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The Daily ^{-ish} Bull

-Like The Onion, but shittier!

IT'S ONLY BEEN
1
DAY SINCE I FOUND
OUT ABOUT THIS

The Rampage of the Killdozer

DJ Benjamin, Gabe Itch

On a quiet Summer morning in Granby, Colorado, a man named Marvin Heemeyer set out on a rampage with a modified Komatsu D355A bulldozer to exact his revenge on the town. For roughly 18 months, he had been assembling his "MK Tank", mounting tool steel plating and Quikrete armor to be small-arms fire and explosives resistant, connecting external cameras shielded with bulletproof lexan to two monitors inside the cab, and installing firing ports for various calibers of rifle, which he had with him inside along with a .357 handgun.

After a zoning dispute and a \$2,500 fine for a lack of a septic tank, Heemeyer embarked on what was probably a several hundred-thousand dollar project to get revenge against everyone he could think of. He recorded manifestos and wrote extensive notes, installed a homemade crane to aid his construction and noting that, somehow, while this thing was in his garage for a year and a half and he had had many visitors, not one person had asked about the suspiciously well-armored bulldozer and the 2000-pound lift clearly exposed.*

With his masterpiece assembled, Heemeyer hit the town—literally. He demolished his former business, the concrete plant next door he'd had a legal dispute with, the town hall, the office of a local newspaper who had given him negative press, a former mayor's home, and a certain Gambles hardware store, among others, making for 13 buildings in total. For over two hours, the demolition raged as authorities walked alongside and behind the vehicle, occasionally shooting at it and trying to detonate explosives on it, to little effect. One officer even climbed up onto the vehicle to try to find a way in, and another dropped a flashbang down the exhaust pipe like that was supposed to accomplish anything. The owner of the concrete plant attempted to challenge Heemeyer's beast with a



scraper, but was simply pushed aside. Heemeyer shot several times at him, as well as at officers, power transformers, and propane tanks. The rampage finally ended when, after guns, bombs, sanity and the consideration of using a Javelin missile or Apache attack helicopter all failed, the basement of the Gambles hardware store succeeded in trapping the bulldozer. With a damaged vehicle and being trapped inside by the multi-ton armor he had installed on the machine, Heemeyer shot himself with the pistol.

Incredibly, apart from Heemeyer, no one else was injured or killed during the attack. Several of the buildings were occupied just moments before he flattened them, and Heemeyer's bullets hadn't struck any people. However, the propane tanks he shot at were within half a mile of a retirement home, which would have been endangered had they ruptured. After \$7 million of damages and a very eventful afternoon, authorities had to resort to an oxyacetylene cutting torch to extract Heemeyer from the cab.

After the incident, the city planned to scrap the bulldozer, dispersing it to prevent people from taking *souvenirs*. The whole incident became known as "The Killdozer", which apparently is also a sci-fi short story about a killer alien bulldozer that was adapted into a 1974 film.

**Editor's note: I'm going to go out on a limb and say they did notice it but were too concerned for their lives to do anything.*

Chess The Musical– A Review

DJ Benjamin

I was advised to write this article after a 12 minute rant in our meeting, plus three minutes of looking up and listening to the best song from the musical.

Last week, MTU hosted showing of *Chess*, a West End show that debuted in 1986, with some of the music existing before and some music videos released on VHS. I went to see it on the fourth and last showing, and even after three consecutive days of shows the actors did an excellent job. The characters were extremely well acted, the dancing was on point, and the singing was about as good as could be hoped for after doing the show for three days straight. While the sound balancing made some of the songs hard to understand, the neon pink and green set pieces were somewhat distracting at times, and the Russian was a bit comical, overall the theater company did a great job with the production. It's just unfortunate that the play they chose to perform was written so terribly.

Chess is so clearly a product of its time that there are lines written into the play that date it to Gorbachev's time as General Secretary. The writing could not have been from any other time than the Reagan era, between its primary source of humor being "The Soviets are always spying and following you", the womanizing of the American chess champion being portrayed as negative, but acceptable, and the fact that the defining characteristics of the *female lead* are that she's over emotional, attractive, and entirely defined by the men around her. The only time two women talk in the entire play is when they're discussing how much they love the same man. Bechdel gives an F.

The choice views represented in the play make already bad writing even worse. Not only is the main character completely flat, but she and the other two chess *grandmasters* all act like complete and total idiots. It's a rank someone can only get from being exceptionally calculative and thinking many moves ahead of their opponents, but none of the characters could predict the extremely obvious consequences of their actions or realize they're very obviously being duped. Of course if the Russian player defects to America his family is going to lose their nice apartment in Moscow. Of course, the Soviet Union probably wasn't going to free the lead's revolutionary father she hasn't seen since she was four, and just found some random Hungarian guy with a baby picture. It really undercuts the supposed return to the status quo at the end of the play because it's been established that these people are totally gullible. The writing gives no one for you to root for by providing a thoroughly uninteresting main character, making the Russian player entirely selfish and a terrible husband and brother, and seemingly painting the American player as a total asshole before giving him a song to invoke sympathy by explaining his tragic backstory in the *last thirty minutes of the 2.5 hour long play*.

Overall, the impression made was that *Chess* was chosen without much more thought than "Hey, chess is pretty popular right now, let's do that one.", and it's just a shame to waste all the incredible talent of the company on a play that's just plain bad. That being said, props to the actor who played the Arbiter: not only did they memorize lines in English, French, Russian, and German, but their suit was fly as hell.

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