

Big mistake.

He thought that was just about the funniest thing he'd ever heard.

Naturally he went and let the whole damn world in on our little secret.

You would not believe all the flack I catch now anytime I go near a pool.

WHY I DON'T LIKE ROCK STARS

There are lots of reasons not to like rock stars. Mine is that they are pompous, fatuous, arrogant, self-aggrandizing little fools, who in far too many cases play a very average sort of music in a very average sort of way and think that they are very, very wonderful for doing it.

Good reason, huh?

It's mine though.

You'll have to find your own.

TO A YOUNG SELECTRIC DYING

I have never been one to whom material things meant a great deal. I've never wanted a big screen TV or a jet ski, at any rate, so I guess that qualifies me as an ascetic, circa 1983.

Nonetheless, I am presently without the services of my practically new IBM Selectric, and to put it in the popular vernacular,

"I'm bummed."

It's not that I couldn't live without its incessant humming that interrupts my thought process and reduces my sagacity to doggeral.

And I could certainly live without its \$74.00 an hour service fee (plus parts)

I don't even miss its lights and dials and gadgets and what not that suggest big-buck importance.

All that is nice, but without it I could survive.

No, it's the correction key -- that's what I miss.

The delicious ability to wipe out all my errors.

Lord, how I miss that!

Fucking up is no big thing when you have a correction key.

It's a great little gadget --

and a concept I would like to see expanded to encompass every single aspect of my life.

-- Eric Grow

Brea CA