

"GDT- Because you don't have to be a eunch in order to sing soprano."

In these ecologically conscious times GDT would like to jump on the band wagon though keeping in mind some basic tendencies of human nature. As long as ecology is "in" we'd like to milk it's popularity for all it's worth. It's just our little way of trying to do our part.

Humans are in general a lazy kind of beast; we like to maintain the lowest state of energy. The trick is trying to achieve maximum output with minimum effort. More often than not the desired output is to maintain the lowest state of energy, and thus we have seen the invention of such things as television. With television we're allowed to sit and drool for hours and live others lives vicariously. We don't have to live our lives when TV provides ready made lives (no assembly necessary). Don't even try to use your imagination. The most exercise you get here is moving your finger to the channel button, because not only does it leave nothing to the imagination, it also gives you a short attention span (or the stupid impression that you are indeed capable of watching four different programs simultaneously). How better to maintain this lowest energy state than by allowing someone else to do the work for you[†].

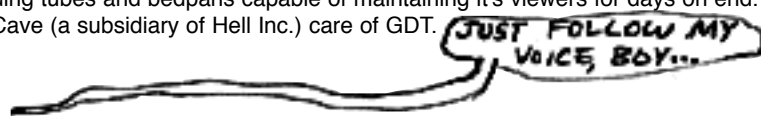
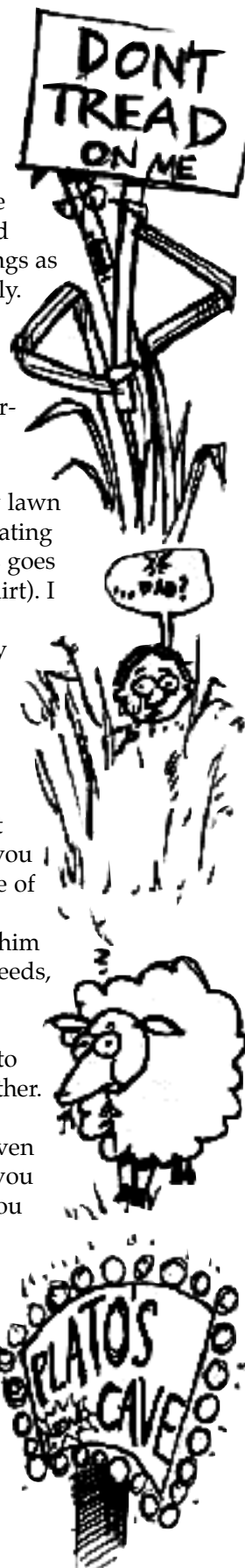
Take mowing the lawn for instance. I don't think I could ever seriously care enough about my lawn to mow it. What's the point it's only going to grow back again? Besides, all I'd be doing is subjugating the various monocots on my lawn (maybe grass should form a union. Monocots unite! Our grass goes on strike, pickets our driveway. Then We'd have to call in scabs to cross the lines and cover our dirt). I think when I finally get my own house I'll just watch the weeds grow up to the windowsills. I'll wave to my kids on their way to school, and pray to god (whichever is handy), only halfheartedly (because I am trying to maintain the lowest state of energy), that they're able to find the house again before it gets dark.

My solution: get some sheep to decimate your lawn. It is the time honored solution used by the English aristocracy. You have grass. You don't want it. Sheep eat grass. Problem solved. This way you don't waste any of this country's precious energy resources and you limit emissions down to those emissions given off by most living things (sure, methane is a green house gas...but haven't you been enjoying the radical changes in climate these past few years?). And best of all, you don't have to do any work. You could hire some voluptuous wench to tend your flock, or put one of those invisible fence wires around the yard and put collars on each of your sheep to keep them inside (go to far and ZAP!). As a bonus, when one of your lawn mowers breaks down just make him into dinner. You could seed different areas of your lawn with various kinds of grass herbs and weeds, then see which makes for the tastiest mutton.

Then there's waste disposal; what to do with all of your unused food scraps. While compost heaps remain a viable means of reusing food scraps, they have to be turned...and then you have to figure out what you're going to do with all that fertile soil. All in all, compost heaps are just a bother. There have got to be better methods. Granted you could try to send your scraps over to all those starving kids in Africa your mother always mentioned, but it might spoil on the way over, and even starving kids might not enjoy eating cheese rind and egg shells. To avoid the spoilage problems you could invite all the kids over to your house, but then you have air fare problems. Alternatively you could feed it to the one you already have duck taped to your wall (see Vol. 1, Issue 1). There are however other possible solutions.

Those dirty Europeans living in mud huts back in the middle ages had the right idea. Garbage disposals were referred to as pigs and had the side benefit of being edible (today, only edible underwear have such versatility). They used to throw their refuse into the street and let pigs run around the townships and devour it. Granted, Medieval sanitation is usually

[†] The next generation of televisions will not only come equipped to receive the fabled 500 channels on the "Information Superhighway" (Just think, it will take you 45 minutes just to surf through the channels once) but also intravenous feeding tubes and bedpans capable of maintaining it's viewers for days on end. For more information, write to Plato's Cave (a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) care of GDT.



not something people might want to aspire to, but it works. If you were to build a pig sty outside of your kitchen, all you would have to do is throw it out the window. This way the refuse build up is only restricted to one area. And sure it will stink, but you're lazy, and the longer you stay around an unpleasant aroma the less you smell it. So it'll stink, you'll probably stink to, but what will you care? You won't be able to smell it anymore because your olfactory receptors will have already contacted their next of kin. And even if the sanitation level in your household does reach that of the middle ages, what's a little Bubonic Plague between friends?

There are still other lazy alternatives. There is one creature who can not only rid you of your unwanted food matter, but everything else you don't care for as well. Have a kid sister or old sofa you don't really need any more? This beast may be the answer to all your refuse problems. The tiger shark is a sea faring creature with a most voracious appetite. Some tiger sharks have been opened up to find such things as old tires, mufflers, and eight tracks. Granted the tiger sharks are not actually able to digest this material, but what do you care? Out of site is

out of mind. As long as you can maintain a nice salt water pond in your back yard, all your refuse problems are solved. To avoid the hassles of law suits from angry parents, we would suggest that you keep a fence around this pond, electric if you can get it....20,000 volts if you're really ambitious (who needs fireworks when you can watch birds, squirrels and chipmunks literally explode as their little bodies encounter more electricity than it takes to run a theme park. For real fun, use AC instead of DC current; DC will make them stick, where AC will throw them a good 50 yards).

If you still have problems getting a hold of a tiger shark to do the job, contact the Cerebus Corp.(a subsidiary of Hell Inc.) and I'm sure they can fix you up with a genetically re-engineered version of the tiger shark who not only has the voracious appetite of it's more natural relatives, but a veritable chemical arsenal at hand with witch to digest anything from your old sneakers to your neighbor's carburetor. You probably wouldn't want to touch the by products of this animal, but don't worry it'll eat them too. 🍴

Our Two Cents

Since we first began publishing the unsolicited inner workings of our minds, we have received, both directly and indirectly, a number of derogatory remarks. We have been accused of being everything from racist to just plain annoying. The consensus of hate mail revolves around the question of where we get off.

Well let us tell you where we get off: usually in the privacy of our own rooms. The entire purpose of Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is not to lull you back into the groggy meandering you call life. If we could (Well some of us, well, one of us. The rest of us are pretty indifferent to the existence of others. We know you're there, but as long we can keep from running into you, we're happy to ignore the whole thing.), we'd scream in all of your faces, just to get you to say, "What the hell is your problem?!"

Yes, what we say is irreverent...and often irrelevant (not to mention our loose writing style, questionable grammar and punctuation). But there's more than one way to take life. We just choose to sit here, twanging our synapses, trying to find a way to tickle our fancies (or anything else we feel like tickling). Sure, you can look around and choose to live in a world of horror and oppression; feel that there is nothing you can do about the evils events happening in the lives of others. Or, you can fully realize that THERE IS NOTHING you can do about the horrors in other's lives, except laugh. Then go to Taco Bell and try to figure out why an entire meal costs less than a can of Alpo (we know...).

Life is joy, is humor, and we live it for the fun of it. If you want your life to be a horror story...that's your choice. Just don't drag the people who are living their lives as though they were in a Gary Larson cartoon (God bless Gary Larson and "Cow Tools"). Don't act surprised when the monster comes out from under the bed and eats your dream..so, opwen yhour / .e/ .yes scandf.a.cehte...

"I will Preach!"

We're sorry. We're not sure what happened. We've given the offending party some Valium and he's sitting in the corner licking the air. Now back to our usual nonsense.

-GDT Staff

After Dinner Mints

by Sean T. Hammond

When a salamander's tail breaks off, it can grow a new tail. If you saved the tail that broke off, and put it in conditions so it would still receive nutrients, could you grow a new salamander?



-Brian Revoir

Are you...

Inventive?

Creative?

Bored Beyond Reason?

Don't just sit there!

Join the staff of

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

(RIT's only weekly, intentionally humorous, publication)

We're looking for writers, contributors, illustrators, and ideas galore.

If your interested, get in touch with us through:

STH8884@ritvax.isc.rit.edu

Your Bill - For the Sake of Deficit Reduction

The wheels of Congress have been turning as slowly as usual, but some measures have already been passed. All these measures are presumably to help fight the deficit, but this is what's being done:

- A budget resolution has already been passed which allows Congress to sell National Parks, without exemptions, to private industry.
- Another bill that has been passed allows the National Forests to be logged without regard for existing safeguards.

- Presently on the block is H.R. 260, which would establish a "National Park Review Commission," the purpose of which is to recommend which parks should be closed. The general public would have no ability to participate in such decisions.

- In the House, H.R. 1675 (National Wildlife Refuge Improvement Act) is being considered. It promotes oil drilling and other commercial exploitation of all 504 National Wildlife Refuges.

- The Senate will soon be considering a bill that will surrender all land currently overseen by the Federal Bureau of Land Management to the states, which will more than likely open these lands up to various industrial concerns to help pay for their own deficits.

**Gracies Dinnertime
Theatre is on the World
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Check us out at:
<http://www.rit.edu/~sth8884/gdt.html>

We urge you all to call, fax, or e-mail Representatives and Senators. You can e-mail your representative through:

<http://thomas.loc.gov/>

Random Fact:

In 1964, a freighter carrying a cargo of sheep sank in the harbor of Kuwait. Afraid that the dead sheep would contaminate drinking water, people feverishly tried to devise ways of raising the ship. Luckily someone remembered a Disney comic book in which Donald Duck used ping pong balls to raise a sunken ship. So the ship was filled with 27 billion plastic balls and was soon afloat.

GDT Fan Club

Back issues, tee-shirts, and other neat stuff.

For information, contact GDT through:

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