



MAGAZINE PUBLISHING & DISTRIBUTION

Autotechers  
The room across the hall

At first, the task of ridiculing your excessively self-indulgent three-page tribute to your own brand of rambling prose was even too much for our cynical minds to undertake, but at the risk of feeding the monster that is your self-perpetuating megalomania, allow us to humbly comment on one remarkable aspect of your otherwise meaningless missive. We were intimidated, even awed, by the wonderously high-tech, post-modern graphics that highlighted the piece. Seeing "Greg" in so many grayish tones and smart twists even took the winds out of our usually full-blown sails. Indeed, after eyeing the heading we knew we had been licked--so much so that we sensed there was no reason to read the accompanying text, a feeling that was vindicated when we unwisely ignored our instincts and did read it. Nonsensical drivel though it was, you masterfully peppered it with original, highly creative printing styles--the emboldened "Autotech", the italicised "Magazine"--that our usually lucid skulls were left swirling, almost to the point of nausea. And finding a way--lame though it was--to use the words Haagen Daz just to rub our faces in the fact that your printer produces umlauts? Nice touch! We submit to the dominance of your computer embellishments--please accept the white flag. For now we'll modestly retire to our old IBM Selectrics and pray that someday we too can say so little in so many words, and with so much style!