

In the beginning, there was white space. The newsgroup was formless and devoid of intelligent discourse. And the lord said "Let us rant" and the ranting began.

Soon, there came upon the white space, a common man with a common question. While not a question of great import or value, it be a question worthy of ponderer. The exact nature of the question is shrouded in obscurity and as we shalt see, is of little import.

First upon the newsgroup came the **wise men** of the fast tongue tribe. Burdened with excessive knowledge and little restraint, these wise men are able to supply all manner of answers, without ever understanding or even reading the question. While supplying truth and knowledge, little of it is much related to the original question. These wise men are condemned to wander the newsgroups in search of questions, for they already know all the answers.

Next, come the **leaders**. These are men of fearless determination and infinite vision, that are able to herd any discussion in their favored direction. Petition them for what the future will hold, and the answers are always identical. Whether political, social, or economic, it is always the fault of the liberal tribe, conservative tribe, or various religious tribes, that things have gone awry. Ask directions to the tent of the money changers, and they will direct thee into the wilderness of politics.

Behind the wise men and leaders, come the chorus of yeah-sayers. These are the **disciples** of the newsgroup wise men and leaders, who offer approval or disapproval, without adding much worth reading. As they value the words of the leaders and wise men highly, they always quote them in their entirety, adding perhaps a few words. It never occurs to them that none would value their approval or one-line contribution at more than a fleeting camel fart.

Behind the sandal tracks of the disciples, come the **men of graffiti**. These are the defacers of sane discussions and lively discourse, who would add idols, craven images, and suggestions of physically impossible sex acts, more appropriate for a bus station restroom, than the temple of the newsgroup oracles. While wise men seek to walk upon the waters, the men of graffiti seek to walk or swim in sewage.

Behind the disciples, come the **artists of conversation**. They too aspire to be among the leaders or wise men, but lack the required intelligence and attention span. Thus, they are condemned to offer discourse in endless and alternating one line portions. While the geometric designs produced by the dialog formatting is often artistic, the lack of content makes artistic conversational formatting unsuitable for decorating the newsgroup temple walls.

In the distance, the **judges** watch from afar. While not concerned with the relative merits of the discussion, they serve to pass judgment upon those who contribute and remind them of their station in life. Politics, logic, answers, and even the defacing of the argument are of little concern to the judges. What matters is the value of the contributors, who need to be reminded that they are idiots, fools, or members of the wrong tribe, thus invalidating their opinions and comments.

From the distant lands, come the **wanderers**. These are scavengers of long forgotten discussions, that were thought to have been dead and buried, but have been raised from the dead. These men wander the newsgroups and speed read the temple walls for items of interest. Assisting the wanderers are the newsgroup priests, who specialize in raising the dead arguments and performing miraculous leaps of faith. It is said that Usenet discussions never die, though they often resemble the walking dead.

And the lord looked upon the Usenet wasteland and proclaimed:

"I have given unto thee a temple upon which thou may rant.  
Instead, though hath turned my temple into a den of iniquity  
and a dung hole of misinformation. Unto thy ancestors, I  
gave 10 commandments, but unto thee I shall give but one;  
Thou shalt not post what thou also find unworthy of reading."