



"If you can't say something nice, say something surrealistic."

Let me pose a question of horrific beauty to you. The kind of question that makes your very innards resonate in anticipation; much like a bridge that has been so poorly engineered that all compensation for resonance and frequency are ignored...or maybe more like picking at a scab.

What if you could trap a mime in an invisible, soundproof box?

Imagine it: a grown man in a profession you know everyone, deep in the darkest realm of that metaphysical mayhem they call their souls (or maybe not that deep. Heck, maybe it's right there on

the surface, growing like a huge, warped Tree of Good and Evil), despises, trapped in the unwitting public's eye. In more ancient, and possibly more noble times, the Roman's would have charged admission...but we digress.

You can watch people marvel at the "oh so real" way in which the victim in question is slamming his ever dwindling frame (reminding you more and more of the Mule) against an invisible box in the mime style reminiscent of that which is taught in all of the best classical Mime Colleges that remain hidden within the lumbering Juggernauts that are the Ivy League Schools (it is a little known fact that 80% of the country's mimes graduate from a hidden Mime College located somewhere on the grounds of Harvard).

"Wow! How does he get his face to squash like that?" people say as they witness his futile attempts at escaping his own private hell. "It's so life like." Yes it is, isn't it?

Imagine how exciting it would be to watch, and even relate to your friends, as a grown human being dwindles from existence, slowly, and threatens to fade into greater obsessive compulsive behavior than Howard Hughes. Here is a hypothetical chronology of events leading to the eventual breaking of a man, like the splintering of a used toothpick:

Day 1- Find the prey. Street corners and parks are probably the best places to frequent. Usually such maneuvers would entail weeks of stalking and planning to determine the most appropriate moment to commence the attack. However, since you are only human, and probably prone to apathy and boredom, you could just attack the first unsuspecting mime you find; better yet, abduct a person off the street, paint their face white, add black clothing (or you could assault the pre-prepared beatnik sect and avoid all that clumsy dressing) and place them into your box.

Day 2: The Mime paces about his prison mumbling "You can break my body, but you cannot break my mind." No one pays any attention; they can't hear him, and even if they could, chances are they wouldn't know what movie he was making reference to.

Day 4: He has resorted to openly insulting the passersby in an attempt to get people's attention. Since he can make no sound, he is generally ignored.

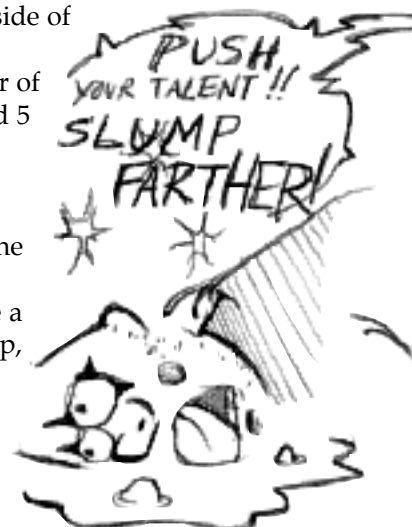
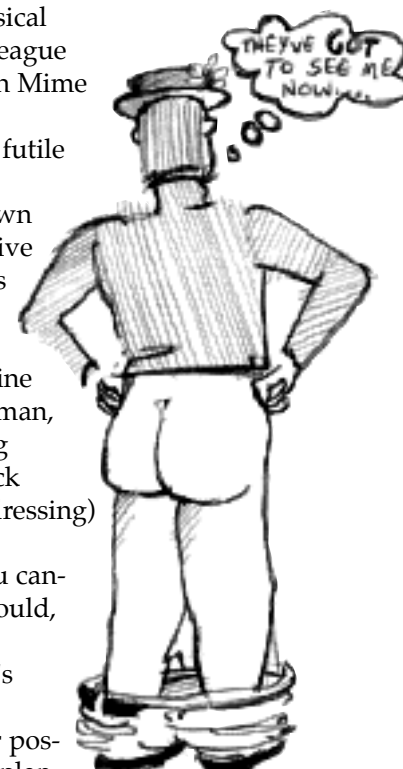
Day 6: He decides to attempt to shock people into either outright confronting him or possibly calling the police to have him arrested by exposing himself at strategic times. The plan backfires as most people who do notice this new behavior think it's some kind of bizarre performance art. The good news is that he makes a killing in tips (too bad he can't reach outside of his box to get them).

Day 9: He has basically given up all hope now and moves very little from the corner of his box. Some comments heard today are "Hey, I've never seen a mime with such a bad 5 o'clock shadow." and "I wonder if he had to practice slumping in his own vomit."

Day 11: I remove the box (whoops! I guess the cat's out of the bag. This isn't such a hypothetical scenario after all), but like any animal caged for years, he doesn't even attempt to move beyond the known confines of his world. His voice is useless due to the extreme and repeated attempts to gain attention earlier in captivity.

Last I knew my victim was still in that park where I originally found him. So do me a favor: if you ever see a mime performing in a public place, run up to him and push, trip, slap or otherwise physically accost him, just to make sure he isn't suffering a similar fate<sup>†</sup>.

<sup>†</sup> If you don't really care about the mime and are more interested in seeing him suffer, then Hell Inc. would be pleased to provide any prospective science fair prodigies with the Mime Farm Start-up Kit.



# X-MAS

by Mark Nowak

It's almost that time of year! The time when the whole country is united in feelings of elation, joy, and child like excitement.

Yes, it's almost time for....the Super Bowl!! Sure, you thought I was going to say Christmas, but compared to the big S.B., Christmas is now second rate. Not all Americans celebrate Christmas, but a TV featuring steroidal men mauling each other on one wintery January night drops the cultural barriers for a fleeting time. Money wise, Christmas is a big haul for retailers, but big corporations frantically bid against each other to debut their new commercials during the Super Bowl. And let's talk Nielsen ratings: Super Bowl- hundreds of millions of viewers, Charlie Brown Christmas- four. Why watch Linus pontificate when you can see the NFC dominate?

So Christmas is taking a beating. Some even say that the true meaning of Christmas has been lost in the holiday bustle. To that I say, let it go. 'Christ' is now just 'X' (oh, the irony) to most holiday revelers. If the true spirit is truly gone, it will take a long time to switch people's attitudes back.

Which means it's high time somebody proposed a quick fix! The sure fire way to boost Christmas' ratings is to combine it with the biggest event of the year. Have Christmas one day and the Super Bowl the next<sup>†</sup>! Which dates to pick isn't even an issue; December 25<sup>th</sup> is just as arbitrary as any other day (Jesus is believed by biblical scholars to have been born in the spring), so it could easily be switched. The Super Bowl has to stay on the same date, or the whole NFL season would be messed up. What do you want, the emotional heart of this nation in scheduling chaos?

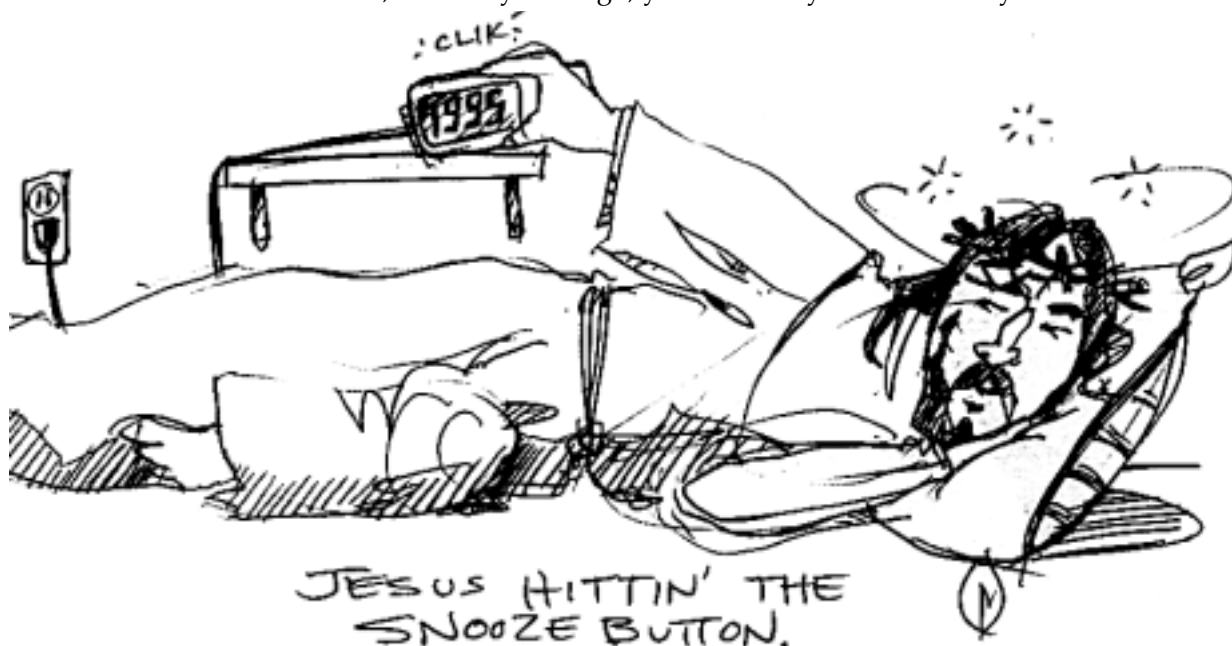
Fascist.

The real beauty in changing the date is that nobody even has to get the consent of the Pope. The Dallas Cowboys alone could easily buy him off (Nike dollars fed to NFL Super Bowl Commercial paid to the Pope for consent sent to Iran to buy arms for hostages...), but why bother? Americans don't listen to the Pope anyway (except for maybe some members of I.V. or B.A.S.I.C, but I don't think they count...do you?). What is he going to do, issue a papal bill? Oooooooooo...that might actually be read by a bishop or two.

Dramatic scenes from Christmas and the Super Bowl could be intertwined for the benefit of all. On Christmas morning: a copy of "NFL Super Bloopers" for Dad. During Super Bowl halftime: the Nativity Scene! You could get Ronald McDonald as Joseph, Whitney Houston as Mary, Michael Jackson and 3,000 of his closest prepubescent friends as shepherds, and, in a very special role, Macaulay Culkin as the baby Jesus. Subbing in the Three Officials for the Three Wise Men would be no problem, and John Madden could diagram all the action so as not to lose every-one watching at Hooters<sup>TM</sup>.

Even God couldn't afford miss out on that kind of exposure. A ridiculous idea? Hardly. Giving J.C. Super Bowl exposure would saturate all of America with the true meaning of Christmas, forcing religious ideals back into people's lives, setting this country back on the Republican way of prayer in schools, more money for the military, xenophobia, and Great Depressions.

Yessir, those were the good old days. We didn't have anything but we were happy! Shoe leather in our stomachs and cow stomachs on our feet, it made you tough, yessir! A scary idea? Probably.



<sup>†</sup>For a real end of winter blow out, Thanksgiving could be the day before Christmas, followed by the Super Bowl. But what would the Detroit Lions do without a game to play on Thanksgiving?

# Martyr of the week

Enter with me into the hallowed halls of the Catholic Conspiracy. The martyr of the week for **December 17 - 23**: is no one. I could not locate a martyr of any merit for this week ( there are a couple who were martyred in Tuscany and

Rome, but they were boring) so we will focus our morbid interests on the weeks we missed over Thanksgiving break. I would take a glance into the last few weeks of the year, but the only people martyred then are boring as well (some obscure prophet from Nazareth, nailed to a tree by the Romans- no pictures available).

The martyrs we will cover are St. Edmund (**Nov. 20**), St. Cecilia (**Nov. 22**) and St. Catherine (**Nov. 25**). St. Edmund was King of East Anglia in England in the late 800's when Viking attacks were still a common thing. His martyrdom came about because of a misunderstanding with some Danish Vikings over who had killed their King. When Edmund's army was defeated by the Danes, he offered himself up to the enemy, hoping to spare his people. He was scourged, shot with arrows and beheaded (dying with the name of Jesus on his lips). They then took his head and hid it in a different part of the forest in which they had killed him. When his men finally found the body a year later, they searched in vain for the head but cried out, "Where art thou?" You guessed it, the head cried out "Here! here! here!" When the head and body were reunited they miraculously rejoined and Edmund's incorrupt corpse was taken to Bury St. Edmunds.



St. Cecilia

Our next martyr is St. Cecilia. Cecilia was a Roman maiden who was reputed to be able to play any musical instrument, sing any song, hear angelic harmonies and may have invented the organ. Found guilty of being a Christian she was condemned to die in her steam bath. She survived the boiling steam, but was struck down with three sword blows to the neck. She lived for three more days (lying in her bathtub with a severed head). She was buried in gold robes, but not without her customary hairshirt underneath.

Lastly we come to St. Catherine of Alexandria. Our Saint was an Egyptian queen after whom the Roman Emperor Maxentius lusted. She rebuffed his advances, preferring to study philosophy. She was converted to Christianity after merely being shown a picture of the Madonna and child. This angered Maxentius and he rounded up 50 pagan philosophers to debate with her. Not only did she outwit them, she ended up converting the lot as well. Maxentius had the philosophers killed and after Catherine refused his advances again, had her strapped to a spiked wheel (hence the torture device the "Catherine Wheel"). Angels wielding lightning destroyed the wheel, but this did not save our Saint. She was instead beheaded, but milk, not blood, flowed from her wound.



St. Edmund



St. Catherine

## 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.

### This Week's Colloquialisms:

4. Pulchritude possesses solely cutaneous profundity.
5. It is fruitless to become lachrymose over precipitately departed lacteal fluid
6. Freedom from incrustations of grim is contiguous to rectitude.

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.

## 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 delightfully horrible executions, in addition to having to make a batch of Cafe Diablo for the staff.

**SUBJECT: RECENT GDT...**

HEY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE ARTICLE ON THE FIRST PAGE? I COULDN'T FIND THE ENDING ANYWHERE IN THE ISSUE. ALSO, I FOUND YOUR ISSUES IN THE TRASH CAN IN THE TV LOUNGE... LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE CHRISTIANS NEXT DOOR TO ME GOT TO THEM FIRST... FUNNY THING IS, HE DIDN'T BOTHER TO PUT THEM IN THE RECYCLING BIN, PROBABLY DIDN'T WANT TO CONTAMINATE THE 'HOLY GOODNESS' OF THE ENTIRE RECYCLING PROGRAM... PFFT.

THE ONE INANE THING ABOUT THEM IS THEY ALWAYS POST SCRIPTURES ON THEIR DOOR EVERY WEEK, AND I SEE IT EVERY TIME I WALK BY TO GET TO MY ROOM... SO, ANY SUGGESTIONS AS TO WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT THAT?

-CYRANO

**Ask BFG**

First of all, if you hadn't noticed already, we get a little sloppy at times. We misplaced the end of last week's issue, so we're reprinting it in this issue (see below).

As for those pesky Christian problems, I've got a plan. In your quest to divert those ever so environmentally conscious Christians from trashing our future...issues, I suggest you help us start a religious jihad.

If your knowledge of Christian organizations on campus is not as up to date as our own, it might be interesting to note that there are two virulent groups on campus; Brothers And Sisters In Christ, and the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship. I'd like to see if we can test the extent of their brotherly love to find out just how far a Christian Soldier is willing to go (stay tuned for more details).

-BFG

**"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 you can move!<sup>§</sup> You've heard everything at the wake, now sock it to 'em! Will your cousin Mel, who still owes you \$50 pay up? Will your "significant other" pack up and leave town "like they should've done 10 years ago?" Will anyone look you in the eye?

Here's your chance to really realize that the world won't stop without you.

If you'd like to read more about it, we recommend the following books: any good dictionary, The Serpent and the Rainbow by Wade Davis (don't watch the movie) and Esh-kish Org-ib Bork Bork Bork, by the Swedish Chief.

<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.

<sup>§</sup> Don't try this prank around Easter; people are touchy enough (like we don't know). Plus you don't want a horde of "believers" following you around, eating your bacon and trampling your petunias.