



I Send Them Up

I Send Them Up is the sixty-first SFPA-zine (volume two, number thirty-eight) from Jeffrey Copeland. It is intended for mailing number 231 of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and selected others. The text of *I Send Them Up* was composed using the T_EX typesetting system, and is set in 11-point Palatino. It was published by Bywater Press, 3243 165th Ave, SE, Bellevue, Washington 98008, on 1 February 2003.



We had a relatively nice Christmas. Dashed cross-country (by air) to Indianapolis, collected Liz's mother, dashed cross-country (on land) to Liz's brother's house on the south side of a town in the northeastern corner of West Virginia.

It was (as always) wonderful to spend time with Liz's mom, Barb. Had a really pleasant time with Liz's brother Moot and his wife Lisa, who I hadn't seen in way too long, and their girls, who are just great. Liz's sister Sandy and husband Mark and their four kids arrived a day after we did.

Ate, drank, conversed, slept, read, watched movies; repeated until relaxed. Took the whole troop off to see *Lord of the Rings* (about which, more later) one afternoon. We exchanged presents on Christmas eve, and opened stockings on Christmas morning – Barb gave me a nice shirt and *For Everything a Season* a wonderful little book by a Quaker riffing off Ecclesiastes; Moot and Lisa gave me an Amazon gift certificate — which, of course, means that I'll buy twice that many books since the first lump is already paid for.

(We had opened presents among ourselves before we departed Seattle. I scored some really nice books from Liz. And Liz and Allie gave me some of the James Bond DVDs I'm missing. (MGM has apparently decided to adopt Disney's "selective unavailability" strategy.) Liz also gave me a paper shredder. (She's gotten tired of JJ and me collecting all the credit card offers and other mail that could be used by identity thieves and burning it in the barbecue grill every couple of months. Now we can run it through the shredder. And burn the confetti every couple of months.) But she also gave me a really fun book, *Kokigami*, with origami figures for, er, genital enhancement.)

Once we'd gotten as far as West Virginia, we were halfway from Indianapolis to Washington. So on the day after Christmas, leaving JJ to play video games with his cousins and Liz to continue convalescing from her first round of kidney surgery, Allie and I hopped in the car before the sun came up, and headed over hill and dale, across the Robert Byrd State Highway, into Maryland, past Camp David, past Hagerstown, through Gaithersburg, and into DC. Since both things on our "must see" list were on the Capitol end of the Mall, I managed to score us a room at the Hyatt Regency a block from the Capitol for a mere pittance, and that's where we stayed.

Our plan had been to drive down Connecticut Avenue, loop around Dupont Circle, check into the hotel and go to the National Gallery. Except that I'd never *driven* through Dupont Circle before, and didn't realize that if you strictly follow Connecticut, you go *under* it. So we ended up at the wrong end of the Mall, and got to see the Lincoln Memorial first. Allie wanted to stand at the top of Mr Lincoln's

steps, where Martin Luther King stood to give the “I Have a Dream” speech, so we did. It was a perfect day for it: crisp and biting cold, but beautifully clear.

And from there, we walked down the hill, to read

In honor of the men and women of the armed forces of the United States who served in the Vietnam War, the names of those who gave their lives and of those who remain missing are inscribed in the order in which they were taken from us.

It is a remarkably simple memorial, and it is remarkably striking for its simplicity. Neither of us could maintain our composure. And as we walked back up the hill, the only thought that was in my head was Molly Ivins’ assessment when she saw it for the first time: “It had not hurt for years and suddenly, just for a moment, it hurt again so horribly that it twisted her face and made her gasp and left her with tears running down her face... . He often said, said in one of his last letters, that it was a stupid, fucking war.”*

We finally made it to the National Gallery about 2pm, and spent three hours and some wandering around. It was truly wonderful to watch Allie looking at art. She knows many of the painting we were looking at from books and so as we came to each gallery she’d find a painting or two that she wanted to look at in detail. And her *modus operandi* was similar for each one: She studied it, she examined it, she tilted her head, she frightened guards by getting within inches of several paintings to follow brush strokes. At one point, after minutes perusing a Renoir’s *Danseuse*, she turned to me, crouched on the floor taking pictures of her perusal, and said triumphantly, “come look! I know how he did it!”

The guards in the National Gallery were uniformly helpful and friendly. When one of them saw me studying a Calder mobile, he wandered up and made sure I knew that there were more Calders downstairs. He was pretty knowledgeable about sculpture, and we chatted a bit about the Calder show at Storm King in New York in two summers ago. The ladies behind the coat-check counter recognized us from one day to the next. While a couple of guards puffed up their fur in response to Allie getting close to a painting, they all calmed down when they realized she was studying technique, and none of them told her to cut it out.

When the Gallery closed, we realized we’d missed the Matisse paper cutouts in the tower of the Mellon wing, and resolved to start our day there in the morning. We headed back to the hotel, intending to stroll through the Capitol on the way.

Except that you can’t do that anymore. You can only enter the Capitol on

* From “A Short Story About the Vietnam War Memorial,” dated 30 Nov 1982. It has at least as much emotional impact — and for similar reasons — as Heinlein’s “The Man Who Traveled in Elephants.”



Allie & Danseuse



Barricaded Capitol

a guided tour of two hours duration. And only by getting a ticket in advance — though you can get them the same day. The scariest thing was that this, the People's House of Government, is barricaded, with signs saying "Restricted Area: Authorized Personnel Only." I'm sorry, Folks, but I *am* authorized personnel. This is *my* government, and you may not hide it from me.

Ten minutes later, rant over, we were back in our room, ordered room service for dinner, and watched the most intelligent movie we could stand on the TV: *Hey Dude, Where's My Car*.



Picasso's *Tête de Femme (Fernande)*



Matisse's *La Nègresse*

We got up the next morning, caught the National Gallery at opening time, visited with Mr Matisse — I'd forgotten how large his paper cutout works are: Allie doesn't quite come up to the knee of the main figure in *La Négrresse*.

And thence to one of the Smithsonian's gems: the National Air and Space Museum.

(Let's note for the record that the guards at NASM, unlike the guards at the National Gallery, are not uniformly friendly and helpful. Indeed, I suspect they were the Transportation Security Agency rejects.)

Allie walked in the front door of NASM and her first reaction was "wait a second, is that a copy of..." No, Babycakes, *that exact airplane* flew at Kitty Hawk ninety-nine years and ten days ago — the first time less distance than the wingspan of the airplane we got here on. And that one up there? One crazy guy climbed into it at LaGuardia Field and flew it to Paris, non-stop, by himself.

"Wow!"

And that thing? It went to the moon, and brought back the rock on the pedestal behind you. That one? You saw it in *The Right Stuff*, just like that capsule below it.

"Double wow."

Half an hour in the Milestones of Flight gallery was about all we could stand before our need for lunch got the better of us. Allie wouldn't even let me stop and study the Lunar Module on the way to the restaurant.

After lunch, we looked at the rockets in the next gallery, the World War II combat air display, and the scientific equipment on the early manned space flights. I took the cover picture by having Allie watch out for the guards and crawling under the railing surrounding Herr Doktor von Braun's monstrosity. We collected some postcards and a Christmas tree ornament from the gift shop. And by then, we were ready to call it a day and headed back to the hotel to reclaim our luggage from the bellman and car from the valet.

All-in-all, the two days I had with Allie were the best part of my Christmas vacation, and might have been the most fun I'd had all year, even counting the weekend I got to spend by myself in Tokyo in March. It was a new and different experience to be hanging out with a real human being for an extended time instead of a lump that needed her diaper changed, or a blur in pink overalls, or a whining hormone-crazed girl, or a teenager who was begrudging me the attention she wanted to spend on her boyfriend. I got to have real conversations about art and science and to exchange complaints about traveling food and to play twenty questions while watching the hills of Maryland speed by.

But before we could reach the hotel, Washington had one last surprise for us: On the Capitol lawn we came across a hawk devouring a dove. The picture to prove it is to your right.



Wright Flyer



Hawk & Dove

What provides a wonderful segue to the thing I wanted to discuss next, the apparently unstoppable war with Iraq.

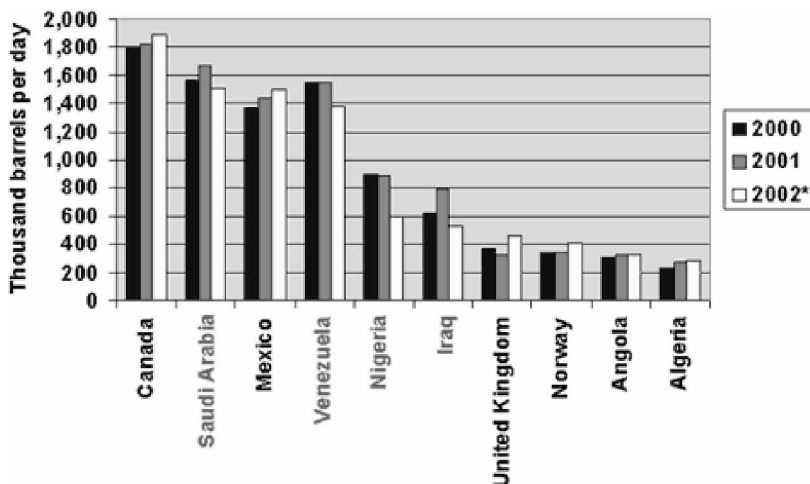
Let's begin by considering the geopolitics of the situation. The September 11th hijackers were mostly Saudis. Whether or not the terrorists had the explicit support of their government, the al Saud family and their friends the bin Ladens did nothing — and have done nothing — to rein the terrorists in. Were it not for the minor matter of their being the second largest foreign supplier of oil, it would be quite easy to tell the Saudis to bugger off.

Who are the other big suppliers? Indeed, where are the largest proven reserves? In the middle east, Iraq's got more oil than Saudi Arabia, and Iraq — even an Iraq which is only supposed to be exporting limited quantities of oil, and is currently — is still the sixth largest supplier. Imagine how much oil the US could get if there was a "regime change?"

(In the same breath we note that the battle for Venezuela's government is not merely academic, since they're the third- or fourth-largest supplier depending on year. And now that there's a friendly government in Afghanistan again, how much more oil could the former Soviet republics be supplying if it weren't for the pipeline having to cross Iran or Pakistan?)

As I've said before in these pages, I agree with our president that Saddam Hussein shouldn't have weapons of mass destruction. I think pulling weapons inspectors out of Iraq in 1998 was a dreadful mistake. However:

The lengths to which the administration has gone to claim the presence of such weapons is incredible in the dictionary sense: the evidence they have presented



simply cannot be credited. Similarly, their evidence linking al Queda to Saddam Hussein appears to be at best circumstantial, at worst manufactured. Perhaps Colin Powell will provide real evidence to the Security Council, as promised, during the first week of February.

But, remember the track record here: The folks who are engineering this war have blatantly lied to us before. To give three examples: ○ On the eve of the last war, the Pentagon declared that two divisions of Republican guards were immediately across the border from Saudi Arabia, even though commercial satellite photos showed no such thing. When *The Christian Science Monitor* questioned this discrepancy they were told, “Trust us.” ○ One of the bits of evidence for invading Iraq the last time — cited by at least five Senators when they voted for the authorization — was an eyewitness account of Iraqi soldiers stealing incubators from a Kuwait City hospital, tearfully given in front of a Senate committee... by the daughter of the Kuwaiti ambassador, who hadn’t been in the country at the time, and had been carefully coached by PR firm Hill & Knowlton. ○ And there’s always the “Saddam Hussein tried to kill my father” ploy, which is supported only by the testimony of Kuwaiti army officers and a confession coerced under torture.

I argue that we have ample reason to ask for proof incontrovertible before a war is launched.

That said, I found out from an article by Seymour Hersh in *The New Yorker* last year (which was apparently a source for an article in the January *Vanity Fair*), that Ahmad Chalabi, head of the Iraqi National Congress, the leading exile group, has been a major proponent of the Iraqi link to al Queda. He’s been providing intelligence to the CIA, however the CIA has been ignoring it. I’m perhaps a bit

confused: either this guy is providing good information, and it should be used, or he's full of crap and should be publicly discredited. But the administration cannot, on the one hand, ignore his information, and on the other use it to claim al Queda involvement in Iraq.

Alternately, if the CIA is refusing to consider him credible because he's contradicted them, they are again guilty of trimming their intelligence reports for political purposes. They did this during the Reagan administration, when, even though their information said that the Soviet Union was on the brink of collapse, they published estimates claiming that the USSR was a grave and belligerent threat. If they cut their sails for the sake of the political wind a third time, on top of their complete failure to predict September 11th, the Agency will have proven their uselessness and should be disbanded.

But all of this is moot. This war is inevitable, this administration will not be turned aside, continuing to ignore the still-uncaptured Osama bin Laden, refusing to articulate the reasons for their new fervor. As our only President puts it: "You said we're headed to war in Iraq. I don't know why you say that. I'm the person who gets to decide, not you."

By the time you read these words, bombs will have fallen on Baghdad. And American citizens will have been denied the information to consent to that decision and the voice with which to do so.



What else is there to tell you?

Humans are bilateral, and Liz had her second round of kidney surgery in mid-January. The urologist managed to get all the fragments of kidney stone removed from her right kidney, He's started discussing with Liz how to get the small fragment remaining in her left kidney, the one he left for fear of damaging the kidney that had shut itself down and now seems to be working just fine. There may be a non-invasive technique for solving the problem, with a more powerful piece of equipment.

Alan Winston was up for a dance thing, and we got to see him for a day, unfortunately when Liz was on her back. However, I was really glad to have him along for the day of followup visits. We got to look at recent pictures — he picked the picture of Allie in the Renoir gallery that I've used — and talk about software and life in general. I miss him and wish I got to see him more often.

Every time in the past month that I've shoveled through my list of things to complete for the next release of Windows, some bozo tosses more stuff on the pile. That's resulted in too many twelve hour days and six day weeks. At this rate, I'll never get to the things I'm *supposed* to be working on.

Reviews

🐼 I picked up *The Tenth Planet* because Kristine Kathryn Rusch cowrote it, and her solo stuff rarely fails to make me say “wow!” The plot’s a fascinating “what if?”: what if there was a nearly-dead planet in a cometary orbit and every two millenia (give or take) it crossed earth’s orbit and launched a swarm of nanomachines to strip resources? Unfortunately, it’s badly written. Since it was Rusch’s name that made me pick it up, I’m disappointed. Further unfortunately, it’s the first book of a trilogy, so we don’t even get to find out how the “what if?” turns out without wading through more bad writing.

🐼 Once in a while, the Pentagon goes all out and gives a bunch of resources to a movie company. Last year it was *Behind Enemy Lines*, about a plane shot down in the Balkans on a reconaissance mission and the navigator having to be rescued. It’s based loosely on the true story of a pilot shot down over Bosnia. The story is simply American commander fighting NATO bureaucrats to rescue one of the guys under his command. However, the cinematography is simply fantastic. The sequence of the plane being shot down is magnificent.

🐼 *Notorious C.H.O.* is Margaret Cho’s second concert film. It’s fairly full of gaffaw-causing moments. It is a movie that would cause Liz’s mom’s head to explode — if she managed to actually understand Cho’s discussions of lesbian fisting, straight S&M clubs, worrying about her weight, and her various unhappy dating experiences. If a line like her comment about her bondage experiences — “I don’t know if I’m a bottom because it turns me on or if it’s because I’m lazy” — is likely to offend you, don’t bother watching this.

🐼 *Novacaine* is a murder mystery with Steve Martin and Laura Dern. Martin plays a magnificently successful dentist, and Dern his hygenist and fiancée. His brother appears. A patient appears who may be a drug addict. Drugs disappear. Bodies show up. With teeth marks. It gets wierd. But entertaining. Even if a little disjoint.

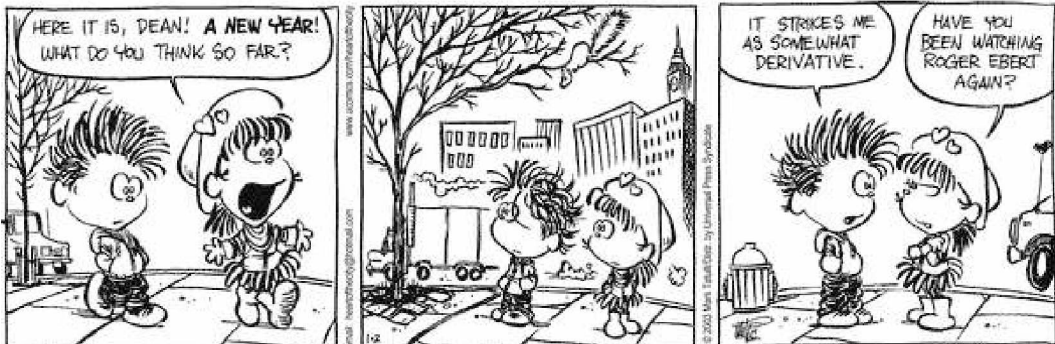
🐼 *Nemesis* is the tenth *Star Trek* movie, and violates the conventional wisdom that the even-numbered ones are good. It’s *The Wrath of Khan* all over again. Save for a wonderful rendition of the space battle, it’s almost not worth the bother, unless you’re a completist.

🐼 *The Two Towers* is just as beautiful as *Fellowship of the Ring*, with the battle of Helms Deep spectacularly rendered by a masterful combination of computer imaging and live action. Elijah Wood delivers a well-rendered Frodo; Peter Jackson’s every camera angle of Viggo Mortensen’s Aragorn screams “This is a hero!”

Two thumbs, two spears, two swords, two wizards staffs, and two hairy Hobbit toes, up.

☛ This year's Bond movie *Die Another Day* has Pierce Brosnan returning, the delectable Rosamund Pike as the bad girl, and the smashing Halle Berry as CIA agent Jinx. It's the usual menu: Cars crash, things blow up, there's a spectacular fistfight in a crashing airplane, the world is saved at the last minute.


☛ And rounding out the series entries, *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* is a nice translation to screen of the book. It doesn't try to cover every little plot detail, nor every little twist and turn. It manages to convey the main plot points of the book without slavish translation. Kenneth Branagh is just perfect as the egomaniacal and perfidious Gilderoy Lockheart, Jason Isaacs is scary as the elder Malfoy, Robbie Coltrane and Maggie Smith are still delightful as Hagrid and McGonagall, and now that Richard Harris has died, who can possibly play Dumbledore in the next movie?





☛ The B-team at Disney has come up with a nicely animated rendition of *Treasure Island* called *Treasure Planet* featuring many-masted ships with solar sails and rocket engines plying the spaceways. OK, it's pretty silly, and it made me say "oh, knock it off" a bunch of times, but it did appeal to the local twelve-year-old movie critic, so it wasn't a total loss.


☛ I caught a documentary on Bravo the other evening entitled *Smothered*, about the Smothers Brothers battles with the CBS censors. First off, I hadn't realized that a lot of folks we take for granted now, like Rob Reiner and Steve Martin effectively got their start working for the Smotherses. Second off, I hadn't quite appreciated that even though Tommy played the dolt on stage, he was actually the creative force behind their act, and the one who went toe-to-toe and head-to-head with the CBS management over creative control, fighting for the words that he


and Mason Williams had written. All-in-all, it was worth a watch, if only to see snippets of Tommy and Dick's standup work thirty years later.

 *Me Too and the Gimme-Gimmes* are a cover band who did work on the soundtrack of *Lock, Stock, and Two Smoking Barrels*. They've apparently never had an album, but Allie appeared with a CD of downloaded music from one of her classmates last week, and I've stolen it from her. They do a number of familiar songs in a sort of punk/speedmetal style. Their rendition of "Science Fiction Double Feature" is nice, but hearing a speedmetal version of "My Favorite Things" caused us all great amusement. It's got a serious beat, and *I* can dance to it. I give them an 89.

 Harrison Ford does an historical submarine movie with Liam Neeson in *K-19: The Widowmaker*, which has all the subtlety of a sledgehammer, has some wonderfully humorous scientific screwups, and has been denounced by crewmen of the original boat as being, in large part, made up. The acting is often over-the-top, the script is abysmal, the direction is heavy-handed, and the opening and closing credit sequences must have been designed by someone from *Wired* magazine. On the other hand, the DVD cover seemed to keep the disk relatively dust free.

 I thought James should see *In Like Flint* and *Our Man Flint*, so we got the pair of them when we were last at the video store. They're certainly a monument to the times in which they were made: sexy, sexist, violent, cartoonish, silly, jingoistic, ameri-centric, completely dated... and absolutely delightful to watch. (Next: *The President's Analyst*.)

 On the other hand, Jan Tschichold, a German typographer from the first part of the last century, wrote a little book in 1928 entitled *Die neue Typographie: ein Handbuch für zeitgemäss Schaffende*, which the University of California issued in translation as *The New Typography*. If you expect that an 85-year-old book would provide antique examples of layout and typefaces, you'd be wrong. Except for a few examples of Fraktur typefaces, which are obviously from last-nineteenth century German foundries, every example in the book displays the clean northern European design sensibility we associate with the last quarter of the twentieth century, not the first quarter.

 I couldn't get *The Banger Sisters* at the video store the other evening, and the next three movies on the list were only available in "full screen versions" (why don't they just label them "we chopped off half the picture because we don't care?"), so I got *Reign of Fire*. Nice special effects, interesting fantastic elements, spotty plot, and Matthew McConaughey taking the Tom Cruise over-acting award. It *won't* be on my Hugo shortlist.

Mailing Comments on *ESP* 229

As I've discussed in the natter, it's been rather a zoo around here, what with travel and surgery and operating systems releases. I've managed to do what natter I have by typing up bits and pieces in between other tasks. However, it's not possible to do that as easily with mailing comments. So, I've resorted to mostly responding to comments to me. If I've shorted some conversations, at least I'm not ignoring people who are talking to me. We'll see how far through the mailing I actually get using that strategy. Of course, this means that I'm going to spend the next two mailings working my way back through *this* mailing to back-track references.

Sheila Strickland : Revenant ♦

ct me/Pelz: It seemed the least I could do to make a remembrance of Bruce in print. He was a great guy.

ct me: "At first glance I noticed only Stonehenge on your cover... I immediately thought of how much I want to see Stonehenge in reality after seeing so many pictures of it over the years." I have to agree with you. It's certainly impressive in pictures, but as I discovered trying to take a photograph of the fog rolling up our hill the other day, pictures, of necessity, narrow your focus, and you really don't see the whole thing.

You want a poet, I said—not an engineer. But I'll tell you this: however long you look at Saturn, and fly in and out among its moons, you can never quite believe it. Every so often you find yourself thinking: "It's all a dream—a thing like that *can't* be real." And you go to the nearest view-port—and there it is, taking your breath away.

— Arthur C Clarke, "Saturn Rising," 1961

Toni Reinhardt : Yngvi is a Louse ♦

ct me: "Thanks for the essay on TV viewing theft & TiVo." My pleasure, but that loops around to something else, as you'll see in a moment. (As an aside, if I didn't mention it earlier, I'm seriously amused that Sony, who spear-headed the lawsuit that made VCR recording "fair use" under copyright law, is now in a blind panic trying to add copy-protection of some sort into the HDTV standard, because they're now not only a hardware vendor, they're a content provider.)

☞ "We'll be handing out with the first edition of David Weber's *War of Honor* a CD with non-encrypted texts of previously published books, about 22 of them." That CD was part of the reason we got a copy of *War* immediately when it was available. I've only read the first of the *Honor* books, so the opportunity to have them all (and then some) in electronic form was too good to pass up. Notice that even though I got a copy of

War for the CD, we already own almost all the books on it in dead-tree form, so the “hey, kid, the first one’s free” approach worked in reverse for us.

“The reaction should be interesting. It and the Baen Free Library are already getting some very nice comments in the techie community.” In general, the hard-core techie community tends to support open-everything, so I’m not surprised — remember that one of the mantras is “information wants to be free.” But, to come back to TiVO: Microsoft announced the “Windows Media Edition” before Christmas, which incorporates features into the operating system to handle a TV receiver built into the PC† — in practice building a TiVO into the PC. This beats to market an idea I’ve been expecting, which is Linux software to do video recording. Or even a third-party Windows application to do it.‡ This shouldn’t be very hard to do, since ATI (who make video cards) makes a thing called an All-in-Wonder, which is a video card, TV tuner, and remote control receiver on one card for your PC. Once there’s an open source version of this, I predict we’ll hear lobbyist Jack Valenti’s head explode all the way from Hollywood. Either that, or they’ll sic the FBI on the developers, like they did with that poor kid in Scandinavia who wrote the DVD decoder for Linux.

Ned Brooks • The New Port News ♦

Noticed your Mauldin cover cartoon just after he died. Damn. Same week as we lost Hirschfeld and Virginia Heinlein. Damn. (Though Ohman’s obit cartoon for Mauldin, with a visual quote of Mauldin’s obit cartoon for JFK, is just right.)

“When I bought this 500S off the Gateway website I understood it to say that MSWorks was part of the package, but it was not included. ... Not a big deal - occasionally someone sends a document in Word.” For some reason, I seem to have people sending me MSWord files, too. I can’t seem to get them to stop. Especially at work.

ct me: “I was forced to learn some rudiments of Unix, and compared to the DOS I was used to it seemed a great pile of useless aggravation. Fortunately I never had to use it much.” Not to start a religious war, but the problem with the Unix command line is that the commands are completely cryptic because the folks who named them were lazy typists. While DOS has commands like `copy` and `erase` (rather than the less clear

† OK: properly, the software to handle the TV reception should be an application, not part of the operating system. However, this comes from the same people who distributed the web browser with the operating system as much for internal political reasons and one VP’s empire building as for marketing reasons, and then successfully argued in federal court that the browser was part of the operating system because they said it was.

‡ Actually, in doing some reference checking for this paragraph, one of my correspondents pointed me at <http://www.showshifter.com>, which is, in fact, the Windows application I posit in the body text.



cp and rm), the consistency of DOS commands is completely non-existent. If you want to do the same operation again and again in DOS you have to know how each command interprets things as basic as file names in order to write a batch file. With DOS, something as simple as `zine*` may mean `zine` and `zine2` to one command, but `zine`, `zine2` and `zine.tex` to another. Since Unix commands all have a common interface, I know that `zine*` means that same thing to each and every Unix command. My base problem, of course, is that I agree with Mr Hlavaty that graphical user interfaces are a tool of Satan.^o

☞ "Your OED is out of date - the Supplement lists 'fanzine' right after 'fantods'." Yes, it is, and I'm surprised. "Fanzine" is right there in the on-line version. I didn't realize that there had been a newer edition of the compact OED with the updated supplement.

Rich Lynch : Variations on a Theme 16 ♦

ct me: "On origins of words: 'I was going to settle this in the traditional way, dictionaries at ten paces, but the OED doesn't list 'fanzine'.' I guess I should find that surprising, but maybe I'm assuming too much..." See my comment to Ned above. As he notes, the OED says:

fanzine: [f. FAN n.2 + (MAGA)ZINE.]

A magazine for fans, esp. those of science fiction.

1949 *New Republic* 17 Jan. p16 "*Fantasy Commentator*, perhaps the best of the fanzines, once ran a history of fan magazines." 1950 *N.Y. Times* 7

^o Yes, I know that Arthur argues that being annoyed about graphical interfaces is "like getting angry at the people who can't recognize a dog when they see one, so they call it a 'chien.'" I'm not as charitable as he is.

May VII. p26/c4 "The fantasy writers .. now in California .. are busily forming societies, printing and circulating special fan magazines 'fanzines' is the term." 1951 [see fan magazine s.v. FAN n.2]. 1957 P. MOORE *Science & Fiction* p90 "So much for the official science-fiction magazines... There remain the amateur publications, known as 'fanzines'."

☞ "On the economics of baseball: ... Are you talking about the local broadcasting money? If so, I agree. But there's also a national television package, or packages... And, let's not forget that killing off the weakest, most economically crippled teams will head off any possibility of revenue sharing, something that the rich teams, like the Dodgers and Yankees, are dead set against." I found out what the subtext is: Apparently, the owner of the Minnesota Twins wanted to sell the team, but in such a small TV market, it's only worth something like \$125 million. If his friend Bud Selig declares the team surplus, the league will pay him \$175 million for it. So says the sports business guy on Marketplace (which is, coincidentally, produced by Minnesota Public Radio).

Norm Metcalf : Tyndallite ♦

I'm glad you enjoyed my reviews of Scott Card's *Shadow of the Hegemon* and my first installment of the Hugo short fiction reviews.

Richard Dengrove : Twydrasil and Treehouse Gazette ♦

ct me: "Didn't Reagan's Secretary of the Interior, James Watt, go farther than 'W'? Didn't he say that we didn't need to worry about the environment because the Second Coming will be right around the corner?" And you'll recall how much trouble Watt got into because of that. Which is why his protégé, Gail Norton, hasn't mentioned it at all, whether she shares the belief or not. On the other hand, one does occasionally wonder whether Shrub's religious proclamations are a matter of faith or a matter of trying to reign in the right wing of the party. (In Clinton's case, I'm completely convinced that his being a Southern Baptist was a matter of upbringing rather than religious belief.)

☞ "A desire to attack Iraq seems to be less of a thing for 'W' than it is for some members of the Republican Party." Well, since some members of the party includes the second tier of management in DoD who are madly pushing for it, that's a problem. But, the way Shrub's been out there beating those drums and rattling those sabers, I'm not sure that he isn't on board himself.

☞ "By the way, you said Hesbollah was Iraqi rather than Iranian. Isn't Hesbollah Iranian and Shiite?" Yeah, I guess you're right. Hesbollah are Shiite and Iranian, and hence have massive influence with the radical Shiites in Lebanon and on the West Bank. The current regime in Iraq are predominately Sunni Muslim — just like the current regime in Washington is predominately (in Molly Ivins wonderful phrase) Shiite Baptists.



Guy Lillian ♦ Spiritus Mundi ♦

ct Gelb: "I'm anxious to get Challenger onto the net, not that I know how. Richard Brandt's first effort was noble, but too ambitious; he wanted to cram every page of every issue onto the site." When Haemer and I started putting our columns on the web, our first project was to get the current ones up, and then work backwards. (Of course, we'd been very careful to keep the original machine-readable versions of everything. You *are* keeping the original word processing files of *Challenger* now, aren't you?) The other common error — which I think the Lynches commit with the *Mimosa* web site — is to try to duplicate the printed page on the web. Different media requires different layout and design. (I would dearly love to be able to help you with this project, though my attempts in the past have foundered on lack of time.)

ct me: "You mention Portland, as in Oregon; I need to find the address of their SF club — they publish a clubzine, and I want to trade Chall for it." While I'm not as adept at teasing information out of the Web as Janice, googling on "portland oregon science fiction" quickly gives you the web page of the Portland Science Fiction Society (PorSFIS), at <http://www.porsfis.org>, and their address, PO Box 4602, Portland, Oregon 97208.

☞ "As I've said about *Eyes Wide Shut*, one thing that bugged me was that it broadcast Cruise as its star, and then he spent half the movie wearing a mask. Of course, as I also said, there were scenes in the flick when Cruise could've shoved a carrot up his nose and I wouldn't have noticed." There was lots of naked flesh in those scenes — and the after-the-fact fixup by Warner Bros to bring it back to an R rating didn't significantly cut that down — but most of those women were in the runway model mode, which I find unattractive.

☞ "Attorney General Ashcroft has indicated that he has no intention of obeying the court orders to release information on the government's detainees — and why should he, since his is an administration devoted to power, not justice, and expediency, not due process ... Al-Queda has succeeded in destroying American democracy. They've won." I'm at a complete loss here. We have our government meeting behind barricades — see the picture on page 3 — we have our media

printing the competing press releases from the major political parties rather than actually reporting, we have our judicial benches packed by people who've been appointed not because of their legal scholarship but because they pass political litmus tests and raise campaign contributions. Our laws have been trampled. War cannot be avoided. I feel powerless to affect the course of the country of which I am a citizen.

☞ *"This year, fortunately, we have more than enough worthy flicks to vie for the honor: The Two Towers and Harry Potter II, unless all indicators are 'way off base, Minority Report, Signs, even Reign of Fire, and Attack of the Clones — and the Buffy-ites will probably get another episode onto the ballot."* Remember that there's now a short-form best dramatic presentation category — I still think of it as the *Buffy* category. But I agree with you about the number of good competitors this year, even though neither *Signs* nor *Reign of Fire* make my cut. I'm willing to bet that even though *Clones* is much better than *Phantom Menace*, it won't make the final ballot.

☞ *"Hey, how about a critical article on The Prisoner [for Challenger] — which episodes stand up, which are dated, and so on?"* I'm not sure that's worth the thousand words I think is the minimum for a reasonable fanzine article. How about an article on the copyright problems the studios are buying themselves? That is, an expansion on my comments about TiVO a mailing or two ago? Of course, I need to get some room to breath first before I can promise to write anything new.

Tom Feller • Frequent Flyer ♦

"The June 13 issue of Workplace Substance Abuse Advisor reported an increase in alcohol and marijuana use among Manhattan residents. A survey showed that 25% of the population increased their alcohol usage and 3.2% increased their use of marijuana." Boy, Tom, you get a weirder selection of magazines than we do. But, I find that's an interesting discrepancy between booze and pot increases. I'd have thought they'd have been closer to the same, unless you postulate that folks who are using marijuana are already using as much as they want. The really scary statistic was one I heard in an interview with a NY school psychologist: something like 25% of the kids need post-traumatic stress counseling.

ct weber: "I once read an article by Bill Maudlin about his experience of filming The Red Badge of Courage with Audie Murphy. In the original script, Murphy's character confesses to Maudlin's that he got scared and ran during the battle, and Maudlin says he ran, too. Murphy couldn't bring himself to confess his character's cowardice to an REMF such as Maudlin, so they reversed the dialogue, with Maudlin confessing first." Mauldin or his character was an rear-echelon mother-fucker? While Mauldin was certainly a writer, like Ernie Pyle, he did it from the front, unlike the pretty boys of current reporting.

ct me: "I read an article a while back that speculated that the reason Pakistan and India did not

go to all-out war this summer was India's software industry. Because such a war could go nuclear, software companies supposedly informed India's government that they would cancel all their software development contracts and cripple India's economy if they didn't cool it." I have no doubt that's actually what happened. Both Microsoft and Oracle have large operations in India. Bill Gates' visit to India last fall was widely-publicized over there. Even though he was nominally there on Gates Foundation business, he visited every Microsoft office in the country, and also spent time with a both federal and provincial governments. I'm sure his message to the government at all levels was "I'm pouring a lot of money into this country both for technical work and medical programs. I don't have to do that." I'm guessing that a leak of that message prompted the editorial in *The Hindu* of the form "he can't use all the money he's got and how dare he not give us more of it."



David Schlosser • Peter, Pan & Merry ♦

ct me: "They did do a fine job of translating Spidey to the big screen. I have a strange feeling that it's going to be an interesting Dramatic Presentation Hugo next year with this, Two Towers, Harry Potter, Reign of Fire and Minority Report. Not even mentioning SWII." See my comment to Guy. And, yes, let's not mention *Star Wars II*.

☞ Thanks for reprinting Kostanick's "Ode to Velveta." It's just as twisted as I remember.

☞ "I have no intention of doing the longitudes and latitudes to get a geographic SFFA center, but the average zip code is 48497 for whatever good that is." There is no 48497, but 48501 is Flint, Michigan.

☞ "And now Florida has another weirded up election on its hands. Some days you can't win for losing." And how odd that the one who got shafted by this screw up was Janet Reno, who was exactly the person that Jeb Bush didn't want to run against for governor.

Gary Brown • Oblio ♦

I'm sorry to short your trip reports about Comicon in San Diego and your Las Vegas expedition. They both look like great fun from the pictures.

ct me: "I'm a little puzzled by your statement: '(Robert) Crumb can't draw. (Stephen) King can't write.' unless you overstated yourself in trying to make a point..." Actually, what I said was "just as Crumb can't *not* draw... King can't *not* write." In other words, it's physically impossible for either of them to avoid their artform.

☞ "Several relatives in my family have the 'no heroic measures' in their wills. Oddly enough, it was put in there as they got into their 70s. Honestly, I don't know if I'm ready to do that yet. I still have this fantasy that with a little help and luck, I'll live forever." Most members of my family get to make a quick exit, but the situation I was actually thinking about was a massive accident that left me in a hopeless coma or a drooling vegetable[•] or worse.

☞ "I think I purposefully made a point of saying George Harrison had an equal hand in creating The Beatles and The Beatles' sound. There is no doubt that in the composing end of it, he was second fiddle to Paul and John." The recently-recovered tapes from the making of their last album seem to indicate that part of the tension that broke them up was George not having the opportunity to write.

☞ "Speaking of clever movies, I never saw Monsters Inc, but bought the DVD the other day. Watched it last night and was quite taken by the premise of the movie..." Yeah, that is a fun premise. And it's well done.



Steve Hughes • Travelers Tales ♦

Your recent trips sound like a lot of fun. You've talked before about taking a back roads trip, which still sounds like a great idea. I have to agree with you that the McDonald-ification of the country is frighteningly depressing. (Lisa Roberts' reaction when she first came to visit us in Austin was "this looks like everywhere else.") On the other hand, there are places we've been through that don't appear to have only franchises and chains. Winslow, Arizona comes to mind.

• Well, drooling vegetable would be a good excuse to run for Congress

Janice Gelb • Trivial Pursuits ♦

"Shadow Puppets by Orson Scott Card – I thought the previous book in this series was very good. This one was a big letdown. I can't really describe the plot without giving away spoilers but the character of Bean seems warped to me in this book to accommodate where Card wanted to take the story. I didn't believe it based on the previous books." While there's a certain suspension of disbelief about Bean, I think there's a sort of logical progression to where he ends up. Since we know an awful lot about what happens to Ender during and after the Bugger War, it's certainly interesting to find out how Peter comes to be the Hegemon in the aftermath.

ct me: "I finally got to tell your employer first-hand what I thought of them: I got email from a Microsoft recruiter who had me in mind for some editor openings. I wrote back saying 'I think that Microsoft has been, and continues to be, a blight on the computer industry and would never consider working for them.' I didn't do this to be rude, but because I hope that MS keeps statistics on the effectiveness of its recruitment efforts and I want it to be noted somewhere that they are losing some candidates because of their business practices." So, in the amusement column, we've got Mr Gates issuing a note for customers about how successful our security work has been, on Thursday the 23rd, followed 24 hours later by the launch of the SQL Slammer worm. One wonders if that was coincidental. Of course, the number of servers *inside* the Microsoft firewall that got hit through failure to install patches was truly embarrassing. OK, so Microsoft products seem to get hit by an inordinate number of these viruses and worms. But because of its market share Microsoft provides a pretty damned big surface area to attack. On the other hand, even though we could write viruses for `sendmail` and other Unix utilities — remember Morris' original Internet worm — at least Unix systems don't encourage this sort of attack by allowing the evil of active e-mail.

☞ *"I had much more negative responses to the Hugo-nominated short stories than you did, especially to the winning Swanwick story, which I thought was a mess: lots of description and smart-ass dialogue but the story was really lame."* You're right, that Swanwick story was all setup and no plot. That wouldn't be the first time a story suffering from that got on the Hugo ballot — or the Nebula ballot.

☞ *"At Noreascon 3, Stallman cornered me and Rich in a stairwell when he heard that we worked for Ashton-Tate and harangued us for about 25 minutes about how evil we were for working for a company that made people pay for software."* Stallman is a bit monomaniacal. He just doesn't seem to understand — still — that there might be occasions when charging people for software, rather than software services, is the right thing. He also seems to not understand why sometimes the source code *can't* be released.

☞ *"No need to spend time listing all the Hugo nominees and winners: Laurie Mann already does it at [her web site]."* There are actually three reasons for providing a listing: Laurie's isn't complete — it's missing vast swatches of nominee data. Part of the reason

for doing another list was to provide a list by author. Lastly, it was a hint for the Rule 4 contest in the Egoboo Poll. As I said in *timewarp*, "I printed *Historical Hugo Hysterics* at the same time I chose September's rule 4 and pre-printed the egoboo ballots." In other words, I had to wait until the Hugos had been announced to pick the last rule 4.

☞ "Your report about Richard Rescorla evacuating people in the South Tower does not contradict my saying that many people died who didn't have to because they were told to go back to their offices." Quite: I wasn't intending to contradict your original point, but to point out that there were folks who were thinking about what was actually happening and got the hell out, rather than trusting what anyone else told them. Those folks lived to tell the tale.

☞ "You say here that you are not convinced that the frequent flyer ID I mentioned would be completely voluntary. Perhaps we are talking about different proposals: mine was to the benefit of the traveler and would be requested by them." If I was commuting by plane — as I used to do — what choice would I *really* have? I could spend three or more hours at the airport twice or more a week, or I could get one of these cards.

☞ "Hope to see y'all at Orycon." No such luck. All things considered, I'd rather have been there rather than watching Liz in the hospital.

Janice Gelb : Cruising ConJosé ♦

"Sunday, September 1: I was up early to wash my hair (a 3-hour or so process)." Three hours? How come? If I spend ten minutes a day on my hair it's too long.

Arthur Hlavaty : Confessions of a Consistent Liar ♦

ct me: "I don't thmk -ski. means 'son of' because what precedes it usually isn't a first name: son of Laskow? son of Kowal? son of Dostoyev?" Bitchski? More seriously, perhaps it means "from", by analogy to the Italian D' as in D'Andrea.

☞ "There's a part of me that believes that a disappearing intern who'd been involved with a Republican congressman wouldn't have gotten anywhere near as much publicity, particularly on Fox." No doubt, you're right: If a Republican congressman had been caught boffing an intern — or even a constituent, as Hyde and Burton have done — we'd have Fox declaring how he'd been set up by Democratic operatives.

Eve Ackerman : Guilty Pleasures ♦

ct me: "I read King's *On Writing* and got a lot out of it, but it isn't a book I'll keep coming back to... On the other hand, I still very much enjoy King's short fiction. It's been ages since I read one of his novels, but his shorter pieces still make me go 'Wow, how'd he do that?'" That was roughly my reaction to many of the entries in his recent book of short stories, *Everything's Eventual*: "how'd he do that?"

☞ "I sometimes feel like I'm not a real writer because I don't feel compelled to write every single day no matter what, but I have gotten into the habit of always carrying a writing implement and paper

with me in case I get a random thought I wish to preserve.” I had a college classmate who always insisted on carrying a pen around so that if he suddenly figured out the equations to the universe he’d be able to write them down. ☞ “This is especially helpful when I’m stopped at red lights or walking the dog...” I stopped trying to write them down after the time I nearly drove off I-25 while writing down an idea for a column. I got a pocket recorder instead. JJ has a digital one for keeping track of homework assignments, which is smaller and has longer record time.

☞ “Howard and I have this on-going argument about ‘heroic measures’ he wants ‘em, I don’t. But as long as we have Living Wills and trust each other holding power of attorney, we should be OK provided we’re not banged up in a common disaster. ... I’ve tried to have this conversation with the boys a couple times, especially since Raphi turned 18, but they’re not ready to discuss our fates yet and I’m not willing to push it.” I talked a little about this to Gary above. We’ve actually had some of this conversation with Allie, since she’s named in our wills as JJ’s guardian.

ct Liz: “Don’t give up on James just ‘cause he’s been sucked into the black hole of gaming. Micah (15) actually picked up a book for leisure reading last month...” No, we haven’t given up on him at all. We sent him on a week-long dyslexia-coping course last summer. It seems to have had a positive effect. His reading is much improved. He needs less hands-on help with homework. He’s re-reading the Harry Potter books — this time completely by himself — and he’s completely tearing through them.



Steve Hughes ♦ Comments ♦

ct me: “Eyes Wide Shut. The first time I saw this movie, I was not impressed. The second time I liked it a lot better. Watch it again, I think you missed the point.” It’s entirely possible I missed the *real* point. It wouldn’t be the first time something like that happened. “Why did I watch it more than once since I didn’t like it the first time? I’m a cinema buff and the movie is beautifully shot and edited.” Oh, I can’t argue with that: it’s gorgeously photographed. “It’s like some of those paintings you see in a gallery and don’t like until you spend a few minutes really looking at it.” As I talk about earlier in this zine, I’ve watched Allie look at paintings like that quite recently, so I know exactly what you mean. You may have convinced

me to see it again.

☞ *"Basic rights. Without picking out specific comments, I think you and I are in agreement about the way in which we are letting some critical part of our Constitutional rights evaporate in the name of fighting the 'war' on terrorism."* I'm not surprised at all that we agree on this. (Indeed, I'd be shocked if *Hank* didn't agree with me.) I mean, what the hell happened to Osama bin Laden and Bush's words nine days after September 11th: "These demands are not open to negotiation or discussion. The Taliban must act and act immediately. They will hand over the terrorists or they will share in their fate." And what the hell happened to Bush's speech on 29 Nov 2001: "We're an open society, but we're at war. The enemies declared war on us. We must not let foreign enemies use those forms of liberty to destroy liberty itself." *"Things like a national travel ID are actually pretty silly ideas. We have no counterfeit proof ID systems, yes I know a lot about biometrics and they are only as good as the database the data comes from. The only real way to effectively fight terrorism is to cut off its funding. You don't do that by tattooing ID numbers on passengers."* I'm quoting that whole paragraph back at you because I firmly agree. See my comments to Janice above. But also see the article on Bruce Schneier in last September's *Atlantic*. Among other things, Bruce explains how biometrics are severely subject to spoofing.

ct Koch: *"We continue to stay with boring but safe bonds. ... Unfortunately as each bond rolls out I have to reinvest it in lower interest bonds so our income is coming steadily down."* Well, if the government goes back into serious deficit spending, that problem will go away. If the treasury has to borrow more money, T-bill rates will have to go up, and so will corporate bond rates.

Toni Reinhardt • Yngvi is a Louse ♦

ct me: *"Reyrcmt Dengrove about cds being useless for data backup — good to know!"* Did I say that? Actually, I think I was making two points. First, the current crop of CD burners at the \$100 price point have a high failure rate for the CDs they create. The software usually tells you it screwed up, though. But, second, even if the software tells you it burned a good CD, you should check that the files match before declaring the backup good.

☞ *"I also agree with you about rail transport: we have no problem as a society paying for roads, but don't seem to want to do it for trains, really a very civilized form of travel."* Everyone also blips over the subsidies that air travel gets in this country. If the airlines had to actually pay full freight for airports and the air traffic control system, plane tickets would cost at least twice as much.

☞ *"Reyrcmt John Brunner interlineo: I fail to see the connection between being civilized and his second proposition, 'none shall henceforth gain illicit advantage by reason of the fact that we together know more than one of us can know.' This makes very little sense when parsed out."* Have you

read Brin's *Earth*, or his *Transparent Society*? He posits people having no financial privacy, which makes things like insider trading impossible.

☞ "Reyrcmt Schlosser: 'It always amazes me how much Americans appear not to care about the principles on which their country was founded.' Don't teach it in the schools, but teach recycling, say, instead, and that's what you get. If they don't know the principles, how can they even be expected to have an opinion? Has JJ been exposed to the Bill of Rights? Allie's been all the way through high school: when did she study the Constitution, the Federalist papers? I'd bet it wasn't until her senior year, if at all." Allie's actually had all of that, except reading the Federalist papers, which seem to be out of favor. She had it all before her senior year in high school, however, she had some of it at the charter middle school we set up to get around the current curriculum fuzzing. Though, yes, as a country, we're getting amazingly sloppy about teaching this stuff.

☞ "Reyrcmt Janice: 'Nerf security' Very nice!" Actually, that's not my description. I swiped it from a piece on Dave Farber's mailing list from UPenn. But it's damnably apt.

Janet Larson : Passages ♦

ct me: "Thanks for the capsule summary of *Eyes Wide Shut*. Now I really now that I don't want to see it." See my comments to Guy and Steve.

☞ "I guess your kids are too young to seen the *Jimmy Neutron* movie, but my favorite line from it, when the kid genius is showing his friends how to build rocket ships to go rescue their parents from aliens, he says, 'It's not rocket science... no wait, I guess it is rocket science.'" Actually, they've both seen it, though I haven't. I'd like to. Sounds like fun.

☞ "ct Sheila Strickland re: the *Austin Powers* movies: it's terrifying just how popular they are. No, I don't like to think about that." Poor taste always seems to be in style for some reason.

Gary Robe : Tennessee Trash ♦

I wish I'd had time to read your essay on Iraq. I'll do so for next issue. Of course, events are moving quickly enough that anything we say will be out of date by the time it's read.

ct me: "Re your comments on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* going downhill, there is a website: jumptheshark.com that allows fans to pinpoint the moment where favorite media phenomena peak and head downhill." Yes, I know the website, and the derivation of the term. I'd certainly agree that *Buffy* jumped the shark at Tara's death, with a standard deviation of an episode.

mike weber : Ticklish Situation Ahead ♦

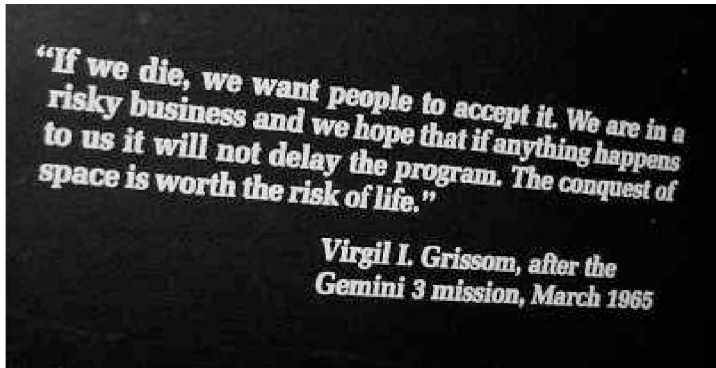
ct me: "Anyone less likely to play well in a remake of a Capra film than Sandler? Well, maybe not works, (and not Capra, now that i check, but along the same lines) but, umm, Warren Beatty in *Heaven Can Wait*?" The Warren Beatty *Heaven Can Wait* is actually an Elaine May rewrite of a 1941 movie called *Here Comes Mr Jordan*, based on a play by Harry Segall *Heaven*

Can Wait. The 1942 Ernst Lubitsch movie named *Heaven Can Wait* is an entirely different story. But point made: Warren Beatty doesn't make a good Capra-esque hero.

I mostly finished my layout on Friday evening the 31st, but I'd planned to get up Saturday morning to write the last page and choose a last comic for filler. I had intended to write a short note about my Uncle Ed Ercegovic who had a heart attack and died on new years day and about Bob Maleeny, the father of childhood friends who was still close friend of my parents until *he* died on 20 December. I'd finish before the mail delivery came, and then after the postman I could put together the OO, and copy everything.

But when I turned on the computer and checked the morning news, I found that the space shuttle *Challenger* had broken up and exploded on re-entry at about 6am my time.

Under the circumstances — which make my title choice this time particularly ironic — the photo below seemed more appropriate for my back page. I took it at the Air & Space Museum on our DC trip, because I wanted to capture the inscribed Grissom quotation.



There's an article by James Glanz for tomorrow morning's *New York Times* already on their web site discussing accident statistics. "The most reliable systems, or boosters, outside the human space program have about one failure in 50 tries, for a 98 percent success rate." He goes on to say, "NASA officials have estimated that the risk of disaster in any given shuttle flight is about 1 in 145, or 99.3 percent. That compares with about 1 chance in 2 million of a catastrophe on a commercial flight, according to estimates made in the late 1990's."

This was the hundred-and-thirteenth shuttle flight.

Ad astra per aspera.

Art Credits

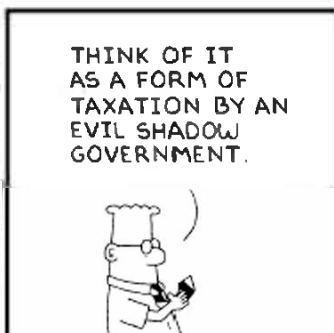
The cover photo is a launch-pad view of a V2, which I took in December at the National Air & Space Museum. Page 3: photographs from Washington, DC, 26 Dec. Page 3: Picasso and Matisse photos, 27 Dec. Page 5: Two more photographs from 27 Dec: is a hawk eating a dove on the Capitol lawn symbolic, or merely lunch? Page 6: oil graph from US Dept of Energy web site. Page 9: *Heart cf the City* from 2 Jan. Page 13: Jack Ohman from 23 Jan. Page 15: *Non Sequitur* from 2 Jul 2002 — never waste a rationalization. Page 17: 9 *Chickweed Lane* from 6 Sep 2002 — so that explains McDonald's hamburgers *and* the X-Files. Page 18: *Non Sequirtur* from 29 May 2002. Page 21: *Calvin & Hobbes* from 30 May 1991 — so, Eve: if you're an English lord and your wife dresses up as a pirate, does that solve your smooching problem? The back cover is the 24 Jan *Dilbert*, not that Scott Adams would comment about the business practices of any *particular* software company in Redmond.

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