

**00459d08-0**

**COLLABORATORS**

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# Contents

<b>1</b>	<b>00459d08-0</b>	<b>1</b>
1.1	NewIcons Addendum Library - Icons . . . . .	1
1.2	Introduction To NewIcons... . . . .	1
1.3	What the hell these things are... . . . .	2
1.4	Blame Me . . . . .	2
1.5	The Future... . . . .	2
1.6	Do You Actually Believe Anyone Wins These Things? . . . . .	2
1.7	Who's Listening To Whom.... . . . .	3
1.8	Along The Road To Babylon copyright 1988 R.McVey . . . . .	3
1.9	" . . . . .	5

# Chapter 1

## 00459d08-0

### 1.1 NewIcons Addendum Library - Icons

Introduction

What~The~Hell~Are~These~Things?

Just~Who~Is~To~Blame?

What~Else~Do~I~Get~For~Free?

What~Are~Next~Weeks~Winning~Lotto~Numbers?

Recommended~Listening~Material...

Ah, A Captive Audience

And~Now~for~Something~Different~-~

### 1.2 Introduction To NewIcons...

NewIcons is an adaptive icon replacement system written by [↔](#)  
the one and  
only Nicola Salmoria. Since the GUI seemed to be the last issue of importance  
to the late C=, Nicola has provided the Amiga Community with an intelligent,  
tasteful alternative to

MagicWB

. This application will remap its icons so that  
no matter what WB does to the palette, the icons will attempt to retain their  
original colors. These icons will not be of much good to you if you ARE NOT  
running NewIcons, as their WB counterparts have been replaced with tiny,  
uninteresting icons (which, as it turns out, might fit right in with the  
MagicWB scheme of things.)

HA. Lighten up. It's just a box of wires and fused dirt. If you're  
reading this on a Macintosh (???), then it's just a box of wires, fused dirt,

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and bad f-line instructions. If you're reading this on an IBM (IBM users can read?), then it's just a box of wires, fused dirt, and GPFs living under the illusion that all is well while the OS huffs and puffs juggling around chunks of memory so your tiny-brained CPU isn't overwhelmed by a world that contains more than 640k of memory. Hey, just buy a Pentium and discover computing speed that other platform users took for granted 2 years ago.

### 1.3 What the hell these things are...

As you've probably figured out by now, these are additional icons for NewIcons. Included in the NewIcons package were tools to help you augment your current icons. If you REPLACE your icons with these, they will show the default icon (a small dot) when viewed without NewIcons. You should consider this collection as a "library" of images, and not icons themselves. Use the utility COPYNEWICON to copy the image over to the icon file. CopyNewIcon comes with the NewIcons distribution.

### 1.4 Blame Me

Hey, I'm to blame.

r.mcveygenie.geis.com

### 1.5 The Future...

In the days to come, A NewIconsEditor (NED) will be released. Even sooner, a set of WBpatterns conforming to the NewIcons standard palette, and a collection of animated NewIcons for ToolManager2.

### 1.6 Do You Actually Believe Anyone Wins These Things?

O.K., pay attention now.....

Ahem, the numbers are as follows....

1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6

Yes, they have the same chance of being drawn as your Aunt's birthday, your phone number, or even the number of toenails you've lost in the last 5 years. Still, no guarantees. Rotsa Ruck.

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## 1.7 Who's Listening To Whom....

The Horseflies - Gravity Dance

King Crimson - Discipline

Kate Bush - Hounds of Love

Split Enz / Crowded House - #?

Mars Lasar - The Eleventh Hour

Cocteau Twins - Heaven or Las Vegas

William Orbit - Strange Cargo (I,II,III)

The Residents - (Walter Westinghouse)

Sonia - Dada

Dave Stuart and Barbara Gaskin - The Big Idea

Happy Rhodes - Equipoise

Martin Page - In The House of Stone and Light

Sam Phillips - Martinis and Bikinis

Buggles - Adventures In Modern Recording / The Age of Plastic

Data - Elegant Machinery

## 1.8 Along The Road To Babylon copyright 1988 R.McVey

Ah, brave soul you are. Since I have your elective attention, you may or may not care to read what follows. I am a great fan of the short story, especially those which are truly "short". It has been said that a picture is worth 10,000 words. What then is the worth of 1,000 words?

ALONG THE ROAD TO BABYLON

Copyright 1988 R.McVey

You are nine years old. Slumped silhouettes of patients line the checkerboard hallway that lies before you; entombed shadows, once human, now desperately clutching to life as if it was the important thing. You move past them without malice or compassion, reaching the window at the far end of the corridor. Beyond the bars and chainlink fence, several children race by on roller skates: spinning, fluorescent wheels fast and bright in the afternoon sun.

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Cartoons and playgrounds do not comprise your youth and so you fear them. Your parents do not visit as often as they used to, and the doctors and nurses speak a language you cannot understand.

You are fourteen years old. Sitting in the dayroom, you stare into a cup of steaming coffee and see yourself floating on an inflatable raft which spins quite slowly. Dark glasses shield your eyes from the glare of a distant star. From a corner of the room a suntanned woman screams like a wounded animal, her face a twisted mask of palsy as another stroke exacts an installment against her vanity. You do not hear her pain. Your parents no longer visit you at all.

You are twenty-three years old. Lying in a room of white jackets and concerned expressions, you listen to explanations of your failures and their inadequacies. The words take on a schizophrenic tonic as talk of 'hope' and 'voltage' blurs within a sentence that does not end. An attendant's face is a snapshot of fear, and you hold it close to your heart as small gobs of salve are applied to your temples. The convulsive bondage brings on a darkness much deeper than black.

You are thirty-one years old. In the street beyond your room, an angry woman sits in her car waiting for a traffic light to change. Glancing into the mirror, she curses through gritted teeth, uncoiling her arm across the seat to slap the face of a child. A horn blares anonymously and she is gone. The nurse leads you away from the window and gives you a shot which puts you to sleep. There are no dreams to light the darkness of these slumbers.

You are forty-six years old. A young man, crawling on hands and knees enters your room. Years of chemical abuse have reduced the sanity of his actions to impulsive reflexes. He pries open the lavatory door, and moments later you hear the spastic splashing of water as he drowns himself in the toilet. Laying your head back against the pillow, slivers of sunset purple the ceiling above you, eventually fading to a watercolor wash of black. You do not hear them remove his body.

You are fifty-two years old. The view from your window is chill and white for as far as you can see. A small crowd has gathered around you, mostly older women dressed in gay hues of red and green. One of them carries a tiny tree festooned with a glitter of flashing lights and reflective ornaments. A man in black approaches you, a brief daub of white punctuates his collar, and he holds a black book in his outstretched hand. They all smile and begin to sing as he pats your shoulder. After they have gone, you open the book and thumb through it. All of the pages are blank.

You are sixty-eight years old. Standing at the end of the hallway, you press your face to the window, cupping your hands around your eyes to block out the glare of lights. A young couple strolling through the night have paused for a short while, their hands gingerly exploring one another's body as they embrace. An unseen moon plays against them through the wide mesh of chain link fence: the wiry shadows, like dark calmes, momentarily splitting them into a

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stained glass vignette. Their lips touch together briefly and then they laugh. Claspings their hands together, they disappear into the darkness. Closing your eyes, the image fades to black and white; a dim, episodic frieze which dissolves with the nurse's touch upon your shoulder.

You are seventy-three years old. The sound of muffled laughter is a blemish upon the asylum-white silence and so you move towards it. Others have heard it call to them, and their movements are not so much different as dance. You join the assemblage collecting silently before a thick glass window to witness, en masse, a ritual you might otherwise never know. The doctors and attendants laugh with one another and gesture the air with small, shiny colored paper cups, smiling as a nurse slices into a candle covered cake. Their mirth is dampened not so much by the density of the window as by the institutional, acoustic pallor of the garments you wear. There are tears upon your face, but you cannot recall how many years they have been there.

You are eighty-nine years old. The weight of life bears heavy upon your chest. The pain, lancing through your back and arms, takes your breath as you sweat beneath the gaze of death. You do not cry out as your heart seizes, but struggle to free yourself from the wreck of a vehicle which has burdened you with a journey to nowhere. Pulling yourself through a halo of darkness, you shuck off the remains of your physical dress like a spent cocoon, leaving the barred windows and fences to those whose security still requires them.

In the distance there is light: A glorious, blinding lure which moves as if vapor viewed through a lens. A stream of images pulse and ebb from within like colorless photographs, their flared reflections defining the checkerboard passageway which lies beyond.

Slumped silhouettes line the hallway ahead of you; entombed shadows, once human, now desperately clutching to life as if it were the important thing. You move past them without malice or compassion, reaching the opening at the far end of the corridor. In the distance, several children race by on roller skates; spinning, fluorescent wheels fast and bright in the afternoon sun. Cartoons and playgrounds comprise their youth, yet you do not fear them. Their laughter, warm and fetching, plays upon your senses and for the moment your heart is broken; yet with smiles true and clear they turn to beckon you, and with the sudden joy of a child, you step into the light.

## 1.9 "

Now you see it.

Now you don't  
(want to see it.)

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Abracadabra

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