



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.

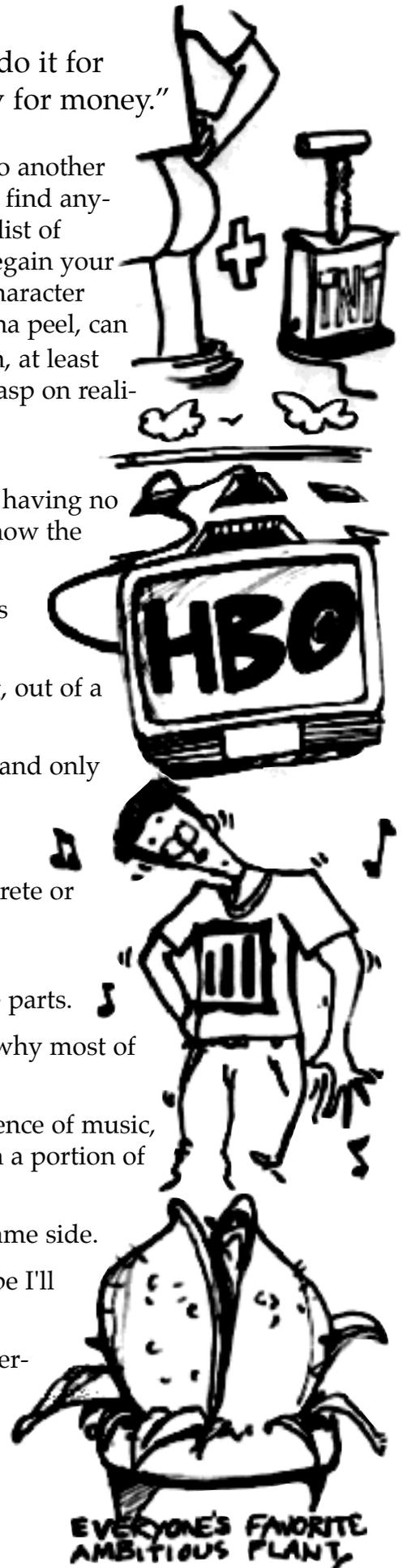
Pasgang- Striding with a forward kick and a pole push on the same side.

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

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:

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!

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.

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