



Circles

"You're not as real as you think."

You'll have to forgive me, but I was just watching TV, the great mind stealer that it is. Not just mind stealer, but reality warper. Somehow, they create a reality that is more real. How many times have you heard or thought, "Gosh, that's just like something in a movie." It's as though TV and movies are somehow more there and our lives pale in comparison. Take, for example, dandruff.

Anyone in the western hemisphere must have some concept of what I'm referring to: those horrid commercials where "Chuck" is posing for the photographer and has huge hunks of his scalp on his shoulder. I mean the man should be faint from blood loss. And as if those quarter sized "flakes" weren't enough, the TV land magic circle hand swoops down to draw an ellipsoid around them and makes damn sure you see them in all their bestial wrath.

The circle hand. I guess the most important thing is the circle itself. It's snuggled right in there along with all the other special mass-media-punctuation-repair-kit bums; between the Underline Twins (Underline powers activate! Shape of a moving line, form of a curling spring) and Excessive Points of Exclamation (his friends call him "EPEs", pronounced "eaps").

Granted I realize none of you have the slightest idea of what I am talking about. Just walk with me a while.

Actually, march your hinder right to your mail box and pull out all the junk mail you've managed to accumulate over the past few days. Right there in your hands, in amongst the Exclusive Pin Numbers and Hidden Mystery Prizes is what I refer to.

To illustrate my point, which I have yet to make sparkling clear, think back to all the times you've read: "...You may already have won Ten Million Dollars..." Now just close your eyes and visualize those words. Let your mind rest easy for a while. Stop trying to see Ed McMahon in a thong. Ignore the impression that the words "Ten Million Dollars" are too much like a proper noun, and that in all actuality "Ten Million Dollars" is probably the name of some poor Spanish kid who stepped just a little too close to the edge of a white slavery ring. Let this slide out of your subconscious and away from your thoughts completely, damn it! No use in bringing up the past. Just relax. Calm yourself. Focus your entire attention on how you see the words. Are they written in red or blue in that personal-yet manufactured-handwritten text? Now look deeply and all will become revealed....

You've probably told yourself upon occasion that GDT could not possibly make an issue out of anything, and this one is here to prove you wrong. Yes, the issue at hand is the manner in which junkmail and its counterpart in the television medium tend to write, and most importantly, draw circles and their cohorts.

Think about it. Right now, in your mind, superimpose every circle you have ever remembered from your mass media education and see what you get. It's the same circle.

Somewhere some guy is making millions of dollars because he just happens to be able to make the most casual, professional and yet legible print, underlines, circles, and exclamation points in the known world. Once he was a worker at a Mal-mart in the deep south...just punching away at his cash register. All that changed one day when an advertising executive came in to buy some extra golf pants. He went to the register where this unsuspecting boy punched away at his keyboard and slide scanner, and in one of those tedious, insignificant actions that can alter the future, the exec pays by Visa. As the boy pulls out the luckless exec's receipt, he quickly circles the amount of the charge and then writes that amount down, underlined twice, and ended with an exclamation point. As the exec turns to leave, he notices the sheer genius of the marks in front of him, strokes that would make a Japanese calligrapher die happy, and says, "Do that again!"

Anyway, it's just a scenario. They probably have try-outs for that sort of thing, where they try especially hard to weed out all of those people who dot their I's with hearts.

They take those freaks out back and sterilize them. Stops that particular madness right there.





The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle Map of RIT

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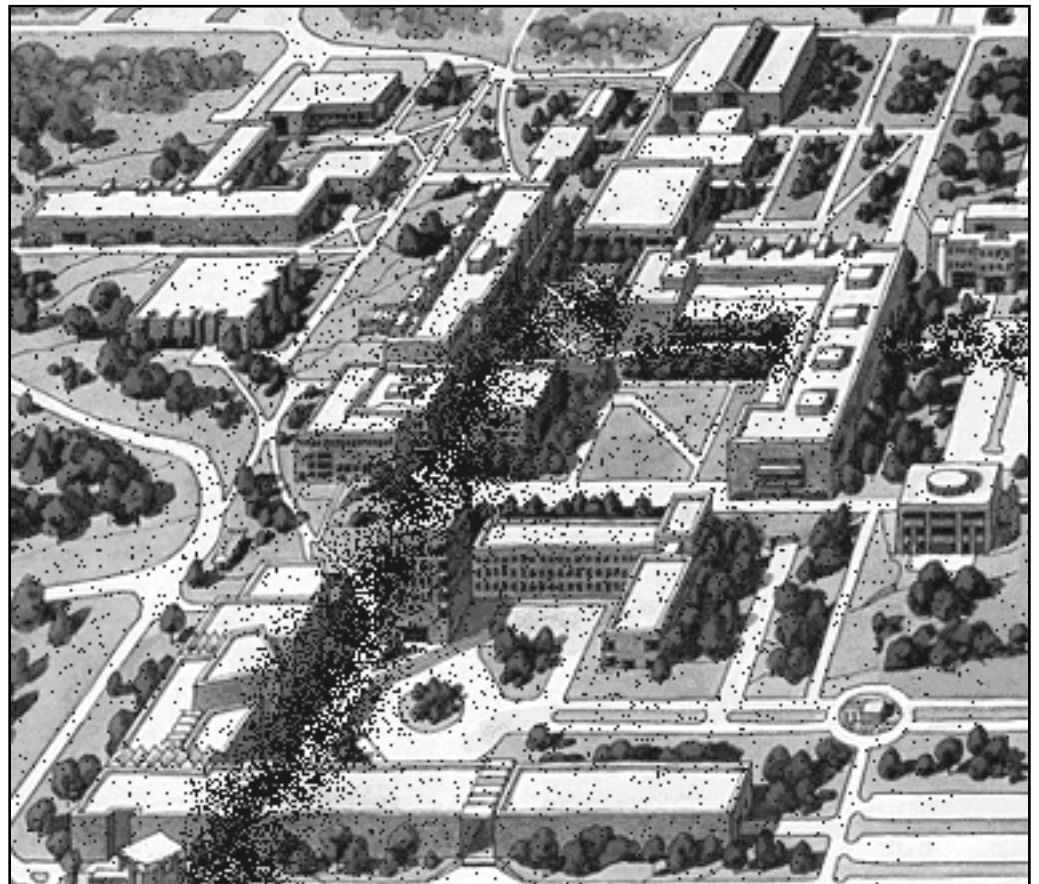
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You are somewhere here

To paraphrase a dead guy: "You can find some of the people some of the time, but you can't find all of the people all of the time." Well, now you can.

You don't have to page Bobby to find out where he is anymore. This is also

your great opportunity to find yourself without the long-haired, barefooted, pot-smoking, peace-loving, fornicating life-styles usually wrapped up in such pursuits.

Thanks to Hell Inc. and the bargain basement prices that the republics of the old Soviet Union are selling secrets and military hardware for, GDT is proud to bring you the first Heisenberg Uncertainty map of the Rochester Institute of Technology.

That's right. Since it is impossible for an observer to measure where anyone else is without altering their position and momentum, GDT utilized our newly-acquired, Soviet-built espionage satellite (if you think that's cool, you should see our submarine) in geosynchronous orbit over RIT and simple statistics to show you where any student is at any given moment. Yup. We know, more or less, where to find each and every one of you buggers and can drop you with a hi-impact lead, "Hello" whenever we want.

Have a nice day.

Send submissions and mail to: Gracies Dinnertime Theatre, 472 French Rd, Rochester, NY 14618 or E-mail us at diablo@csh.rit.edu



Welcome back to the hall of the headless. We traipse again into the presence of the chosen ones, those dismembered do-gooder Catholic martyrs. The **Martyr of the Week** for **September 22-28** is **St Maurice (Sept 22)**. Others of note this week are **St Phocas (also Sept 22)**, **Cosmos and Damian (Sept 26)**, **St Wenceslaus (Sept 26)**.

St Maurice was the commanding officer of the Theban legion, a part of Emperor Maximian's Roman Army made up of recruits from upper Egypt. The xian legion was part of a force that was to cross the alps and suppress an uprising in Gaul. While in Switzerland, on the eve of the battle, all were required to attend and/or perform public sacrifices to secure victory for the next day. This of course was sacrilegious and the legion refused, instead retreating to what is now St-Maurice-en-Valais. The Emperor ordered the decimation (the killing of every tenth man) until the soldiers would obey his orders. The devout men *naturally* chose martyrdom over pagan sacrifice, so all 6660 were executed. St Maurice's blood and ring, as well as the stone on which he was beheaded are preserved in the aforementioned Swiss city.

St Phocas (Sept 22 or July 23, depending on which calendar you subscribe to) was known for his hospitality to travellers. During the Diocletian persecution he gave shelter to some Roman soldiers whose mission was to execute our saint. During the night Phocas dug a grave in the garden. When morning came he confessed that he was the man after which they sought, was beheaded, and tossed into the ready pit.

Saints Cosmos and Damian (Sept 26) were travelling twin xian doctors who refused payment for their services. One arduous patient refused to let Damian leave her side without accepting 3 eggs as payment. Cosmos was so furious with his brother that he made it public knowledge that he wasn't to be buried with his twin. They, of course, were martyred (when the rocks and arrows hurled at them had no effect, the popular beheading was opted for) and prepared for burial separately. A lone camel persuaded the mourners, in the name of all cattle, to bury the brothers together (and no, I don't make this stuff up...).

St Wenceslaus was the Duke of Bohemia (Now parts of Slovakia and the Czech Republic) in 922 and attempted to bring xianity to his kingdom during a time of pagan reaction. He would hold feasts at which he would pressure the guests into saying the Our Father, savagely beating those who refused (Why, how very xian of you!). He allied himself with the German Empire (due to their xian King, Henry) which endeared him to very few in his homeland. He was eventually murdered at the door of a church by his brother, Boleslaus. The popular xmas song dedicated to him is pure fiction.

For those of you who are new readers and/or are xian conspiracy theorists, I replace the word christ in words in my writing with an "X" not to eliminate the mention of this great man (Kiss me, son of god!), but due to the fact that "X" is the symbol for Christ that comes down to us from the Romans. It simply makes typing this column easier. If you still have doubts, look up "X" in the dictionary and all will be revealed (the man speaks only truths!).



The Universe & Me: a d-i-m guide

"Writer's Block"

-Kelly Gunter

Writer's Block- A little known (although widely used), specially designed martial arts maneuver to create a defensive fighting posture from which aspiring authors may excuse their inability to create endlessly original weekly columns, when they have found that they have finally arrived at their wit's end.

This and Last Week's Survey Question

"Would you rather lose the ability to make the 'r' sound or gain the ability to stutter?"

New Survey Question

"Would you rather only make sense to insane people and never make love or only make love to boring people and never make sense?"



Fey Denizen

-Sean T. Hammond

There is an amazing variety of cultures and subcultures within the United States. And depending where you go, your comments and actions can end up offending quite a few peo-

ple. In Maine, if you make fun of the Mormons, people think you're talking about a branch of the PTA, whereas in Utah, you could end up like the Fancher party.

Nevertheless, for all our differences, there are customs that bind us; that make us Americans. In a vaguer sense, the same can be said of humans in general. There is, for lack of a less used term, what could be called the human condition. The same can be said for those of Faerie.

Though the doors to Faerie are slowly disappearing, there are still some who manage to slip in, or, even rarer in these latter days, are invited behind the veil. If you should even find yourself being asked to join some young wraith for dinner so you can meet her Mum, here are some basic points to help you avoid looking like an ass, angering your guests, avoid killing yourself, and generally avoid faux pas.

Faerie Food: Don't eat it. Even if you think that it would be rude to refuse, you must. When Persephone ate the food offered to her by Hades, she was bound to that land. The same fate befalls all mortals; faerie food is pleasing to the sense, but is only glamour and has no substance. If one remains in Faerie and eats only faerie food, the body

will be unable to return to our world. To complicate matters, time seems to pass differently in our two worlds. The course of a meal in their realm could be several weeks in ours. At best you may be malnourished upon leaving Faerie, at worst, you will die as soon as you leave.

Dancing: This is another no-no, and doesn't apply just to the land of Faerie. If you should happen upon a troop of dancing faeries, try your hardest to resist the urge to join. Their wild revelry can wear a mortal out to the point of exhaustion and death.

Gifts: One of the more peculiar aspects of the sociable faeries is their inability to deny giving you what you want. They will give any object which they possess, but they demand a fair trade. Since few material objects can travel between our worlds, they normally take what they feel is a fair trade from the more ethereal aspects of a person. This is undoubtedly connected to the Christian concept of "selling one's soul."

Gratitude: This is a tricky one. Faeries all seem to take offense to abundant displays of gratitude. In some cases, to repay the Wee Ones for their help only angers them and drives them away. All in all, it is best to acknowledge their help, either by leaving a minimal amount of food in a way that looks like it was forgotten (when dealing with the diminutive types), or silently accepting the help or hospitality of one of the more human like denizens, such as the Tuatha de Danan. Above all, show them respect.

Next week: the morality of faeries.

Justice

Mount: Reasonable Doubt

Friends: a parrot named Truth

Foes: the appeals system

Strength: of righteousness

Speed Hah!

Favorite Quote: "There is no justice. there's just us."

Favorite Invention: Warning Labels

Description: Instead of a sword.

Justice holds a mace and chain. while in her right hand she weighs the evidense of DNA against a more lucrative currency. Her customary blindfold is actually reserved for her clumsy horse. Reasonable Doubt. Beside her. her parrot. "Truth" whispers sweet nothings.



Gracies Dinnertime Theatre is look- ing for some new blood.

We need artists, writers for weekly columns/front page material, and just all around creative people.

And we know that there are more than *two* people from the U of R who like us.

So give in. Let your imagination (and ego) run wild.

Contact diablo@csh.rit.edu for more details.

GDT: My creative muse can beat up your creative muse.