

The Dark Side: technological revolution

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I fear technology. It's the source of all pain and suffering. Blood-thirsty robots, evil mechanized



Pencils fear me, as do small dogs.

PHOTO BY AMY ROUSE

arms. Smart Cards, Nintendo Gameboys™—whatever. I have very bad luck with any/all high-tech computerized objects. Actually, I have bad luck with anything that has moving parts or is made out of metal. I can't even play with an Etch-a-Sketch without sustaining serious injuries.

This ain't paranoia, folks. Technology, as we have seen in countless cinematic classics (and movies are just as good as real life), invariably leads to Armageddon and general

mass destruction.

Think *Terminator*. Think *2001*. Think *Short Circuit*.

You shouldn't build things that can maim/kill/annoy you.

I buy into this theory wholeheartedly. It doesn't matter what form technology comes in—all of it is evil. EVIL. There's no real difference between the stealth bomber and a stapler; they're both made of confusing metal stuff and can make you bleed.

Profusely.

Cars are particularly frightening creations (or as I like to call them, Violent Death on

Wheels).

I only have an automobile 'cause it would be real boring to speed-walk back to Atlanta every Thanksgiving. The first car I ever owned hated me (don't know what kind.

It was black, and had wheels and stuff.). It seemed to be possessed by ill-tempered demons with cramps, and tried to kill me on several occasions.

"Hell-car" broke down only on frigid winter nights on rural *Deliv-*

erance-esque stretches of highways. The radio only worked after 4:00 (I swear), there was no air-conditioning, and heavy metal pieces fell off at random.

As a crowning glory, the trunk was tied to the muffler with humongous cables to keep it shut (instant hoopty-hydraulics), and I had to blast the doorlocks with a hair dryer every winter to get them open. Fun!

The blasted thing finally committed suicide on I-85 at 3 a.m. It exploded while I was driving (always unnerving to notice you're on fire) through the most conservative area

of town.

Stupid car.

The moral of this story? Complicated metal stuff always leads to destruction and second-degree burns. Another case of nefarious technology.

Maybe we should all use nice plastic things that don't have detonators, flashing lights, or a proclivity for spontaneously bursting into flame.

Like Big wheels.

Big Wheels are nice. They're stylish, won't catch on fire or and don't have any sharp edges that can gouge your eyes out.

That's traveling in style.

Campus Candid



The new UNION officers appreciate your vote. Next year's Serendipity will feature Michael Flatley. That'll be sure to vault us back into the top 10 party schools in the country. God help us all.

PHOTO BY AMY ROUSE

CHIP, DANGER
DARE DEVIL SQUIRREL PACE 214-811-8123 BUREAU 1978

AS WARMER DAYS RETURNED, I SUPPOSE IT SHOULDN'T HAVE SURPRISED ME THAT WE'D SEE OTHER SQUIRRELS MORE OFTEN OR THAT CHIP MIGHT BEFRIEND SOME OF THEM.

PERRI WAS JUST A YEARLING, BUT SHE COULD JUMP LIKE A GRASSHOPPER. SHE MUST HAVE BEEN PART CHICKAREE, BECAUSE SHE HAD A REDDISH COAT AND BEAUTIFUL LONG EARS.

BUT IT DID SURPRISE ME, AND WHEN I MET A NEWCOMER, I WAS GUARDED AND JEALOUS.

THERE WERE OTHERS TOO. BUS WAS A GRAY SQUIRREL WITH A SLIGHT GLANDULAR PROBLEM.

EVERY DAY, THE THREE OF THEM FOLLOWED CHIP UP BARK AND DOWN BRICK. I ALWAYS REFUSED THEIR INITIATIONS.

MAYBE IT WAS MY FEAR OF FALLING, OR MAYBE I'D SPENT SO MUCH TIME OUTSIDE THE COMPANY OF OTHER SQUIRRELS (BESIDES CHIP AND SANFORD) THAT I WAS RELUCTANT TO REJOIN THE GROUP. MAYBE A PART OF ME WAS EVEN AFRAID THEY WOULD NOT WANT ME. BUT MY FEAR, WHATEVER ITS NATURE, WAS A SECRET I KEPT—EVEN FROM MYSELF.

SONJA WAS A BLACK SQUIRREL WHO'D BEEN TRANSPORTED AS PART OF A WILDLIFE RESEARCH PROJECT AND UNREMNINANTLY RELEASED SOON AFTER.

INSTEAD OF JOINING THE OTHERS, I SPENT MORE AND MORE TIME IN SANFORD'S LAB. I CONVINCED MYSELF, IF NOT CHIP, THAT MY CONARDICE WAS PRUDENCE AND MY RATIONALIZATION THE SOUNDTEST REASON.

STILL, CHIP TRIED TO COAX ME OUT.

WE'RE GOING TO JUMP OFF A RIVER BIRCH. WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH US? IT'S AN EASY JUMP, ARTHUR.

OF COURSE, EASY FOR YOU...

...YOU LIVE IN A LITTLE BUBBLE WHERE NOTHING CAN HARM YOU! WELL, THERE'S REAL DANGER OUT THERE, CHIP! THINGS THAT CAN KILL YOU! AND WHILE I'M UP IN THIS ATTIC, YOU'LL END UP DEAD!

(OH, HOW I WISH I COULD TAKE BACK THOSE WORDS, NOW.)

I THINK THAT MOMENT WAS THE CLOSEST CHIP EVER CAME TO BEING TRULY ANGRY WITH ME. HE GRABBED MY SHOULDERS, AND SAID: YOU'RE RIGHT, ARTHUR. IF YOU GO OUT WITH ME AND SONJA AND BUS AND PERRI, YOU MIGHT GET HURT... BUT EVEN IF YOU NEVER CLIMB ANOTHER TREE, OR JUMP OFF A ROOF, OR RUN FAST AND LEAP OFF A BRANCH, EVEN IF YOU NEVER OPEN ANOTHER BOOK OR SPEAK TO ANYONE EVER AGAIN, THERE IS NOTHING YOU WILL EVER DO THAT WILL KEEP YOU FROM ENDING UP DEAD!!