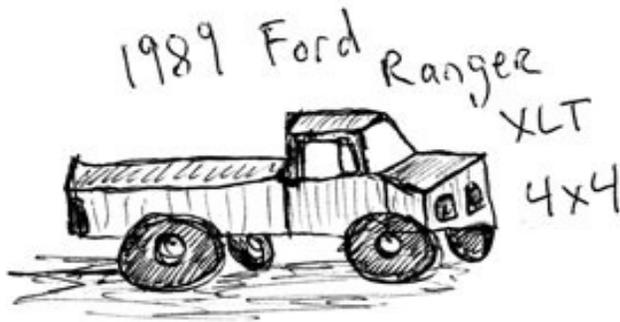




The Left Lane[®]

Driving Dexter

Left of Centre



Date: 01/28/2004

Objectives

There are various kinds of poor drivers on our roads, we call 'em: dexter drivers. Though all have their individual flare for fuckin' up, they are unified by an overwhelming and consistent ability to frustrate other drivers, cause accidents and create traffic. Make no mistake about it, this is a war between the left (this time in the right) and the right (obviously wrong). Got it?



Driving is a headache just about anywhere in the US. LOC has driven on three continents and 7 countries, and we have discovered one remarkable truism: 90% of our country drives like shit and 99% of our country thinks they're good at it.

Thus the problem with driving, everybody thinks they're right. Not unlike our second favorite topic, politics, everybody claims objective validity. That's because in both cases the prerequisites for having an opinion are minimal, in the former you merely have to pass two tests and be 16 years of age. Let us break down these tests for you. Part one: Can you read big fucking dots and letters as they are flashed in front of your face? Part two: Press the gas, press the brake, turn the wheel. Do you know what a stop sign looks like? Whoopdee-fucking-do, here's your license. "Mommy, daddy, I passed the test, where is my new four wheel drive monstrosity complete with shocks strong enough to roll over poor people?"

And in the latter, well, you need only be 18 to vote. In both cases, we place our lives in the hands of the under-informed and overconfident. For half the drivers out there, the Secretary of State is the only place they have ever passed an exam. And for all the preachers out there, watching the evening news and casting their ballot every 4 years has them thinking that they are politically aware. Ooooh, how we love to hear these people prattle about driving and politics – so illuminating. Add a missionary or a televangelist to the party, and we are walking in with a shotgun. No remorse, just good deeds with the click of a trigger.

If you are among the righteous 10% of decent drivers in this country, I wish to thank you. We are brethren in a war waged longer than any other. We have followed each other in the glorious left lane at breakneck speeds. We have shared that moment – that brief eye contact in the rearview mirror – that nod across driver and shotgun windows – that acknowledges our unbreakable bond. Daily we brave the roads slam-packed with halfwits and psychotics. We few are a virtuous band. We have survived because we are aware, awake and defensive drivers – and, lest we forget, because we are lucky. We have so far been able to beat lady fortuna into submission. To you, this site is dedicated. To the rest of you ass-heads, read on, repent and change your driving behavior, because we are coming for you. Left Lane wants a reckoning, and your pride is the price. We are multiplying.



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The following are some of the most common examples of dexter drivers:

Blue Hairs: Highly erratic elderly characterized by varying driving speeds, no reason braking, parking lot fender benders and sweet smiles as they drive over curbs and toes. Special warning not to react belligerently toward these people. They are truly beyond help and have lived too long to take shit from you, asshole. Try thinking of your grandmother to resist the urge to flick one off. The fact that they are both incompetent and beyond reproach makes them some of the most frustrating drivers on the road.

Speed To a Stop: This style epitomizes American drivers. How many times have you been in a rush to get somewhere, where you find yourself sitting at a red light dying for the opportunity to accelerate the second it turns green? Your obvious intention: travel as fast as possible to arrive at your destination as soon as possible; make up your lost time sitting at the traffic light; get to that appointment just in time. You glance to your left or right, as the situation may be, and you notice that the driver next to you looks rather eager to hit the gas as well. The light hits green and both of you gun it. You are well aware that there is a necessary merging of the two lanes just ahead and that your speedometer is reading 65mph – it's a 40mph zone. You say to yourself, "eh, at least we are going 25mph over the limit – I can handle this speed." You then let off a bit on the gas and merge behind the other vehicle. The second the road goes from two lanes to one lane, the driver in front of you applies pressure on the brakes (or at least lets completely off the gas). You break or let off to compensate. Now that you are trapped behind this jag-off, your speedometer reads 38mph. Hmmm? Why would he have gunned it if he only wanted to travel 38mph? Wouldn't the courteous thing be to let you pass and then continue on his own patient, law abiding way? Yes. But no, oh fucking no, there is always that cock-sucker barely idling right next to you, ready to gun it so that you can't possibly get in front of him/her. Is that driver in any particular rush? Abso-fucking-lutely not. So why the hell wouldn't (s)he just let you cruise on your way to your appointment at the speed of your comfort? Because (s)he is a big fat fuckin' asshole control freak. Somewhere between watching westerns and masturbating, this one developed a superiority complex. Let me help you out Mr (s) speed to a stop, if you aren't going to drive faster than me, get the fuck out of my way.

Frat Boyz: Boyz n da suburbia... These are white guys who use the word phat seriously, e.g., "that's one phat ride biotch", and then rave about last weekend's front row seats to see the Dave Matthews Band, David Gray, Coldplay or Robbie Williams. So east coast daddy hooked you up with a new ride and an all expense paid 4 year vacation to the Midwest college of your choice. Nice gig. Apparently, the "COCKS" baseball cap is pulled so tight around your head that you were unable to see that there was a stop sign at that intersection. Nothing like cutting off a few hippie wannabes and a pseudo-intellectual bicyclist to start the evening's festivities, which are sure to include date rape and a bar brawl. Parking is the first hint of a frat boy driver. Given a long driveway and street parking, they'll usually opt for a nice lawn in front of an obnoxious and exclusionary party. What better way to use those shocks in a



mom's liposucked ass. Second hint that your dealing with a frat boy driver, no matter what they did wrong, they won't admit their mistake. I've cut off people on accident, and what is my response, the proper response: throw up the hand, wave, mouth the words "I'mmm saawwwrrrrryyy." Wronged driver defused, and we can both continue driving courteously. Frat boyz will cut off school buses and flick off your grandmother. They'll hit 65mph in their suburb as school is getting out. They'll blast the latest Roots album and "talk mad shit" in packs. Fans of vulgarity, one wonders if they've ever "read one word that wasn't in a porno mag." They seem to have no conception that a world exists beyond themselves. They are a kind of modern day existentialist mummified in abercrombie. Avoid confrontation with these Neanderthals, they tend to travel in packs and are quite irritable. If you are fortunate enough to emerge victoriously from a battle with one of these savages, be prepared to defend yourself in court as well. Daddy's got deep pockets to protect his sonny boy.

Two Feet-ers: Two feeters are the easiest to spot. Why is that car steadily travelling at 45mph with its brake lights on? Hmmmm? Well, that's called driving with one foot on the gas and the other on the brake. Applying equal pressure creates a driving paradox. Love to stereotype and create illegitimate statistics with no basis other than limited experience, so here I go again: 95% of these drivers arrived in the country yesterday. In their former country, it must have taken them two feet to drive a mule, camel, elephant or poor person... oh and don't get touchy on me, I don't give a fuck to hear your contrived pc bullshit. My grandfather, an immigrant and a wonderful person – and American, drove with two feet. It made me sick to travel with him and probably confused the fuck out of a whole bunch of folks who had to share the road with him. These folks drive out of necessity and arrive at their destinations by the sheer grace of god.

Breakers: These yahoos are close cousins to the two feeters. In some way they have evolved, using just their right foot for both pedals to drive. A big fucking hooray for them. However, they still believe that there is only one aspect to defensive driving: slamming on the breaks. Their perspective: ooh, I see somebody's break lights about a quarter mile down the road, I better hit my breaks just in case. Just in case what? Really, why the need to hit the breaks when most Guiding by Voices' songs are shorter than the amount of time necessary for you to hit the car in front of you at your current speed if the car in front of you came to a complete stop? Their perspective: there is a curve in the road (3 degree angle, no posted change in speed limit), I better press on those breaks a bit. Their perspective: we are approaching a hill (Michigan is as flat as flat - whatever ass - appunto), ahh, there is my trusty break pedal. Their perspective: time to merge, I'll throw on my blinker, hit my breaks and start praying... You get the point, and what the rest of us get is traffic. Nothing like a no reason breaker to spread their disease to the point of the world's most annoying epidemic, traffic. These drivers don't understand defensive driving, maneuvering, coasting and consistency. Nine out of ten will tell you they don't enjoy driving – that they feel uncomfortable behind the wheel. The other one is lying and will eventually kill somebody trying to prove that (s)he likes it.



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Road Ragers: Another facet of American driving is road rage. We have all had our encounters with road rage. We have all wanted to rip some dipshit's head off for nearly killing us and we have all been screamed at by some overly animated meathead with no conception of a mistake. Road ragers are on edge long before they step into their vehicle. Suffering from a number of ailments, including: loneliness, ignorance, bedwetting and an overall dissatisfaction with their lot in life, these individuals take their pain out on every single person they encounter on the road and probably off the road too. Though rage tends to manifest itself more often in men, there are some tough road ragin' cunts out there as well (ladies, PMS is no excuse). Road rage is scary because it is intentional. Unlike most dexter drivers, road ragers aren't ignorant to their driving behaviour; rather they are intentional assheds – the worst kind. Typical examples of road rage involve cutting people off, slamming on their breaks, tailing for the point of tailing and beating other drivers at highway rest stops. You wanna freak out, swear, throw the finger, roll down the window and give the dickknocker an earful, go right ahead, you'll look like an asshole but get it out man. The second you open your door to do something physical is when you know you are in need of psychiatric help or a guest appearance on the Sopranos. When you are into vindictive driving, e.g., merging your car into somebody else's on purpose, throwing fruits, vegetables or pennies at another vehicle (though the latter is hysterical and relieving – I've heard) you are pushing the bounds of sanity. Though road rage is completely understandable given the shit driving out there, there is no justification for acting violently or playing bumper tag. Instead of kicking somebody's ass, you could always buy a bumper sticker at Mancina's Gift Shop and tag some asshole drivers. Let 'em carry around a badge of suckiness for the rest of their cars' life; warn other drivers; and commit a non-violent crime – it puts hair on your chest kid.

Gs: "Rolling" to your destination with chrome rims, tinted windows and a philly blunt? You're a G – and proud, for some strange reason. But don't act like you could drive a Ferrari in the P Diddy video all pimped back with a limp wrist cocked over the wheel. Those drivers have skills (not "skillz") and their heads actually rise above the steering wheel. Gs drive like shit because they'd rather look "chill" behind the wheel than drive well (i.e., the White Men Can't Jump Effect). Given their range of sight, Gs are not that different from blue hairs – and, as a result, they kind of drive like them. Swerving without giving a glance in the side view mirrors, erratic acceleration and parking lot shanagans. Gs notoriously pass in all lanes of traffic. Pre-stoned driving resembles a slalom ski run. Even when the glorious left lane is open they'll feel obliged to continue swerving at 75mph. Stoned driving is a bit more courteous on the highway (might be a bit intimidating in da hood). In this case the car will move at about 10mph under the speed limit. Occasionally they'll see through the cloud inside the car and get over on the highway and let you pass, kudos. Gs will take at least 10 minutes to exit the vehicle, usually rolling down their windows to "bomb the bass" a bit (inclement temperature is not a deterrent) before "chillin ada holidaye



Confederates: I loathe these mother-fuckers. Confederates – labeled such by their tendency to have some sort of confederate flag on their vehicle, which is almost always a dilapidated pickup – in which case they actually use their vehicle as intended, putting them a step above frat boyz on the functionalism chart. They need the clearance to drive on dirt roads, farms and black people. These degenerates think white bedding is evening wear. They have an inordinate amount of free time and would love to spend it fucking with you – screwing their step-sister must be gettin’ old. After they cut you off, prevent you from passing and spit chewing tobacco in your general direction – just for shits and giggles – they’d love the chance to edge your car into a tree. In the south, they can usually avoid being prosecuted as brother Bob is a cop and uncle Old White Guy hangs a black robe next to his white one. Use extreme caution with these tailed bipeds – next to the case of bud in the cargo bay is sure to be a 12 gauge. Half the case has been drunk by noon and the barrel is probably still warm from threatening ma’ an pa’.

Sorostitutes: Queens of the overconfident, Sorostitutes are my favorite shit drivers. They’ll take a road trip and offer to drive – “I can do it! What should we sing?!” (always accent last syllable of last word when mocking sorority talk – suck in cheeks and preface all phrases with “I can’t breathe” and “can you see all my ribs yet”) More accustomed to shotgun rides in her boyfriend’s SUV or dad’s new corvette, driving has never been a real concern. Apparently, Cosmo doesn’t write much on the subject. Most sorostitutes have completely demolished a fairly new car (purchased by their dad, their like best friend’s dad or boyfriend’s dad) by their 22nd birthday. Inevitably, it is recounted in tears and shivers (or uncontrollable laughter) before every guy she has ever fuct more than once. Extensive field research has led us to believe that this has to do with the figure-four leg snuggle (FFLS). The FFLS is a common driving position employed by sorostitutes on trips of varying length. Essentially, the non-driving leg is bent and the corresponding ankle is placed snugly below the holy of holies. This position is clearly much more comfortable for the thin and leggy ones – but attempted by all (“lay off, I’m starving”). The problem does not so much have to do with the seating preference as with the mentality of these drivers (in contrast with the Gs’). One should, in fact, be driving well with only one leg. Instead, the sorostitutes’ true problem is an inability to drive actively. They think it like any other trip, paying no more attention to this drive than as if they were the shotgun passenger. The FFLS is merely a symbol of driving inactively. By actively we mean checking your mirrors regularly and often, searching the road for problem spots, constantly envisioning potential disaster avoiding maneuvers and safe locations on the road – ya know, driving awareness. The FFLS says: “yeah, I am like driving a car, but I’m driving comfortably, like ya know?” It stands in obvious contraposition to the left lane mentality. Our ladies in letters are asleep at the wheel. Rather than driving they are lost in their vacuous gray matter: “what kind of shoes could I possibly wear with my new push up bra?” – “gosh my anal cavity itches, what in the world happened to me after I passed out at Brad’s frat house?” Though driving, they feel it rude not to maintain eye contact



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in-car audiences. They'll be staring at Brad's beautiful lashes as she drives them both into a tree (not necessarily a crime against humanity). Though seeing Though seeing KKG [insert school name below] across the rear window is a less than subtle hint of sorostitute driving, this moniker should not be limited to only greek gals – mall-rats and plain ole sluts usually fit into this category, whether or not dad could afford to send them to Party State University. Again, we urge one to reconsider talking shit to sorostitutes, their driving will not improve with your guidance or age. Instead, buy one a decaf, mocha, skim latte at the local coffee bar. They tend to have other purposes for cars than getting from point a to point b.

Gawkers: We have seen even the best of drivers corrupted by the opportunity to gawk. Accidents, buildings, well endowed joggers and billboards are all potential distractions to the gawker. Given the opportunity, they'll slam on the breaks to get a "better look" at something – translation: let me cause a traffic jam by concentrating on something irrelevant off the road. Oh sure, they'll try and excuse themselves by saying how necessary it was to slow the vehicle near the incident or as they approached their destination. Let us lay it out for you in plain English: while driving the car, please fucking drive the car. There is no time to gawk at your environment so long as you share the road with the rest of us. Think you need to take a look at a beautiful lake to your left, pull over at a rest stop. Want to take a look at the body trapped inside the two door after the hum v rolled over it? Get off at the next exit and ask a cop if he will drive you there. Wait, you say, he won't do that – you don't think so eh? Well, you are absolutely right, and that is because it is none of your goddamn business you nosey fuck. Cops drag the bodies and cars off the road so you don't run over them on your way to wherever. This way, you don't have to come to a nearly complete stop and be confronted with someone else's disaster. The whole fucking point is that you get where you have to be without too much of an impediment. But gawkers don't realize that, I see lines of them come to 5mph and stare directly at the incident – to the point of turning their head nearly 180° to the follow the scene as they inch past it. I watch them tap the breaks and cause accidents miles behind them because they can't just drive past the goddamn accident with their eyes on the road. These folks are more suitable for mass transit and tour buses. Take away their driving privileges and give them to somebody who wants to drive.

Comb-Overs: Depressed, middle-aged men who spend happy hour at cheap dives with their clients... The hair style of choice involves taking an extra long 55 hairs on the left side of one's head and combing them over a bald peak to meet with the remaining hair on the right side. Comb-overs drive obnoxiously slow as they are drunk at least four days a week. They arrive home to a fat depressed wife and children that are best described as Smiths-loving trolls. Comb-overs are lethal killers, often running red lights and plowing into



teenagers (there is an annual story like this in every town across the US). You can find these guys in extra long vehicles passed out at stop lights, leaving whole-in-the-walls and Chinese restaurants at 6pm – and even in your own aging face if you look at it long enough; it's a dim future you old bastard.

Fearful Fruits: Admittedly afraid drivers for a good reason, fearful fruits approach just about everything with an unhealthy dose of caution. Stab yourself to death with a dull spoon before taking a ride with these people. Their fear inspires a wide range of driving faux pas exhibited most clearly by blue hairs and breakers. Their perspective: there are some simple rules to driving and they follow them. At first, this may seem proper. Driving is, after all, a dangerous activity; so why not follow all the rules and drive with an abundance of (perhaps) justified fear? It is a good idea to know all the rules, but they are just too general to account for everything. Like language, the rules help you communicate, but they can't teach you how to write like Ginsburg. Sure the rules help us drive together, but they obviously fail in numerous cases. Rules provide the general guidelines, but it is up to each of us to adapt them to situations not accounted for in the comprehensive driving pamphlets distributed at the secretary of state nor in the rigorous testing process convened by the brilliant drivers' ed instructors (...I'd hope so, I'm laying it on pretty thick). Fearful fruits follow the rules because they have not yet comprehended how to drive. They are the virtual equivalent of one who speaks a second language by continuing to think in their native language and literally translating their thoughts into the second language. They know the rules, but they have not yet grasped the language. Fearful fruits know the rules of driving, but they can't drive well - impeded by an overwhelming fear. Thus fruits only drive when they are forced to, which is their one redeeming character trait. Unfortunately, they will have no problem behaving as a back seat driver. They will tell you when you pull a rolling stop or break the speed limit...etc and they will feel justified in their criticisms of your driving – because they know the rules. Far too many driving instructors and lawyers come from this stock.

Sunday Drivers: Oh, it's Sunday and ya got nowhere to be and nothing to do... ain't life grand? Sure, but get the fuck out of my left lane. You want to drive slow, great, I applaud you, now get over and stay the fuck over. The Sunday driver seems to think that because (s)he has nowhere to go, that must mean that nobody else has anything to do today. They will nearly idle in the left lane and stop at every opportunity. They are the kind of drivers hoping to hit a red light. These folks are incredibly patient. They are the kind of dumbasses who will stop before a green light to let a car in, causing all sorts of problems for everyone behind them. Last week I sat behind a Sunday driver who wanted to let somebody in at a green light. The car being let in was waving his arms drastically trying to tell the Sunday driver not to block traffic and get fuckin moving. Sure enough the Sunday driver seemed to get the point (after about 10



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worth of my horn) and started moving. The driver of the vehicle properly waiting to enter traffic from the parking lot lifted both his shoulders, gesturing a sort of apology for the stupidity of the Sunday driver in front of me. The Sunday driver inched his way across the auburn light which I was forced to stop at. He fuct me and everybody behind me with this move – this move which he would insist was but a kind gesture. And sure it was a kind gesture to that one car trying to get in, but it happened to fuck everybody behind them – dozens of cars. And even the car waiting to get in knew that. In driving you must look at the big picture – the net utility if you will (see Left Lane Driving Rule #8). Driving with no concern for others' driving agendas is poor driving. You want to take a calm Sunday drive on any day of the week, who are we to say no – just have an eye open for the rest of us who want to get to out destination in the next decade.

Cadillac Style: Cadillac, Cadillac, Cadillac Style - sing with me now... Got a big, fat caddy and love to guzzle gas? Wear an overpriced cowboy hat when you drive around a platinum blond in stilettos? (on a related note: I abhor Texas. You wanted to secede, we should have let you do so. Leave and take all your shitty drivers with you) Have no idea why people are passing you on the right and flicking you off? You've got Cadillac style, i.e., lackadaisical driving in boats. The typical Cadillac style driver is an old fat man or woman with too much damn money and a bad habit of driving in the left lane. They are infamous for merging without checking their mirrors. They much prefer to throw up their signal and just start moving on over about 3-5 seconds afterwards (see Left Lane Driving Rule # 6). They'll merge right into you without thinking anything of it. Somewhere down the line, these corpulent fools decided that everybody else on the road should make room for their pretentious vehicle. They are prime targets for LOC tagging. Nothing better than seeing a brand new Caddy with a nice "I Suck at Driving Sticker" on it.

Obstructers: Picture this: you are driving down the left lane of a five lane highway; passing cars comfortably. In this lane, there are no other vehicles in front of you and none behind you for at least 30 car lengths (a virtual open left lane - one of the few pleasures of driving). You notice a bit of traffic accumulating in the middle two lanes, which are now steadily slowing and driving at about 15mph slower than you. You also know that the highway turns into four lanes about a mile and a half down the road. The merge signs to indicate this are now visible. You let off the gas to bring your car down to an appropriate merging speed within the next mile and a half. At this moment, a Ford Explorer merges three quarters of the way into the left lane about ten car lengths ahead of you. Rather than properly picking up speed to not obstruct your travel, he maintains the same speed as he was traveling in the former lane. He continues to casually talk on his cell phone and pays no attention to the fact that you had to slam on your breaks to avoid nudging his extreme SUV. There



SUV in this lane up to the point where the lanes actually merge. Upon consideration of your circumstances, you determine that you are very angry – and rightfully so, Mr. Obstructor nearly caused an accident and now he is an impediment to proper driving. You are now traveling down the right most lane (which will exist for about another mile) at 35mph – along with every other lane of traffic on the highway. He is traveling three quarters in the left lane and one quarter in the center left lane. If asked, the obstructor will no doubt explain that he was merely forcing you to merge sooner. He will definitely convey the fact that if he has to wait in this traffic, so do you; that he is not going to let anybody get there ahead of him (if he was really clever he might say that he was preventing you from causing more traffic by merging further down the road – which is utterly nonsensical). What? – What the fuck? – What the fuck is he talking about?! You have a goddamn mile and a half to merge over when you damn well deem it best. And who the fuck is this obstructor to try and regulate traffic? Since when did he become a traffic cop? If there are five lanes available, use all fucking five. The obstructor has an inferiority complex and an ignorant strain of self-interest. Not unlike most driving dexters, obstructors aren't concerned about anything but ensuring that everybody is fuct worse than themselves. Obstructors are not limited to the merge lane. They will prevent you from using the full extent of any lane, if given the opportunity. We've all seen them: make 4 point U-turns on 45mph roads at rush hour; use two parking spaces for one vehicle on the crowded streets of Chicago; pull up to a red stop light just far enough over on the right to prevent anyone from making a right hand turn before it turns green...etc. They are despicable creatures in need of the finger and some left lane guidance. As these half-wits don't have the balls to drive properly, they have decided to make everybody else drive like shit. They

All in the Family: Familial structures manifest themselves in various dexter driver behaviors, but mating is no excuse for unsatisfactory driving. You know you are trash when you have 5 children under the age of 10 who all manage to wander around your 1980's sedan without seatbelts. Rather than driving, you spend the majority of your mobile time yelling at, playing with and disciplining the kids. You people make us particularly ill. It's bad enough that most dexter drivers have no courtesy for the rest of us on the road, but you don't even care about the lives in your own car. Go to the park if you want a jungle gym. So long as you are in a car – buckle up the little kids and fucking drive. Don't have enough seatbelts for the whole fam and can't afford a conversion van. That should be your last hint to use birth control. I swear to god that you people are so fuct up that they should take away your ovaries/ testes with your license. Have some self-respect, Christ. Baby on board sticker and you still drive like shit, here's two hands and two middle fingers, one for you and one for the kid. If you have a "baby on board" there should be even more reason for you to get over to the right and drive cautiously. What the fuck does that sticker mean to anybody else anyhow? You want us to honk for joy and yell congratulations, because you brought another genetic misfit into this godforsaken world? Do you think people are out there going, eh, I'm gonna get



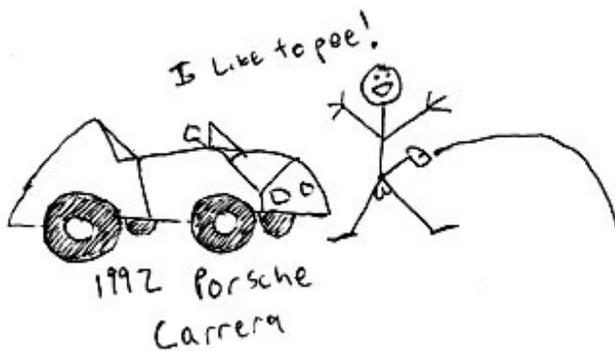
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with a car that has a baby in it? You must have your head so far up your ass that you could be rolled to work – why drive? PS: If your non-pregnant wife sits in the back of the car, while the shotgun seat is empty, you are a sexist and antiquated fucknut. Cultural differences are not an excuse – big finger for you.

Fucker Truckers: Truckers are simultaneously some of the best and worst drivers on the road. Given their experience and advantageous line of sight, they know the roads better than most. Then there are the other truckers, those fucker truckers that are more of a hindrance to travel on our highways than an example of proper driving. Fucker truckers deserve the gonorrhoea they no doubt acquired at a rest stop rendez vous. Fucker truckers will cut you off to pass another truck on a steep highway incline at 55mph – speed limit at 70mph. It will take them roughly five minutes to accomplish the task and it will have created a line of crawling cars 25 deep dying to pass (a traffic catalyst). These guys will sit still in slow traffic, leaving 10 to 20 car lengths available in front of them – too damn lazy to continue creeping along. They'll drive in the left lane on a three (or more) lane highway. Let me explain this latter point in plain language so it cannot be misinterpreted: there is never a reason (short of an accident that takes up every other lane on the highway) for a truck to enter the left lane on a highway with more than two lanes. Trucks must always drive in the right most lanes, even when passing. They are too damn slow, and they lack adequate vision of cars approaching them from behind. They are the most likely to slow the traffic of the left lane below the speed of the fastest driver, breaking the key tenet of the Left Lane Law.



Left Lane is an ongoing project to improve driving across the US. We are highly unaffiliated, unorganized and self-righteous hypocrites who seek to shame people who make our roads a living nightmare. We are recruiting an army to awaken every shit-ass driver around. Having been raised in the Motown, we are imbued with a sense of responsibility to right the world of all that has gone wrong with that sniveling racist's beautiful invention, the automobile. We will stop at nothing to achieve our objective.





Left of Centre

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