



Webster-God of the Universe

“Drink up, Socrates, it's all natural.”

The staff (well, most of them. Everyone except Damn) of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre are horrible spellers. With such outstandingly miserable spellers, we all have a psychopathic hatred of one particularly loathsome human being. A smeggy lexicographer from the early eighteen hundreds, who has plagued stenographers since the dawn of his era. Do you know how infuriating it is to spend your entire childhood caught up in circular logic?

“How do you spell quadragenarian?”

“Go look it up.”

“How do I look it up if I can't spell it.”

The horror...the horror! Anyone who has gone through this can understand exactly what I mean. The impact upon all our childhoods was made even more nightmarish when They™ made us sit idly by while They™ mocked us with that stupid, oh so cute, midget on TV. Ohhhhh how I yearned to squash that 40 year old under my size 4 sneakers (Come on, I was young...).

I pine for the age of Chaucer. I'd trade my thesaurus for those days. Well, maybe not. I mean, the Thesaurus is after all a top predator (favorite prey: Stenonychosaurus. Of course the various Thesaurus species have decreased in stature since the late Cretaceous period when they could get to be over 20,000 pages in length. Arguments still rage as to whether these ancient predators were hard or soft bound, however). It's so handy to have around when I just have to get rid of old, horribly written books. Especially the ones that tend to inhabit the Best Sellers List ecosystem. Let's face it folks, 90% of the population thinks that top ten lists (a la Letterman) and fart noises are the apex of humor. This means that any book that makes it the best sellers lists is probably of no value at all.

Sure, there are books on those horrid lists written by incredible authors, but chances are they made it there on word of mouth based on their past books. All in all, you're talking about a bunch of literary epicack. Case in point... *The Celestine Prophecy*. Holy Christ. I read it, and it had some interesting ideas (though not very original) but the style was abhorrent. It read like a long dialogue. Maybe Mr. Redfield intended to mimic the style of Plato. My advice to Mr. Redfield would be to actually have some superlative original philosophical ideas and then to act like the Plato/Socrates communal being (feel free to try the hemlock tea), otherwise get some nail polish remover and unglue your pinky from the quotation key.

You'd probably be better off if you didn't read any book in the top ten. Actually, you should be careful of any book you read. It's commonly said that people hunger after knowledge, but what is not known (or maybe it is known but is hushed up) is that knowledge hungers after people (This is actually where black mass gets its power from. They don't really worship Lucifer, they worship the books[†]). Books want people to read them; need people to read them. The more a book is read, the happier it is. But old books, those dry and crumbly manuscripts, clay cuneiform tablets, fragments found in caves near the Dead Sea...all these are so starved to be read they can induce literary addictions in those who are foolish enough to begin reading them. Many a poor researcher has gone into an antiquated library and never returned.

Cont. on page 2

[†] This actually applies to most groups with any sort of holy text. Christians, Jews, Muslims, lawyers, bla, bla, bla. Of all the groups, it is the Christians that have the greatest weight to bear; there are more Bibles in the world than any other book (so the propaganda goes). If everyone were to just stop reading the Bible, can you imagine the devastation? The earth dark with frenzied packs of roving Bibles hunting for readers ^Δ.

The Bible is a terrible predator, sapping your will and judgment. Thank you, Christians, for making the world safe for the rest of us sinners.

^ΔIf this footnote doesn't make much sense, try reading the rest of the article, and then visit here again.



Person@

(cont. from page 1)

The ancient, starved grimoires got them[¥].

Libraries, because of their very nature, are some of the most dangerous places on earth. The ancients knew this; that is the real reason that the libraries at Alexandria, and later at Tripoli were burned flat ("Every book burned enlightens the world."- Ralph Waldo Emerson). To wander about in a library is to take your life into your own hands. Librarians know this. That's why they are stereotyped as being single (because of the constant threat on their lives) and are always insisting on silence. Maintain your silence when wandering the labyrinthian corridors of libraries, lest you attract the attention of the starved texts.

When night falls and the shadows grow long, that is when rogue packs of books, loosely organized into what we would call shelves, hunt for unsuspecting readers. They home in on sound, and when your back is turned, they sneak up behind you and...CRACK! They present their most luscious spines to you.

Ahhhhhhh, what the hell. Succumb to their siren song. It can be fun.

[¥]Many of these old texts don't intend to kill their readers (it's self defeating, isn't it? I mean, the best adapted parasites don't kill their hosts). They are so out of practice that they have forgotten how to be parasites and have adapted to a predatory life style.

News from the Kitchen:

GDT would like to apologize for the one day delay of our usual delivery to the residential side of campus and to the U of R, although our U of R correspondent said that you guys would never know the difference. The delay was caused because the person who has to pick the issues up from the printer on fridays actually forgot until there was nothing she could do about it. The issues were printed up, we just couldn't pick them up until 8:30, monday morning. We do apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused.

On a different note, GDT would like to thank managed attrition for making life interesting. If any of you remember the colloquial contest and the fifty dollars promised to it's winner, rest assured that RIT is not prepared to make this easy for him. Right now GDT's printing costs are being covered by the remnants of the grant we were given by the RIT Creative Arts Committee, but that won't last long. After much haggling with our contacts working for RIT, we managed to get them to agree to give the winner a check out of our funds. The check was supposed to be given to the winner a while ago, but thanks to the great god of managed attrition, Rit has wisely cut it's check writing department down to two people. Now all of the checks that need to be written on behalf of RIT are run through these two poor mistreated individuals. For the sake of all that is reasonable, what is the use of managed attrition if it is managed with the finesse of a failed savings and loan.

For once in your career make sense RIT!

**Gracies
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Theatre welcomes
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or: Gracies
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Apt. C, Rochester,
New York, 14623**

**Gracies Dinnertime
Theatre reserves the
right to reprint any
letter without edit-
ing it for clarity or
liable.**

Abstinence

Mount: Virginity

Likes: Prudence

Dislikes: Tuesdays and Fuzzy Bunnies

*Disposition: You don't even need to
put coal up his ass. he just shits dia-
monds.*

Strength: 10+

Agility: e¹⁰

Wisdom: 50%

Dexterity: π

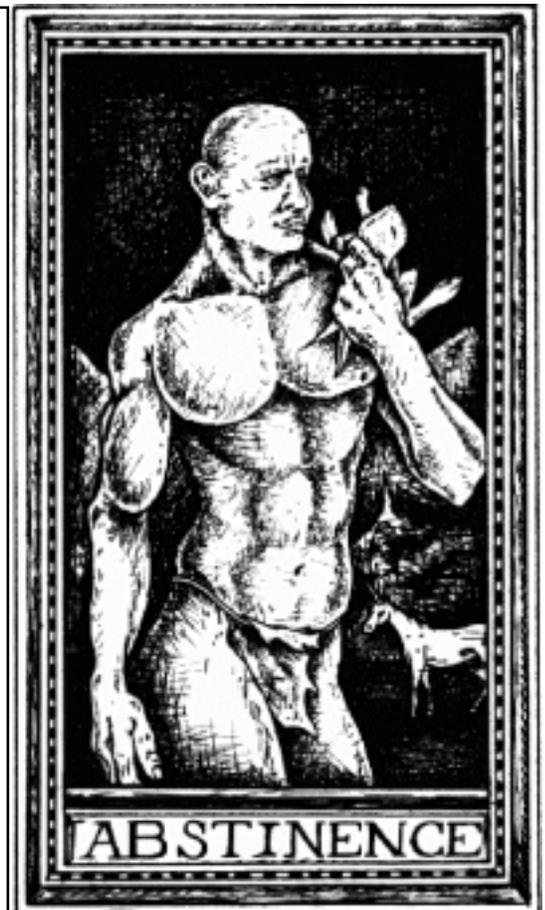
Charisma: .3741

Health: Perfect specimen

Gelassenheit: 76!

Pain Threshold: 350° C

*Distinguishing Features: Hairless and
perpetually oiled. except for the 1/2
inch long eyelashes.*



Martyr of the week

by Troy Liston

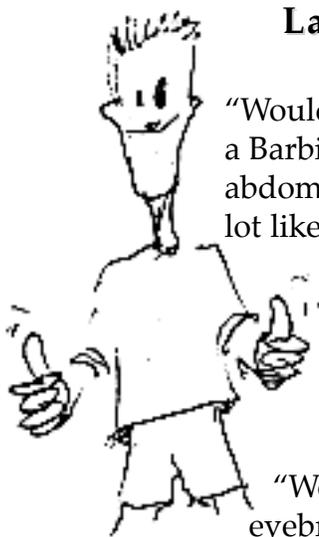
Greetings to all those seekers of the curiosities of religion. May I shed a little light on one of the many bizarre things ye shall encounter on your journey? The **Martyr of the Week for March 31-April 6** is the beloved **St Irene (April 3)**. Irene was one of three sisters arrested in Macedonia for



St Irene

the unfortunate crime of possessing Holy Scriptures (such tripe was illegal at the time; now you can't burn the stuff fast enough...). When the governor, Dulcitus, (drunk as he was) attempted to defile the sisters in their dark cell, the trio tricked him into kissing kitchen utensils (maybe it was one of those special cells, y'know, the ones with a breakfast nook). Two of the sisters (Agape {charity} and Chionia {snow}) were immediately burnt at the stake. Irene, like so many before her, was sentenced to be deflowered in a brothel. Like all other virgin martyrs before her, she emerged unscathed from the ordeal. She didn't manage the same feat after she was tied to a pillar and shot through the throat with an arrow. Irene's name means peace (she is, surprisingly, the Patroness of Peace) and there is supposedly an Icon of our Saint in New York City that weeps real tears in time of war (it must never stop).

Last Week's Survey Results



"Would you rather look a lot like a Barbie doll or have a series of abdominal growths that looked a lot like Barbie dolls?"

- 45.5%: Abdominal growths
- 36.4%: Look like Barbie
- 9%: Taken the fifth
- 4.5%: Both
- 4.5%: To stupid to tally

"Would you rather have your eyebrows permanently removed or be very sad on Tuesdays?"

- 66.7%: Sad on Tuesdays
- 25%: Eyebrows removed
- 8.4%: Both

Favorite response: "I- I want to be clean."

Latest Survey

"Would you rather always know the exact time or go around in a Roman gladiator costume six days out of seven?"

"Would you rather float oarless in a kayak over Niagara Falls twice or be mailed from Miami to Los Angeles third class in a refrigerator box marked 'Handle with care: Abortion Equipment enclosed'?"

Send replies to GDT care of diablo@csh.rit.edu

The GDT Challenge

Over the past year, we have touched on a number of topics, and it doesn't look like we're going to run out of inspiration any time soon.

BUT, we do like challenges. So, we challenge you, our readers, to come up with topics for us to write about.

As an incentive, we're offering a free GDTee Shirt, but we're not worried; even if there are issues we can't write about, people are so apathetic we won't hear anything..

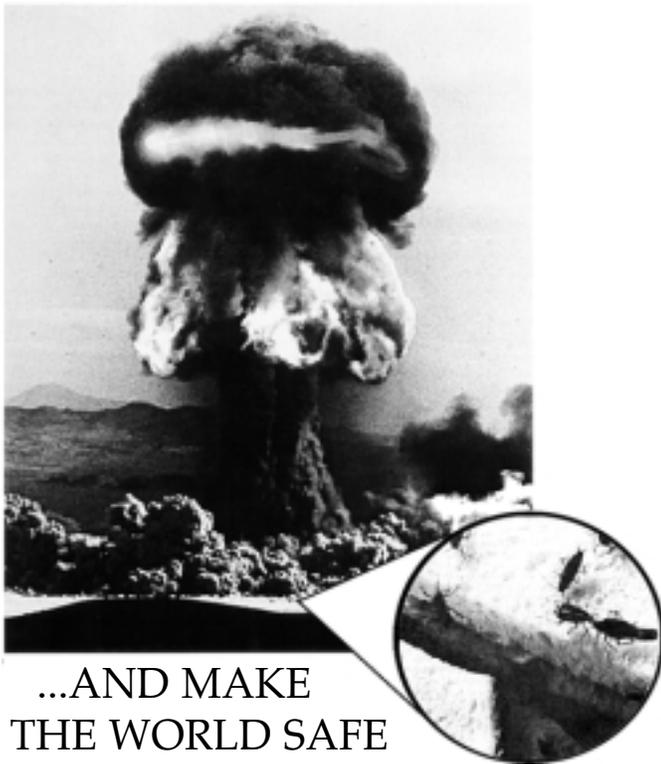
You've only got a few weeks before the end of the quarter, so get cracking. Here's the rules:

- We require at least two weeks to write and publish the idea.
- All ideas must be printed before the last issue.
- Not all ideas will be first page material. Some may show up as Dear BFG's, God Files, From the Corner, After Dinner Mints, or any other column we regularly run.

Random Facts:

The nations of Nauru, San Marino, Liechtenstein, Maldives, Malta, Granada, St. Vincent, and Seychelles would all fit within the borders of Rhode Island with room to spare.

SUPPORT NUCLEAR TESTING...



...AND MAKE
THE WORLD SAFE
FOR BLIND, SCREWING COCK-
ROACHES.

GDTees are back!

Last quarters GDTees are in and will be delivered as soon as we can get in touch with all of the people who ordered them. We'd like to thank everyone who ordered one and say that we raised enough money to pay for the printing of one and a quarter issues, but at this point every little bit counts.

So in the spirit of counting bits GDT would like to present the next GD Tee shirt. The t-shirt's back will be smartly garnished with the image to the left. T-shirts are available in small, medium, large, and extra large. The cost is \$10.00 for fan club members, and \$12.50 for the rest of you slobs.

We only order as many as we need, so they are limited edition and you must order them soon.

And they won't take too long to process, because we actually know what we're doing now, hooray!

To order contact diablo@csh.rit.edu



Submission from Robert McKay, Pittsburgh, Pa.

I spent 13 years in catholic schools, I've had all of the education, the exposure, the dogma. I know what

it's all about. But you know, I've done one better - a religion for me and me alone:

Godism.

Ask any Christian- God made all that is, was, will be, is pretty much the most powerful entity going- and they'll all respond in synchronicity- bobbing their pious brows "Oh, yeah."

Here's one better:

The universe, for all its vast expanse (it's really quite big) is just too orderly to be one big accident. Let's face it, only the most dominating, controlling forces can keep it all in order. It's not a soup simmering in a pot, or a

lava lamp of the gods; it's a clock. Never ending, always repeating, in a predetermined order.

Therefore-

My every action, thought, word or whimsy, even my best jokes, all come from God. That's inspiration! My thoughts equal God's thoughts. It works for me 'cause you can't prove to me that you exist. Therefore, I can do or say anything because God wants me to. You think if he didn't I would still be able to do it? What are you saying, that I'm better than God? My will is greater than his? You phucking heathen!

The Catholics have operated on the same system for centuries, only I turned it up. The pope's still waiting for the bush to tell him he's wrong." Ok God. If I don't get a sign not to, I'm gonna eat that cheese-cake.

Submission:

I received this from a friend of mine quite some time ago, but haven't had the opportunity to try it out. If you should try it, let us know how it goes.

-GDT

----- Forwarded message -----

Date: Mon, 12 Feb 1996 22:17:44

Okay, everyone....a true story of justice in the good old U.S. of A. Thought y'all might enjoy this; if nothing else, it shows internet justice, if it can be called that.

My daughter & I had just finished a salad at Neiman-Marcus Cafe in Dallas & decided to have a small dessert. Because our family are such cookie lovers, we decided to try the "Neiman-Marcus Cookie". It was so excellent that I asked if they would give me the recipe and they said with a small frown, "I'm afraid not." Well, I said, would you let me buy the recipe? With a cute smile, she said, "Yes." I asked how much, and she responded, "Two fifty." I said with approval, just add it to my tab.

Thirty days later, I received my VISA statement from Neiman-Marcus and it was \$285.00. I looked again and I remembered I had only spent \$9.95 for two salads and about \$20.00 for a scarf. As I glanced at the bottom of the statement, it said, "Cookie Recipe - \$250.00." Boy, was I upset!! I called Neiman's Accounting Dept. and told them the waitress said it was "two fifty," and I did not realize she meant \$250.00 for a cookie recipe.

I asked them to take back the recipe and reduce my bill and they said they were sorry, but because all the recipes were this expensive so not just everyone could duplicate any of our bakery recipes....the bill would stand.

I waited, thinking of how I could get even or even try and get any of my money back.

I just said, "Okay, you folks got my \$250.00 and now I'm going to have \$250.00 worth of fun." I told her that I was going to see to it that every cookie lover will have a \$250.00 cookie recipe from Neiman-Marcus for nothing. She replied, "I wish you wouldn't do this." I said, "I'm sorry but this is the only way I feel I could get even," and I will.

So, here it is, and please pass it to someone else or run a few copies....I paid for it; now you can have it for free.

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 cups butter | 4 cups flour |
| 2 tsp. soda | 2 cups sugar |
| 5 cups blended oatmeal** | 24 oz. chocolate chips |
| 2 cups brown sugar | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 8oz. Hershey Bar (grated) | 4 eggs |
| 2 tsp. baking powder | 3 cups chopped nuts (your choice) |
| 2 tsp. vanilla | |

(Recipe may be halved.):

** measure oatmeal and blend in a blender to a fine powder.

Cream the butter and both sugars. Add eggs and vanilla; mix together with flour, oatmeal, salt, baking powder, and soda. Add chocolate chips, Hershey Bar and nuts. Roll into balls and place two inches apart on a cookie sheet. Bake for 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Makes 112 cookies.

Have fun!!! This is not a joke --- this is a true story..

That's it. Please, pass it along to everyone you know, single people, mailing lists, etc.....

Ride free, citizen!

just hope no one finds out

LIVE AND LEARN AND ~~PASS IT ON~~

I've learned that the sheer pleasure of silencing ~~old people~~ TV commercials makes the remote control one of the best inventions ever! *heat seeking skud*

-Age 67

I've learned that you should never go to Grandma's house if you ~~want to stay on your diet.~~ are allergic to latex, handcuffs, and duct Tape (just a buck a roll).

-Age 33

I've learned that people in the "10 items or less" express line don't ~~know how to count.~~ buy much in the way of ~~studded strap~~ on leather accessories.

-Age 42