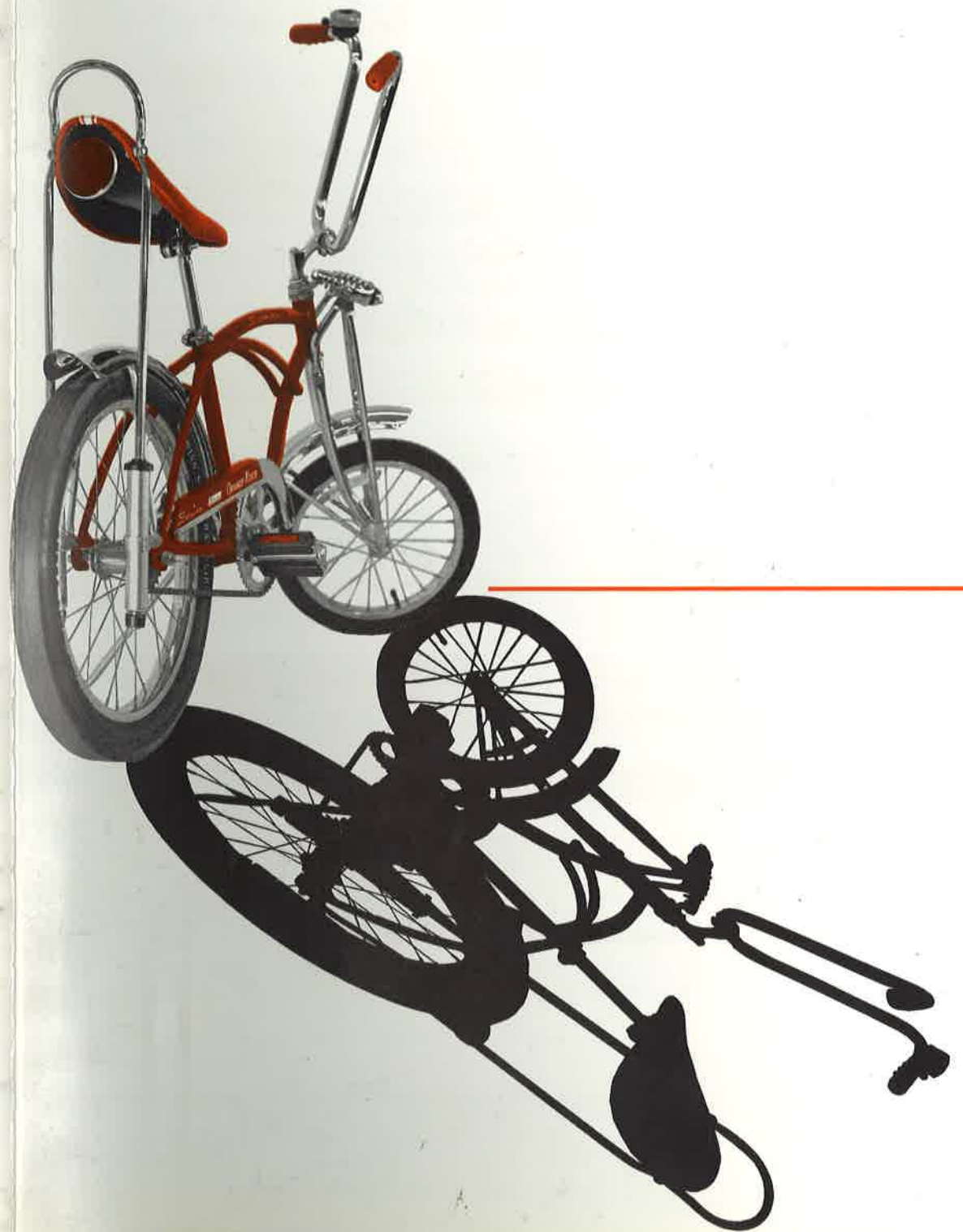




NCR new college review

millennial edition



Editors (top to bottom): matt supko / phil mchugh / trey roden / michael zobelein / will hooper /  
teresa rumore / tara roth / sylvia elliot / justin mccorkle / jessica bush / opal south  
advisor: rebecca florence

*Jack*  
*Theresa Rumore*  
*Ma Roth*  
*Joel Jackson*  
*Jessica Bush*  
*William Hooper*  
*frats found the book*  
*Mark C. Ho*  
*Michael Galic*  
*Sylvia Elliott*

(RETRO)

**Crazy Cool Krates**

Cruising to the Summit of an American Dream \_\_\_\_\_  
 Yert Nedor

**Retro Today**

Theresa Rumore Captures Popular Things From the Past... \_\_\_\_\_  
 Theresa Rumore

**The Xerox Revolution**

Is the iMac the End of an Era? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Mike Zoebelein

**Hooked on Coke**

Cultural Icon or Consumer Addiction? \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tara Roth

**The Modern Misplacing of Imagination**

The Caper of Our Capacity for Image \_\_\_\_\_  
 the wholly ghost writer

**Meaning in Meaninglessness**

The Trickster Archetype and US Cartoons \_\_\_\_\_  
 Matthew Supko

**Prophets and Fools**

Science Fiction has Consistently Predicted Many Technologies, but... \_\_\_\_\_  
 Will Hooper

**Slaves of a False Seduction**

Anti-Corporate Activism is on the Rise... \_\_\_\_\_  
 Opal South

**Heaven on a Motorcycle**

The American Love Affair with Motorcycles and Freedom \_\_\_\_\_  
 Justin James McCorkle

**The Restoration of Retro**

The Art and Stylings of a Classic Culture \_\_\_\_\_  
 Betsy Spruill

**Millennium Reflections**

For a Brief Moment, the World was Focused on a New Beginning. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sylvia Elliott

**Activités d'art**

Coloris, Jeu de Patience, Activités \_\_\_\_\_  
 NCR Staff



## New College Review

New College  
College of Arts and Sciences  
The University of Alabama  
107 Carmichael Hall  
Box 870229  
Tuscaloosa, AL 35487-0029  
newcollegereview@hotmail.com  
info@nc.ua.edu

Contributions to the *New College Review* are open to all students at the University of Alabama. Interested contributors should submit a one-paragraph proposal outlining their essay to the *New College Review* editors at the above address.

The deadline for submissions is December of the year preceding publication. Prospective contributors are encouraged to contact the editors regarding appropriate topics, writers' guidelines, and specific deadlines.

The *New College Review* (ISSN 1099-0429) is published annually by New College in the College of Arts & Sciences at the University of Alabama, Box 870229, Tuscaloosa, AL, 35487-0229, USA.

Copyright © 2000 by New College, College of Arts & Sciences, University of Alabama. All rights reserved. Copies of articles in this journal may be noncommercially reproduced for educational purposes only. Otherwise, no part of this work may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including but not limited to photocopying, microfiche and recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher. Printed in the United States of America.

# s t a f f

## senior editor

trey roden

## editors

jessica bush  
sylvia elliott  
will hooper  
joel lackey  
justin mccorkle  
phil mchugh  
theresa rumore  
opal south

## public relations

tara roth

## page layouts

matt supko

## digital graphics editing

mike zoebelein

## contributors

joe brown  
stacy dacheux  
betsy spruill

## cover art

phil mchugh  
trey roden  
matt supko  
mike zoebelein

## adviser

rebecca florence

## acknowledgements

Homewood Cycle, Homewood, AL, for photographic opportunities  
Betsy Spruill, for photo development and lab access  
Activity Page courtesy of *ScienceMats*, copyright © the Science Center of Connecticut  
*Livre À Colorier et D'Activitiés*, copyright © Amav Industries Ltd.  
*Future Fun*, copyright © Patrick M. Reynolds

*This Review is dedicated to Spencer O'Brian and Wiley E. Galbraith.*

# Crazy Cool Krates



Yert Nedor

## Cruising to the Summit of an American Dream

*Schwinn* thought Fritz was **out of his mind.**  
Fritz responded, "It's going to **sell.**"



**It could** have been the way it was displayed.

There it sat, parked at a very deliberate angle. Behind glass, much like the transparent plastic bubble-windows of boxed toys. It was so strategically placed that onlookers mysteriously gravitated towards it, their breaths fogging the window as their mouths gaped in awe. And it was a spectacle. With its sleek cantilever design that swept gracefully from headset to rear hub, it was a rolling icon to be commanded by the young at heart. The long banana seat hovered above the frame on three slender posts, its glitter sparkling. The front wheel was small, 16 rotating inches that housed a sporty drum brake, straddled by long chrome suspension forks. Easy Rider — the long and low chopper Peter Fonda cruised across America: that's the essence of the Orange Krates.

In 1891 Ignaz Schwinn came from Germany to make a living doing what he did best, building bicycles. The "glory days" preceding the nauseous fumes of the Henry Ford era were populated with some 300 bicycle manufactures and 10 million cyclists on primitive American roads (C&C 18). Competition was tough, but if a company could build a "bomb proof" bike, customers would flock to its doors. Schwinn succeeded. During the

*For my 11th birthday my father spent \$69 to get me the purple Huffly Sting-ray I had wanted for over a year. This was winter of 1968. By spring Schwinn had developed the Krate series and the Huffly I wanted for so long instantly lost its appeal. I had to have a Lemon Peeler without hurting my dad's feelings! I tested the waters by asking his opinion on trading up to a safer bike, he saw right through that angle. He basically told me that if I could get \$50 for the Huffly, he would give me \$89 for the Schwinn. I later learned that this was his attempt at teaching me the value of a dollar—He didn't think I would be able to sell the Huffly. Ten minutes later I returned home with \$50 in hand—I hadn't told my dad the neighbor kid four doors up wanted his own Huffly, but his parents felt \$69 was a bit too steep. My bargain price of \$50 for his dream bike made us both happy—the Lemon Peeler was mine an hour and a half later! That bike was my pride and joy until 1978, when we gave it to a deserving nine year old. Two years ago, a friend told me that Krate bikes had become very collectable (he had seen a picture of my childhood bike) and he knew someone who had a Lemon Peeler for sale. I bought it, and that was the beginning of my current bike collection. I now have 14 old Schwinn's and am having a great time with my new hobby! TYLER"*



1970 Lemon Peeler Krate

ensuing 50 years—through two wars, the Depression, and the mid-century baby boom—the Schwinn bicycle became an American staple and, like countless other immigrants of the time, Ignaz Schwinn realized the American Dream.

During the early decades of cycling, bike shops were slimy back alley pits of grease, where homespun mechanics tinkered with hand-me-down monkey wrenches and plumbing supplies. As America entered post World War II prosperity, Schwinn realized that the shade tree mechanic repelled customers of the newly emerging suburbs. Goods needed to be displayed "polished and encased in glass, like jewels at Tiffany's" (C&C 56-7). Schwinn called this a "Total Concept Store," a place that junior could drag his pops to beg for the Schwinn jewels. It was a premier store, with premier bikes, worth the extra cash. "Your product is better and commands a higher price," boasted a regional salesman (C&C 68). They knew how to attract post-war consumers, but they needed the product that would propel the company into the future.

Sting-Rays and Krates were to be the answer. The company ignited a bike obsession in a generation of American kids with its Sting-Ray and Krate lines, bringing Schwinn to its zenith as an American synonym for bike. While the family control of the Schwinn empire has dissolved, the Sting-Ray and Krate bikes have reemerged in the late 1990s—part American memory, part 21st century global marketing savvy.

Al Fritz was a production worker in Schwinn's Chicago bicycle factory, where he worked his way up to executive vice-president over the course of 40 years. Fritz is credited with the invention of some of the coolest rolling imaginations ever to hit the lots of suburbia. In 1963, he noticed a trend with California kids. They bought 20-inch bikes with wild handlebars that were designed for 1940s paperboys, added a boat-shaped "Solo-Polo" seat for a dollar, and had a blast. Fritz said, "The whole package looked like a good time."

Fritz built a prototype. Schwinn thought he was out of his mind. Fritz responded, "It's going to sell." Production began and Fritz spent the next 18 months showing the new Sting-Ray line across the country. By the end of that same year, 45,000 rides sold, and two million were cruising through neighborhoods in five years. The Sting-Ray sold for \$70 to \$140—a lot of money for a bike. But it wasn't just a bike that Schwinn was selling; it was a frame of mind and an image. Television's *Captain Kangaroo* and *Boys' Life* magazine promoted these machines with encouraging comments. Bikes styled after

Fritz's design accounted for 60 percent of the bike market during the 1960s because, as one kid said, "[I] dig that crazy styling" (C&C 70-3).

Style was crucial; "You're not cool unless you have a Schwinn" (C&C 73), said one 60s youngster. The Krates were targeted at the pre-teen segment of the market. Following the lead by the Big Three auto makers in Detroit, Schwinn brought muscle car styling to this line of crazy cool rides. "Compared in its advertising to a fine sports car, [they]...forever changed the way kids thought of bicycles" (Dawid). Taking the frame of a Sting-Ray, Schwinn added a five-speed gearing system, complete with top-tube mounted "Stick Shift," and a "slick-thick" rear tire. These liberating bikes were two wheeled, traffic light dragsters. They had all the options. With chrome fenders over each wheel, the rear one slightly curved upwards, they emulated Detroit's designs. Sissy bars allowed the "driver" to sit far back on the seat, grip the monkey bars, check out the upcoming traf-

fic in hanging mirrors, note the speed on the speedometer, and flip the headlight switch for drag racing the neighbor at dusk. Pulling the drum brakes at the end of a fast run left a dark black skid mark on the pavement, like the big cars. There were color options as well. Over the course of the Krates' heyday, six flavors tempted the tastes of refined kids: Orange, Apple, Lemon Peeler, Pea Picker, and the very rare Cotton Picker and Grey Ghost. Said one enthusiast, "Krates weren't so much a revolution as they [were a] fully loaded Cadillac." In 1970, a five-speed Krate sold for \$94.75, living up to the price range expected of a Caddy, too (Dawid).

The Krates held a special place in the minds of the lucky suburbanite kid able to con his parents into investing in his imagination. Today, some 30 years after they hit the market, the appeal of the Krates is still strong. The Schwinn web site,

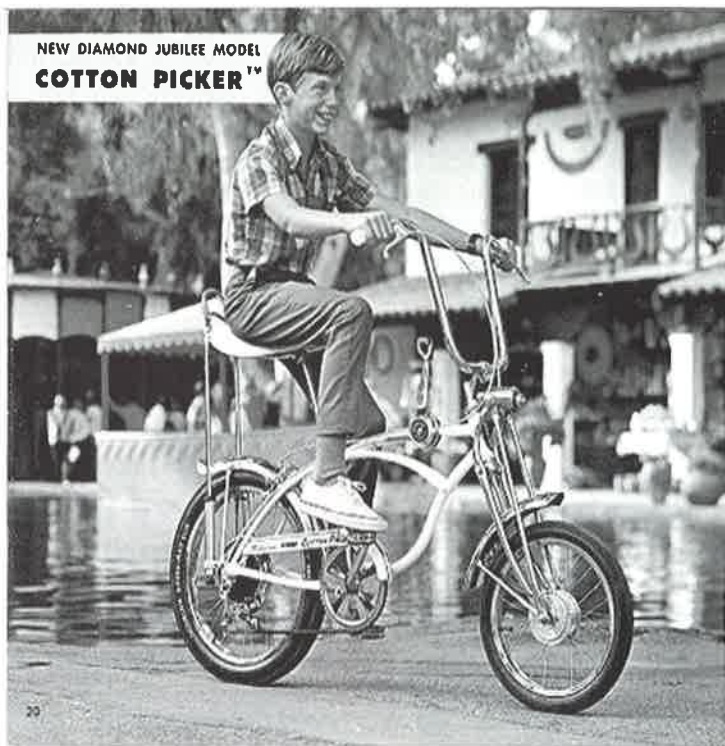
(www.schwinn.com) includes collector forums, where enthusiasts discuss the world of bicycle collecting. Everything from Schwinn's early days is valuable and considered in detail—original paints, handlebar grips, wheels, chain-guards, serial numbers. There is a huge market for reproduction parts and the restoration of classic Krates and Sting-Rays. Ironically, these crazy rides are once again appealing to the generation for which the muscle cars were designed. A wonderfully restored, or, better yet, an original Krate can sell for \$1500 or more.

In 1997 the Schwinn family held an auction in Chicago, Illinois, for the one-millionth bike to roll off the factory assembly line, a 1968 Orange Krate, which sold for \$16,100 (Gray). The Krates are a fabulous icon from an era of post-war excessiveness, and the continued nostalgic effect that they have on the American market is evident in their reintroduction.



1969 Pea Picker Krate

*Hi Yert. I got a brand new 1969 Pea Picker for my tenth birthday in March of '69. It was the last year that they had the "razor edge" fenders. They didn't call them that for nothing. Anyway, with the drum brake in the front and hand brakes in the rear, those bikes stopped on a dime. One day, my friend was chasing me around his development. I decided to stop short and scare him. His knee went into my rear fender, causing a major gash requiring several stitches. His Dad was extremely Italian, barely spoke a word of English, and yelled at him all the way to the ER for getting hurt. I felt pretty bad about it. He didn't hang out with me much after that.....Regards, Mike."*



vintage ad for Krate series



SUGGESTED PRICES SHOWN  
DO NOT INCLUDE INSTALLATION  
(Note: Battery operated accessories do not include batteries.)

vintage Krates with accessories



5-speed gear shift

Aiming for the 20-through 40-year-old buyer markets, Schwinn, in 1998, reintroduced the Orange and Apple Krates in limited production. That year Chief Executive Officer Tom Mason said, "This is the Schwinn equivalent of the Volkswagen Beetle. [We are bringing the bikes back because] the 70s retro thing is still on fire" (Shore). It is a brilliant strategy of companies to bring back the images and feelings that resonate in the minds of a large segment of the population. But where has the company gone in the years since its inception?

When Ignaz Schwinn immigrated to America, he undoubtedly saw the possibilities of fulfilling his American Dream. The industry and Schwinn specifically, shifted from a form of efficient transportation to packaging childhood toys in the "Total Concept Stores" of suburbia. Initially Al Fritz, the developer of the Sting-Ray and Krate lines of bikes, took a child's idea of fun, and made it a reality for millions of young bikers across the nation.



"Made in Taiwan" sticker

This tangible reality, created by a bicycle, marked the pinnacle of the Schwinn family empire, and the true fulfillment of one man's vision to get America rolling. Today the company is no longer a family enterprise, but a multinational corporation.

In the window of the bicycle shop, the replica of the Orange Krate is poised with a sticker reading \$549.95, its head tube now brandished with a label that reads "Made in Taiwan." So goes the American Dream.

#### WORKS CITED

**Crown, Judith and Glenn Coleman.** *No Hands: The Ride and Fall of the Schwinn Bicycle Company, An American Institution.* New York: Henry Holt, 1996.

**Dawid, Ben.** "Krate Dreams: The Schwinn You Really Wanted." Online. Internet. 4 Oct 1999. Available: <http://www.tir.com/%7Ertw/krate2.htm>

**Gray, Lori.** "Schwinn Family Bicycle Collection Sale." *Maine Antique Digest.* July 1997. Online. Internet. Available: <http://www.maineantique-digest.com/articles/schw797.htm>



ncr documentary footage

**Shore, Sandy.** "Schwinn hopes these wheels will be hot again." *Seattle Times.* 6 June 1998.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

\* These stories were electronically forwarded to me from the Schwinn Forum. I posted a message there asking former owners of Krates to submit their memories for possible publication.

#### BIOGRAPHY

Yert currently scours the nation on a rusty tandem, in search of the perfect Schwinn, a quest that of late has taken him through countless back alley grease pits in the lower 48 states.

# Retro Today

theresa rumore

**Theresa Rumore captures popular things from the past that remain popular today.**

Things that were popular and new in the past are still popular today, although for a different reason. Take, for example, records. They were popular until tapes came along, and now CDs are most popular, but records can still be easily found. Why? They continue to spark the imagination. They are now retro. The same applies to the 5 1/4" floppy disks which preceded the current 3 1/2" floppy disks. Technology moves so quickly that it is hard to keep up. Now we have Zip™ disks which are making floppies as retro as cassette tapes made eight-tracks. What's retro changes quickly. You have to keep your eyes open!

From typewriters of the 1950s to Johnny Rocket's (a popular burger joint / soda fountain which stands out as retro, from the miniature jukeboxes that play for five cents, to the pictures on the walls) retro can be seen all around us. Clothes and shoes can be retro. As long as the imagination is involved, anything can stay alive.



mike zoebelein

## is the **iMac** the *end of an era*?

Born on January 24 1984, the Macintosh ignited the fire storm of the personal computing revolution. Macintosh, produced by Apple Computer Corporation, challenged and exceeded every computer convention of the time.

### About Size

Macintosh revolutionized the idea of size. Before Mac, computers were large, chunky boxes that took up a whole desk. In 1984 the first "portable" computers hit the market. They were the size of a suitcase, weighed around 50 to 80 pounds, and cost \$6,000 to \$10,000. In contrast, Macintosh was a small 21 pounder with a

inch screen, a footprint smaller than a pad of paper, a mouse, and a price of \$2,495. While Macintosh was making fast computing affordable, IBM was lagging.

### About Performance

Just two years earlier, in 1982, the first IBM PC cost about \$5,000 and was the slowest computer available. It used an Intel 8088 processor which could only process information eight bits at a time.

IBM's PC of 1984 had an engineering oversight which almost cost them their entry into the computer market. This PC used an Intel 8086 which delivered instructions 16 bits at a time (this

is referred to as 16-bit architecture.) The problem was that the bus, the gateway through which all information passes, could only handle eight bits of instructions at a time.

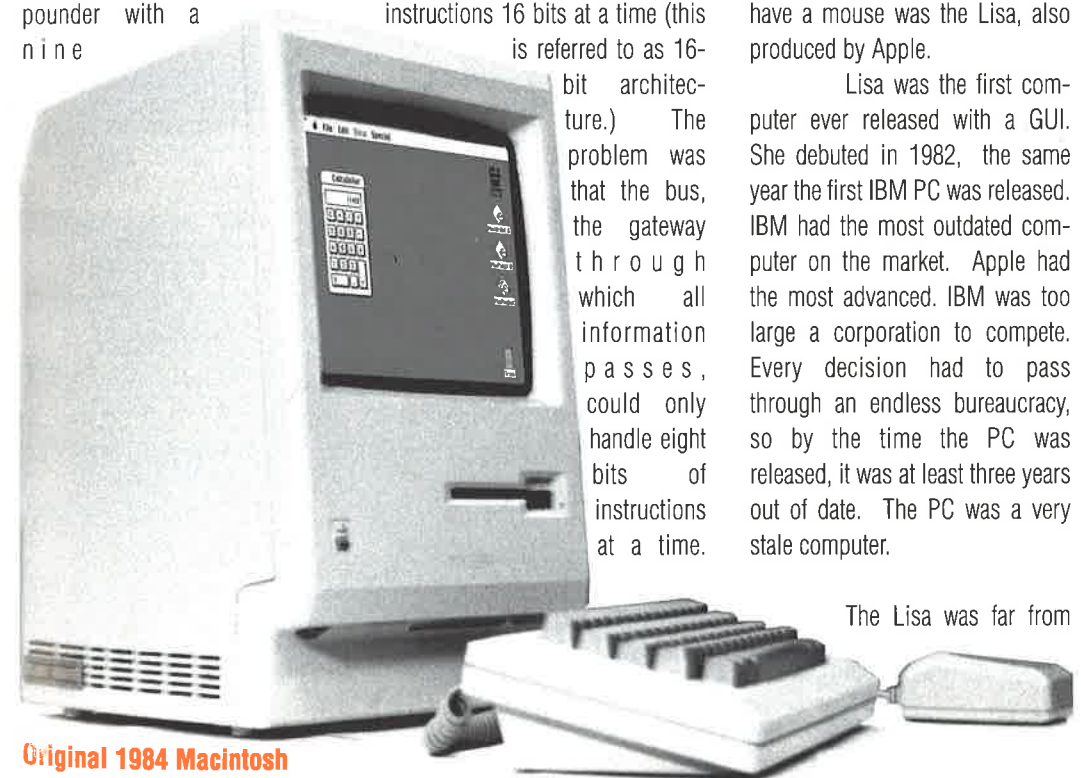
Information was bottlenecked as it passed to the processor. So the second generation PC was not much more than a very expensive version of a popular toy of the time, the Atari.

The Macintosh took full advantage of 32-bit processing, which made it fast enough to handle graphics, an innovation, since computer interfaces of the time were text only. The Macintosh was the second computer ever released to use a Graphical User Interface (GUI). A GUI is a desktop environment with icons, a mouse, and menus. GUIs are the standard today. That little Macintosh was the only computer in that price range released with a mouse. The only other computer at that time to have a mouse was the Lisa, also produced by Apple.

Lisa was the first computer ever released with a GUI. She debuted in 1982, the same year the first IBM PC was released. IBM had the most outdated computer on the market. Apple had the most advanced. IBM was too large a corporation to compete. Every decision had to pass through an endless bureaucracy, so by the time the PC was released, it was at least three years out of date. The PC was a very stale computer.

The Lisa was far from

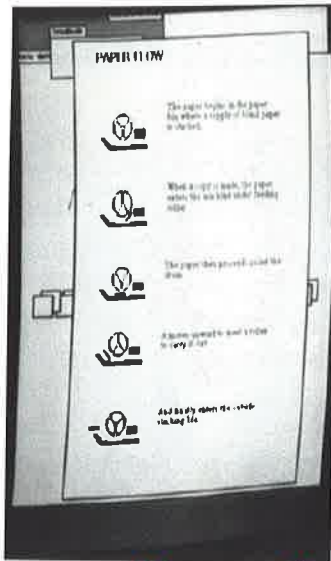
Original 1984 Macintosh



perfect too; it cost \$10,000. In order to work, Lisa had to be stuffed with Random Access Memory (RAM). RAM was outrageously expensive in 1982. The Lisa was heralded as the computer of the future. It had stacking windows, a desktop, and a "trash can" for disposal of deleted files. Microsoft did not have any of the features the Lisa offered until 1995, when Windows 95 was released. Apple was 13 years ahead of the trend, a trend the company pioneered.

The Macintosh was designed to be user friendly, the computer for everyone. Apple strove to become the Volkswagen of the computer industry. The Macintosh was stunning. When you turned it on, the screen lit up, a smiling computer appeared, it made an audible pinging sound just to tell you it was waking up (unheard of in that era), and there you were inside a computer that wanted to be your friend. The computer had a personality—a very warm, friendly personality.

For all its innovation, Apple did not actually invent the GUI or the mouse. Xerox, Apple's largest investor, did. In 1977 Xerox hired the country's brightest computer minds for its new



research facility named Xerox PARC. PARC had nearly unlimited resources and had developed a \$50,000 computer called the ALTO. The ALTO used a GUI and a mouse, but it was nowhere near as impressive as the Macintosh. Most computer historians agree that while the ALTO invented many of the conventions we use in computing today, Apple invented the rest. Apple was allowed only two one-hour demonstrations of the ALTO. One demonstration was seen by Apple president Steve Jobs, and the other was seen by programing genius Bill Atkinson. The ALTO proved to Apple executives that computers could work differently.

Apple then had to make the ideas come true. Apple has traditionally had the best programmers in the industry. They were somehow able to jam more power into a smaller box than anyone had before. The ALTO was the size of a table. The Macintosh was the size of a pad of paper.

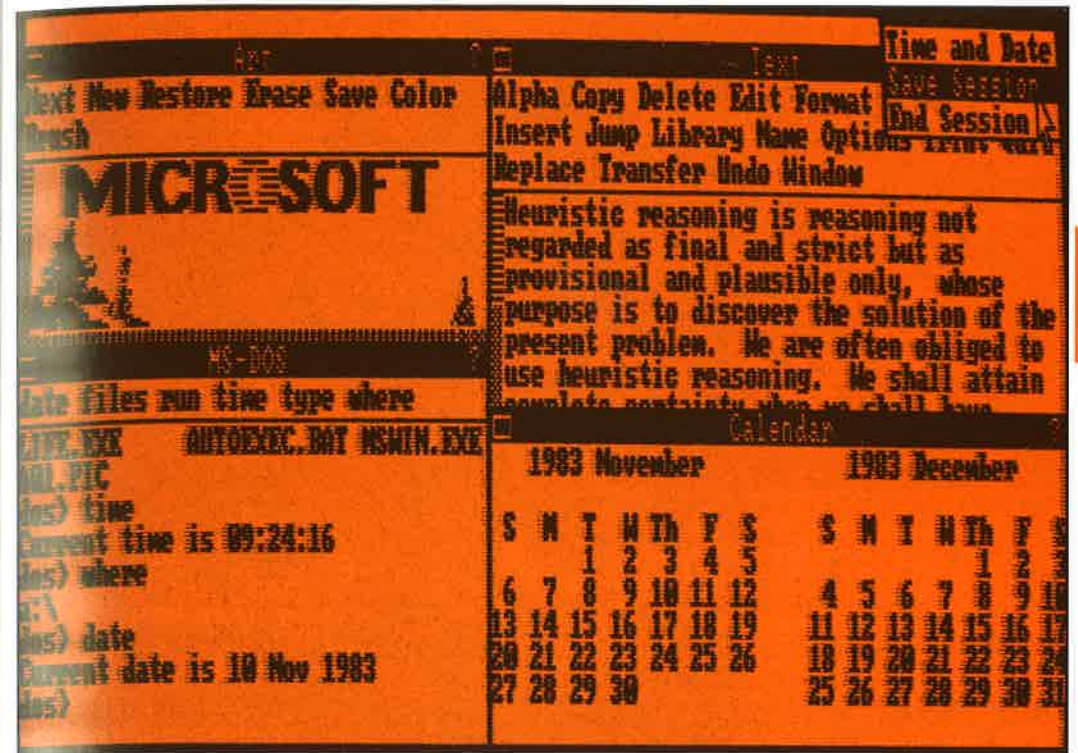
The iMac was released in 1997 in an effort to revitalize the failing Apple computer. It was brought to life when former CEO Steve Jobs was reinstated and came from a \$150 million dollar investment injection from Microsoft. The original Macintosh had become retro, so the iMac was retro from the beginning.

The iMac is built into a compact all-in-one box. The screen is larger and in color. It is, by far, the friendliest computer on the market—the computer still smiles at you when you turn it on. It has a one button Internet connection (the "i" in iMac stands for Internet). The iMac took the computer industry by storm with its low price and impressive features. There is a handle on the back for portability—just like the Macintosh.

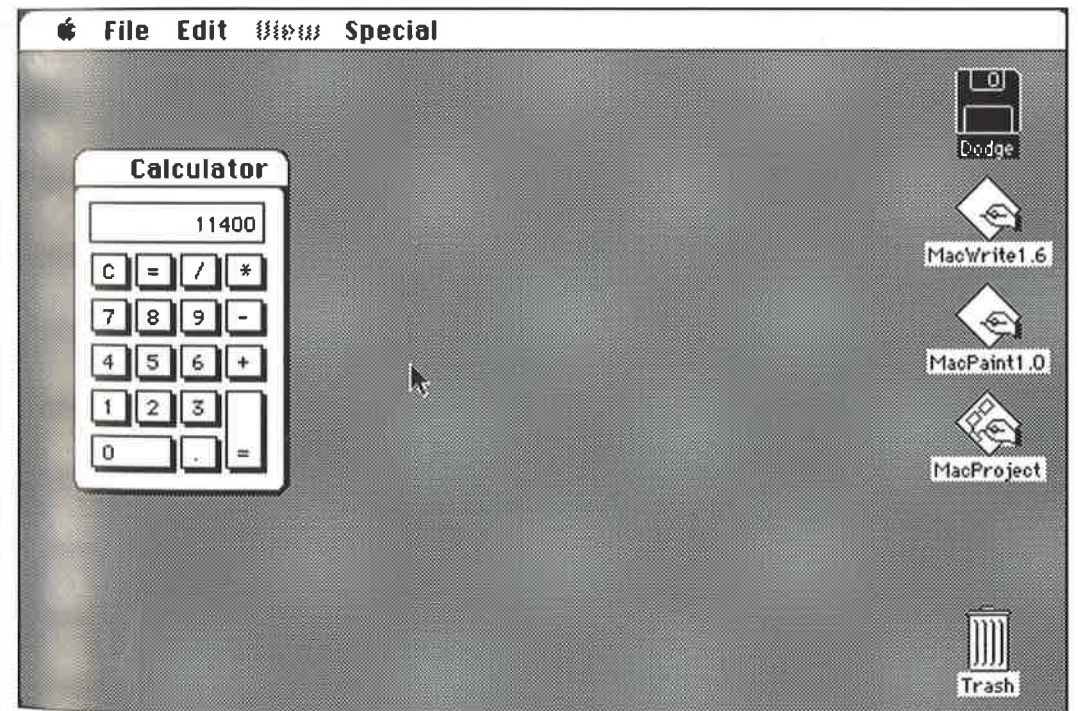
The design of the iMac is by far its most contemporary feature. It looks like a computer from the future, all curves and available in a variety of colors, which is great in a world dominated by nasty, boxy, beige-coloured PCs. The mouse is way funky, the keyboard is compact, the computer is bright, and the CPU is blazing, even on the lowest-priced model. Sadly, with Apple's history as the

**MICROSOFT** We've  
The High Performance Software written more  
Macintosh programs than any other  
software company. Including Mac's  
spreadsheet, Multiplan.  
So if you want to get the most  
out of your Macintosh, call (800)  
426-9400 for the name of your nearest  
Microsoft dealer. In Washington State,  
Alaska, Hawaii and Canada, call (206)  
828-8088.

**vintage Microsoft ad**



Microsoft Windows 1.1 screenshot, ca. 1984



Mac OS 0.85 screenshot, ca. 1984



"Part of what made the **Macintosh** great was that the people **working on it** were **musicians** and **poets** and **artists**, zoologists and **historians**, who also happened to be the **best computer scientists in the world.**"  
— Steve Jobs

computer industry's most innovative company, it's bound to be copied.

#### WORKS CITED

**Foster, Edward.** "Macintosh Software: Is the Wait Over?" *Personal Computing*. December 1984. v8 n12 p142.

**Kunkel, Paul.** *Apple Design*. New York: Graphis Inc., 1997.

**Malone, Michael S.** *Infinite Loop*. New York: Double Day, 1999.

**Rubin, Charles.** "Macintosh: Apple's Powerful New Computer." *Personal Computing*. February 1984. v8 n2 p56.

**Stross, Randall E.** *Steve Jobs & The NeXT Big Thing*. New York: Atheneum, 1993.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Dr. Richard DeMars, for lots of really neat old computers.

Mimi Gardner, for Xerox pictures.

Windows 95, Microsoft Windows, and Microsoft are registered trademarks of Microsoft Corporation.

Lisa, Macintosh, Apple, and iMac are registered trademarks of Apple Corporation.

Xerox and Alto are registered trademarks of Xerox Corporation.

In Memory of  
Paul Gregory Ferguson.

#### BIOGRAPHY

*Michael C. Zobelein is a senior at The University of Alabama, in New College. His interests include writing, illustrating children's stories, and film making. He has worked professionally in advertising as a film editor. Michael hopes to work for Apple Computer Corporation.*



iMac courtesy of Apple Computer, Inc.

# Hooked on

tara roth



**Cultural icon or consumer addiction? During the cola wars of the 1980s, Americans learned how attached they had become to a soft drink.**



**When I was growing up, my mother was a Coke freak.**

Mom brainwashed me into believing that Coke was put here when God created heaven and earth and that Pepsi-Cola was the Antichrist. Mom never let me order a Pepsi when we went out to eat, and she would not allow any of my friends to bring Pepsi into our house. When a Pepsi commercial came on television, she would make us turn the channel like it was a clip from a filthy movie. When I was eight years old, Mom arranged for my sister, herself, and me to have a Christmas portrait together, and she made all of us wear Coca-Cola shirts. One summer, she announced that we were taking an exciting family vacation. I thought, maybe Hawaii, Europe, Alaska, or New York City. It was, instead, a weekend in Atlanta at a Coca-Cola convention. That was only the beginning.

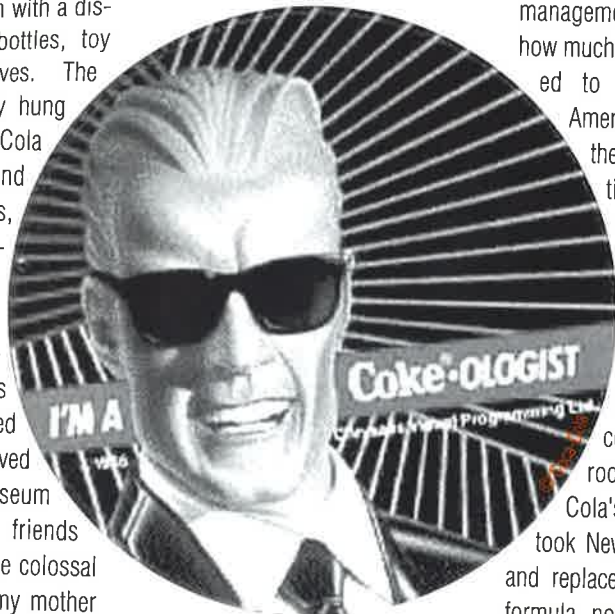
My mother was a Coca-Cola collector. In her spare time, she spent hours contacting other collectors and shopping at garage sales and flea markets in search of the next bit of Coca-Cola memorabilia. Mom crammed our house with Coca-Cola collectibles. Kitchen walls were covered with Coca-Cola trays and cabinets were stuffed with Coca-Cola glasses and cups. Our refrigerator, plastered with Coca-Cola magnets and filled

with Coke, stood near the Coca-Cola phone that played a Coca-Cola jingle. By the phone sat her pride and joy, the Coca-Cola calendar. Each December, Mom eagerly headed to the local Coca-Cola Company to obtain a copy of the new Coca-Cola calendar. In the living room, the built-in shelves reached to the top of the cathedral ceiling laden with a display of Coca-Cola bottles, toy cars, and pocket knives. The walls were elaborately hung with dozens of Coca-Cola paintings, signs, and mirrors. Downstairs, our family room's built-in shelves overflowed with an international collection of Coca-Cola cans. The walls were coated with framed Coca-Cola puzzles. I lived in a Coca-Cola museum where neighbors and friends came just to gawk at the colossal accumulation of what my mother called "treasures of the world's perfect drink."

I have indelible childhood memories of the turmoil my household went through when Coke's original formula was replaced with New Coke. My mother went crazy. She wrote angry letters to Coca-Cola and made irate phone calls to the company demanding that the original formula be put back on the market and threatening a boycott by die-hard Coca-Cola collectors if it were not. She grieved for hours on the phone with other "Cokies." She spent many sleepless nights trying to locate individuals who possessed bottles of the original formula so she could savor the flavor of her only true love, the origi-

nal Coke. Her rage paid off when the original formula was restored and New Coke was forever put to rest.

My mother was not alone in her obsession with Coke. Millions of Americans took sides in the Classic Coke-New Coke turmoil as the Pepsi-ites looked on. For a brief period, the flavor of a



soft drink was a national issue that told us as much about the American obsession with Coke as it did about the company's megabattle for market share.

On April 23, 1985, the chairman of Coca-Cola, Roberto C. Goizueta, made an announcement. "The best has been made even better," he proclaimed (Hartley 160). After 99 years, the Coca-Cola Company would abandon its original formula for a sweeter, less fizzy formula, which they named "New Coke." New Coke was the drink of the future. The company's action gave birth to the "cola war," the biggest, most heated corporate marketing battle ever between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola. Coke's formula

change was a response to Pepsi's nationwide promotion, "The Pepsi Challenge," which was the largest taste-test ever launched. The results of the taste-test revealed that "in blind taste-tests, Coke drinkers preferred Pepsi" (God, What a Blunder: The New Coke Story). In responding to Pepsi's market challenge, Coca-Cola's management failed to consider how much Americans were addicted to its original formula.

Americans were enraged as they viewed the elimination of the original formula as the destruction of a national icon. As a result of Coca-Cola's foolish modification, Pepsi-Cola began to dominate the cola war as its sales skyrocketed while Coca-Cola's plunged. Coca-Cola took New Coke off the market and replaced it with the original formula, now dubbed "Coca-Cola Classic," just two and a half months later (Hartley 168). The original formula had become "retro" within that short period. What was old, indeed, and had been taken completely off the market, was new again. Coca-Cola's decision to revert back to the original formula caused Coca-Cola's stock to climb to the highest level it had reached in 12 years, from \$61.87 to \$84.50 per share, a 35.5% increase. By early 1986, the stock reached an all-time high market capitalization of \$110 million. Today, almost 15 years later, Coca-Cola remains America's preferred soft drink as it is the undisputed leader of the \$25 billion soft-drink industry (God, What a Blunder: The New Coke Story).

The popular reaction by Americans to the substitution of New Coke was equally as dramatic as the market reaction. Americans, one observer noted, "were outraged" (Most Consumers Hated New Coke). Coca-Cola received an average of 8,000 calls a day from outraged consumers. Angry Coke drinkers claimed that New Coke tasted like "sewer water" and "furniture polish." They called the new formula "Coke for wimps" and "two-day-old Pepsi" (God, What a Blunder: The New Coke Story). Coca-Cola also received more than 40,000 letters of complaint in the short two-and-a-half month life of New Coke (Hartley 167).

Indeed, public reaction suggested that something more was happening to America and to Americans than a simple commercial upheaval. It was an emotional upheaval as well. Loyal, even psychologically dependent on this soft drink, Americans equated the change in this staple of modern everyday life to an entirely undesirable and unexpected change in their own identities. "Changing Coke is like God making the grass purple or putting toes on our ears or teeth on our knees," wrote one consumer. Another wrote, "I couldn't have been more surprised if someone had told me that I was gay."



Still, others elevated Coke to the level of God and country. "There are only two things in my life: God and Coca-Cola. Now you have taken one of those things away from me," said one. Changing Coca-Cola is "like spitting on the flag," said another (God, What a Blunder: The New Coke Story).

Scarcity of old Coke prompted hoarding and stockpil-

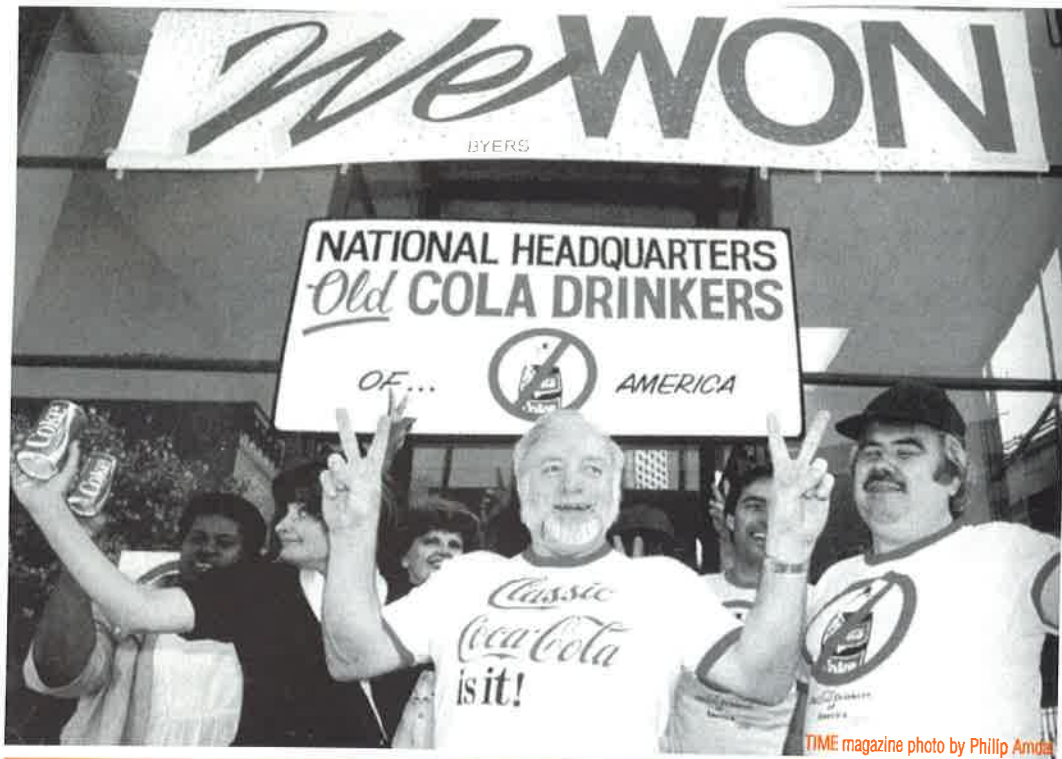
ing. One Hollywood producer rented a \$1,200 wine cellar to hold his 100 cases of old Coke. Others scalped it. Black marketers sold the original formula for \$30 a case and looked for ways to import it from other countries. Some helpless addicts had it shipped to them from Montreal (God, What a Blunder: The New Coke Story). Strident loyalists in Seattle came together and formed the group Old Coke Drinkers of America. It laid plans to file a class action lawsuit against the Coca-Cola Company for taking old Coke off the market, but the lawsuit never transpired (Hartley 167). The announcement of the resurrection of old Coke received "coverage normally reserved for disasters or diplomatic crises" as it was reported on every evening network news broadcast. Even Democratic U. S. Senator David Pryor of Arkansas rejoiced on the Senate floor when



**Coca-Cola** received more than **40,000** letters of complaint in the short two-and-a-half month life of **New Coke.**



© Coca-Cola Corporation



TIME magazine photo by Philip Arndt



TIME magazine photo by P. F. Benbow

he said, "A very meaningful moment in the history of America, this shows that some national institutions cannot be changed" (168).

The cola war eventually subsided as did the irate manifestations of American attachment to Coke. However, the attachment continues; it could, in fact, be argued that it is growing worse. In March of 1998, for example, two Georgia students were suspended from school for wearing Pepsi shirts to school when Coca-Cola executives were visiting. The publicity earned one of the students an invitation to appear on the Today show and David Letterman (Georgia School Drops Suspension of Pepsi Kids).

In some cases, the All-American soft drink is the object of true physical addiction as in the case of a woman in her late 30s who is an outpatient at one of the most expensive psychiatric hospitals in the United States. While most of her addiction treatment group is being treated for drug or alcohol abuse and depression, she is being treated for a Coke addiction. Without 10 to 12 cans a day, equivalent to four liters, she becomes nauseated, shaky, and anxious enough to contemplate murder (Miller, Chris).

So dedicated are we Americans to our consumerism that a relatively inexpensive solution of sugars, water, flavorings, and carbonation can shape our existence. From a mother's penchant for over-exaggerated home

decoration, to a pop-culture war on the level of an American football rivalry, to a psychiatric disorder, if the Coke phenomenon tells us anything about ourselves, it is that a consumer product can change our lifestyles. If a 50 cent can of fizz has the power to influence us in this way, what could do worse?



#### WORKS CITED

"Georgia School Drops Suspensions of Pepsi Kids." Internet. 8 November 1999. Available: <http://www.freedomforum.org/speech/1998/3/30/Cokeday.asp>

"God, What a Blunder: The New Coke Story." Internet. 8 Nov. 1999. Available: <http://www.toptown.com/hp/MIKEYB/coke.htm>.

Hartley, Robert F. *Marketing Mistakes*. 7th ed. John Wiley & Sons. 1998: 160-176

Miller, Chris. Personal Interview. November 12, 1999.

"Most Consumers Hated New Coke." Internet. 8 November 1999. Available: <http://www.pww.on.ca/newcoke.htm>.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to [www.max-headroom.com](http://www.max-headroom.com) for Max Headroom New Coke advertising images.

Coca-Cola, Coke, Coca-Cola Classic, and New Coke are registered trademarks of the Coca-Cola Corporation.

Pepsi-Cola is a registered trademark of the Pepsi Corporation

#### BIOGRAPHY

Tara Roth is a senior majoring in public relations. After graduating, she wants to move to Texas, drive a truck with a "Texas Truck" tag, and be happy. Although her mother has stored all of the Coca-Cola memorabilia in the attic, Tara and her family remain loyal Coke drinkers.

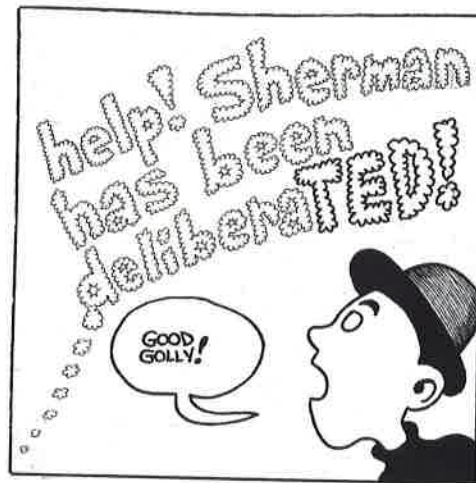


# the modern

(the caper of our capacity for image)

It is most important to look at the role objects play in our lives. Many things aren't made to last very long, and our interactions with them are brief. Much of what makes special things like comic books, cartoons, and toys is the fact that they're powered by the imagination, spurring long, fantastic daydreams. Isn't it much healthier than watching commercials, which entice us into having

**Well, folks, it looks like trouble has once again hit our beloved imagine-nation, Moosylvania. That villainous scoundrel, Ted leMonde, has kidnapped Sherman, the president of Moosylvania!**



Luckily, our hero, receiving a smoke signal from Sherman's Dad, the loveable Mr. Peabody, dons the Kirward Derby & begins the adventure!

needs that seem to fulfill our desire to feel accepted?

Where the imagination ends, reality begins, and at a point in human development the time spent exercising the imagination wanes, at least for most of us. There to replace it is an entire mindset based on saving time, being productive, working toward an acceptance necessary in the absence of imagination.

# NET ING.®

PRODUCERS OF THE DIGITOASTER™

**A word from our sponsors:** Jay Ward, the producer of the cartoon *The Adventures of Rocky & Bullwinkle*, once took up a nationwide tour promoting statehood for Moosylvania, stopping on the doorstep of the White House unknowingly, of course, on the day of the Cuban Missile Crisis. The Kerward Derby is a hat in the series that makes its wearer the smartest person on earth. The Way-Back machine, invented by Peabody, the dog that adopted a boy, Sherman, is a time machine featured on the show's segment, 'Peabody's Improbable History.'

# misplacing of imagination

the wholly ghost writer / optical slapstick by jon minerich



...is time running out for Sherman?

In this context it is important to observe the role that objects, consumed items, play in our lives. The real kicker is that advertising is using the mind to create these 'necessities,' whose interactions with us are brief and unre-markable in our memories. Instead of the internal imagination working on the external reality, the process is reversed.

Consider, however, the accoutrements of our childhood. Comic books, cartoons, and toys — our imaginatives — are special because of the time we spend power-

ing them with the imagination, enmeshing us in long, fantastic daydreams. Isn't it much healthier to mentally leap and twirl in the clouds than pull the same old ideas out of a box?

Today's kids are growing up with little attention paid to the preservation of imagination. Finding one's place in the leagues of superheroes is a thing of the past, except for Saturday morning. Kids give their imaginative

**Meanwhile, while in the clutches of that nefarious businessman, Ted leMonde, head of NET INC@...**



...into Ted's yesteryears, & the disappointments of crushes & classical music — the perfect entry point into Ted's lost imagination.

using Peabody's way-back machine, our hero finds himself tumbling...



**A word from our sponsors:** Peanuts was created in 1950 by Charles Schultz. Originally called Li'l Folks, the strip's name was changed by corporate decision for reasons of marketing.

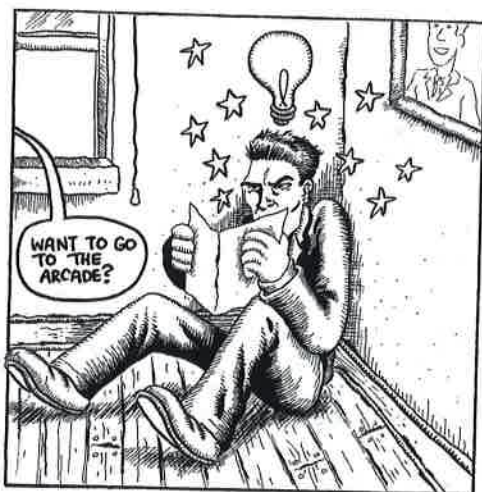




**This is where our hero begins, of(t) course, in order to find some means of saving Sherman!**

superpowers away at the push of a button, the drop of a quarter.... Exploration occurs in the prefabricated worlds of video arcades, shopping malls, and department stores. Even the Internet brings its wares to hungry eyes and minds; there's no longer any reason for the search. Are attention spans dwindling because of this? How many commercials fit into two minutes?

The things that capture our imagina-



**The catastrophes of adolescence really got to poor Ted, it seems...**

**A word from our sponsors:** Reed Richards, aka Mr. Fantastic, is a member of the superhero team, the Fantastic Four, created by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby in the 1960s. The Ultimate Nullifier—a device from the future that forever strips a being of its superpowers—was featured in *Fantastic Four* comic book number 50.

tions are dependent upon how much time we spend pursuing them. Too many reruns make television boring, so perhaps we read our old comics and books, if they haven't turned into an investment. The important thing is not so much the object as what context that object brought and brings together for us. It is how these things make us think that is important — seeing a favorite childhood toy or explaining to someone the exploits of the *Fantastic Four*

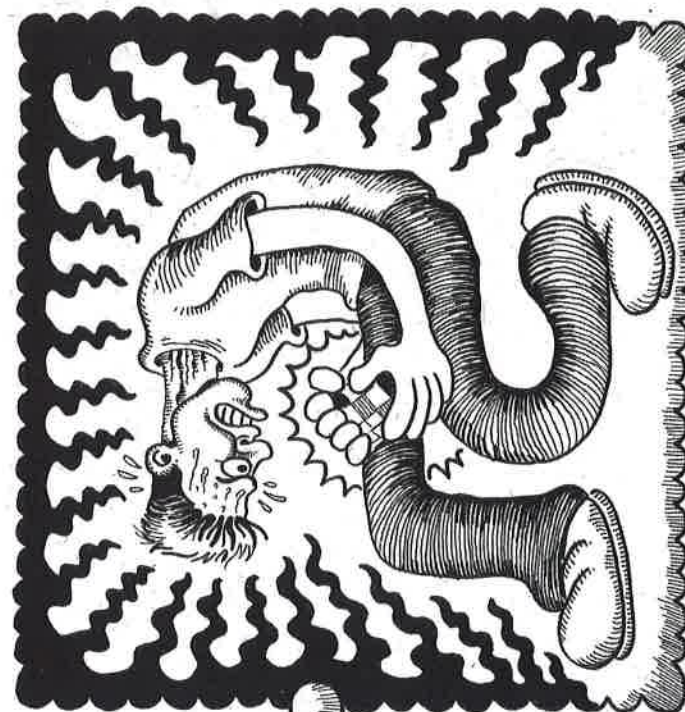
**Reed Richards has some bad news for our hero:**



**...and so our hero's only course of action is to alter the empty plots of Ted's imagination!**

affects our mentality, and we allow ourselves that feeling of living in wonder again. These experiences were made to stay with us forever, mnemonic reference aids to the imagination, perhaps. The stories and ideas and daydreams developed around these imaginatives are cumulative, as opposed to items of convenience, those unhappy constructs manufactured to break and become obsolete, to be disposed of and replaced. Our modern world is full of this sort of fast-paced cycle—so many cellular telephones and toasters and so little time—that when the imagination is returned for leisure time it comes as a glimpse in the frame of a movie, television show, or computer game—again, items of convenience.

What do we do with the time that convenience items provide? Unfortunately enough, they either allow us the time to replace the old ones or



**The Rubik's Cube! Of course! The one cosmic power source that Ted could never overcome!**

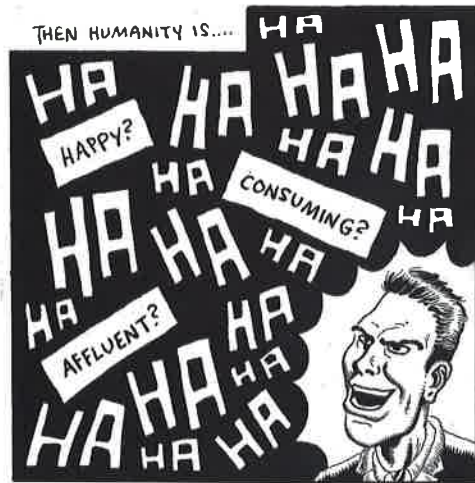


**A word from our sponsors:** The notable science fiction writer Phillip K. Dick put forth the idea in his 1965 essay "Schizophrenia and the Book of Changes" that the conversion of imagination from internal to external occurs during adolescence, marked by the first rejection.

to find new ones to buy. A person's collection of convenience objects, when this mentality is widespread, becomes a measure of success, and the imaginatives are ultimately filed away only as "collectibles."

The real tragedy occurs when these "collectibles" are finally only looked at as objects and, even worse, investments. The comic book and baseball card industry has become rooted in this consumer-investor

And now, with the success of the DigiToaster™, & Ted's evil scheme, will our hero make it in time?



Already next year's DigiToaster™ is being designed so that last year's can be thrown away — all part of Ted's insidious plan!

**A word from our sponsors:** The visionary writer William S. Burroughs, in his book of essays, *The Adding Machine*, delves into the possibility that the consuming populace is, at the oft-invisible will of the corporations, being used or maneuvered into providing consistent markets for future profits.



Not even his childhood crush, Lucy Van Pelt, could save him from the clutches of convenience...

mentality, and they make their money relying on you, the consumer, to pick up on the gimmicks, the expectations.

The imagination isn't lost or stolen—only misdirected. "Maturity" often means responsibilities like making one's own lunch or outgrowing toys—entering the world of adults. The idea is to strive for success, but whose idea of success? Should creativity only be praised when it is productive in the world of money and commodity?



Our hero follows Ted's paper trail & wonders: How much do we resemble tape recorders? We are constantly replacing our objects the way they replace sounds. What role does Ted play, then?



#### WORKS CITED

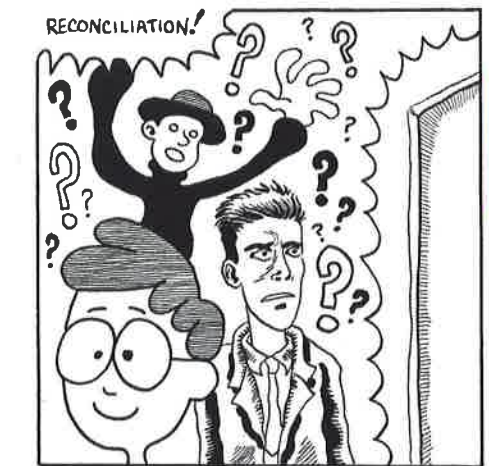
"About Charles Schultz." Internet. November 30 1999. Available: [http://www.peanuts.com/comics/peanuts/b\\_artist/index.html](http://www.peanuts.com/comics/peanuts/b_artist/index.html)

"Brief History of the Cube." Internet. November 28 1999. Available: <http://www.rubiks.com/cubehistory.html>

Burroughs, William S. "The Limits of Control." *The Adding Machine*. New York: Arcade Publishing, 1985.



**A word from our sponsors:** Invented in 1974 by Erno Rubik, the Rubik's cube found popularity in the early 1980s in the United States—due to an economic embargo (Hungary, where Rubik lectured at the Academy of Applied Arts and Crafts, was a Warsaw Pact country at the time), this popularity occurred years later than in the countries of Europe and Japan. Recent resurgent interest in the cube can be appeased with one well-placed internet search.



Dick, Philip K. "Schizophrenia & the Book of Changes." *The Shifting Realities of Philip K. Dick*. New York: Vintage Books, 1995.

The Berkeley Pop Culture Project. "Rocky & Bullwinkle." *The Whole Pop Catalog*. New York: Avon Books, 1991.

#### BIOGRAPHY

The wholly ghost writer may be a master of disguise. It could be you, even.

# m e a n i n g i n meaninglessness

matthew supko

## the trickster archetype in cartoons



### 1) meaningless entertainment.

One of the most peculiar notions in American culture is the popular concept of "meaningless entertainment." There exists a common, frequently-voiced belief that American pop culture creates empty, symbolically hollow, and morally vacuous images for the express purpose of keeping people glued, cowlike, to television sets and/or movie screens, drooling intellectual invalids.

This is the common argument against television and US pop culture: it is shallow and purposeless and aspires only to keep viewers watching so the corporation that produces it can continue reaping advertising revenue.

This argument is really just a shining example of people's blindness to themselves. We are so inundated by our culture that we can't perceive what it really means to us — although it surrounds us and reinforces its ideals subliminally every day, just as in

every society. The notion of an image which has no meaning, which simply entertains, strikes me as totally impossible. To suggest that any symbol has no meaning is insane—symbols, by their nature, serve as subconscious reminders of the things they represent. We are not producing, nor can we produce chaos: there is always a pattern to what we do, and that subliminal pattern underlying our scripts (the tired, often-lambasted plots, the worn-out stereotypes of charac-

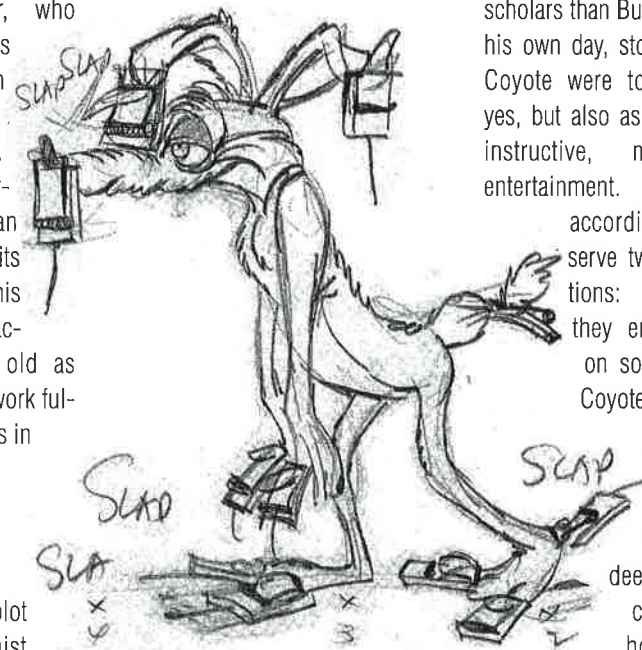
ters, etc.) this pattern is our culture, and it does say things to us and about us—and it is every bit as much art as ancient Greek sculptures like *Kritios Boy*, or Zen Buddhist traditions, or, say, native folklore.

It is curious to note that much of ancient folklore served as "entertainment" in its day, too (though in many cases it also served a religious function). One of the most universal and beloved symbolic characters—perhaps because he is the most "entertaining"—is the Trickster, who appears in mythologies as vast as Native American (Coyote), Norse (Loki), and Greek (Odysseus). The Trickster is a wonderfully retro character—an ancient idea that retains its appeal even today. And this exact same figure, a character as mysterious and old as humanity itself, is still at work fulfilling his ancient functions in American cartoons.

### 2) old man coyote.

Okay. Here's a plot for you. The protagonist (we'll call him C—, for purposes of subtlety and obfuscation) tricks a couple of antagonists into chasing him. When his furious pursuers begin closing in on him, he dives into a tunnel, runs through it, and quickly barricades the other side. Then C— alters his appearance (puts on a fake mustache, dons a feminine wig, wipes mud over one eye, however you choose to imagine this), runs to the front of the tunnel, and encounters his confused antagonists. He asks them what is wrong, and they

reply that C— has most cruelly tricked them, and they are trying to catch him. The disguised C— offers his services to them, and they gratefully accept. The disguised C— runs into the tunnel, announces that C— is indeed inside and looks awfully menacing, then proceeds to make screaming and pounding noises to simulate a fight. He emerges, disheveled and beaten, and announces that C— was just too tough for him, so the antagonists say they'll go in themselves. They



enter the tunnel and begin groping around in the dark, at which point the disguised C—, outside, sets up a pile of sticks at the entrance and starts a fire. The antagonists proceed to complain that there seems to be a fire outside, but the disguised C— simply tells them that it's just their imaginations. Finally the fire gets to the antagonists, and C— triumphs over his larger foes.

Now, have I just described the plot to a folktale, or

an American cartoon? The answer is, I have described both. The plot I have summarized comes directly from "Coyote and the Bear Women," a Native American folk tale, but it could just have easily been any number of American cartoons; one would only have to change the protagonist from C— (Coyote) to Bugs Bunny, or Speedy Gonzalez, or any number of cartoon heroes.

The major difference is, of course, that Old Man Coyote is paid more lip service by modern scholars than Bugs Bunny. But in his own day, stories of Old Man Coyote were told reverentially, yes, but also as entertainment—instructive, moral-reinforcing entertainment. Coyote stories, according to Lopez, serve two primary functions: on the surface, they entertain, playing on social tensions, as Coyote recklessly violates cultural taboos and is made to suffer for it. On a deeper, more subconscious level, however, "the irreverence of ...

Coyote only serves, by contrast, to reinforce the existent moral structure" [Lopez 66]. In this way, the stories discourage young children from misbehaving by making the violator look ridiculous.

The Trickster can work in a number of ways: he can trick someone else into violating a taboo; he can act as the hero, outwitting his bumbling opponents, making them look ridiculous in the process; or, he can become the subject of ridicule himself.

### 3) the trickster who deceives others.

Of all the trickster types, this is easily the most archaic and outmoded. It recalls puritanical notions of the devil, who was known to tempt erstwhile, gullible young men and women into vice and depravity. The intention of this type of trickster tale is to discourage such immoral activity by showing the fall of an innocent person to a wily Trickster; the primary distinction between the puritanical Trickster and the Native American version being that the Native Americans retained respect for the Trickster, lavishing contempt only upon his foolish victim, while the Puritans reviled the devil, feared him, and damned him to hell, etcetera.

A classical trickster tale of this sort, originating among the Plains Cree Indians, is "Coyote Marries a Man." In one village there lives the son of a chief, who is so handsome he is beloved by all the girls, yet he does not wish to marry any of them, dismissing them as "not good enough." Coyote proceeds to disguise himself as a beautiful girl and win the



hand of the young man. The two settle down together, and soon the wife becomes pregnant. When the children are born, however, they are revealed to be puppies. The vain young man realizes he has been tricked, and the entire village laughs at him. He runs off in shame, vowing to marry the first woman he comes across. He meets a scraggly, ugly woman whose physical grotesqueness disgusts him, but he marries her anyway out of pride, in an effort to restore himself. When the two return to the village as a couple, however, the ugly woman reveals herself to be Coyote, and the chief's son is put to shame yet again.

Modern parallels to this aren't particularly common any



more. The only real example seen in American cartoons is the small angel/devil apparitions that appear beside a character's head in times of indecision. There is one particular *Porky Pig* cartoon where the devil prevails over the angel, tempting Porky into stealing, which action later sees him punished, humiliated, and overcome with guilt. In the Christian tradition, however, Porky is redeemed by repentance, as he apologizes to his angel and banishes the devil.

What both of these stories have in common is a certain overtly preachy didacticism which simply doesn't go over very well in today's cynicism-ridden television landscape. The messages are too clear, too unsubtle: avoid vanity, don't steal, etc. One thing a modern audience simply will not accept is being preached to; didactic pieces are hurriedly torn apart, satirized, and generally ridiculed. The deceptive antagonistic Trickster carries too many connotations of retro cheesiness for use in modern cartoons outside of, well, retro cheesiness. The concept was already passé by the time of the famously violent *Tom and Jerry* cartoons of the early 60s, wherein angel/devil manifestations would appear to Jerry when he had his antagonist Tom in a tight spot (caught in a mouse trap, poised unwittingly below a rigged bowling ball, etc.); the angel would entreat mercy for the cat, but the devil would merely hurl his halo away or kick him swiftly in the posterior and Jerry would go ahead with his maniacal revenge. Of course, Jerry is really a Trickster of the next sort.

### 4) tricksters who outwit larger opponents.

This is the classical American protagonist: the small, clever guy who outwits his larger, ill-intending foes through his cunning and resourcefulness. For a classical example of this, one need look no further than what is perhaps the most influential and over-reworked of ancient epics, the *Odyssey*. Odysseus, the innovative, shrewd hero, repeatedly triumphs over adversity through his superior wits; he stuffs his shipmates' ears with wax during the passage by the Sirens, gouges out the Cyclops' eye, and so on. The story I summarized earlier, "Coyote and the Bear Women," is also a great classical example of this variety of Trickster.

In American cartoon mythos, this character is almost invariably the protagonist, the underdog who unexpectedly triumphs. Of course, the reigning favorite of all American cartoon characters (sorry, Mickey) falls under this category: Bugs Bunny. Bugs, via his innumerable triumphs over his enemies, not only exerts his own ingenuity, but humiliates various American stereotypes, among them Elmer Fudd (game hunters), Yosemite Sam (unscrupulous rednecks), and Marvin the Martian (xenophobes). That is the dual purpose of this sort of Trickster: to exert the moral/natural superiority of the clever underdog, and to ridicule

inappropriate behaviors and belief patterns by vanquishing caricatured buffoonish opponents.

Other American cartoon characters of this species of Trickster include (but are not limited to), Tweety Bird, Speedy Gonzalez, Daffy Duck (some of the



time), Roadrunner, Popeye, Huckleberry Hound, both Heckyl and Jeckyl, the chicken hawk thingy Foghorn Leghorn always tries to pick on, Jerry the Sadistic Mouse, everyone who ever bested Dick Dastardly in the Wacky Races (why did they keep letting him and Muttley in if they always cheated, anyway?), Silly Squirrel, Secret Squirrel, Woody Woodpecker, Chip and Dale, etcetera. Of course, they always need someone to triumph over, and in many cases this is another type of Trickster.

### 5) tricksters who are subjects of humiliation.

However potentially moral the Tempting Trickster is and how ever revered and famous the

Underdog, the Self-debasing Trickster—the clown—is the closest to the American conscience. He is the most poignant, the most socially ingrained—the buffoon is the only blatantly didactic device we have left, really, because he is the only one cynical

enough to be tolerated by today's society. And despite the clear shining obviousness of the message of such characters, most of the time they are viewed as mere entertainment, with their message registering only on a much subtler, more subconscious level.

The best classical example of such a Trickster comes from the Winnebago Indians. Coyote, while walking through a forest, comes upon a certain type of herb which proclaims, "he who eats me will defecate!" Coyote, ever defiant, asserts, "I will eat this plant, and, surely, I will not defecate," and promptly eats the chattering sprout. Within minutes he begins expelling gas, in a general crescendo of comic absurdity, beginning with a few insignificant toots and ending with enormous



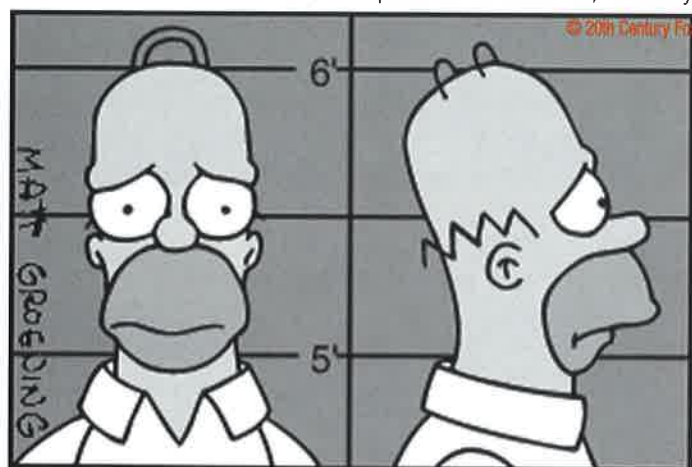


© Hanna-Barbera

searing blasts of air that send Coyote careening over forests and villages. "Ah, but I did not defecate!" notes Coyote gleefully as the gas subsides. In the timeless tradition of comic irony, Coyote of course begins dribbling out feces, slowly at first, until finally it becomes this steady and rather disgustingly well-described wall of poo, chasing Coyote even as he stumbles painfully away from it, until he finally climbs up into a tree, where the pile of feces rises even to meet him. On the surface, the story is simply low puerile comedy, "meaningless entertainment," but the message it holds is potent: don't challenge nature. The trick is, the message is so cleverly hidden beneath the humor and the rapid-fire ironic events that the audience doesn't even

realize its being moralized and the notion is absorbed quietly, without argument, directly into the individual conscience. The reason for this is that, to a large extent, people identify with the Trickster. They fear the sort of humiliation that comes upon him and so learn from his "mistakes," even if his mistakes are only mistakes according to the particular story. There could have been another story where Coyote ate the weed and didn't defecate, after all—but no one in the audience is likely to consider this.

Of course, with today's televisual culture thriving on sarcasm and cynicism such as it does, it is little surprise that this has become the predominant form of modern Trickster. And the great patriarch of these is, naturally,



Homer Simpson. He's easily the most famous element of the already-classic *The Simpsons*. His bumbling "d'oh!" has become an American catchphrase—he's revered as a sort of cultural hero—yet he's really just a buffoon whose antics are derided weekly. Most episodes see Homer display socially unpalatable behavior in some form.

In one episode, Homer invades the retreat of actors Alec Baldwin and Kim Basinger and befriends them, only to turn around and sell tickets to see them to celebrity-crazed fans. He ends up being deserted by everyone he loves in the end. The message is clear: celebrities need privacy and need to be respected like normal people.

In another episode, Homer has to go to Manhattan to retrieve his illegally-parked car, dreading and cursing New York City all the time. He ends up having a miserable time of things while the rest of the family, delighted at the prospect of visiting New York, has a wonderful day tainted only by Homer's clownish antics. The message here is: don't be a pessimist, and, of course, you must love New York City.

to suggest that any **symbol** has no **meaning** is **insane.**



In a third episode, Homer purchases a handgun to protect his family but becomes reckless with it, forcing his worried family to abandon him. The meaning: don't be careless with guns, and always respect your family's wishes.

In yet another show, Homer befriends a coworker but begins criticizing him harshly once he realizes he's gay. Once again, everyone gets angry at him and Homer ends up outnumbered and humiliated. The episode is clearly a didactic piece against homophobia.

What is especially notable is that in all of these episodes, Homer's punishment is that he not only looks foolish, but that everyone who loves him

grows angry at him or deserts him—playing on a very tender modern fear of social isolation.

This same general pattern applies to a number of modern cartoons, among them *Johnny Bravo* (Johnny's overwhelming vanity is the source of much ridicule), *Ren & Stimpy* (Ren's reckless arrogance and repeated betrayals of his endomorphic friend Stimpy bring him to sad ends much of the time), and *Cow and Chicken* (Chicken, another heedless and arrogant ectomorph, mocks his sister Cow, only to end up in the clutches of the devil, forcing Cow to come and rescue him).

While these messages can seem pretty simple and straightforward, the fact is that

they sink in just that much deeper on account of their nonchalant, ironic presentation. No viewer wants to subject themselves to that sort of humiliation personally, though they enjoy laughing at the fictional perpetrator. The message is plain, yes, but because it's delivered in such an appealingly sarcastic way, it is left unquestioned and can, therefore, be carelessly absorbed by the youthful conscience. It is only in retrospect that I can really see how much many of these cartoons have influenced my moral judgement of things. For example, the antics of Daffy Duck, attempting to out-show Bugs Bunny in various cartoons, did much to convince me that upstaging people and demanding attention are whiny

and generally wrong. Really, I think it's due almost entirely to cartoons that I've grown up with the idea that comic irony is actually a fundamental principle of the universe, as terrible and binding as Fate. I still worry about being excessively arrogant, and I never say obvious statements like, "whew, I'm glad that's over," or, "no matter what, I will never do this-or-that," for fear of comic-ironic retribution. What I'm saying, here, is, this is powerful stuff.

### 6) the residual effects of the trickster in us culture.

The Trickster may well be the last real potent piece of didactic mass-media art (such others as the do-gooder hero and the gullible victim long ago lost their sting, their edges blunted by the relentless tide of progressive cultural sarcasm). As such, he carries quite a lot of moral weight. It is difficult to actually gauge the effects cartoons have had on people, since most everyone has grown up with them and there is no direct link between actions depicted in cartoons and subsequent actions enacted en masse in the real world, but I think the evidence is nonetheless clear: their impact is enormous, largely because they're viewed as innocuous and subtle. When something is imbibed on a mass scale, such as cartoons, and (for most people) from such a terribly early age, and in such an unconscious fashion (the average viewer doesn't really bother really to analyze cartoons for their projected morals), the influence on the subconscious is formidable. Stories are very powerful things. What seems like a

mere series of events to the conscious mind can be a powerful set of morals to the subconscious mind. Consider Aesop's fables, Jesus' parables, Zen koans. Actually, what I think I'm really trying to say is cartoons practically are Zen koans. They're short, simple little stories that mean more, and on a much deeper level, than is immediately apparent.

Having discerned the agenda (whether intentional or unintentional) of cartoons, what are their creators trying to teach? To tell the truth, I don't really believe most cartoons are really made with a conscious moral purpose in mind any more than Coyote stories were invented or retold by storytellers who had meticulously graphed out every little moral nuance the stories were meant to convey—but that doesn't make them meaningless. The morals of the stories reflect the beliefs of the cultures that originate them: every civilization reflects its ideals in its art—and—even more—it teaches them. Each culture holds that its beliefs are not just moral, but absolute—even *universal*. That's why contemporary American cartoons are so fixated on the negative consequences of social evils—that is our generally held understanding of what evil is, not simply what we are trying to present evil as.

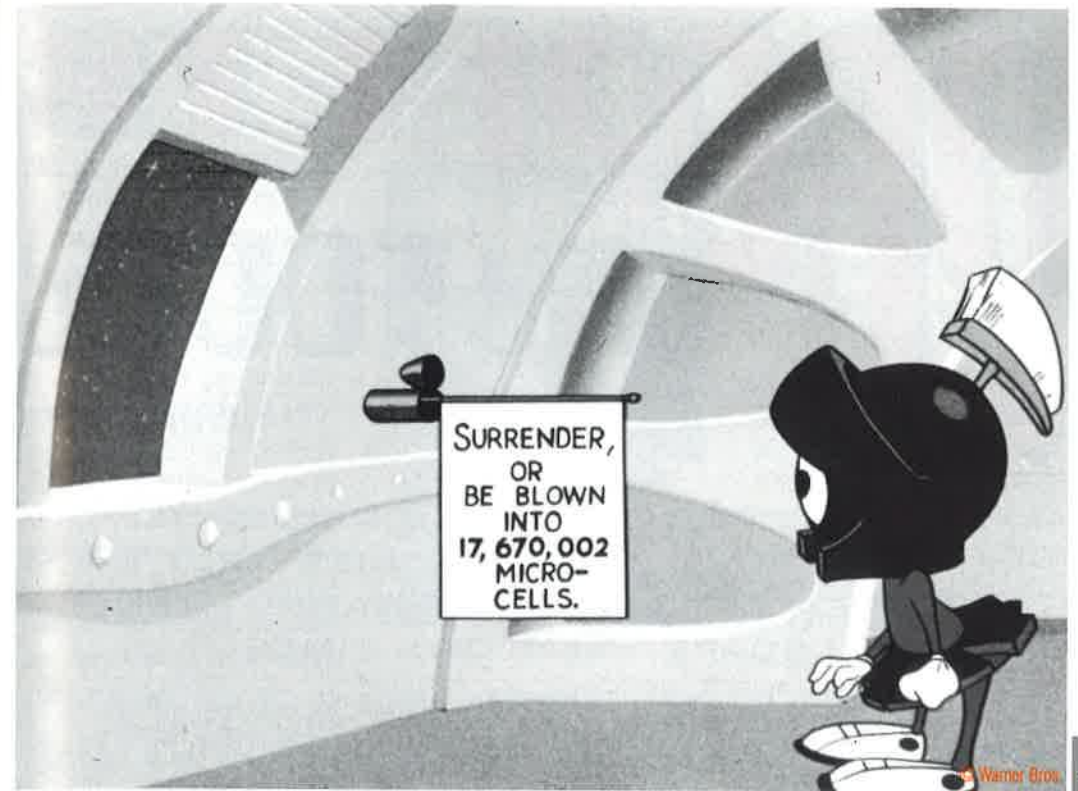
Which is not to say some savvy writers don't know what's going on. Warner Brothers animator Chuck Jones' infamous Trickster, Wile E. Coyote, seems a pretty obvious tip of the hat to the old archetype. Even *The Simpsons* writers are aware of their ties to ancient cultures: in

one episode, Homer confronts his spirit animal, who turns out to be, yep, a coyote. But, again, I still doubt that these shows' writers map every episode out for some intended moral effect—their moral ideals slip into the scripts quietly, stealthily, subliminally.

### 7) the inescapable symbolism of the collective unconscious.

So what is the Trickster, then, if he's so inexorably tied to our subconscious minds, our collective unconscious? Barre Toelken summed it up nicely: "[the Trickster] is the exponent of all possibilities through whose antics and actions we see ourselves and the moral ramifications of our thoughts" [Lopez xix]. The Trickster is an archetype, one of the most powerful and enduring, an idea somehow inherent to human nature and culture, a recurring and often contradictory figure. The psychologist Carl Jung, whose pioneering work on collective unconsciousness/archetype theories has made this essay possible, was himself very interested in the nature of the Trickster, describing him as "a faithful copy of an absolutely undifferentiated human consciousness...closer to the animal psyche" [Jung 174].

So the fact is, the reason the "meaningless entertainment" appears so meaningless to us is because the meaning and the method are still so much parts of us we can't even see them. Cartoons work like laws of nature, rather than moral assertions, from our perspective. It's like gravity. Everyone is constantly under its dominion, yet nobody I



have ever met walks around perpetually and consciously aware of the fact that they are under the influence of gravity. This is the reason that the Trickster character and his potent message always evade detection in entertainment: he's still too ingrained in us, and, as everyone knows, it is impossible to see oneself. But, as I keep insisting, this doesn't make American pop cultural entertainment *meaningless*. I can't conceive of anything consciously created by human beings that could possibly lack meaning. By means of our very consciousnesses, we imbue, into everything we create, fragments—like ghosts—of ourselves.

### WORKS CITED

**Jones, Chuck.** *Chuck Amuck*. New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1989.

**Jung, Carl.** *Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious*.

**Lopez, Barry Holstun.** *Giving Birth to Thunder, Sleeping with His Daughter: Coyote Builds North America*. Kansas City: Sheed, Andrews, and McMeel, 1977.

**The Simpsons**, "When You Dish Upon a Star," 5F19. 20th Century Fox, all rights reserved.

**Simpsons**, "The City of New York vs. Homer Simpson," 4F22.

**Simpsons**, "The Cartridge Family," 5F01.

**Simpsons**, "Homer's Phobia," 4F11

**Traditional**, "The Winnebago Trickster Cycle," *Norton Anthology of American Literature*

vol 1, 5th ed. New York: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1998.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to Miah Alcorn, for Homer/Coyote illustration. Drawn from an animated still taken from *The Simpsons*, "El Viaje Misterioso de Homer."

### BIOGRAPHY

*Matthew Supko is a sophomore in New College at The University of Alabama. He is first and foremost a fiction writer, but he also dabbles in nonfiction essays and layout and suchlike. He is currently assembling a collection of short stories for mass distribution.*

# PROPHETS and FOOLS

will hooper

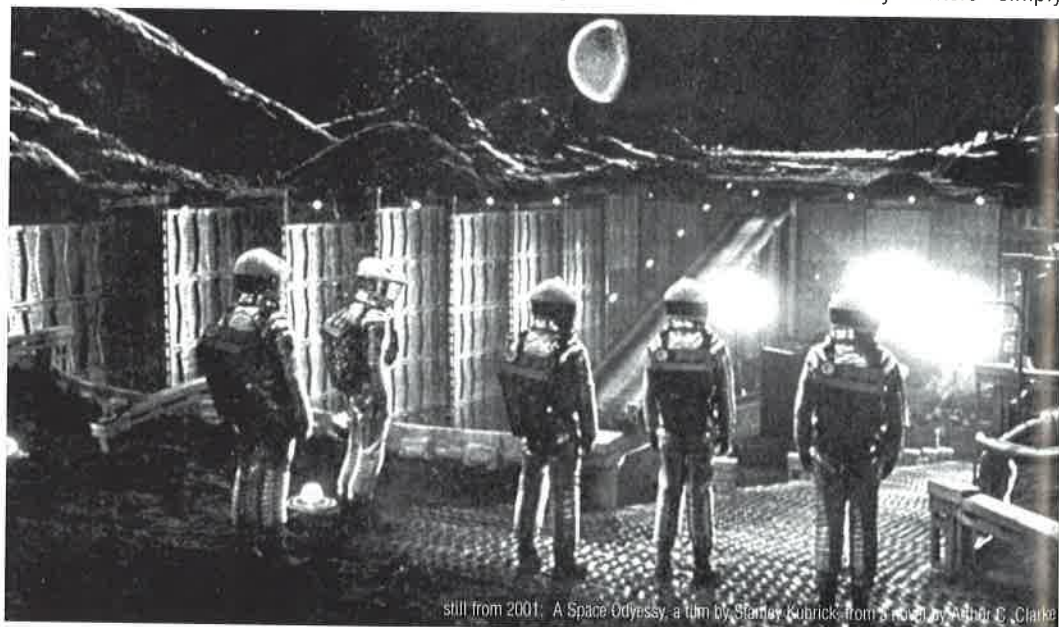
SCIENCE FICTION HAS CONSISTENTLY  
PREDICTED MANY TECHNOLOGIES—BUT EVEN  
THE GREATEST FUTURISTS CANNOT TRULY  
ESCAPE THEIR OWN TIMES

In 1955, a man with the unassuming name of Walter Miller wrote a story, "The Darfsteller." The 60-page work concerned the future of the theater, and Miller saw the ancient human ritual being transformed into a realm of automatons, acting out preprogrammed scripts, and influenced by personalities downloaded from the last great human performers. Before animatronics, before mini-

much less micro-computers, Miller described androids made of plastic and steel, controlled by a central computer constantly interpreting feedback and adjusting. Yet, for the modern reader, the story takes on an almost comic quality when Miller describes the storage mechanism for the mechanical dolls' lines and actions — tapes. Not even magnetic tapes, but giant reels of

punched metal, like some futuristic player piano. For all his scientific predictions and visionary foresight, Miller could not truly predict what the future would hold. In fact, barring some divine intervention, even the most brilliant of future-seers cannot truly see beyond the horizon, beyond the boundaries of the science of their own age.

Many writers simply



still from 2001: A Space Odyssey, a film by Stanley Kubrick, from a novel by Arthur C. Clarke

imagine and create such things as "force fields," "light sabres," and "death rays" in their works, without attempting to fit them to the laws of science as we understand them. These works belong in the respectable, but separate, genre of fantasy. The true futurist, especially the science fiction author, tries to project what might be possible while still remaining within understood limits of science, like a football player trying to make powerful plays without going outside the boundaries. Jules Verne usually earns the title of the first major science fiction writer, because, while he was predated by others like Mary Shelley, Verne was the first well-known, highly published author to attempt to logically and scientifically create scenarios for the future. Before the Wright brothers at Kittyhawk, before Watson and Crick, before Einstein, before NASA, and before electronic computers, Verne wrote about space travel, deep-sea submarines, and mutant humanoids. He took universal ideas, like "monsters" and traveling underwater or in outer space, then attempted to create a logically consistent, scientifically based framework in which these things could exist. His Dr. Moreau used selective breeding to produce giant half-man beasts, Captain Nemo constructed a metal craft that could withstand the ocean depths, and a large cannon propels men to the moon. These things worked within science as Verne understood it. Armed with advanced scientific knowledge, we now poke holes in his ideas, but Verne did a tremendous job given what little he had.

While Nemo destroyed

whaling vessels, his H.G. Wellsian contemporaries fought off aliens and traveled through time. All of this took place decades after a



Amazing Stories, August 1941

foolish young medical student brought a custom-built humanoid to life. Impressive and imaginative feats, every one. However, they become even more impressive when the authors who imagined them did so without ever knowing of electronic computers, quantum physics, scuba gear, genetic engineering, neurobiology, liquid-fuel rockets, lasers, atomic energy, solar energy, relativity, and radar. In the early 20th century, the genre started by Verne, Shelley, and Wells grew in leaps and bounds. It was in the 1920s that Karl Kapech coined the term "robot," and this era also brought the first ideas of nuclear power and real-world rocketry. As a result, the stories of this time period find nuclear-powered rockets taking robots into outer space. All the planets and moons in the solar system support vast alien civilizations, which constantly make contact with, show the way of peace to, or simply invade the earth. However, the aliens come from planets we now know to be either frozen and air-

less, or boiling hot and sulfuric, not supportive of any life as we know it. The vehicles and robots run on "atomotors," needing essentially no refueling, yet the robots' memories come stored on bulky electromagnetic coils or printed on metal tapes. The robots have full artificial intelligence, but the idea of a "personal" computer, non-robotic, innocuous and simple enough to be used for crockpot recipes and greeting cards rather than astrophysics, is never mentioned. Lastly, the stories lack a few major elements of the true future, in that they contain no pollution, little mention of gender or racial equality, and no mention of radical concepts like integrated chips or printed circuits. The robots and aliens did not seem to mind, however.

From the 1940s into the 1950s, atomic power and its horrific child, the atomic bomb, began taking center stage in future-pointed fiction. Everything would still be powered by pocket-sized atomic batteries, but now the reader began to delve into worlds destroyed by atom bombs, or

Startling Stories, Jan 1940



intelligent robots that rebelled, or more of those aliens and molemen from the 1930s. The launching of the first artificial satellites and the knowledge gained in doing so allowed science fiction spaceflight to become less conjecture and more hard science, and the story descriptions of space vessels not only became more scientific but provided many of the ideas for later real-world constructions. However, with this new understanding came the universally accepted idea that outer space would be a major highway of the coming decades. The science of genetics, combined with a new understanding of radiation and mutation, now blossomed into the mutants and giant monsters of the 1950s pulp magazines. The development of antibiotics in the real world spawned "panimmunity" and "multicillin" wonder drugs in science fiction worlds, but no author predicted antibiotic resist-

Amazing Stories, February 1940



ance. The social attitude of the age reflected itself both in the "can-do" stories about colonizing the universe, contacting alien life, and



achieving world peace and prosperity, and in the more and more common stories featuring post-apocalyptic wastelands, atomic wars, and post-atomic bomb weapons of unimagined destruction. Unlimited potential for feast and for famine existed. Stories usually assumed the Russian / Chinese menace would continue to exist far into the future, always at stalemate with the forever defenders of truth and justice, the United States. Finally, the war-driven development of the British Colossus and U.S. ENIAC, the first electronic computers, made most science fiction writers assume that sentient robots had come one step closer to reality, and would surely exist by the 1980s or so. Atomic energy would power a civilization of plastic and steel, sterile and

neat, where robots did the dirty work while men (not women, very much, not yet) traveled light-years across space. All of it was just around the corner.

The 60s and 70s found computers and robots continuing to hold a high place, although the robots of the 40s and 50s became somewhat less common, ceding ground to an increasing number of sentient but stationary giant computers. This reflected the actual computers of the age, punch-card driven monoliths occupying entire buildings with devoted staffs of experts. Science fiction supercomputers had giant shafts, full of printed circuits, driven into the earth, powering intelligences far beyond human. Selectively bred and genetically manipulated superbeings and metahumans replaced the mystics and supernaturals of the early 20th century horror stories. Man's actual trip to the moon meant that many older stories, in a way, had come true, and fueled all the more the belief that cheap and easy spaceflight would arrive any day. Television would become totally common everywhere, before it became entirely three-dimensional and interactive. No one mentioned liquid crystal displays, though, or bioluminescent panels. Atomic power still held high status, but had begun to tarnish as its environmental side effects became more apparent. Computers in the

real world grew smaller, more practical, and more powerful, culminating in the first semi-home computers in late 1970s. It was still believed, however, that the "real" computers would continue to be massive supercomputers. Stories about the ethics of robot minds, alien interactions, and manipulating human life gained new meaning in the context of the protests and changes of this era. Science fiction works, including new mediums like *Star Trek*, explored penetrating questions about right and wrong, alongside the regular business of dealing with superhuman robots, advanced alien species, and the high-tech weaponry needed to vaporize them. Lastly, at the closing of this age, *Star Wars* lifted

"science fiction" movies out of the hands of cheap monster flicks and bad action movies, inspiring countless legions to become readers and writers of the now tremendously more popular science fiction genre. The irony of this should be noted, given that *Star Wars* was not, nor intended to be, anything but a high-tech fantasy.

In 1982, *Time* magazine named the Personal Computer man of the year. The 80s had truly arrived. By 1983, William Gibson's *Neuromancer* introduced the first ideas of a publicly-accessible, multimedia, world-spanning "cyberspace," on which all manner of good and evil was done. Neural implants would allow a human to get full sensory input through a simple little plug into a computer.

Artificial intelligence became more a subject of science fantasy, as the enthusiasm of the 60s and 70s gave way to the realization that consciousness is far more complicated than anyone first thought. Aliens now came from far galaxies, since our near neighbors had proved totally unsuitable for life. Lasers became stable and usable technology, and began to become more commonplace in stories doing things other than incinerating aliens. Spaceships no longer just used giant engines, since it would be a hundred years to the closest stars, and instead began to use new discoveries in physics to warp space and time, travel through wormholes, and utilize dimensional rifts. Medical technology moved forward, and

From the 1940s into the 1950s, atomic power and its *horrific* child, the **atomic bomb**, began taking *center stage*...

...the reader began to *delve* into worlds **destroyed** by *atom bombs*...

the outbreak of AIDS and antibiotic resistance spawned many new

Wide Web would develop as it did, without extremely advanced neu-

**...on the other hand, nuclear armageddon has not happened, aliens have not wiped out mankind, and sentient computers did not enslave all of humanity.**



still from 2001: A Space Odyssey, a film by Stanley Kubrick; from a novel by Arthur C. Clarke

stories of viral plagues. Atomic Armageddon still loomed on the horizon, but androids mostly yielded to the more reality-based giant industrial robots. Even as recently as the late 1980s, however, no one predicted that the World

ral-interfaces, but simply with mouses (another idea nobody thought of back when) and desktop computers. The marvels of genetic engineering would soon allow mankind to create organic devices to solve any problem,

replacing the fading androids. Giant, blighted urban cityscapes, supporting tens of millions, went hand-in-hand with orbital space stations. The dream of cheap, easy spaceflight still existed, but had fewer dreamers. Fewer trips to the stars, perhaps, but many, many more trips inside the human mind, across the veils of alternate dimensions or realities, and through the more immediate problems of urban slums, drug addiction, viral epidemics, poverty, and a growing gap between the rich and poor, only exacerbated by technology, the bread and butter of classic science fiction.

Here and now, standing on the edge of a new millenium, we are touched, amused, and frightened, in turn, as we look back at the futurists' projections of what our time "should" be like. We do not travel to amusement parks on the moon with \$5 rocket tickets, nor do we live in a eudemonic society floating high above the earth, walking in lush hydroponic gardens and learning via brain-implants. On the other hand, nuclear Armageddon has not happened, aliens have not wiped out mankind, and sentient computers did not enslave all of humanity. What seemed to be cutting edge, or just beyond it, a decade ago now seems hopelessly archaic or chicly retro. Most technology that exists in our time was predicted, at least conceptually, by the writers of the past. The idea for hypertext, basis of the Web, comes from forward-thinkers of the 40s, and much of what was predicted is still possible, it just hasn't happened. Partially, the "failures" come from the fact that writing "realistic" science fiction requires the author to

stick within a framework that limits one to start with. The idea of personal computers wouldn't just be fantasy, but wouldn't make sense at all, in the 1930s; the closest an author could imagine would be some sort of electrical adding machine. Most interesting, however, is the idea that many of our educated, well-supported, carefully developed projections of the future will be looked back on in a decade, or a century, as quaint, retro ideas from an age of childlike scientific knowledge and sadly limited vision. As always, the most influential things will come, by and large, out of the unimagined left field, and our grandchildren will be amazed we could live without them.

#### WORKS CITED

**Miller, Walter M., Jr.** "The Darfstellar". Copyright ©1955 by Street & Smith Publications, Inc. Appeared origi-

nally in *Astounding Science Fiction*, Jan. 1955.

**Gibson, William.** *Neuromancer*. Ace Books, 1995.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

*Time* magazine is property of Time-Warner, Inc.

*Star Wars* is property of Lucasfilm, Ltd.

*Star Trek* is property of Paramount Pictures, Inc.

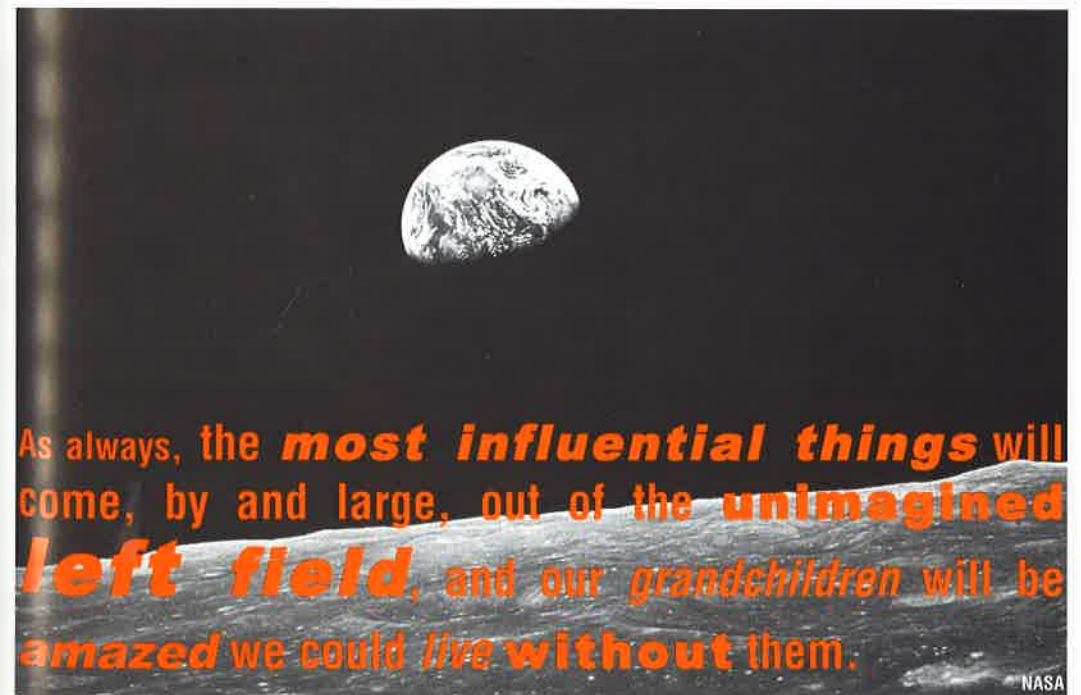
#### BIOGRAPHY

The author takes classes at The University of Alabama, with the thought that eventually they will culminate in some sort of



NASA, 1969

official recognition. Mr. Hooper leads a bizarrely wholesome life, involving Kung Fu, home repair, and lots of fiber. He is currently soliciting applications for the positions of his man-at-arms, wealthy patron, and wife, all of whom can live next door to the church, just like him and the squirrels.



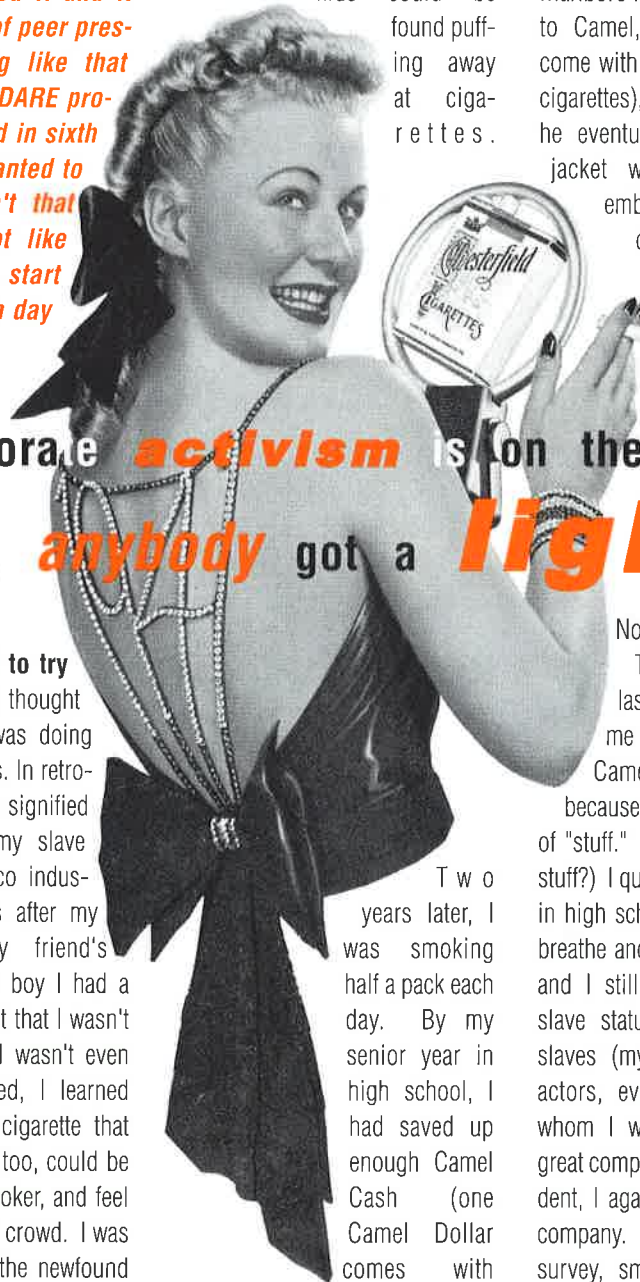
**As always, the most influential things will come, by and large, out of the unimagined left field, and our grandchildren will be amazed we could live without them.**

NASA

# Slaves of a False Seduction

opal south

*December 13, 1994  
Dear Diary—during break today at driving school, I tried some of Beth's cigarette. She and Jamie always smoke during break, but they never ask me if I want one. I tried it and it wasn't because of peer pressure or anything like that (like that stupid DARE program always said in sixth grade). I just wanted to try it. It wasn't that bad, but it's not like I'm going to start smoking a pack a day or something...*



anti-corporate **activism** is on the rise...

**"Hey, anybody got a light?"**

"I just wanted to try it." At the time, I thought the worst thing I was doing was being rebellious. In retrospect, that first puff signified the beginning of my slave status to the tobacco industries. Two months after my first puff of my friend's Marlboro Light, the boy I had a crush on pointed out that I wasn't a smoker because I wasn't even inhaling. Embarrassed, I learned how to inhale my cigarette that same day, so that I, too, could be labelled a fellow smoker, and feel like a part of the "in" crowd. I was also ecstatic about the newfound

high (however small it was) that I got from my cigarettes. Two weeks later, though, the high was gone. Six months later, I was smoking two packs on the weekends at high school social functions, where at least a half a dozen

kids could be found puffing away at cigarettes.

each pack of Camel cigarettes you buy, and there is a whole line of Camel merchandise that you can purchase using your Camel currency) to buy two ashtrays. In addition, I had contributed more than 500 miles to my friend's Marlboro Miles collection (similar to Camel, five Marlboro Miles come with each pack of Marlboro cigarettes), and with his "savings," he eventually bought a leather jacket with "Marlboro Man" embroidered on the back. I quit two times--the first in 1996 for one month; the second attempt was last

November for one week.

The Marlboro Man's lasso was too strong for me to break free, and Joe Camel was attractive because he bought me all sorts of "stuff." (And who doesn't love stuff?) I quit soccer my junior year in high school because I couldn't breathe and run at the same time, and I still was oblivious to my slave status because my fellow slaves (my friends, my favorite actors, even my older brother, whom I worshipped) were such great company. Now a college student, I again am found in similar company. According to a 1998 survey, smoking among college

Two years later, I was smoking half a pack each day. By my senior year in high school, I had saved up enough Camel Cash (one Camel Dollar comes with



Adam Fargason

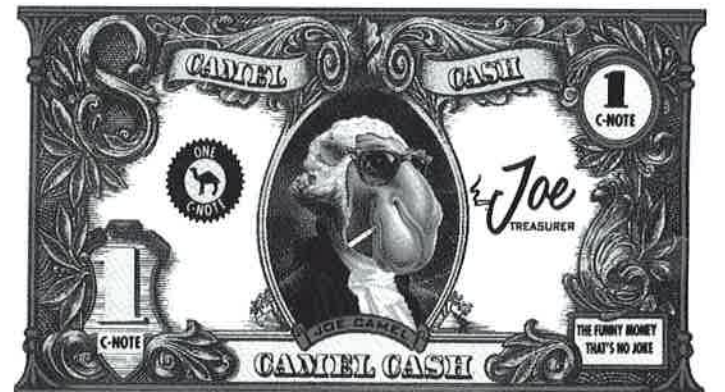
students has increased 28.5% since 1993 (Torrens).

After several decades of public service campaigns that point out the dangers of tobacco, one should expect, or at least hope for, a decline in smoking in the population most able to know better: the college educated. So why do the college educated continue to smoke? Quite simply, we are slaves to a powerful addictive substance, nicotine. How do we get addicted to nicotine? Paul R. Torrens, a physician and public health school researcher, said, "Put very simply, advertising brings [us] in, and nicotine keeps [us] there" (Raloff). The advertising, the nicotine, the 599 other additives in cigarettes, the "free stuff" that you can "buy," the hyped-up notions that cigarettes suppress the appetite act as a depressor and make one's lips look sexy. All of which originates from and is promoted by the tobacco industry. These mega-corporations cannot be physically touched and cannot die from lung cancer, emphysema, or heart attacks.

They are our Masters. They capitalize on our human desires, enticing us into purchasing their toxic, yet addictive product. And, ignoring our better judgements, we find ourselves coming back for more and more, and more, and more. Smokers should not be gently labeled "consumers." We are slaves whose dependency on our Master will eventually result in the death of both our free will and our lives. The Master, however, gains more power, makes more money, and does not flinch when the death toll is announced each year.

Does this notion make you uncomfortable? As a college-educated woman of the 1990s, it bothers me immensely because I am

living in a decade that is witnessing the resurgence of anti-corporate activism. This response is a result of the largest corporate mergers in history, as well as the corporate monopolies that have become more common and legally acceptable in the past decade. To name a few, Disney, Coca-Cola, Microsoft, Exxon and Mobil, Sprint and MCI, America Online and Time Warner, along with Philip Morris and RJ Reynolds, generate a tremendous amount of money. One activist group published a poster in 1999 showing that the Exxon-Mobil mega-corporation generated a national revenue that was "greater than the national budgets of all but seven of the 191

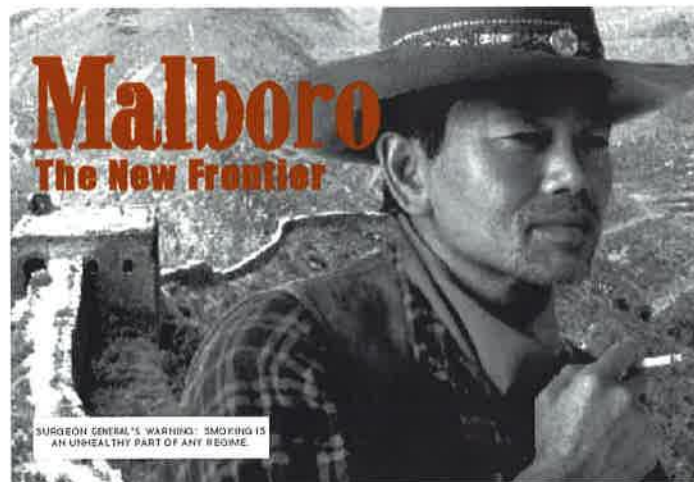


nations of the world" (W.E.P.). Philip Morris was further down the line, but it still grossed more money than over 100 nations in the world.

Student activism in the 1960s and 1970s was spurred on by the Vietnam War, the Civil Rights

eration are beginning to protest their lack of power. Evident, for example, is the rising population of vegetarians. Many people in my age group (myself included) have become vegetarians because big corporations literally manufacture animals: they raise them by the

**How truly ironic that this retro idea of anti-corporate rule is attracting the same group of people that constitute a growing population of smokers!**



Movement, the corruption of government power, and this threat of big business. The momentum of these movements slowed during the 1970s, and the 1980s saw the generation of activists join the ranks of the very same companies that contributed to the birth of the all-powerful corporate machine. Now, in 2000, the up-and-coming generation that will eventually replace the existing work force is worried, primarily because of the willingness of both the public and the government to allow these gigantic corporations full reign of the market. The people of my gen-

erations are beginning to protest their lack of power. Evident, for example, is the rising population of vegetarians. Many people in my age group (myself included) have become vegetarians because big corporations literally manufacture animals: they raise them by the thousands, store them in pens not one centimeter larger than their malnourished frames, and pump them full of harmful hormones and antibiotics which consumers then ingest. Neglect for the well-being of the voiceless animals, as well as for the unaware humans, is a direct result of big businesses. These vast corporations disregard any kind of code of ethics in order to do whatever necessary to pump out a popular item to consumers who are unaware of the harm they are doing to their bodies. Sound familiar? The tobacco industry does the same thing in order to sell

its products.

Cigarette companies, chicken farms, meat processing and packaging companies—they are all corporate Masters. The protests of the World Trade Organization in Seattle in November 1999 is another example of activism on the upswing. The group of protesters, made up of hundreds of diverse groups whose organizations represented a wide range of concerns—from AIDS to environmental protection to labor rights—protested against the harmful and devastating effects of free trade on virtually every aspect of life as we know it. The tens of thousands of protesters reflected the increasing public awareness of the power abused by the corporate Master.

How truly ironic that this retro idea of anti-corporate rule is attracting the same group of people that constitute a growing population of smokers! Can I be a vegetarian, based upon my firm conviction of anti-corporate mistreatment of the animals raised for food, but at the same time smoke cigarettes? Would I not be ignoring the hypocrisy inherent in using a corporate-controlled product which harms the very health my vegetarianism seeks to enhance? Do I want to remain a slave to the industry, a status that can only result in my death? If I believe strongly enough in my convictions, not even the powerful effects of nicotine can keep me from quitting smoking.

Or can they?

I will attempt to quit, but this time, I will go a different route—no patches, gum, or cold turkey. I stopped eating meat because of my anti-corporate belief in domi-

nation. Why not try the same mentality with quitting smoking? The following paragraphs support facts about the composition of cigarettes, the promotion techniques used by the tobacco companies, and the actual statements made by the corporate executives. My hope is that I realize that the lifestyle I currently live, filled with smoky coffee shops and bars, a cigarette with coffee, in the car, between classes, and just to kill time, is constructed by a habit that makes me a slave and ends with my Master cracking the nicotine whip until I crawl onto my death bed.

*Joe Camel: Tobacco, it can't be bad for you, it's completely organic.*

*The Voice in My Head: It's just a rolled-up piece of tobacco. I am so much stronger than a rolled-up piece of tobacco.*

What I didn't realize when I quit smoking the second time was that a cigarette is not JUST a rolled up piece of tobacco. In addition to naturally-occurring nicotine, sever-

al studies have concluded that other additives, such as ammonia, cocoa, vanilla, cinnamon, and even heavy metals, are common in cigarettes. The ammonia "helps turn the nicotine in smoke into gas, rendering it more available to the lungs... ammonia can increase



nicotine's availability as a gas by 100 times," one research team concluded in 1997 (Raloff).

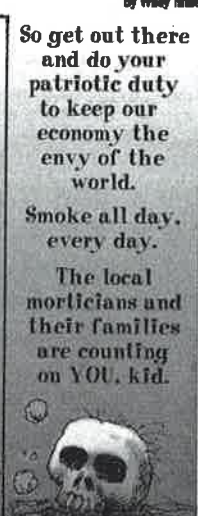
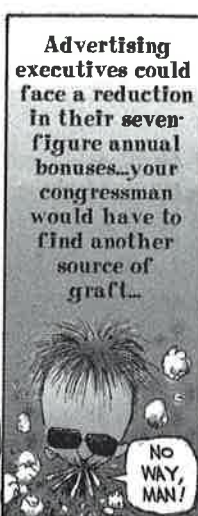
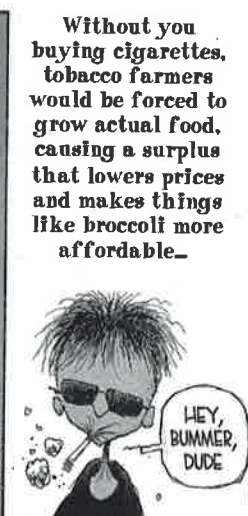
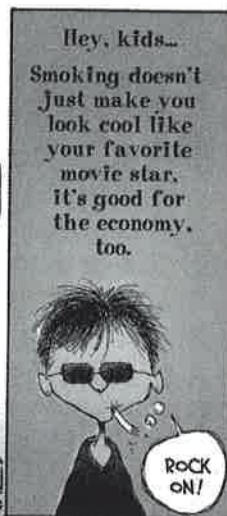
The natural flavorings serve to impart brand preference by the smoker. You might actually prefer Camels because of the combined effect of these "natural flavorings," which not only serve to mask the otherwise rancid taste of tar and

carbon monoxide, but keep you a faithful customer (i.e. an obedient slave) of the company (the Master). Cigarettes also contain "widely varying levels of heavy metals," indicates one study (Summer II). Tar in your lungs is certainly an unappealing notion. How about heavy metals?

It is no wonder, then, that although 70% of current smokers would like to quit, only 2.5% are successful (Moskal). And it follows that, as one article points out, "The central paradox is that, while people smoke for nicotine they die mainly from the tar and other unwanted components in the smoke" ("Nicotine Use After the Year 2000"). If cigarettes were to contain a minimal amount of nicotine, smokers would be more likely to notice the rancid taste of tar—without the addictive side effects—and be less likely to continue smoking. Cigarette sales would drop, the tobacco companies would go out of business, and a corporate empire would collapse. The adverse side of this hypothesis is the attestation of smokers who switch from a "regular" type of

**WILEY'S NON SEQUITUR  
INDEPENDENCE  
DAY**

Brought to you by  
The American  
Tobacco Industry



cigarette to a "light" or "ultra-light" variety; they tend to think that the lighter variety tastes like air. Perhaps smokers do like, or at least become acclimated to, the tar taste. When I quit smoking the first time, I had quit for a month before I caved in and smoked my first cigarette. I was pleased that I could admit that the taste was completely unappealing. It didn't matter, though. The next day, I had bought my first pack of cigarettes in over a month.

**J o e**  
**Camel:** *Smoke now. . . quit later.*  
**The Voice**  
**in my Head:** *Why did I ever believe that?*

Why did the DARE (Drug Abuse Resistance Education) program fail to convince me that smoking was not something I would ever want to try? Why didn't similar programs, aimed at preventing youth from starting to smoke, affect others in my generation? Why did I still start smoking, even though I knew it was "uncool" and "bad for my health?" The answer, of course, is that the "uncool" part was untrue—all of the cool people at my high school smoked—and even though I knew it was bad for my health, I never knew that it would be so hard to quit. How could the word "addiction" strike a frightening chord in my 10-year-old body if I didn't even know what it felt like to be addicted? Even

though anti-smoking programs stated that nicotine was more addictive than the most dangerous drug, heroin, I never really believed them. I couldn't associate heroin addicts (even though the pictures of them terrified me) with smokers because heroin was the drug that would kill you soon after you became addicted, and tobacco



was the drug that would make your teeth yellow and maybe give you cancer when you got to be fifty (to a 10-year-old, that's a distant 40 years away).  
 In 1970, the Lieberman Report found that teenage smokers so whole-heartedly believed the anti-smoking campaigns, which declared that smokers could quit if only they put their minds to it, that they believed they could smoke for a few years and then simply stop (http 6). Thirty years later, kids still believe this. One

recent survey showed that a whopping 87 percent of daily smokers started smoking before they turned 18 years old (Moskal). This new crop of slaves begins smoking at 15 (or 13 or nine), only to realize five years later that quitting is much harder than simply saying "no"—due to that chemical called nicotine that the DARE officer warned them about in the sixth grade.

Growing up in the 1980s and early 1990s, I was accustomed to seeing Joe Camel's messages and billboard advertisements, which have since become illegal, on highways and local roads. I was convinced: Joe Camel—his black shades, his black suit, a martini in hand, and leaning against a pool table—was cool. So how could people who smoke be uncool? Perhaps the real version of a pool hall could have been used to contrast the fantastical world of Joe Camel. How many people can say that the last time they went into a pool hall, the colors inside were bold and bright (instead of dingy from smoke), the people were wearing black shades and black suits (instead of red flannel and skimpy halters), and there were Martinis in everyone's hands (instead of bottles of beer—some used as ashtrays, with cigarette butts in the bottom and ashes around the



● Especially if you inhale—Call for Philip Morris! Enjoy the world's finest tobaccos—with no worry about throat irritation.

**AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE**

CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 83 YEARS. ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME (rim)?

Last year, I saw a refrigerator magnet with a cartoon of Joe Camel, bald and sitting up in a hospital bed. The caption read "Joe Chemo." If the tobacco companies are going to market their product to kids as something that makes you cool in a fantastical world, the logical combatant—as this anti-smoking campaign attests—would be to show kids the effects of cancer in this same fantastical world. In Birmingham, Alabama, on the side of the freeway, there is a billboard with a picture of two cowboys, riding into the sunset. It's designed to be reminiscent of the Marlboro Man billboards. The caption reads, "I miss my lung, Bob." Perhaps if this tactic had been used when I was younger, I might have gotten the message that smoking isn't cool—it causes cancer. And cancer is something that happens to real people in the real world.

The blame, of course, does not lie with the anti-smoking campaigns. It lies mostly with the

tobacco companies, which deliberately target youths because they are much easier to influence than adults. Children have longer life expectancies, and the Master hopes to make each one a life-long customer, ensuring a new crop of slaves year after year. The industry knows better than anyone that once a person starts smoking, the odds are in its favor that that person will become addicted to its product.

**Joe Camel:** *Hey kids! As the hip representative for Camel cigarettes, I want you to know that my company knows of no proof that indicates that Camel cigarettes are bad for you. So don't worry about it. Light up!*

**The Voice in My Head:** *Own up Philip Morris. You knew all along. . .*

In March of 1997, Liggett Co. (maker of Chesterfields) made history when it announced three things: "We at Liggett know and acknowledge

that...cigarette smoking causes health problems, including lung cancer, heart and vascular disease, and emphysema...that nicotine is addictive...that the tobacco industry markets to 'youth,' which means those under 18 years of age" (Noah).

Philip Morris retorted with, "the issues of addiction and causation are not decided by press releases or press conferences" (Noah).

And a spokesman for the Tobacco Institute said, "The classic definition of addiction does not and cannot include tobacco because there's nothing about smoking that prevents you from stopping if that's what you want to do" (Noah).

But I beg to differ—sorry, Tobacco Institute.

**November 6, 1999**  
*Someone asked me today why I was quitting smoking, and I started crying, and then he said it was too hard to quit cold turkey, anyway.*





*It's been five days and I don't feel better. I'm depressed, I'm tired, and I want a cigarette. There's got to be an easier way.*

To the average American, it appeared as if the Masters of the Liggett Co. grew a conscience. Not only did they admit to knowing about the damage that their product does to the body, but they admitted as well that the primary target for their lethal product is the youth population! Philip Morris, on the other hand, said nothing unexpected. Actually, I can't really figure out what their statement means. Press releases and conferences are supposed to decide the issues of causation? I thought that the Surgeon General decided those issues back in 1964.

The slaves to these industries will try to avert their eyes because even they will admit that the habit is dangerous to the health and extremely addictive. When I heard these announcements, it made me uncomfortable to hear my Master deny what I, his slave, knew to be absolutely true. Philip Morris makes billions of dollars from an addiction that kills roughly 500,000 people in the United States alone each year, and as the cigarette market continues to expand throughout the world, the death toll rises. One study shows that smoking in underdeveloped countries is increasing at an alarming rate (http 8). The Master

is zeroing in on not only American youth, but citizens of countries whose budgets are maybe one-eighth of Philip Morris' net worth. This is the same gigantic corporation that manufactures the addiction, promotes the addiction, sells the addiction at high prices, and



Adam Fargason

then denies that an addiction even exists.

I have struggled to free myself from the Marlboro Man's lasso. I have come to the realization that the college-educated voice in my head speaks to the vantage point of retrospection. It is only by examining my own personal struggles with a corporate-controlled addiction that I can admit that my own life is corporate-controlled. Acknowledging this, I will be a slave no longer. And not even nicotine can persuade me otherwise.

#### WORKS CITED

[http 1] "College Smoking." Online. Internet.  
**Torrens, Paul R.** "Watch the Nicotine!" America. Oct 11,1997. v177 n10 p4(1).  
**Raloff, Janet.** "Ammonia enhances cigarettes' nicotine." Science News. Aug 16, 1997. v152 n7 p111(1).  
**[W.E.P.]** P.O. Box 5846 Eugene, OR 97405.  
**Sumner II, Walton.** "Branded: cigarette preferences in the medical world." American Family Physician. Sept 1,1995. v52 n3 p750(3).  
**Moskal, Patsy D., et al...** "Examining the Use of Tobacco on College Campuses." Journal of American College Health. May 1999. v47 i6 p260.  
**"Nicotine Use After the Year 2000."** The Lancet. May 18, 1991. v337 n8751 p1191(2).  
**[http 6]** Online. Internet. Sep 1, 1999. www.ukcia.org/lib/research/cunio/cu26.htm

**Noah, Timothy.** "OK, OK, cigarettes do Kill; a tobacco company ends decades of denials." US News & World Report. Mar 31, 1997 v122 n12 p29(1)

[http 8] "Tobacco in the Third World." www.nsma.org.au/third-wld.htm.

#### BIOGRAPHY

*Opal South is a junior in New College pursuing a degree in communication through the arts. She is studying abroad at Klagenfurt University in Austria.*

# Heaven on a Motorcycle

justin james mccorkle

## The American Love Affair with Motorcycles and Freedom

Millions and millions of Americans drive cars, trucks, vans, and sport utility vehicles. But very few know the freedom of the highways and by ways of America on two wheels. Americans love freedom, the freedom of speech, freedom of thought, and the right to pursue happiness. The Rebel—the classic seeker of freedom on individual terms—is an American manifestation of the desire for freedom. Motorcycles are a modern way of expressing that desire.

I see the recent trend of increasing interest in American motorcycling as a kind of growing up of the population, like Americans are graduating from tricycles to two-wheelers, a kind of maturing of the senses and broadening of the mind.

In the strangeness that is the modern world, we are all looking for ways to stand out, to be a little different, to change our out-

look and to broaden our horizons. Motorcycles are just another way that Americans are reaching out. In ways we can't quite explain, there is an adventurous wondrous part of us that always wants to be free, wants to be searching for that something. Something that we can't quite grasp, something that's far off and imaginative, it is the intangible that we are after. We try to fit in and be unique at the same time. People try to be both free thinkers and followers. In a way motorcycles give you both, because you're out there with so many people, yet, you're utterly alone.

Bikers have always been unknown, weird, retro kind of people to mainstream Americans. But, with the aging of the Baby Boomers, the generation that flaunted convention in greater numbers than ever before, biking is on the verge of becoming a

mainstream trend. Americans are searching for something to belong to, something to differentiate themselves from the crowd, but not too much. Bikers seem to be that thing for some of us.

In the 1950s, there were several American motorcycle companies. In the early 1990s only one remained, Harley Davidson. Harley only existed because of dumb luck. Japanese Companies like Honda, Suzuki, Kawasaki, and Yamaha were outselling American and European motorcycles by the millions. And for good reason—the American and European bikes were of poor quality and required an excessive amount of maintenance. Harley had improved some in 1980 with the introduction of its evolution motor, but the bikes still leaked oil and were slow, clunky, and downright annoying to most people.

As the baby boomers



Betsy Spruill



# One of the *greatest* things in the world is to see a *wife* on a sport bike out-running her *Harley Davidson* husband.

approached their midlife crisis, it seemed that Harley, the Old American motorcycle company that was still in the same factory it had been in since the 1930s, couldn't keep up with the demand that this generation of riders was creating. At first, the company had trouble playing to their motorcycle-buying crowd. For a few years, Harley tried to produce low cost motorcycles. But the bikers that wanted inexpensive motorcycles wanted fast bikes or truly cheap

bikes, something Harley couldn't produce. Then another American motorcycle, Indian, re-opened its doors. Indian also enjoyed the heyday of the 1950s but was forced to close up shop because it was unable to keep pace with its Japanese competitors. Some time in early 1990s Indian came off the line with a huge hunk of iron—a 1950s-style bike that would have made Carnegie himself wince (iron and steel? Andrew Carnegie? if you don't get it you weren't

were rushing in, even at \$20,000 each. Indian had the Baby Boomer crowd pegged from the start. They wanted to rekindle the rebel-cycle of the 1950s. They wanted a retro bike. It didn't take Harley long to catch on—their Fat Boy saved the day. Today the Fat Boy is Harley's number one selling motorcycle, not because of its performance or versatility, but because it is a representation of days gone by. With Harley's flagship bike, the company has managed to capture 19 percent of the American motorcycle market (28 Cycle World).

Motorcycles may be more dangerous than the cars people usually drive—but that is a part of the thrill, the street lights in a blur and the naked chrome of their tail pipes shining against the city night.

It's like a movie—motorcycles and the life that they represent are a kind of grown-up fantasy like *Grease*, or *West Side*



meant to!). The bike was fabulous, in sales, anyway. When tested, the bike performed terribly, but the orders

*Story.* It's a world in which everyone is young, young because the iron horses make them young, young because they don't think about aging or work or money beyond the next tank of gas or couple of beers. The bikes bring back that Friday night fantasy world where yuppies really aren't yuppies anymore. On the road everyone is the same: vulnerable, yet in control, in control of their destinations, of how fast they go, of how slow they go, of whether they ever come home. Of course, they will come home because it is another fantasy world, a fast, wind-blown one, but a fantasy world nonetheless.

It's a dream not only for the riders, but for the booming motorcycle industry as well. "The number of registered motorcycles has increased by 30 percent over the last eight years...6.6 million motorcycles and scooters were on the road in the United States in 98 as opposed to 5.1 million in 1990" and "45 percent of all owners had attended college, as opposed to 40 percent in 1990" (28 Cycle World).

Harley isn't the only company to profit from the Friday night 1950s dream. The great icons of Japanese motorcycling aren't lost in a functional time warp either. The "big four," Honda (now an American company with a Japanese name), Yamaha, Kawasaki, and Suzuki are all producing big cruisers and American-style motorcycles in addition to their high speed and high performance sport and sport standard motorcycles. The big four are also doing better than ever. These companies, venerated by several generations of bikers, are successfully

catering to a new crowd while refusing to ignore their traditional customers, thus widening their market base in tandem with the new American giants.

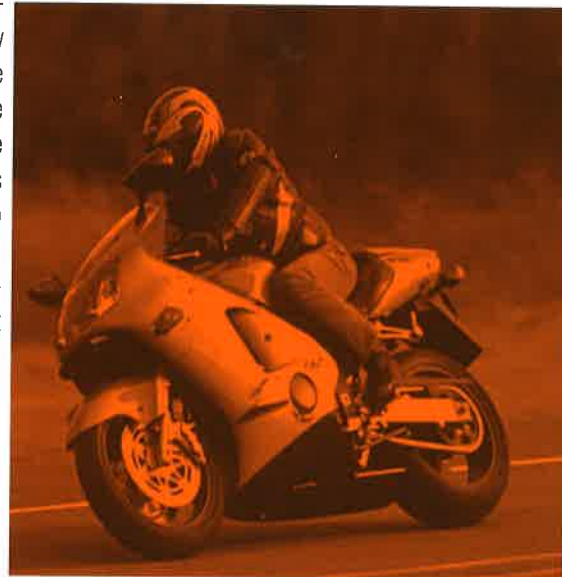
Kawasaki is currently leading the way with its new W650, a remarkable Triumph-like bike with old styling and modern features carefully disguised. The 650's British styling fools many people into thinking it's a 1950s Triumph, even among those who are "enthusiastic about old Triumphs...all were flat-out fooled by Kawasaki's new W650." The bike's true and complete retro style is a true return to the old. In fact, "Kawasaki...first manufactured the 624cc W1 in 1966," meaning that, in recreating the old Triumph-look, Kawasaki was not

only bringing back Triumph's old style, but also bringing back an old Kawasaki. The irony, of course, is that despite the resurgence of Triumph and several long-lost American brands, Kawasaki has most authentically turned back the clock. "That W650 really is a blast down memory lane," said Cycle World editor David Booth (38 Cycle World).

Power and speed have always gone hand-in-hand with American Friday night macho fantasies, so that while some trade in their Kevlar knee pucks for good

old American Iron, others find the lure of 200-miles-an-hour to be irresistible.

The race for the hearts and minds of many a biker rests not in looks alone, but in the right hand twist grip, the throttle. Speed is the undeniable seller of many motorcycles. Some care not if their iron horse is shrouded in a plastic bubble, as long as, when they hit the twist, the world becomes a blur and the widely spaced street lights blend into a long, yellow-white streak.



The reigning speed king, which has ruled the streets for more than a decade, the immortal ZX 11, has recently been usurped by Suzuki's powerfully named GSX1300R Hayabusa, the Falcon. The Falcon also has a popular heritage, going back to the mid-class GSXR750s of the 1980s.

The proud heritage of the ZX 11 goes back to the late 1980s, when Tom Cruise piloted the bikes predecessor, the ZX 10, in the popular movie *Top Gun*. Kawasaki fulfilled the desire for speed once again. Their new ZX





12 was aimed at recapturing the title of World's Fastest Production Motorcycle. Mindful of modern bikers' demand for faster and faster bikes, a Kawasaki spokesman quipped, "we didn't build the ZX12 to be slower than the Suzuki" (35 Cycle World). The claimed base horsepower of the ZX 12 is 180. "It's more power than current Superbikes make when winning championships. It's more power than produced by the average car" (28 Cycle World).

The passion for speed is powerful in the hearts of Americans. In the 1970s and early 1980s American automobile manufacturers ignored it and suffered. Chrysler nearly closed its doors. In this century, motorcycle companies aren't likely to suffer the same fate. These rice rockets are so fast, even dental records won't help.

There is room for knights and even more ladies in the open road kingdom. The stereotypes of women bikers no longer hold true. Many of today's women of the road are middle

class housewives out with their husbands. Not content to ride sidesaddle with their men, the women ride their own bikes. And why shouldn't they? One of the greatest things in the world is to see a wife on a sport bike out-running her Harley Davidson husband.

Riding a bike separates a woman from the crowd more than it does a man. Macho and bikes have been a part of American culture for decades. Female bikers are still rare, especially in America, but their numbers are rising. Female motorcyclists have increased from 6.6 percent of the market in 1990 to 8.8 percent today (35 Cycle World), while motorcycle ownership in general has increased a whopping 30 percent!

Those numbers are likely to continue to rise as the motorcycle continues to be a fast, convenient, and affordable ticket to the freedom of the open road.

As the generations of the 1950s and 1960s have grown up, the motorcycle has definitely

grown with them. So, is the motorcycle the two-wheeled fountain of youth? I certainly think so.

#### WORKS CITED

**Cycle World**, Vol. 38 No.11, Filipacchi Magazines, New York, 1999.

**Top Gun**, Movie, Paramount Pictures, Hollywood, 1987.

**Conan**, Movie, Universal/MCA, Hollywood, 1984.

#### BIOGRAPHY

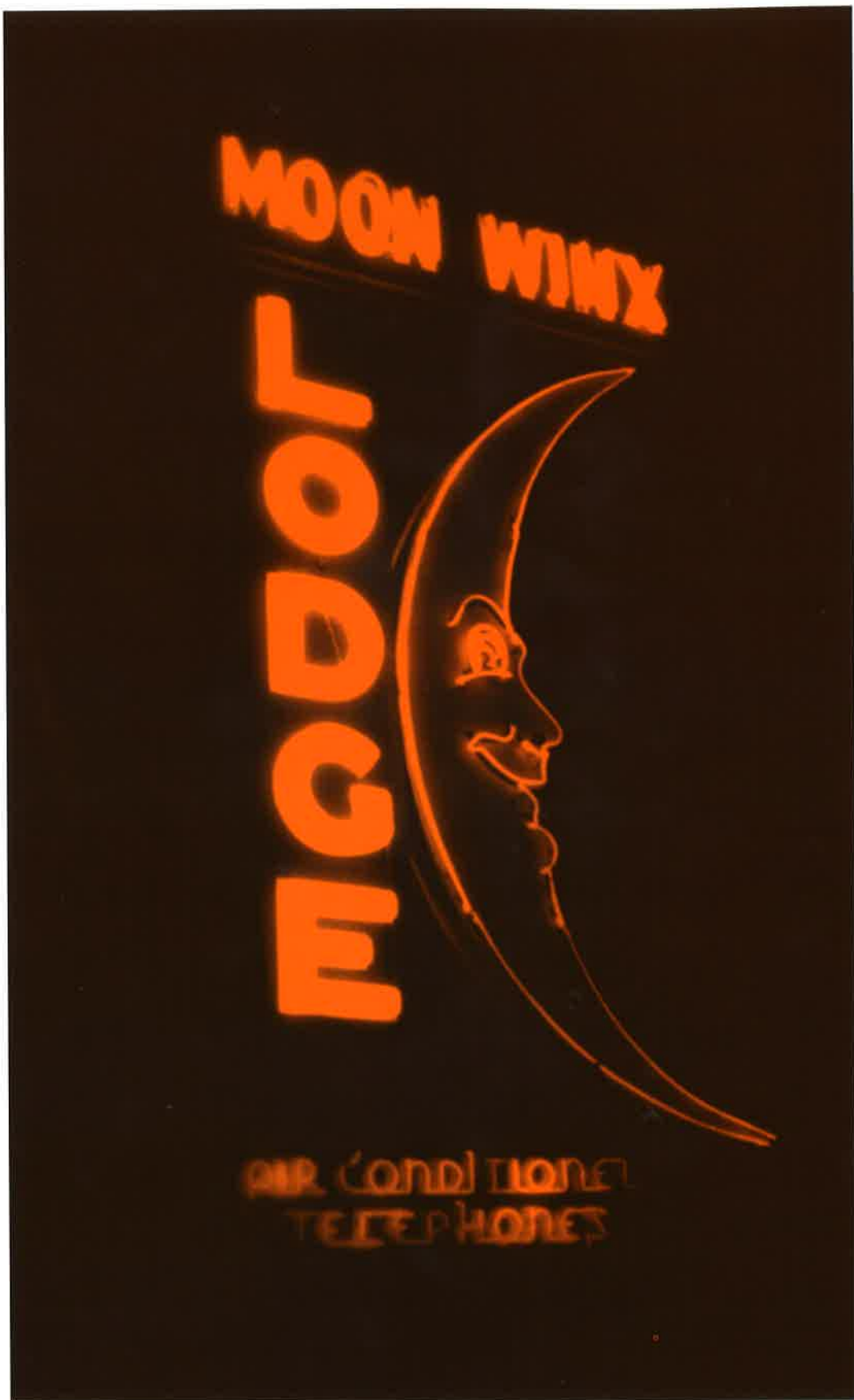
*Justin James McCorkle is a senior in New College at the University of Alabama. He is married to Jessica Dianne McCorkle, who is also a senior in New College. He is a former United States Marine and an Army ROTC Cadet Battalion Commander. He will receive his commission into the United States Army on May 12, 2000. He will graduate with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Interdisciplinary Military Science the next day.*

# The Restoration of Retro

betsy spruill

The art and stylings of a classic culture

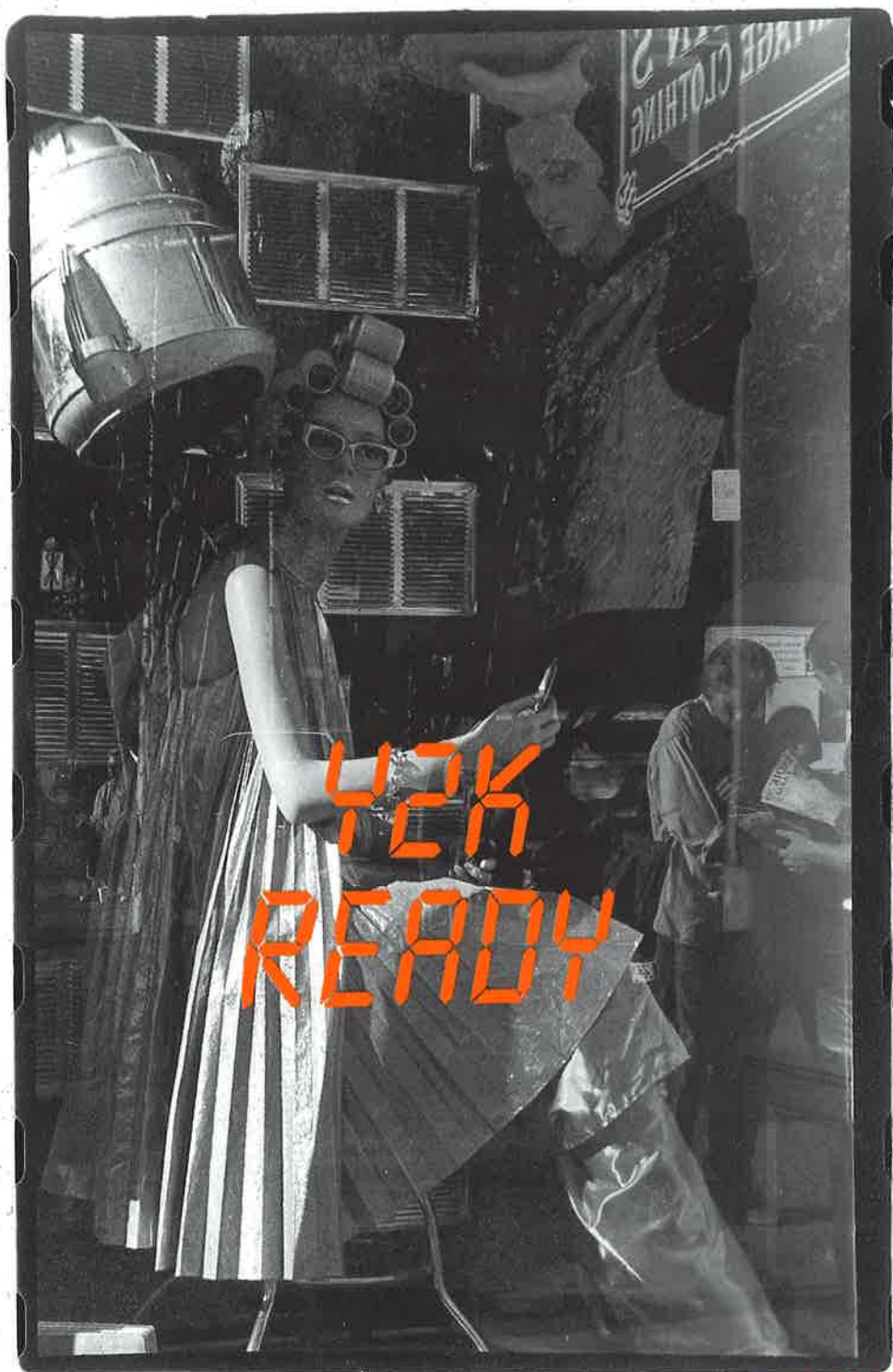




#### BIOGRAPHY

*Betsy Spruill took four and a half years of photography in high school and one in college. She now runs the New College Art Gallery and keeps a good record of being consistently late. She will graduate in May, assuming she isn't late for commencement. She plans to continue working with both New Gallery and New College after graduation.*





Stacy Dacheux

# millennium impressions

sylvia elliott

**For a Brief Moment, the World was Focused on a New Beginning.**

A penetrating expression of peace, beauty, and solidarity was evident around the world on December 31, 1999. For twenty-four hours, the population of planet Earth was focused on a new beginning. Even though the time measured to mark this millennium is on a Christian calendar, Islamic, Buddhist, Hindu, and Jewish peoples joined in celebrating the arrival of the third millennium. It was as if people put their wars and conflicts on hold in order to celebrate. Whether celebrations were private, with friends and family, or with the world, we have shared the glory, revelations, disappointments, tragedies, victories, and breakthroughs that brought us to that day. We are the survivors of the end of the second millennium. We know more today than we did ten years ago; we have more access to people and information than ever before. We have advanced in thought, science, technology, media, medicine, and decision making. For many people in the world the barrage of facts and information have forced us to set new attitudes and personal goals that will benefit our well-being and our future in profound ways. We are closer to the world and it is closer to each of us.

Expectations of what the arrival of the third millennium would bring created anxiety for a lot of people. There was talk of terrorist attacks and computer failures that would delete the memory of all the world's vital data. Governments around the world worked around the clock to find ways to protect computer systems from failing. The United States government spent \$1.7 billion to

update and fix systems so that planes wouldn't fall out of the sky or so that people wouldn't lose their assets. The media coined a nickname for this would-be phenomenon. They called it the Y2K computer bug, short for Year 2000. Thousands of people stocked up on basic supplies, while others built bunkers where they stored food and necessities sufficient for them to remain buried for as long as a year.

Like many Americans, the biggest decision was not where to store food supplies but where to celebrate New Year's Eve. For a millennium celebration to remember for a lifetime, there would be spectacular fireworks, ceremonies, festivities, and rejoicing. Hotel rooms in major cities around the world had been booked since January 1998. Beach houses along the Gulf Coast of Mexico in Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana were popular spots for celebrations. Wherever people ended up on New Year's Eve, they could watch millennium celebrations around the world on television through 24 time zones.

Two million people stood in New York City's Times Square at midnight, 3.5 million on Rio de Janeiro's sandy waterfront; hundreds of thousands stood at the foot of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the Vatican in Vatican City, the pyramids in Egypt, the Acropolis in Greece; and Hong Kong staged an \$8 million blowout. By the time technology moved us around the globe, through 24 time zones, we were one. For that moment, people felt safe, connected, and hopeful.

In reflection, it is hard to determine what the most impor-



## MILLENNIUM CHRONOLOGY SELECTED FACTS\*

- 54** Pamphila, a female historian writes in Greek, *Miscellaneous History*.
- 105** Parchment scrolls begin to be replaced by notebooks in the Roman Empire.
- 269** Indian scholar Sphujidhvaja writes a manual of astrology.
- 321** Roman emperor Constantine introduces water-powered mills.
- 425** A university is founded at Constantinople (modern Istanbul, Turkey).
- 595** Decimal notation is used for numbers in India, the basis of our current system.
- 650** Physicians in India develop operations for bladder and digestive disorders.
- 791** Buddhism becomes the official state religion of Tibet.
- 800** A French manuscript has the first mention of soap in medieval Europe.
- 900** The Orthodox Church is founded in Russia.
- 1000** The Cochise culture of southern Arizona and New Mexico, the earliest know farmers to North America, are raising a very primitive form of corn.
- 1185** The University of Oxford, England, is well established.
- 1200** The city-state of Kilwa Kisiwani issues the first coinage in sub-Saharan, Africa.
- 1335** The world's first public clock, regularly striking the time in hours, is erected in Milan, Italy.
- 1478** The introduction of printing in Europe by Johann Gutenberg.
- 1523** The Portuguese remove Africans from their land to begin slave trade with the New World.
- 1620** Pilgrims land at Plymouth Rock in New England.
- 1797** Prince Hall obtains charter from British Masons to establish the African Lodge, No. 459 in Boston.
- 1815** English chemist Humphry Davy recognizes that hydrogen is the key element in acids.
- 1965** The first international communication satellite, Intelsat 1 (Early Bird), is launched into geostationary orbit over the Atlantic Ocean at the Equator.

\* *Chronology of World History, H.E.L. Mellersh*

tant breakthrough of the past one thousand years might have been. It could be the Age of Enlightenment and the breakthrough thoughts and discoveries of Gallieo, Isaac Newton, or Charles Darwin, who introduced the importance of science to the world. Queen Isabella of Spain was an exceptional figure. She supported Columbus and his

exploration to the Americas which opened the doors so that all of Europe could follow and discover the New World for themselves. The Africans, who had been traveling to this world for centuries before the Portuguese or Columbus, trading goods with the natives of this land, were also important contributors to the history of the last millennium.

Many of the hopes and dreams for the future of the pioneers from Europe and Africa and their descendants are now realized. The newcomers of the middle centuries of the millennium blended their cultures to shape the remarkable culture of America. We could see the seeds that rooted our culture in the countries representing the seven continents that were presented in celebrations around the world that day. The survivors of wars and atrocities, sicknesses and diseases, felt victorious if only for the moment. Many returned to war, oppression, sickness and disease; they went back to torn families, torn countries, confusion, and despair, but I know that many were changed by that millennium moment. Survival does that. It gives one some sense of accomplishment, a happiness of being alive, of crossing the line of time, of moving from the one millennium to the next.

The last decade of the last century took us to the extreme in many respects. New satellite systems and digital technology have advanced medicine, sports, and entertainment. Medicine has pushed the envelope from organ and tissue transplants to xenotransplantation and cloning. Athletes are using electronics to monitor heart and muscle responses to train for greater strength and speed for maximum performance. The explosion of dot-com online shopping has increased retail sales to record highs; DVD, HDTV, virtual reality, and digital animation have taken us to new worlds. Digital technology brought the New Year celebrations from around the world into our living rooms. I predict a major

cultural renaissance. Many are embracing the diversity of the world and borrowing ideas and knowledge from people and places we never had access to before. Because of our advanced research techniques, scholarship, and pedagogy, new doors of knowledge

have opened to thought and inclusion. The American society is shifting. There are more people of color living, working, and going to school in this country than ever before. Travel is easy; there are more immigrants coming to the United States from Latin American and Asian countries than European countries. Smaller number of immigrants are coming from places like Sri Lanka, Pakistan, Korea, Africa, the South Pacific, and the Caribbean. But we see them and the contributions of their culture.

Satellite television is bringing new worlds into our living rooms. Major American cities have Spanish speaking networks with daytime soap operas, news, music, and shows starring Latino personalities. New fruits and vegetables are staples in our supermarkets to accommodate our new tastes in food. The world is



shrinking; sciences, cultures, and religions are coming together and merging traditions. All who are not willing to keep up with the changes in the culture and technology will be left in the digital divide among the disadvantaged. We will look at our future with a new perspective and a new paradigm. We are living in the best of times in this world and in this millennium.

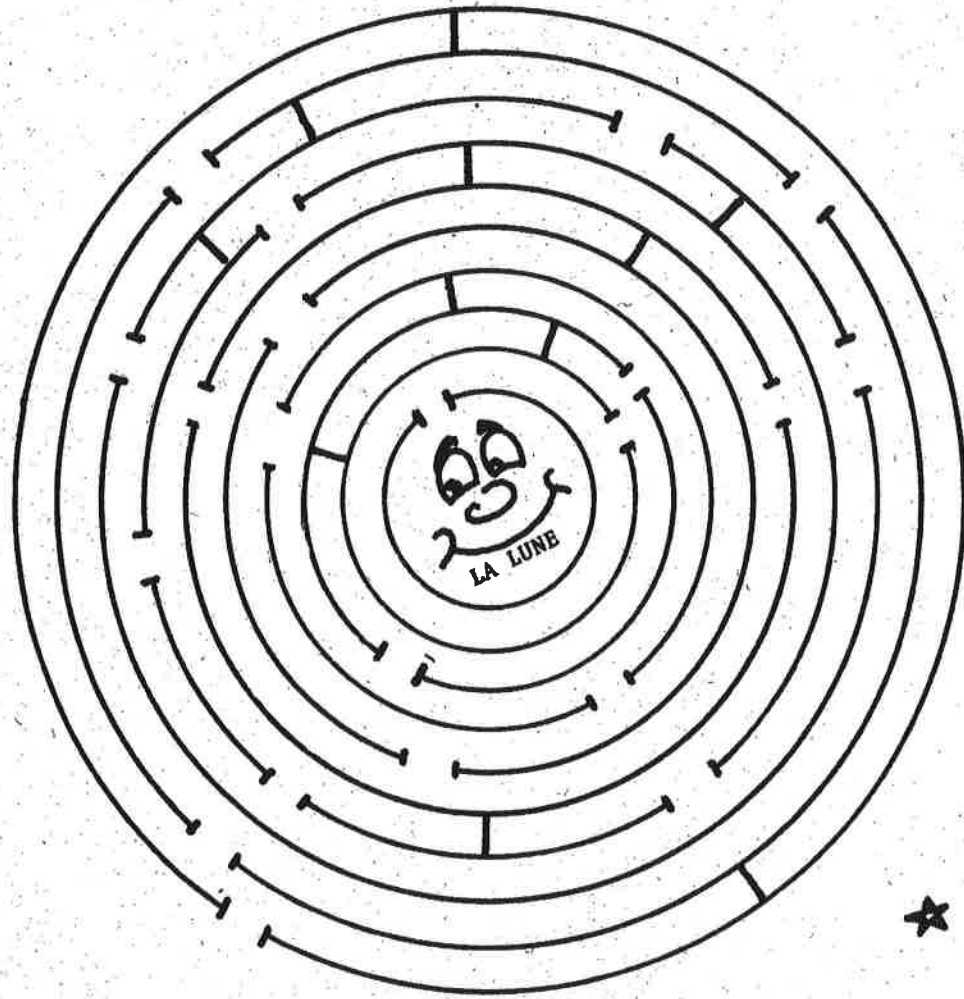
## BIOGRAPHY

*Sylvia Elliott, almost a senior in New College, will earn her bachelor's degree the same year she receives her social security benefits. She plans to continue on at The University in graduate school in a Master of Fine Arts program in creative writing.*



TIME magazine photo

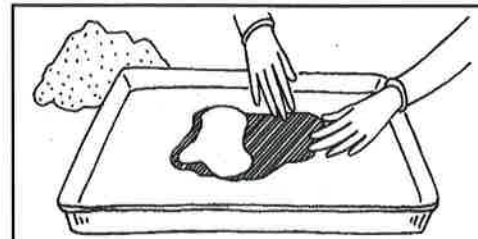




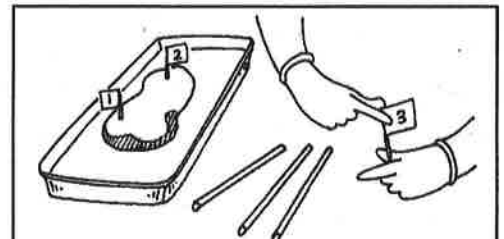
CONDUIRE UN VAISSEAU SPATIAL A LA LUNE.



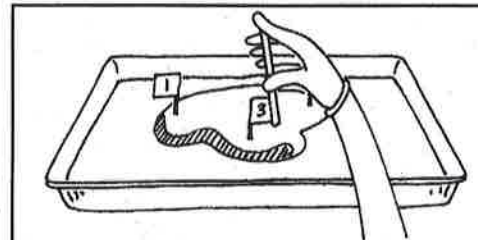
## How Does Mining Change the Land?



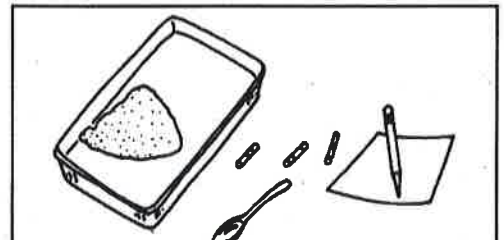
1. Layer blue and white sand. Cover with soil. Trade.



2. Make flags. Number them. Stick into landform.

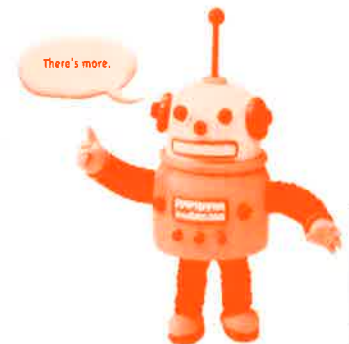


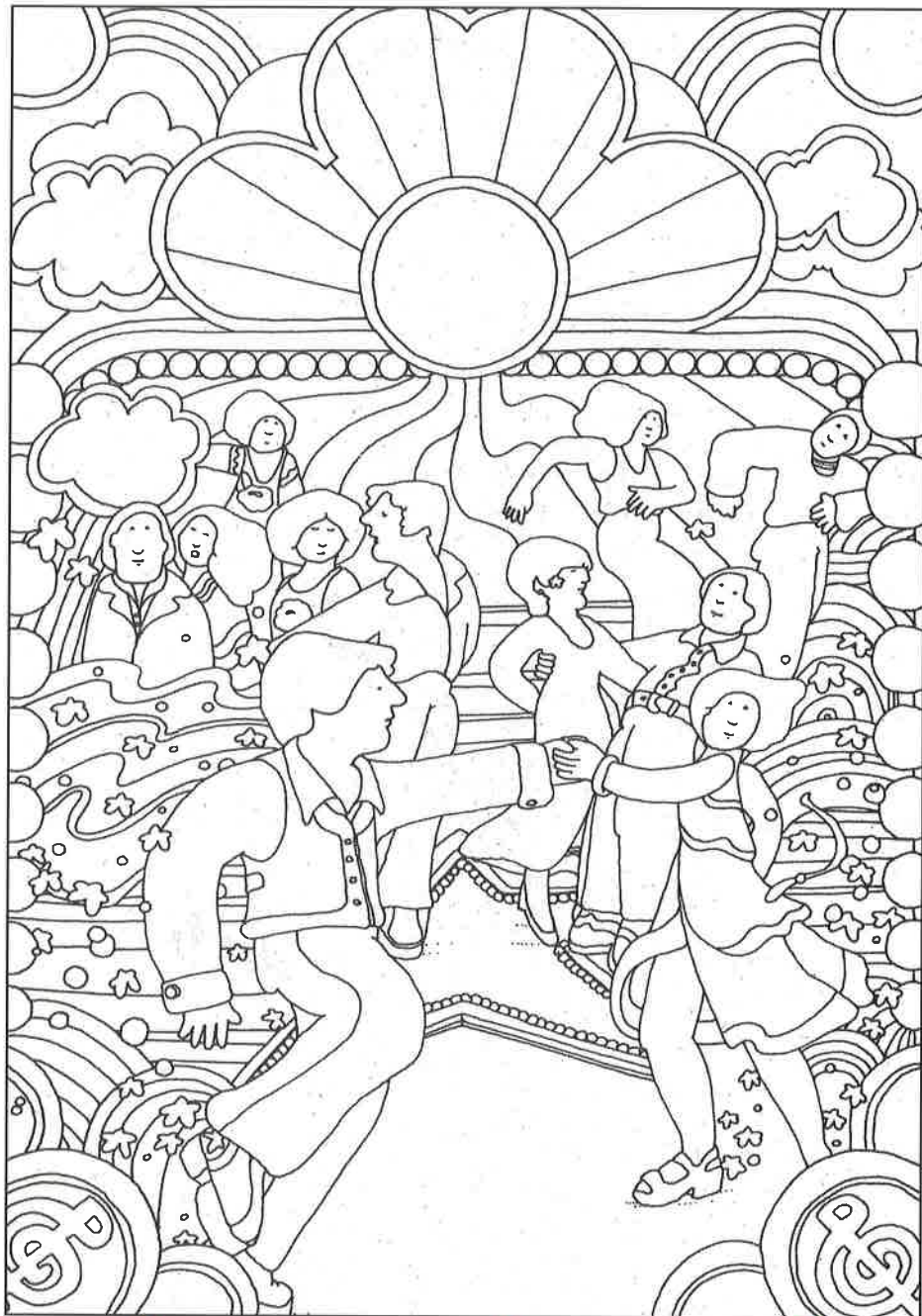
3. Stick straw down. Pull sample out.



4. Compare samples. Mine. Plan to remove wastes.

Draw or write about what you learned. 





**colorez moi, s'il vous plaît!**

**THE GREAT SPACE RACE / RULES**

**you'll need**

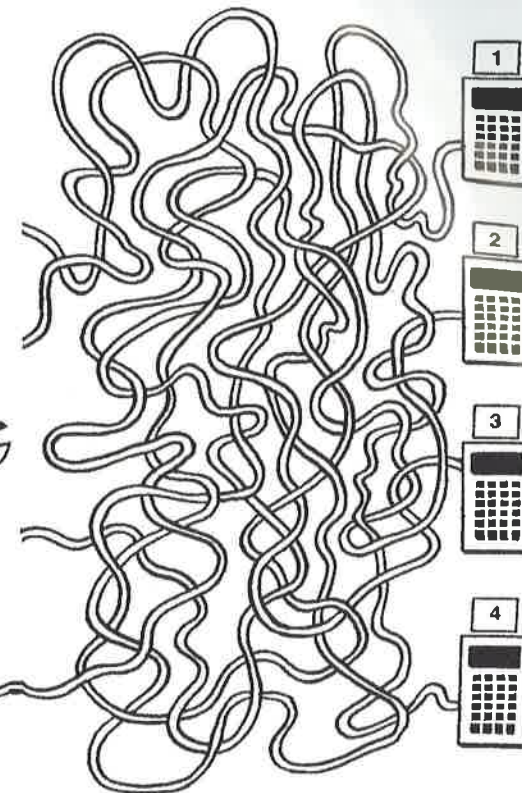
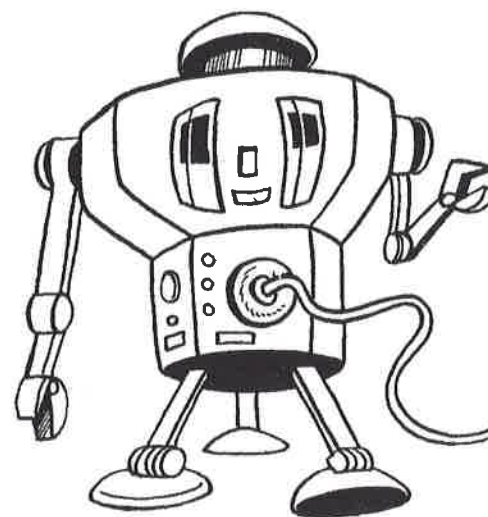
one six-sided die, a coin or other token for each player.

**rules**

- 1) each player takes a turn by rolling the die and moving his token the number of spaces shown on the die.
- 2) the player must follow any instructions on the space he lands on.
- 3) when a player gets within six or less spaces of the finish, he must roll the exact number to win.

**All Wired Up**

Which computer is plugged into the robot?



**The Great Space Race.**

<p><b>Start</b></p>				<p><b>FINISH!</b></p>	
1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34		

Instructions for each space:

- 2: Stop to pick Venus flowers. Lose next turn.
- 4: Forgot your galaxy map. Go back to START.
- 5: Hitch ride on a comet. Move ahead two spaces.
- 6: Captured by the Glunes. Go back three spaces.
- 7: Travel at the speed of light. Go to 15.
- 8: Space Patrol stops you for speeding. Miss next turn.
- 9: Buy something at the space suit sale. Go back to 17.
- 10: Switch to Robot Pilot. Take another turn.
- 11: Forgot your space goggles. Go back to 17.
- 12: Fill up with solar fuel. Move ahead to 26.
- 13: You've been pulled into a Black Hole. Go back to START.





Joe Brown

new college

New College, a program in the College of Arts and Sciences at The University of Alabama, is designed for the independent and highly motivated individual. It offers each student the opportunity to create and pursue a personalized program of study leading to a bachelor of arts or a bachelor of science degree. New College allows students to take courses in all ten divisions at The University of Alabama, thereby providing excellent opportunities to sample a variety of academic and career choices. New College graduates have been highly successful in finding careers in business, industry, and in higher education. If you would like more information, feel free to phone, write, or visit us.

college of arts and sciences / the university of alabama / 107 carmichael hall / box 870229 / tuscaloosa, al 35487-0029 / phone 205/348/4600 / info@nc.ua.edu / www.as.ua.edu/nc