



Sunday Dec. 10<sup>th</sup>, 1995 Vol. 3, issue 1

"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<sup>†</sup>. 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.

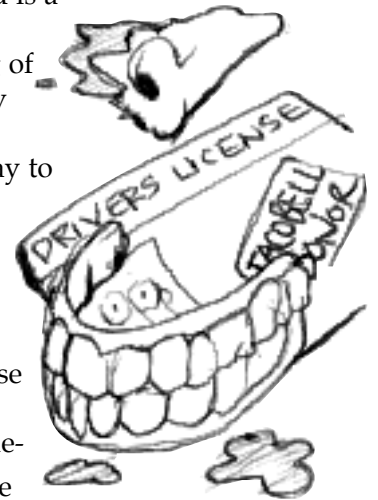
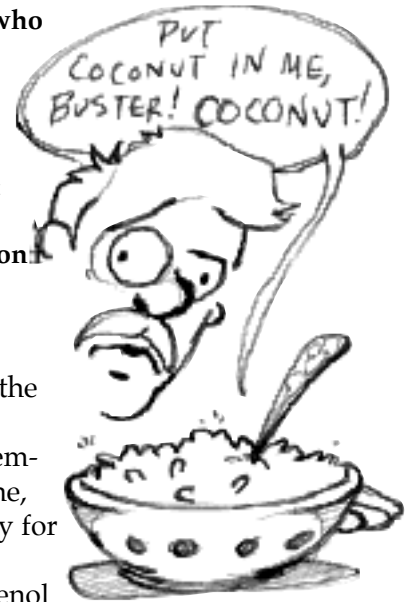
In honor of these proud individuals who are so lame they use suicide as a great way to make friends, Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and the Judas Corp. (a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) proudly present: National Tetrodotoxin Week; the ultimate way of finding out just how much they care.

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<sup>‡</sup>. 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

<sup>†</sup> 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?

<sup>‡</sup> 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 21<sup>st</sup> 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](mailto: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 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](mailto: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 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](mailto: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.