



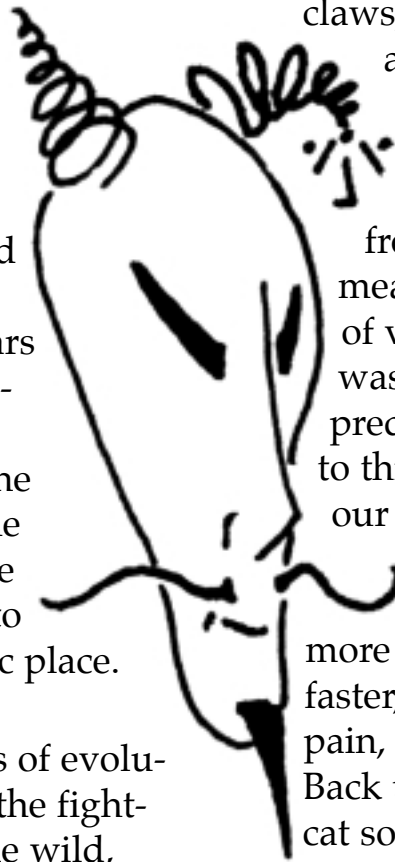
## Enlighten Up!

*"You've got punch it, pork it, and get away fast before something bad happens to you." -A Boy and His Dog, Harlan Ellison*

There's something insidious out there on the web, and I'm not talking about cookies, Java, web-cams, or Microsoft Macro viruses<sup>ð</sup>. I mean animated gifs.

Animated gifs (pronounced "jifs" for some unholy reason)<sup>π</sup> have been around for a few years now, and like most web innovations, they seemed like a <blink>good idea</blink> at the time. But as is often the case, the Forces of Evil™ managed to use these wonderful little buggers to make the world a more neurotic place. Let me explain:

Thanks to millions of years of evolution, primates have developed the fight-or-flight reaction to stress. In the wild,



prior to Prometheus' intervention, man<sup>Δ</sup> really had nothing going for him. No claws, no prehensile tails, no wings, a poor selection of hair extensions. In fact, we weren't even all that good to eat, but that didn't stop the other animals from killing us for sport.<sup>μ</sup> This meant that from a primate's point of view, everything that moved was a) food b) a mate or c) a predator. Enter adrenaline. Thanks to this wonderful little hormone, our bodies become supercharged when threatened. Our pupils enlarge to allow us to see more color, our reflexes become faster, we become more resistant to pain, and our strength is increased. Back then, it allowed us to escape a cat souped up on noradrenilin

<sup>ð</sup>Which are the coolest things since sliced bread. If you're unfortunate enough to have a whole set of Microsoft software packages, this little baby can really make your life interesting. The way it works is you receive an email with the subject "?" and open it with Microsoft Mail. The virus then digs through your email address book, chooses three listings at random, writes new messages to those poor bastards and send itself off to them. It's really quite wonderful how close it comes to mimicking biological viruses.

<sup>π</sup>See <http://www.fsf.org> for the evils of Compuserve patents.

<sup>Δ</sup>An acronym created by the gods (who are actually non-specific globular masses who can form pseudopods as needed) that stood for Multi-Appendaged Nebraskan. Funny old multiverse, isn't it?

<sup>μ</sup>At one point, great hunting parties of foxes would don their silly looking red coats and chase after men, all the while blowing horns and generally making asses of themselves. After the kill, the foxes would stand about the dead body, ready to be mounted in a suitably fierce pose, his absent claws ready to appear at any moment. The hunters would mumble chic phrases like "Jolly good," and "a spot of tea, darling?" whilst gloating over their fashionable kill. This was so traumatic to the aforementioned bipeds that these hunts eventually became genetic memories which, through a misunderstood force of nature,<sup>ø</sup> manifests itself today in the British Isles.

<sup>ø</sup>Similar to gravity, the force of irony one event applies upon another is the absurdity of the opposing event multiplied by the universal ironic constant divided by the square probability of these events occurring simultaneously. (This information was provided by the daring people of Cronos Corp., et al.)



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

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(adrenaline makes monkeys jumpy; noradrenalin makes cats stalky). Nowadays, it makes us shoot other monkeys sitting in rush hour traffic.

The take-home is that when there are things moving in our peripheral vision, we're hardwired to half-think that it's something that's going to try to eat us. So when you're sitting in front of your computer screen reading an article on the web and there's an animated gif in the corner doing some sort of wacky dance, your anxiety rises. Best of all, you're not even sure why. All you're certain of is that you want to bust a move.

For the people who make the animated gifs, it doesn't matter why you feel jumpy. What matters is that it increases your anxiety. Fnords (or as any dyslexic can point out FNORDS=F WORDS) by any other name.<sup>f</sup> Still, an anxious monkey is not a very happy monkey, and they're a bit more open to suggestions on how to decrease their stress.

Buy, buy, buy!<sup>Ω</sup> It's no surprise that most animated gifs placed in strategic locations (read: at the edge of your peripheral vision) are adverts<sup>∫</sup> for one product or another. The implication being that if we buy things, our well-being will increase, ending this annoying anxiety.<sup>¬</sup> And that's really what most advertising is about. Buy our product and you will be a better person in some way, shape, or form (ergo the Wonder Bra<sup>™</sup> and strap-on dildos).

The masters of this form of marketing are the fine bastards at De Beers (now owned by Disney!<sup>¥</sup>), the people who brainwashed the world into believing diamonds are something to cherish (and Pocahontas was of age) and not something that is only useful when used to deface mirrors and windows. Prior to their taking control of the worlds supply of diamonds, there were no such things as diamond engagement rings (or hobbled South Africans). But that didn't stop them. Through masterful manipulation of the

<sup>f</sup>Fnord.

<sup>Ω</sup>See Volume 11, issue 3

<sup>∫</sup>"Today on Beyond 2000 - Al-u-minium Garajahs for 20 dollars, US!!"  
Beyond 2000 makes a great drinking game.

<sup>¬</sup>"Wisdom" and "Zen Blend" SoBe teas are fine examples.

<sup>¥</sup>Volume 10, Issue 9

public's insecurities (Kids: Frats!), sense of romance and plain old fashioned bullshit (none of this new fangled crap), De Beers convinced the western world that "Diamonds are Forever," just as one's love should be. What better way to symbolize an eternal love than with sparkly carbon?

This wasn't a fluke occurrence on the part of De Beers, either. Prior to the 1960s, less than 10% of the women in Japan wore diamonds. After a custom-made advertising campaign evoking the Japanese need to maintain ties to their past and culture, while capitalizing on their insecurities about interacting with those from the west, De Beers won. Under the premise that diamonds are a perfect symbol of one's love that combines the simplicity of Shinto with the chic of the West, over 60% of Japanese women wear diamonds today.<sup>§</sup> All of which were sold by De Beers.

It's as though we walk about with Slinkies attached to the sides of our heads. Every movement we make makes the thing wiggle a bit in our peripheral vision, firing the sense that something is going to eat us, making us want to buy things to make it all right. We're a consumer culture powered by the threat of predatory Slinkies!

Not all adverts are Slinkies, however. Slinky ads are only those that try to get us to buy the product through sublimation. Take the woman with beautiful breasts draped over a car. What are they selling there? At some level those of us

interested in fantastic breasts might wish that 'twas the woman we could get for \$19,000 with 1.9% financing, \$100 down and you can drive her home today. Instead, we connect our desire to breed with the car and end up with that. We can observe the same phenomena in most jean commercials. People dancing about...what the hell are they selling? Swing? Malnourished Gap children?<sup>†</sup> But no, it's jeans.

Much like the bouncing breast of the car and the bouncing felt lined women of the swing era, the Slinky ad is easy to recognize. Just ask yourself this question: does it make you want anything other than the product? If so, it's a Slinky, and like most Slinkies, all the ad is going to do is get tangled up in itself and be thrown away.



<sup>§</sup>As cited in The Economist, email sean@phair.csh.rit.edu for the date info.

<sup>†</sup>Mmm...malnourished Gap children.



# Shirk'n'Shout

**This Week - Farm Life Plus College Life Equals  
Getting Drunk With Cows - by Eric Thomas (Aka. Big Bad Bruce)**

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“Actually, there are two types of people in this world - people who think that there are two types of people in this world, and those that are smart enough to know better.”

-Tom Robbins

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## Fuck 'Em If They Can't Take A Joke

For some reason, we all have to turn it down, dumb it down, edit it down, water it down, and, in the process, fuck it all up.

For some reason, people refuse to consider that it may be their problem, too. Everyone is their own model of morality, character, and ethics.

We have these ideals, instilled in us through our socialization - through television, religion, through our interaction with others. We have a very hard time breaking the cast (and the caste) forged for us at birth, and seeing things in a different way.

One thing that I can say for people who wish to dilute my thoughts, and the way I express them - these people understand, on some level, that it's easier to listen to the good news than the bad news. It's easier to all 'get together and feel all right' a la Bob Marley than it is to tell Ian MacKaye why 'everybody wants their own damn station.'

What upsets me, though, is that so many messages are lost in the translation. The easily offended demand a sanitary world. They strive to create a world that includes only what they want to see and hear. They cover their eyes and ears like the famous monkeys, but what they speak is

evil. That any mention of sex, of drugs, of crime, of certain viruses should be capital crime is, to me, pure evil.

But these meek minds have been given a weapon - the Almighty Lawsuit. A simple trick: if you want some artist's expression bastardized, tell a lawyer that this artist's work has traumatized you and demand recourse. The artist, who doesn't have as much money as you do (artists don't demand payment in the name of God), will then be forced to alter his work.

“Your Honor, I was mentally unprepared for this heathen's assault on my tradition of narrow-mindedness, and was therefore sent into a state of immediate shock when his painting suggested that buying yachts and holding fund-raisers for my political campaign do not constitute moral majority.

As a result, I was forced to write angry letters to the editor with paranoid rantings about threats to my already spoiled children.”

“Right on, Bob. I hereby sentence the defendant to paint some happy trees and a cheerful regatta scene. Let's have a bourbon.”

Once again, our only hope in battling this attack on expression is our own generation. Unfortunately, imbecile parents raise imbecile children, and our efforts to break and reset their stubborn minds are only met with a stronger false idealism. Multiply the ill-conceived attitudes of an adult by the pointless impudence of a young adult and you get a veritable monument to stagnant thinking.

We can only rely on the cues of our parents and teachers for moral guidance for so long before a stiffness of the mind sets in. Most of us strive for financial, social and cultural independence, but entirely ignore our own powers of moral judgement. That is, until our elders' ideals are cemented so firmly in our consciousness that we cannot undo

that damage. Instead, we choose to raise our children in the same prison that we once inhabited.

Perhaps there is no hope for our peers. We certainly cannot force our opinions on them - we would be committing the same crimes that were committed against us. We can, however, encourage those we see in spiritual and intellectual ruts to rethink their position.

We would be sinning against our own good judgement to weaken our thoughts, or withhold our thoughts from expression, simply to pacify others. Altering what we think because of someone else's indignation must be avoided, and at all costs. If people don't like what we do or say, then that is their problem.

### Mary Ellen, You're My Hero

The waitress startled me.

"Are you at that table?" she asked.

"No, I'm by..." I answered.

"By yourself? Okay, that's fine..."

"I was just going to take a counter seat." An unnecessary explanation.

"Okay. Do you want a coffee?"

"Yes, please."

"Okay, the special is two pancakes, two eggs, two bacon or sausage for two fifteen." She was talking in that practiced rhythm that waitresses adopt only after several years of dealing with irate customers. It was an



even, neutral voice - warm, but without any inflection that could possibly offend me. Every time I hear that voice, I get the feeling I could slit my wrists at the table and the waitress would be unfazed.

"Yeah, I'll have the special scrambled with a side of home fries. Oh, and with bacon, please. And could I get a glass of ice water?"

"Sure thing..." She was scribbling.

I picked up the copy of "The Phishing Manual" that long-haired Eric had lent me. My food arrived in record time. I put the book down, and began gorging myself. The waitress was making snappy chat with regular customers, which I half-heard as I devoured my meal. A thoroughly dowdy woman entered, and the waitress recognized her immediately.

"Good morning, Mary Ellen!"

"Hello, dear." The woman was a little heavy, with plain features, a bowl haircut, and an old overcoat. She walked to the

counter, put her pocket book by the seat next to mine, and began to ease herself onto the stool.

"Would you like a coffee?"

"Yes."

The woman looked at me.

"This is my favorite seat. That's why I squeezed into it."

"Right on." I didn't know how to respond. I finished my meal and went to the register to pay my check. When I returned to the counter to put down a tip, the woman pointed at "The Phishing Manual."

"What's this word?" she asked.

"Phishing," I answered, "spelled with a 'Ph.' It's a book about a band called Phish..."

"Oh, spelled with a 'Ph.' I get it." She finished the sentence for me.

It is very comforting to me that there are millions of people in the world who have never heard of Phish. I know that they are not missing anything terribly important.

### **We Must Protect Our (22 Year-Old) Children!**

"There's a cheerleader here, wants to help with my paper / Let her do all the work, then maybe later I'll rape her."

-Frank Zappa, "Bobby Brown"

"Andrea would never let me listen to that song, dude."

"Oh yeah? Why the hell not?"

"Because it's sort of offensive to women, don't you think?" Ted was incredulous.

"Fuck no! It's targeting exactly the sort of person that is offensive to women, and it's therefore defending women!"

"Well, I know that, and you know that. Andrea wouldn't see it that way."

"That's bullshit. Andrea's a smart girl. You're telling me she would miss the point of that song entirely?"

"You know how she is. Remember how nuts she got about Jack and that pro-life postcard with the aborted fetus on the front?"

"That was bullshit, too. Jack's point there was that..."

"Yeah, but he was laughing at it. She thought that was out of line."

"He was laughing at it because pro-life organizations are trying to abolish something they deem atrocious and offensive. The way they get it accomplished is by doing things that are atrocious and offensive. You don't think that's a little bit ironic?"

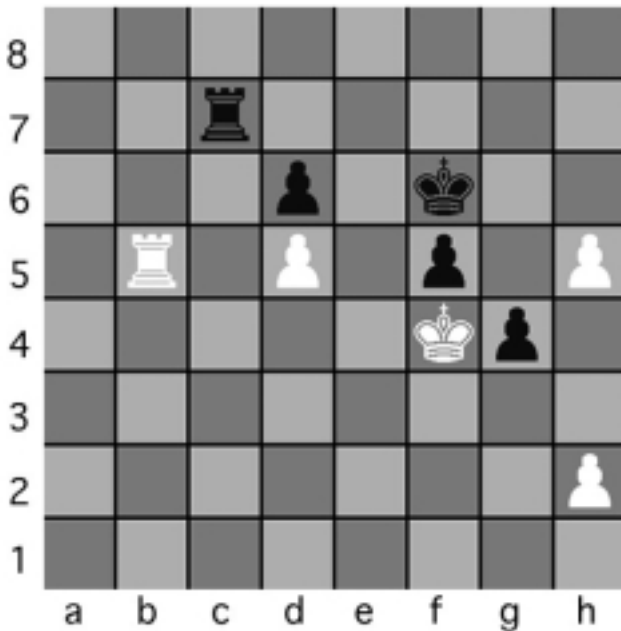
“She had just met Jack. She didn't understand what he was getting at.”

So Jack and Frank Zappa are eliminated from Ted's life because his girlfriend ignores the argument and takes the image at

face value.

Who is at fault here? Jack? Frank Zappa? Or is it Andrea?

*Why can't we ban Christ?*



Delmenhorst, 1987

T. Hinemaan vs. G. Forgacs

and black completes the mating net. White has nowhere to go and no defense--- he's snared because he has no space. Black slides the rook to f3 for mate.

This next position is from a game a friend of mine played on FICS. My friend, playing the black pieces, has blundered away a pawn and a rook and it looks like white is about to play the winning move after. . .

1. **Qxh6** but black takes advantage of white's later subtle blunder.

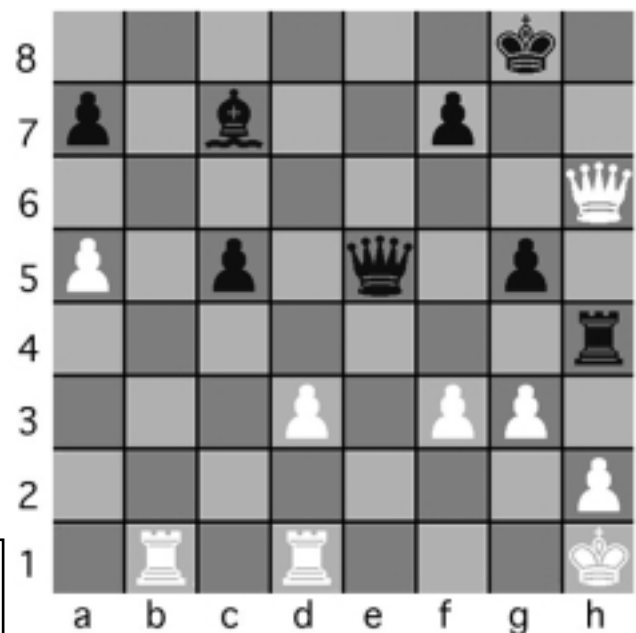
1. ... **Qe5**

2. **g3 Rh4!** What white misses is that the space black controls with the Queen and bishop on the same diagonal.

With the threat of mate if:

1. **gxf4 Qxh2** mate or

1. **Qa6** or **Qc6 Rxf2+** 2. **Kh1 Qh2** mate



This week: Two for the price of one! I apologize for missing last week. This is my penance.

### Chess: It's what's for breakfast.

by Adam Fletcher

A chess player should always look for a space advantage - and space isn't always obvious. "Space" on a chess board includes the ability for one of your pieces to occupy a square as well as the area of a piece's control.

1. ... **Rc3**
2. **Rb3 Rxb3**
3. **h3 Rf3** mate.

This is an example of space and the mating net. Black builds a net around whites king, using the pawn chain f5-g4 and the black king on f6 to prevent escape. When black brings the rook down to c3 (instead of the worthless check on c4)

Ladies and Gentleman... He's back.

## TOURIST'S MOVIE REVIEW

(BEGIN ALSO SPARACH ZARATHUSTRA)

Howdy, sweethearts. I know that you've all missed me, and I have a plethora (of piñatas?) of stories to share with you. For those of you who aren't in the loop, I'll recap the last few months. I left the balmy sands of Rochester to pursue the movie career. The magic number, boys and girls is 1.6 Million Clams, ("OUTBID BY MINE OWN WENCH!!!!"). That is the green light number for the work in progress tentatively entitled "Blue Skies". This ain't no student film. The happy folks in Film/Video didn't want to play ball, so I decided that it would be in my best interest to disassociate with them for a while, a leave of absence if you will. I shall one day make my glorious return to campus, with a tidy little indie piece under my belt. I'm layin' this down

from my home state of Maryland, so there's no need to worry about missing the scintillating wit and probing social insight of the TMR. I'll be going strong the whole year, and will keep everyone posted as to the progress of the film. For those of you contorting your brows in disdain of the pretentious film school dropout cliché that I have set before you,

*Get Bent.*

You little bastards go right on talking about how a guy you know PA'd on the set of the latest Kevin Smith film. Meanwhile, the pirates amongst us, the mighty conquistadors (myself included), will be raping life for all it's worth and smiling at the benefits of uncertainty. Enough already, here's the review.

### This Week - "Armageddon"

Say it with me now:

Jerry Bruckheimer! For those of you who don't know who he is, Jerry Bruckheimer (pronounced: JURy brUKhimRRRRRR really fast) is the producer behind such culturally enriching films like "Top Gun", "The Rock", "Days of Thunder", and most recently, "Armageddon". His former partner, Don Simpson, did too much blow and kicked it while producing "The Rock" in 1996. But the legend continues, with JURy brUKhimRRRRRR blowing away box office naysayers with large swings of the commercial sword. But you gotta see this guy to really appreciate the experience. Forget the plot holes, forget the SAME GOD-DAMN MUSIC IN EVERY FUCKING FILM, forget the super-slow-mo action sequences where big burly men run against wind

machines to accentuate the hair extensions and fake sweat. No, in order to experience a JURy brUKhimRRRRRR film to the fullest, first find a picture of that kooky kat. Just look in any Entertainment Weekly or Premiere magazine. Find the obligatory hot star in a pensive moment black turtleneck style photo (OHSIAPMBTSP) of señor brUKhimRRRRRR and check out the stubble. Really examine the stubble. Get out the fresnel bookmark if you have to. See how it's perfectly unkempt??? How does he do that?

Doesn't matter. Take a look at the stubble, and imagine the cool announcer from every goddamn action trailer you've ever seen and hear these words in your head:

From the Producer of *Armageddon* and *The Rock*, And the director of *Armageddon* and *The Rock*. A simple bodily function, a



genetic holdover from homo habilis, Remington, a cold steel adversary, No match for the oily power...Paramount Pictures proudly presents A JURy brUKhimRRRR production of a JURy brUKhimRRRR film:

### JURy brUKhimRRRR's Stubble

Now picture the stubble shown from a hundred different angles in like 2 picoseconds. Then add the pseudo-symphonic Hans Zimmer music. Add sound clips like "It's growing!!", "I've got to get my team out!", "We've tried electrolysis, it didn't work. You're the only person who can do it.", or "Shave this..." Throw a few beauty shots of a confused, out of breath Nicholas Cage, and you've got it. The essence of JURy brUKhimRRRR - his sleazy producer stubble. Now you're ready for "Armageddon"

I must admit that the film itself was rather interesting for the first half hour or so. It just started to get bad when they went into space. With a high budget, I personally feel that there is NO EXCUSE for lack of accuracy. Given, the viewer will always succumb to a sort of lax compliance/suspension of disbelief when watching a work of fiction. However, some things in "Armageddon" were just inexcusable. Too numerous to list here, I'll just comment on the glaring errors.

First off, two shuttles launching at the same time??? Did the fucker who wrote the film ever see "The Right Stuff" or even "Apollo 13"??? Hell, why not the actual NASA TV that comes on public access all

the time? With a single spacecraft in the air, NASA is this:

Seven guys in space, two thousand guys sitting at desks. And that's just for one launch. Yeah, yeah, the whole dire circumstances, but really. A simple change like placing the second launch in France or Japan or the USSR would have sufficed. I would have had no problems.

Second, since when did MIR become a fucking Exxon station? Hey, I've got a great idea for a scene. Let's give Yakov Smirnoff some 'ludes and throw him up in MIR, the interstellar gas station, and "add gravity" by spinning the whole damn thing. What, did the fact-checker snort one rail too many with Don Simpson??? You don't add gravity to a space station that's configured like MIR. It is possible if the station is laid out in a concentric ring design (see 2001), but it ain't hap-



<http://www.drugs.indiana.edu/pubs/factline/coke.html>

penin' up in MIR.

Third, since when has a Vulcan cannon been standard drilling equipment? That's just something that you don't seem to find on most deep core rigs.

There are many more, and I shan't be picayune about them. I will, however, give my two cents as to how the film could have been made so much better.

1. Use the actual Ving Rhames in the film, instead of some other dude as the obligatory exceedingly-large-yet-loyal-and-totally-cuddly-black-guy.

2. Start the film with Bruce Willis blowing Ben Affleck's brains all over the room as he's a-poundin' a fully nude and sweaty Liv Tyler. Get Ben out of there real quick.

3. Any time there's a close shot of a console or display, preface every function or switch with "BAT", as in: "I dunno, I'll have to check the Bat-depth gauge..."

4. Have Bruce Willis give Robert Duvall's shuttle the finger as they pass each other on their way to their respective hurtling-towards-earth space objects.

5. After they draw straws (where in the hell did the straws come from??), have them pass around a big fat blunt. When Bruce Willis decides to be the altruistic hero type (remember, we've dispensed with Ben Affleck), have the whole crew blow that sweet smoke into Bruce's helmet before he rides the lotto-machine-elevator thing down to his certain doom.

And finally, what I expected to see, but didn't and was absolutely heartbroken over: after the asteroid has been destroyed and the heroes are on their way home, have the camera pan across the flying debris to a swiftly moving chunk heading for the Earth's atmosphere. There, upon the rocky mass, Aerosmith's Steven Tyler and Joe Perry stand with a microphone, wailing "Don't Wanna

Miss A Thing" and surfing on the asteroid like there's no tomorrow, while dragging JERy brUKhimRRRR's bludgeoned corpse like a little rag doll behind them! I would have stood up and cheered, maybe even unbolted my seat and thrown it at the screen in triumph. But no. I walked sadly to the car, and drove to a place that would compliment the film's disappointment - The Olive Garden, a place just as fake, just as commercial, just as clichéd, except with free breadsticks and salad. All for now, children. Sleepytime. Mail your questions/comments/concerns to [tourist@csh.rit.edu](mailto:tourist@csh.rit.edu)

Maybe I'll send you something real nice...

Gar

By John Hat





## pulling a blank *by Sean Hammond*

I really don't like concerts all that much. When it comes down to it, it's just a mass of humans pressed together staring at a few people up on stage and being

subjected to music loud enough to alter the regularity of their heartbeats. That's what I tell myself, but really it's just 'cause I don't have fun. Lots of people getting in my way as I try to listen to music that I have on CD at home? Yeah, this is fun. Whee.

"There's nothing like a live show," concert hoppers might say. Well, they're absolutely right. Then again, there's nothing like an acetic acid enema.

Still, I allowed myself to get suckered into going to Lollapalooza when it stopped in Rhode Island. Mind you, I went to spend time with friends, not for the music. The plan was that we'd drive down on the night before so we'd be there before the road got too crazy. Never mind that none of us had a vehicle large enough for six or seven people to travel comfortably from central Maine to Rhode island.

One friend, Nate, seemed sure that it would all work out. "I'll take care of it," he said with a smile.

It was around 7pm when we all met at a friend's house. As we sat on the lawn, waiting for our hypothetical ride, a full sized

van painted flat grey and speckled with the obvious traces of Bond-o and duct tape pulled up and parked. With a broad grin, Nate put the engine out of its misery and climbed out.

"You bought a van?" an incredulous voice behind me asked.

"Yeah. We'll use it to get there and back, then I'll sell it. Load 'em up!"

I was already regretting the decision to go. When someone buys a vehicle as a sort of disposable chariot and they have no more money than I do, I can't help but wonder, "What are they fucking thinking!?" Still, I placed my pillow and backpack in the back and we were soon on our way.

As is often the case when dealing with half-assed operations, there were numerous last minute details to work out. I'd been on a carrot kick for a few months at that time, so I bought a pound of them, a bottle of Sprite, and the biggest bag of Cool Ranch Doritos I could find.<sup>†</sup> Everyone else had to pick up various sundries and make the necessary calls ("Hi, mom? I'm 18 and I'm going to a concert. See ya Sunday..."). We dicked around for a few hours trying to get a few more people to join us. Around midnight, we were finally headed south.

As we drove into the night with our headlights compromising the utter blackness of Maine highway ahead of us, the magic of

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<sup>†</sup>The first party I went to in high school was thrown by a girl who I had a crush on for years. I say party, but it was really just eight of us who got together to watch the old black-and-white version of "Great Expectations" and chill out listening to Pink Floyd in the dark while we made up stories. Anyway, I was feeling very out of place, being bombarded with unknown music, slang, and eloquence in a mix that made me giddy and joyful. One of the new things I was exposed to were Cool Ranch Doritos. I ate these all night, and had a grand time of it. In short, I was in a Skinner Box where I was trained to associate Doritos with having a good time. I think it helps that I got a scalp rub from the object of my affection while eating them, too.

night-driving began to overtake me. We drove in short shifts, with the driver-on-deck getting the coveted shotgun position as well as control of the music. By 3am, it was my turn to drive.

Anyone who's stayed awake for most of the night knows that there is a time somewhere between 2 and 4 when the body simply rebels at a severe lack of sleep. One tends to go a little numb, cold sets in, and the world takes on a sort of homogeneous feel. This was happening to me, but sleep didn't seem interested in visiting me. My co-pilot, however, had succumbed quickly to the biological need. Those in back had drifted off to slumber long ago. Looking at them in the rearview mirror, they all seemed like small children, tuckered out after having played hard all day. Some even had the faintest hint of a smile on their faces, eyelids flickering as they watched secrets they would forget about by morning.

The end of my shift came, but I pressed on. I wasn't tired, and was actually enjoying the drive. The hum of the tires on the road and the emptiness of the highway were appealing. It was as though the night were made for escape; not only in the form of sleep, but escape for those like me trying to get away from people for a just a little while.

The world is different in the early morning. Maybe people project fields about them when they're awake. It's like a little radio saying, "Here I am," that builds up until it is an overwhelming jumble of interference, drowning everything else out.

Thousands of voices say, "Here I am," at different times, making white noise. But at 4am, the world is calm. I didn't feel rushed or bothered or anxious. It felt like being deep in the woods of Maine in winter, where the sounds of cars, planes, and the various sounds of man are too far away to hear. All that's left is the creaking of naked trees in the wind, and the echo of your movements as the snap of a twig burrowing under the snow runs away from you across the crusted forest floor.

Then, the earth started to fall. I was going more or less in a north-south direction then, so my left side window slowly filled with the light of the sun. The world expanded from just what my headlights touched to a washed out landscape of grey. The colours returned with the light, moving through the pastels until they were almost garish compared to how I'd seen them earlier. Finally, the corona of the sun appeared over the horizon. More and more was exposed until I couldn't look directly at it. At the same time, things were becoming active again. The cars increased in number on the road, and the feeling of being surrounded by white noise slowly settled back in.

We arrived at our destination, and by 6:30 vehicles were already beginning to fill the lots set aside for concert goers. After finding an open spot, I shut the vehicle off, hoping no one would wake. Everyone was still lost in whatever worlds they had created in their dreams. I reclined my seat and took a much needed nap.

## Send Us Stuff!

*pictures, words, hate mail, food -- diablo@csh.rit.edu*

## Come Play with us!

*North Lounge, 3rd Floor NRH (RIT) 14.00 Saturdays*

## Klan Kracker Kracks (in Honey or Apple Cinnamon)!

by Kelly Gunter with excerpts from Adam Fletcher

In a landmark case, the Klan and several of its patrons were ordered to pay \$37 million in damages to the Macedonia Baptist Church, which they were responsible for burning back in 1995. The trial assessed punitive damages against the Klan's national organization on the order of \$15 million. Several individual members of the Klan were singled out with \$100,000 punitive claims. A further \$15 million in damages was claimed against Horace King ("H-Dogg" in the SC hood), the Grand Dragon of the Klan's South Carolina chapter.

H-Dogg's net value: A small house, an old shed, a chicken coop, 7 acres of land, and many towering burnt crosses. Estimated value: NO MAN CAN TELL.

In H-Dogg's defense, lawyers tried to portray him as a decrepit old man who just talked a lot (a cracker who could bust phat rhymes but didn't have any rhythm. Bounce). H-Dogg is famous for saying such uplifting things to his constituents as "This is a white man's country, and if the niggers don't like it, put them on a rowboat and send them back to Africa to swing from coconut trees and eat one another." Damn. Definitely a man who knows his horticulture and is quite in tune with all of the latest in anthropophagous activities. He sounds like a real spry grandfatherly type, I'm sure the little kids just love him. Then again the little kids seemed to have just adored Hitler too, when he wasn't busy making sure that the ashes of their fami-

lies were spread to the four winds.

What H-Dogg really needs is to be admitted to a nursing home for the incurably senile with plenty of condescending orderlies. Orderlies with strict instructions to make certain that the old geezer will be painfully aware of his bedsores long enough to develop new ones. Whole droves of individuals plaintively nodding their heads, saying, "That's right H-Dogg, coconuts all over Africa, yes, yes H, uphill both ways. Of course it was. You know it's time for your electro-shock therapy now."

H would fit well in Big Nurse's ward, where the young black orderlies could lube him up and put their throbbing black members up his tight South Carolina sphincter. Mr. King may enjoy the tearing sensation he feels.

### Be a Klan Pal®!

Write to H-Dogg or one of his boys at <http://www.kkk.com/kkkcontactsnf.htm> ("Dear H-Dogg, I want to be a hate monger.")

Of course, you may have to enclose a makeshift coloring book, as many Klan members can't read very well.



## Howard's Happy Hour

### Fox Man

The Fox Man is quite  
A strange character  
Anime tee-shirts sporting  
The red creature--  
Fedora and duster  
But beware!  
For it is he who can  
Bite through an  
Aluminum can!

### Soft Drink

When you imbibe  
A Coke or Pepsi  
You do not drink a  
Cool, refreshing  
Carbonated liquid.  
You do not slake your  
Thirst with a  
Sickeningly-sweet  
Corn-syrup beverage.  
Instead, you enjoy  
A Trademarked Name,  
A cheap perversion  
Of a once widely  
Popular flavor;  
Now a metamorphosis into

Multi-million dollar  
Sports star endorsements.  
So cease argumentation:  
"Coke or Pepsi?"  
Neither is cola any longer.

### Happiness

A sudden urge to freedom;  
You desire to clench your fists,  
Leap all about in the spotlight,  
And scream out for all the world to hear:  
"THIS IS A MOST ENTHRALLING  
AND PREPOSTEROUS FEELING...  
HOW I LOVE IT SO!"  
Like mulligan stew;  
A hodgepodge of emotions.  
What a euphoric rush!  
A sudden jolt  
Of infinite amperes  
Scurrying up vertebrae,  
Intercostal muscle,  
And into the most minute extremities  
Heightening awareness  
Of all things Good around you.  
Such is a high that  
One wishes never to cease.

- Howard Hao



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