

My Chance Encounter with Emo

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12/15/07

This picture shows our intrepid Sales Manager with comedian Emo Philips. That being said this is not about Kyle's historic meeting with the now little known comedian, Emo Philips, it is about my own unobtrusive encounter with Emo, way back when, when I met him in the middle of the night at Kinko's in downtown Dayton.

Yes, at Kinko's. But, back then I wasn't the Golden God of publishing that you know and love now, no, back then I was slogging it out as a lowly Project Manager Copy Jockey working the night (3rd) shift for the mega titan of the copy kingdom. Ah, Kinko's! I curse thy name! But, you know, I had some good times (mostly horrific), too! One such time was when Emo Philips walked in, at approximately 2:30 a.m. – for those of you who wish to know these details- to use the internet.

Back in those days, hell, that century! Not everyone was walking around with a laptop equipped with y-fi and it was necessary to go to an internet café (remember those?) or Kinko's in order to get online if you were traveling. I don't mention the Library, though, for two reasons: 1) Libraries aren't open in the middle of the night and 2) connection speed at Libraries, I have found, make dial-up speed look like light-speed. I'm not kidding! You could die waiting to get online at the Library. But fortunately, most Libraries have 15 minute time limits which force you to get on with your life, invariably saving your life in the process.

It was quiet and the store was empty (thank God!) when Emo Philips walked in, interrupting some excursion on the internet of my own, and asked to sign-on to the internet. Part of the process of signing a customer on to the net is getting their name. The first in this process actually. He said "Emo Philips" and I signed him on. Although I didn't show it, I cogitated about the name of the man who stood before me.

Emo Philips, Emo Philips? I wondered. I knew the name! I remembered the comedian I'd seen on TV in the mid 80's named Emo Philips, but my memory of the man didn't jive with the fellow in my presence. The man in my presence was, I'm guessing, well over 6 ft. tall, medium build, close-cropped gray hair, and wearing all gray clothes with shoes that immediately recalled a fashion sense circa 1984 (not the book, stupid! The time!). The man I remembered seeing on TV doing standup was thin with medium to long, straight brown hair cut in a page-boy style. Also, as I recall, Emo's routine centered on him acting, somewhat, autistically, while asking about and pondering questions that reflected the human condition (as is part and parcel of all good and not so good comedians). The man surfing the net before me had been reserved and germane.

Anyways, I didn't want to ask, for fear of insulting him (and of making an idiot of myself, most importantly!). So I let it go. I can't remember if he paid with cash or credit. I really was a newbie to the internet. It never occurred to me to do an internet slash image search to find out if Emo was the Emo I remembered. Was there a Google around in 2000? I don't know or maybe I didn't care? Food for thought.

Anywho, the mystery was solved when Kyle emailed me this picture of him and Emo. (Apparently he saw him live or something). The man in the photo is definitely the man I signed onto Kinko's property but with longer hair. Finally, I can sleep at night!