



Travel

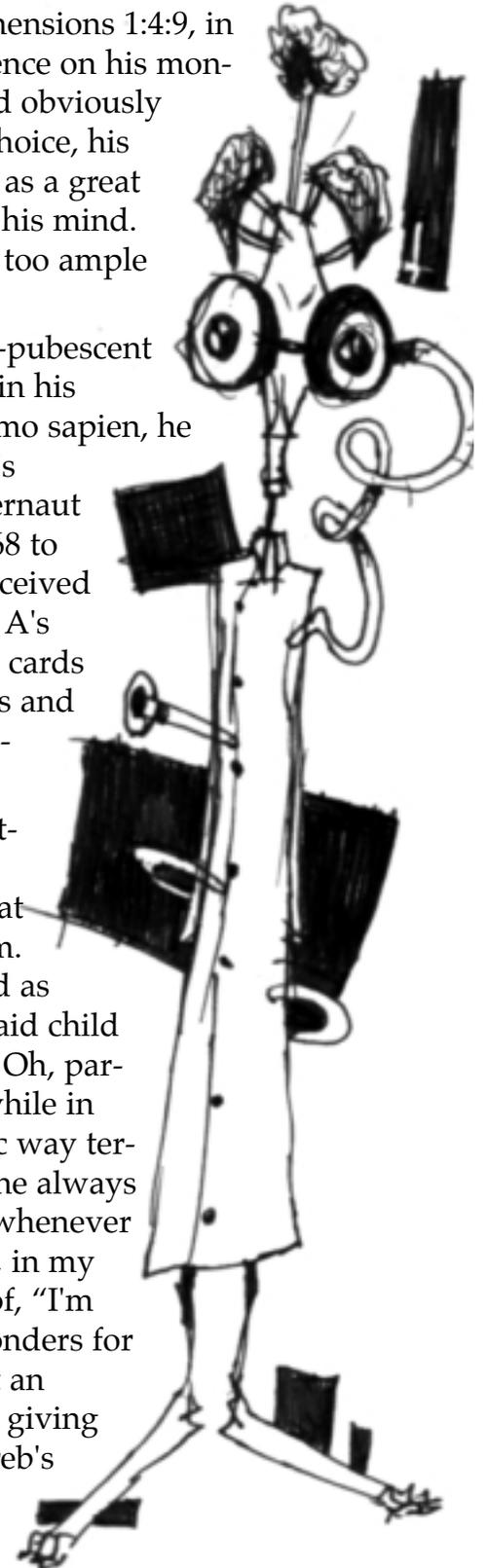
"Nothing can stop us. Not even common sense!"

My father has always been something of an intellectual monolith, a large black slab with dimensions 1:4:9, in my life...more I suppose by his own insistence on his monstrous proportions than by my meager, and obviously insufficient, observations. A scientist by profession, a frottist by choice, his intellect possesses both an enormous breadth of diversity as well as a great width of tedious detail within the all-encompassing scope that is his mind. All in all it is a weighty burden, shouldered, as it were, on his all too ample frame.

To express the sheer majesty of this heroic figure from my pre-pubescent years, you must (do it!) admire his long list of accomplishments: in his extended, glorious career as, for lack of a better description, a homo sapien, he has read the *World Book Encyclopedia Desk Reference Collection* in it's entirety on not one, but three separate occasions. This great juggernaut of a man once worked as a rocket scientist at a summer job in 1968 to help pay off college. Throughout his entire scholastic career he received all A's...except once when he received a C (Strangely enough, the A's which he has gone on about don't seem to show up on the report cards that I managed to sneak a peak at after distracting the guard dogs and evading the laser security system). He is a man of professed modesty, and isn't too proud to admit it.

Don't mistake my sarcasm, or even my absolute candor, for bitterness. The man is brilliant, but he is also all too human. This means he is subject to all the peculiarities and ideosyncracies that lie therein. Besides, by this time it is my duty to make light of him. Anyone who can rationalize the idea of sarcasm towards his child as being his paternal duty, whereas subsequent sarcastic retorts of said child towards him are considered "being sassy" deserves what he gets. Oh, pardon me daddy dearest, I'm afraid that monkey see monkey do, while in philosophical terms is quite simplistic, it is also in a more realistic way terribly human. How else did he expect his child to grow up when he always inspired me to greatness by tenderly caressing my infantile ego: whenever I aspired to achieve something in my youth and my attempt was, in my father's eyes, less than useless, he would reply to my child's cry of, "I'm trying!" by saying, "Yes, you're very trying." Honestly it does wonders for the self esteem. So I guess the moral to this short interlude is that an ungrateful father gives rise to an even more ungrateful daughter, giving the father that much more to be ungrateful about. Just like the Krebs Cycle, huh dad?

What has the man to be ungrateful about you ask? Well, an ungrateful daughter for starters, but more insidious than that, an ungrateful world. A world that is in all ways out to get him. My



Continued on page 2 of GDT...



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father is a man of science, and as a man of science he logically upholds Murphy's Law as even more sacred than the first law of thermodynamics. What goes around comes around, and what comes around is usually coming to get him. The world, according to my father, is a cunning and vile consciousness that would like nothing more than to stop him at all available stop lights, stub his toes on hidden chair-legs, and present him with empty elevator shafts...not to mention dribble little bits of mango chutney down the front of his new trousers.

As a man well versed in both bio-physics and bio-chemistry, you can hardly expect him to believe such flippant phenomena as psychokinesis, chiropractory, and chain letters.[†] Well, they're hardly scientifically proven, are they? Where are the data? the reproducible results? Yet even with his stern viewpoint on the majority of occult happenings, he seems perfectly happy to believe that if my mother doesn't will the traffic lights green for him, he won't get to his destination as quickly.

HYPOTHESIS: THE WORLD IS OUT TO GET ME.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION OF HYPOTHESIS: ALL TRAFFIC LIGHTS WANT TO WASTE MY IMPORTANT TIME BY WAITING IN FRONT OF THEM WHEN I COULD BE HOME DOING SOMETHING VASTLY MORE IMPORTANT, LIKE CLOGGING MY ARTERIES OR FALLING ASLEEP IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION AND TWITCHING LIKE AN EPILEPTIC LLAMA.

EXPERIMENT: MEASURE THE PERCENTAGE OF TIMES THE TRAFFIC LIGHTS ARE RED AS OPPOSED TO GREEN.

SUBSTANTIATION: I GO TO WEGMANS AND MY UNGRATEFUL DAUGHTER CLAIMS I SWEAR THE WHOLE TIME.

So in my father's unerring, meticulous study of the world and likewise its dislike and maniacal behavior towards one of its least renowned benefactors, he finds undeniable proof for his hypothesis. The absolute proof of the insideous nature of the world, and one of the manifestations of it, is what interests me the most at this point. Specifically the afore mentioned manifestation number four or "...dribble(ing) little bits of mango chutney down the front of his new trousers." This phenomena is not limited to mango chutney or new trousers. In fact, mint chutney has been known to take flight towards old work pants, and even peas have been known to spray their fake butter and salty concoctions down the front of my father's short sleeve shirts.

Though a slice of buttered bread will land butter side down more often than not for lack of anything better to do, it seems to be at a lack for that lack when my father enters the room; it instantly averts its downward spiral in a futile attempt to reach

[†] The Three Genres of Unprovenism

the one it loves...my father. Apparently any and all articles that may in some way be construed as tiny tasty morsels desire most within the fabric of their nonconsciousness (unless coming from a culture in which the food is still twitchy) to dwell upon the lapel, the t-shirt front, the nape of the neck or any other available portion of my father's ample frame. The subsequent washing that wisks those little food particles away into soap scum oblivion is considered the *de nu maux* of an existence well spent.

So great is the attraction food has for my father that it is being discussed throughout scientific circles whether it should be declared a force of nature or just a force of embarrassment. Either way, it might be possible to learn how to harness it's power for the greater good of man, or to just make a quick buck. For instance, with the help of Olestra, the folks at CERN plan to build a cyclotron based on the fact that Olestra is a Heisenburg uncertainly food and can be used to accelerate peas or kumquats to velocities unimaginaire prior to Non-fat chips.[∂]

Personally, I've been experimenting with the idea of creating a time/space machine utilizing the power of food to do the dirty work for me. There are no great calculations that need to be made; no mechanical structures to house the machine. Best of all, no stupid

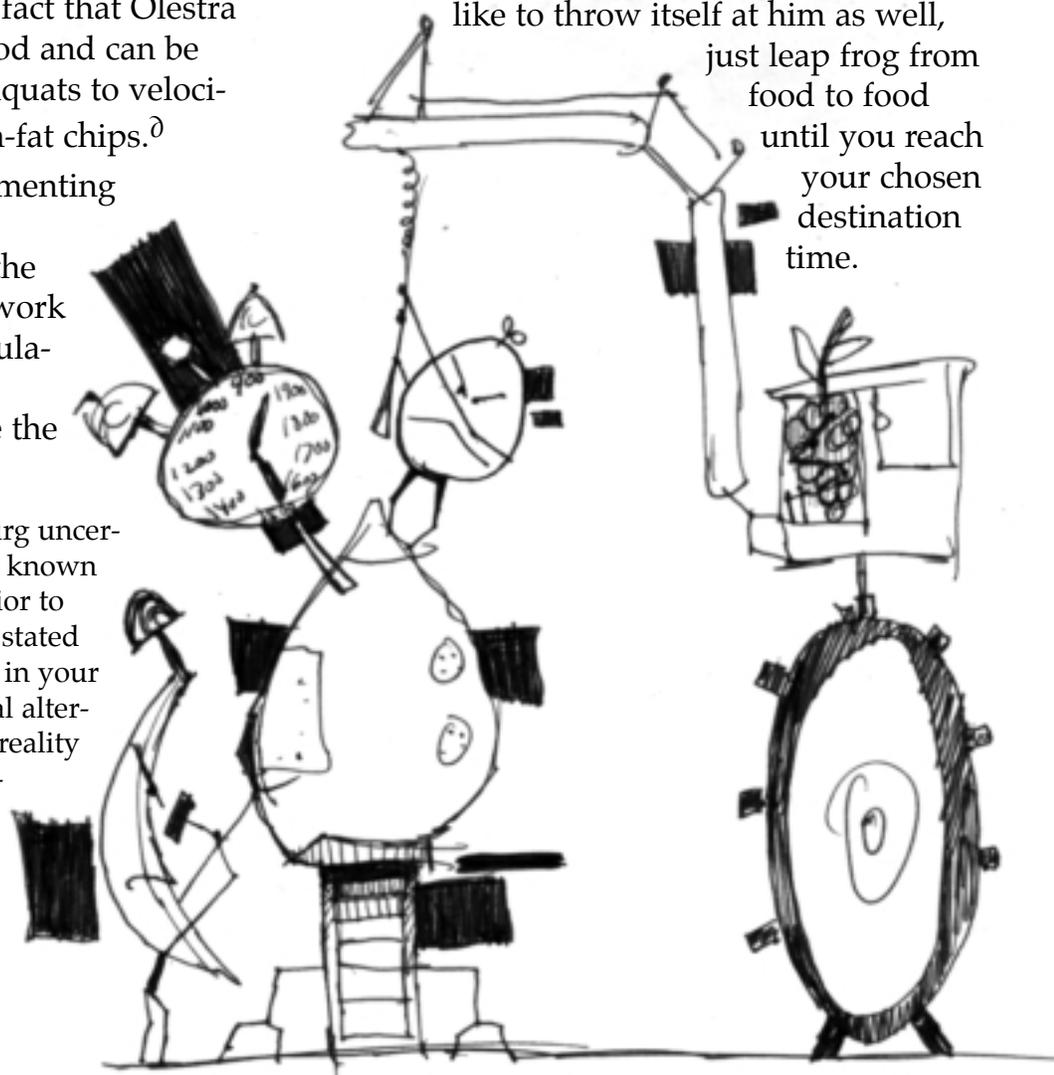
[∂] Nothing has typified the hisenburg uncertainty principle as well as the little known "Shrogeners runs." Formulated prior to the "Cat in a box" game, it simply stated that whether you have skid marks in your knappys or not are two equally real alternatives. It isn't until you look that reality becomes fixed. So all in all, it's better to keep the quantum probability that you shit your pants fluxing. Just don't look. Any smell is simply cross-dimentional interference...kind of like the polarity of photons.

^Δ To avoid the Gallager Effect.

Morlocks to drag your goofy spiral-graph away. All you'd need is my father, a rubber overcoat and galoshes,^Δ and an operator from the Psychic Connection with a food fetish. You could set everything up as a bunch of interlocking arm chairs. All you have to do is pick a time and place and let the psychic find the closest available food in the area. Have her home in on a sixth century leg of lamb in England and tell it all about my father; convince the food how much it would like to throw itself at him, and what a pity it is that he is so far away and in the future looking oh so chipper in a cozy arm chair.

If this little jaunt seems to be too much for a meager leg of lamb, work up to it. Contact the club sandwich you had last week, and as you get close to it tell the ham sandwich you had a month and a half ago how much more it would like to throw itself at him as well,

just leap frog from food to food until you reach your chosen destination time.



The hardest part is getting the process started. You see, time is not one dimensional, but three. Suffice it to say that, although we experience sequential events, there are also equally real “other” events which we do not experience. These events all have a certain probability larger than zero and less than one, and whenever you throw yourself into time, you not only can be in a different where and when, but in a “might-have-been.” Once there, in the where-when-how, you could place a series of temporal landmarks...bookmark it if you will. Pasta, covered with really watery marinara is one of the few temporal-culinary constants; you can lock on to it from anywhere and it has such a propensity to end up on everyone's clothing, its attraction to my father is nearly impossible to avoid. In fact, it's often necessary for the Psychic Friend to convince pasta that it DOES-N'T want to be near my father. By sealing linguini elfrado covered in Heinz 57 sauce in a stainless steel box and depositing it in various temporal “crossroads,” it becomes a simple matter to navigate the shifting geography of

time.[†]

The actual displacement of father-psychic-passenger-gollashes is really quite simple. No actual motion occurs: the food creates such a large “dimple” in the membrane of time (Sweet spinning gyroscopes! Einstein's rolling in his grave over what we're doing here). So great is the attraction that the temporal equivalent of a black hole is created, instantly displacing my father and said attachments to the spot in space/time/probability and splattering food all about.

How do you think Jonathan Livingstone Seagull did it? Fish heads, baby!

The only problem I have foreseen in this whole scheme is that my father is a generally disagreeable fellow. However there is a cure for this ill: ironically it's time. Eventually my father will meet his, um, untimely demise and I can strap his dead and smelly carcass to the floral print armchair of my choice and travel all the sands of time utilizing only his choice hide and a psychic with an edible complex.

~ F i n ~

[†] Unfortunately, Italians and pasta are in some way linked at the quantum level and tend to attract one another. In one of the more interesting paradoxes that can only be explained away using spacial time, depositing a single marker filled with angel-hair pasta in 500BC Italy eventually led to the founding of Rome by the progenators of all those inexplicably linked to the high carbohydrate food. As the density of Italians increased over the centuries, pasta migrated from China to Italy in an attempt to be nearer to the people it loved until pasta became thought of as the quinesential Italian dish. Kind of makes one feel all proud inside to know that their leftovers influenced the fate of an Empire. At a more practical level, however, it's almost impossible to keep Italians from finding the temporal markers and trying to eat them. Many martyr shrines and artifacts are, in actuality, markers deposited centuries ago that the Itallians just couldn't keep their grubby mitts[∅] off of. Those vials of dried blood that turn to liquid again? Yup. That's spaghetti sauce.

[∅] And speaking of grubby mitts, do ya ever wonder what happened to Jimmy Hoffa? The poor bastard just happened to be eating the wrong sub at the right time. The moral of this footnote? You've got to know when to say when. What a mess *that* was to clean up.

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GDT: We know we're sick people-the question is whether it's charming or offensive.