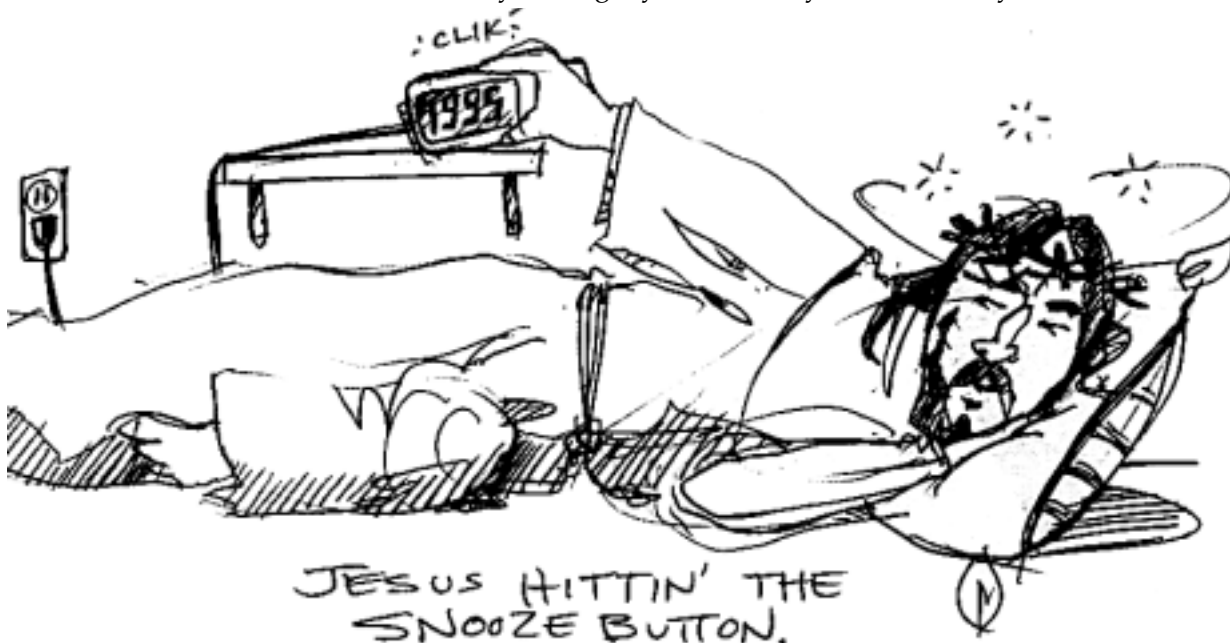
Fascist.

The real beauty in changing the date is that nobody even has to get the consent of the Pope. The Dallas Cowboys alone could easily buy him off (Nike dollars fed to NFL Super Bowl Commercial paid to the Pope for consent sent to Iran to buy arms for hostages...), but why bother? Americans don't listen to the Pope anyway (except for maybe some members of I.V. or B.A.S.I.C, but I don't think they count...do you?). What is he going to do, issue a papal bill? Oooooooooo...that might actually be read by a bishop or two.

Dramatic scenes from Christmas and the Super Bowl could be intertwined for the benefit of all. On Christmas morning: a copy of "NFL Super Bloopers" for Dad. During Super Bowl halftime: the Nativity Scene! You could get Ronald McDonald as Joseph, Whitney Houston as Mary, Michael Jackson and 3,000 of his closest prepubescent friends as shepherds, and, in a very special role, Macaulay Culkin as the baby Jesus. Subbing in the Three Officials for the Three Wise Men would be no problem, and John Madden could diagram all the action so as not to lose every-one watching at HootersTM.

Even God couldn't afford miss out on that kind of exposure. A ridiculous idea? Hardly. Giving J.C. Super Bowl exposure would saturate all of America with the true meaning of Christmas, forcing religious ideals back into people's lives, setting this country back on the Republican way of prayer in schools, more money for the military, xenophobia, and Great Depressions.

Yessir, those were the good old days. We didn't have anything but we were happy! Shoe leather in our stomachs and cow stomachs on our feet, it made you tough, yessir! A scary idea? Probably.



[†]For a real end of winter blow out, Thanksgiving could be the day before Christmas, followed by the Super Bowl. But what would the Detroit Lions do without a game to play on Thanksgiving?

Martyr of the week

Enter with me into the hallowed halls of the Catholic Conspiracy. The martyr of the week for **December 17 - 23**: is no one. I could not locate a martyr of any merit for this week (there are a couple who were martyred in Tuscany and

Rome, but they were boring) so we will focus our morbid interests on the weeks we missed over Thanksgiving break. I would take a glance into the last few weeks of the year, but the only people martyred then are boring as well (some obscure prophet from Nazareth, nailed to a tree by the Romans- no pictures available).

The martyrs we will cover are St. Edmund (**Nov. 20**), St. Cecilia (**Nov. 22**) and St. Catherine (**Nov. 25**). St. Edmund was King of East Anglia in England in the late 800's when Viking attacks were still a common thing. His martyrdom came about because of a misunderstanding with some Danish Vikings over who had killed their King. When Edmund's army was defeated by the Danes, he offered himself up to the enemy, hoping to spare his people. He was scourged, shot with arrows and beheaded (dying with the name of Jesus on his lips). They then took his head and hid it in a different part of the forest in which they had killed him. When his men finally found the body a year later, they searched in vain for the head but cried out, "Where art thou?" You guessed it, the head cried out "Here! here! here!" When the head and body were reunited they miraculously rejoined and Edmund's incorrupt corpse was taken to Bury St. Edmunds.



St. Cecilia

Our next martyr is St. Cecilia. Cecilia was a Roman maiden who was reputed to be able to play any musical instrument, sing any song, hear angelic harmonies and may have invented the organ. Found guilty of being a Christian she was condemned to die in her steam bath. She survived the boiling steam, but was struck down with three sword blows to the neck. She lived for three more days (lying in her bathtub with a severed head). She was buried in gold robes, but not without her customary hairshirt underneath.

Lastly we come to St. Catherine of Alexandria. Our Saint was an Egyptian queen after whom the Roman Emperor Maxentius lusted. She rebuffed his advances, preferring to study philosophy. She was converted to Christianity after merely being shown a picture of the Madonna and child. This angered Maxentius and he rounded up 50 pagan philosophers to debate with her. Not only did she outwit them, she ended up converting the lot as well. Maxentius had the philosophers killed and after Catherine refused his advances again, had her strapped to a spiked wheel (hence the torture device the "Catherine Wheel"). Angels wielding lightning destroyed the wheel, but this did not save our Saint. She was instead beheaded, but milk, not blood, flowed from her wound.



St. Edmund



St. Catherine

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This Week's Colloquialisms:

4. Pulchritude possesses solely cutaneous profundity.
5. It is fruitless to become lachrymose over precipitately departed lacteal fluid
6. Freedom from incrustations of grim is contiguous to rectitude.

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to:

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SUBJECT: RECENT GDT...

HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE ARTICLE ON THE FIRST PAGE? I COULDN'T FIND THE ENDING ANYWHERE IN THE ISSUE. ALSO, I FOUND YOUR ISSUES IN THE TRASH CAN IN THE TV LOUNGE... LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE CHRISTIANS NEXT DOOR TO ME GOT TO THEM FIRST... FUNNY THING IS, HE DIDN'T BOTHER TO PUT THEM IN THE RECYCLING BIN, PROBABLY DIDN'T WANT TO CONTAMINATE THE 'HOLY GOODNESS' OF THE ENTIRE RECYCLING PROGRAM... PFFT.

THE ONE INANE THING ABOUT THEM IS THEY ALWAYS POST SCRIPTURES ON THEIR DOOR EVERY WEEK, AND I SEE IT EVERY TIME I WALK BY TO GET TO MY ROOM... SO, ANY SUGGESTIONS AS TO WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THAT?

-CYRANO

Ask BFG

First of all, if you hadn't noticed already, we get a little sloppy at times. We misplaced the end of last week's issue, so we're reprinting it in this issue (see below).

As for those pesky Christian problems, I've got a plan. In your quest to divert those ever so environmentally conscious Christians from trashing our future...issues, I suggest you help us start a religious jihad.

If your knowledge of Christian organizations on campus is not as up to date as our own, it might be interesting to note that there are two virulent groups on campus; Brothers And Sisters In Christ, and the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship. I'd like to see if we can test the extent of their brotherly love to find out just how far a Christian Soldier is willing to go (stay tuned for more details).

-BFG

"What I'm saying, in sum, dear friends, is that it is all hopelessly artificial. That people are no better at X-mas time than any time, and by spouting platitudes in the name of a scrawny prophet who got hammered in place for saying stuff a lot more radical than what I'm saying here, none of those yule-nuts become brighter or more sanctified or even a lot kinder.

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You know who we mean. They're the ones who try to overdose on children's Tylenol and laxatives...the ones who think about slitting their wrists in a manner that won't leave a permanent scar[†]. They don't actually want to kill themselves. Hell, all they really need is a good stage. By the time one of these guys figures out a feasible plan of an "attempted suicide" that guarantees at least twenty concerned onlookers, or just a small gathering of the most important family and friends, any self respecting suicidal maniac has already splattered themselves all over somebody else's vehicle registration.

In honor of these proud individuals who are so lame they use suicide as a great way to make friends, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and the Judas Corp. (a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) proudly present: National Tetrodotoxin Week; the ultimate way of finding out just how much they care.

Ever wondered how much your family and friends would miss you if you died? Ever wanted to know what they really thought of you? Want to be dead or just look like you are? Yes, you too can now enjoy all the advantages of dying with none of those harmful side effects (like being dead). This miracle drug, derived from the livers of puffer fish, can bring your life functions down to a point where they are virtually undetectable by modern medical science[‡]. What the Haitians use as magic and the Japanese eat as a decidedly dangerous delicacy, you can use to satisfy your own insecure drives ("spooky noise" musical tie available for additional effect...and additional price). You can rest confidently (or be laid to rest) knowing that your brain functions will still be operating and for a period of forty eight hours, while you're cold on the slab, you will be able to hear every thing that goes on around you.

Imagine the hilarity that ensues when your nerves finally begin to work correctly and you can move![§] You've heard everything at the wake, now sock it to 'em! Will your cousin Mel, who still owes you \$50 pay up? Will your "significant other" pack up and leave town "like they should've done 10 years ago?" Will anyone look you in the eye?

Here's your chance to really realize that the world won't stop without you.

If you'd like to read more about it, we recommend the following books: any good dictionary, The Serpent and the Rainbow by Wade Davis (don't watch the movie) and Esh-kish Org-ib Bork Bork Bork, by the Swedish Chief.

[†] A little hint: if you ever do really want to slit your wrists, do it length wise. Start at the wrist and run the cutting utensil down to your elbow. This will ensure that you'll be a goner; no one will be able to close a wound like that easily. The only problem is that the wrist has less nerves than the rest of your arm, so laying your whole arm open will hurt a lot. My advise is: don't. Hell, we all die soon enough. Are you really that impatient?

[‡] There are actually four stages to tetrodotoxin poisoning. The first is a slight numbness in your body. This is the desired effect when the Japanese eat it. The second stage is vomiting and overall discomfort. The third is paralysis in which the victim appears dead. All metabolic functions nearly cease, though consciousness continues. The fourth stage is death, but by the time the third stage is reached, most people are already planted six feet under anyway.

[§] Don't try this prank around Easter; people are touchy enough (like we don't know). Plus you don't want a horde of "believers" following you around, eating your bacon and trampling your petunias.



“Writing is easy. All you do is stare at a blank sheet of paper until drops of blood form on your forehead.”

Just the other day, I saw some old git with a walker feebly attempting to cross the road. Obviously this poor lost soul was just another number of the geriatric migratory flock separated from it's gaggle. I mused vaguely about taking it home and feeding it, but then I remembered my mother telling me that if it's mother ever catches your scent on it, she might never

take it back. So I just decided to sit there and laugh at it, and then suddenly everything seemed so simple; the intricacies of the universe revealed themselves to me, and I basked in its beauty: The Old Folks Kennel. Everything made perfect sense. Only for a moment. Had you asked me about it the next day, I never would have known what I was thinking. Hell, if you asked me a couple of seconds after this masterful brainstorm cascaded through my cranium the most insightful thing I could probably have said for sure is, "Huh?" If you think about it good and hard, I just might be onto something...might.

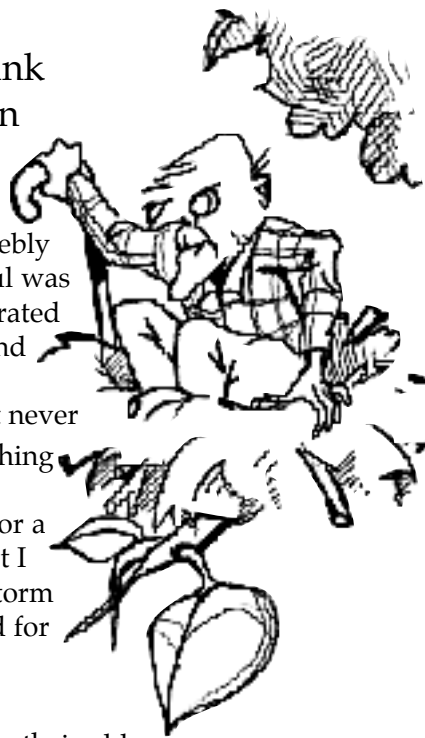
There is always a dilemma for people who want to go on vacation, but can't take their old folk with them. You can't just leave them at home with a full bowl of water and a bag of Old Folk Chow™ (because they tear up the couch and usually end up drinking out of the toilet); the humane society and ONEFOOT in the GRAVE (otherwise known as Official Nonessential Elderly Federation Of Opiated Taletellers in the General Region Approaching Visceral Expiration) would be all over your ass. They'd take your old folk away from you, and you'd probably never see them again. You could ask a friend to stop by and check up on your old folk, but old folk require so much attention. All in all, Sea Monkeys are probably a better deal, but you pleaded and begged your parents, wrote to Santa, and even prayed for an old folk of your very own, and now that you have one, you have to take care of them. Its in just such circumstances that the Old Folks Kennel can help.

The Old Folks Kennel provides clean cages with all the Gerber™ and water your old folk can get through a straw. During the day, your old folk can roam about in the Old Folks Kennel free range area, where they can run and frolic all day long with others of their own kind, until they need a diaper change. For a small additional charge, the conscientious staff at the Old Folks Kennel will grudgingly wash, shave, comb the hair, trim nails, and perform other hygienic tasks for your old folk as the need arises.

Owners should beware of prolonged absences from their old folk. Because of the strong emotional bond formed by the imprinting of old folk with their owners, people may return from their trip to discover their old folk have lost much of their spunkiness. There are those elderly who drool as much as dog on a hot day, some bed ridden folk from whom you can expect to get as much entertainment value as you would derive from a mildly depressed guinea pig, and those people whose Alzheimer's reduce them to the level of human goldfish[†]. In nearly all cases, your old folk forget most house training and seem as capable of controlling their bowel movements as a dog who's just eaten a chocolate rabbit.

For those of you out there who have become more and more frustrated with the state of your elderly, the Old Folks Kennel provides many other services: spaying, declawing, flea baths, removal of worms, and when the end comes for your old folk, euthanasia, and corpse disposal (flower urn optional).

[†] Evolution has allowed the domestic goldfish to remain sane by granting them with one of nature's shortest attention spans. It just so happens that the domestic goldfish has the capacity to remember exactly one lap around the bowl. Thus for the goldfish, life is continually new and amazing. During each lap, a goldfish more or less thinks, "This is new! This is new! Wow, this is new!" Those poor goldfish whose attention spans allow them to realize they are merely swimming in circles simply close their gills and suffocate themselves to escape from the boredom of their existence. Thus the fittest survive.



TREATING GRANDPA LIKE A GOLDFISH JUST WASN'T WORKING...

Colloquial Contest

GDT's first, and possibly last contest. For the next few weeks we will be printing up several common colloquialisms which have been reconstructed in a more verbose manner. The winner of the contest will be the person capable of deciphering more of these colloquialisms than anyone else. The prize will be fifty dollars (cash, none of this "the card" crap), and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world and the official drink of Hell Inc. The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 4. All answers must be sent to GDT by Reading Day (February 21st 1996) at the end of the quarter. GDT bids you good luck.

NEWS FLASH: HEY LADIES AND GENTS, THE COLLOQUIAL CONTEST IS IN IT'S THIRD WEEK, AND WE'VE RECEIVED ONE RESPONSE, AND THEY CORRECTLY ANSWERED ONLY TWO OF THE PHRASES. THIS IS NOT A JOKE. WE REALLY ARE GIVING

\$50 TO THE WINNER

SO UNLESS YOU WANT SOMEBODY TO WIN BY THE FACT THAT NO ONE ELSE ANSWERED, LET US HEAR FROM YOU.

GDT Colloquial Contest Rules and Regulations:

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Additional...

...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hedious executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

This Week's Colloquisms:

7. The stylus is more potent than the claymore.
8. It is futile to attempt to indoctrinate a superannuated canine with innovative maneuvers.
9. Eschew the implant of crection and vitiate the scion.

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 3, you may find them on our web site, or alternatively you can purchase hard copies through our fan club.

After Dinner Mints

-by Mark Nowak

It is always interesting to discover the origins of our modern traditions, often finding out how different they used to be and how they have changed as society has changed. One wonderful tradition is the use of a diamond as an engagement ring. How many centuries ago did this tradition start? Why a diamond? Does it have a special significance in the area of the world where the tradition originated? The answer to the last question is: you bet it does.

In South Africa, where most of the diamonds in the world are mined, there is but one company doing the mining: DeBeers. This same company decides who they distribute their diamonds to for cutting.

Yeah, they've got the world on a string, sitting on a rainbow....because the idea of using a diamond as an engagement ring, thought up by our friends at DeBeers in the early part of this century as a way of selling more diamonds, is now a hallowed wedding tradition. What's three months' salary for something that will last forever? A lot, considering diamonds aren't as rare as emeralds or sapphires, but cost more because the good people at DeBeers can charge whatever they want for their product in the absence of competition. So just remember this little fact when the 25th Anniversary Diamond Bracelet is a hallowed anniversary tradition.

"Tell her you'd get suckered by a slick marketing ploy...all over again."

**Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623**

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any correspondence received, as is.

Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

Dr. Cy Kosis™

"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."

Dear Cy,

I'm twenty six years old, married, with one son. I've been living away from home, but in the same town for six years. I have a younger brother "Keith" age twenty four who is addicted to pre-scription medication, and he's even been arrested several times for forging prescriptions. Keith is currently living with our mother, who could only be described as a classic enable. After years of serious reflection and professional counseling, I've decided recently to stop being involved in their constant emotional crisis. This, by definition, has required me to place conditions on my relationship with both of them. My problem is in dealing with the guilt I feel when my mother pleads with me to help Keith by extending unconditional love and acceptance to him. My head tells me not to do it, my heart tells me I'm a jerk. What should I do?

Signed,
Need a prescription

Dear *Need a prescription*,

You sound emotionally tired of the uncertainty that goes with not knowing what would be a loving response to the situation. If you didn't care so much, this situation would be much easier to deal with. Consequently, it's your caring and concern for those involved, that cause you to agonize over your choice. A mental health professional, with experience in dealing with, substance abuse issues, might be helpful, as well as Alanon, a self help group for family members of substance abusers.

On the other hand, the only thing that counseling is going to do is reinforce your current feelings that what you're doing is right. It won't help you to deal with the guilt trip Mom is laying on you. There is really only one way to approach the guilt trip thing; get her to believe in your position. Your mom sounds pretty gullible, so tell her that because you love your brother, you've been investigating homeopathic aids to help Keith overcome his addiction. Tell her that a renowned herbologist has discovered that certain herbs can help people with their addictive cycles. Then go to the pharmacy and buy the largest empty capsules they sell. Fill each with the most concentrated, over the counter, laxative available. Have your mom give Keith one or two a day, but tell her not to mention that they came from you. Tell Keith that you've noticed mom under a lot of

stress lately, and she seems to be getting very careless and unsanitary about food preparation. Tell Mom that severe diarrhea is a sure sign of continued drug use, and that if he does get diarrhea, even more of the "medication" is needed. Tell Keith that if he gets the runs real bad, it may be food poisoning, and he should be sure to take the food supplements that Mom gives him, but he should stop eating Mom's cooking. Tell Mom that drug addicts will often grow paranoid about their food just before they become homicidal, and if that is the case, even larger doses of the "medication" may be necessary. Tell Keith that if he gets a severe case of diarrhea it is a sure sign that Mom is trying to poison him, and under no circumstances should he eat at home anymore. Tell Mom and Keith individually that if the other become paranoid the only solution is for brother to leave immediately!

©Copyright 1995 by Dr. Cy Kosis™

Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.

E-mail: drcy@netzone.com

Written address:

Dr. Cy Kosis

632 N. Redrock

Gilbert, Az 85234

Take a hiT

LIVE AND ~~LEARN~~ AND PASS IT ON

I've learned that peanut butter and jelly is still my favorite kind of ~~sandwich~~.

lubricant

-Age 23

I've learned that whenever you hide something in a great place, you always forget ~~where you hid it when you need it.~~

That your ass

ain't That big!

-Age 47

pork

I've learned that I shouldn't ~~park~~ my father's car next to a baseball field during practice.

-Age 19

Reconstruction by: Troy L. and the gang.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre™

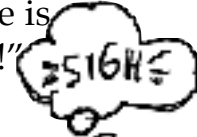
Sunday, October 15th 1995

Volume 2, issue 6

"Hail to the Sun God! He is
the Fun God! Ra! Ra! Ra!"

blablablah blablablah blablablah
blablablah blablablah blablablah
blablablah blablablah **SUN GOD** blablablah

Reprint



Have you ever really thought about how people choose the names for their pets? There are always the generic names, the default settings reserved for those people whose imaginations do not extend much farther than the agricultural revolution; I mean, these people still think the plow is a novel idea. Names like Fluffy, Spot, Spike, Butch, and Tweety abound in such neolithic homes. Then there are those who insist that they are far too important to have active imaginations at all. They inflict their pets with names like Princess, King, Poopsie, and the all time favorite Archduke Reginald Arthur Mephistopheles the Third. With nomenclature like that, how do you call such a creature to you? Granted, you probably wouldn't call the pet in question; such tasks are reserved for the servants and other such plebeians. Just for a moment assume that you were trying to call your pet to you or even trying to discipline him for turning your favorite toupee into one of those strange and not wholly fascinating clown wigs. Archduke Reginald Arthur Mephistopheles the Third does not exactly come tripping off the tongue. In more apt terms, it pitches a tent and stays for the night.

So the question remains, why do so many people insist on outfitting their pets with such unsuitable names?

In my family it has always been the custom to name the creature after observing some of its more pronounced idiosyncrasies. This can backfire, however, and usually produces some rather interesting names.

We had encountered one such problem several years ago when my mother procured a small blue parakeet. She kept insisting that since the bird spent a good deal of his time moving his tail in a back and forth motion, that he should be christened "Tail-wagger". The rest of my family were horror struck and vehemently protested on the basis that it sounded like something a dog would eat. For the ensuing weeks our strike force bombarded her with a list of absurd names that would make even General Schwarzkopf quake with fear (or at the very least blush from impropriety):

Head-bobber, Foot-walker, Eye-blinker, Wing-flapper, Belly-poofer, Beak-talker, Snot-sneezer, Cud-puker, and Butt-poofer (the list continues, but I can't)

After this unending deluge of inane names continued for several weeks my mother finally waved the white flag and called for a cease fire and truce. The name Blue Bum was conceded to, although not entirely by my mother. Blue Bum seems adequate, perhaps not as adequate as Devil's Little Minion, Malicious Kamikaze Demon, or Evil Blight of Early Morning Sound Waves, but we call him Bum for short. We only call him Mad Foaming Monstrosity of a Multiple Disposition on special occasions.

Here's a short list of some of our other pets' names:

Chewbaderd (Actually she was named by another bird)

Oliver Twist (He was a kind of drab olive color and he liked to dance.)

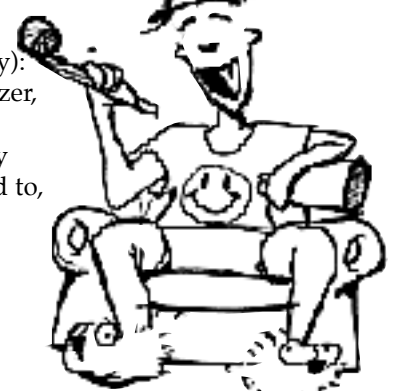
Sasquatch (He has big feet)

Trouble (Kind of self-explanatory if you ask me.)

Mia (Actually named by her former owners. We have since lengthened this out to Mia Culpa, which doesn't really matter anyway, because she only responds to "Hey Stupid")

My other sister has never quite gotten the hang of things, though. She owned a mouse named "Mickey" (very original) and a pair of birds named, "Bonnie and Clyde." Her most recent trek into the wonderful world of naming has been moderately successful. She calls her new bird Aerial. Which isn't too bad, but it would be a lot more interesting if she were to call him Dual Airbags, Anti lock Brakes, Adjustable Steering Column, or even Five Speed Transmission.

So just consider these words next time your staring deep into the mournful, yet menacing eyes of your neighbor's Doberman pinscher dubbed, "Floppy", and realize for the first time the real reason behind why he ate your little sister's cat, "Mr. Flubble." He was actually being quite kind and just putting the poor little beast out of his misery.



RA the FUN God
(<http://www.gods.com/fun/gods/GDT>)



ILLUSTRATORS NOTE: WHEN THIS ISSUE WAS ORGINALLY ILLUSTRATED, RA THE FUN GOD TOOK TOP BILLING, UNFORTUNATELY FORGOT RA TIL AFTER OL ARCHDUKE WAS DRAWN THIS TIME AROUND AND HAD TO PLACE RA ELSEWHERE. PLEASE USE HIS HANDY URL TO LOCATE (M)



Sunday January 14th, 1996 Vol. 3, issue 4

“Bisexual: Because specialization is for insects.”

What the hell happened with the space program? In ten years we went from doing one lap around the Earth to landing on the moon. What have we done since then? We've sent up lots of probes, but let's face it, we've done less probing than most priests do in a day of choir practice. I was watching the news with a friend the other day until suddenly we heard, "...and the space shuttle had a successful landing today..." We didn't even know it was up there! My friend said he had to watch the news more often, but in reality the news probably said very little about it.

Does anybody remember back in the days of yore when people actually got excited about the space program? I remember watching one of the launches in anticipation of take-off. The only thing NASA seems to do now is send up superfluous crew members, malfunctioning satellites and the all important TESTING THE EFFECTS OF WEIGHTLESSNESS!!! Hey, guys, we KNOW weightlessness is bad for you. You don't have to be uh...a rocket scientist to figure that one out. NASA, let me give you some advice: take all those engineers that say, "Oh man! Weightlessness is really bad for you. I wonder what tests we can do to measure it," and send those bastards up for ten years and let them figure out a solution. They'll figure out a way around it in 6 months, guaranteed.

Testing the effects of weightlessness on the common people isn't any more exciting, except when you reduce one plebeian to many bite size chunks care of faulty o-rings, which you then sprinkle (or splatter) liberally over the Gulf of Mexico. A teacher, a dentist, a four year old with attention deficit disorder in space; Jesus, I can put a four year old in low earth orbit by kicking him in the ass and draw more attention than NASA's lame launches. Seen it, done it, had it, been there. You want people to become interested in the next lift off? Let us give you a passenger list: OJ Simpson, Michael Jackson, and Lorena Bobbit. What a crew list! Hell, ninety two percent of the US population has heard of all of these characters. A spousal abuser, an accused child molester, and a woman who went into mutilation mode against her spousal abuser. It would be on every channel. Or better yet, you could just turn the whole space program over to Spielberg.

It's painfully obvious what NASA needs: Some good old fashioned Cold War paranoia. After the Soviet Union bit the big one, it looked like our countries could cooperate scientifically and financially on space exploration. But cooperation isn't as exciting as competition, especially for Americans, and the language barrier between scientists could have been disastrous (I said put water in the cooling systems, not vodka!).

Besides, the Russians have all the budget problems of American public schools. They're down to nuclear secrets as their main export, forced to accept the prices of any Third World dictator or would be James Bond Villain™ just to pay the heating bill. If they sold Siberia to another country (say, Yemen) and weather-stripped the new border they could cut way down on heating costs. They won't because then they'd lose the Lake Baikal region (home of "The Deepest Lake in the World" Theme Park) to newly proud Yemenites, breaking the secret honor code held among industrial nations to ensure that Third World countries have nothing to be proud of. Besides, this would result in the loss of their prestigious "U.N. Security Council" status.

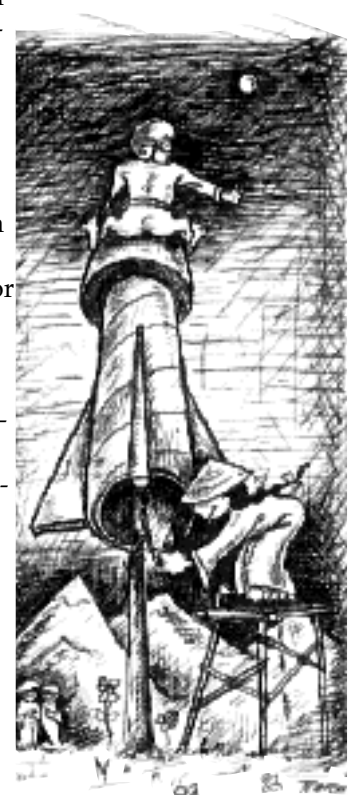
NASA's best hope is to get the CIA (another Cold War agency left out in the warm) to convince the Chinese government to start up a competing space program. China has all of the right qualifications: Communist, huge population to tax, long history of gunpowder and fireworks expertise, Tibetan monks to get rid of, and no pesky "human rights" ethics.

Meanwhile...back at the ranch, NASA could shrug off that festering bureaucratic tumor called Congress (motto: Budget Plan, Schmudget Plan) and be turned over to free enterprise. Think of the wonderful unregulated competition (Ayn Rand would be proud). Rockets being sent up held together with duct-tape (only a buck a roll), superglue, and elastic bands. The casualties would be high, but think of the news salability! "Happy Spaceman Rocket Collides with Hang-Glider. News at 11."

We'll be Terrorforming[‡] Mars in no time.

^f Please excuse the rambling sentences. I just read James Joyce.

[‡] Move over Rimmer.



Guest artist: Scott Peterson

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This Week's Colloquialisms:

10. The temperature of the aqueous contents of an unremittingly ogled saucepan does not reach 212 degrees F.
11. All articles that conruscate with resplendence are not truly auriferous.
12. Where there are visible vapors having their provenience in ignited carbonaceous materials, there is conflagration.

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

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GD Tee Shirts



"Eagles soar but a weasel will never get sucked into a jet engine."



GD Tee shirts are now available. These limited edition tees come in three sizes: small, medium, and large. The image of the blissful Lemme-pig leaping off of a table appears on the back along with the phrase indicated. On the front of the tee is the GDT logo over the left breast pocket area.

The price is \$8 for fan club members and \$10 for non-members. At this point, you're probably thinking we pocket the money. Wrong. All money made goes to help cover printing costs.

With your help (and \$\$\$) GDT and the Melancholy Predator will remain in print, and can soon expand to eight pages.

Place orders through: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu or call (716)-334-6613. Remember to state the size and number you wish to order. There are a limited number available, so order soon.

Random Facts:

Minnesota has
156 Long Lakes,
122 Rice Lakes,
91 Mid Lakes, 83
Bass Lakes, 72
Twin Lakes, 70
Round Lakes, 51
Clear Lakes, and
48 Sand Lakes.

When the
Canarsee Indians
sold Manhattan
to the Dutch,
they sold the
land owned by a
different tribe.

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
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Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

Martyr of the week

Hello again and welcome to a new year of disbelief and wonderment (also known as Church dogma).

The Martyr of the week for **January 14-20** is the venerated St. Ulfrid (**Jan 18**). Ulfrid was an English missionary to the Scandinavians in the 11th century. In one of his attempts to persuade the locals that they were being idolatrous, he took an axe to a statue of the god Thor. The Swedes did not take kindly to such an attack on their beloved thunder God, so they lynched him.

An Open Letter to AT & T

Dear Corporate Bastards,

Picture yourself climbing, pushing your physical limits, reaching, reaching, until you finally reach the peak of a sheer rock face. You survey the incredible scenery around you and think..."I wonder how my friend Joe is doing?"

No...we don't think so.

In fact, we seriously doubt the majority of rock climbers are upset about the limited availability of pay phones in the Rocky Mountains. Sometimes the whole point of such endeavors is to work as a close team with another person (who is actually there), or to be alone. Is that comprehensible to you?

Do you know why people go to the beach? Ahhh, we're not sure, but we don't think it's to do office work. Is making pie charts or writing memos supposed to be more enjoyable from the beach? Wouldn't it just make the beach less enjoyable?

"Have you ever been in inescapable reach of your work or other people you don't want to talk to? You will." But who wants to?

Some mid-level manager or office paper pusher is not that excited about their job to be in contact with it 24 hours a day. Besides, what is the big need? "Bob, the copier isn't collating! We need you right away!" Who came up with the idea that people should sacrifice lives to jobs anyway? If there is any way to avoid your vision of the future without sicking the Unabomber on your connective ass, please let us know.

But don't expect to get in touch with us via beepers, faxes, wrist telephones or ATM machines. We're ignoring you as hard as we can.

Sincerely,

Ah Meester Bom-bas-teak



DOES GOD EXIST?

IF SO, WHERE IS HE?

Bring your comments and/or questions to an open campus discussion led by a guest speaker.[†]

We'd like to hear YOUR opinion! (or your can just listen)

where? **Monday, Jan 15**

where? **Gleason Lounge**

what time? **7:00 pm**

[†]Though not confirmed it, GDT has heard that God himself is the guest speaker. This is an opportunity NOT to be missed.

Ρυμορ ηασ ιτ τηατ α ψουγγ ωομαν ωασ ραπεδ ατ
α ρεχεντ φρατ παρτυν ανδ τηατ τηε λοχαλ πολιχε
ηαωε βεεν νοτιφιεδ. Τηισ ισ ρεφρεσηινγ, βεχαυσε
σο φεω ραπεσ ον τηε ΡΙΤ χαμπυσ εδερ μακε ιτ το
τηε λοχαλ αυτηοριτιεσ; ινστεαδ ινχιδεντσ υσυ-
αλλησ δισαππεαρ ωιτηιν τηε ινφραστρυχτυρε οφ
ΡΙΤ (κινδ οφ λικε Τυττλε ιν Βραζιλλε).

Do you have a topic you'd like to see GDT write about, have anything you'd like to submit, or want to join the staff? Then contact GDT through: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu

Dr. Cy Kosis™

"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."

Dear Cy,

My husband and I have been married for six years. This is my first marriage, and his third. We have two children ages 1 and 4. In a nut shell, he's been treating me very poorly. He yells at me and the kids for not doing our part around the house to keep things orderly. He's upset that I've gained 20 lbs since our marriage. He complains that I'm immature (I am 15 years younger than him) and, that he wishes he'd never left his first wife (we met while he was still married to his second). I am continually irritated that he won't take responsibility for the things he does, and that he always does things to make life uncomfortable for the family. I've asked him to go to counseling with me, but he refuses. What should I do?

Signed,
Confused

Dear Confused,

There is the slight possibility that your husband is suffering from intense feelings of insecurity. Often spouses who focus on the shortcoming of their partner do so to hide their own sense of inadequacy. If this is the case, have a trusted friend or family member sensitively confront him about the inappropriateness of his behavior. Also, volunteer to go with him to the first counseling session.

A more probable explanation for your husbands behavior, is that he's a direct descendant of the posterior end of a horse. Of course it doesn't sound like you're much of a prize yourself, whoring him away from his second wife and all. How could you even entertain the idea that a man who would so readily abandon two other wives, would suddenly long for a lifetime of marital bliss with you. Tell me, what color is the sky in your world? My advice would be to dump this loser, stop bleaching your hair, and beg your kids to forgive you for screwing up the already slim chance they had for a happy childhood!

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Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.
E-mail: drcy@netzone.com
Written address:
Dr. Cy Kosis
632 N. Redrock
Gilbert, Az 85234

GDT Survey

Our parent company, Hell's Kitchen™, has instructed us to keep tabs on the values of our readers. What better way to do that than through surveys, those silent opinion swayers. To help us out, please take a minute and answer the following questions.

"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in Public Schools?"

"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

Send replies to GDT care of tbl2788@ritvax.rit.edu



Piss On IT
 LIVE AND LEARN AND ~~PASS IT ON~~
 whimsical

I've learned that listening to sad country songs is the ~~last~~ best thing you should do ~~after~~ before relationship with a priest.
 -Age 30

I've learned that you can never go back and give your children that extra ~~big~~ rim word of ~~praise~~ hate, or bedtime ~~story~~ bath-so do ~~it~~ now, while They're ~~still~~ Them still in The crib.
 -Age 43

I've learned that a kiss isn't a kiss without a ~~smack~~ lot o-e Tongue
 -Age 67

Reconstruction by: Troy L. and the gang.



Sunday 21st, 1996 Vol. 3, issue 5

"Writing is like prostitution. First you do it for love, then for a few friends, and finally for money."

Do you ever realize when you're talking to another person that you get flustered and can't really find anything to say. Well, if you have here is a short list of words that you can test out while trying to regain your verbal footing. And if you, like the cartoon character who has just stepped on the proverbial banana peel, can not seem to regain your usual balance and poise in the conversation, at least your companion will probably by that time have an even feebler grasp on reality, and thus you will find your salvation.

Anal Explosive- opposite of anal retentive (Look Out!)

Argocious-- 1) Being overly abundant in praise of one's self and having no justification to do so. 2.) Being a common idiot and professing to know the nature of the world.

Bombastic- Using words larger than necessary to describe things that are smaller than you think they are.

Defenestrate- To throw an object, or person, living or non-living, out of a window.

Dullard- Someone who can open an encyclopedia or dictionary and only read what they'd planned to.

Godphiles - Kind of like pediphiles, but more like priests

Groin- A massive wooden framework or low broad wall of concrete or masonry run out from a shore especially to combat erosion.

Example: "Mom, I'm going swimming near the groin."

Kludge- A ridiculous assortment of unmatched and unworkable parts.

Misanthropology-- The study of why people are so stupid and why most of them should die...soon.

Non-Committal Epileptic- Those people who, when in the presence of music, aren't quite comfortable enough to dance, so in its stead they twitch a portion of their anatomy, not necessarily to any human concept of beat.

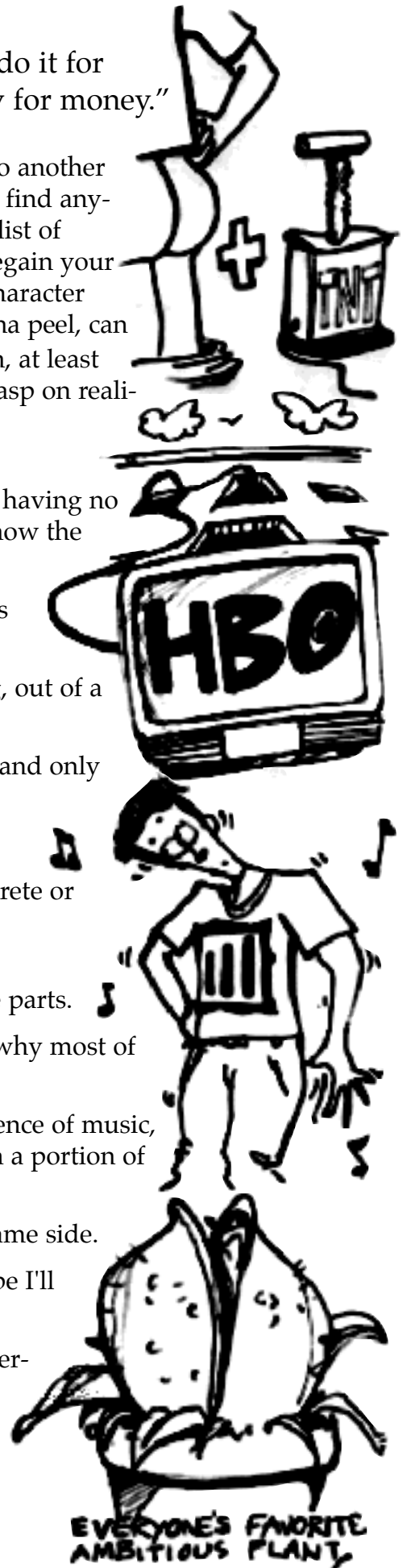
Pasgang- Striding with a forward kick and a pole push on the same side.

Relaxed Bisexual Agnostic- I don't know, I don't care, and maybe I'll sleep with it.

Snake- Not so much a pet as an ambitious plant. What's the difference, really? You just feed them, but the snake ends up behind the fridge while the plant tends to stay where you put it.

Stultify- To cause to be ridiculous

Xerophthalmia- Abnormal dryness of the eyeball.



Colloquial Contest

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This Week's Colloquialisms:

13. Sorting on the part of mendicants must be interdicted.
14. A plethora of individuals with expertise in culinary techniques vitiate the potable concoction produced by steeping certain comestibles.
15. Eleemosynary deeds have their incipience intramurally.

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 3, you may find them on our web site, or



GDT Recycled Works

We're going to be bringing out some of the old issues and...

Reusing, Rehashing, Reducing, Redeeming, Redirecting, Reillustrating, Reiterating, Reviving, and regenerating.

We're generally going to be poking our noses in fiddling around with some of the mechanical gadgetry, then cleaning it up and giving it a brand spanking new (man, some people are perverse) paint job. Any area in an issue where we've gone over the second time and realized it could have been so much more gets an overhaul.

Look for it where ever you see the recycled GDT emblem.

GD Tee Shirts



"Eagles soar but a weasel will never get sucked into a jet engine."

GD Tee shirts are now available. These limited edition tees come in four sizes: small, medium, large, and extra large. The image of the blissful Lemme-pig leaping off of a table appears on the back along with the phrase indicated. On the front of the tee is the GDT logo over the left breast pocket area.

The price is \$8 for fan club members and \$10 for non-members. At this point, you're probably thinking we pocket the money. Wrong. All money made goes to help cover printing costs.

With your help (and \$\$\$) GDT and the Melancholy Predator will remain in print, and can soon expand to eight pages.

Place orders through: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu or call (716)-334-6613. Remember to state the size and number you wish to order. There are a limited number available, so order soon.

Important Note: This is the last week this offer will be around, all orders must be into us by January 27th.

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to reprint any correspondence received
Check out GDT's web site at: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

GDT Colloquial Contest Rules and Regulations:

This contest is restricted to only those people registered as students at the RIT campus. Others may send answers, but may not be counted among the winners circle.

Additional...

...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hideous executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

Martyr of the week

Welcome again to the column dedicated to the strangely departed among our Catholic sisters and brethren. This is an exciting week in the calendar of feasts for the Catholic church. Not only was **St. Paul's** historic conversion this week (**Jan 26**), but we celebrate days for **St. Francis de Sales** (**Jan 24** (he fought the Calvinists who were taking advantage of

the advancement of literacy by passing out bibles(translated into french) to the local peasants. This sacrilege was strictly forbidden by the Vatican which forbade the printing of God's word in any language except Latin. This of course was the simplest solution for the church to keep the peasants from being able to actually interpret the sacred and possibly dangerous texts for themselves, thus effectively keeping the pews and coffers of the church full)), **St. Dwyn** (**Jan 25** (founded a convent in Wales that holds a spring whose waters can cure sick animals)), **St. Titus** (**Jan 26** (patron saint invoked against freethinkers and one of the few early converts of the church who was able to bypass the ever fun ritual of adult circumcision)), and **St. Angela Merici** (**Jan 27** (For all of those lucky enough to have attended Catholic school, this is the Saint you have to thank for starting it all)). Well enough with the non-martyrs...let's see some blood!

The Martyr of the Week for **Jan 21-27** is **St. Agnes** (**Jan 21**), the Patroness of virgins and Girl Scouts (not necessarily that the two go together, I mean, the things people will do to sell cookies...). St. Agnes was another in the long line of Roman maiden martyrs. She, like so many others, spurned the advances of Roman suitors only to be reported to the authorities as one of those crazy Christians. When she refused to marry the local governor's son, he ordered our chaste Saint to be stripped naked and led through the streets to a brothel. This was to no avail because as soon as Agnes was stripped of clothing her hair grew profusely and concealed her "shame". Once in the brothel an angel appeared and clothed Agnes in a glowing white robe. The only person brave (or stupid) enough to approach her was the Governor's son and he was immediately struck blind (or dead...accounts differ). Being that Agnes was so kind (not to mention naive, she was only 13 at the time) she cured him. For this act she was charged with witchcraft and was sentenced to be burned, stabbed or beheaded (again, accounts differ). Legend has it that if a girl fasts for 24 hours and then eats an egg with salt on it just before bedtime on the eve of St. Agnes' feast day, she will dream of her future husband.

Other martyrs of note this week include **St. Vincent of Saragossa** (**Jan 22** (brought before the Roman governor of Spain with the Bishop Valerius, young Vincent was able to convince the Magnate that he was perfectly willing to die for his faith. Never one to pass up an opportunity, the governor laid out a series of tortures for our Saint including being stretched on the rack, torn with hooks, being pushed on a bed of iron spikes placed over a fire, having salt rubbed in his wounds, rolled in broken pottery, and locked in a cell and left to starve. For all of this trouble Vincent is venerated by vintners and vinegar makers simply because his name starts with V-I-N), **St. Emerentiana** (**Jan 23** (was stoned at the tomb of **St Agnes** (above) by an angry mob)), and **St. Timothy** (**Jan 26** (was beaten to death by a band of merry-making pagan rabblers who were celebrating the feast of the goddess Diana). Until next week, suck it in and then spit it out (I do).



St Agnes



St. Vincent

Dr. Cy Kosis™*"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."*

Dear Cy,

I'm a 75 year old widow. My son and daughter-in-law recently called and asked if they could move in with me for approximately four months, while they're house is being built. They have plenty of money, but are too cheap to rent a place for a few months. They're kids are little terrors who I dearly love, but can't stand for more than an hour or two at a time, if you know what I mean. I don't want to seem selfish, but I don't want them living with me either. What should I do?

Signed,

Too Old for this

Dear Too Old for this,

There's no time like the present to learn to be assertive. You need to approach your son and daughter-in-law respectfully, yet firmly, and let them know your feelings. You sound as if this may be difficult for you to do. Subconsciously, you may fear their withdrawal of love and ultimate rejection. You may need a therapist's assistance to reinforce your self-esteem sufficiently to deal with this problem.

If this is too uncomfortable for you, consider buying an old purse and filling it with some rotten food (spoiled fish, limburger cheese, raw eggs, ect). Then, you and the purse pay them a little visit, preferably around dinner time. While standing real close to them, explain that you've been recently diagnosed with a bowel disorder that won't clear up for about five months. While opening your purse just a crack, tell them your doctor said there may be some side effects from the medication you're taking, but you haven't noticed any as of yet.

My guess is they'll start to smell the roses!

Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.**E-mail: drcy@netzone.com****Written address:**

**Dr. Cy Kosis
632 N. Redrock
Gilbert, Az 85234**

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SUBMISSIONS**The RITSPHERE**

-by Vinny Bove

Walkin' round this crazy campus, I often hear tell of the "bubble" that one lives in when going to RIT. Those liberated from its labyrinthian brick-encrusted surroundings will probably agree with me in saying that the real world seems a remote place after resurfacing from college life. Reflecting on that, I came up with an interesting analogy:

You know that Biosphere thing (just bear with me here)? It's a big man made world, supposedly perfect in every way, where humans can live in perfect solace and isolation, while the rest of the squalid stinking world foots the bill for this oversized funhouse. While inside the Sphere of Serenity, the Globe of Green, the Ball of...Stuff, its inhabitants know nothing of the society suffering around them, and they can live in ignorant bliss for the rest of their days. I consider RIT, or any out-of-the-way college for that matter, to be much the same.

Just for the sake of argument I'll present you with a little scenario that I made up this very second. Joe Schmo the Fraternity Bro finds himself wandering the streets of downtown Rochester. He has no idea how he got there. With a glazed look in his eyes and a drunken stupor to his gait he makes his way down a busy rush-hour sidewalk and finally collapses. Several good-hearted pedestrians (like I said, this is all fictional) try to bring him around.

When he comes to, one of the passersby tests his coherency with a few simple questions. "How many fingers am I holding up?" (Joe is a Comp Sci major, and any numbers not presented on a monitor are completely unintelligible) "Okay...well, who's the President of the United States?"

"Al Simone."

"Hmm...I see. What year is it?"

"Freshman."

The onlookers are concerned. They opt for one last desperate question. "What's your name?" They glance at each other nervously. This is when they find out whether or not a true fruitcake has been delivered into their midst.

A long dramatic pause. Then...

"073-62-9088."

When Joe arrives at the sanitarium, he stares at the drab and institutionalistic architecture and figures he has made it back home to his dorm. He spends the next sixty years unsuccessfully trying to hook up a B-Jack into the rubber padding of his room.

The moral of this severely screwed-up tale: Make your way into the real world as much as possible. The culture shock may be a bit painful at first, but it's a good hurt, and a lot better than eating the same chicken sandwich and crinkly fries every day.



"Officer...you show me the yellow line and I'll show you my dick."

-The Bare-Foot Girl

From its conception, Gracies DinnerTime Theatre has endeavored to bridge the gap between people; there's nothing more touching than seeing two intelligent individuals bludgeoning each other's brains out with rocks (although American Gladiators is sometimes fun to watch) over a series of aural oscillations. In the more advanced cultures of the world, whole professions have been created around this very concept; lawyers, politicians, televange-

lists, telemarketers, and most homeless people who only want your money, not the food that you might offer. People should be born with a limited number of words they could use. Once they've used up their quota, they're done. No more words for them.

Would that be so bad? Look at how people use the gift of language. They abuse it by being mean spirited, grammatically incorrect, or just grunting. And what else? Crank phone calls.

I just received what would be termed, "an obscene phone call" and of course this immediately reminded me that I should write something. I suppose that there are several different types of prank calls, the most common ones are probably when the person on the other end of the line either doesn't say anything, or tries to do some heavy breathing, and then starts choking on their first born's fist and finishes their act by wheezing and pleading for you to call 911. These same individuals think it the height of fashion and humor to call you and ask if you have Prince Albert in a can. No matter how much coughing and crying they go through, they just don't hold a candle to the obscene phone callers. I mean here's a person who is actually willing to interact with you. Think about it...think of the possibilities!

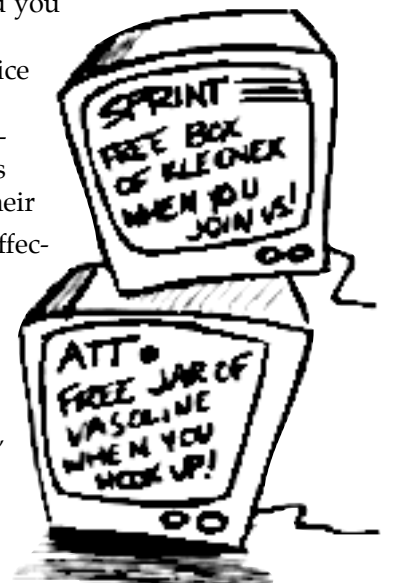
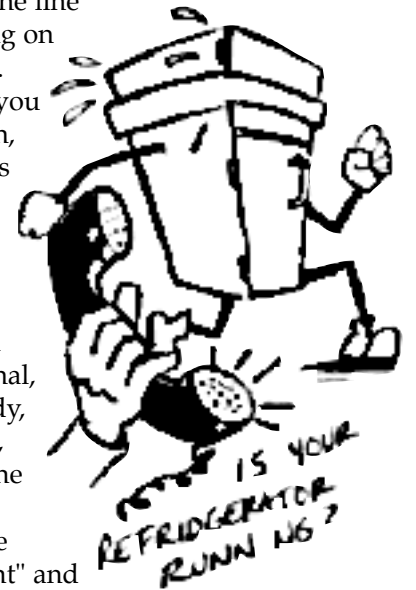
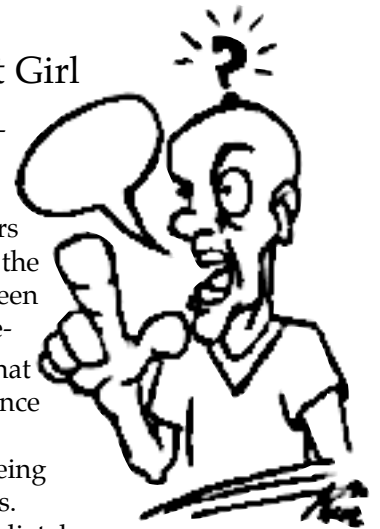
People spend thousands of dollars a year calling 1-900-TALK-SEX, and one of these guys will do it for free. Sure, the guy on the other end of the line is probably hardly what you would consider alluring[†], but half the time the phone sex people aren't even the gender you think they are, so what's the difference? We have to have priorities, and after all, the most important thing is to make sure that your [place any word here] (carnal, libidinal, corporal, corporeal, spicy Italian juices, lewd, lascivious, lecherous, lusty, randy, horny) drives are quelled, quenched, fulfilled, eradicated, diminished, satiated, bla, bla, bla. I mean, we're talking about basic concepts of supply and demand. Lets match up the supplier with the consumers...it's that simple.

To hell with all of those petty little commercials that the long distance companies are using. 10¢ a minute? Who cares. Imagine ads like, "Join Sprint's "Strangers in the Night" and get 10 free hours of phone sex." With Sprint always going on about their fiber optic network, maybe they could say something like, "Sound so clear, you can hear a button drop." Or maybe Sally Struthers could get in on the action (insert your own image. We got scared): "Would you like to have more phone sex? Sure, we all would."

People could register for non-obscene or obscene when they first get their phone service hooked up, and then when the phone books came out, next to each name and number would be the little asterisk to assert that, "Yes, I do want to be bombarded with an assortment of the most degenerate epithets that have ever existed since the dawn of time." This service would prove doubly functional; it not only directs the obscene phone callers to their pray[‡], but it also serves the perverse closet S&M desires of middle America. It's just an effective way of bringing people together, and after all, isn't that what the phone's for?

[†]A man who has one tooth (not as if he has a bunch of rotted out root stubs, more like one tooth that ran the whole distance of his gums (sort of like a unibrow, but more of a unitooth)), long scraggly hair that when brushed deposits small furry animals into the stew pot, ear hair so long you can braid it, corns and bunions (all over his face), edema and psoriasis, one pendulous breast that he has to carry around in a bag, elephantiasis of the testicles (so when he drives his El Camino, his balls have to ride shot-gun), and a dewlap on his goiter. Oh, and did I mention he has a tattoo of his naked mother with the words "I Love Mom"(but he means it), and he is really nice to Grandmother?

[‡]Just think of the footnotes.



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This Week's Colloquisms:

- 16. Male cadavers are incapable of yielding any testimony.
- 17. Individuals who make their abode in vitreous edifices would be advised to refrain from catapulting petrous projectiles.
- 18. Neophyte's serendipity.

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

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You make the call

If you found the last two issues of GDT, then you already know that we've started making T-shirts to finance our free publication. This is where you come in.

We want our readerage to vote on which GDT images they would like to see on a GDTee Shirt. All you have to do is peruse the many images of the three image galleries on our web site, drop us a note, and vote on our next T-shirt.

For those of you who haven't noticed the information plastered all over past issues, the url is: <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

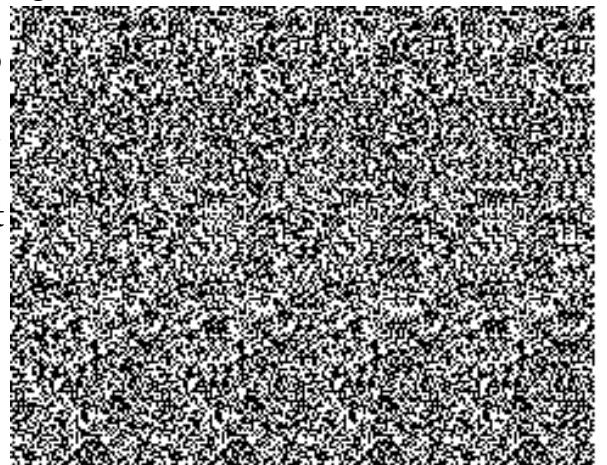
Tell us what you want to see, and we'll make it so.

GDT's very own stereogram. That's right, those guy's who put the "Magic-Eye" books out don't have the monopoly.

If you've never seen one, the secret is to look *through* the surface of the picture (like you were day dreaming). If you've tried for years to see these things (like some of the staff) and still can't see anything but static, hit the first person who says, "Oh yeah. I see it." after 10 seconds of gazing at it. It won't help you see anything, but it might make you feel better.

Another Helpful Hint™ from GDT.

Any request for information on how to create your own stereograms will be gleefully ignored.



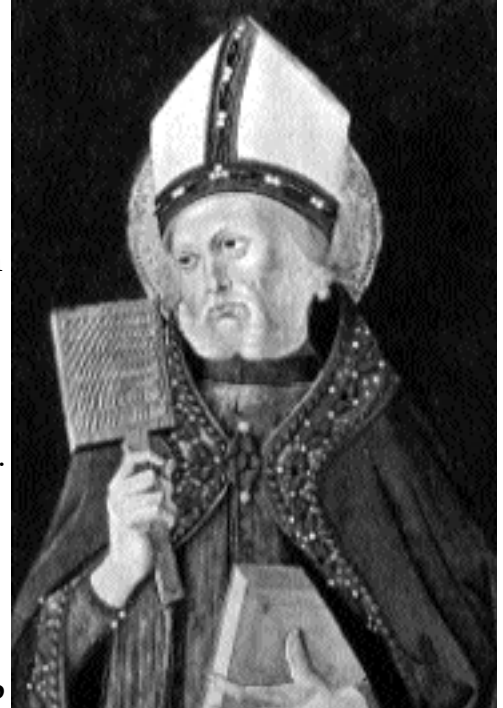
Martyr of the week

-Troy Liston

Welcome again to our hallowed halls of hysteria. We have another fun bunch of martyrs this week, so let's get to it. The Martyr of the Week for **Jan 28-Feb 3** is **St. Martina (Jan 30)**. Martina joins our long (and it seems never ending) list of Virgin, Roman martyrs. Not much seems to be

written about her except her martyrdom (our saint isn't a myth but the acts of her passion may have been created by Pope Urban VIII) and the fact that a church was built in Rome in her honor. Legend has it that Martina was whipped with iron hooks, showered with boiling grease, thrown to the lions, and then burned at the stake (she survived all of these). Finally she was beheaded, but a fountain of milk instead of blood gushed forth. This is why she is the patron saint of nursing mothers. As a side note, history buffs will remember this as the day on which the Catholic Church (Our friend Pope Urban VIII to be specific) forced Galileo to recant that the Earth orbits the sun ("...but it does move." -Galileo before the Inquisition). Gee, you mean that the church was wrong about something....

Other Martyrs of note this week are **St. Tryphena (Jan 31)** (martyred by being gored to death by a bull in a public arena. A fountain of milk sprang up from the spot on which she fell (I'm sensing a theme here)), **St. Pionus (Feb 1)** (Tortured and then burnt at the stake for commemorating the death of St. Polycarp)), **St. Blaise (Feb 3)** (Martyred in Armenia with a wool comb(see picture)).



St. Blaise

From the Corner

-Kelly Gunter

The Premise

It's senior seminar time for me and although that has played it's role in this forth coming column, I think it was more of a reminder than anything else. The topic for the year is, "Environment and Citizenship," whatever the hell that's supposed to mean. The point is that I sit in this class which has a definite rhetoric to it, or law of righteous morality. There are a few people in there who actually interact intelligently in respect to environmental issues, and one guy who believes he's after the idealism of Ayn Rand's profit motives, but the majority of bipeds in that room are merely acting like lemmings and going any way the tide strikes.

These people remind me of a boy over the summer who was the cause of

my brainstorm for GDT Ecology (Vol. 2, iss. 1). He initially approached me two years ago, looking to score, he has since spent quite a lot of time trying unsuccessfully to convince me that he isn't shallow, but as is custom, I digress. This last summer he tried to impress me once again by telling me that he was now working for Green Peace and that he was just trying to do his part for the environment. Much like the time he asked me to have sex with him, the humor of such an idea rolled out from my mouth in a thick and boisterous laughter, which seemed on both occasions to take him somewhat aback. The point of my anecdote is not simply to ridicule one misguided boy, but to acknowledge the fact that most of these seemingly environmentally conscience people in class are much like this boy who wouldn't bat the metaphorical

ethical eyelash at buying, using, or disposing of products that are now known to cause damage to our environment, because his stewardship of the environment is only as they say, skin deep.

This is the premier of a column that will be dedicated to passing on information, ideas, and even heightened awareness to those of you out there who actually wish to learn, really care, or just want to make others think you do. If any of you have any comments, requests, or questions that I might help with, please send them my way.

And finally for those of you who presume to be wielding the mighty profit motive sword of Ayn Rand, I suggest you reread Atlas Shrugged or maybe even try reading The Fountainhead. Profit is the materialization of the recognition of the ideal, it is by no means the motivation.

GDT Survey-part 2

Dear Dr Cy,

It's my Grandmother's 93rd birthday in a month and the whole family has a problem, what to get her? She lives in a small retirement home, so she's limited on space. She is very frail health wise, so traveling is out. She really has everything she could ever need, and from my perspective, everything she could ever want. We feel she would be hurt if we didn't get her anything. Do you have any suggestions?

Signed,
Need an Idea

Dear Need an Idea,

I think it's wonderful that you care about your grandmother enough to be concerned about a gift. Often, people in your grandmother's situation, (people who have everything) really only want one thing, the love and admiration of their family members. You may want to arrange a time to speak with this grandmother and express to her your inner feelings. In fact, if you could get both your "inner children" to connect, the experience would be mutually rewarding.

If you really insist on getting her something that she doesn't already have, something she would definitely use, and something that would fit within the great grandchildren's budget, you may want to consider a funeral home registry. Family members could register to purchase various parts of her eventual funeral ie: one person could register flowers, another for the minister, and another for the musicians, (I hear the Eagles are looking for a gig). Several people could go in together for some of the more expensive items such as the coffin and coffin upgrades (extra cushioning, satin sheets etc.) or a shiny new set of burial dentures etc. The gifts could continue to grow with each birthday and gift giving occasion. If she lives to be a hundred, she could really go out inn style!

Obviously, the readers of GDT thought that this survey was a joke. We ran it 2 weeks ago, and haven't heard a word. That in itself say a lot about the students at RIT. Anyway, here it is again, and here it will stay until we get at least 20 responses, damnit!

"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in Public Schools?"

"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

Send replies to GDT care of tbl2788@ritvax.rit.edu

Severely underfunded by budget cuts, NASA outlines their revised emergency repair procedures...



Artist: Scott Peterson

"As you can see by in our computer rendered example, duct-tape is a very versatile material."

LeTch
LIVE AND LEARN AND ~~PASS IT ON~~

I've learned that there are two ways to get to the top of an oak tree-start climbing or ~~sit on an acorn~~. use a cherry picker, dumb ass.

-Age 38

I've learned that the future of the race marches on the feet of little children.

'How old was That guy? 89? Well, he was oEE his rocker.' -GDT STAGE

-Age 89

Reconstruction by: Troy L., Damn, and the gang.

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632 N. Redrock
Gilbert, Az 85234



"I don't think we can absorb anything that has staples in it."

Helpful Hints in Planting Family Trees

Incest.

The word is charged, ripe with culturally explosive power. I remember trying to explain to a friend that I saw nothing wrong with a father and daughter being lovers, as long as both are willing (and able). They were absolutely horrified, but would watch Star Wars and The Empire Strikes Back without ever batting an ethical eye-lash.

Incest isn't just a popular concept in movies. Look at the Dukes of Hazzard. Darn-near everyone in the Duke family did Daisy (I'm sure even Flash and Cooter got in on the action). Why do you think the the doors didn't open on the General Lee. Then again, she wouldn't want to get out....

But there's a definite line between consent and force. Take for example the case still fresh in the news of the couple arrested on charges of drugging their children with cocaine and then repeatedly raping them: how does a couple get started doing this? One night at dinner, over a plate of vegetarian pasta, one says to the other, "So, Hunny, I was thinking...you should have seen what I did with the kids today."

Strange.

If you are an open minded individual and are up for some interesting family trees, you can be your own uncle; that's easy...just marry your mother's sister! But here's a challenge: become your own nephew by blood relations. Give up? Here's the solution (we asked around): You need help from the previous generation. Convince your father[¥] (hey Dad, I need a favor. No, not the car this time) to impregnate his daughter (insert "Dueling Banjoes" here). Of course this may be easier to do with some fathers than others.

So anyway, once your sister delivers you, you are your sister's son, i.e. your nephew. As a special treat, in this scenario, you are also your mother's brother, i.e. your uncle. Congratulations (by the way, your father is also your maternal grandfather, but beyond that we got too muddled trying to get the answers out of our informants, what with their huge speech impediment from their uniteeth).

There are a few advantages to being born into an incestuous family:

- Easier to get a date (Hey sis, wanna watch a movie? I got a new box of Jerky Chews....)
- Saves gas on traveling to family reunions (where ya gonna go?)
- Buying cards is a simpler task (You're more than just a sister to me...thanks Mom.)
- No argument as to who you look like: "You look just like Grandma Fred, and Grandma Giblet."
- Less people to split the inheritance with.
- Saves cost on funerals (on the down side, you lose half your family when one person dies).

Another Helpful Hint™ from GDT.

[¥] Our informants had not considered this a feasible possibility because of the temporal displacement difficulties involved in bargaining with your own father before you are born. Luckily, most of the staff of Hell Inc. and its subsidiaries do not deal with time in the standard human linear concept of it. Linear time (that which happens first causes the effect, which becomes the cause for later events) is simply not a convenient practice when you have to deal with so many different entities, not all of which are living at the time you need to speak with them. So, for the sake of economical business, the staff of Hell Inc. uses a mode of relative, dimensional time. To you (as a human) time most likely seems linear, one dimensional. To us it is three dimensional. It is not the fourth dimension of space, or whatever other nonsense your physicists might tell you, but it is a mode of travel all its own, with three dimensions all its own. Actually there are more than three, but we find that the situational possibilities encompassed by three dimensions of time and three of space are sufficient for our transportational needs. If you are satisfied with your feeble, unwieldy four-dimensional reality, then we won't force you to accept more (until it suits our purposes) but we highly recommend multi-dimensional time; it's much more fun and the dimensional rates are much better. The problem is that you have to use a Heisenbergmobile and every time you look down at the chronometer, you get lost get lost.





Gracies Dinnertime Theatre
(founded 1995)

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(founded 1996)

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News from the Kitchen

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd am pleased to welcome you to a new look for GDT and the Melancholy Predator. This is a first in a number of ways; it is our first eight page publication, as well as our first visit to the University of Rochester.

That's right. As far as we know, this publication has become the first intentional inter-collegic reader supported publication run by students. Give yourselves a hand...your hate mail has made all this possible (thanks Reporter).

A Special Note for readers at the Rochester Institute of Technology:

In January of last year, the founding Triumvirate of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre tried to bring a little spice to the Reporter, but were rejected (as a side note, is your "Opinion" section an attempt to achieve a tamer version of GDT?)..

At first, we were bitter, which prompted us to begin printing in earnest. Looking back on all that has happened in a year, I'd like to take this time to thank the Reporter; if you had not rejected us, we would be under your control. None of this would be possible. No web site, no Dr. Cy. Kosis, no Melancholy Predator.

Now we are getting bigger, and need the support of RIT fans more than ever. We're entering unknown, possibly dangerous territory by expanding to the University of Rochester.

In the past, getting feedback from the stereotypically apathetic students at RIT has been like pulling teeth. Well, here's your chance to show readers at other institutions that those at RIT can do more than use a slide rule.

-GDT editors



BEST IS BROUGHT TO YOU
BY JERRY CHIPS, A FAMILY
TRADITION FOR AS LONG AS WE
CAN KEEP TRACK...

A Special Note for readers at the University of Rochester:

In the past, the students at the U of R have had the Norm, though only three times a year. We found this amazingly prudish. To supply your weekly humor, satire, and creative needs, we offer ourselves like the literary whores we are.

In a year of publishing, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre (GDT for short) missed its deadline only once. We appeared the next day and GDT stood for "Got Delayed Today." For as long as we appear on the University of Rochester, we guarantee weekly issues (at least that is the policy of the current staff).

Between you and us, the students of RIT are an apathetic bunch; we rarely receive submissions. With your experience with the Norm, you should be able to dazzle us.

Send us your submissions and show those techie-nerds what real humor and creativity is.

-GDT editors



Martyr of the week

by Troy Liston

Hey there sinners, welcome to the column that put the huh? back in cHURcH. This week is jam packed with morsels of Martyrs so let's dig in! The Martyr of the week for **Feb. 4-10** is **St. Dorothy (Feb 6)**. Dorothy was a beautiful maiden who refused the marriage proposal of the provost

of Cappadocia. She was jailed after converting the two sisters of this official who were sent to convince her to reconsider. During her time spent in jail she survived unscathed being thrown into burning oil and stretched on a gridiron over a fire (whilst being fed in the meantime by angelic hosts). On the way to her beheading a sarcastic bystander asked her to send fruit and flowers from her "heavenly garden." After her death an angel in the form of a child brought apples and roses to the unbelieving heckler (Theophilus). With one bite from the apple he was converted and was subsequently jailed, beheaded, chopped into pieces and fed to the birds.

Other Martyrs of note this week include **St John de Britto (Feb 4)** (beheaded in India by Hindu clergy after converting a local rajah and convincing him to give up his youngest wife)), **St Agatha (Feb 5)** (Sicilian virgin whose breasts were cut off after she refused the advances of a Roman Senator. Miraculously her mammaries were restored by St Peter who rubbed a celestial ointment on them. She then survived, chastely, time spent in a brothel and an attempted burning at the stake, so they chopped off her head.)), **St Peter Baptist (Feb 6)** (tortured, maimed and then crucified by the Japanese in Nagasaki after the Shogun Hideyosi banned the practice of Christianity)) and **St Apollonia (Feb 9)** (was attacked by a pagan mob, which ripped out her teeth with forceps, for harboring Christians. She then leapt of her own volition into a fire rather than deny Christ)).



Remember, refusing the advances of a Roman suitor can be hazardous to your health.

Colloquial Contest

GDT's first, and possibly last contest. For the next few weeks we will be printing up several common colloquialisms which have been reconstructed in a more verbose manner. The winner of the contest will be the person capable of deciphering more of these colloquialisms than anyone else. The prize will be fifty dollars (cash, none of this "the card" crap), and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world and the official drink of Hell Inc. The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 4. All answers must be sent to GDT by Reading Day (February 21st 1996) at the end of the quarter. GDT bids you good luck.

This Week's Colloquialisms:

19. Exclusive dedication to necessitous chores without interlude of hedonistic diversion renders John a hebetudinous fellow.
20. A revolving lithic conglomerate accumulates no congeries of small, green bryophitic plants.
21. The person presenting the ultimate cachinnation possesses thereby the optimal cachinnation.

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 3, you may find them on our web site, or alternatively you can purchase hard copies through our fan club.

GDT Colloquial Contest Rules and Regulations:

This contest is restricted to only those people registered as students at the RIT campus. Others may send answers, but may not be counted among the winners circle.

Additional...

...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hideous executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

From the Corner

Water and It's Effects

Kelly Gunter

Water is essential not only for the beginnings of life (ie. the primordial sea from whence we came), but also for the continuation of life. Without the unique trait of water becoming most dense, not at it's freezing point, but a couple degrees above, the life on this planet would have been severely limited. All forms of life on this planet are not only carbon based, but water based as well ("Ugly bags of mostly water...").

Okay the spiel is over, you all know it is important, now I'm going to tell you just what is in that life giving water that is now slowly turning towards life taking water. According to a study done by the EPA, 77 billion pounds of hazardous waste are generated each year in the US alone, ninety percent of this material will be and has been improperly disposed of. That material that has not been directly dumped into water will eventually leach into it. This amount of material is equivalent to 19,192 pounds of hazardous waste per square mile of the entire US, over land and water, including every state of the union. There are at least 181,000 man made lagoons in industrial and municipal locations around the country, many of which are placed within a mile of other water supplies or wells, seventy five percent of which remain unlined. Around forty trillion pounds of waste, industrial and postconsumer, make their way into the sea each year. And every year, over one hundred billion gallons of liquid hazardous waste become absorbed by the already diminishing ground water supplies.

As for the water we expose ourselves to every day, the water that has first been run through treatment plants for our own protection, the hazard seems to be about the same. According to research conducted at Ralph Nader's Center for Study of Responsive Law, drinking water in the US contains more than 2100 toxic chemicals. Some of these contaminants are known to cause cancer or inflict other types of damage to internal organs such as the kidneys, liver, brain, and the cardiovascular system. Further studies produced by the EPA in 1988 came to the conclusion that many of the ingredients added to the water, such as chlorine and fluoride, to help reduce the growth of harmful bacteria are actually causes of certain types of cancers as well. When chlorine is mixed with any type of decaying vegetation or algae, toxic organic materials can be formed which have been linked to cancer, high blood pressure, and anemia. This mixture can produce chloroform and bromodichloromethane.

People become exposed to pollutants, not primarily via digestion of said water, but mainly as it becomes absorbed through the skin. One source cited that a fifty pound child can absorb up to ten times the amount of contamination by swimming in a pool for one hour that that same child would incur from drinking a quart of liquid. Another common method of contamination come from vapors emanate from streams of running water. Some common symptoms of water contamination can include headache, rash, or fatigue. However more serious contamination can become evident usually years after the fact by higher cancer rates, birth defects, growth abnormalities, infertility, and nerve and organ damage.

Because of water and other similar contaminations we receive on a daily basis, the human body is steadily rising in toxicity. Several studies I have become privy to during senior seminar have show a disturbing trend. Much of the breast milk being fed to infants today has a higher toxicity than milk drawn from cows imbibed with bovine growth hormone. The male sperm count is now half of what it was in the early nineteen hundreds and there is a greater propensity for those sperm that do exist to be malformed. Probably most disturbing is the fact that upon the time of death the human body has become so saturated with toxins it can be considered hazardous waste material.

If you wish to curb the tide of contaminates you are taking into your system, you are provided with some alternatives, although none of these can remove all hazards. There are many different types of water purification equipment that can be sold. It might be a good idea to do a little research before buying a water purification system to be sure you are getting what you desire. If you can not manage much and would still prefer to drink cleaner water, don't buy pure spring water from a plastic bottle; the plastic will contaminate the water with plastic vapor, as can be expected from all plastic containers, and which can be quite harmful.

My sources for this information came from: *Nontoxic, Natural, and Earthwise* by Debra Lynn Dadd and *Alternative Energy Sourcebook* edited and published by John Schaeffer (this is mostly a compilation of advertisements for earthwise products)

I suggest you look around, there are many good source books to peruse through for the information you need.

Ever been in a bar drinking souls with Lord Vadar?

No?

That's OK.

GDT wants you, baby.



We're looking for new staff, contributors, columnists, whatever.

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of
STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU

or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623
Gracies Dinnertime Theatre reserves the right to

reprint any correspondence received

Check out GDT's web site at:

<http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

Dr. Cy Kosis™

"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."

Dear Cy,

My wife and I have been married for about two years. i am allergic to cat hair and she has a cat who sheds a great deal. i have talked until I'm blue in the face, trying to convince her of the physical discomfort I feel as a result of the exposure to the cat.

I know she loves me, but she loves the cat too, and while I realize that one of us has to go, I feel like a jerk making her choose between us. i just don't know what to do at this point. Help!

Signed,
Catastrophe

Dear Catastrophe,

Obviously, you're frustrated with this situation. You can't live with the cat, and at the same time you're worried that if the cat goes, your wife will resent you for having caused her loss. Even though it's your allergies creating the choice between you or the cat, you're correct in assuming the loss of the cat could potentially cause subconscious resentful feelings within your spouse. In today's worlds, chances of your marriage succeeding with a cat lover are slim enough without this added challenge. Open lines of communication are the best way of avoiding a potential catastrophe in your relationship.

While communication is important, it would be easier to communicate if she could first understand the actual physical discomfort that you feel. To accomplish this, quite frankly, nothing works like cat hair. Start today, without your cat knowing, to put one cat hair in her food. Tomorrow, put two, the next day four, and eight, etc., until she complains, then cut the number back by half but keep putting them in without her knowledge. You may even put a few in your own food just so she doesn't suspect you as the culprit. Go to the pet store and buy a frozen mouse (yes, they do sell them), defrost it and leave half lying around somewhere conspicuous. Go to the cat box and extract several moist chunks of "kitty surprise" and place them in the middle of your wife's favorite bed spread. And finally, pick out your wife's favorite piece of furniture and take a wire brush to the corner of it. Suddenly, your wife will begin to look at the cat differently while you, instead of the cat, are snuggled up next to her on the couch.

Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.

E-mail: drcy@netzone.com

Written address:

**Dr. Cy Kosis
632 N. Redrock
Gilbert, Az 85234**

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ask BFG

Dear BFG,

Ahhh, what exactly was meant by the quote on the front of last week's GDT ("Officer, you show me the yellow line, and I'll show you my dick.")? Is there anything you'd like to tell us?

-A Concerned Member of the Staff

Dear Concerned Staff Member,

In biology being female is commonly referred to as the "default" setting on humans. If in doubt, it will probably turn out to be female, this will also sometimes occur even when an individual possesses XY chromosomes. In fact, many of the female athletes who preform in the Olympics actually have XY chromosomes. They are merely men who probably did not receive a dose of hormones at the right time and thus did not develop the usual male organs.

You may be asking yourself at this point, what does this have to do with the superfluous organ I flaunted in last week's quote?

The answer is, not a whole hell of a lot. From what research I've done, it seems to be just a parallel temporal anomaly stemming from the fact that I was a tomboy at age 11. My doctor assures me that the disfigurement will disappear within a few weeks and that if I just pluck the chest hair for a while it too will eventually clear up.

Thanks for your concern,

-Bare Foot Girl

Do you have a question for the Bare Foot Girl? Send them to kkg8006@ritvax.rit.edu



In the beginning...
...when Gracies Dinnertime Theatre was nothing more than a catchy name for a hypothetical radio show, Robert MacKay shared an idea that has since grown very dear to me: the God file. Those of you who actually read the issues we printed for "Religious

Marathon Week" last year may remember the concept. Well, as an introduction to various theological musings, here's a shortened, revised version. Enjoy.

In recent years there have been a deluge of self-help books dedicated to the concept of positive thinking. "Think yourself rich", "Think yourself to a better career." You get the idea.

The problem with all these books is the authors have simply cashed in on a very old concept. What the books call "positive thinking", religions call "prayer" and children call "wishing." They're all examples of the same phenomena.

The human mind, you see, is set up sort of like the desktop of a Macintosh computer (or maybe an IBM compatible running Windows '95... minus all the backward compatibility problems), with all the cutesy little icons representing rather complicated programs. That's how we think. We think in terms of abstract images which go together to make bigger, even more abstract ideas. One of the many programs that each human desktop comes installed with (including Instinct 7.5, which includes the same features as Instinct 1 through 7: Eat, Sleep, Run-When-Scared-Or-Punch-It, and Mating...though Instinct 7.5 lets the user multitask) is The God File.

The God File is more like a program than a file, and it has many names; God, Jehovah, Brahmin, Allah, Santa Claus, whatever you may address your wishful

thinking to. The God File is tied in with all of your subconscious inits that you have running all the time. Freud called them the super-ego. I don't think that there is a human alive that can justify everything they do all the time, and that's because of all the stuff we have running in the background. Little things we picked up as children which we aren't even aware of.

Anyway, The God File alters your everyday actions in subtle ways, according to whatever was sent to The God File. Let's say, for instance, you really wanted to do well on a test. That desire would be sent to The God File, which would alter your subconscious behavior and make you want to study more. "God helps those who help themselves."

Unfortunately, The God File can not distinguish between "good" and "bad" wishes. This is the "power of negative thinking." Every time you think badly about yourself, that concept is sent to The God File, which then does its job. Your behavior is altered so you really do act like a loser; it's a self fulfilling prophesy.

On top of all this, everyone's God File is linked together. Not only is your behavior being altered in minor ways to help you achieve the goal you have sent to your own God File, other people's behavior is also altered to help you achieve your goal.

What this all boils down to is what the self-help books have been saying: it's all in your hands. If you want a life of depression and misery, go ahead and think about one. Think of the worst one you can...because it will come true; you'll make it come true. If, however, you want a life full of joy and childhood whimsy, think humorous thoughts, learn not to take things so seriously.

No one intentionally buys a faulty product, so why choose to live a shitty life?

Do you have a theological topic you'd like to discuss or simply have some thoughts on God? Send them to The God File c/o: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu



Claus, whatever you may address your wishful

letters

28-JAN-1996

I would rather cut sports, because kitten-juggling is a sport, and I don't really approve of that.

I would rather give my mother a dildo, because while hickeys fade with time, a dildo is forever.

That's it.

(dave)

GDT Survey-week 3

I wasn't kidding last week when I said this survey is going to stay here (damnit!) until we receive at least 20 responses. To date, we have received one. One response. These are important issues, people. Inquiring minds want to know...

"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in Public Schools?"

"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

Send replies to GDT care of tbl2788@ritvax.rit.edu

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623

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"If you torture the data enough, it will confess."

Warning, Achtung, Attenzione: the ambient randomness and bizarre nonreferences contained herein grossly exceed any and all prerequisites for a contiguous and linear literary experience; you 'ave been warned.

You rush from your room to class, from class to class, from class to go eat, from eating to your room, and your day is over in a blink. Soon it's your week,

month and quarter gone the same way. In four years you look back and you simply can not figure out where the time went. So where does all of your time go?

Of course you must know by now that we have been thinking hard about this very topic (and no, your time does not travel through a vortex straight to us. We simply maintain rock steady grade point averages of 1.2 while coming up with random thoughts to amuse ourselves). We figure there are some pretty obvious culprits who until now have eluded the larger public's detection. Here's the Most Wanted List:

• **Santa Claus** ("..you have a very nasty habit of surviving"). We can buy the fact that he can make toys for all the world's children in one year (hooray for non-existent North Pole labor laws!), but delivering all the goods in one night? Forget about it. He must suck up some of everyone's free time and use it all on his mid-night run. Think of losing your time as a trade-off for one magical, feel-good day (maybe he uses quantum physics; after all, if you believe in Santa, it's no great stretch to believe in quantum physics). What's that you say? Your time evaporates like toluene on a hot plate and you don't even celebrate Christ-x? Well, start! It doesn't matter what religion you are! We just took the "mas" out of it for you!

• **The Inventors of Stupid Things.** No one is immune from the plague of infomercials congesting our air-waves, and actual people have to invent these damn things to be sold en masse (just think of all the "harmless" infomercial radio waves that pass through your body every day, not to mention the horrible influence radio waves shot into space are having on the Zxqtvp! battle fleet as they decide whether or not to enslave the third planet from Sol or just steal all of their "I Love Lucy" memorabilia). And we're not talking about "Formula P-38 Car Protectant (Restore the shine after a nuclear holocaust!)" At least there's some schmoe in a lab somewhere putting time into developing that stuff. We mean the things that obviously no one would ever, ever think of buying until it comes on TV with the promise of making your life even less laborious than it already is!

The Shiwala™, in case a cinder-block sized car sponge takes too much time. The little foot pump for raising the toilet seat so you don't actually have to bend down to lift it. The Vacuum Sealer™, that pumps excess air out of potato chip bags to keep them (the chips, not the bags) fresh. Like potato chips last long enough to become stale anyway. The Salad Shooter™. The Salad Shooter?!? When did the knife become obsolete, and why, in the name of god, would someone want to go around shooting poor innocent vegetables? I wonder if there is a waiting period to buy the Salad Shooter....

We're willing to concede that the ideas come to these inventors in sudden flashes of insight (This microwave bacon rack will solve domestic kitchen problems forever!). Your time gets taken in the mass production and rapid marketing of this stuff. And these products don't leave you with more time, just with less money.

• **The Government**, using alien technology to steal the time out of your existence. They could use it to come up with a budget plan, but it probably ends up in some dinky bureaucratic corner like The Federal Moose Surveying Center. Maybe we should lay off X-Philes for a while.

• **Computers.** Computers save time like kudzu stops soil erosion. 'Nuff said.

• **Childbirth.** Any woman in labor (or baboon, or what ever else they happen to be using as surrogate (the next huge political scandal...right up there with...oh, I forget the name of it. Happened at that hotel, with the guy who was a crook and died....) mothers these days) can tell you that it seems like it lasts forever (especially since western medical practitioners insist on having women lie down instead of squatting, like they should). It doesn't take forever, but can, potentially, absorb it. As the child is born, the inevitable stretch marks almost instantly form, and capture time. The space-time continuum has been compared to a trampoline, where any large mass warps it. It fact, the space-time continuum is more analogous to mother's bellies. Those stretch marks are actually time capacitors (as are those mysterious tire marks found on back roads that look as though a car going 70mph suddenly slammed into reverse and somehow drove sideways (so the tires don't roll, but flip. Come on guys, keep up with me here). These are the crop circles of high populated areas (which also appear, rarely, as burnt rubber in your underwear. I have no idea why this is, though entire philosophies have come and gone, attempting to answer this critical question); spot welds in reality, absorbing all the time you waste when saving time using your computer (see above suspect)). That's why, to men, women always seem to have more time, and are expected to cook, clean, raise kids, have an outside job (as long as she isn't making more money than he is), dote on her mate, do his laundry, and essentially make her life revolve around him.

And why shouldn't she? She potentially has all the time in the world.

‡Hey, look! No footnotes!†

†Doh!



"SANTA, DEEP IN THOUGHT"



FERRIS



Bill Maher hosting "Politically Incorrect" on Comedy Central.

A by no means inclusive list of works by Bill Maher

MOVIES

- "Pizza Man" (1991)
- "Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death" (1988)
- "House II: The Second Story" (1987)

TELEVISION

- "Politically Incorrect" (Present)
- "Charlie Hoover" (1991)
- "Out of Time" (1988)
- "Club Med" (1986)
- "Sara" (1985)



GDT Recycled Works

We're going to be bringing out some of the old issues and... Reusing, Rehashing, Reducing, Redeeming, Redirecting, Reillustrating, Reiterating, Reviving, and regenerating.

We're going to be poking our noses in fiddling around with some of the whatsit, then cleaning it up; any area in an issue where we've gone over it a second time and realized it could have been so much more gets an overhaul.

Look for them where ever you see the recycled GDT emblem.

Views from Hell's Kitchen

Over the summer our staff tried to do our part to make RIT a more lively place by trying to get Harlan Ellison to come speak (don't know him? He's written more than forty two books, three dozen motion pictures and television scripts, and more than 1100 essays, reviews, articles, short stories, and newspaper columns. He still sends all of his acceptance slips to the teacher he had in college who told him he'd never publish anything. To the GDT head editors, he is a minor authoral deity, right up there with Terry Pratchett, Richard Bach, and Ayn Rand, way up there). When we contacted him, he seemed interested in coming to speak saying that he hadn't been in Rochester for some time. He even offered to reduce his normal speaker's fee as well as spend the day before his lecture speaking in various literary and film classes around campus.

Our staff editors drew up a proposal and submitted it to the College Activities Board, who after a month of postponement, finally rejected the proposal. They did however, invite Bill Maher, host of "Politically Incorrect" and star of the B-movie "Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death."

It seems ironic that the "Politically Incorrect" staff found Harlan Ellison to be interesting and current enough to have on their show, but CAB preferred Bill Maher.

If you are interested in seeing Harlan Ellison speak at RIT, help us encourage CAB to see the light. If you have no opinion, read one of his books and then see how you feel.



Harlan Ellison writing a new story in a bookstore window

A by no means inclusive list of works by Harlan Ellison

NOVELS

- Web of the City* (1958)
- The Sound of a Scythe* (1960)
- Spider Kiss* (1961)

GRAPHIC NOVELS

- Demon With a Glass Hand* (Graphic Adaptation with Marshall Rogers) (1986)
- Night and the Enemy* (Graphic Adaptation with Ken Steacy) (1987)
- Vic and Blood: The Chronicles of a Boy and his Dog* (Graphic Adaptation with Richard Corben) (1989)

SHORT STORY COLLECTIONS

- The Deadly Streets* (1958)
- Sex Gang* (as Paul Merchant) (1959)
- A Touch of Infinity* (1960)
- Children of the Streets* (1961)
- Gentleman Junkie and other stories of the hung-up generation* (1961)
- Ellison Wonderland* (1962)
- Paingod and other delusions* (1965)
- I Have No Mouth & I Must Scream* (1967)
- From the Land of Fear* (1967)
- Love Ain't Nothing but Sex Misspelled* (1968)
- The Beast That Shouted Love at the Heart of the World* (1969)
- Over the Edge* (1970)
- De Helden Van De Highway* (Dutch publication only) (1973)
- All the Sounds of Fear* (British publication only) (1973)
- The Time of the Eye* (British publication only) (1974)
- Approaching Oblivion* (1974)
- Deathbird Stories* (1975)
- No Doors, No Windows* (1975)
- Hoe Kan Ik Schreeuwen Zonder Mond* (Dutch publication only) (1977)

Strange Wine (1978)
Shatterday (1980)
Stalking the Nightmare
 (1982)
Angry Candy (1988)
Ensamvark (Swedish
 publication only) (1992)
Jokes Without Punchlines
 (1995)
Rough Beasts (1995)
Slippage (1996)

COLLABORATIONS

*Partners in Wonder: sf
 collaborations with 14
 other wild talents* (1971)
*The Starlost: Phoenix
 Without Ashes* (with
 Edward Bryant) (1975)
*Mind Fields: 33 stories
 inspired by the art of
 Jacek Yerka* (1994)

OMNIBUS VOLUMES

*The Fantasies of Harlan
 Ellison* (1979)
Dreams With Sharp Teeth
 (1991)

**NON-FICTION &
 ESSAYS**

Memos From Purgatory
 (1961)
*The Glass Teat: essays of
 opinion on television*
 (1970)
*The Other Glass Teat:
 further essays of
 opinion on television*
 (1975)
The Book of Ellison
 (Edited by Andrew
 Porter) (1978)
*Sleepless Nights in the
 Procrustean Bed* (edited
 by Marty Clark) (1984)
An Edge in My Voice
 (1985)
Harlan Ellison's Watching
 (1989)
*The Harlan Ellison
 Hornbook* (1990)

SCREENPLAYS, ETC
*The Illustrated Harlan
 Ellison* (Edited by
 Byron Preiss) (1978)
Harlan Ellison's Movie
 (1990)

cont pg 4...

Colloquial Contest

GDT's first, and possibly last contest. For the next few weeks we will be printing up several common colloquialisms which have been reconstructed in a more verbose manner. The winner of the contest will be the person capable of deciphering more of these colloquialisms than anyone else. The prize will be fifty dollars (cash, none of this "the card" crap), and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world and the official drink of Hell Inc. The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 4. All answers must be sent to GDT by Reading Day (February 21st 1996) at the end of the quarter. GDT bids you good luck.

This Week's Colloquialisms:

- 22. Abstention from any aleatory undertakings precludes a potent escalation of a lucrative nature.
- 23. Missiles of ligneous or oterous consistency have the potential of fracturing my osseous structure, but appellations will eternally remain innocuous.
- 24. Rejection of conspicuous consumption prevents penury.

Send answers to STH8884@ritvax.rit.edu, or send replies to: GDT, 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C, Rochester NY 14623

If you should happen to miss any of the issues from volume 3, you may find them on our web site, or alternatively you can purchase hard copies through our fan club.

**GDT Colloquial
 Contest Rules and
 Regulations:**

This contest is restricted to only those people registered as students at the RIT campus. Others may send answers, but may not be counted among the winners circle.

Additional...

...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hideous executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

**GD Tee
 Shirts**



"Eagles soar but a weasel will never get sucked into a jet engine."

The GDT staff editors would like to apologize to those of you out there who have recently ordered GD Tee shirts. We haven't quite finished processing the order yet. We will get to it as soon as we can remember what gear are asses are supposed to be in, so keep your panties on. And I suppose for those of you who were interested in purchasing a GD Tee shirt, but missed the deadline, here's your chance. That deadline has been extended for a short period of time.

These limited edition tees come in four sizes: small, medium, large, and extra large. The image of the blissful Lemme-pig leaping off of a table appears on the back Along with the phrase indicated. On the front of the tee is the GDT logo over the left breast pocket area.

The price is \$8 for fan club members and \$10 for non-members. All money raised goes towards the future printing costs of this free publication.

Place orders through: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu or call (716)-334-6613. Remember to state the size and number you wish to order.

From the Corner

-Kelly Gunter

The surface of our planet is mostly water, so why do you hear such urgent cringing over water shortages? It's true that seventy percent of the surface of our globe is covered with water, but 97.2% of that water is salt water. That leaves 2.8% for our consumption, although not entirely. The average american is said to use 580,000 gallons a year. If every human on the Earth were to do likewise we would already be exceeding the 2.8% of fresh water available.

It seems that these days the world is determined to drink itself under the table. Evidence has been gathered to substantiate that the water table is falling in Africa, China, India, North America, and the former Soviet Union. On over one quarter of the irrigated properties in the United States alone, the water table has been dropping between six inches, and four feet a year.

If you're suddenly curious (or not, hell, I'll tell you anyway) how you can start to consume a smaller percentage of water than you already do, one of the best pieces of advice I can give you is become a vegetarian. According to one of my sources, the amount of water necessary to produce a month's worth of food for a meat eater is actually more than the water needed to produce a year's worth of food for a vegetarian. One serving of steak can have a water consumption equivalent of 2600 gallons, a hamburger is about 1300 gallons, while one serving of grain, vegetables or fruit might be any where from three to one hundred gallons. At its greatest degree of water consumption, grain, fruit, and vegetables are still one twenty-sixth the amount of consumption for that of a serving of steak. In fact about 50% of the water consumed in the US on a yearly basis is by livestock, 25% is other agriculture, and 7% is home use.

After realizing that use of water in the

home only devours a mere seven percent of the whole you might say, "Well, why bother." The answer is that your own personal consumption is not limited just to that which you use in the home. Ours is supposed to be a democratic society and if you look at it it's not really. However, there are certain parts of our society that are entirely democratic and you cast your ballot for it every day. In our market economy, you vote on what you find to be acceptable practice for business, most of the time without even having any background. The idea of it is important when speaking of water consumption and I will pursue the rest of the implications of this idea in later installments. For every product, service, or even business or charity you support, you are responsible for the water consumed while performing whatever service was rendered.

Next week I will talk about several methods of cutting down on water consumption within the home. It is however, important to reiterate what I have already said. Although I will write about other methods of cutting down on water consumption, there are no other actions you can perform that will cut down on your water usage more than just becoming a vegetarian.

Sources:

Nontoxic, Natural, and Earthwise by Debra Lynn Dadd

Alternative Energy Sourcebook edited and published by John Schaeffer (this is mostly a compilation of advertisements for earthwise products)

If you have any questions, comments, ideas, issues, or products you want me to discuss, or would like to write something up yourself, send all to kkg8006@ritvax.rit.edu

cont from pg 3...

I, Robot: The Illustrated Screenplay (Based on Isaac Asimov's story-cycle) (1994)
The City on the Edge of Forever (1995)

RETROSPECTIVES

Alone Against Tomorrow: A 10-Year Survey(1971)
The Essential Ellison: A 35-Year Retrospective (Edited by Terry Dowling, with Ricard Delap and Gil Lamont) 1987

AS EDITOR

Dangerous Visions (1967)
Nightshade and Damnations the finest stories of Gerald Kersh (1968)
Again, Dangerous Visions (1972)
Medea: Harlan's World (1985)
The Harlan Ellison Discovery Series:
Stormtrack by James Sutherland (1975)
Autumn Angels by Arthur Byron Cover (1975)
The Light at the End of the Universe by Terry Carr (1976)
Islands by Marta Randall (1976)
Involution Ocean by Bruce Sterling (1978)

Random Acts of E-mail

HERE'S YOUR FREAKING RANDOM ACT OF

FREAKING E-MAIL, YOU PERNICIOUS PEDANTIC PEDOPHILIC PACADERMISH PHILANTHROPIC THING WITH THE THING THAT SHOOTS THOSE THINGS, OUT OF THE, ER, YOU KNOW....

AMAZING HOW QUICKLY ONE CAN RUN OUT OF ADJECTIVES, ISN'T IT? WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY RANDOM ACTS OF E-MAIL THINGS ANYWAY? AND HERE'S ANOTHER QUES-

TION FOR YOU:

YOU KNOW WHY BIRDS DON'T WRITE THEIR BIOGRAPHIES? BECAUSE THEY DON'T LEAD EPIC LIVES, THAT'S WHY!! WHO WOULD WANT TO READ ABOUT WHAT A BIRD DOES? NOBODY, THAT'S WHO!

THIS IS CHANGING THE SUBJECT, BUT HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED HOW SOMEBODY CAN SAY SOMETHING COMPLETELY LOONY AND NOT BE AWARE OF IT? WHAT SHOULD YOU DO, WAIT UNTIL THEY TOP THEMSELVES OR JUST WACK 'EM THEN AND THERE?

Martyr of the week

-Troy Liston

Salutations, and welcome. The Martyr of the Week for **February 11-17** would expectantly be St. Valentine, but alas, he is a trifle overrated in my book (it's a BIG

book). My pick for this week is **St. Juliana (Feb 16)**. Juliana was a Roman Christian Virgin who refused to marry the local provost, Eleusius. When her pagan father learned of this he savagely beat her and then turned her over to the authorities for being a Xian. The authority was none other than the rejected (and irate) Eleusius. Not one to forgive and forget, he had our saint stretched between pillars and then poured molten metal on her. She survived, but was thrown into prison. In her cell she was confronted by the devil (calling himself the "son of beelzebub") with whom she debated and wrestled. Juliana bound the devil in chains, beat and interrogated him (he still managed to escape). As pay back the devil (disguised as an angel) testified against Juliana at her trial. She was convicted, condemned and beheaded.



St Juliana

Of course the other great martyr of note this week is **St. Valentine** (do you really need the date). He was a Roman physician and priest who was beheaded under Claudius the Goth in 269. The tradition of exchanging cards on this day comes from the medieval belief that birds chose their mates on this day.



Regular readers may recognize this week's God File; it's a cheery little piece of fluff I whipped up one day when feeling particularly upset by a number of members of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship. Enjoy....

A Call to Arms

For nearly two thousand years, Christians have preached the gospel of a loving God. For two thousand years they have taken that love, without earning it.

Like a insolent child, we have continued in our ways of cruelty and hate, always knowing that unconditional love was there for us. Why work to the best of our ability when we are handed a prize for being wicked?

The time has come to earn that love. Let us end the love of what we could be, and replace it with the love of who we are. Earn God's love and admiration. Demand the highest, not only of yourself, but of others. Dare to take your rightful place beside God; not as a lesser being, but as His equal. Recognize yourself as a Creator in your own right.

Take responsibility for who you choose to be and for your actions.

Earn the admiration and, yes, the respect of God. Shun His pity.

To truly call ourselves children of God, then we must grow to that which is beyond God. That is the course of all children, and the hope of every parent. It is time for us to grow up, either as individuals or as a people.

Am I a sinner or blasphemer for saying these things?

If it is a sin to hold human ability to be sacred and to be saddened by seeing potential wasted, then yes. If it is a sin to want only what is earned, then yes. If it is a sin to believe in the unlimited potential of the individual, then yes! Yes a thousand times!

God only seems high because we rest upon our knees, believing that to be the only way.

Those who dare, come! Rise from your knees and take your rightful place!

Do you have a theological topic you'd like to discuss or simply have some thoughts on a God/Gods (be they benevolent or malevolent)? Send them to The God File c/o: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu

- Do you think the world owes you something just because your specific consciousness and body happened to unite?
- Are you too bored with life to try to earn respect through your actions and words?
- Have you ever said to yourself, "I wish I were on TV."?

Well you're in luck because, just in time for Valentines Day, comes the **Ricki Lake Instant Attitude Gift Pack!** Just look at what our special 20 page pamphlet (lots of pictures) and instructional video can teach you:

- Learn to use such phrases as "Talk to the hand" and "Don't go there"!
 - Discover the art of seducing your neighbor, neighbor's spouse, ex, ex's spouse, ex's neighbor's spouse, assorted relatives, pets, and freaks!
 - Let the instructional video show you how to turn a polite "Hello" into an ongoing blood feud!
- Only \$19.95 plus shipping and handling. As a bonus, order now and receive "The Art of Transvestitism" how-to video. Learn from the experts!

What are you waiting for?! Call now!!
1-800-ALL-THAT!

Offer void where prohibited. Sorry Tennessee! After receiving the video, Talk Soup mugs will still cost you £15.

After reading various issues of GDT you may have come to the opinion that the staff of Hell's Kitchen have no moral scruples what so ever. We have no sacred cows either, although Melancholy Predator has a molting mascot, but that is way beyond the point. There is nothing we won't print and you know it.

This isn't entirely true, because GDT was started after our staff members became disenchanted with the normal realm that humor resides, and we wanted to make a nice cosy place where our disturbed mental psyches could happily cavort without fear of top ten lists, dumb blonde jokes, or any of the other hideously common things you might find while browsing through, "Truly Tasteless Jokes" (whatever volume you have, they're all the same) or receiving mass e-mailings.

So if you, like us, just can't seem to find that last shred of human decency you used to keep in your sock drawer, then join us. We don't care if you're from the U of R, RIT, or even half way around the world, we want you. And if you could manage it, we would really like to have a flaming homosexual become one of our writers as well. We want some one to come along and really make us question our sexuality. However, we are not desperately in need of any ex-catholics, we already have enough of those, in fact we even have one pseudo ex-catholic.



Send submissions and responses to GDT care of
STH8884@RITVAX.ISC.RIT.EDU
or 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester NY 14623
Check out our web site at <http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

Survey Siege-week 4

You know, we did have some devastatingly funny material filling this page, but then I realized I had forgotten to slip in the survey (as I promised) this week. So here it is. Guys, this is wasting valuable space. Answer the damn questions, or you will soon have one. Very Boring. GDT.

"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in Public Schools?"

"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

Send replies to GDT care of tbl2788@ritvax.rit.edu

Random Facts:

During the American Revolutionary War, Captain Abraham Whipple disguised his ship and joined a group of British ships sailing for the West Indies. Every night, for ten nights in a row, he and his men secretly captured one of the British ships and sailed it to Boston. Though it was great for the Americans, Whipple did it all for the money, making over one million dollars selling the ships and their contents.



“Vegetarians eat vegetables-I am a humanitarian.”

Excuse me...have you heard of Amy Arena?
Oh, your god (yours, not mine. MINE would NEVER allow anything like this to happen). Make her stop!

Excuse me? You haven't heard of her? You must listen to that other alternative radio station; you know, the one that talks through the beginnings of songs. It's named the Synapse, or the Neurotransmitter...something like that.

If you haven't heard this slice of epicack, this segment of concentrated catastasis with not a thought of denouement, brought to the surface, wiped off, and served extra crispy, consider yourself lucky. Jesus, I can't even begin to express how much I dislike this song...and don't give any of that "Oh, you don't like it because she's an opinionated woman" crap. I don't like the song because it sucks. Alanis Morrissette is someone who is a little bitter, who speaks her mind, and I really like her. And let me tell you, I'm fairly sure I don't not like Amy Arena because she uses opinionated language like what is not found on most universities; Gracies Dinnertime Theatre has been accused of a lot, but never of being politically correct.

Amy Arena; I'd like to see her in an arena...preferably a Roman one with lots of lions (and Christians. Lots of Christians, a whole drove of them (what do you call a bunch of Christians? A gaggle of geese, a pride of lions, a murder of crows, a casket of Christians?), the plains dark with the grazing bodies of wild, free range Christians, ready to be driven north to the border for shipment to the processing plants. WWWWWCHTTTTTTT(Yeah, you got some thing to say? I'd like to see you spell the sound of a whip crack).

She seems like such a sweet girl, always apologizing. Apparently, she is a gap toothed woman. Now, I've heard the phrase, but what is a gap toothed woman? Is it just some chick with a...well, a gap in her front teeth? Big deal. I met a girl with a gap in her teeth and she could call birds down from the trees, not to mention she could spit water at least 20 feet.

This song is wrong on so many levels.

"Excuse me, if I eat ice cream with nuts from the rain forest, because I support the rain forest" (or some silly shit). Yeah, she supports the rain forest all right. Little does she know how they harvest those freak'n nuts in the first place. You think they've got a bunch of whistling native dwarves (breaking spontaneously into the HIHO song every chance they get without really knowing why) jumping about the canopy happily mining away those wondrous rain forest nuts? Lady, who's world do you live in? This is a business, and the procedure is easy: just cut those damn trees down and pick up the nuts at your leisure. Do you know how hard it is to climb up a tree, especially for dwarfs. Besides, centuries of living under mountains do not make them the most agile climbers. You have no idea how many injuries there are each year when those poor forsaken souls fall ass over teakettle from seven stories up. Sure they bounce, but it isn't funny (well, not very. I mean you get over it in about a week, but in the mean time, you get very little done, what with all the snickering).

Yeah, well I'm sure you could do just as much for the rain forest by decorating your teak canopy bed with the taunt pelts of flocks of flying squirrels. Sure, your room would smell a bit like AEon Flux (hazelnuts, leather, gunpowder, sex...) but what a great motif. You could finish it off by having a pool table with billiard balls made from the tusks of slaughtered elephants, and a tiger-down pillow (do you have any CONCEPT of how may tigers you have to pluck to get enough down to fill just one pillow?).

Yupper-dupper-do. I really don't like that song.

She has told us what it is she hates, but what is it she wants? All this angst must be directed toward some goal higher than listing off everything she's against. I'm against having a catheter inserted and then filled with acetic acid, pumped at thirty three psi backward through my system till it blows out the other end, but I don't need to whine about it.



Wow!!! Did you see him bounce?!





Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

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News from the Kitchen

Happy Birthday! No, not you stupid...us. On the 9th, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre will be one year old. Yup, it was a year ago that a short, random, and (compared to some of our stuff) tame article was rejected by RIT's campus news-mag.

We began as a staff of three; two writers and an illustrator. Each week, we produced only 60 copies of a 1 sided sheet. My, how we've grown. To help us celebrate, you can send any gifts to:

GDT c/o 438 Clay Rd. Apt. C., Rochester, NY 14623.

We're running low on printing money, so any contributions would be greatly appreciated (PLEASE!!!).

To readers at the University of Rochester:

Because most of the writing staff of Hell's Kitchen are students at the Rochester Institute of Technology, we are going on a short little vacation; it's spring break time for us.

Though no new issues will be slithering from under our immense rock garden, we will be working on concepts.

To keep supplying readers at the U of R, we're going to pull out some of our stuff from last year... just for you.

Frankly, though, I'm a little disappointed. We haven't heard a word from anyone at the U of R. Hey, if you like us, let us know. If you hate us, tell us...maybe we'll leave.

What we'd really like to have happen is have students from the U of R join Hell's Kitchen and start another insert, something like the Melancholy Predator.

Let us know your thoughts, ideas, bla, bla, and bla.

To readers at the Rochester Institute of Technology:

(There. How's that feel? Now you know what it's like for us when we don't hear anything from our readers. If you don't like something we do, let us know. We print everyone's views).

Remember, this is the last week for our Colloquial Contest. Send in your lists as soon as possible (last day, Feb. 21st).

See ya next quarter.

**Vote for
GDTees**

If you follow GDT at all, you must know about us trying to see GD Tee Shirts. And if you have been following GDT then you are the best person to ask, "What's next?". You've seen our illustrations, you've probably got some favorites. Just tell us what you would like to see on a shirt. We are tallying the vote as you read.

If you are not familiar with many of our illustrations, then check out our web site and rummage through the image galleries. We hope to hear from you soon.

Colloquial Contest-Last Week!

Well guys, this is it. For the past few weeks, we've been running these inane phrases; this week is the last of them (hooray!). Just to remind you, the winner of the contest will be the person capable of deciphering more of these colloquialisms than anyone else. The prize will be fifty dollars (cash, none of this "the card" crap), and if the winner chooses, they may also become privy to the secrets of "Cafe Diablo" the most diabolical coffee in the world and the official drink of Hell Inc. The winner's name will be posted in the first issue of volume 4. All answers must be sent to GDT by Reading Day (February 21st 1996) at the end of the quarter. GDT bids you good luck.

Because we've received a number of requests (and because we didn't advert for this at all), we give you the complete list of all colloquialisms...all 27. Remember, get these in as soon as possible, and you could be \$50 richer.

The Colloquisms:

1. Scintillate, scintillate asteroid minific.
2. Members of an avian species of identical plumage congregate.
3. Surveillance should precede saltation.
4. Pulchritude possesses solely cutaneous profundity.
5. It is fruitless to become lachrymose over precipitately departed lacteal fluid
6. Freedom from incrustations of grim is contiguous to rectitude.
7. The stylus is more potent than the claymore.
8. It is futile to attempt to indoctrinate a superannuated canine with innovative maneuvers.
9. Eschew the implant of crection and vitiate the scion.
10. The temperature of the aqueous contents of an unremittingly ogled saucepan does not reach 212 degrees F.
11. All articles that conruscate with resplendence are not truly auriferous.
12. Where there are visible vapors having their provenience in ignited carbonaceous materials, there is conflagration.
13. Sorting on the part of mendicants must be interdicted.
14. A plethora of individuals with expertise in culinary techniques vitiate the potable concoction produced by steeping certain comestibles.
15. Eleemosynary deeds have their incipience intramurally.
16. Male cadavers are incapable of yielding any testimony.
17. Individuals who make their abode in vitreous edifices would be advised to refrain from catapulting petrous projectiles.
18. Neophyte's serendipity.
19. Exclusive dedication to necessitous chores without interlude of hedonistic diversion renders John a hebetudinous fellow.
20. A revolving lithic conglomerate accumulates no congeries of small, green bryophitic plants.
21. The person presenting the ultimate cachinnation possesses thereby the optimal cachinnation.
22. Abstention from any aleatory undertakings precludes a potent escalation of a lucrative nature.
23. Missiles of ligneous or oterous consistency have the potential of fracturing my osseous structure, but appellations will eternally remain innocuous.
24. Rejection of conspicuous consumption prevents penury.
25. The depth of nocturnal gloom reaches its zenith just prior to the appearance of a flood of eastern photons.
26. Rapidity of nuptualization can be bemoaned over an extended period of terrestrial rotation.
27. He failed to have a single femur, tibia or fibula available to support his bulk.

GDT Colloquial Contest Rules and Regulations:

This contest is restricted to only those people registered as students at the RIT campus. Others may send answers, but may not be counted among the winners circle.

Additional...

...all GDT staff members are prohibited from entering this contest, as well as any of their family members, lovers, pets, or body parts. Any GDT staff member caught leaking information to the public at large will be given their choice of five delightful hideous executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

Martyr of the week

Welcome and enter the hallowed halls of the bloody sacrament (wipe your feet!). The martyr of the week for **February 18-24** is **St Prix (Feb 24)**. Prix was the Bishop of Rouen and was the subject of much intrigue during his convoluted life.

Depending on who you want to believe, our saint ended his life in one of two ways. The first was that Prix was executed (his head split by a halberd) in retribution for his tattling on a certain Hector, who was defrauding a woman of her estate. The other (my personal favorite) is that (try and follow me) because Prix arranged the marriage of the King's son (Merovaeus) to the sister of his poisoned mother (his aunt, Brunhilde)) he incurred the wrath of the King's second wife (Fredegund). Fredegund tried to have the bishop banished, didn't succeed so she hired an assassin who fatally stabbed him in the armpit.

Submission:

Rain - by E. Heffernan

It was a fine, sunny afternoon that one strange day. The sun was casting a warm glow upon my backyard and there was a gentle breeze in the air. It was one of those rather lazy afternoons, and I was simply sitting in my rocker on the porch, creaking back and forth and practicing the ancient art of laziness.

But then the strange rain came.

It didn't exactly simply get cloudy at once. Instead the sky darkened to a deep purple and then slowly hued down to a deep ruddy cast. The clouds did not roll in from the distance like a normal summer thunder shower does, instead they sort of erupted into existence, high in the sky above me. A slight breeze started up and it carried with it the faintest of aromas. Something that to this day I cannot identify and yet I will always remember. It has no real description, nothing to compare it with, actually, but if I were pressed on the subject I would have to say that it was a strange cross of putrid decay, fresh fruit, and ozone.

After a while the rain started to come. Big rain, as my grandfather had once called it. The kind of rain with large, fat droplets that splatter on the ground and soak everything in its path.

I was sitting there quietly, simply watching this odd hued rain, when I heard the first thump. It startled me, a loud intrusion after my brain had grown accustomed to the white noise of the rain shower. I glanced around my porch, thinking that perhaps the slight breeze had knocked over

one of my ferns or something of the sort, but nothing was amiss. I had just settled back into my rocker and was prepared to forget the incident when a second thump brought me to my feet.

It had come from the roof. I stood there a moment, head cocked and ears alert, hoping to identify this mysterious noise from above, when three more thumps occurred in quick succession above me. I was prepared to go out to the garage and grab my ladder and take a peek at my roof, when I heard something roll down the overhang of my porch and thump wetly into the mud beside my house. I strolled over to where the noise had emitted and peered over the ledge. I was highly unprepared for what stood before me.

Lying in the mud, face upturned to the rolling rain, was a human head.

I simply stood there glumly staring at it. My brain simply could not fathom any other reaction. As I stood there, there came another resounding thump from my roof. There was a slight gust of wind and the rain increased into a wrenching gail, and suddenly it was raining heads all over my yard. I just watched them. There were big ones, little ones, men and women of many races and ages. And they were falling in my backyard. Not all of them landed as gracefully as my little friend in the mud before me. Many of them simply splattered into pieces with contact to the ground.

This heavy downfall of heads lasted a rather short time, actually. About five minutes, top. However this was plenty of time to litter my

backyard with a numerous amount of heads. I have heard of strange things falling from the sky in my time. Fish, frogs, colored hailstorms, and once long ago in my hometown I myself had witnessed countless thousands of strands of angel hair like glossimar strands come filtering down from a clear blue sky. However I have never, ever heard of dismembered body parts hailing down from above.

As soon as it stopped I stepped off my porch into my yard. The first ting I noticed was the strangeness of the rainwater. Instead of collecting in pools and leaving droplets about the grass and trees, the odd scented water instead rolled off of all objects as if it was quicksilver and was immediately absorbed into the ground. Within several minutes my house and backyard was completely dry, as if there had never been a rainstorm. Except for the heads, of course.

The first head that I approached had been one of the unlucky ones, its skull having been split open as it hit a somewhat hard patch of ground. It was face down in the (now dry) dirt and I peered cautiously into the largish hole in the back of the skull, expecting the worst. Brains or blood, or whatever one usually expects to see within a human skull.

I saw neither.

Instead the inside was a smooth and featureless, like the inside of a hollow melon. The color was a ruddy reddish orange and looked all the world more vegetable than animal. I stepped away, perplexed, and strolled over to the next nearest head. This one was fully intact and had landed upright. It was a male face with sandy brown hair, and as I circled it to meet it face to face I was surprised once again by seeing its eyes were open. And it was staring at me.

Well, not for long. As soon as it had noticed me staring back its eyes flicked forward as if it had been guiltily caught doing something it was not supposed to be doing. This sent numerous amounts of the willies crawling up and down the back of my spine. But steeling myself, I cleared my throat and murmured "Um, excuse me?"

The head ignored me. I repeated my greeting and was once again met with stony indifference. I then proceeded to do the next logical thing, I nudged it with my toe.

The eyes flashed upwards to glare at me with

infinite annoyance, and it hissed at me, quite clearly, the words 'Go Away' and then returned its gaze to its previous position. As horrified and repulsed as I was, I could not but help feel a bit miffed at this bodiless intruder on my property, barking orders at me like some superior entity.

I was about to open my mouth and speak a proper rebuttal, when high above me a section of the odd colored cloud cover thinned out and a shaft of pure sunlight pierced down from the heavens and made a neat summer glow on my lawn. The response of instantaneous. Those heads that were still more or less intact swiveled around to gawk at this shaft of clean, bright light. Suddenly I became aware of an intense high pitch warbling sound that increased in intensity and pitch, and it took me a moment to realize that it was emanating from the heads about me. This unearthly chorus was completely unfathomable to me, weather they were crying in joy or shrieking in fear I could not judge.

The clouds above me quickly began to disperse and the shaft of sunlight grew wider and wider. When the sunlight came into contact with the first head, It began to swell quickly and grotesquely, eyes bulging and tongue protruding, and finally exploded in a resounding pop. The pieces that were scattered across my lawn melted into a queer bluish substance and was drained into the ground as quickly as the rain had. Within seconds the air was filled with the sounds of popping heads and the same scent that the rain had produced became more profound.

This lasted perhaps a minute and soon the odd clouds overhead were completely gone, and not a trace of the strange head-filled rainfall remained in my backyard. I stood there dumbly, drained of my very reasoning of reality, basking in the soft glow of the summer sunlight.

I really don't think about what happened very often. I realize that the universe we live in is greater and more unfathomable than anyone could begin to comprehend. Perhaps my backyard simply passed through one of those spots of space and time where reason simply does not work as it does elsewhere.

But then again, perhaps the Earth itself if one of those spots.

-The End

From the Corner

Kelly Ginter

Because of all of the troubles with the falling ground water levels as cited in my last article, it is important to try and prevent wasting water. There is the possibility of using what is called "gray water", which is reusing the water that has once been used for the shower, bathroom sink, bathtub, dishwasher, and washing machine only if a plain soap has been used. The water is then customarily cycled through a gray water recycling system which will then make the water available for flushing toilets or watering non-edible plants. This process will usually reduce new water use by approximately thirty-five percent, the gray water recycling system costs around \$200-\$600, unfortunately this is also considered illegal to use in many states. I don't know why, but if your interested you might want to check and see if you are committing an offense.

However there are other ways of cutting down on your water usage. The average daily water usage indoors for a single person looks something like this:

- Toilet 24 gal. (30%)
- Leaky Toilets 4 gal. (5%)
- Shower & Bathing 24 gal. (30%)
- Laundry 16 gal. (20%)
- Dish washing 3 gal. (4%)
- Faucets 9 gal. (11%)

The first thing to consider is low flow faucets, showerheads, and toilets. A conventional faucet usually wastes 5-15 gallons per minute, while if you purchase an aerator it will typically use only 3 gallons per minute, and if you buy a new faucet it will probably only have a flow of about 2.75 gallons per minute. It is unnecessary to replace the the faucet completely, although the water efficiency is there. A faucet aerator is comparably efficient, and relatively inexpensive. As far as showers are concerned, a ten minute shower can waste as much as thirty gallons of water, however, a shower is far more water efficient than a bath. A low flow showerhead can save as much as 2-4 excess gallons a day. On a daily basis

this can add up to 27 cents on water and 51 cents on electricity for a family of four in one day. Over the space of a year, this can save a couple hundred dollars.

One of the largest wasters of water is the toilet. A typical toilet will flush five to eight gallons each time. In the case of the toilet you have several options on cutting down on the water usage. The most expensive of these, and life altering, would have to be the compost toilet. I've gone through a catalogue of these, and these things usually cost a couple thousand dollars and a huge project for installation. Although these use the least amount of water, they're also most likely not worth there price, much like those new electric cars. There are other toilets on the market, the low flow at about 3.5 gallons a flush and the ultra low flow at 1.5 gallons a flush. The ultra low flow is also very affordable. Probably not so affordable as college students, but as you move on and after the first twenty years of paying off your student loan, you can treat yourself, they are usually around a hundred dollars.

If buying a new toilet is out of the question, then consider the alternative. If you create some sort of barrier wall in the toilet to reduce the amount of water to fill the back of the commode then you can reduce the amount of water used drastically. Many books suggest putting bricks in the toilet, but they may have a tendency to crumble and ruin the pipes with bits of debris. You can fill old glass or plastic bottles with water, use caution when using plastic sometimes they just want to float and this won't do you any good, it may even prevent the valve from closing and will in turn waste more water. Another idea to bounce around the back of your head is the little phrase, "If it's yellow, let it mello. If it's brown, flush it down." I think you can figure out the meaning. Urine can go a longer time, not indefinitely, but a long time without causing any real problem. The uncanny product of your bowels is another thing entirely. You may at this point be thinking, "I can't do this, I live in the dormitories. Everyone will just think it's gross." Look on the up side,

every one will think it's gross, and you'll always have a stall without stall, or at least that's usually the way it works in the girl's bathroom, I guess you really wouldn't have that problem in the "gents". If you are using this rule, it is usually best if you flush once before long intervals of non-use such as just before you go to bed.

There are some other important tips in conserving water. Don't let leaky faucets just run, in the course of a day you can lose as much as 100-200 gallons. When washing dishes, don't let the water run, this will waste about 15.7 gallons of water. It is important to note that in comparison to hand washing the dishes under running water, using most dishwashers will only utilize about 9.9 gallons. However an even more water efficient method of washing dishes is to fill a sink with water, wash all the dishes, refill the sink with clean water, and then rinse. When doing the laundry, always make sure you have a full load. And finally, when using the bathroom sink, only let the water run when it is directly being used. For the example of brushing your teeth, only run the water when you're rinsing your mouth and not while you're brushing.

If you follow these steps, you can ultimately reduce your water usage by about 30%, but over time this can certainly add up.

If you have any questions, comments, ideas, issues, or products you want me to discuss, or would like to write something up yourself, send all to kkg8006@ritvax.rit.edu

Survey Siege week 5

The survey is now running onto it's fifth week. Ack! Survey...to hard...only two responses...must find answers.

"Would you rather cut sports programs or art programs in Public Schools?"

"Would you rather give your mother a dildo or a hickey?"

Send replies to GDT care of
tbl2788@ritvax.rit.edu