

i/m Not At FFFF -- AGAIN!!



To those that have been married for more than a few weeks, I assume that you have been drug to something called a *house walk* or *home show*. This is where you pay money to go look at houses and stuff you can't afford. I've never understood that. "Gee, honey, look at that \$50,000 gold shower. That would certainly look great in our master bathroom." Yeah, it probably would, but the chance of it ever being there is nil.

Call me jealous or envious and I guess you're probably right, but why should I pay good money to look at shit only CEOs and other thieves can afford? Again, I'm in the minority as these events continue to draw a lot of people.

Scott Wells, a good dude from all indications, is doing his current podcast from Fecht's annual bash. You can find it here. I'm not a podcast person, but I understand he does a very credible job and if you are interested, this is probably the place to go. For me, all I see is:



The convention always sounds like fun for the in crowd. I would blame the USPS for my failure to receive an invite, but I have been through at least a dozen postal carriers and I'm beginning to think it's not their fault.

Obie, maybe it's time you get some new clipart and create a sign that's a little more modern. This is frighteningly dated, but maybe there's something cool here that I don't understand.

This is your old buddy i/m signing off from *parts unknown* rather than New York. Get use to it.



I/M's Got Goat Pellets



Sometimes the well gets damn dry. I feel bad not posting more often and I refuse to use the old *life happens*. Of course it happens, but you knew that when you started a blog, so it's a lousy excuse.

I've been writing this blog off and on for many years. I haven't checked, but it's genesis is probably as old as any that are still around. It used to be easier. There were more things to get worked up about and frankly, people just cared more. Today the Magic Café doesn't even get enough idiot traffic to be worthwhile. Sure, those that are there are not missing any MENSA meetings, but they are mostly harmless and dull.

A lot of the new stuff comes in the form of video downloads and most of them are cheap and uninspired. What's happened to all of those life-changing tricks that we waited months for, paid for on a prepublication basis and then were delivered crap - if we got anything at all. That's gone. Even the long promised Martin

Gardner book was finally delivered.

I should explain the title here. The title was originally *I/M's Got Bupkis*. Once I wrote that I realized I really didn't know, exactly, what the word *bupkis* actually meant. I did a little research and came up with the following:

Often translated as meaning small round fecal pellets, referring to the shape of goat droppings. A colorful usage, though a more emphatic expression (in Yiddish more so than in English) is "bupkis mit kaduchas" (???????? ??? ?????) (bobkes mit kadokhes), translating roughly to "shivering shit balls".

So it's literally, *I/M's Got Goat Shit*.

I guess that's fair.

Take care.....

A stylized logo consisting of a red lowercase letter 'i' positioned above a black diagonal slash, which is positioned above a red lowercase letter 'm'. The 'i' and 'm' are in a bold, sans-serif font.