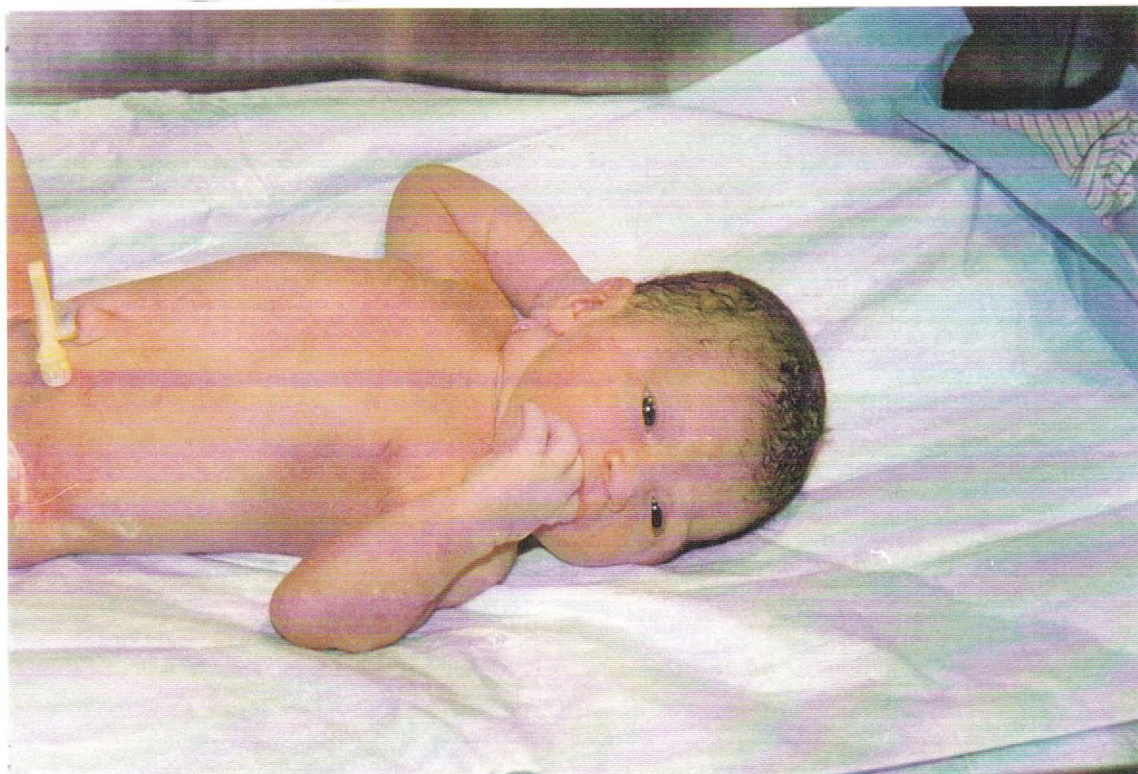
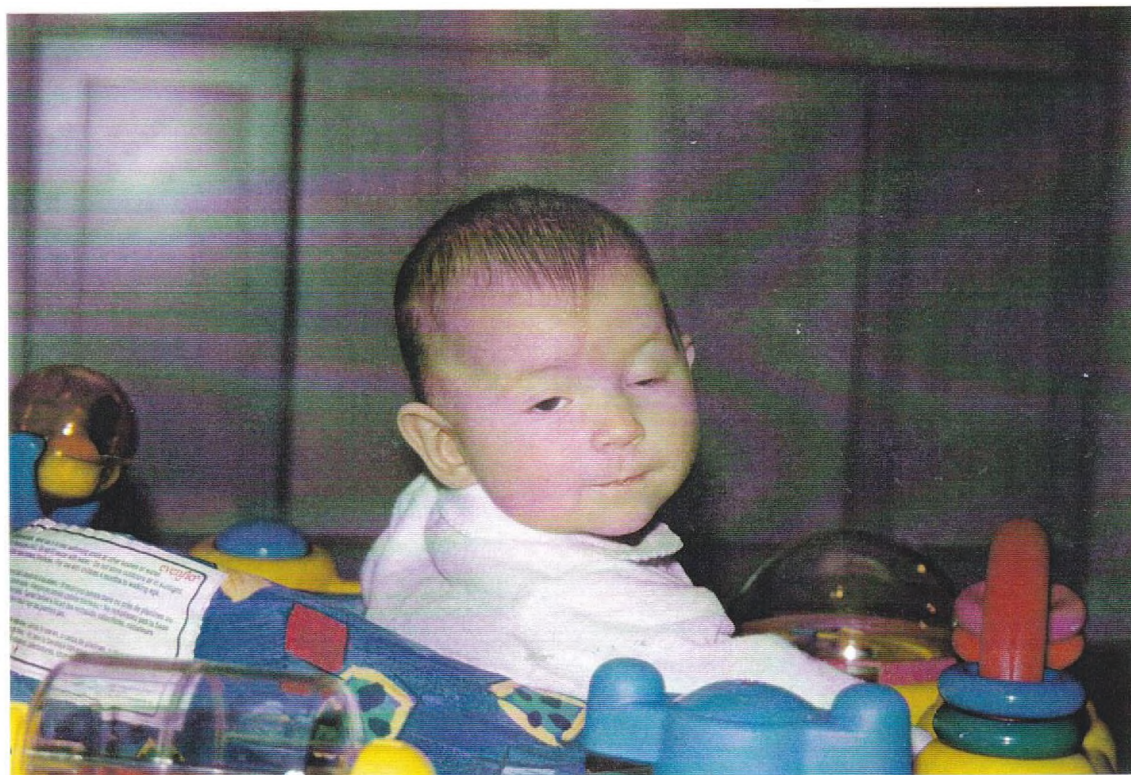


Days of Future Passed



Cassia Rachel Larson, one hour old



Cassia Rachel Larson, six months old

Days of Future Passed

Written, produced, and published by Janet Larson, 1659 Huntsman Drive, Aiken, SC 29803, (803)642-3227, e-mail jdlarson@bellsouth.net (*note new e-mail address*). Intended for distribution in SFPA 204.

Today is Saturday, July 4, 1998, and I'm in my office, in the professional building adjoining University Hospital, Augusta, Georgia. My partner, Dr. Fadel, is in England at a conference until Sunday the 6th, and it's my day to stay in house (i.e. in the hospital) supervising the residents. So here I am, typing away on my Pentium 90, using WordPerfect 6.0. This typeface is Arial, if you're interested, and the title above is Ribbon 131.

Supervising the residents, for what it's worth, involves working with the 2nd and 3rd year OB resident doctors, who also have to stay in the house. I have to be present at all deliveries and surgeries, and answer any questions they have. Right now there are no staff patients in labor, and no cases pending in the O.R., so nothing much is going on. I rounded on my 3 patients, who all seem to be relatively stable.

Kyle, Cathryn, and Cassie are in Seneca, S.C., at my mother-in-law's lake house, with Kyle's 3 sisters, and miscellaneous brothers-in-law, nieces, and one nephew. They're probably riding on waverunners and the boat, and fishing, and doing other boring things without me. Sniff.

Chris, on the other hand, is another story. On Thursday, the 25th, I got a call from his best friend's mother, where he was supposedly living, panicked that 2 men in a truck had pulled up, and announced that they were there to move Chris "home". Then Chris and the step-monster pulled up, so I asked her to put Chris on the phone. He told me that his step-mother had invited him to move back in, and she'll finance his college education, and give him his car back, and that's what will make him happy. "Woa," I said, "I must have totally misunderstood your relationship with Karen, I thought you hated her, I'm really confused." Evidently I only heard about the bad times, he really likes her after all. Plus this way he'll be closer to his girlfriend (and she won't have to bitch at him all the time about coming to Aiken and leaving her languishing in Conyers). I made it clear to Chris that I strongly objected to this move, that I felt he was making a huge mistake, and that if he did this, there would be no more money from me. He didn't care, not even when I told him how much this hurt me.

When he came over Saturday to return my car, with grandmother in tow in his 1997 Mustang, there was a big scene with Kyle yelling and cussing at both of them, and escorting the grandmother off our property. So Chris took his new computer that we had given him for graduation, and what clothes he had, and CD's that previously he

And now, for something completely different.....

Here's something I've been working on that you might find interesting. Kyle's mother has been giving me a calendar every year, that consists of a plexiglas stand that's re-used every year, with 12 5X7 cards that you insert and change every month. When I was little, I remember my grandmother bragging that she only had a certain number of calendars, and she reused them over and over. So the cheapskate in me started wondering how many of these calendars I would need to have until I didn't need to buy any more.

When you think about it, there are only 14 calendars: January 1st in a non-leap year can fall on a Monday, or a Tuesday, etc., all 7 days of the week; and then likewise with the 7 leap years. Broken down further, there will be 14 Februaries (non-leap Monday-Sunday, and then leap Monday-Sunday), and 7 each of all the other months. So these are the calendars I have so far:

1996: leap year, January 1st Monday
1997: non leap year, January 1st Wednesday
1998: non leap year, January 1st Thursday

Since 365 is evenly divisible by 7, if January 1st falls on a Monday one year, it will fall on Tuesday the next year, unless it's a leap year, in which case it will fall on Wednesday.

So here are the next few years, based on what day of the week January 1st falls on, and whether it's a leap year (L):
1999=F, 2000=Sat(L), 2001=M, 2002=Tu, 2003=W, 2004=Th(L),
2005=Sat, 2006=Sun, 2007=M, 2008=Tu(L), 2009=Th, 2010=F,
2011=Sat, 2012=Sun(L), 2013=Tu, 2014=W, 2015=Th, 2016=F(L),
2017=Sun, 2018=M, 2019=Tu, 2020=W(L).

I won't have all 14 calendars until 2020, when I'll finally get a W(L). Incidentally, leap years are years divisible by 4, except years ending in 00 are exempt from being leap years unless they are divisible by 200. As is 2000, but 1900 was not.

So if I want to buy 14 calendars, and no more, these are the years I will buy: 2001=M, 2002=Tu, 1997=W, 1998=Th, 1999=F, 2005=Sat, 2006=Sun, 1996=M(L), 2008=Tu(L), 2020=W(L), 2004=Th(L), 2016=F(L), 2000=Sat(L), 2012=Sun(L).

I wanted to come up with a formula by which I could tell when a given calendar would be reused. At first, there didn't seem to be any pattern, since years were repeated every 5, 6, or 11 years. Then I realized it mattered when the previous leap year was. For a non-leap year, if it's one year after leap year (or $L + 1$) [i.e. 1997 or 2001], the next non-leap year same day will be in 6 years, e.g. $L + 1 \rightarrow \text{Non-L} = 6$. So, since 1997 was a Wednesday year, the next Wednesday year will be $1997 + 6$, or

2003. Given the relationship of a year relative to Leap year, you can calculate when that year will be repeated.

Here are the formulas:

$$L + 1 \rightarrow \text{Non-L} = 6$$

$$L + 2 \rightarrow \text{Non-L} = 11$$

$$L + 3 \rightarrow \text{Non-L} = 11$$

$$L \rightarrow L = 28$$

$$L \rightarrow \text{Non-L} = 5$$

$$L + 1 \rightarrow L = 23$$

$$L + 2 \rightarrow L = 6$$

$$L + 3 \rightarrow L = 17$$

Okay, all you mathematical geniuses out there, that's as far as I've been able to take it. Which brings me to my question: who can take these 8 formulas and combine them into one? So that at a glance I could tell when a year will be reused.

Con Report DSC 36/ Bhamacon 4, June 12-14, 1998

The last science fiction convention I attended was Amigocon in 1990, in El Paso, Texas. Thus it was with not a little trepidation that I contemplated attending Bhamacon. I missed the May 15 deadline for reduced rate membership, since even at that late date I was not even sure I would be able to go; see previous contributions for details of the wackiness of my life for the past 3 months! Blame Jeff Copeland for nudging me on May 30, the day I called to confess I was unable to come up with any pages for SFPA 203. So a weekend out of town seemed in order, I had the time off, and nothing else pressing that couldn't wait.

I should have been prewarned when I called for a hotel reservation, and I was told to call back in half an hour, since she was checking out a guest, and couldn't handle my call. When I called the 800 number listed on the flyer, there was no answer initially, and when there was, I was placed on interminable hold. Oh, well, anyone can have a bad day, right?

I stayed up late finishing the pages I wanted to give to Liz and Jeff, in an attempt to make up for missing 203, I thought at least I'll get in early for 204. Since I had to work Friday, I asked Kyle to drive me in, so that he and Cathryn could pick me up on the way out of town, and we wouldn't have to leave a car in the parking deck at work. I called the lady to feed the horses and animals, and finished packing Friday morning June 12th before work. I ran off my 8 pages, collated and stapled before work. Things seemed to be going well.

Then about 4 p.m. Friday, Kyle notified me he was running late, and he and Cathryn didn't

pick me up until just before 5:00. Turning on the radio as we were leaving, we heard a report that road construction had turned a 5-mile stretch of I-20 into a parking lot, so we took side streets to circumvent the bottleneck. I took this as the city's perspicacious way of making a liar out of me, since I had just finished bragging in SFPA that Augusta never has traffic jams. It was 5:30 before we actually turned onto the expressway.

We were supposed to pick up Chris at his girlfriend Jen's house in Conyers, which is just off I-20. Repeated attempts to call from my cellular phone resulted in no answer, so we pressed on anyway. Just as we were entering Conyers city limits, Bruce Lafitte, Chris' best friend's dad, called my cell phone to let me know Chris' girlfriends' parents had left town, and Chris was calling from a pay phone in Conyers! He gave me the number, and we were able to meet Chris about 7:30, leaving his car in his girlfriend's driveway. (Jen was staying with the ex-stepmother, Karen, so I was just as glad we didn't have to meet him there).

It's a good 3 hour drive from Conyers to Birmingham, with one stop for gas and fast food. Cassie was a real trooper, taking her bottle in the car seat, and falling asleep when the sun went down. She's such a good baby, and a great traveler. The thumbnail map on the flyer took us straight to the hotel. So it was about 9:30 central time when we got to the hotel and checked in. Kyle warned us that the elevators were broken, and 17 people were stuck between floors! We were fully expecting to have to climb to the 8th floor, but fortunately the service elevator obligingly opened for us. However, on arrival to room 819 which, interestingly enough, did not have a plate for the number; someone had written the number on the wall. The key didn't work in the door. I think I was starting to figure out what kind of hotel this was.....

Finally, Kyle got a key that worked, we got into the room, dropped everything off, and we went downstairs. Registration closed at 9 p.m., but the action was fast and furious in the gaming room, so we checked that out. Chris immediately zoned in on the Magic card group, and I watched him meld with them, and then looked over and recognized some faces at the Hearts tables (thanks to pictures in SFPA!).

So, with Cassie in my arms and Cathryn in tow, I stood next to Guy Lillian to see if he would recognize me. He glanced up, "Hi, miss," he smiled, and I couldn't help chuckling.

I jogged his arm. "Guy, I'm Janet," I said, and he did a double take. It's not often you see Guy Lillian speechless, and I was trying hard not to laugh out loud. To his credit, he finished the hand, and won the game. Such powers of concentration. Janice Gelb at the other table also introduced herself, unnecessarily. She has not changed at all since 1984; must be clean living.....

After the game, Guy re-introduced me to several other people I haven't seen in years, in between shaking his head at the impossibility of me having an 18- and a 15-year-old. Hank Reinhardt seemed to believe that I was 29 (of course that means Chris was born when I was 11...). Meade Frierson not only did not recognize me, he didn't click on the fact that I was the same Janet Larson that's in SFPA, and used to be Janet Davis, until the next morning. Talk about a delayed reaction....

Since by then it was midnight Eastern time, I went to the room and put the baby to bed. Chris took off with some kids his own age, and didn't resurface until 11 a.m. Saturday morning. None of us slept well, especially with the rowdy fans in the hall most of the night!

Saturday morning, we had a nice (but slow) breakfast of eggs and grits in the hotel atrium; I thought it was good, and quite cheap (\$1.75 @!). We registered at 10 a.m., and I met Toni

Weisskopf, svelte thing that she is, sigh. She introduced me to Charlotte Proctor, who didn't remember me from my previous life. Kyle, Cathryn and I took in the art show, placed some bids, and circulated the huckster room. Then it was time for the baby to eat and take a nap.

The hearts tournament was continuing full steam, and I met Gary Robe, along with Corliss, Ben, and Isaac. Then we participated in the One Hour One Shot, and I met Liz and Jeff Copeland, Suzanne Hughes, and re-met Steve Hughes (who also has not changed that I can tell!). Wade Gilbreath remembered me with some prompting, as did John Guidry and George Wells. Cruising through the con suite afterwards, I accused Gerry Page of not remembering me, but he dissembled easily, throwing off reminiscences enough to convince me otherwise. Irvin Koch recognized me, and we talked for a little while about Atlanta and the store, and my siblings, and also briefly conversed with Penny Frierson.

Cathryn was watching the Star Wars films in the video room, and I scraped her out long enough to join Kyle, the baby, and me for Shoney's for lunch. Chris had rejoined the Magic players in the game room, and declined the offer of lunch. Then at 3:00 p.m., we joined the SFPA party in progress in Liz and Jeff's room. Other faces I recognized included George Inzer, Joann Montalbano, Stven Carlberg, Gary Brown, Dennis Dolbear. Afterwards, it was time to feed the baby again, so back to the room. The maids had stripped the beds, and never come back to put sheets back on them! Multiple phone calls failed to produce results. We stopped in at the Chattacon party, right next door to us, which was winding down.

Dinner was the Klingon hot dogs in the con suite, which were actually quite good, with sauerkraut. I talked to Michael Bishop a little; when I lived in Columbus, I was less than 30 miles from where he lives in Pine Mountain, Georgia. By this time the Star Wars marathon was over, and Cathryn rejoined us. Back in the room, I bathed the baby and got her ready for bed, and left Kyle watching La Femme Nikita (dubbed in English) while Cathryn and I went to the art auction.

Neither of the pieces we had placed bids on were auctioned, which meant that no one had tried to overbid us, and nothing else caught my fancy. After the auction, I went back to the room and laid down, and realized how tired I was, so I sent Cathryn to the masquerade with a curfew, and got ready for bed. Unfortunately, I missed the Rebel and Phoenix awards as well. but I seriously needed the sleep. Especially since the baby woke up at 7 a.m.!

Sunday morning, we joined the NASFA breakfast in the con suite, then I went to the art show and paid for the pieces, a print of fire lizards, and dragon hatchlings, from the Pern universe by Anne McCaffrey. I also got two Harper blue wine glasses for Cathryn, for her persona, Vanetin, the harper apprentice on Virtual Pern. Then I sat in on the SFC meeting, which was quite interesting.... I wrote checks for SFC membership and also BeachCon membership, and went back to the room to get Kyle and the baby. And then we checked out and left Birmingham, and DSC was history for me. Hope the dead dog parties were good, but it was sure nice to be home before dark!

MAILING COMMENTS, SFPA 203

The Southerner, Liz Copeland--This font is BarnhardMod Roman, for what it's worth.
Hope your vacation is fun.

Refinement for Efficiency's Sake, Jeff Copeland--An amusingly diverse group? ... Who would get congeniality, I wonder?

It Goes on the Shelf, Ned Brooks--Re: Orly the matchmaker: I think you ought to run her ad! Charge her a couple of hundred dollars. I heard about a group similar to that on the radio, that caters to rich folk that don't have time to look for a mate, and who knows, someone in SFPA or your readership might be exactly what they're looking for.....

The New Port News 179, Ned Brooks--And hey, we're in Decatur... (sorry, couldn't resist).
ct Harry: Kyle made a comment to me about how SFPA needs to get some younger people in it before it dies out; his point was that print media is becoming obsolete, and the next generation would never publish on paper in the traditional manner. I keep thinking about Captain Kirk in the Star Trek movie, with his bifocals and hardcover book. I agree with those who say there's nothing like curling up in bed with a book; at least until computers get a lot smaller! ... ct Jeff: I wrote my monologue about years before I read your description of the Perfect Calendar. Now I'm curious which months have the Friday the 13ths in which years? Not that I have triscodophobia. Like this year, whenever there is a Friday the 13th in February, there has to be one in March, unless it's a leap year. The third one this year is in November. Friday the 13th was in June in 1997; 1999 will have August, 2000 will have October, 2001 will have April and July, and 2002 will have September and December. ... Is fascination with calendars a function of growing over? Trying to relive my life somehow? ... ct me: This may be hard to believe, but I actually used to teach Sunday School; it was a very small United Methodist church, and no one else would do it.

Seasons #32, Binker Hughes--As I said in my e-mail, it surely was nice to see you at DSC!
I only wish we could have spoken more than 2 sentences! ...
Hope your job hunt has been successful by now. ... ct Guy: I

guess I have a fairly traditional marriage; Kyle does the "outdoor" things, and I do the "indoor" things. Since I don't like mowing lawns, fixing fences, and changing oil in cars, indeed don't even know how, it seems to work out. He does wash his own clothes, and clean the shower. ... Enjoyed the poem. I surely hope I don't have to move again for a long, long, time. Being that I'm a full partner now, it would be a lot more complicated to move from here!

(Title Goes Here) #5, Nicki and Richard Lynch--I do need to check out your web site. ...

The Lawyer at Tenth Court South #2, Meade Frierson III--Be careful you don't get Cat Scratch Fever... Cat bites can be pretty nasty.

This is Not a Minacazine #86, Richard Lynch--The pictures on your postcards are breathtaking. ... I heard a piece on the radio, a local travel agency discussing tourist trips to Prague. Definitely need to put it on the list of places to visit. ... ct Janice, re back pain: another example of an ailment that proves our bodies aren't designed to walk upright. Like preterm labor, an entity I have to deal with constantly, which doesn't affect 4-legged animals!

Offline Reader Volume 1, Issue 4, Irv Koch--Sure was great to talk to you at DSC... Allen Greenfield selling shoes, what is the world coming to? ...

Twygdrazil and Treehouse Gazette #51, Richard Dengrove--Interesting that you comment on Harold Ford Jr. going to St. Albans. My father went there. His family "lost everything" in the stock market crash, evidently were very well-to-do, Washington D.C. and Richmond society, D.A.R., "Virginia gentlemen" and all that. My dad went to St. Albans on a scholarship, since he was a boy soprano. He knew Buzz Aldrin there. Very different from the way I was raised. ...

Confessions of a Consistent Liar 66, Arthur Hlavaty--ct Steve: the fact that people want things that Word already has should show Microsoft something... they need to make it easier for dummies to use, instead of having to go to 40-hour courses to

learn how to use it; with more powerful computers, they should be able to do that. Of course, that also means there will be more things to go wrong...

The Sphere, vol 174 no. 1, Don Markstein--Pirates are indeed a fascinating topic; and very timely, wouldn't you say? Chris' school put on Peter Pan 3 years ago; Chris played Smee. And did a bang-up job of it, too. ... Of course, I have the self-help book, *The Peter Pan Syndrome*, so the play reminded me too much of my ex ("I may grow older, but I'll never grow up"). I like the Robin Williams Peter Pan better; yes, you can grow up and still have fun!

Peter Pan and Merry, David Schlosser--ct Binker: I think of anger as a secondary emotion; brought on by pain, fear, frustration, something not going right. Instead of acting on the anger, you should figure out what caused it, and whether or not you can do something about that. Of course, long-standing rage may require a bit of work figuring out what started it. And there are socially-acceptable responses to anger, which must be learned. ct Arthur Hlavaty: you've hit on one of my pet peeves, loud music at parties, where I'd rather be talking. What's the point of that anyway? If it's to get people to dance, then it's wasted on me, since my husband doesn't dance. ... Ct Gary Robe: The baby has started patting at my shirt when she's hungry; hopefully, she will be weaned long before she gets to the stage of grabbing. ... Thanks for the condolences. It's funny, a lot of people don't even comment at all; why is death so difficult to talk about in our culture?

The Marsh Creek Gazette, Volume 1 Number 3, Steve Hughes--Interesting juxtaposition, "our wedding" above "free at last." ... When you get your pilot's license, we have a really nice plane for sale... When I started flying lessons, I got my license in four months, and then it took me two more to add the multi-engine rating, and then two more to get the instrument rating. So from October 1991 to June 1992, start to finish. Of course, training is on-going, and I have not been doing that, so I'm obviously not current. ... Your comment about waiting for "someday" really hits home. When Kyle's father passed away 2 years ago, he had been retired about 10 months; they had just moved into their dream home 6 months earlier. All of a sudden, for Kyle's mom, all the plans are gone. I sure don't want anyone to say that about me, that I died waiting for "someday."

Comments, Steve Hughes--ct Richard Lynch: I enjoyed *The Fifth Element*, too; I thought it was funny, and really cute special effects (I loved the taxicabs!). Why does "good" science fiction have to be serious? ct Guy Lillian: re: Karla Faye Tucker: the one thing that confused me about why the "Christians"

opposed her execution is that she was supposedly "saved"; as such, she should recognize that she did wrong, accept her earthly punishment, and peacefully go to meet her maker. She may have been forgiven by her Higher Power, but the other court here on earth still had to be answered. ... I totally agree on self-stick stamps. Plus, they're less likely to fall off, causing your mail to be returned for more postage, which I really hate! ... Yes, it's hard for me to picture the high profile executive types; although Kyle's dad was vice president of an international corporation.

Souf'paw Number Seven, Richard Brandt--I've been racking my brain for the name of that restaurant; I only remember it was on the other side of the mall from us, but relatively close to the mall, same side of the expressway. Maybe if I heard the name I would remember.

Stomp Your Hat Like Uncle Ned #1, George Wells-- (?) I don't understand your title. I agree with you about Uma Thurmond being funny looking. Her looks were appropriate in Les Miserables. I'm not planning to see The Avengers.

Tennessee Trash #33, Gary Robe--The T-ball game sounds wonderful. It makes you appreciate just how many skills are involved in playing baseball; like knowing which order to run the bases. ct Guy: The two month delay before I have to reply to the previous mailing is great for me; I'm not very good with rapid reparte'. I could never be a lawyer...

Oblio no. 116, Gary Brown--I actually bought a teenie beanie baby (bones, the dog), and gave it to Cassie. She seems to enjoy chewing on it. ... ct me: I am constantly amazed at how alert most newborns are.

Guilty Pleasures, Eve Ackerman--Your first speeding ticket? Wow, I got my first ticket about 6 months after I got my license. Then I got the 2nd one 10 years later. Since then, I've had 5 more. I keep telling myself, if I want to live a long life, I really need to slow down. I actually am grateful every time I get a ticket; it does make me slow down, and I figure that probably adds a few years to my life!

Read and enjoyed, everyone else; I really need to wrap this up!