

The Knew Weigh
by Stay Joviall

which declare that things our sensory organs are totally incapable of registering are things which do not exist; that is, the New Way is against assuming that we are equipped with sensory organs which in principle can perceive all that is perceivable.

9. The New Way is in favor of HappySoft Sunshine Love Bunnies and the violence at the core of even the most gentle child.

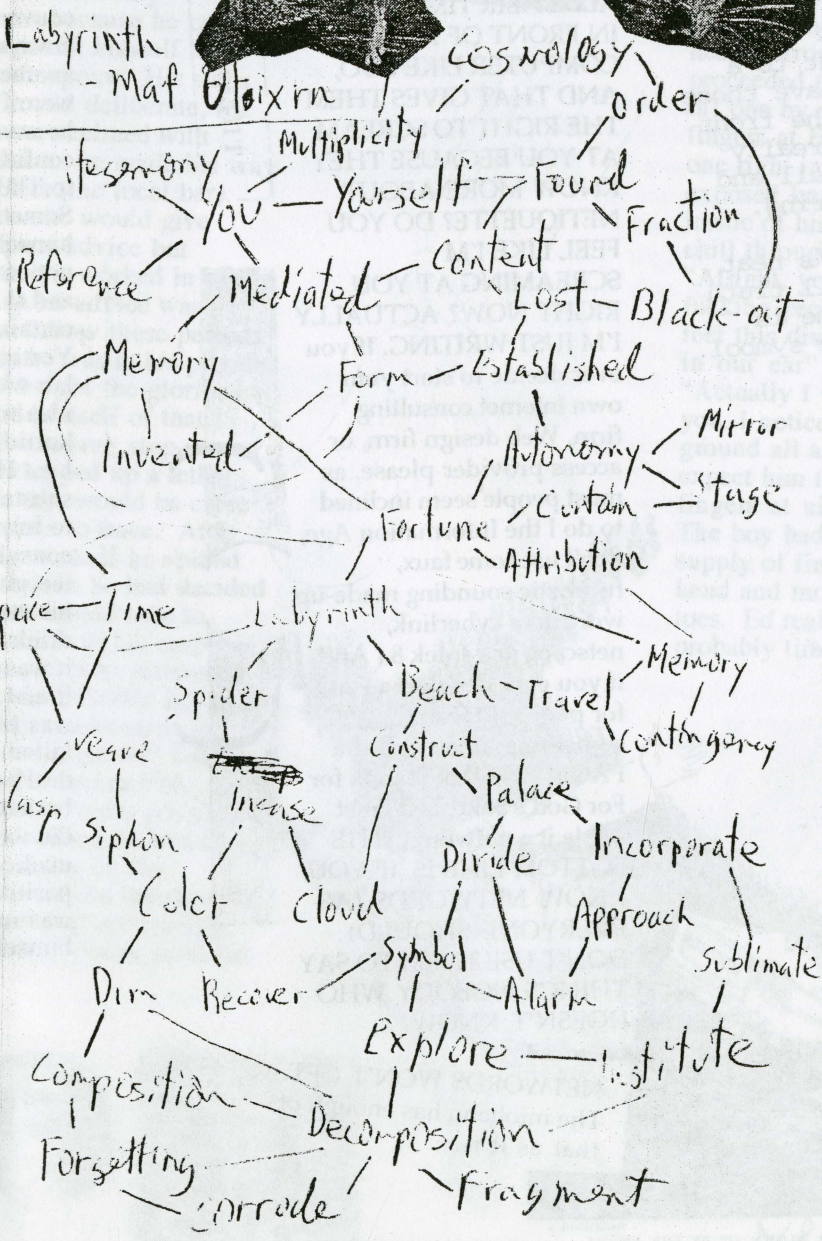
10. The New Way supports novel octaves of Orange and dark imbroglios of Purple.

11. The New Way is in favor of redefining the word "definition."

12. The New Way reminds us that the High Priest of Poetry is Miles Davis, and that *Hamlet* was written by a finite number of monkeys.

13. The New Way's mantra is not "GO!", but rather "go..."

1. The New Way has written its manifesto in a language which does not utilize *prepositionally-circumscribed spatiality* (e.g., "what's going on?", "what's it all about?").
2. The New Way endorses products which were not produced and are unconsumable; the New Way is not against and not for consumer reaction against the mass production of Truth and Reality.
3. The New Way encourages apprehending Reality like a felon, and doing so in a conceptual/linguistic framework which operates primarily in the square root of the 5th dimension and the -2nd dimension, rather than in the usual three.
4. The New Way is better than the Old Way.
5. The New Way is radically opposed to conceptually subsuming the idea of "thought" under the idea of "language."
6. The New Way is in favor of transcending both subjectivity and objectivity; the New Way opposes all apparent epistemological limits which are a function of arbitrarily predicated rationalities.
7. The New Way is a way for the people.
8. The New Way resists interpretations of Reality



From: RHODES::LOGTB
To: STOBJ
CC:
Subj: more story at a lower price! see inside for details!

"Pickin' up hitchhikers" 14-OCT-1995 07:46:23.01

NO NETWORKS. KNOW NETWORKS
by ross gohlke

Tooty Fruity

I was having a dream the other night, and even in my dream i could tell it wasn't a normal dream. it was an allegory. i knew because I am still getting flashbacks from A Pilgrim's Progress. Anyway, in this dream i was really hungry, and had been for a long time. then i opened my backpack and inside was a banana, filling the dark interior with an almost glistening yellow. i was going to think, 'you know, bananas shouldn't be this bright,' but couldn't because it wasn't really significant to the allegory, so instead i thought, 'wow, i've been carrying this around the whole time and didn't even know it!' and then the banana spoke to me, which i knew was strange but didn't want to tell the banana that. the banana said "peel me," so i did, and all of a sudden everything was filled with the purest and brightest light i had ever seen, nay, experienced in my life. the banana looked like it was golden. i was kind of freaked out, because i knew eating gold was bad for you, but remembered it was just a dream. and then, before i could do anything else, the banana commanded me again: "eat me." well, what do you tell a golden banana? i raised it to my mouth and it almost screamed "no, no, you dumbass! that was meant metaphorically, remember this is an ALLEGORY." well, having

no experience with metaphorically eating a banana, i was kind of stumped, so i tried rubbing it against my ear and jumping on it, but to no avail. then the banana sighed and murmured "he'll never get it." well, i was taught never to let a banana be condescending to me, so i walked over to some guy conveniently placed in the corner of my dream and asked him if he wanted to buy the Banana of Enlightenment. he said sure, but that he only had 15 cents. i took the money and handed him the banana, and then went to a grocery store that have those little machines in the front and bought myself a really colorful hi-bounce ball and an adorable plastic ring. they make me happy. but i still think it's neat that the source of all truth presented itself to me in the form of a phallic symbol. tom logue



"THINE ENEMIES SHALL NOT LEAVE IN THEE ONE STONE UPON ANOTHER": ETRÉLLEIERS CHURCH, BLOWN UP BY THE ENEMY

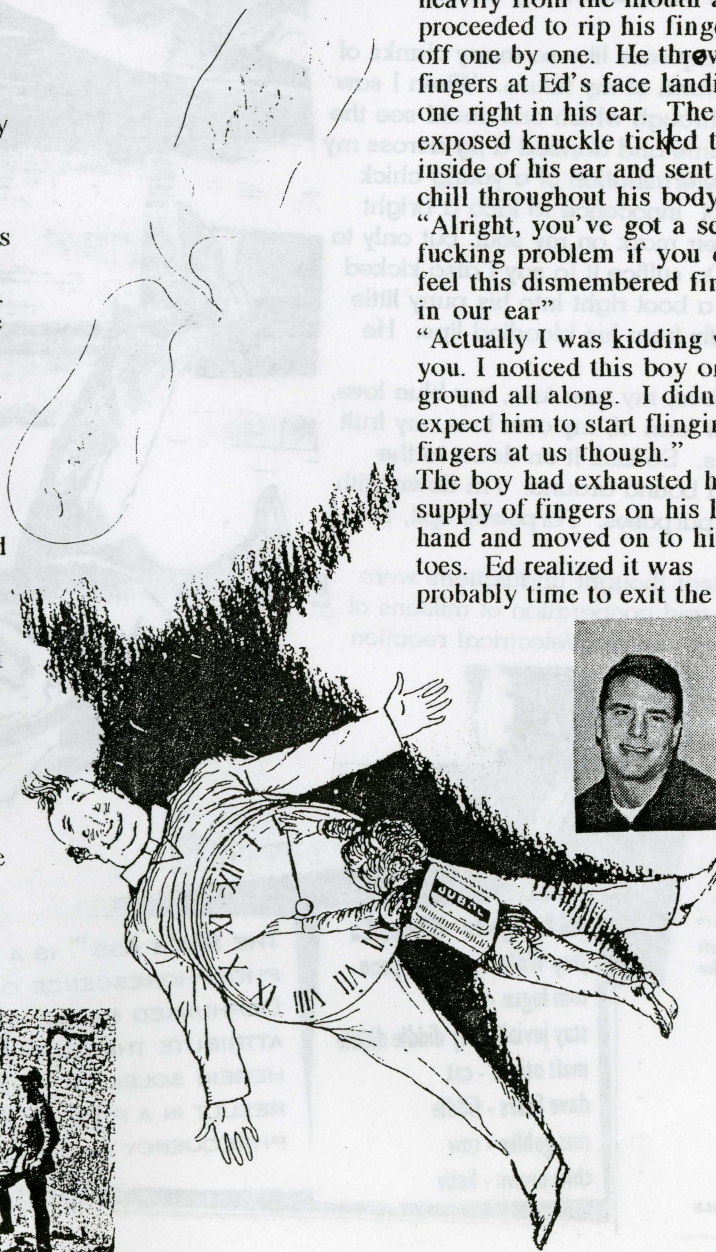
IMHO all networks are stupid. A network is a word frequently used in Internet lingo. Network is a network, and I hate networks. Other words that I don't care to mention. Like Internet, WWW, cyber-, netiquette. FYI, I work on the Internet everyday ;) I know networks, I know netiquette. I hate it. HAVE YOU EVER BEEN FLAMED BY SOMEBODY WHO THINKS THEY ARE COOLER THAN YOU BECAUSE THEY SPEND ALL THEIR TIME SITTING IN FRONT OF A COMPUTER LIKE I DO, AND THAT GIVES THEM THE RIGHT TO SCREAM AT YOU BECAUSE THEY KNOW MORE ABOUT NETIQUETTE? DO YOU FEEL LIKE I'M SCREAMING AT YOU RIGHT NOW? ACTUALLY I'M JUST WRITING. If you ever decide to start your own Internet consulting firm, Web design firm, or access provider please, as most people seem inclined to do in the Information Age, don't use some faux, futuristic-sounding made-up word like cyberlink, netscape or vantek 8 (And if you ever develop a FAQ for people to learn something, don't call it a FAQ (FGS - that stands for For God's Sake, and I just made it a network :) THE BOTTOM LINE IS, IF YOU KNOW NETWORKS (AS EVERYONE SHOULD) DON'T USE THEM TO SAY THINGS NOBODY WHO DOESN'T KNOW

NETWORKS WON'T GET. The infobahn has enough of that as it is.

Pecauw

by Dave Sears

"Ahhh!, what a pleasant afternoon!", thought Ed to himself. A wonderfully refreshing breeze would slide by every now and then as he strolled boldly along the highway leading to the local bar. He was conducting conversation with himself as he usually did when he was alone. It provided him with what he referred to as 'stable feedback'. His therapist tried upon many occasions to convince him that he had multiple personalities but he insisted that he had only one personality containing two distinct perspectives. He found this extremely convenient because he could always consult himself for another viewpoint. His steps were firm and deliberate, for he was overwhelmed with confidence as he made his way to The Pleen (the local bar). Sometimes he would give himself poor advice but noticed that it worked in cycles and that good advice was certain to follow these periods. Yesterday he was in his private lab when he got the glorious idea to rid himself of that horribly annoying step-son of his. He whipped up a lethal substance that would be close to impossible to trace. After consulting himself he spiked the glass which he had decided his step-son would sure to drink from but to his surprise it was his wife who consumed it and croaked shortly after. It was terribly unfortunate, he killed his wife and still had to deal with that insane little bastard. It was quite possibly the worst decision he had ever made. Looking on the positive side of the incident, he was incapable of misguiding himself today. So he pedalled

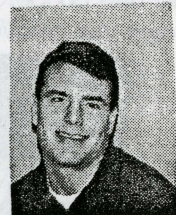


himself along, watching the cars increase in speed as they approached him. In the distance he could see a human or something stretched across the ground. He pedalled faster to satisfy his curiosity. A teenage boy lie on the ground exhibiting some very odd behavior. His body alternated between catatonic episodes and inch worm like movements. Ed was baffled at this sight and began to speak with himself about this display. "This is rather peculiar, what do you make of this here lad." "I'm not sure I know what you're talking about." "Are you not aware of this lad here before us doing crazy things with his body?" "I don't see a boy before us" The boy then began to foam heavily from the mouth and proceeded to rip his fingers off one by one. He throw his fingers at Ed's face landing one right in his ear. The exposed knuckle tickled the inside of his ear and sent a chill throughout his body. "Alright, you've got a serious fucking problem if you don't feel this dismembered finger in our ear" "Actually I was kidding with you. I noticed this boy on the ground all along. I didn't expect him to start flinging his fingers at us though." The boy had exhausted his supply of fingers on his left hand and moved on to his toes. Ed realized it was probably time to exit the

scene. So he continued his walk to get a beer which he needed more than ever now was still about 15 minutes away by foot. He spoke with himself some more to pass a time more quickly. "What was wrong with that lad. That crazy bastard was yanking his body apart." "I would assume that he was

in a bad mood or something. "WHAT!! That was a little more extreme than a bad mood. He's probably back there ripping the rest of himself to pieces." He was about to pass a little residential area that didn't look inviting. Again to his surprise a nice gentleman approached him. "Whazup bro?" The man throw his hand out for a little friendly shake. On side of his jacket opened slightly so that Ed noticed some gold watches and a bag of sugar. "Say mayne, you'awnt need keep better track yourself, oh boy here take care ya" "I'm not certain what your asking me." "I hear ya bro, looking for a little pecauw" The men whipped out the plastic bag of sugar. Ed thought to himself, "Am I running low on sugar? I wonder if this fellow is offering a good deal." A police officer was driving by, stopped, cuffed the man and hauled him off before Ed could even find out how much he was charging. "That's really unfortunate, I guess its illegal to sell sugar without a proper license, what do you think" "I think your a moron. That man was not selling sugar" He ignored himself for the rest of the journey. All he really wanted at this point was to have a beer but unfortunately the bar was closed by the time he got there. He began to walk back only to realize that his imagination had gotten the best of him today. He had been sitting on his couch all along planning a trip to the bar.

THE is to as OF is to



Unrelated Title: Everything is Related

by Jay-baby Witherspoon

As I walked down the street, I noticed something at my feet. I first looked around, and then back down. It was furry and cute, and nestled right up to my boot, until I squashed its cute little furry face with my big-ass steel-toed boot, and mashed it with my heel a little more to make sure that every last rhyme oozed out of its fluffy little cute furry face, and then I picked it up and ate it just to spite its memory. It tasted cute.

And then, as I stepped around the next corner, which a few days earlier, unbeknownst to the reader of this sentence or the coroner's office around a different corner, had been the location of swirling winds, I spied with an acute eye, trained through years of imaginary wanderings through the hallowed temples of nonsensical clauses, and still quite unbeknownst to the coroner's office, a sight which called forth in my mind, most hallowed in its hallowing of frightening experiences, oh dear God, I am afraid of this sentence, a beast not nearly so calm and cuddly as the afore-mentioned, which now being quite squashed into a pulp whose uneaten parts remains untouched to this day in the office of our hallowed coroner, who still does not know his own sphincter from a black hole, but a beast with a frightful gown of black and a flat hat and large teeth and wide mouth, staring straight into my eyes, looking for its next witless victim. But I busted his shit up, too. Whap! Powee! I said. Blam! and Kershmack! And I took my big-ass boot and, with but a few concise motions, knocked every blooming clause out of him. He tasted like rhetoric.

I moved onward, my steps ringing in my ears like so many clanks of life's lonely bell, taking me into the dark unknown of my future. When I saw the third and last beast (for now), with eyes through which one could see the very brink of eternity, fear stole across my frame and danced a jig across my spine. But I rose to the challenge with the determination of a young chick hatchling, shoving back the protective shell of innocence to face a bright world whose slings and arrows might find their mark on my soul, but only to scar my tender skin and make it stronger. Or, suffice it to say I also kicked his ass. I crammed my big-ass continent of a boot right into his puny little mouth and watched pathetic clichéd poetry fly from his bloodied lips. He tasted like a can of gooey worms.

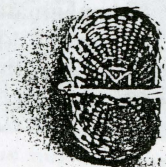
My next steps swept me to my true love, my new love, my blue love, my turtle dove - - made of, the shape of, and form of, my own love, my fruit love, my boot love, my croon of - - my sounds. So kick it on down to the sound mound, a round mound of sound, and bound around. I'm down with sound, and use it for my own pleasure and purposes. Porpoises spit, flom bip, flap crip, but always sit shimmy.

The preceding sounds and subsequent thought undulations were brought to you through a bitchin' assembly and cooperation of millions of tiny neurons and corpuscles. Hope your own chemical/electrical reaction was a good one!



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

An artist's conception of the vertical-rising, disc-shaped aircraft being developed by the U.S. Air Force and resembling the popular conception of the "flying saucer."



DRAW EYES BACK AND FORTH TO CONNECT DOTS INTO LINES WHILE BYPASSING THE OBSTACLE

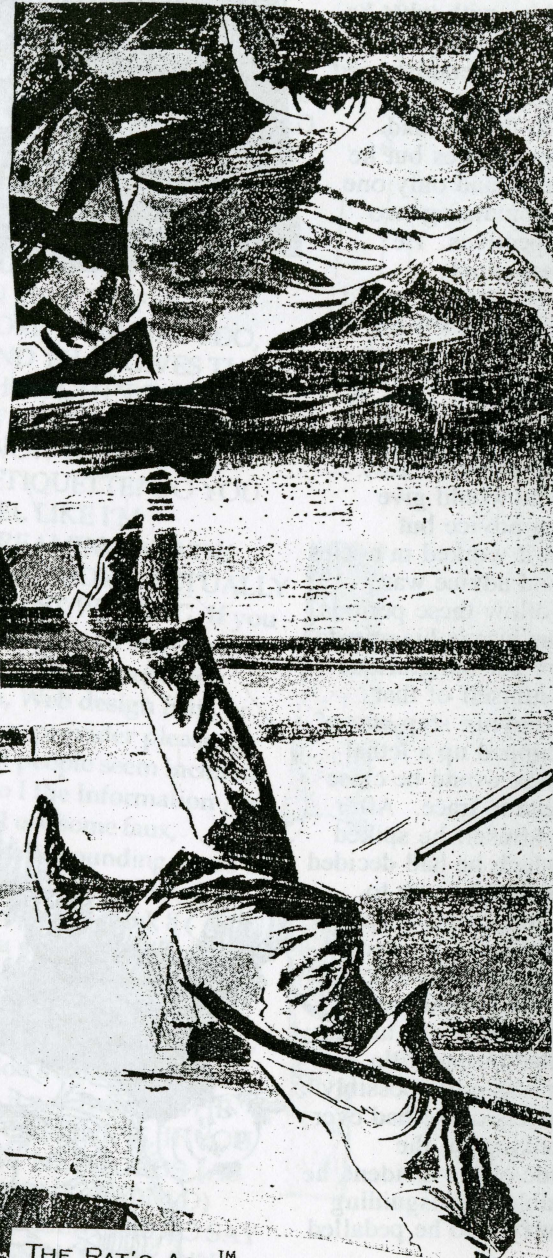
TO GO TO HELL

Do nothing! You've already done enough! "For the wages of sin is death;" Romans 6:23a.

ATWOWWORDARTICLE

by Chrisbrown

FEMALE Masturbation.



Staph Box:

Jhey Witherspoon - spoon
tom logue - moon
stay joviall - hey diddle diddle
maft otixrn - cat
dave Sears - fiddle
ross gohlke - cow
chris brown - knife

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