



Sunday January 14th, 1996 Vol. 3, issue 4

“Bisexual: Because specialization is for insects.”

What the hell happened with the space program? In ten years we went from doing one lap around the Earth to landing on the moon. What have we done since then? We've sent up lots of probes, but let's face it, we've done less probing than most priests do in a day of choir practice. I was watching the news with a friend the other day until suddenly we heard, "...and the space shuttle had a successful landing today..." We didn't even know it was up there! My friend said he had to watch the news more often, but in reality the news probably said very little about it.

Does anybody remember back in the days of yore when people actually got excited about the space program? I remember watching one of the launches in anticipation of take-off. The only thing NASA seems to do now is send up superfluous crew members, malfunctioning satellites and the all important TESTING THE EFFECTS OF WEIGHTLESSNESS!!! Hey, guys, we KNOW weightlessness is bad for you. You don't have to be uh...a rocket scientist to figure that one out. NASA, let me give you some advice: take all those engineers that say, "Oh man! Weightlessness is really bad for you. I wonder what tests we can do to measure it," and send those bastards up for ten years and let them figure out a solution. They'll figure out a way around it in 6 months, guaranteed.

Testing the effects of weightlessness on the common people isn't any more exciting, except when you reduce one plebeian to many bite size chunks care of faulty o-rings, which you then sprinkle (or splatter) liberally over the Gulf of Mexico. A teacher, a dentist, a four year old with attention deficit disorder in space; Jesus, I can put a four year old in low earth orbit by kicking him in the ass and draw more attention than NASA's lame launches. Seen it, done it, had it, been there. You want people to become interested in the next lift off? Let us give you a passenger list: OJ Simpson, Michael Jackson, and Lorena Bobbit. What a crew list! Hell, ninety two percent of the US population has heard of all of these characters. A spousal abuser, an accused child molester, and a woman who went into mutilation mode against her spousal abuser. It would be on every channel. Or better yet, you could just turn the whole space program over to Spielberg.

It's painfully obvious what NASA needs: Some good old fashioned Cold War paranoia. After the Soviet Union bit the big one, it looked like our countries could cooperate scientifically and financially on space exploration. But cooperation isn't as exciting as competition, especially for Americans, and the language barrier between scientists could have been disastrous (I said put water in the cooling systems, not vodka!).

Besides, the Russians have all the budget problems of American public schools. They're down to nuclear secrets as their main export, forced to accept the prices of any Third World dictator or would be James Bond Villain™ just to pay the heating bill. If they sold Siberia to another country (say, Yemen) and weather-stripped the new border they could cut way down on heating costs. They won't because then they'd lose the Lake Baikal region (home of "The Deepest Lake in the World" Theme Park) to newly proud Yemenites, breaking the secret honor code held among industrial nations to ensure that Third World countries have nothing to be proud off. Besides, this would result in the loss of their prestigious "U.N. Security Council" status.

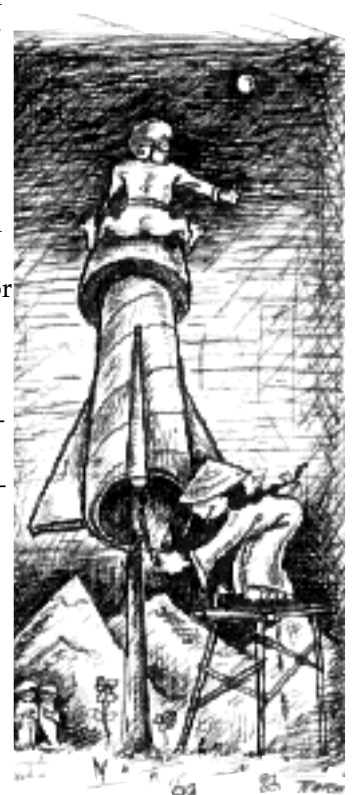
NASA's best hope is to get the CIA (another Cold War agency left out in the warm) to convince the Chinese government to start up a competing space program. China has all of the right qualifications: Communist, huge population to tax, long history of gunpowder and fireworks expertise, Tibetan monks to get rid of, and no pesky "human rights" ethics.

Meanwhile...back at the ranch, NASA could shrug off that festering bureaucratic tumor called Congress (motto: Budget Plan, Schmudget Plan) and be turned over to free enterprise. Think of the wonderful unregulated competition (Ayn Rand would be proud). Rockets being sent up held together with duct-tape (only a buck a roll), superglue, and elastic bands. The casualties would be high, but think of the news salability! "Happy Spaceman Rocket Collides with Hang-Glider. News at 11."

We'll be Terrorforming[‡] Mars in no time.

^f Please excuse the rambling sentences. I just read James Joyce.

[‡] Move over Rimmer.



Guest artist: Scott Peterson

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 Colloquialisms:

10. The temperature of the aqueous contents of an unremittingly ogled saucepan does not reach 212 degrees F.
11. All articles that conruscate with resplendence are not truly auriferous.
12. Where there are visible vapors having their provenience in ignited carbonaceous materials, there is conflagration.

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

GD Tee Shirts



"Eagles soar but a weasel will never get sucked into a jet engine."



GD Tee shirts are now available. These limited edition tees come in three sizes: small, medium, and large. The image of the blissful Lemme-pig leaping off of a table appears on the back along with the phrase indicated. On the front of the tee is the GDT logo over the left breast pocket area.

The price is \$8 for fan club members and \$10 for non-members. At this point, you're probably thinking we pocket the money. Wrong. All money made goes to help cover printing costs.

With your help (and \$\$\$) GDT and the Melancholy Predator will remain in print, and can soon expand to eight pages.

Place orders through: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu or call (716)-334-6613. Remember to state the size and number you wish to order. There are a limited number available, so order soon.

Random Facts:

Minnesota has
156 Long Lakes,
122 Rice Lakes,
91 Mid Lakes, 83
Bass Lakes, 72
Twin Lakes, 70
Round Lakes, 51
Clear Lakes, and
48 Sand Lakes.

When the
Canarsee Indians
sold Manhattan
to the Dutch,
they sold the
land owned by a
different tribe.

Send submissions and responses to GDT care of 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>

Martyr of the week

Hello again and welcome to a new year of disbelief and wonderment (also known as Church dogma).

The Martyr of the week for **January 14-20** is the venerated St. Ulfrid (**Jan 18**). Ulfrid was an English missionary to the Scandinavians in the 11th century. In one of his attempts to persuade the locals that they were being idolatrous, he took an axe to a statue of the god Thor. The Swedes did not take kindly to such an attack on their beloved thunder God, so they lynched him.

An Open Letter to AT & T

Dear Corporate Bastards,

Picture yourself climbing, pushing your physical limits, reaching, reaching, until you finally reach the peak of a sheer rock face. You survey the incredible scenery around you and think..."I wonder how my friend Joe is doing?"

No...we don't think so.

In fact, we seriously doubt the majority of rock climbers are upset about the limited availability of pay phones in the Rocky Mountains. Sometimes the whole point of such endeavors is to work as a close team with another person (who is actually there), or to be alone. Is that comprehensible to you?

Do you know why people go to the beach? Ahhh, we're not sure, but we don't think it's to do office work. Is making pie charts or writing memos supposed to be more enjoyable from the beach? Wouldn't it just make the beach less enjoyable?

"Have you ever been in inescapable reach of your work or other people you don't want to talk to? You will." But who wants to?

Some mid-level manager or office paper pusher is not that excited about their job to be in contact with it 24 hours a day. Besides, what is the big need? "Bob, the copier isn't collating! We need you right away!" Who came up with the idea that people should sacrifice lives to jobs anyway? If there is any way to avoid your vision of the future without sicking the Unabomber on your connective ass, please let us know.

But don't expect to get in touch with us via beepers, faxes, wrist telephones or ATM machines. We're ignoring you as hard as we can.

Sincerely,

Ah Meester Bom-bas-teak



DOES GOD EXIST?

IF SO, WHERE IS HE?

Bring your comments and/or questions to an open campus discussion led by a guest speaker.[†]

We'd like to hear YOUR opinion! (or your can just listen)

where? **Monday, Jan 15**

where? **Gleason Lounge**

what time? **7:00 pm**

[†]Though not confirmed it, GDT has heard that God himself is the guest speaker. This is an opportunity NOT to be missed.

Ρυμορ ηασ ιτ τηατ α ψουγγ ωομαν ωασ ραπεδ ατ
α ρεχεντ φρατ παρτυν ανδ τηατ τηε λοχαλ πολιχε
ηαωε βεεν νοτιφιεδ. Τηισ ισ ρεφρεσηινγ, βεχαυσε
σο φεω ραπεσ ον τηε ΡΙΤ χαμπυσ εδερ μακε ιτ το
τηε λοχαλ αυτηοριτιεσ; ινστεαδ ινχιδεντσ υσυ-
αλληψ δισαππεαρ ωιτηιν τηε ινφραστρυχτυρε οφ
ΡΙΤ (κινδ οφ λικε Τυττλε ιν Βραζιλλε).

Do you have a topic you'd like to see GDT write about, have anything you'd like to submit, or want to join the staff? Then contact GDT through: sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu

Dr. Cy Kosis™

"Insightful answers to life's petty problems."

Dear Cy,

My husband and I have been married for six years. This is my first marriage, and his third. We have two children ages 1 and 4. In a nut shell, he's been treating me very poorly. He yells at me and the kids for not doing our part around the house to keep things orderly. He's upset that I've gained 20 lbs since our marriage. He complains that I'm immature (I am 15 years younger than him) and, that he wishes he'd never left his first wife (we met while he was still married to his second). I am continually irritated that he won't take responsibility for the things he does, and that he always does things to make life uncomfortable for the family. I've asked him to go to counseling with me, but he refuses. What should I do?

Signed,
Confused

Dear Confused,

There is the slight possibility that your husband is suffering from intense feelings of insecurity. Often spouses who focus on the shortcoming of their partner do so to hide their own sense of inadequacy. If this is the case, have a trusted friend or family member sensitively confront him about the inappropriateness of his behavior. Also, volunteer to go with him to the first counseling session.

A more probable explanation for your husbands behavior, is that he's a direct descendant of the posterior end of a horse. Of course it doesn't sound like you're much of a prize yourself, whoring him away from his second wife and all. How could you even entertain the idea that a man who would so readily abandon two other wives, would suddenly long for a lifetime of marital bliss with you. Tell me, what color is the sky in your world? My advice would be to dump this loser, stop bleaching your hair, and beg your kids to forgive you for screwing up the already slim chance they had for a happy childhood!

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Need advice? Ask Dr. Cy Kosis.
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Gilbert, Az 85234

GDT Survey

Our parent company, Hell's Kitchen™, has instructed us to keep tabs on the values of our readers. What better way to do that than through surveys, those silent opinion swayers. To help us out, please take a minute and answer the following questions.

"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



Piss On IT
 LIVE AND LEARN AND ~~PASS IT ON~~
 whimsical

I've learned that listening to sad country songs is the ~~last~~ best thing you should do ~~after~~ before relationship with a priest.
 -Age 30

I've learned that you can never go back and give your children that extra ~~big~~ rim word of ~~praise~~ hate, or bedtime ~~story~~ bath -so do ~~it~~ now, while They're still in The crib.
 -Age 43

I've learned that a kiss isn't a kiss without a ~~smack~~ lot o-e Tongue
 -Age 67

Reconstruction by: Troy L. and the gang.