



# Murophobia

*"Reality is what refuses to go when I stop believing in it."*

Beyond the Mississippi, in lands that once humbled and awed Man—or at least Roosevelt (Teddy that is)—as He gazed upon the splendor of the unspoiled wilderness. Humbled by His insignificance before this vast, powerful land, Man is also elevated by it. Simply to dare to go into a treacherous canyon, to climb a sheer rock face, to go days at a time away from His fellows, to challenge His own mortality and the Universe itself. To stand alone before nature, defiant, and unbroken is to scream at the godhead, "I am here. Now. I am transitory and this land will outlive me, but I am here now, and I defy you!"

So moved was the United States Congress that they agreed to create the first ever official wilderness. In so doing, by elevating the land and giving it a name, came a new breed. Tourists.

As they flooded to the land, they brought with them their trash, the bottles, the TVs, Winabagos, and whiny kids more interested in their Gameboys. And eventually, the handicapped accessible game trails.<sup>13</sup>

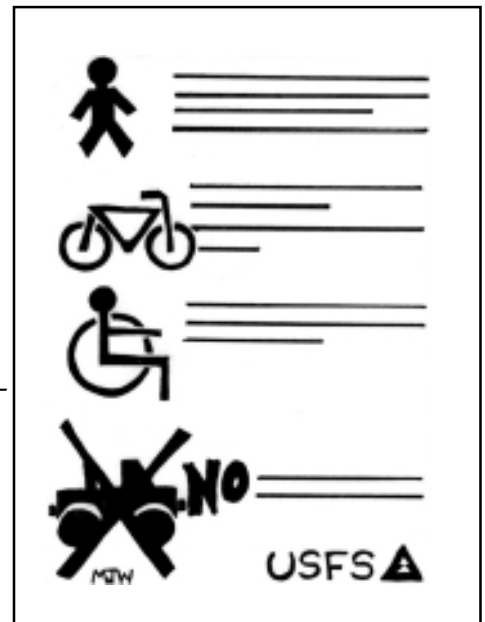
But the land, made to crush Man, was not exactly made accessible to the handicapped. As time passed, in went the paved paths, the gently sloping ramps, bleachers for audiences. Guard rails.

As is the paradox of Man, what we love most, we destroy by our love. I first realized this at the age of 6 when the Hot Wheels I hated remained unchipped and new, while those I loved were aged and worn...until I took a hammer to the ones I didn't like. By placing that land above all others, we inadvertently led to its banality. Anyone can go there and look into Canyons carved over millions of years while eating popcorn and wearing "I saw Yellowstone" tee-shirts. The magic is gone, but the people, desperate to feel their insignificance and show their defiance, continue to come.

Thus, I went to Yellowstone.

There are still some small pockets of resistance, some outcroppings here and there of the once unspoiled land. It was to these places that my family and I ambulated toward with a maximal amount of friction between our pedacular coverings and the granulated mantle of the globe.

We were dragging our feet, guys. Come on. Keep up.



<sup>13</sup>Imagine if you will, polio stricken FDR snugly wrapped in his blanket perched on the edge of an enchanting mountain vista. Out of no where, a fierce mallard duck comes rampaging towards the aged president. What can he do but raise his double barrel shotgun and level the little bastard. Unfortunately for the decrepit president, he forgot to pull his parking brake. As the recoil slowly pushes him over the edge of a deep ravine his last words come echoing back, "Oh, no...."

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At the start of our journey we were in the Bear Tooth Pass near Red Lodge. Planning to spend a week camping and hiking on some of the trails through that range, three successive days of excessive rain helped us decide to move on. It seemed near impossible to dry everything out in the twenty precipitance free minutes a day. Besides, there are only so many ways of keeping yourself amused while remaining wet under a poncho and poncing along soggy Rocky Mountain trails.

We hadn't seen this much rain since our vacation a few years earlier with a family friend, who always seemed to pack away Rochester weather as one of her possessions (During that trip we had a tornado follow us up a one hundred and fifty mile stretch of highway and across a state line, it's amazing how acts of nature never really seem to heed interstate boundaries). Regions that normally receive only 3-4 inches of rainfall a year would be doused with twice its yearly ration of precipitation in her presence.

Nevertheless we decided to shove off towards Yellowstone a little early and perhaps catch up on the hiking and backpacking once we were there. So we loaded up our truck and set off across the Bear Tooth Pass and arrived in Yellowstone that same evening.

Dusk was already far behind us but we were lucky that we were able to find a camping spot for the night just inside Yellowstone. Forced to cook in the dark we were happy simply to be dry. The strange thing was that as we were brewing up our nightly culinary delight there seemed to be several rodents scurrying about under our feet. My sister and I tried to figure out how many there were, but we would only see one at a time. It was too dark to distinguish them well even with the Coleman lantern. Every time any of us started following their movements, those little, furry, grass-totting varmints would scurry beneath our truck and pull a David Copperfield without all the busty women in flowing, sexy gowns. Odd as it seemed, none of us decided to worry our pretty little heads over it, and the evening ended as we eventually all tottered off to our separate bunks.

After our first few nights we began to get ready to move further into Yellowstone. As my father and I were the only ones up at the start of Chipmunk, I was drafted for timing duty (Which aside from the fact that I got to hold a gun wasn't all

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<sup>π</sup>Another Helpful Hint™: the only thing that can be dropped with a timing gun is an epileptic. Have a nice day.

that special, especially considering that all it shot was a strobe light.<sup>π</sup> Even so, it was better than spending the next three hours driving over the mountains, listening to the engine “ping”).

I had taken up my position to the left side of the truck, aiming my gun intently on its target in the engine. Just having given my father the signal to start up the engine I suddenly noticed that there was a small pile of refuse littering the very top of the engine. This heap of grass, fuzzy stuff, and assorted debris had seemed to have arranged itself in a neat and orderly manner (Kids: Crop circles!) right between all eight spark plugs. As I started clearing some of the trash away I noticed that bits of it were moving under their own steam. In fact two very bleary-eyed bits were groggily trying to figure out what had just happened to their rather comfy homestead.

“Stop the engine and get out here!” I yelled to my father. When he arrived at my side, I pointed to our little squatters.

He looked at it, then at me with a quizzical expression on his face.

“Well, what did you put that there for?”

I guess it wasn't entirely out of character for me to do something like that and he apparently had not seen our visitors who had by this time quite gotten a hold of their senses.

Soon, the little buggers started scurrying back and forth across the engine in a dazed state. They had just been waking up from our loud disturbances, and oh yeah, half of their house was missing. Funny how those sort of freak accidents occur.

When my father finally saw our architectural stow-aways, we finished clearing their nest out of the engine, uprooting their entire night's work. But mice couldn't possibly live in some one's engine, especially not

one that was going to burn as hot as our's would in the next few days. Eventually we saw their little light gray and light brown pelts wiggle off and away we went.

During that day we drove close to a hundred miles up and over mountainous terrain to our next camping spot. The next morning, while doing the daily ritual of checking the timing, my family discovered that we still had undesired tenants.

This became commonplace as every morning we found our little guests had rebuilt their dream home after we tore it down. No matter how far we drove in a day and no matter what the terrain, every morning our guests would rebuild their nest. We figured out that when we drove during the day, they would move down to the wheel well for protection. Why not live in an engine? It provided an excellent home for two small creatures: it was warm and dry, excellent protection from natural predators, you got to see the world, and if you could put up with a little grease, there were full supplies of food in the back of the truck to sample of, even health food if they started getting fat off of the Lucky Charms<sup>TM</sup>.

We eventually asked some rangers for assistance and the one who got the trap for us confided that in fifteen years of working in Yellowstone, he had not seen the like of our little misadventure. We still cleared their nest every morning, and caught quick glimpses of them as they ran down to their traveling quarters. Their light fur became darker and more covered with grease, but they seemed happy enough.

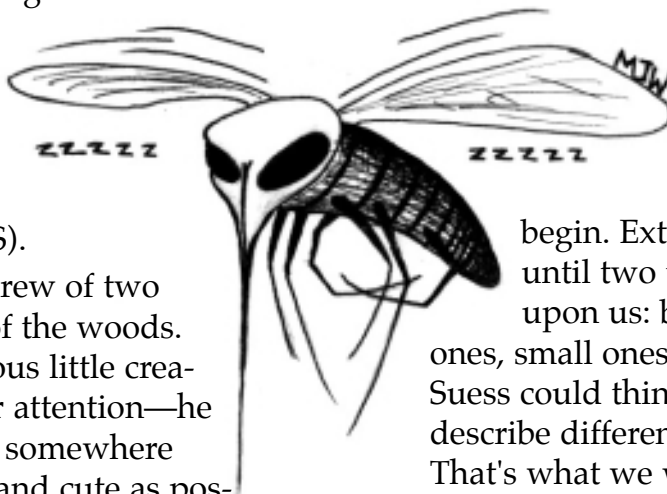
Finally we managed to drive them off. Thankfully, we got our chance to continue on our early efforts of hiking and backpacking, and were gone for three days. Little did we know that our hitch-hikers had gone into the wilds of Yellowstone and been accepted by the natives.

In this land, time, as we in the West think of it, has little meaning. What does six o'clock in the morning mean to a tree? More importantly, what does six o'clock in the morning mean to a chipmunk? Beyond the machines that demand man to conform to their way, the animals are the best indicators of time. In a comparable landscape, there can be no other sort of reference and we must adapt to use this new chronology.



Take for example  
Chipmunk. Extending from six o'clock in the morning until ten o'clock in the afternoon,<sup>†</sup> these were the most devious of the Creature Day Time System (CDTS).

There were a crew of two working our neck of the woods. One of these insidious little creatures would get our attention—he would sit on a rock somewhere and act as friendly and cute as possible, speaking in a Spanish accent.<sup>Σ</sup> While our whole family would be caught up in the Ahhawwwing cycle (“Ahhawww, isn't he cute?”) en mass, his furry sidekick would be chewing a hole through our industrial



strength bear proof food bag.<sup>θ</sup> If one of us hadn't gotten hungry and walked over to the bag to pull out breakfast, the little demons would have made off with all of our life sustaining grub. Luckily for us, we had caught them on the first morning, after which point, when any of those little furbags tried out their cute routine on us, we had one person on food patrol.

As the chipmunks would pull back, the second time period would begin. Extending from ten o'clock until two thirty, flies would descend upon us: big ones, tall ones, short ones, small ones, basically any way Dr. Suess could think of to describe different flies. That's what we were surrounded by on our hike, and oh yeah, they all would bite, even if they weren't really the right kind. House flies would somehow manage to draw blood...I think it was the principal of the whole matter. They must have been having



<sup>†</sup>“When does afternoon start, Kelly?”

“Yeah, I know: After. Noon. But it doesn't feel like morning anymore. Morning's like, what, 12 o'clock to twelve o'clock? That's too long! Night doesn't start until after 5 o'clock. I think morning is getting way too much time. We've got 24 hours, we should break it up into 8 hour increments and give morning the C shift: 2am to 10am. Afternoon would be 10am to 6pm and night would be 6pm to 2am. There'd have to be union coffee breaks, of course, but isn't that a nice system. It's unfortunate that 10am would be called afternoon, but with some retraining camps I think people will get over it. Or just start calling it Mid-Day and referring to people as Goodman and Goody. That might be going too far, though.” Thanks, Kelly. Meanwhile, back in the article...<sup>μ</sup>

<sup>Σ</sup>Kelly swears that the chipmunks did indeed speak with Spanish accents although she refuses to commit on whether they were Spanish accents or perhaps a little more Puerto Rican sounding. They apparently said, “Hey you. Git over 'ere. Yah. I'm talk'n to you.”

<sup>θ</sup>You guessed it. The chipmunk was mumbling, “I'm a bear!”

little fly machismo contests.

Anyway, we suddenly found ourselves surrounded by flies in numbers reminiscent of the Amityville Horror, drilling their little fly bodies into the ground ("I will gauge out your compound eyes and skull fuck them"). The best I can say for these buggers is that at least they spread the wealth, so to speak. Each of us was attacked with the same fervor and blood lust as the next. It was equal opportunity pestilence, got to give a hand to the Rider for that, at least he never picked favorites....

Of course there were mosquitoes. How could there not be mosquitoes? From 2:30 until 8:00pm they swarmed down on us, numbering in the thousands, and no amount of Deep Woods Off™ would ever deter these fighter pilots bent on the successful propagation (For every one drop of blood, one thousand mosquitoes are born. And every time a bell rings, an angel gets its wings) of the species. We were still hiking and the only respite we found would be contained within the few speckles of sun light that filtered down between the trees every quarter mile or so; we got attacked by only half as many mosquitoes in the sunlight.

My eldest sister and I ended up walking much faster than the rest of my family members, trying to outrun our attackers, I walked still faster than my sister. From behind me I would hear her voice say, "...right thigh, left calf, left shoulder, right forearm..." the words that would not cease. This was her message to me on where a mosquito was about to strike or so I thought.

I eventually went mad and ran a quarter of a mile to a place that was swathed in a bath of sunlight. When my sister finally caught up with me she confided in me the meaning of her secretive code, right thigh actually meant that I had about twenty mosquitoes priming their engines, not two or

three as I had suspected. I was so covered with mosquito bites that you could have made a topographical map of my skin.

When the remainder of my family caught up to us, I learned another rather disturbing fact. My family had apparently brought along a more potent mosquito repellent than the afore mentioned Deep Woods that I was not entirely privy to, it was called me. I may not smell like a pine forest, but just watch those buggers flee from anyone else's side to be near mine. I could count the number of bites my entire family had received on two hands. I was lucky though, in this part of the Rocky Mountains, the mosquitoes went to bed early, they were probably fleeing the approaching hordes of the next time...

There are vast numbers of mice living in Yellowstone, more than imagined, and these nomadic, Fremmen mice had taken in our two refugees. They were fearless, and why not? What did these mice have to fear? They had been taught the weirding way by Maud'Did, one of the two mice we had banished from our truck, and were coming back to get all of our food.

He who can destroy a thing controls a thing.

The night we returned from our hiking, the Fremmen mice attacked. They were like mousy of borg, working as one entity. I was given the task of guarding the food bag while my family fixed dinner and sat hunched over it chomping on my Fruit Roll-Up™ trying to watch every different angle at once.

I couldn't see them, but I knew they were there. (I must not fear, fear is the mind killer) My proximity detector was going off and I was just waiting to hear, "Dallas, get out of there!" In the distance, a massive ball of light lit the night and I could hear one of



my sister's saying, "They've blown the camp walls. They've blown the camp wa—." Amid a cloud of dust smelling of cinnamon I saw the mice riding their sand cats come through the gap. Helpless, they slowly closed their circle until they were close enough that I could reach out and poke them in the nose. In the fully gathered twilight, the eerie blue eyes of the mice shown as warning and I momentarily placed my fruit roll-up by my side to ward off my attackers.

Swinging my hand right into the face of one of my nemesi, he didn't flinch.

"I WILL kill YOU!" I cried.

Next thing I knew, my fruit roll-up had

sprouted stubby little legs and was speedily heading for the thicker spread of trees. How could this be? For he was the Kwisatz Haderach. Back up! I need back up now!

"Cover me!" I shouted to one of my sisters as I chased a fruit roll-up that seemed to hover an inch above the ground as it wove its way through weed and dell.

The chase scene lasted about a minute, and I finally caught the wascally varmint. My reward: a fruit roll-up that had diminished in size by about half.

It was easy to see now why we could not deter them. They could take us any time they wanted. They were just toying with us. A couple hundred of them attacking all at once would reduce us all to a pile of bones in a portion of an hour. The sheer immensity of the challenge humbled us, but we stood our ground. We were going down, but we would defy this force of nature. We're still here!

Suddenly, a force darker than the night yet brighter than the end of a roach came crashing through the underbrush. Six feet tall, clad in ripped tie-dye and those pants that only recently came back into style with the advent of skaters, the Stoned Hippie of Yellowstone tore his way into the diorama of doom.

"Duuuuuude," he proclaimed, as twigs cascaded from his variegated dreads, "I (exhalation) HATE these things, man." His spare tire wriggled erratically as he dug through pockets littered with seeds and empty Ziploc baggies. Eyeing my fruit roll-up, he asked, "Hey, ya got any more of those? Or maybe some Twinkies or something?"

I stood frozen; he appeared unaware of the imminent danger. The fruit Roll-up had been only the beginning. The Stoned Hippie of Yellowstone would only contribute to the

blood bath I was sure would ensue. After removing his wallet, attached by a long chain to his belt, he produced a small piece of black rubber. He reached back into his army surplus frame pack and fished out a piece of surgical tubing, stained a curious deep brown. After fitting what I now understood to be the mouthpiece to the tube, he drew deeply. The backpack produced a strange, high-pitched “fweeeeeeeeeeee,” accompanied by low gurgling. The mice withdrew, forming ranks that would put Pol Pot to shame.

As I realized I had been saved by this evolutionary throwback, I became weak with relief. The Stoned Hippie, mistaking my glazed expression for interest in his rig, explained “DUDE, the backpack bong, man. This will be in every home in twenty years. I’m the next Gates, hah hah hah.” With that,

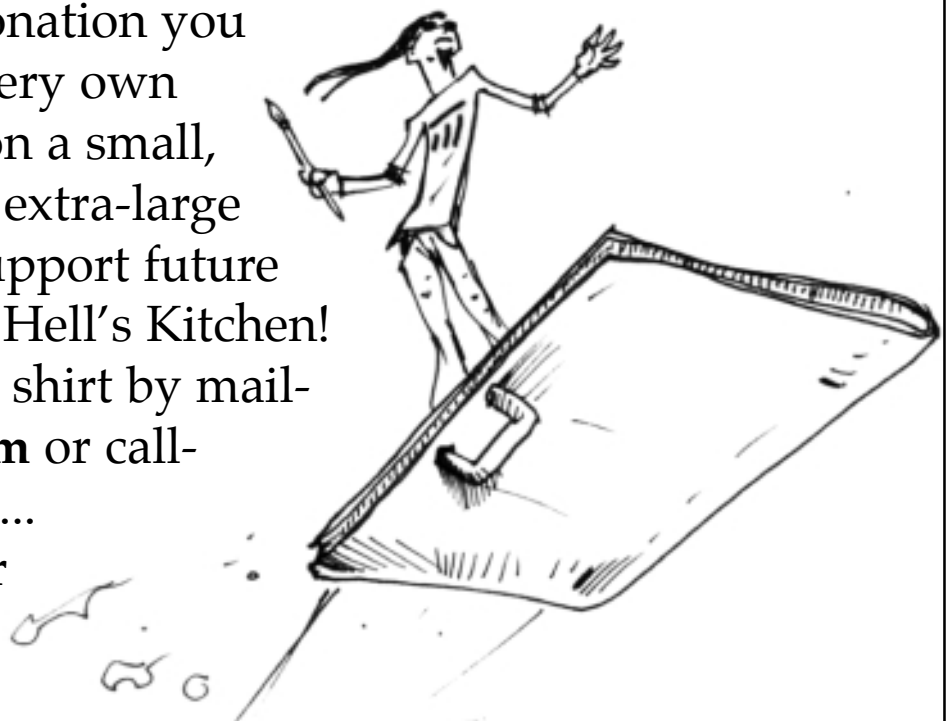
he trundled off into the woods, “fweeeeeing” as the mice trailed behind.

Safe for the time being, we made our food bag as mouse-proof as possible and prayed the Stoned Hippie would leave us some food after he satisfied his munchies. Sleeping in our tents, we could hear the pitter-patter of hundreds of tiny little feet, and the distant “fweeeeing” of his battle with the mice.

Chipmunk came, and we heard the last of the stragglers making their way off to bed. Our hippie proofing had worked (we liberally applied ground up copies of the *Wall Street Journal*) and we had a breakfast to wake up to. But they’d be back, oh yes, they’d all be back. Meanwhile, we had some cute chipmunks to deal with.

## GD Tee-Shirts are back!

For only a \$10 donation you can have your very own *Flukemunschelfen* on a small, medium, large or extra-large tee-shirt. Help support future issues of GDT and Hell’s Kitchen! You can order your shirt by mailing [gdt@iname.com](mailto:gdt@iname.com) or calling 716.235.7666... please specify your desired size. The deadline for all orders is May 6th, so get ‘em in!



## Support the Arts

## Tourist's Movie Reviews

### THIS WEEK: SPECIES 2

by Sean Stanley

Wow. Suck.

Suck. Oh my God, that really sucked. Jesus! There is nothing I've seen in a long while that has sucked as much. That really sucks. Wanna know why? I am partly responsible. I apologize. For all of you who paid to see the latest installment of the "Natasha Henstridge's Breasts Show", my condolences. I worked on the set of the film. They shot it last summer a few miles away from my home, and I had the pleasure of helping out as a lowly production assistant - 18 hour days, no pay, no respect. It was damn fun though. I was on the swing gang, or "spooze crew" as we were affectionately referred to by the others on the set.

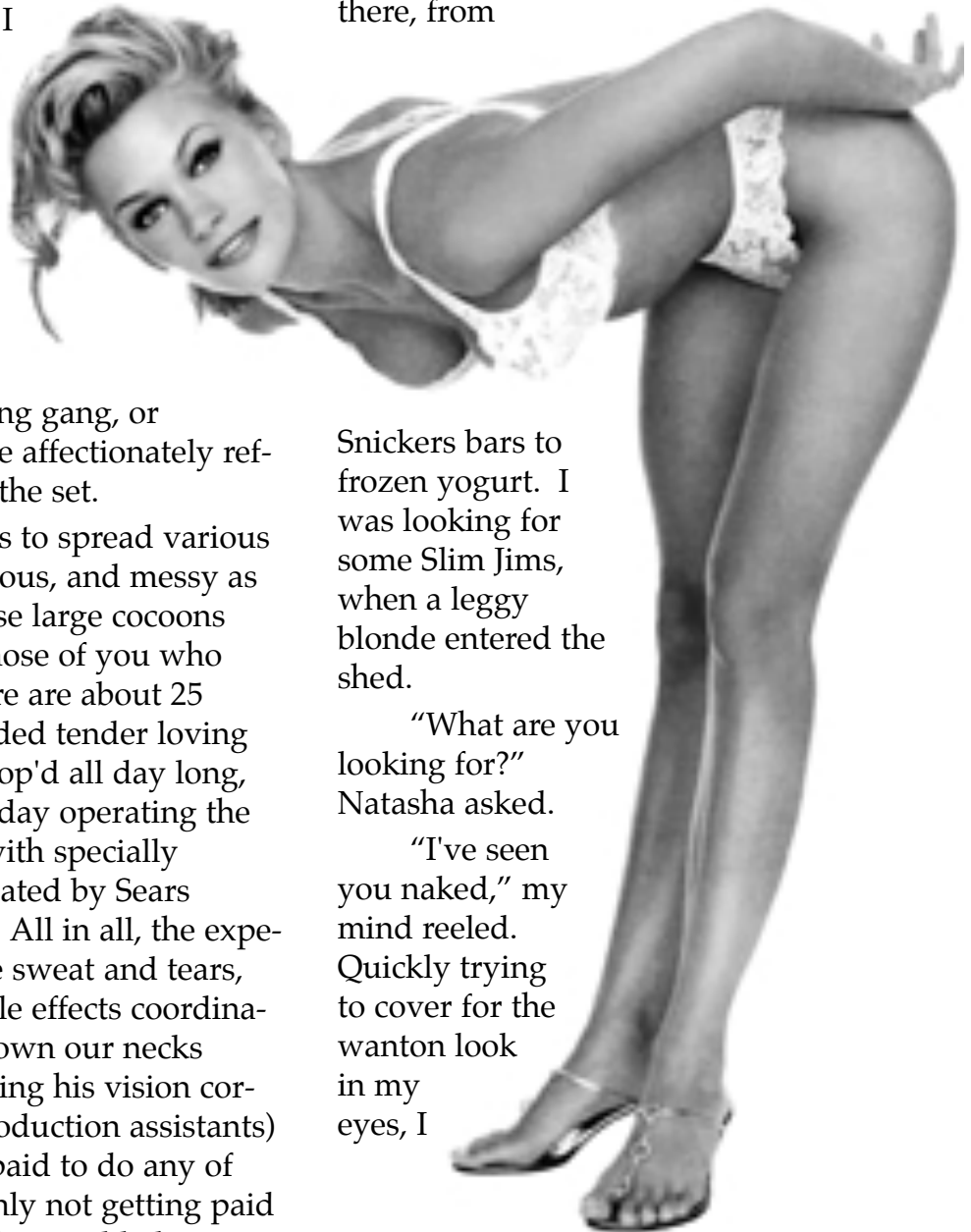
Basically, our job was to spread various colors of this creamy, viscous, and messy as all hell liquid all over these large cocoons that were in a barn (for those of you who haven't seen the film, there are about 25 cocoons, and they all needed tender loving spooze attention). We goop'd all day long, then spent the rest of the day operating the tentacles in the cocoons with specially designed manifolds (operated by Sears wet/dry shop-vacuums). All in all, the experience was well worth the sweat and tears, not to mention that asshole effects coordinator who kept breathing down our necks because we weren't realizing his vision correctly. "Get Bent" we (production assistants) said. "We're not getting paid to do any of this shit, and we're certainly not getting paid to put up with yours!" He mumbled something about "fucking east coast..." and wan-

dered off to check the lacerating tongue effects on the SIL costume. Lunch was pretty cool. I expected PB&J, but instead was treated to boiled lobster and fettuccini. Wow. Catering rules. All you can eat gourmet. Hollywood realizes that a fed crew is a happy crew. Between large meals, you can snack on the set at the Craft Service tent (which is really a shed, but they call it a tent to make it sound more important or something). They have all kinds of munchies there, from

Snickers bars to frozen yogurt. I was looking for some Slim Jims, when a leggy blonde entered the shed.

"What are you looking for?" Natasha asked.

"I've seen you naked," my mind reeled. Quickly trying to cover for the wanton look in my eyes, I



**Natasha getting bent**



replied.

"Slim Jim's?"

"Well, I don't see them, but If I do, I'll bring them out to you," she said.

"Can you make those tentacles shoot out of your boobs?" I was dying to ask. But I settled for the standard dumbfounded male response to female celebrity cordiality.

"Thanks," I smiled.

Leaving the set that day was wonderfully relaxing. I had made new superficial friends. I had eaten lobster. I had worked with the guy who played the Stay Puffed Marshmallow Man (Bill Bryan of XFX). But more importantly, I had said three words to a fine actress who has no doubt provided adolescent males around the world with quality masturbation material for several years now.

Nobody rents "Species" for the plot. Come on. The end looks like the alien was animated by Disney, or those assholes who churned out episodes of Babylon 5, Earth 2, and Sea QuestDSV on their workhorse Video Toasters (not that I'm knocking the toaster at

all, but just because you can, doesn't mean you SHOULD). From working in a video store for three years, you pick up on the demographic for "Species" and the like. It's usually that, and "Embrace of the Vampire", which is another terrible film, but it features Alyssa Milano from "Who's the Boss" topless for a generous portion of screen time.

Anyway, when I finally went to see the final product, the sequel to end all sequels, I was dismayed. The cliché counter was going off the scale. Angry Generals...DING! Evil Politicians...DING! Token Black guy for comedic relief...DING! Troubled and reluctant scientist...DING! Lines like "You want me to come back? The last time, that thing almost killed me"...DING! Altruistic suicidal "Good" alien saves her human friends...DING! My god. Suck. Suck. Suck. Suck. I'm sorry.

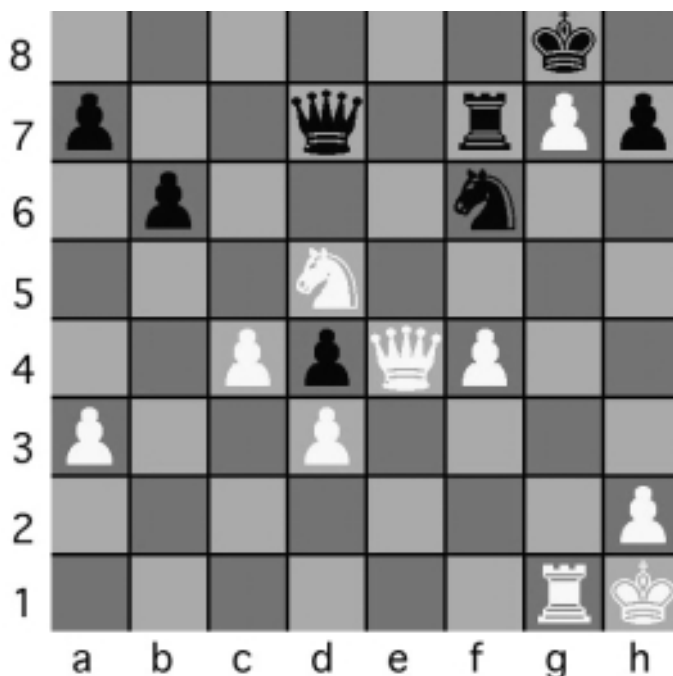
If, however, you do make it to the film, remember that there's a bit of ole' Tourist in the slimy goodness. Sometimes I wish I could take it back, dammit. Oh well. You'll still see some boobs though. Thumbs up.

White to play and win.

Reykjavik, Iceland, 1994

Winning line below.

1. Nxf6+ Rxf6
2. Qxh7+ Sacks the queen.
2. ... Kxh7 Forced. If 2. ... Kf7, 3. g8=Q and white has an even easier win.
3. h8=Q+ Kh6
4. Qh8+
4. ... Qh7 Black blocks with the queen.
- If white takes with 5. Qxh7+ Kxh7
- white does not have the forced win.
5. Qxf6+ Kh5
6. Qg5# A simple Queen and Rook mating pattern.



# pluggéd

by Michael Grandner and Justine Grey.

## SPECIAL ISSUE: RADIOHEAD IN TORONTO

*This will be our last column until Gracies Dinnertime Theatre returns next fall. For our final installment, we will each give our own response to Radiohead and Spiritualized's show in Toronto on Easter Sunday. You can still contact us, but we will not be writing again until next fall.*

### Mike's opinions:

On Easter Sunday, April 12, Radiohead played in Toronto and Justine and I were there. Radiohead's *OK Computer* has been proclaimed the greatest album of all time in England's *Q Magazine*. They were also at the top of nearly every list, including here in the US.

In *Rolling Stone*, and *SPIN* the album has been labeled *The Dark Side Of The Moon* for the 1990s.

Their shows are nearly impossible to get tickets to, as they sell out arenas and stadiums in mere minutes. Their recorded sound is textured, impulsive, cultured and—as many fans, critics, and journalists report—“virtually impossible to translate into a live setting.” But they do it, seemingly effortlessly.

Opening for the show was England's Spiritualized, whose album *Ladies and Gentlemen We Are Floating In Space* is taking England by storm. On the album, their sound is one of ambient, electro/space rock with just a little bit of the Beatles thrown in (as seen in their song “Come Together”).

Their show was quite different.

They were just as spacey as their album, but included less techno and had more power chords (at some points they would play one chord for almost five minutes, yet it would constantly increase in energy until it reached a feverish state). Their set lasted about an hour.

Then, in a surprisingly short time, Radiohead came on to many thousands of screaming fans. They opened with *OK Computer's* “Airbag.” At this point, I understood that Radiohead live was a far greater of experience than listening to the album. They proceeded to play most of *OK Computer* and their previous album, *The Bends*. (They only played one song off of their first album, *Pablo Honey*, and it wasn't “Creep.”) Their set was fantastic. Every song was spirited, loud, and virtually flawless.

The lighting effects need to be commended: of all of the shows I have ever seen, the stage lighting was by far the most exciting. The lighting used the lyrics and moods of the songs effectively to create symbolism (red and white lights were used for the song “The Bends,” the title track from their second album which featured a red and white album cover).

Another highlight was when Thom Yorke (pronounced “Tom York”), the lead singer, began to sing “Talk Show Host” (which appeared on the *Romeo and Juliet* soundtrack). The band began to play, and all of a sudden, Thom yelled, “Stop!”

The audience was confused. After a few seconds the song started again, and Thom began to sing. A few lines in, he started swearing and the band stopped again. At this point, the audience was completely bewildered. An embarrassed Thom asked the audience, “What are the words?”

The audience cheered wildly (half

laughing, half shouting out lyrics). The band started playing again and Thom struggled through the lyrics. During the song's instrumental bridge, Thom went wild at his guitar, turning the laid-back tune into a raucous, violent, angry epic. He was obviously quite pissed off. This bridge proceeded to overcome the rest of the song, as it went on for several minutes until Thom (I assume) calmed down.

Another highlight was during the encore, when the band played, as Thom put it, "a new one." This was (obviously), a track that had not yet been (and may not ever be) recorded. The song was very similar to "Fake Plastic Trees" in that it was acoustic and melodic.

Every song that the group performed was incredible and breathtaking: "Airbag," "Paranoid Android," "The Bends," "Bulletproof," "Street Spirit," "Fake Plastic Trees," and virtually every other song from the most recent two albums (strangely, "High And Dry," one of the singles from *The Bends*, and "Electioneering," from *OK Computer*, were absent).

In all, anyone who has a chance to see Radiohead should do anything in their power to do so. Their show is nothing short of incredible.

-Mike

## Justine's opinions:

I have loved Radiohead's *OK Computer* since I managed to get a copy of it last summer. Luckily, I was one of the fortunate to see Radiohead and Spiritualized play in Toronto. The show was held at the Maple Leaf Gardens, otherwise known as the hockey arena. The acoustics were better than I expected since hockey is normally handled in there.

Spiritualized played a series of long jams that were psychedelic jazz tinged with vocals sometimes thrown in. they carried it off better than I expected. I could not envision how their most recent album, *Ladies And Gentleman, We Are Floating In Space* could be performed in the first place. It is very electronic and spacey.

Radiohead drew most of their material from their last two albums, *OK Computer*, and *The Bends*. They create a grand sound. Their sound, their songs, and their entire show was of epic proportions.

We might have had terrible, nose bleed seats, but this all becomes irrelevant when they continue to play. It is a lovely rapture.

Time is suspended.

Thom, the lead singer can do no wrong, even when forgetting the lyrics to "Talk Show Host." This just added to his charm and made the song even better as he preceded to remember and get very upset with himself, launching into a very energetic guitar solo—of sorts.

After doing one encore, the band was exhausted, returning into the night. If only you could have been there: it was an event, an experience, a transportation, and a dream of higher elements. Just think, we were on the same continent, in the same city, and at the same venue; I feel so very fortunate to have had the experience of Radiohead.

-Justine

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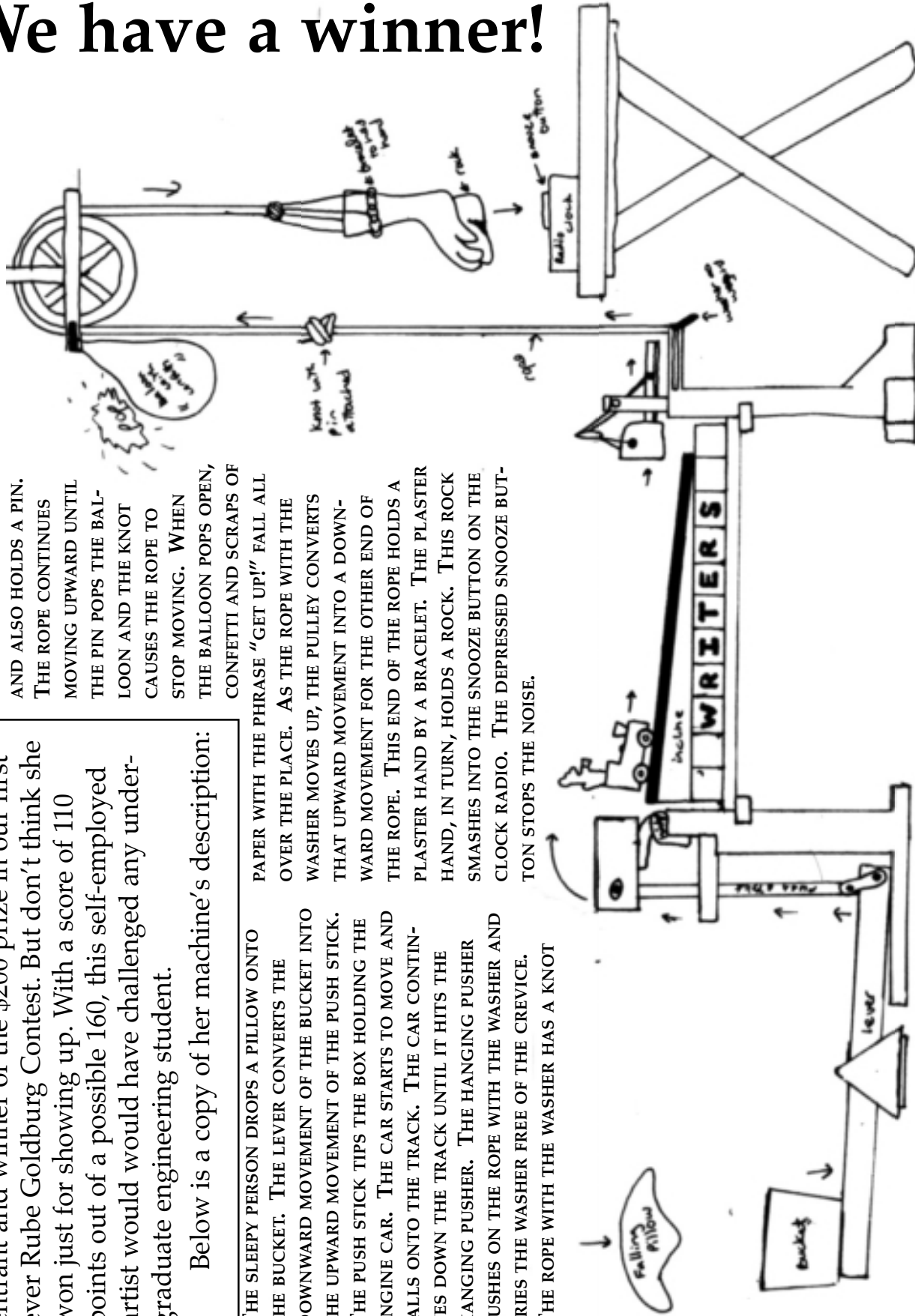
# We have a winner!

Congratulations to Kari Gunter, the only entrant and winner of the \$200 prize in our first ever Rube Goldberg Contest. But don't think she won just for showing up. With a score of 110 points out of a possible 160, this self-employed artist would have challenged any undergraduate engineering student.

Below is a copy of her machine's description:

THE SLEEPY PERSON DROPS A PILLOW ONTO THE BUCKET. THE LEVER CONVERTS THE DOWNWARD MOVEMENT OF THE BUCKET INTO THE UPWARD MOVEMENT OF THE PUSH STICK. THE PUSH STICK TIPS THE BOX HOLDING THE ENGINE CAR. THE CAR STARTS TO MOVE AND FALLS ONTO THE TRACK. THE CAR CONTINUES DOWN THE TRACK UNTIL IT HITS THE HANGING PUSHER. THE HANGING PUSHER PUSHES ON THE ROPE WITH THE WASHER AND PRIES THE WASHER FREE OF THE CREVICE. THE ROPE WITH THE WASHER HAS A KNOT

TIED IN IT THAT STOPS THE ROPE FROM MOVING AND ALSO HOLDS A PIN. THE ROPE CONTINUES MOVING UPWARD UNTIL THE PIN POPS THE BALLOON AND THE KNOT CAUSES THE ROPE TO STOP MOVING. WHEN THE BALLOON POPS OPEN, CONFETTI AND SCRAPS OF PAPER WITH THE PHRASE "GET UP!" FALL ALL OVER THE PLACE. AS THE ROPE WITH THE WASHER MOVES UP, THE PULLEY CONVERTS THAT UPWARD MOVEMENT INTO A DOWNWARD MOVEMENT FOR THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE. THIS END OF THE ROPE HOLDS A PLASTER HAND BY A BRACELET. THE PLASTER HAND, IN TURN, HOLDS A ROCK. THIS ROCK SMASHES INTO THE SNOOZE BUTTON ON THE CLOCK RADIO. THE DEPRESSED SNOOZE BUTTON STOPS THE NOISE.



# The Buzz from **DONLAND** donland.base.org

by Don Rider

## A PDA By Any Other Name, Part Deux

I recently found out the reason behind the PalmPilot's confusing naming scheme. It turns out that 3Com/USR was sued last fall by Pilot, the pen company, for trademark infringement. So, Palm Computing needed a new name for its star product. Thus Palm III was born. Still, I tend to wonder if "Palm III" was the best naming scheme they could come up with. It's very generic and left the Palm Computing line open to other pocket computer makers, such as Microsoft, to easily steal the trademark. The "Apple II" worked because who else in their right mind would name a computer after a fruit? It will be very difficult for 3Com to plead its case in the US, since "Palm" is an already established generic term that refers to small, handheld computers.

Speaking of my favorite PDA, I've recently seen a number of news and opinion articles suggesting that the Pilot is the Macintosh of the upcoming PDA revolution. Unfortunately, it's true. There's little debate that pocket computing will be the first decade of the next century's equivalent of the personal computing revolution of the 1980's. Everyone, including Microsoft, is scrambling to get a piece of this new market now that the PC industry is collapsing

under its low-low profit margins. The PalmPilot, currently the number one PDA, will suffer from fumbled marketing, bad naming, lack of new features, and shoddy licensing deals. 3Com has been playing it safe and enjoying the unparalleled success of the Palm line, but the WinCE for Palm PC's price/features mix will crush the Palm if these problems aren't fixed, lawsuits or not. Sounds like the Macintosh alrighty.




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## I'll Have What He's Been Drinking

"I CAN'T IMAGINE A TECHNOLOGY THAT HAS BEEN MORE UNDERHYPED."

-SCOTT MCNEALY, SUN CEO, REFERRING TO JAVA AT THE JAVAONE CONFERENCE MARCH 25

Hmmm... sorry Scott, but the Donland hype-o-meter is reading off the scale on Java right now. I laughed out loud when I read the quote above. I mean, really. Companies are betting their entire future on Java. According to Larry Ellison, Java-based NC's should have decimated Windows by now, and he had all sorts of developers and reporters following this. If that's not hype, I don't know what is. Java's always in the headlines- we're doing this with Java, Microsoft's doing that, we're saving the world with Java. Java, Java, Java! You can just hear Bill Gates screaming that like Jan Brady when Marsha gets all the attention.



# Gracies Dinnertime Theatre

More fun than a venereal disease

<gdt@iname.com>



## Ask the Bare-Foot Girl

by Kelly Gunter

DEAR BFG,

WHEN A CHILD IS BORN, HOW DO YOU  
KNOW IF IT'S A MIDGET?

- FASCINATED BY LITTLES

Dear Fascinated by Littles,

In the past similar question have arose such as, how can I tell if my child is a changeling? There were some simple and interesting tests to determine this (these tests were effective in the same way that testing whether a woman was a witch was effective). It went something like this...

Throw your child into a freshly stoked fire. If the child screams and runs up the chimney, the little fiend was a changeling. If, however, your beloved babe screams and writhes in agony, he is either your true born, a Jew in the flames of Nazi hell, or both, and now he is either maimed for life or dying a hideously painful death, depending on how quickly you come to his fiery aid.

Testing for midgets is similar, but not quite as messy. The testing runs in stages or levels of midgetry which must be passed successively.

Test 1: Put the questionable babe in front of the TV and pop in "The Court Jester" if he does not scream during the "Black Fox" song, check his hearing and vision. If his hearing and vision seem unim-

paired go on to the next test, otherwise stop here secure in the knowledge that your child is not a freakshow.

Test 2: Welcome to the next level. Introduce your child to Barney. If you ever catch your child singing, "I love you, you love me..." bludgeon the tot immediately. This is not so much a test of midgitivity as it is just a good idea. Continue to the next level.

Test 3: Do they have an unnatural love of the color green and an unnaturally sounding Irish baby gurgle? If yes, they may be a midget, continue on.

Test 4: The deciding test. Do they scream (or laugh maliciously), saying something like, "Uncle Louie!" every time you open up a container of Tang. If your answer is yes, congratulations you are the proud parent of a freak.

If your little tyke passes all tests (excluding #2), I suggest testing whether he is a changeling after taking a healthy dose of valium.

Have a nice day.

-The Bare-foot Girl

**Questions for the Bare-foot Girl? Send them to [gdt@iname.com](mailto:gdt@iname.com)**

## Religious Wrong

"What this is coming down to is who runs the country. It's us against them. It's the good guys versus the bad guys. It's the God-fearing people against the pagans, and some of the pagans are going to church."

-Randall Terry, Operation Rescue,  
Jackson, Miss., 4/92

"We deny that anyone, Jew or Gentile, believer or unbeliever, private person or public official, is exempt from the moral and juridical obligation before God to submit Christ's Lordship over every aspect of his life in thought, word and deed."

-excerpt from the "25 Articles," published by the Coalition on Revival

CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST! CONTEST!

For years we've lamented the fact that we couldn't include sounds with our issues. And finally, we're going to do it. All right, it's a little weird, but below is an encoded sound. We would like some dedicated soul to decode the the file below and play it back. The first person to email us the correct description of the sound file will receive

a free GDTeeshirt (see page 7 of GDT). If we get any responses, we might consider doing this again so that people who don't want to do homework can have something mindless to do...and get clothing for it!

Any requests to have the text emailed to anyone will be gleefully ignored.

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page 15

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