

net info

von Peter Sabaini

Nützlichkeit des Netzes

„Genaugenommen ist das Ganze für'n Hugo“, erklärt mir ein Freund, der gerade sein Internetseminar auf der Pädagogik absolviert hat. Damit meint er das Netz, und er hat recht. Bei all den Stunden, die ich schon konsumierenderweise im Netz herumgehungen bin! Und selten ist da etwas Wichtiges gewesen. Obskure Organisationen, obskure Homepages, schlechte Prosa. Aber manchmal findet sich doch etwas, das ein näheres Hinsehen wert ist. Hier ein Stück Netzliteratur, das mir aufgefallen ist, in Papierform.

Melanie McGrath: Motel Nirvana
Prophets

'Eat your way to consciousness' (advert in Magical Blend magazine)

Day 1

One afternoon in late April last year, sitting on a bed in the second cheapest motel in Santa Fe, New Mexico, staring at network TV and waiting for something important to happen. A welcome pamphlet issued by the chamber of commerce lies open on the floor, turned to the page on altitude sickness and a small gold box still in its wrapper printed „The Ark Bookstore, Romero St.“ squats by the remote control and digs into a toenail. Outside, the high, empty air of a North New Mexico spring loiters in the parking lot and beyond the lot, an idle slipstream of traffic waits for the lights on Cerillos Road before heading south into a thousand thousand square miles of New Mexico desert.

On one of the network channels Geraldo Rivera is quizzing a panel of prepubescent urban terrorists, closing for the commercial break with a hook: 'What kind of society are we living in today? We'll be right back with the answer.' A web of contradictory signals baffles the screen, then surrenders to a Lexus ad. In among the static lies the insubstantial reflection of a woman with hair cut short as Irish moss. The inconstant lines about the mouth and the restive expression of the lips have set in, but the eyes, same dirty blue as the screen, appear unsettled, no more than holes. Those eyes I followed in the rear view mirror half the way across the state of Texas, but they seemed to me more solid then. Perhaps it was just that the light was different. Inside the gold box is a collection of cards and an instruction booklet. The booklet invites its reader to pick a card at random from the God Insight Box and connect to the eternal unity through the principle of synchronicity. Baking soda brings teeth up whiter than any ordinary toothpaste adds a woman on the network channel. I close my eyes and pick a card

As Above, So Below.

As Within, So Without.

Everything I see
is a Reflection of Me.

Back on the network Geraldo is being shown how to kick box by a Crips girl. I lean over for the remote, sending the gold box sliding off the bed onto the floor and ejecting a 'Don't worry, Be Happy,' card with a smiley face

printed around the text. The moment I see that smiley face I know I want my money back.

'Hello, this is the Ark bookstore?' says a man's voice in uncertain tone.

'I'm calling from a pay 'phone,' I reply. I don't know why I say this, but I often do, even when I'm not. 'I came in earlier and bought a God Insight Box?'

'Uh, huh,' acknowledges the voice.

'I'd like to change it.'

No answer.

'I don't know,

it's something about the insights. They don't feel very deep to me. I thought they'd be deeper.'

'Oh,' says the voice 'Okey doke. No problem. Just swing by.'

By the end of the week, I have conquered the astrological texts, esp and the paranormal, read interminable accounts of alien abductions, absorbed Tibetan reincarnation prayers, books on angels and Ascended Masters, followed recipes to make the body invisible, interpreted chanting records, xeroxed a chart indicating in diagrammatic form how best to hug a tree, taken advice on organising your own rebirth, skimmed guides to the millennium, noted apocalyptic predictions of the earth changes and begun the long preparation for a course in miracles.

Fortsetzung unter: <http://www.goldnet.com/oneday/melanie/mn/>

