

Global Warming

"If we're not supposed to eat animals, why are they made of meat?"

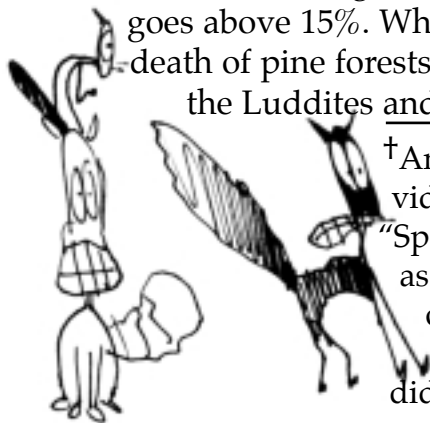
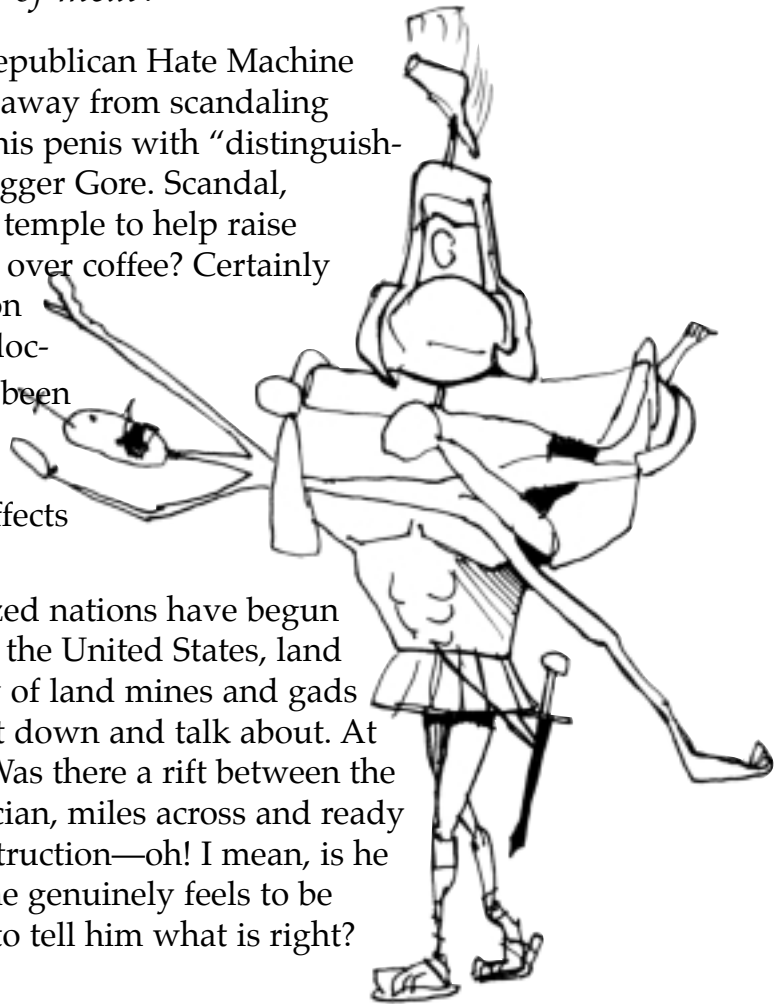
In recent weeks the Republican Hate Machine has shifted its tactics away from scandalizing President Clinton and his penis with "distinguishing characteristics," to Vice President Tree Hugger Gore. Scandal, shmandal! Who cares if they used a Buddhist temple to help raise money or rolled some modern robber barrens over coffee? Certainly not me. And apparently, not the administration either. Instead of using Gump technology to doctor tapes,[†] the president and his homies have been jetting about. While the Prez and the first Chick have been in Brazil, Gore has been lecturing weather forecasters on the inevitable effects of Global Warming.

Despite the fact that numerous industrialized nations have begun serious talk about setting emission standards, the United States, land of the free, home of the brave, and apparently of land mines and gads of carbon dioxide emissions, has refused to sit down and talk about. At first blush, this seems to be the real scandal. Was there a rift between the President and his Vice? Is Gore a rogue politician, miles across and ready to collide with the earth, causing massive destruction—oh! I mean, is he going against the party line and doing what he genuinely feels to be right...even before the opinion polls are back to tell him what is right? No. Stop being cynicism!

As is usually the case, there's more going on here than most people realize. Though global warming is pretty much accepted as fact by most sentient denizens on the planet, the European idea of cutting back on emissions is, well... so European. Packed with a rich and full history, our Euro spending brothers across the pond are, all and all, a boring, reactionary lot. Whenever a problem arises there's always the rise of conservatives calling for a "return to our roots." It happens in the United States as well, but here, they mean the 1950's. In Europe, they usually mean the Roman Empire, Holy or Plain flavors. Rallies where men dressed as gladiators throw

Christians to large, timid ally cats are common in Italy whenever the unemployment goes above 15%. When formulating how to deal with global warming and the steady death of pine forests from air pollution, the Europeans were forced to compromise with the Luddites and roll back emissions.

[†]And don't kid your self: they had more than enough time to alter the video tapes that Republicans have been watching with more interest than "Sperminator 2, Judgement Spray." Imagine President Clinton portrayed as a bastion of virtue as wealthy white slavers from Asia kneel at his feet offering him jewels, concubines, and fists full of money. "No, no! Take these poor, misguided souls away!" They could have done it, but they didn't.



Continued on page 2 of GDT...

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ****Publisher:** C. Diablo**Head Editors/Layout:**

Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Jason Olshefsky

Layout Trainees:

Josh French
Jason Olshefsky

Illustrator:

Matt Messner

Writers:

Thomas Gleason
Kelly Gunter
Sean Hammond
Mark Nowak
Jason Olshefsky
Don Rider
Sean Stanley
Alexandra Whitman

Contributors:

Michelle Amoruso
Steve Antonson
Heather Danielson
Josh French
Christopher Lane
Troy B. Liston
Robert Mac Kay

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The American's, known for thinking outside the box, have come up with a better schemes to deal with it. For the purposes of saving what is near and dear to them—cars, television, and the mighty all beef patty— they're willing to do anything...except give up their cars, television, and their cow pattys (uh, yeah).

Truth be told, between you, me and the hedgehog, global warming from greenhouse gasses isn't all that important to most humans. In fact, most Americans would like the world to be a bit warmer.[†] The real problem is that all the deforestation around the Equator has reduced the earth's massive midriff, causing it to rotate faster.[∂] Since temperature is average kinetic energy, and all of the earth's mass is speeding up, the planet is warming. While global warming might mean New York City will have to replace taxi's with gondolas ("Hey! I'm poling here!"), the change in the planets rotational speed screws up television reception because all those fancy geosynchronous satellites are still going the old speed.^Δ

Damn it! That's unacceptable. I want my MTV!

Endeavoring to protect every American's God Given Right™ to cable television, the government has called upon various brain trusts to develop policies aimed at restoring the Earth's baby-makin' hips. One of the more ambitious concepts, made almost realistic thanks to NAFTA (God, what hasn't NAFTA done for us?) and Clinton's recent trip to Brazil, was the largest US proposed construction project since the WPA.

Under this plan, the United States and nearly every other nation along the equator with the exception of Chad,[¥] would enter a historic agreement to construct the largest mall in history. Stretching 12,756.3 kilometers, this tribute to Freeman Dyson

[†]One of GDT's own is personally attempting to make the Great Plains a shallow ocean again. Each morning when he first gets up, he rushes out to his car and starts it. It isn't until he's almost out of gas several hours later that he goes to work. Keep up the good work, Josh; you'll have those glaciers gone in no time.

[∂]Let's say Brian Boytano is spinning with his arms out then we chop them off at his shoulders, he spins the same speed. If he simply pulls his arms in at the last moment to avoid our whirling blade, he spins faster. The former is called fun, the latter is called centripetal force.

^ΔKind of like Brian's severed arms.

[¥]Republic of Chad: Infant mortality 122 out of 1000 (better than some batting averages), they make beer, cigarettes, textiles, and have a literacy rate of 17%. With unexploited uranium, they have no use for the vibrating chair at Brookstone.

Email us at

gdt@iname.com

would span the globe like rubber bands on sheep testicles, but instead of causing testicles to shrivel up and fall off, the mall would restore the needed mass to the Earth's equator. Voila, problem solved. Mass restored, mall erected, cultures marked down. The Yanomamo must go! As a bonus, the sanctity of American pop culture would be upheld and introduced to tribes that currently don't know the joy of seat-less pants. But the mall would have several drawbacks, starting with the long lines for the mag-lev monorail system (propelled by the super power of superconducting, yttrium barium copper oxide infused collectible Freaky Freezies which are appropriately supercooled by Dairy Queen Blizzards™), and copious amounts of human waste slurry pumped into the southern edge of the Sargasso Sea, eventually enabling it to eventually be mined for coal. Unfortunately, projections showed there would be the worst ethnic battles in the history of the world, due to the cross-cultural differences of the mall rats. Spurred on by the stresses of the holiday season, the worst of the mall rats would form a neo-warsaw pact and vow to oppress the thousands of janitors dressed up as Santa Claus, resulting losses of sales approaching three easy payments of US\$19.99 and destabilizing the mall's structure in the segment off the coast of Easter Island.

Because the US didn't want to piss off Chad at any cost (that's one country you don't cross. They'll crush you like a grape), the mall was placed on the back burner. Luckily the boys at NASA have, of course, been on top of the accelerating earth problem for years...just like the rest of us. The difference is they knew about it and were thinking up ways to stop it. When good old John said, "We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things," what do you think

he was referring to? Our boys, God bless'em, have been making a flotilla of Boeing Sea Launch platforms with rockets that make the Saturn 5 look like a Geo Metro. They plan to spread them out along the equator with the business end pointed to the sunset in an attempt to slow the rotation of the Moon's moon (it's all relative, baby). Unfortunately, they've been busy defending their budget and acting like AAA for the world's orbiters, leaving little time to complete their goals in recent years, much less by the end of the 1960's.

In the mean time, all the cows we've had in the little latitudes have been helping slow things down, but physicists realize the mass of a cow is much less than that of a tree, let alone a Dysonian mall, and we simply can't achieve a high enough bovine density...unless we stack them like cordwood, which tends to make the cows less viable. Recent years have seen advances in effective bovine densities by creating smaller cows with leaner meat. Packed into Japanese style apartment complexes, some more advanced beef producers can approach a gigacow per cubic kilometer, which is really pushing the envelope. That's 10 cows in the area of one normal cow. Small cows means less mass, however, and no matter how many midget cows you have, they're still stupid looking. What we need are super cows! Giant, genetically engineered super cows



towering majestically hundreds of feet in the air...totally without heads thanks new cloning technology. If you think Recombinant Bovine Growth Hormone (RBGH) is just for more milk, you're sadly mistaken.

Mind you, such an undertaking just can't be done in one generation.[†] It has to be done gradually, and our cattle are already starting to be evolve into Megacattle, friend of all children. In fact, the average domestic cow has gotten bigger,[∅] but the experimental cows are already ten times larger than their domestic cousins. This will solve a number of problems. First and fore-

most, the giant cow will replace the trees around the equator and keep the Earth aligned to the precious satellites. Second, big cows mean big beef. Every Good American™ wants more beef—think economies of scale. Of course there's the issue of all that supersized feces, but all that nitrate has to be good for something. Anyhow, the plan is that by the year 2001, we'll have massive farms of six story cows spread about the Equator, bringing balance and peace to the world. Well, ok...maybe just balance. Least until some drunk frat boys push one of those bad boys over.

[†]In fact, it was tried with disastrous results. In the mid 1980's the first calf from the Quinity Project. Weighing three metric tons one month into the pregnancy, the mother of the experimental calf collapsed under the weight and formed a singularity. Used to dispose of the governments more sensitive documents, you can see the singularity at an attraction in Wall Drug, South Dakota—just hold on to your keys.

[∅]There are actually fewer cows now than in 1976, but that number of cows makes more beef. Either we're eating brain stems or the cows are getting bigger.

R.I.T. is Latin for C.I.A.

-AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Back when the campus was run by a Rose
 And experiments ended in greed,
 A wise guy, once human, now dead proposed
 A game to switch the polarity

Of earth as we know it, a true Canard,
 A gift from a jester, Olympus bound.
 East became West, and South is now North
 What **more** coincidence can come to confound?

"Oh, plenty you dumb ass, it keeps going up,
 Look at the way you lick lips!
 Look, you can see it in the swirls in your cup
 Of Earl Gray or Ginseng rose hips."

So, come with me now as we learn a new phrase
 That enlightens a couple of spies:
 Eat shit you sadistic bum-fucking apes
 I'm sick of your tactics and lies!

Though poetry is normally the domain of the *Melancholys* and the *Iconoclast*, we felt compelled to print the piece at left. Originally brought to our attention by a member of RITPlayers, the piece was hung outside the SAU around the same time *Reporter Magazine* was selling out and running ads for the CIA.

No author was listed, making it difficult to locate them. If anyone knows who wrote the piece, please contact us. I have a hunch it was written years ago and posted by someone who packrats things. That doesn't matter. We'd still like to have a name to go with the piece.

**Contact GDT via email at
 gdt@iname.com if you have any
 information.**



Editor's Note: Ember

This editorial has been two and a half years in the making, so let's get down to it.

We started this publication in February, 1995 with our friend and illustrator at the time, Marc Trezepla (still our friend, but isn't our illustrator). Since that time, writers and illustrators have entered our lives for a brief time and eventually faded away. We always remained. In early 1995 *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* began as a rant on a single sided sheet with a circulation of sixty issues a week, paid for out of our pockets. In those two and a half years everything has grown: *Gracies Dinnertime Theatre* is six to eight pages a week, became the progenitor of the Hell's Kitchen group of publications, has directly or indirectly inspired the creation of several new small publishing groups, our circulation is 700 issues a week, and we're read on three Rochester area campuses and in the Greater Rochester area in general.

When we approach businesses and groups such as Writers and Books and other local organizations with proposals or pleas for financial support they usually start by saying the equivalent of, "Sch-yah! As if! Get out of my office right now you zine printin', footnote spewin', whitespace hoardin' scissor licking bastard!" ...er I mean...they say, "No thanks." When they find out we print weekly, they start to take us seriously. Then, when they find out that we've been printing weekly for over two and a half years, they have a tendency to laugh nervously and ask how. Leading members of the RIT staff have expressed amazement that we can somehow continue to write intelligent articles at that quantity on a weekly basis and one professor at the U of R even called us "insanely efficient," something we're immensely proud of.

What I want to convey to our readership is easy for either of us to say, but it must be said. We have got to stop. Presently the two of us are paying close to \$50 a week out of our pockets just to keep issues on the U of R, MCC, and in various Rochester locations. We could withdraw back to just RIT and rely on its generous grant, but that path leads to death and is a contradiction of the goals of Hell's Kitchen. For two and a half years

we have done the bulk of the writing, layout, editing, creation of front page articles, administrative work, book-keeping, fundraising, handling printing, maintaining the web site, and to a lesser extent, distribution of issues on a weekly basis.

Over the breaks we get due to RIT's quarter system, we spend most of our time desperately trying to update our web site (which is now, incidentally, over a year behind the printed edition) and trying to develop new articles for the next quarter. The two of us have spent thousands of hours keeping GDT and Hell's Kitchen alive and thriving despite all the obstacles. However, there is one obstacle we can't seem to overcome: we are both burning out. We both need time to rest and recuperate; time we have not had for two and a half years.

So, after our one hundredth issue sometime around March (about the same time that GDT turns three, twenty-one in dog years) we will be going on sabbatical. Our new co-head Jason can not take on the workload by himself; it is too much work for one person to do. It is time for you, our reading public to step up to the plate. We will be leaving for a year, no matter what happens to the publication. If GDT still exists at the end of our year-long break, we will return to it.

We are offering to anyone the challenge to maintain a publication that over the course of two years has become entrenched on several college campuses of Rochester. We will not lie to you. The work is hard and time consuming, but if you think you have the dedication we will be glad to show you the ropes. Unless you really want to do this and believe you have the abilities and commitment, do not contact us, we have already wasted enough time responding hopefully to people falsely offering support.

If our departure marks the end of GDT, or even Hell's Kitchen, rest assured that we will not go quietly into the night. From what little energy remains in us, we will be pulling out all of the stops. Our last few issues will be some of the best we've ever written, we guarantee it. And if GDT lives on when we leave, it will just be a taste of what's to come.

Sincerely from the Head Editors,
Kelly Gunter and Sean Hammond

-Sean Stanley

THIS WEEK: "FACE-OFF" AND "MIMIC"

I would never be one to say that there can be too much of a good thing: at least that's what my crack dealer would say. As for mindless action in a film, John Woo illustrates a possible flaw in such logic. "Face-Off" was a good film, but it could have ended ten times before it actually did.

The plot was good until the part when John Travolta and Nicky Cage had their faces swapped. Right then and there it become predictable and trite. If I were to have made the movie, I would have done things very differently. First off, Travolta would have been clad in his white jumpsuit from "Saturday Night Fever,"

because his films of late have been described as nothing but "stylish" and I think he needs to get back to his roots.

Second, the real plot would begin when the vat of mung (this mung is scarin' me, Wayne) that Travolta's face is in gets knocked over. His face spills out onto the floor whereupon a stray lab dog snatches it up and runs out of the hospital. From then on, it's a head to head chase— man versus dog. Travolta must find the dog that has been chewing on his face, capture him, then dispense with him in Woo style with some sort of hurled projectile.

When his face is finally reattached, it is all mangled and decaying and slobbered upon. Nicholas Cage would

play Travolta from then on, rendering the film into a heartwarming drama that brings to mind "Mask," and "The Elephant Man," as Travolta struggles to cope with his new handicap. He'd loose work, become an alcoholic ("Leaving Las Vegas," anyone?), and end up scaring pre-pubescent children at middle school assemblies. Ten years from now, when Travolta's career is in a REAL slump, he could do the sequel, "Face-On," which would involve lots of foam latex and our friends at ILM.

Oh yeah, as for "Mimic," I only have one question: when the huge bugs were running amuck where the fuck was the Orkin Man? If I had that way cool space suit/exterminator outfit, I certainly wouldn't be vegging out in front of the tube! I'd be down in the sewers of New York, kicking some mad-roach ass.

Next time anyone makes a movie about insects and pest control, please consult the writings of William S. Burroughs—any problem could be solved with bug powder. No, I'm serious. Just do me a favor and rub some on my lips....



-Jason Olshefsky



If you haven't visited your local grocer's soft drink aisle, you probably have not yet seen Orbitz™. For those so uninformed, Orbitz™ is, for lack of a better word, an ornamental beverage. It is marketable only because it has little floating non-nutritive pellets in it—as if this is a magical panacea which will make people better able to stomach the excruciatingly thick high fructose corn syrup vinaigrette that suspends the spheres.

People will try it, since every Good American™ has forgotten all about high school physics and the concept of equal density materials and aqueous suspensions making them prime targets for this alien concoction, but that doesn't necessarily make them genuinely stupid enough to buy it twice.

Rather, it takes an independent marketing group to question, filter, and calculate their way to gobs of cash at initial release and veritable tens of repeat customers. They then convinced Clearly Canadian™ investors to dump their hard earned Loonies into development of a machine to produce nutritionally neutral (can you say *Sphingomonas elodea* fermentation?) balls which will suspend in a mix of ∞ fluid ounces of water and the entire sugar production of a small village in South America. I'd wager it was the same group that determined that what the Public really wanted was a cola without all that pesky artificial carmel color, and the same group who determined that everybody

is willing to sacrifice a solid stool to have Doritos with the fat content of rice cakes.

As the initial hype crumbles around Orbitz®, the first attempt to increase the number of repeat customers will probably be to try to fix a nonexistent problem in the details of the product, not the concept itself. I'm sure there's a core group studying the problem right now saying things like, and "perhaps little cubes would be more appreciated," "maybe Cantaloupe Mayonnaise Habañero would be a fresh flavor," and "we should focus on the 'texturally enhanced' aspects and back off on the 'fruit-flavored phlegm' angle." The inevitable conclusion is a failed product, another company filing Chapter 11, and a small, lame brain trust firing their collective single ganglion over and over on a nearly impossibly less intelligent general population.



NOTHING MORE THAN THE '90's VERSION OF THE LAVA-LAMP...FOR THE FRIDGE.

In a rare[†] possibility, Orbitz® could be the start of a major trend of "refrigerator furniture." I mean, think about it^Δ—five and a half foot tall Barbie® Dream Houses™ with air conditioning, automatic lighting and three vinyl coated wire floors. One could decorate the inside of their cold food storage device like never before. Mind you, only the most uncool Sam's Club shoppers will buy the food shaped like faux couches and chairs, perhaps in American Vernacular™ styles reminiscent of mobile homes of the 1950's. Everyone else will be beating down the doors of the

[†] That is, rare in a sort of intelligent life on other planets also inventing the Clapper kind of way.

^Δ "I mean, think about it" Copyright © 1997 Sean Hammond. All rights reserved.

local food repository for the latest colored, textured, and patterned beverages, Naugahyde upholstered Arm & Hammer Baking Soda, and pickle jars designed in homage of Frank Lloyd Wright's Waterfall House to match the existing decor of their Hotpoint. The best part being, of course, that once you've consumed the products you have the option of completely redecorating.

Of course, like all fads, at some point it's doomed to obscurity once its run the gauntlet of any gimmicks lifecycle. First will be paid endorsements in popular movies. We'll see Buffy in Buffy the Vampire Slayer—The Television Series—The Movie two years from now quaffing not Clearly Canadian Blackberry like Kristy Swanson, but rather

some multi-density, layered, textured drink from the same company with a satisfied but pained smile and a glance to the camera. Then will come hundreds of product knock-off's, trying to jump on the rickety bandwagon of the original idea. Not soon after that comes Saturday Night Live (ironically in and of itself a failing fad) parodying the product. Finally, as we near the end of the life of the textured beverage, the only remaining factory sealed Orbitz® bottles will join Flo-Bee's and embalmed McDLT's on the shelves of incurable collectors as yet another homage to all the stupid ideas which fall into an unending (but thankfully ever fading) cycle of being "retro" every 30 years or so.

Editor Jumps to his Death after Plagiarism Scandal

RUTGERS-CAMDEN, NJ— Students and faculty were shocked when Matthew Wannabe was found dead at the foot of his bed early Sunday morning after apparently ingesting an entire Crayola Crayon Box and jumping leaping to his doom.

"It wasn't just the eight colour set," said Officer Fred Samuel. "It was one of the big 96 set boxes. He even ate the shavings in the little sharpener on the back."

Reportedly under a great deal of stress, Wannabee, the layout editor of the *Iconoclast*, apparently leapt to his doom from the top of his dorm room's door frame.

Besides the normal crushing load of work associated with college life, Wannabee apparently had been spending more and more time finding material on the internet to plagiarize.

"All I wanted to do was make people happy. When I got that email about Mir and Mother Teresa going to hell, I thought they were submissions. How was I to know?" said a suicide note found on the scene. The note went on to extensively quote Nietzsche, and, ironically, babbled incoherently about journalistic integrity.

"He probably did the world a favor," said Dr. William Lutz, English professor on the Camden-Rutger's campus and editor of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* for 34 years. "If I had done what he did, I'd kill myself too."

Just prior to his suicide, Wannabee called the Suicide Prevention Hotline. After heading the details of the planned and intentional use of copyrighted material, the operator calmly told him, "Put the gun back in your hand. Step closer to the edge. Think about jumping. Think about it!" π

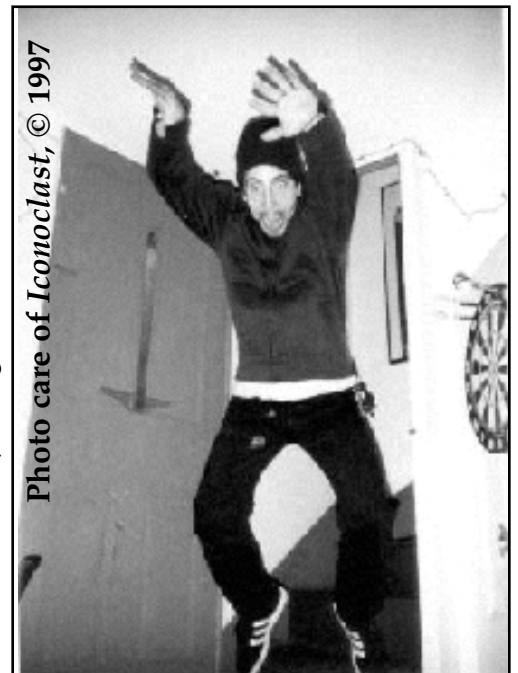


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ABOVE: A DRAMATIC REPRESENTATION OF MATTHEW WANNABE'S PLUMMET TO DEATH.