

I feel better

As I've said before, most of the magic blogs are pure crap – this one included. The only serious journalism has always come from John LeBlanc at *Escamoteurettes*. John's articles are always well researched and intelligently written, unlike this spittle most of us spew with little thought.

Anyway, John's blog had not been updated for quite a while and I was afraid he'd moved on to more intellectual pursuits. Thankfully, I was wrong. His latest article just hit and it's a beauty.

John discusses Richard Osterlind's allegations that James Cheung stole his *Psychic Control* and issued the ripoff as *MoveO*. From what I've read and seen, there can be little doubt about the parentage here, but read John's article for the full story.

From my perspective, I can definitively say Cheung is an ass hole. All you have to do is read his reply on Osterlind's blog where he refers to him as a delusional, insecure old man to see that. Dipping into the sewage and name calling that quickly, certainly solidifies my take on his character. Cheung shows his originality, by using the clever ROTFLMAO and then *If you think I 'stole' 'your' idea, sue me*. FWIW (see I know Internet acronyms too) I think Cheung is an unoriginal and unimaginative buffoon, but I may be just another delusional old man.

Take care.....



Drivel & Drool

A strange theory

I received a private email wondering why I persist in dumping on Mein Brooks at the Cafe'. It's worth exploring, I guess.

When I was a sophomore in college, I was assigned an art major as a roommate for a semester. We had nothing in common, but got along OK.

The first thing he put up on the wall was a LARGE nude pin-up of Mama Cass Elliot – the lead singer and **the sound** of *The Mamas and the Papas*. For those that don't know, Cass Elliot went about 3 bills. Very frankly, she was not one of those fat women that had a *pretty face* and would look good if she lost a couple hundred pounds. She was just butt ugly. Thank heavens she was on her stomach and it was just her large, flabby tattooed ass staring me in the face every morning. I guess it could have been worse. It was another semester before I could sexually function normally.... I still have periodic nightmares flashing back to that terrible visage.

Maybe this is where I developed my fear and loathing of large, ugly things. Possibly, but I don't think so. I believe it is the morality passed from my father that causes me to fight self righteous jack asses that exhibit no sense of fairness in their dealings with others.

Who knows.....