

RIGHT outta LEFT FIELD

by J. Jones

This Week -- Guilty Pleasures - Or - Jonesian Law #2

Note -- No computer knowledge is necessary to understand this column, you don't have to worry if you have no idea about them. We know who you are anyway.

Isn't it funny how your worst fears usually come true, despite all that you do to prevent this from happening? I just recently discovered another important rule for living in the 90s. Call it the "Jonesian Law number Two" if you like. Or call it "The Law of the Other Guy." There's a story behind it, and I bet you're all probably wondering what the heck it is, aren't you? Well, it all started way back in the summer of '94 (insert fuzzy flashback intro here).

Ahh, the summer of '94. A time of great tumult and great joy for myself. But an event of colossal consequences happened, and my life has not been the same since -- my family bought a home computer. It was top-of-the-line (at the time), with all the bells and whistles that sounded, well, suspicious to a computer virgin like myself ("4 megs of STAG?" "Oh, you mean RAM!" "Silly me!"). At the time, a wise friend warned me that I would quickly become (brace yourself) a computer nerd. The nerve! To think that someone as suave as moi would actually willingly take a step down the social ladder because of a new appliance! I laughed at this idea, saying "That sort of thing only happens to 'The Other Guy!'" "You'll see..." my friend prophesied.

Flash forward to summer of '95. My computer had become my primary interest and deepest money pit. A running joke around the house was the term "Saturday night shareware," since my brother and I would invariably go out looking for new computer games every Saturday evening.

Wait, it gets worse.

While leafing through a computer

magazine one day, I found a plethora of ads for Internet connections. "Hmm" I thought to myself. "I have one of those modem things, don't I?" After a careful examination of the rear of the computer, I discovered that there was indeed such a device in my PC. After a few communiqués to computer acquaintances, I discovered the nuances of modem communication. The final descent began.

Within a few weeks, I became obsessed with the local cyber-scene (yes, there is one on PEI. Scary, eh?). I finally knew I was addicted when I discovered myself cursing my paltry 2400 bps modem speed at 2:30 AM on a Saturday night, because it was taking too long to download a decent off-line mail reader from a local BBS. After a brief twelve-step program, and a "drying-out" period, I finally admitted to myself that I was a computer nerd. Hence the Jonesian Law of 'The Other Guy' -- the other guy, regardless of gender etc., is always you. "That'll never happen to me. It only happens to the other guy." Well, guess what-- you are the other guy!! Denial got me nowhere, in fact, it hurt more than it helped. So many weekends wasted online, so many useless email conversations to strangers from BC and Ohio, so guilty a conscience I have. My friend was right. Before I knew it, computers overtook my so-called life.

Flash forward again to Christmas '95. Of all the gifts I received, the one that I will most probably remember is my new 28.8K data / 14.4K fax internal modem. Hey, it's not like this is a problem or anything. I can handle it. Really, if I wanted to quit, I can. Just don't call me on Saturday nights, because you'll get an ear full of blips and squeaks. Trust me on this one.

Dig This!

The Soc\Anth Column
by Michael Drake

Long before Christmas, shopping malls became filled with shopping glee. Merry faces laughed and joked as the rudimentary beginnings of their yearly spend-fest came forth, and Christmas cheer of all kinds flowed freely. This was not to last.

Short days before the ill-celebrated anniversary of our saviours birth, the merriment and glee became maddened passion, the red tinge violence of shopping blood lust. Smiles became frowns of indecision and denial; laughter was nonexistent but for the persistent drunks with their perennial "cold-enough-for-yas" and the giggling of soft, mad children. Those days are behind us now. . . or so I thought.

The lineups, the long faces, and of course, the reluctant passing of units of currency from one pocket to the next returned, only to attack those of us who couldn't afford the fliers that arrive freely through the mail. Students, I mean. Registration day hath returned to wreak havoc and weaken the morale of the troops of the future.

Welcome back! Terribly sorry, but I simply had to pass along my true, if somewhat cynical, views of the joyous Yuletide. I'm glad to be here once again (even if it cost me my last

dime and any hope of having children), and to have the honour of passing along society news to you, the bona fide, uncertain, or future member of the Soc/Anth Society. And so, before I digress from my appointed task yet again, I will impart what news I do have unto you, dear reader.

This is your absolute, positively 100% last chance to order Society Jackets. If you do not order within the next few short hours, you are out of luck. Order forms are available in the lounge, which is located on fourth floor of Main building.

To the best of my knowledge, society meeting are tentatively held on Fridays at 1:30 pm. If this time is not okay, please let an executive member know, so we can schedule our meeting at the most appropriate times.

We're looking forward into a year of goodwill, good interviews, and good fun. Pub crawling is on the table for this semester, as well as lots of other wet activities.

Get your Texas Mickey ticket in soon, get some more and sell, sell, sell! Remember, in order for us to have fun we need cold hard cash (which translates into cold stuff), and we need our members to take an active role in it.

Anyway, that is my two cents. If you have any comments or questions about the society or my personal life, email me at mgrake@upe.ca. Adios!

