



I've Got Fodder Coming Out My Ears. When I started writing stuff about stuff I began collecting stuff. Oh I do that too I heard you say. Yeah, but I mean stuff you want to write about. You know, recycling the news. Everybody else recycles, why not writers?

Anyhows, I started a file called writing fodder, as in cow fodder, you know, stuff that writers chew on to make cow plop writings. My file has gotten so big I think the smell I've grown accustom to is not my feet... it's my fodder files, it's turned to compost... I think. I can't use it as fast as I can find it.

I mean there's so much BS in this day and age. That's where I get the stuff from, the BS of life. Shud'a called it mushroom files, that's what grows on BS in the pastures. You know the kind I mean, the funny mushrooms that idiots eat; the ones that either kills you or makes you think you had a good time while you were trying to kill yourself and didn't know it.

The worst BS is on TV though. I usually can't use any of it, the TV stuff. It's all too bad. That's opposed to the bad that today's teenagers say is good. If you really want to get confused talk to a teenager. I

don't think they even know what they're talking about.

I read George Burns' book, How To Live To Be 100 Or More. He's was a funny guy. Shows what happens when you collect stuff, it gets old and so do you. I need to throw out some of my fodder before Hillery sends in the CIA, looking for snips I took on Whitewater, stuff I intended to recycle... but didn't get a round TUIT.

Speaking of old BS, did I ever tell you about COMDEX? That's a short name for the real one, COM-fusion-DEX. It's a joke even George Burns would laugh at, COMDEX. I mean I went to learn new things about computers. Instead it was a circus. A disorganized circus full of sideshow barkers and freaks. As you got in the door you were sure of it. Nothin' but disorganized BS.

We went to one and walked into a sea of hair teeth and eyeballs, like when you stir up ant beds and then run like hell 'cause they're up to knowin' who did it.

We asked the first dumb question, "Hey Mac, where's the Registration?" He pointed up stream and that-a-way. We went that-a-way and asked again, same story until we were told to go over there. There we stood in line with the other computer giants. Finally got to the front... they said, "This line is for new registrations for the Conference. Are you going to the Conference or the exhibits?"

"Just Exhibits."

"You gotta go that-a-way. This is for the Conference only."

We did, and after waiting at the Exhibits Only counter,

they said, "Have you Pre-registered?"

"Yes"

"This is for New Registrations. Go down that-a-way." Again against the flow and fighting the long lines, only to hear, "You have to go to Guest Pre-Registration, not Non-paid Pre-Registration."

That-a-way we went to the Paid Pre-Registration — Exhibits Only. This time we got our name tags and little ditty bags, already full of stuff we didn't want.

Do you know how heavy stuff gets when you lug it around for 8 hours, gathering 10 times more stuff as you go.

I saw guys with luggage racks and back packs on full of stuff. Maybe this stuff is worth money or something???

What happened to the paper-less society, that's what computers were supposed to be all about?

## So what's next?