

Volume 2

JUNE 1984

Number 1

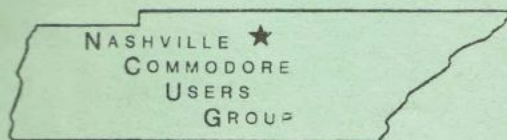
N.C.U.G. Magazine

Nashville Commodore Users Group



DAVE RUSHING, PRESIDENT NCUG

Special Member Kit Issue



We are Friendly People

ON THE ROAD WITH REGGIE D'IGNAZIO

There is a place in my house where you or I can go zooming into the sky like a jet fighter pilot with a fine mustache, or feed peanuts to the elephants at the zoo, or figure out our budget for Christmas presents for Aunt Patsy and Uncle Roger, or play tic-tac-toe with someone who lives in a cloud. It is a magical, exciting place. It does not have fancy curtains or decorations, or even a rug on the floor, but in it my neighbor's children have killed nasty green aliens from space, and in it they have made friends with men in red-and-white-striped balloons. It is a place where there is a television screen, but where television never comes. It is a place which is filled with wonderful sights and sounds.

The place that I am talking about has a lot of outlets to plug things into. You can plug things into slots in the floor or the wall, or dangle them from the lightbulbs on the ceilings. It has a desk with lots of interesting things: there are pencils without erasers and pens without caps, staples, rulers, ink, paper clips, rubber bands, razor blades, harmonicas, matchbooks from faraway places, batteries, note pads, stamps, out-of-date prescriptions, envelopes, guitar picks, pocketknives, screws, rolls of tape, and expired identification cards.

On the desk in my place sits a computer. It is not a particularly big computer, or a particularly tiny computer; it is just a computer. But my computer is a ticket on Lufthansa Airlines. It is a letter from my grandmother. It is a vacation trip to Disneyland. My computer is a lifetime subscription to National Geographic Magazine. It is a paper cup telephone that connects me with my friends. It is a notebook on which I can scribble my thoughts. It is dinner for two at Andre's. It is a reunion with an old friend, it is a coloring book, it is a safari to Africa.

There are places with computers like mine all over America, all over the world. Magic places. And... who knows? Maybe there are similar places on Betelgeuse, Sirius, or Proxima Centauri. If there are, do you think we could arrange a software exchange?