Dark Side: technological revolution

BY LAURAH NORTON Features Columnist

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

Think Terminator. Think 2001.

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

I buy into this theory wholeheartedly. It doesn't matter what

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

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.

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

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.

The blasted thing finally com-

Stupid car.

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

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.



Pencils fear me, as do small dogs PHOTO BY AMY ROUSE

arms, Smart Cards, Nintendo Gameboys TM-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 in-

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 mitted 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 AS WARMER DAYS RETURNED, I SUPPOSE IT



PERRI WAS JUST A YEARLING, BUT SHE COLLO JUMP LIKE A GRASHOTTER SHE MUST HAVE BEEN PART CHICKAREE, BECAUSE SHE HAD A REPOISH COAT AND BEAUTIFUL, LONG EARS.



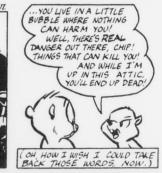


THERE WERE OTHERS, TOO. GUS WAS A GRAY SQUIRREL WITH

ENSTEAD OF JOINING THE OTHERS











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