



"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!

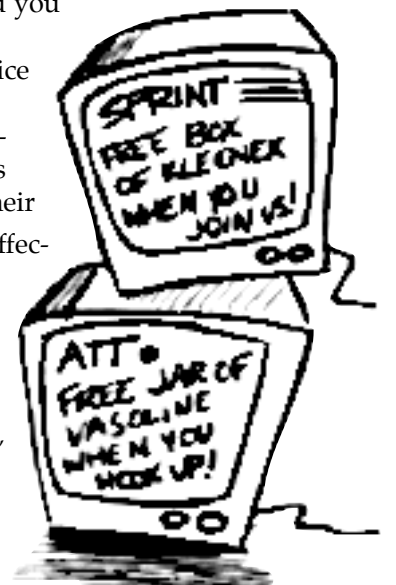
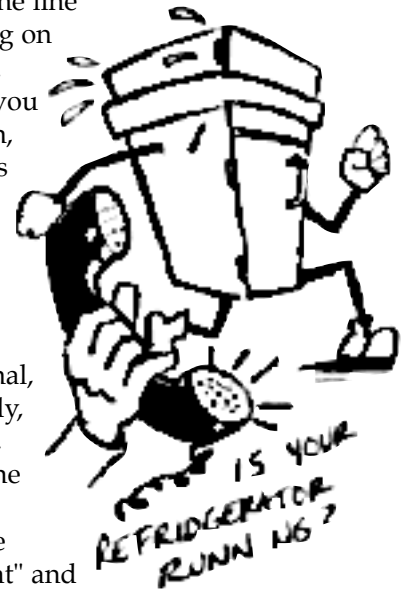
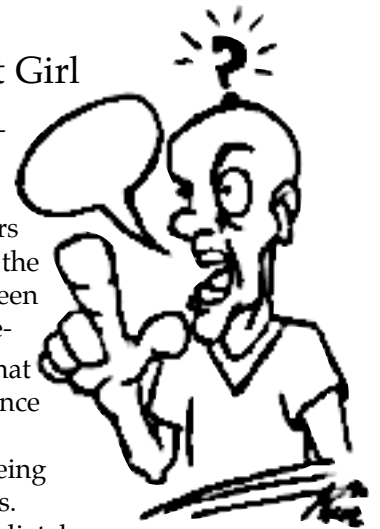
People spend thousands of dollars a year calling 1-900-TALK-SEX, and one of these guys will do it for free. Sure, the guy on the other end of the line is probably hardly what you would consider alluring[†], but half the time the phone sex people aren't even the gender you think they are, so what's the 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.



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 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

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 hidious executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the

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.

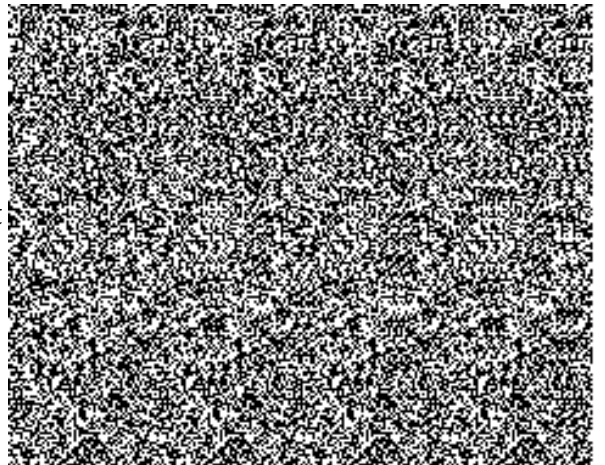
We want our readerage to vote on which GDT images they would like to see on a GDTee Shirt. All you have to do is peruse the many images of the three image galleries on our web site, drop us a note, and vote on our next T-shirt.

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.

"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."

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.

Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.
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