

"It's practically impossible to look at a penguin and feel angry."

With the degradation of the American family and the decreasing role of the church in many peoples lives, God must have a lot of free time on His hands (after all, in the board game you only went to church to get married). So much of His flock is too busy buying their Lotto tickets and watching Ricki Lake to pay much attention to Him. What would God do with all His extra time? Go back to school? Learn a new hobby? Or maybe even pick up a second job on the side.

I can't imagine him flipping burgers, and besides that position seems to be already filled by Elvis. Or how about a lawyer? I know Shapiro and Shapiro think they're tough, but just imagine how a defendant might feel if he had a vengeful God cross-examining him?

God would be ABSolutely FABulous as a security guard; not just any security guard, but a night watchman for the Akzo salt mines. Just consider this for a moment: If he catches any trespassers, he could turn them into pillars of salt. With all the problems the Akzo salt mines have had with collapsing caverns in the recent past, they could use as many pillars of salt holding up their walls as possible.

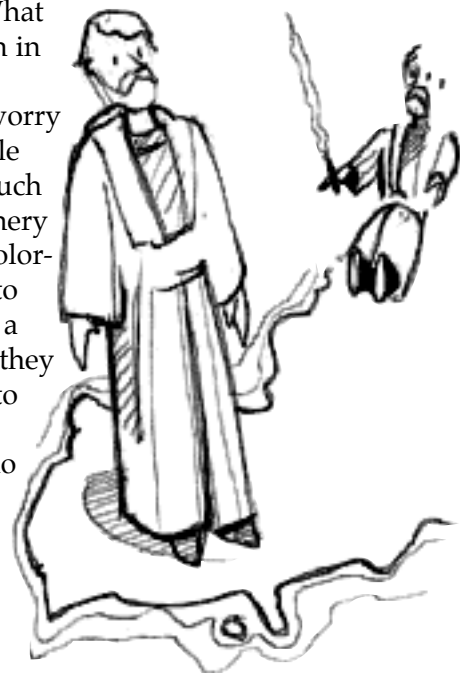
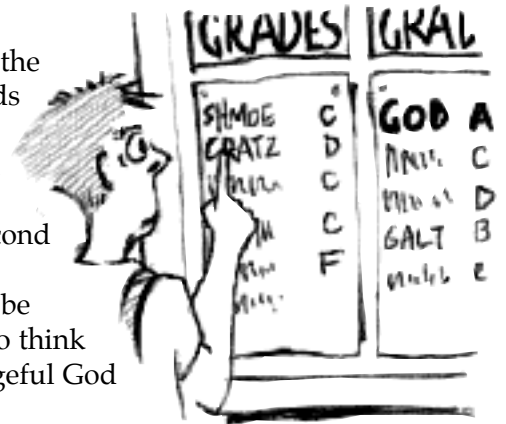
Many rich and influential people use expensive guard dogs to "earn" their colleagues respect... Can you imagine what kind of reaction the president of Akzo could get. "Oh, really, so this Doberman cost seven thousand dollars, and knows how to respond to the phrase, 'Go for the juggler'[¥] in six different languages? That's wonderful, honest. I wish I could say that, but I guess the most impressive thing I have is God. He works the night shift, only ten bucks an hour, and he's always bringing in food for his coworkers." Hell, with someone like that on your staff, you don't have to flaunt it.

God really could be capable of so many other things. I mean smiting people has to be good for something. Like as a hitman for the underground mafia (or the aboveground mafia for that matter, why hide when God is on your side?)

What if God joined the army? I'm sure he'd make it up the ranks quickly; a lot of guys would probably feel rather silly being called "Sir" by the creator. What country in the world would dare stand up against an army with General Jhwh in command? They would be too busy with scourges of locusts, storks (no more killing your first-born children, now you have more and more), and frogs to worry about killing any of their enemy. God's army would have to change all the little toys on the command station's maps, though. They probably wouldn't find much more use in tanks, aircraft, and the like. Those items representing such machinery would need to be exchanged for little rubber frogs, snakes, vials of red food coloring (to indicate each location where it would be most tactical to turn the seas to blood), and little miniature cabbage patch kids to represent those areas where a curse had been laid down on all of the first born of particular regions. Maybe they could use Obi-wan Kenobi figurines to represent places where God intended to create dissent by making a prophet (or a profit).

When you think about it, God already has a second job, he's that fat git who comes down your chimney once a year. God is Santa Claus, he knows when you've been bad and he knows when you've been good, but don't expect to miss out on a mere sack of toys if God catches up with your ass.

[¥]We know you might think we meant 'Go for the jugular' here, but we didn't, so get over it.



Letter from the Editors

Well, GDT got caught with its pants down.

In last week's issue, "Science," we ranted about how scientific concepts are bastardized by the general public. Low and behold, we were caught making a vague comment. We're pleased to present the letter we received correcting our error.

On an entirely unrelated note:

GDT plans on increasing it's circulation (possibly length) next quarter. This means we can accept more submissions, art, letters, bla, bla, bla (insert diatribe here). In addition, we can add more locations to the regular distribution areas, as well as the special delivery locations. Let us know where you think GDT should show up.

Remember: GDT encourages our readers to let us know when our bums are showing.

-GDT Editors

DATE: MON, 30 OCT 1995 11:14:24

FROM: JCF@RIT

SUBJECT: ISSUE 8

IN VOLUME 2, ISSUE 8(I THINK THAT IS THE ISSUE, IT'S THIS WEEKS GDT), FIRST ARTICLE, THE AUTHOR ATTEMPTS TO DESCRIBE SPACE-TIME. THE AUTHOR, WHILE NOT MAKING IT OVERLY COMPLICATED AS PROMISED, I DON'T THINK FULLY EXPLAINS IT. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER TO SAY THAT IT IS AKIN TO MAKING A DENT IN A TRAMPOLINE AND THEN ROLLING A MARBLE TOWARD THE EDGE OF THE DENT. THE DEFLECTION OF THE PATH IS THE EFFECT THAT WE SEE AS GRAVITY. I DON'T THINK THIS COMPLICATES THINGS MUCH AND GIVES A MORE COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING OF THE IDEA, WHICH IS SOMETHING SAID AUTHOR, IN SAID ARTICLE, COMPLAINED THAT THERE WAS A LACK OF OCCURRING IN THE LAYMAN. (I.E. DARWIN'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION AND BUSINESSMEN)
THAT IS ALL

Microscopic Moral Mythology

-Kelly Gunter

"Respect Your Elders."

I also used to hear, "You have to earn respect." Have you ever noticed how these two ideas don't always work well together?

People can earn respect through extraordinary abilities, skill, maybe even a strong conviction. Basically, respect is a commodity given when the beholder admires some aspect or aspects of the person receiving that respect.

Over the summer I worked with four guys who were all older than I, but I just couldn't bring myself to respect any of them. The youngest spent the whole time asking me to have sex with him, while the other three spent their valuable time bitching, moaning and generally harassing each other. Of those three, all well into their prime or beyond, one was into dramatics and backstabbing, another was into grumbling and paranoia, and the third had it in for his own version of psychological warfare (his idea of reverse psychology was telling some one to do exactly what they wanted them to do).

How, and more importantly why, am I supposed to show people like that respect? Maybe I'm supposed to respect the person and just forget about whatever qualities they may have. But isn't it he those qualities of a person that make up who that person is? If you respect someone not for who they are, but merely just because, isn't that more like showing a respect with no respect?

I mean, a lot of people are older than me, it's not as if it takes to much effort to do so. Charles Manson is older than me, am I supposed to respect him for that? It's not as if people are in danger of dying if they're not too intelligent any more, unless they're complete idiots.

Maybe I'm just taking this the wrong way. Maybe we should just change the words so we don't get hung up on the semantics of their meanings. It should be, "Respect is earned," and, "Humor you elders."

Martyr of the week

-by Troy Liston

Greetings once again from he who sits at the right hand of God(well, maybe a little lower- and to the left). This weeks column is brought to you by blind people(hence the lack of illustrations) and the letter B (beatings, burnings

and burials). Our martyr of the week for November 6-12 is the venerable St. Menas(Nov.11). This patron of merchants and caravans was an Egyptian soldier in the Roman army in the third century when he went public with his christianity. Needless to say this didn't go over well with his contemporaries and they tortured him, then burned him alive. An interesting fact in this martyrdom is that his followers believe Menas does not reside in heaven, but rather in the monastery/ baths/church that was built for him near Alexandria. This shrine was destroyed by Arabs in the seventh century and wasn't rediscovered, excavated and restored until earlier this century. Menas is credited with Allied victory over the Nazis at the battle of El Alamein in WWII.

Another feast day this week is Wednesday, for the four crowned martyrs. These four martyrs were a team of stonemasons in Yugoslavia during the reign of the Roman emperor Diocletion. They refused to make a statue of the pagan god of healing and were arrested. The judge at their trial died suddenly and this was subsequently blamed on our saints. They were sentenced to death, which was accomplished by placing them into lead boxes and drowning them. There actually were five men tried and killed, but one of them was only pretending to be Christian in order to improve his mason skills(Sorry, but impersonating a martyr only gets you one thing, dead!).

Other notable saints (but not martyrs) honored this week include St. Benen (disciple of St. Patrick, at whose tomb people miraculously vomit the intestinal worms that plague them; Nov.9) and St. Andrew Avellino (struck down by apoplexy in the midst of giving mass, his body remained uncorrupt whilst lying in state. Locks of his hair were taken as relics, but when his corpse bled when a careless devotee snipped a little too close, it was deemed a miracle. Historians now believe that Andrew may merely have been catatonic at this point and was in fact buried alive; Nov. 10).

Until next week remember a hairshirt may feel like hell, but it'll help you get to heaven.

Random Acts of Email

-from Mark Nowak

THIS IS ONLY A TEST...
...OF THE EMERGENCY VAX SYSTEM.
BEE
EE
EE
EE
EEEP

JUST SHOWING MY PARENTS THE WONDER OF E-MAIL.
THEY'RE STILL LIVING IN THE DARK AGES, SQUATTING IN
CAVES AND FIGHTING OVER ANIMAL BONES. SEE YA SOON!

--ME



Cereal

-B.J. Leopold

The Sandwich: Episode IV

Sandy picked herself up off the floor; picked her way across the tiles to the ravaged carcass that she rode in with, and very nearly added the contents of her stomach to the spreading pool of blood. With a deep breath, she plunged her fingers into his shirt pocket and extracted the thin bracelet smoothly. And again she plunged, this time for the wallet. Tucking both in her pocketbook alongside her small pistol, she walked deliberately past the glass-covered corpse in the doorway.

Outside, there was a car, engine purring contentedly despite its look of a recent wreck, sitting with its door open. Sandy didn't hesitate in climbing into the driver's seat, closing the door, and guiding the car out onto the highway. Only then did she notice the police light on the seat beside her, and the low buzzing of the police radio under the dash. A bemused smile cleared a hole in the panic: the cop wouldn't be needing his car anymore anyway.

The small grey man pulled into the garage behind the mansion, turned off the car, and leaned back with a tiny wince that showed only in his eyes. He reached over to the passenger seat, and gently removed the bavarian creme donut from its wax-paper sheath, as he did after every kill. The grey man removed his sunglasses, closed his eyes, and bit into the thick handful of gustatory heaven.

His shoulder was worse than he had thought at first, judging by the amount of blood that had spread through his white shirt and into his grey wool. When he had finished his celebratory donut, the small man proceeded inside to find a bandage, though thinking he would settle for a wad of tissues and some tape if necessary, anything to stop the bleeding. The small man headed for the bathroom to requisition a bandage, not noticing the large empty space in the tall man's desk chair.

Jan turned the radio down as she neared the toll booth to get off the highway. She smiled pretty for the nice young man, handed him some coins she found on the dash, and drove away, confident that he would not remember to check the wanted posters

for her face. Jan had no real idea if she was wanted or not, but it never hurt to be one step ahead of them, whoever they were. She unwrapped the sandwich in her lap as she manoeuvre off the highway. The sandwich at first seemed to have come from your average deli restaurant, but at the first bite, Jan was duly impressed. The sandwich was the most delicious thing she had ever tasted, and filling as if it was twice its real size. She finished it with a sated smile.

The tall man was pacing in the foyer, not wanting to return to his office and face the reality of the missing sandwich. No word had come in of the Victor incident, and the small man had not yet checked in with him, which he always did after a successful mission; like a puppy dog wanting a pat on the head, but with cold, delicate eyes and bloody fingernails. Impeccable fingernails, actually, but somehow they always seemed bloody to the tall man, no matter how hard he blinked at them or rubbed his eyes. His own fingernails were being chewed to the base as he waited. That sandwich was of utmost importance, he was sure Victor had understood that, therefore Victor must have been against him from the beginning, or else that harlot influenced him away from his loyalties to the boss. *OH, yes, the harlot.* He had forgotten about her; forgotten to tell the small man to kill her too so she wouldn't leak any news of the sandwich to his... competitors. He would have to make a note of that for the future.
To be continued...

Come and Bitch at Us!

Do you have a problem with anything GDT has printed? Maybe you really like our stuff (say...) and want to meet some of the people responsible?

Here's your chance.

Some of the GDT staff and editors will in the Fireside Lounge at 12 noon on November 11th.

Stop by and visit.

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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