

IN PRAISE OF A SHITTY LIFE

Santiago Jones

If like most everyone these days you think life revolves around braindancing, you're a chump - no other word for it. I say suit up, hit the town, dial a girl, get hammered and trash the bar. Live a little, dammit.

Recently, the nation's marketing minions have been bending over backwards in a bid to get me to try the latest BD player. "The feelings just don't get more authentic than this, Mr. Jones. This is better than reality."

I consistently and politely reply: get lost.

When BD technology hit the market, people cried out in wonder and excitement. But the tech rubbed me the wrong way from the get go. Gotta say I was right. It wasn't long before we had BD porn and illegal, deviant recs of gang rapes or hits on shopkeepers late paying off their friendly neighborhood boostergangs.

BD producers insist the emotions I'll feel will be more real than... well, my real emotions. Just one question: who said they have the monopoly on reality?

No doubt, zipping down a slope in Aspen is a nice way to escape my pad when my aircon goes on the fritz, but I refuse to be one of those idiots who send their friends "hellos" while riding the lift.

Ad whizzes (and their faithful valet Hasan McDermitt) will soon convince us that reality itself is actually redundant. All you'll need is the right BD to "experience" a life brimming with adventure, a super successful career, or a long, happy marriage.

BD's slogan - "Experience it!" - is a big fat lie. You're not experiencing a thing. You're a peeping Tom.

If you want, you can spend this evening exactly the way you spent the last few: go ahead, get naked, sit back in your armchair, fire up another BD and drool to your "experience" of some worn out porn star who's been woo wooed inside out. I'm pulling the plug and heading out to brawl, tango and taste some real life.

There'll be real booze, real hotties and lots of real harmful substances with complicated chemical formulas.

And don't count on watching my BD from my night out, perverts.

VS

DANCING ON THE EDGE

Hasan J. McDermitt

The Danza II is phat. For all the limp and listless out there, I'm talking about the nifty new BD player that's on everyone's lips, including those of media whiner Santiago Jones and the Botox-stuffed celebrity cast of Cyberzone (14 Oscar nominations). Guess who else got one - the lovely Belinda, daughter of our dear Commissioner Hammerman. Made me feel safe, lemme tell you. I promptly plopped down my 79 E\$ and got me a Danza II too.

And? Well, the physical sensations and neurocoordination are top notch. The thermostim - simply stunning. And I can't not mention that loading times are down to less than six seconds (those waits were killing me).

The unit comes with two 700 EB memory chips, and the slivers are encryptable, so once Belinda Hammerman has had her taste of some gritty street recordings, her cop daddy might have a tough time figuring out what's going on in that little head of hers. Ouch! I was joking - don't arrest me.

Here's the doozy: the Danza II can share BDs with seven other Danzas simultaneously. This is the shizzle, kids. Just imagine firing up a delicious rec to enjoy with your girlfriend - or with all seven of them.

Hey kids - remember why BD was created? To let you experience stuff that just doesn't happen in life. Emotions, feelings, full core simulations. To let you experience things that wouldn't happen otherwise. They're that crazy. It's staged, you say? Movies were too, but people still watched them. They're passé now, though - braindance is the thing. And thanks to gizmos like the Danza II, that's not likely to change any time soon. Just one more thing, I promise. All retrobores who miss good old reality are kindly requested to kiss my hard link.

DANZA 2

