



Super

"I've learned that every time I go to the store I get the cart with gum on the wheel.

-Live Learn and Pass it on

Night is a pensive time for me. Surrounded by the anonymous darkness, with the cold, uncaring light of ancient stars shining mercilessly down upon me, it is sometimes easy to imagine stepping through a long forgotten and unknown portal and disappearing. In supermarkets late at night the feeling can, ironically, become stronger. It's no coincidence that many people in our age have dreams of flying in supermarkets. There is something magikal about passing down isles filled with sustenance from across the world; a jar of spaghetti sauce from Italy; a beer from the Emerald Isle; blessed fish paste from the cradle of several major religions--most dead, but others thriving, waiting for their brethren's demise. The artificial lights and insistent Muzak don't detract from the feeling, but in the strange way that only plastic jewelry can add to the regalness of a seven year old girl, it includes another mystery all its own.

For all of our advancement in knowledge and understanding of the world we perceive, we are snobby hunter-gatherers and some racial memory takes us back to the tales of the Sampo, bottomless cups, and cornucopia. Standing in the cash only aisle is the closest we may come to the fountainhead of myth. There, gods are born and dragons defeated.

Recently, on such a rare, mystical night, when my blood was more copper than iron, as I exited the doors to the super market without even so much as an "Open Sesame" to activate them and ambulated through the parking lot toward my mode of vehicular transport, I spotted a particularly sad oxidized member of the Taberna plaustrum family. With one wheel busted, mostly crippled, I looked on the old timer with understanding eyes.

You'll never roll in a straight line again. You've lost your will to shop. Pretty soon they'll be hauling your ass off to the 15-item-or-less-basket factory. That's it. That's the end of your free-wheeling, care-free days. Gone are the last shreds of your dignity.

My heart ached.

With one swift swat to the rump I rose to the occasion.

"Go on little fella! No one's watching! Roll. Roll like the wind! You're free now, don't you understand? Go on, get out of here!"

But the old cart just sat there, unmoved.

It was too late for it now. It just sat there motionless with it's faulty child safety belt rocking gently in the breeze. What did it know of freedom? What did it know of the feel of weeds slapping at its axles, or the song of the wind through its frame as it raced down empty lots with a strong breeze at its





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back? It was never born a free-range cart. It had lost its will and dignity eons earlier. Between mishandling by disenchant-ed homemakers and rushed wage-slaves, its life had been one of regulation and neglect. It was only a matter of time until the basket factory. And then, who knew what became of such loathsome creatures?

This was not always the way. There was a time when carts ran free, aluminum paint glistening in the sunshine, calculator pads fresh with untapped keys...unfettered wills all. There were days when not a child in the parish could ride such fiendishly clever beasts. Days when mighty herds roamed the massive plains of the new world and old, unburdened by human consumption or bags of cold ice cream. Days of glory.

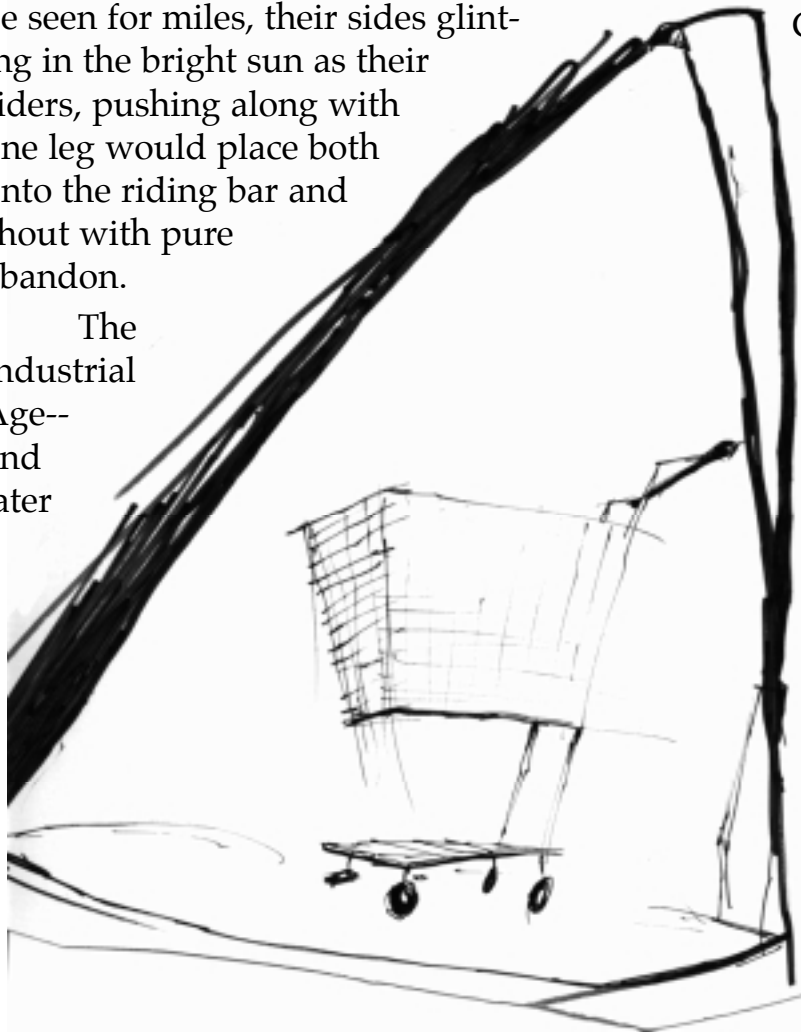
The stories of cyborgs told in ancient Greece--half man, half machine creatures with the torso of a man and the body of a cart--were probably nothing more than the half remembered early encounters with the cart riders of the open Asian steppe. Further evidence for this can be seen in the fairly recent cave drawings by native Americans upon their encounter with astride Spanish Conquistadors. As though familiar with the ancient cyborgs of the old world, the Americans saw the invading Spaniards as great pale men with the bodies of carts and the breath of the great black panthers (there was a very good reason these beasts were solitary hunters).

Bringing with them God, Righteousness, and Civilization in the guise of the Inquisition, the Spanish inadvertently introduced the shopping cart into North and Central America. On their own in the harsh environment of the New World, ideas later to be popularized by Darwin began their steady assault on these metallic interlopers. As generations fell before the blade of Evolution these creatures adapted: larger wheels, more, lighter weight wire mesh, and that place for really heavy items became sturdy enough for a fifty pound bag of cat litter.

In time the natives, many of them forced from their ancestral home in the east by invaders, created the mythic Cart Cultures of the American Midwest. In less than two centuries, the Americans had become masters of creatures which had been unknown to them for thousands of years, making their survival on the Great Plains possible.

Just as their way of life, so dependent upon the cart, was created by the Europeans, so it was destroyed: Manifest Destiny swept the numerous Cart Cultures aside as the Europeans held sway over the land. As the natives found their lives suitable for little other than the sale of snake oil and the consumption of vast quantities of alcohol, their great wheeled friends suffered. Without the proper supplies to keep the cart healthy, many died of starvation and lack of rustoleum treatments. But still the shopping cart was a necessary resource. In the heady days of the Cart Express, where brave men and boys risked their lives to get the mail through the sometimes hostile lands of the plains, these metal creatures, filled to the bursting with news from families, businesses, Santa, and the government, could be seen for miles, their sides glinting in the bright sun as their riders, pushing along with one leg would place both onto the riding bar and shout with pure abandon.

The
Industrial
Age--
and
later



the Age of Invention--filled with all of its wonders and shiny things, was in fact the death knoll for the cart way of life. First the train, with its mighty rails disappearing into the distance, and later the cartless carriages driving hither and yon, gave the population greater freedom of movement. Today, with the nation crisscrossed with black arteries, clogged to the point of cardiac arrest with automobiles, we have become a culture of movers. Drive thirty miles to get to work ever day, visit a friend 800 miles away, and casually move 1000 miles from the place of your birth.

In the dust of our progress, the cart has remained. Man never abandons something once discovered. No matter how advanced we become, there will always be men turning the soil to plant a seed, Gods, pottery, and carts...until their extinction. But even when the entity we call a cart has joined the mammoth, passenger pigeon, and dodo bird, the idea will remain. Today, these noble creatures, left with only the most menial labor in the new temples, carry our foodstuff without a nicker, without a whinny, without a complaint. We are their masters.

But neglect is showing. Bred only for numbers now, their gene pool is weakening them. The loopy wheels, Pentium calculators, and seat belts with two female clips are all evidence that this once great line may never be able to return to its former glory. Still, one occasionally finds the unexpected: a cart pure in line and form, rolling straight and true.

Knowing that the poor cart before me could never make it on its own, I resolved to set it free in the absolute sense. Getting into my car, I

slowly pulled up behind the forlorn, rickety cart and gently nudged it with my front bumper. Slightly startled by the jolt, it rolled forward, but quickly stopped, as though sensing what was coming next. With a tear in my eye, I whispered, "Hi ho Silver, away!"

Starting slowly, the cart was hesitant. Five, ten, fifteen miles per hour, the cart tripped, unaccustomed to the speed that its ancestors once took for granted. Suddenly, something changed. The motion smoothed and the cart was happily rolling along at 20, 25, 30. Sparks flying from the bottom, both the cart and I knew it was time; we're nearing the end of the lot and a decision needed to be made.

Flooring the accelerator, the cart rocked back onto its hind wheels for a moment, but quickly righted itself in anticipation. Fifty, fifty-five, sixty miles per hour, the rattle of the cart could be heard all over the lot and changed slowly to a soft purring hum. People exiting stores stopped and starred at the sight that they'd heard stories of in their youth, but never thought to see: an Arabian Cart at high speed.

Just before the end of the lot I slammed on the brakes: the cart had to go this last bit alone. It shot away from my car, breaking the tentative umbilical, rocked up a

slight incline, and exited the lot. Onto a major road, the lack of traffic in the night is best, for it was somehow able to make a gentle turn without slowing and began to accelerating away.

Suddenly, it wobbled and veered to the left, disappearing into the shrubbery and dense brush. At that instant, I noticed that several carts in the lot had slowly rolled near me, driven on by the wind. Gently they stopped at the curb, as though watching what had



happened to their friend. In the distance, I could hear the shouts of the acne scarred cart wranglers coming to collect their way-ward wards. Without a word to the voice-cracking teens banging on my hood, I slowly drove away.

What happened to the cart that I helped escape, I'll never know. Maybe it was simply the last act of kindness to a dying creature to let it know its power prior to its self-destruction. I like to think that it is still in the woods and grassy areas next to highways where I sometimes see wild carts drinking from small ponds, or bathing in the mid-day heat.

Bear Bones

by David berenson, *The Dartmouth*, Dartmouth College



She says she wants honesty in a relationship,

Give it to her.



X-Files Marinara Sauce

The Truth. It's in there.

GDT Countdown

0 issues left to our 100th issue!



Tourist's Music Video Reviews

(They're like movies, only smaller)

-Sean Stanley

This week: "Frozen" by Madonna

Sitting at home watching "The opiate of the masses" (Television - an innovative euphemism from a movie called "Trust") over this spring break was a refreshing change. Instead of using my brain, I subjected it to pop culture, faithfully observing my male instinct to change the channel every two or three picoseconds. I had to stop, however, when I came across the voice of the Dew generation, MTV. There, in all her splendor and glory, she stood. She was different, she had evolved again! That's why Madonna shall always dominate all that which is exotic - she does not fear change. Perhaps she is one of them.

On this particular outing, there were no burning crosses, chiseled homosexual dancers, gondolas, or even NASA tailored undergarments. Just Madonna, standing in the middle of the desert, decked out in all black and strangely resembling a Bene Gesserit Sister from the movie "Dune" (All hail David Lynch). She sings something about being frozen and about opening your heart to love and some other words that are all mushy, but most important of all, she turns into a Rotweiler! No kidding! She wraps her large frock around her body, and suddenly she's a big mother of a dog, stampeding toward the camera! That's so cool. The dog runs and drools, and right as it's

close enough to chew through the camera-man's neck, it turns back into Madonna again. Wow. Then she starts to sing again about love and communication and sentimental crap, but its ok because she right after that, she turns into a flock of crows! First an attack dog, then crows! Wicked cool. Can this get any better? It sure can, but only with a little help from Tourist's crystal ball. Peering into it, we see what it would be like if I were to add a little something-something to Madonna's drinking water:



The video is pretty much the same, except for that there are some other folks hanging out with Madonna in the desert. First off, Alice Krige from Stephen King's "Sleepwalkers". She can turn into a cat and make a Corvette look like a Mustang. Then there's that guy from the cartoon "Turbo Teen", who turned into a large automobile whenever it got too hot (remember that one, kids?). Add Robert

Patrick reprising his roll as the T-1000 from "Terminator 2" (all hail Cameron), and the video is almost complete. Madonna is cultured, no doubt, so a little Kafka won't hurt. Add that guy from "The Metamorphosis" turning into a bug and the video is complete. If the material girl had that much star power dancing and transforming in the background of her video, there would be none higher. Except, of course, if Snoop Dog arrived in doggie-style form, along with Sigourney Weaver after she turned into the Terror-Dog from "Ghostbusters". Talk about a showdown...



An Editor's Note: My Job

By Sean Hammond

Several years ago, when I was much younger and maybe more naive, I sat in an audience and listened as a friend took his place at a podium and spoke; Josh Moody, someone who I both cherished and admired, was graduating from high school. A year older than me, Josh was both a friend and a partner in crime involved in the various activities I'd engage in. What has happened to him, I cannot say; as is often the case, college and the world changed both of us and I'm not sure we would know one another if we met today.

The details of his graduation have been lost to me, but I remember something he said in his speech, and that he handed me a black balloon after the ceremony...

He didn't speak of glorious futures waiting for the graduating class, or how they would rise to any occasion. He spoke of how all things come to an end... and how people live lives that destroy their souls.

I know I will not do his speech justice--I heard it only once seven years ago--but it dealt with the responsibilities of students: the responsibility to question, to comment, to rebel. It was, he said, the student's responsibility to be the voice and conscience for adults who were trapped in lives they didn't want to create, let alone live. Students, because most are immune from the pressures of having to be wage slaves to keep a roof over their heads, are the culture's necessary revolutionaries and protesters. It is no coincidence that universities and colleges the world over are the source and focus of activism. We rebel when we can, because we can.

It's our job.

The speech really didn't come as a

surprise to me. He was, after all, involved in a student executed protest that shut down the school lunch program of my high school when people brought in the material for making peanut-butter and jelly sandwiches and gave them away for free. In many ways the mindset and tactics which has allowed Gracies Dinnertime Theatre and Hell's Kitchen to survive were tested and proven back in high school.

Ghandi and Thoreau helped too.

At this point, you're saying to yourself, "He's off again. Damn, I hate when he goes on these tangents. What's his point?" Patience.

I'm going to do my job.

Propped up in front of me, just resting against the bottom of my monitor, is a 10 March, 1998 clipping from the local daily newspaper. In bold letters, it shouts: "Clinton strikes Iraqi oil deal" and says in smaller type: "The agreement was quietly reached to allow an increase in food-for-oil exports."

Nice twist on the facts, but a lie nonetheless.

The general gist of the article is about a deal made between the United States, France, and Russia concerning the future of Iraq's oil reserves. The United States has agreed to let Iraq sell an additional 2.4 billion dollars worth of oil for food and medicine for the population, and to allow France and Russia (both vocal dissenters against the US attacking Iraq for non-compliance to UN sanctions) to have first dibbs at exploiting Iraq's 112 billion barrels of oil reserves and on the multi-billion-dollar job of rebuilding the country's oil facilities.

Maybe France and Russia--both countries familiar with having the bejesus bombed out of them by an enemy--just

“Stop the Noise!” Rube Goldberg Contest

W i n \$ 2 0 0 +

GDT's third, but probably last, contest. In honor of all things crafty & wacky, GDT is sponsoring a Rube Goldberg Contest.

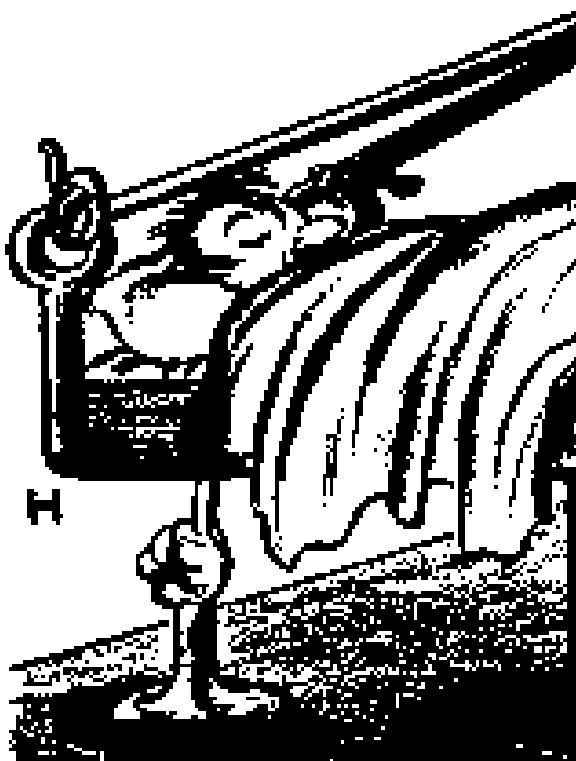
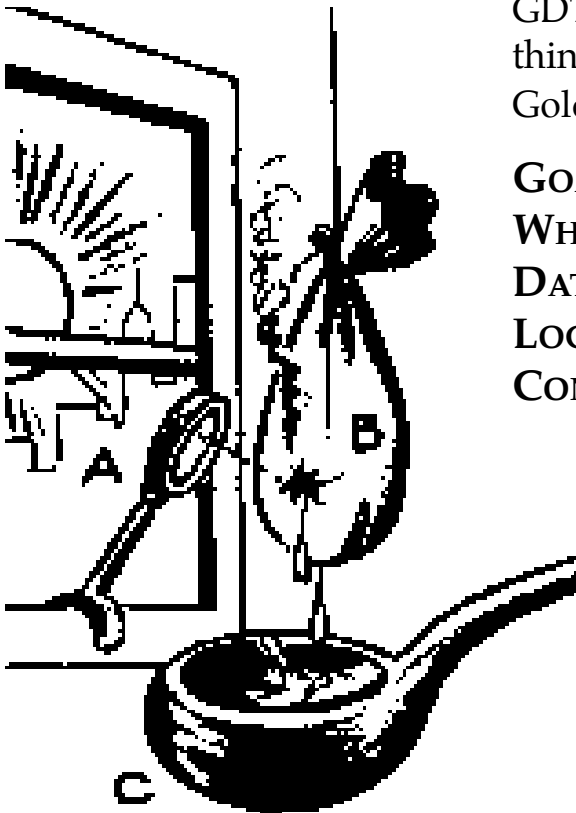
GOAL: STOPPING THE NOISE OF AN ALARM CLOCK.

WHO CAN ENTER: ANYONE!

DATE: APRIL 18TH, 52AT (1998)

LOCATION: TBA, RIT

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RULES AND REGULATIONS:

- The dimensions of the machine shall not exceed 6x6x6 feet.
- Each team must submit three copies of a step-by-step description of its machine by 10:30am on the day of the contest. The description must be legible and concise.
- Each team is responsible for the security of their machine and for removing their machine and related debris immediately following the contest.
- During the run, each team may assist their machine once without penalty. Any further assistance required will entail a penalty for each occurrence.
- Only two people from each team will be allowed to interact with the machine once activated.
- Machines must not use combustible fluids, explosives, open flames, or overtly hazardous materials. Safety issues will be decided by the judges. The decision of the judges is final.
- Machines must not incorporate live animals.
- A minimum of eight separate steps must be made to complete the task, four of which must be non-electrical. Each step beyond the required eight will represent additional points.
- There will be an upper time limit of ten minutes for the completion of machine's run. Judging will cease at this time. A run includes activation to completion of the task.
- Two separate attempts will be allowed to attain the objective.
- Supply your own damn alarm clock.

want to help out a kindred country. Then again, the potential amount of money that can be made exploiting Iraq's oil is...well, it's a lot of silly string. And who said Imperialism is dead?

The best part is that by going along with France and Russia, both countries have agreed that if Iraq violates the most recent agreement made with United Nation's Secretary-General Kofi Annan, they will not oppose military strikes. The United States would have to consult the Security Council, but might act alone if unhappy with what the Council said.

Over the past few weeks, a number of voices have been raised concerning the United States anointing itself the world's policeman, and in essence, I'm adding my voice to the chorus. Yes, I think Saddam Hussein is a dangerous man, but so is David Duke. Yes, I think Hussein is a threat to peace in the Middle East, but so is Benjamin Netanyahu. Regardless of who or what he was/is/might be, the United States is the United States, not the military branch of the United Nations.

The time has come for the United Nations, if it dares, it put a muzzle on our military. We have the best equipped, most powerful array of armed forces in the world, but that does not give us the right to use force for the hell of it.

I'll admit that bombing the Christ out of an Iraqi bunker would evoke nationalistic feelings in me (I'm male and like to see things that go boom) but at the same time, I feel my idealism screaming at me. We live in a society based on the rule of law and I doubt we can logically mount our soapboxes and preach democracy, individual choice, rule of law, and self determination while our military attacks a separate country, following its own path and with its own sovereign rights. Maybe it would be the right

thing to do to attack Iraq, but it would be done for the wrong reasons by the wrong people.

There is no ruling body today in the world which could legally stop the United States from attacking Iraq. The World Court is the closest thing we have, but it lacks the police to back up any hypothetical ruling it passes. Until such a time as a United Nations military force exists, separate and independent from any country, the United States--or any other major military power--can behave as judge, jury, and executioner. Attack with the blessing of the UN? Great. Attack without the blessing of the UN? Oh, it really doesn't matter.

To the world in general: get over your jingoism. Fight the forces of balkanization as ethnic groups demand landlocked autonomy without any exports. Confront your worst fears and give a world legal body the ability to enforce decisions that might be to your disadvantage, not because you may be able to control it, but because it is the right thing to do.

Remember back at the beginning I mentioned a black balloon that Josh Moody handed to me? Well, I kept it. I work forty hours a week, sometimes more, and the world is dimmer than I remember. Still I believe people can change what they see is wrong. I'm told I'm naive for that by people who sit in offices all day. "Look around you. Read the paper. The world sucks."

The balloon has, of course, lost all the air in it and is nothing but a pathetic looking piece of rubber, but I keep it to remind myself of what my job should be. I once believed that people could make the world anything they want it to be. I still do. Change what you know, and the universe changes. That's important. Good night, kids. Dream of revolutions.

The Buzz from DONLAND

donland.base.org

By Don Rider

DONLAND PREVAILS OVER MICROSOFT

After weeks of bitter court battles and mud-slinging between Microsoft Corp. and the Donland Justice Department, the Donland Superior Court today unanimously ruled in favor of the DJD, citing that Microsoft had indeed stifled development of third-party plain-text editing tools. Effective immediately, all Windows operating systems, including 95, NT, and CE, must be sold separately from the Notepad application, and Microsoft may not force or offer incentives to resellers to install Notepad with its operating systems.

Judge Don wrote in the majority opinion,

DREAM NEWTON

I remember when the Newton first came out. Apple did a great job of capturing everyone's imagination. I remember thinking, "How exciting! The idea of handwriting recognition in a portable little computer!" I then recall thinking around 1994 that with the Mac's declining popularity, Apple ought to dump the Mac line and go all-Newton, ala the Apple II-Macintosh debacle of the late 80s. Apple put a mouse on every desktop with the Mac, why not do it again with a stylus? Learning from the Mac's history, Apple could license the technology to others to turn out all sorts of flavors of Newtons, from Pilot-size organizers to Desktops.

Unfortunately, the idea of the Newton replacing the Macintosh scared Apple man-

Reference Roundup for the Main Article

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The Lone Ranger, circa 1930's

"[Microsoft] isn't stopping anyone from developing new plain-text editing software, nor have they made it impossible to install a third-party editor of choice- but we also have to ask ourselves why there is no competition in the plain-text market. We believe it's directly due to Microsoft's inclusion of a 'free' text-editor with every version of Windows. This type of behavior must stop."

Upon news of the victory, DJD attorney general Don commented, "This decision sets a precedent which may revolutionize the OS market. We have reason to believe not only MS, but other OS vendors may have strangleholds on the plain-text editing market, including Apple's SimpleText and VI editor in UNIX."

The DJD office also noted that they are now looking into MS's inclusion of Paint, Telnet, and Calculator with its Windows operating systems. "I think we're on to something," noted one DJD officer.

agement. Apple stifled its development, forcing it into vertical markets, and finally, nowhere. While Apple sat on its hands with the Newton, products like the Pilot and WinCE were developed to fill the void of



Newton's promise, sort of like the MacOS and Windows. History seems to repeat itself when you don't learn from it. Newton could have been Apple's savior, and shame on Apple for never realizing it.

"Newton: who turned out the light?"

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hear what you think, you
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