



## Gravity Kills

"Some people have a way with words, and some people...um, thingy."

There is a trend that extends through the women of my semi-extended clan, and only on occasion does it ever hum a little tune to itself and graciously look the other way. Yes, it's true: I come from a persuasion of feminine persons with identically miniscule quantities of extraneous fatty deposits at or around the general area of the torso. No, I'm not talking about shoulder pads. In more common vernacular, I merely stated that I come from a family of small breasted-women.<sup>†</sup> Unlike others who may find themselves stranded upon the same vantage point, I quite like the view.

I can assure you that the idea of increasing my own ability to produce caulking out of my nipples ("...one side gazpacho soup, the other free running, chilled champagne") has never tantalized my thoughts, no matter how many studies Dow Corning can produce to assure others that there is a higher incident rate of breast disfunction and a lower probability of breast cancer when one outfits themselves with gelatinous chest bumpers.

I mean, why would I ever desire implants when small breasts have so many perks (no pun intended)? Ever since the hormonally-induced tectonics of the region first squeezed the various substrata of skin and fatty tissue above the Great Breadbasket that was my chest, I have never truly had to deal with any of the adverse health defects that large, or even medium sized, breasts can induce, such as:

- Back pain
- Tearing of the connective tissue just above the chest
- That strange effect of attracting every skanky male (or female) within a fifty-mile radius
- That peculiar affectation of many acquaintances to transfix their gazes in excess of one foot below eye contact.

One more benefit to this little package deal is the fact that breast exams are a breeze; any irregular lump that is not a rib is almost certainly cancerous.

Many women resent the physical signs of aging, especially in regard to their antibody relocation and distribution conduits<sup>‡</sup> which seem to gain momentum the further they fall towards the floor. Of course with the ebb and swell of time, all things must in turn decline...well almost all things. Forsooth, it's difficult to imagine the occurrence of sagging in certain body parts when you've<sup>§</sup> discovered, oftentimes much to your chagrin, that more impressive cleavage can be produced on your own disdainful forehead. The indifferent fact for the underdeveloped women of my family is gravity seems too've<sup>∂</sup> completely passed us by (believe me, wearing those lead weights in the cuffs of your pants all the time can get downright aggravating sometimes). If it weren't for the occasional childbearings, our bosoms would have no place to go at all<sup>§</sup>. Sometimes I wonder if gravity didn't just take one look at the pitiful little stack on my chest, throw back its anthropomorphic head in fits of tumultuous laughter and say, "You want me to do what with that? Oh, no dear! I'm sorry. You've got the wrong inescapable physical law of nature. I can't work miracles."

They<sup>™</sup> say that there is more bounce to the ounce, and from where I'm standing one thirty-two cent stamp ought to cover me. Even though it's true that all things will eventually come to rest about your knees, except for your ankles which will drag on the floor behind you, I can't help feeling that maybe I have been blessed by the burden of perpetual perk...even if I garb my nature in sarcasm.

<sup>†</sup>And large breasted men.

<sup>‡</sup>Can't figure it out? Then you shouldn't be reading this. No soup for you.

<sup>§</sup>Rhymes with Louvre.

<sup>∂</sup>Ibid

<sup>§</sup>See "ebb and flow"





Gracies  
Dinnertime  
Theatre™

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## It's been nice, but I have to scream now: An Editorial

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GDT has lost its edge.

This flitted through my head as I drove down East Henrietta Road. On the radio, WBER (for our readers in various parts of the world, you can listen to WBER using RealAudio. The address is [wber.monroe.edu](http://wber.monroe.edu)), "the only station that matters," had just turned over its frequency modulated electromagnetic radiation to the "Raging Rhino's" game. There was a time when I would have simply hit a button on the preset station selection and slid smoothly over to The Nerve, but their programming is simply too annoying for me now. Better silence, or maybe NPR....

Ahead of me, a dilapidated station wagon shuddered to a stop at the light and my eyes caught a bumper sticker. I really didn't pay too much attention to what it said. All I saw were the call letters of a radio station. Without thinking too much about it, I turned the dial until the liquid crystal display read 99.7 (Sorry. I am nearly positive *this* jewel doesn't use RealAudio.) and prepared myself for whatever was going to issue forth.

I could have waited at that light for eons, watching the sun burn out and not be prepared. I had unwittingly turned to a Christian propaganda station.

(Before the few members of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship (RIT chapter) quickly leave, you guys might want to stay. This editorial is partly directed to you. And, heck, if you know a member of the God group, please consider reading this to them.)

As luck would have it, the nasal-voiced speaker coming through my radio was taking part in a mock Q&A concerning the upcoming election and how different politicians stood with regards to topics presumably important to a Christian Soldier. So already I'm getting worked up. Fucking Ralph Reed and the Christian Coalition. Fucking book-banning, prayer-forcing, intolerant jackals. I'm getting ahead of myself, though.

Like I said: I'm sitting there slowly winding up and somehow (I really wasn't paying too much attention, what with all my muttering) the foe questioner turns the topic to Creationism. *This* had my full attention, it being such a major campaign plank this year and all. Let's face it: no where else in the Western world is Creationism still an issue. I'm sure even the Pope doesn't give Creationism anything other than lip service. Hmm, it took until the 1980's for the Vatican to formally apologize and say they were wrong for accusing Galileo of heresy, though.

Then, the magic moment: I hear that Pat Buchanan doesn't think he's descended from animals. The voice continues to drone on about how Evolution demeans the

human condition and that Pugnacious Pat's views were encouraging, but I hear no more. I have to pull over. I can't see the road very well through the tears and I'm shaking bad enough to be a threat to myself and others.

No. I was not touched by the hand of God and no, I am not born again. Quite to the contrary.

Purifying RAGE. That Goddam Nazi Pat Buchanan has come to represent, at least in my mind, the amassing darkness. A dark political spectre using words deemed holy to proselytize hate. Bastards! How dare you take a message of forgiveness and turn it into a weapon to cripple the minds and souls of people! Do you think this is what your prophet would have wanted?

(My hands shake while I write this. Time for a break, then I'll bring it all home for you.)

A friend and regular reader of GDT/Hell's Kitchen commented that she was talking to a guy from the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, and he was shocked that she read our material. He maintained that we are always taking pot shots at them.

Well, I went back through all the old issues and I found a total of three references to that illustrious group. Three references in nearly 60 issues. Not even full sentences. Clauses. Afterthoughts. Obviously this has to change.... Thanks for pointing that out, guy.

Yeah, GDT has lost its edge. We've become silly and whimsical (except for maybe "Jews" (Volume 4, Issue 10). We were so underwhelmed by the amount of mail from that one, that I had to make a separate folder so I couldn't put them (the letters, not the Jews, silly) in it.

Next week...I stop being polite. -Sean Hammond, co-editor and co-founder, GDT

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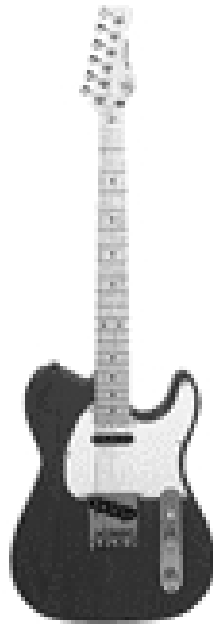
# ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S WORLD TOUR

WITH SPECIAL GUEST: PHILIP AND THE MACEDONIANS

356-323 B.C.E.



Thebes  
 Granicus  
 Ephesus  
 Miletus  
 Gordium  
 Ancyra  
 Tarsus  
 Issus  
 Antioch  
 Tyre  
 Egypt  
 Alexandria  
 Basis of Siwah  
 Nisibis  
 Arbela  
 Babylon



Susa  
 Persepolis  
 Ecbatana  
 Ragae  
 Susia  
 Alexandria  
 Alexandria  
 Nicaea  
 Bactra  
 The Orient  
 Maracanda  
 Alexandria  
 Bucephala  
 Alexandria  
 Encore Performance in  
 Babylon

**EXTENDED STAY**

**CANCELED**

**CANCELED**

**CANCELED**

**SOLD OUT**

**SOLD OUT**

Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is a subsidiary of Hell's Kitchen and may be reached through our web site at: [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu)

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### Random Facts:

A female pigeon won't lay an egg unless she can see another pigeon.  
 On May 5, 1776 a shower of black eggs fell on Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

-Guest writer: Sean Hammond

# Martyr of the week



The **Martyr of the Week** for **Sept 29-Oct 5** is GDT's very own **Troy Liston**. Though it is undoubtedly the most popular weekly column in GDT, Troy hasn't received a single piece of fan mail for Martyr of the Week. Keeping with his interests, Troy has persevered and has, I daresay, earned the honor of Martyrdom for himself.

Help us keep the stories of sainthood and magnificence of martyrs coming. Send fan mail for Troy to [diablo@csh.rit.edu](mailto:diablo@csh.rit.edu).

-Sean T. Hammond



Faeries, however, represented a serious problem. Clearly not false gods, humans, or even angels, a category had to be found for them. This is the same problem Mohammed faced when his teachings started to spread. For him and his followers, the faeries became jinn. For Christians, faeries were linked to Lucifer and his demonic host.

Stories of incubi and succubi are probably the Christianized stories of faeries choosing human mates. Even the innumerable stories of saints being tempted by demons are probably encounters with faeries. Story after story recounts how a saint is approached by a stranger who offers to help plow a field/dig a well/clean a home. When the saint accepts, the job is done faster than any mortal could. Of course the saint would denounce them as a demon, and the faerie would be offended and leave.

There is even some question as to the spiritual nature of faeries. Thanks to Christian intervention, it is thought that faeries have no soul. This sentiment can be found immortalized in the story of the Little Mermaid; her self-sacrifice was even more poignant because upon her death, she would become nothing but foam on the sea.

The missionaries did make an accurate observation, regardless of their actions: No matter how human-like a faerie may appear, they are not human and are not bound by the same moral codes we use. While they demand respect from mortals, they are stereotyped as pranksters and even causing physical harm...sometimes death. Fickle as the weather, it is as though they know what a human should do, but can't quite figure out our motivations and thus never complete the illusion.

For the past four weeks, I've tried to introduce you to some basic ideas connected with faeries, but I'll be taking a break from writing while I search for an illustrator. I'd like to start talking about particular faeries and it would help to have some art work to go with them. If you're interested in helping out, or if there is a faerie related topic you'd like to see discussed here, drop me a line care of GDT or talk to me directly c/o: [sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu](mailto:sth8884@ritvax.rit.edu)

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## Gud'n Tenshuns

### *Honorary Members*

*Gud'n Tenshuns is a completely separate species, based on silicon rather than carbon. This life form is vaguely humanoid in shape, with all the appropriate vestigial limbs. They literally appear out of thin air in a particular spot, somewhere near Dayton, Ohio, whenever another unique "good intention" is performed in the world around us. Upon entering the world they fall to the ground, where they land on the very first Gud'n Tenshun of them all and then they proceed to run down the path that has been created by all of the subsequent Gud'n Tenshuns. Each new Gud'n Tenshun adds another stone onto this path that cuts its way through the landscape.*

*When Gud'n Tenshuns are still young, they have a more rounded appearance, which quickly begins to flatten out due to their initial soft silicon shell state. If you walk on them while they are still relatively young, you can amuse yourself by watching as you start smushing their faces and other body parts.*

*The Gud'n Tenshuns fit themselves together in this road much like people packed in sardine cans, still people-shaped, but also vaguely warped to fit around the person next to them.*

*It is interesting to note that as you walk on the Gud'n Tenshuns, they never emit cries of pain; they merely quote from *Citè's Little Instruction Book*, mumbling such things as: "Remain open, flexible, curious." or "Surprise a new neighbor with one of your favorite homemade dishes - and include the recipe."*

*There is an old saying that says, "the road to Hell is paved with Good Intentions." This is somewhat misleading. In all actuality the road that Gud'n Tenshuns make is very random in its wanderings, and it is continually growing. The road to Hell is paved with Gud'n Tenshuns, which has nothing to do with Gud'n Tenshuns' intentions, but the fact that Hell itself is the one moving around to always be in front of this road.*

