

"GDT- You don't have to turn on the TV to watch it, but it's not as interesting."

Some female beauty customs are utterly baffling. Not only do some of these customs make women look down right unnatural (i.e.: those old women who draw eyebrows halfway up their forehead or dye their hair blue), they can range from uncomfortable to downright painful.

I'm not talking about some obscure group in Mongolia or that group in Africa where the women add a ring around their neck each year their husband has been dead, until their neck is so stretched that it can't support itself without the rings. I'm talking about American beauty customs; specifically hair removal.

One method is shaving. While being reasonably safe when using an electric razor, it can be very dangerous while balancing on one foot on the floor of a slippery, cramped shower stall, running a sharp blade up one's leg*. How about that option that was popular five or six years ago that we don't hear about anymore: the epilady. It must be pleasant to have a bunch of hairs caught in a rotating coil and yanked out, roots and all.

Then there's the ever popular waxing option. Oh, pour hot wax on me, let it harden, then rip it off to sever hair from follicle (If you have to pour anything on me, I'd prefer chocolate sauce. It's much more fun to have removed).

For the masochist in you, there's the slower method of extracting hair: tweezing. Pulling the hairs out one by one, maybe if your lucky the nerve will come out along with the hair. And what about depilatories (even the word is evil sounding. "I summon Astorath, Bael, Nerig, and Depilatories to, well...never mind.?)? If they are strong enough to make hair fall out, what type of damage are they doing to the skin? Maybe doctors should make chemotherapy a cosmetic surgery option. Total hair loss in only a few weeks!

There is also the expensive, time consuming process of electrolysis. I know I want my hair to stop growing because I condemned my follicles to the electric chair.

On the up side, shaving causes hair to grow back thicker and darker (bet your mom didn't tell you that, huh ladies?). Yup, you too could be the bearded women with just a little work. Or maybe you really want angora-looking legs by the time you're 30. If you treat it right and eat the right foods you could have a healthy shiny coat in a good twenty years. Forget about mink, au natural is the way to go every time. Ever wondered why prehistoric man was so furry? Yup, Lucy† owned stock in Gillette.

*I personally know of a friend with a hideous scar on the back of her calf from where she fell while shaving. Yet, she still shaves her legs...except for where her scar is, because no hair grows there.

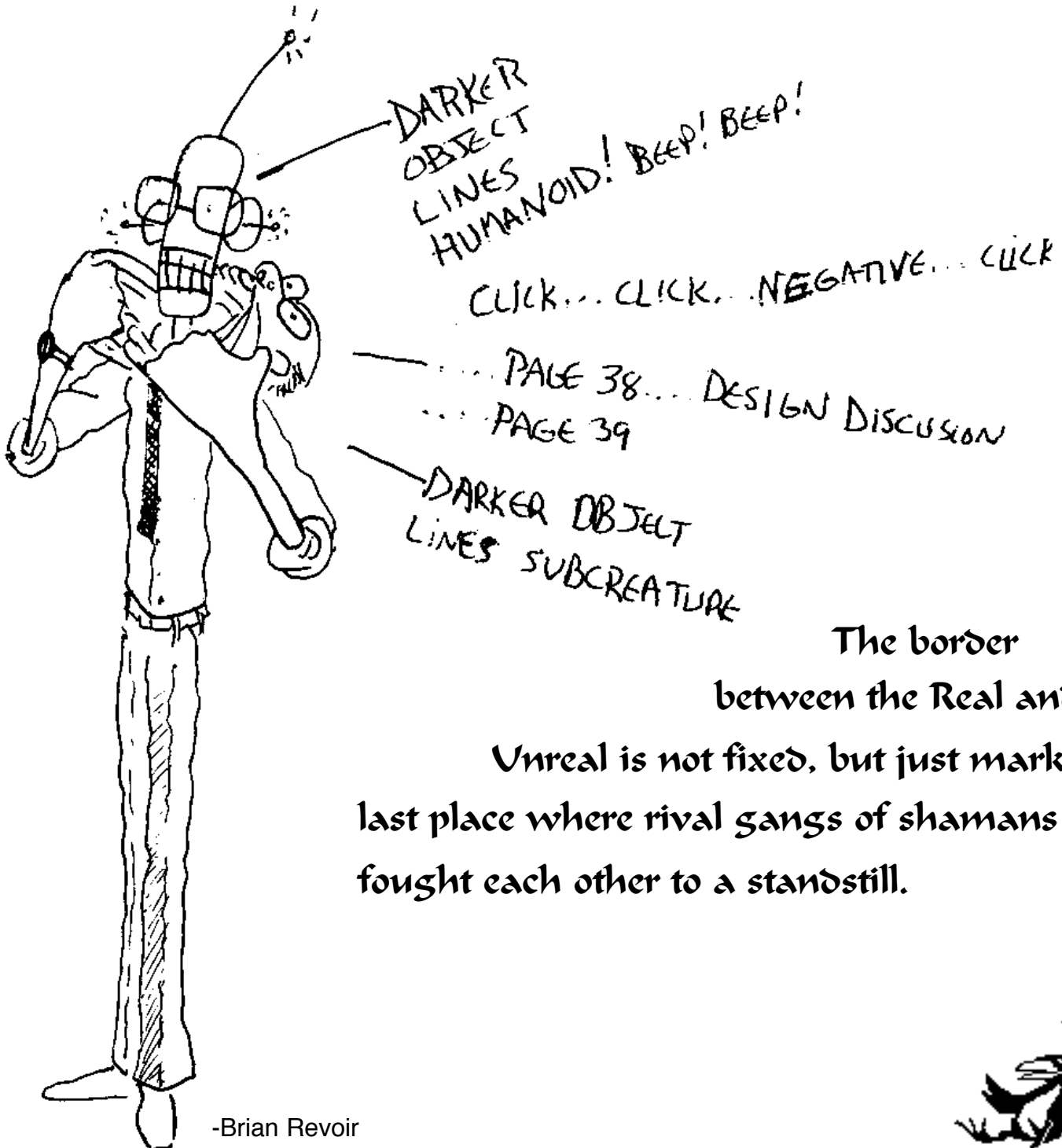
† For those of you out there unfamiliar with her, Lucy is the name that was given to the oldest humanoid skeleton found to date. Up until Lucy was found, anthropologists believed that the growth of the brain case was the first evolutionary step of modern man. Lucy proved them wrong, for her brain case was identical in size to her predecessors. However, there was one important evolutionary change Lucy had taken. She walked upright on two legs.



After Dinner Mints:

Twinkies have a shelf life of more than a year. What do you suppose those preservatives do to you? Maybe they would stop you from aging if you ate enough of them. To hell with the fountain of youth, pass me that cream filled slice of Ambrosia. Or do you think that "shelf life" is not as apt a term as "half life." Can't you see the remnants of Twinkies showing up on X-rays as they wind their way through your duodenum? Hey, if you ate enough Twinkies you might start to glow in the dark with the rest of the starry sky, save on electric bills, and just make the world a better place.

-GDT staff



GDT would like to thank every one who has submitted work or ideas to us. We'll try to get to all of them. We also want to encourage submissions for a special Halloween Edition of GDT. Send stories, or just anything you think fits this festive day.
-GDT Staff

Submissions

Fear

They told me that Hope was the absence of Fear
and I told them that Hope is nothing without Fear,
They told me that I should ask myself about Fear

should ask myself
What're ya afraid, little boy?
come on into the lamplight
here with the doctor
and his nice, clean trays of
(those aren't toys don't touch them)

should ask myself
What's the matter, sweet young thing?
come on into the spotlight
here and turn once 'round
to show momma your nice, clean outfit for
(brand new expensive too tight)

should ask myself
What're you scared of, ya chicken?
come on under the streetlight
here and get your scrawny
little fists out to fight like a man
(fuckin' freak!)

should ask myself
but I'm not in the MOOD

for all this
self-Righteous
self-proclaimed
self-torture.
so don't bother on about
what I am
or am not
afraid of.

-BJ Leopold
29 Apr '95

Untitled

Walking, I see it.
In eyes, posture, in the tensing of facial muscles.
In their gaze like a cry or plea.
I see the fear,
the worry, but mostly uncertainty.
I watch this vision of pain that wanders by in their wake.

"Stop it!", I want to scream.
Stop feeling this pain that means nothing!
Live damn you!
Live to breath and love this world, this life,
your life.

Stop the pain,
it is not real.
It only exists because you put it there.
You see, because this body means nothing
if you strangle your heart.

This world has no effect
unless you create it.
It's you!
You who creates the fear, the worry, the pain!
You are the enemy,
the only enemy you ever had.
Because no one else has the power to harm you.
This body means nothing
when there is no life inside.

The dead gaze blinks indifference and self pity.
My words fall to the ground to be beat into nothingness. My
words have no meaning unless you understand them. And if
you understand them, you didn't need to hear them. I know
not wether to laugh or to cry, but my words can mean noth-
ing. Because in my heart, what I say can only be heard by
you when you speak them to yourself.

I can tell you nothing.
I walk on, not watching these martyrs as they trudge onward
to the end of their misery,
life in uncertainty.

-Hanna K. Thomas
27 Apr '94

Do you have trouble finding GDT some- times?

Well now GDT delivers.

Just tell us what building and floor you live in, and
approximately how many copies your floor will require,
and we will personally deliver copies every Sunday after-
noon to your lounge. If you live off campus, we can't help
you, but if you live in Perkins, Colony, Riverknoll or
Racquet Club, we'll try to accommodate you.

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Microscopic Moral Mythology

"All Life is Precious." - Part II

People often think I'm a vegetarian. They think I breathe granola and bleed bean curd. Apparently I "look" like a vegetarian, but I'm not. I don't eat a whole hell of a lot of meat, but that's got more to do with flavor and less to do with moral reservations. Perhaps if I'd never watched that one documentary when I was a child I would be a vegetarian today, but it's too late now.

A lot of vegetarians I've met will go on and on about a painless menu and cruelty to animals, but what about cruelty to vegetables. Can you imagine what it must be like for a stalk of wheat in the center of an immense field surrounded by a lot of it's fellow siblings. Suddenly it starts feeling the electric impulse screams of thousands of it's neighbors through the soil. It travels through the nervous system like lignin with it's terrifying message... The threshing machine is coming!

You laugh? They're only vegetables? Well, the electrical impulses through the soil between suffering plants are real and scientifically proven. The structure of lignin? It even utilizes the strength of the double helix. Yeah, that's real too.

You still say, "They're only vegetables. They can't feel anything." Well Maybe. It's really hard to tell isn't it? They're only savages... They're only animals. I bet the Nazis even said, "They're only jews." It's sort of the age old justification of the oppressor, isn't it? They don't feel things like we do. But you never can be sure, can you?

I'm not telling you to stop eating all together, you need to to survive. Eat what you like, nothing is stopping you. Just keep in mind that whatever you're eating, something died for that. I don't think eating is a terrible crime, I'm just saying that you can't make a salad without breaking a few heads. Just don't jump up, wagging the lethal end of your carrot in my face while I chew on chicken. Remember a plant died for that carrot, and just because you can't find hear it scream, or see it cry, doesn't mean it doesn't feel.

-Kelly Gunter

Ever been in a bar, drinking souls
with Lord Vader?

No?

That's ok. We want you anyway.



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creative individuals to help in publication. All
majors welcome.

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Bill Gates of Microsoft
unveils his newest plan...



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