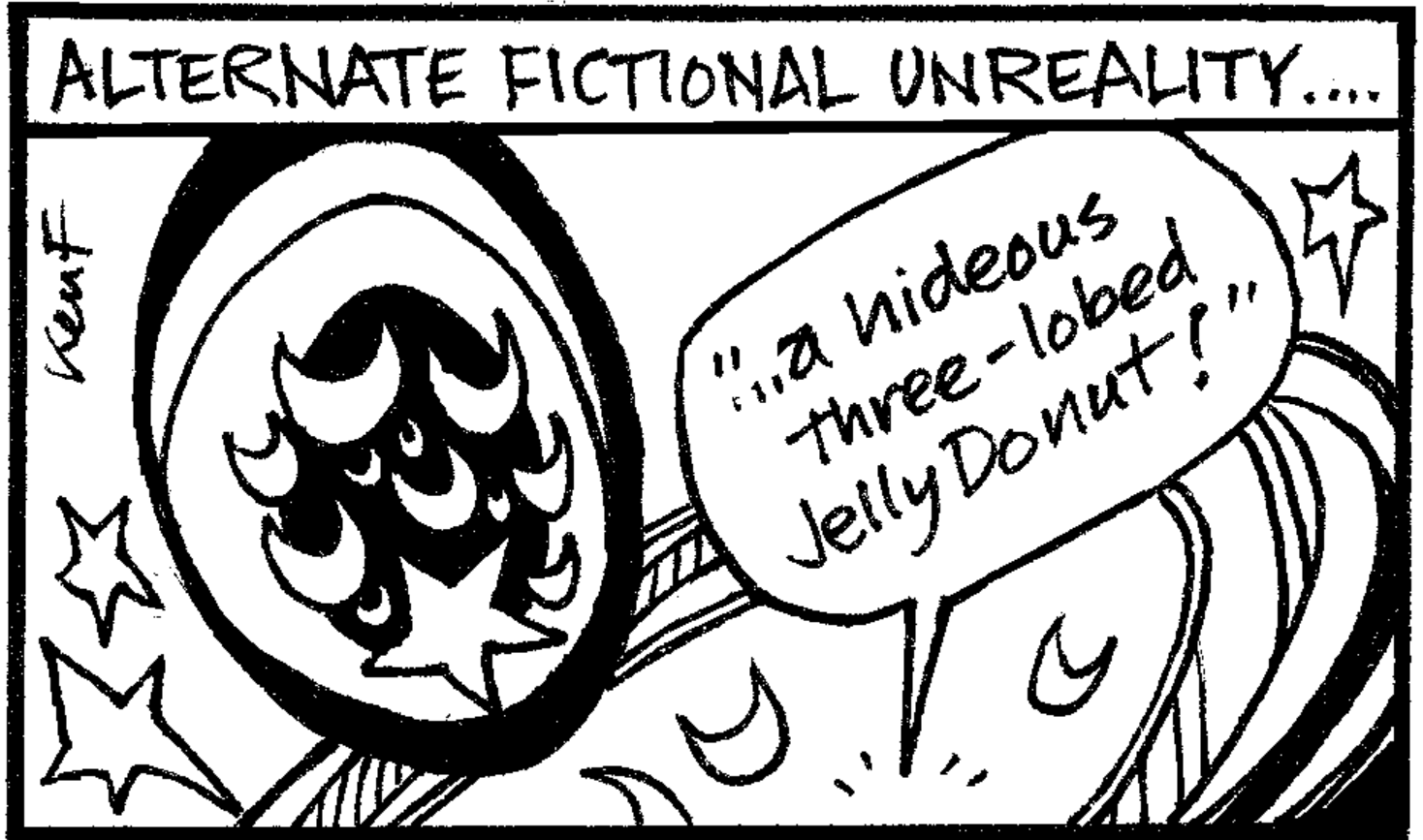


Random Jottings 4



The Alternate History Issue
(read this side first)

ISSUE FOUR
MARCH 2009
CORFLU ZED

random jottings



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All art by **KEN FLETCHER** except page 1 (above) by **DAVID BIRDSONG** and back cover by **BILL ROTSLER**.

Random Jottings 4

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EDITORIAL
BY MICHAEL DOBSON

PARATIME FANDOM



The fanzine you hold in your hands doesn't really exist.

In 1971, I published *Random Jottings* #1, and began gathering material for the next issue, promising contributors that I would publish #2 before the 1973 worldcon. Thirty-eight years later, I am ashamed to report that I still have in my file cabinet a thick folder of contributions for that issue — contributions I never published or returned. I always imagined I'd pub my ish sooner or later, but for three decades I did nothing.

I did finally publish *Random Jottings* #2, for Corflu Badger (Madison) in 2003, but it was a personalzine, and used none of the contributions I'd accumulated. Next issue, I promised myself, I'd publish the legacy material, and rid myself of the guilt I'd been carrying around so long.

Random Jottings #3, of course, turned out to be another personalzine, this one chronicling my adventures with the Samaritan people in Israel and the Palestinian Territories. Worthy of publication, perhaps, but hardly fannish.

At Corflu Silver, I gave a copy of *Random Jottings* #3 to Jim Young. He looked at it and smiled. "I've got a copy of *Random Jottings* #2," he said. "Would you like to see it?"

"I guess, but take my word for it — I've already seen it," I said, perhaps more sharply than was strictly necessary.

He just chuckled. "I don't think so."

"I think I've seen my own fanzine, Jim," I replied.

Wordlessly, he reached into his shoulder bag and pulled out a fanzine. It was *Random Jottings #2*, all right...but it wasn't the *Random Jottings #2* I had published!

I knew the cover by sight. It was a beautiful Eddie Jones six-legged horse. The original was in that file folder back home, yet here it was.

My hands trembled slightly as I took the yellowing twill-tone from Jim's hand. I opened the fanzine. There was my name in the colophon. I scanned the table of contents – it was all the old material I'd never published. The mimeo quality was poor (I never really mastered the art of good repro), the hand-stencilling clumsy, the layout primitive. Yep, it was my work, all right.

Except it wasn't.

I think I babbled incoherently for a minute. “Wha Who How ”

“It's a long story,” Jim replied. “And this fanzine is why you're probably the only one who'll ever believe it. Plus, you write alternate history. That'll make it easier for you as well.

Jim proceeded to tell me a story that would in fact have been unbelievable, except for the undeniable fact that this fanzine – my fanzine, even though I'd never seen a copy – served as absolute proof.

That story begin on the very next page.

The rest of Corflu Silver passed in a daze, and not just because I spent a lot of time in the Sercon Suite. I kept leafing through the

fanzine. In an alternate universe, I had actually published on time! (Well, more or less – I'd promised that the issue would be out before the 1973 Worldcon and it actually didn't appear until December of that year, but that was still a hell of a lot better than I'd managed to do in this timeline.)

When I got back home, I pulled out the file of contributions and sat there looking at a pile of yellowing typewriter paper for a very long time.

“I must pub my ish,” I decided with renewed enthusiasm. “I must pub my ish!”

I thought about simply scanning the copy, but it was difficult to read already. Instead, I took out my file of material and began typing.

This side of the issue is *Random Jottings #4*, published in our time line. On the other side, Ace Double-style, is a facsimile edition of the alternate history *Random Jottings #2*, with all the original contents intact.

I've lost track of almost everybody in the issue. This will be available on efanzines.com and will be distributed at Corflu Zed. If you know anyone who appears in this issue, please let them know about it, or send me the contact information and I'll send them a hard copy.

Only 38 years late. That really is too many. My most sincere apologies to all my patient contributors.

Michael Dobson
March 2009

A MINNEAPOLIS IN '73 MEMOIR

BY JIM YOUNG

THE TIME BUYERS



i.

A Prolegomenon To All Future Alternative Fan Histories

Back at the beginning of my fannish career in the late 1960's, one of my fan heroes, Redd Boggs — a native Minneapolitan — wrote me to say that Things Are Always Different in California. It's not just a matter of the weather, or the landforms, or the way the sunshine makes people look at each other differently, he said, but time itself.

More than 30 years later, having retired from the Foreign Service and moved to California, I was sorting books and papers and fanzines and found a copy of Random Jottings 2 at the bottom of a packing box.

Its colophon claimed that Michael Dobson had published it, and it contained a memoir that I had purportedly written about the Minneapolis in '73 bid.

It just wasn't the bid as I recalled running it.

Because it was about how we'd won.

I told myself it had to be some kind of joke issue, and that I'd just forgotten about it over the years. Yet one of the illos that accompanied the article summoned up an image that began to haunt me, like something long suppressed by the exigencies of work and daily mundanity:

It was a line drawing of General Campbell; something about it kept making me think that there'd actually been such a person, and that I'd actually seen him in action somehow.

Naturally I decided to share my discovery with Dobson. I drove up to the Las Vegas Corflu in April 2008 and handed him the fanzine and asked if it had been some kind of hoax issue and who'd ghosted the article bearing my byline.

To my surprise, Michael told me it wasn't the issue he remembered publishing.

That brought to mind Redd Boggs's comment from

all those years ago. Perhaps this was just an effort by General Campbell to influence neighboring timelines, or perhaps it was just the ability of California to force the collapse of other realities into the commonwealth of time in which all of us now believe we live. But after you read this, you'll have to reach your own conclusion about its meaning; I've given up.

It's much easier to do that than to accept that events like these actually took place.

— Jim Young



1.

Jones, the White House staffer, came roaring into the pre-convention party and shouted,

“Young, we've got a problem with this zeppelin of yours!”

The entire Presidential Suite of the Leamington Hotel went quiet. Even Gordy Dickson, Ursula LeGuin and Ben Bova stopped singing while I walked over to the entrance and said, “Now what's wrong?”

Jones was red in the face. “The Secret Service won't let President Humphrey speak while you've got that thing flying over the hotel.” He inhaled deeply. “Security considerations.”

“Come with me.” I led him out onto the terrace, overlooking downtown Minneapolis, so we wouldn't disturb the party. Since the zeppelin actually the Goodyear blimp in this case was the symbol of the convention, I wasn't about to let some idiot of a political science major prevent us from seeing the flyover we'd paid those big bucks for. “Now listen here, Jones, the President's supposed to start speaking at 8:00 tomorrow night. The speech is supposed to last half an hour at most, and then he's out of the hotel and on 35W headed for the Minnesota White House. So what's the problem?” I gripped the shoulder-height railing as I looked over at the IDS tower.

Jones shook a copy of the program book, fresh from the printers, in one hand. “Well, Mr. Science-fiction-convention Chairman, that's not what it says here.” He held out the page that showed that President Humphrey was going to make the opening speech starting at eight. And right below that the schedule showed the Goodyear Blimp flying over downtown at the same time.

"It's a typographical error, Jones," I told him.

"Well you're going to have to convince the Secret Service of that."

"That shouldn't be too hard. We've got the flight plan in the convention control room."

"All I can say is, it's a good thing your father knew the President, otherwise I for one would never have recommended that the President of the United States speak to a bunch of losers like you people!" Jones stalked away. He even walked like a political science major.

A little numb, I walked back into the suite, looking for Fred Haskell, the guy in charge of the convention's publications.

"What was that all about?" Fred asked as I walked up to him.

"You're not going to believe it, but there's a typo in the program book that's got the White House in a hissy fit."

Fred slapped one hand against his forehead.

"Listen, Fred, could you meet me in the control room in ten minutes? I'm going down to my room and take a couple of aspirin. I'm starting to get a headache."

Fred nodded and said, "Jim, I don't know how there could be a typo in that thing. We both proofread it."

I nodded. "These things happen. I'll see you down in the control room."

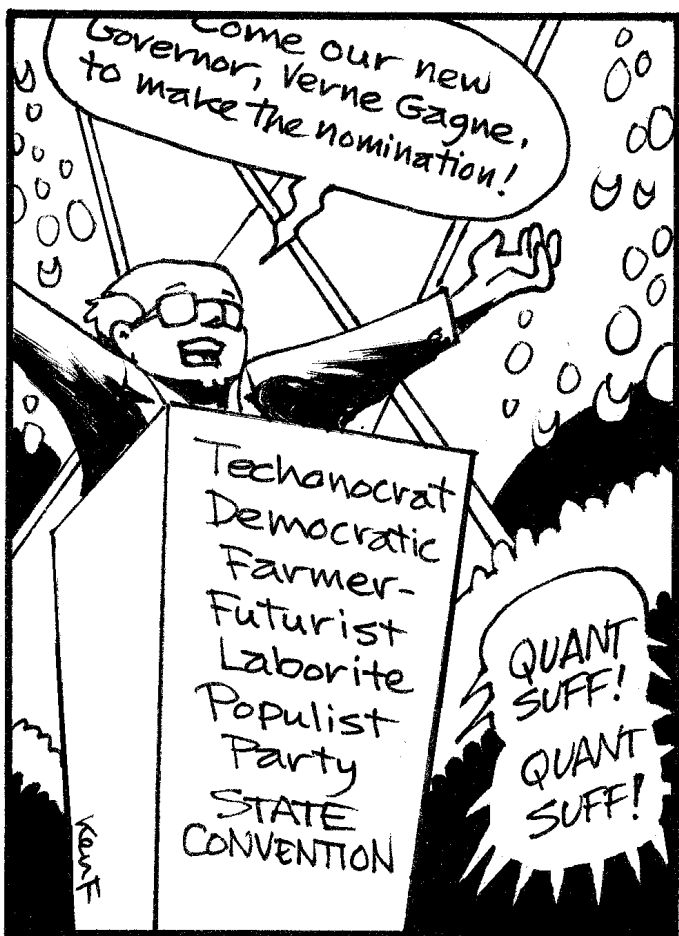


Ever since I was 16 years old and first got the idea of holding the worldcon in Minneapolis in 1973, I figured this would be the coolest experience in my life.

Now I wasn't so sure.

2.

Okay, Young, I told myself as I walked back to my room, this is all your fault. If you weren't really trying to bring the arts and sciences together in a brand new way, and if Hubert



Humphrey hadn't known your mom and dad back when they owned their restaurant in Dinkytown, none of this would be happening.

Now a simple typographical error has the White House absolutely ballistic. Thank God for the SALT treaty.

I was leaning over to unlock the door when someone called out, "Are you Jim Young?"

I opened the door and asked, "Who's asking?" I looked around and saw a white-haired man wearing a black, spangly uniform. On his head rested a black beret. He looked like a refugee from the costume ball.

Without a sound, the man shoved me into the room and closed the door behind himself.

"Hey!"

He pulled out some kind of gun from a holster at his side.

"Listen what the hell's going on?"

"It's a matter of chronosynclasticity, Mr. Young. Time-binding, I believe, is the term used in your era. Excuse my hyperbusculosity, by the way, but allow me to introduce myself. My name is Damon H.L. Boucher."

Behind him someone started pounding on the door.

Boucher looked worried. "They're here," the man muttered. "Fout."

"Open up in there!" a baritone voice shouted from the hall.

Boucher held up one hand for silence and aimed his gun at the door and pulled the trigger. I couldn't see or hear any discharge.

When he lowered his gun I asked, "Would you explain what's going on?"

"I think I've just you'll excuse the expression bought us a little time."

This was getting preposterous and I was starting to get ticked off. "Do you realize this hotel is full of Secret Service people? If you're trying to cause trouble here, you might want to think again."

"Not at all, Mr. Young. Quite to the contrary, I'm here to try to make sure the President makes his statement about the Moonbase exactly as scheduled."

"You know what he's going to talk about?" I couldn't believe it. All the White House would let me know was that the President was going to make an announcement about some aspect of the space program — and I was the chairman of the convention.

"Yes I do. In fact, Humphrey's announcement is what makes this convention an important temporal nexus. If the President succeeds in announcing the start of the Moonbase project here, it will bring the world together in a way that would not otherwise be possible for forty or fifty years. But there are several — fout! what is your contemporaneous usage?" He scratched his head and went on. "Groups — interested in preventing that from happening."

"Like the guy out in the hall."

Boucher nodded. "Exactly."

"So what do you want with me?"

Boucher grinned. "I need you to make a phone call to a White House staffer named Jones. Do you know him?"

"Do I." I must have looked pretty unhappy.

Boucher looked concerned. "So what's wrong with Jones?"

"Oh, I can think of a few choice words to describe him, that's all."

"Which implies," Boucher said as he crossed his arms across his chest, "that Jones isn't likely to help us out if you ask him to."

"Let's put it this way — the 'milk of human kindness' isn't exactly the phrase I'd use to describe his basic approach."

"Then we are in trouble." Boucher holstered his weapon and pulled a hand-held computer sort of thing from a pocket in his shirt sleeve. He tapped something onto its keyboard and then looked up at me. "There is an increasing chance that the competition will be able to set in motion a stochastic collapse of this entire series of timelines. According to my calculations, you'd continue to exist in the next several series



of timelines, Mr. Young, but general conditions would probably get worse.”

“So what should I do?”

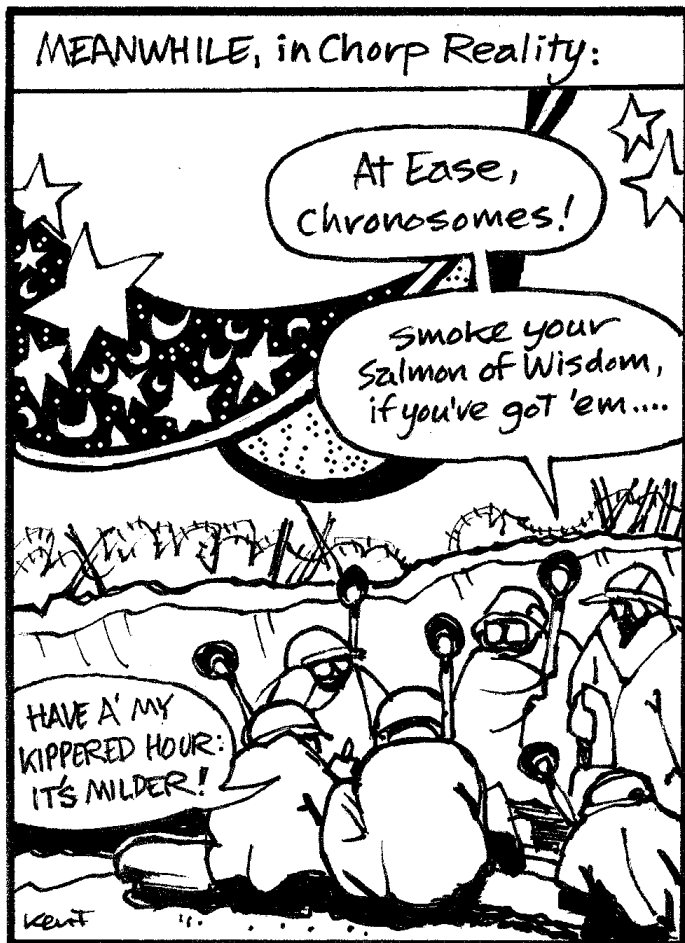
“Pick up the phone ”

Boucher started to shudder as though he were experiencing his own private earthquake, and then a spasm ran through the floor and the air shimmied the way it does over something really hot.

“What was that?” I asked.

“Fout.” Boucher fell back against the door.

“We're being diverted from the series in which Humphrey is the President in 1973.”



Without a sound the door dissolved behind Boucher. Two guys grabbed him and another sprayed something at me from a can. I tried not to breathe, but whatever was in that thing must have worked right on contact with my skin and I was falling....

3.

I came to when they were dragging me down a hall; they'd blindfolded me and handcuffed my hands together. They opened some kind of squeaky metal grate, dragged me onto a metal floor and clanged the grating shut. With a shudder we started to descend in what sounded like an old freight elevator. When it stopped they led me out into a huge basement room where our footsteps echoed hollowly. At last they sat me down in a flimsy plastic chair and took off the blindfold.

“So, Mr. Young, we meet at last,” said a jolly looking, heavy set man with a clipped accent I couldn't place. He was wearing a monocle, a gold brocade vest and a yellow swallow-tail coat; it looked like the costume department had found him something to wear for 1873, not a century later.

“I'm sorry it had to be under such unusual circumstances,” he nodded. “You may call me Harry T. O'Connor Gernsback.” He gestured to one of the guards who undid my handcuffs. I rubbed my wrists where the cuffs had pinched them.

"Don't tell me you're an editor."

"How very astute of you, sir." Gernsback arched one eyebrow and let his monocle drop onto his chest, tethered by a black string to his lapel. "A trans-temporal editor, to be precise. And a tad more successful than the hapless Boucher, with his all his literary pretensions, whom you met in the last iteration of manifest reality. If I'd been in charge, you can be sure that the competition wouldn't have managed to put in that typographical error in your convention program book. So much trouble over such an insignificant chronomuto-artifact."

"Any chance you can explain that in English?"

"Well, you know what I always used to tell Ben Bova to err is human, to edit bovine."

I couldn't help it. I winced.

"And so you may well wince, Mr. Young. But then, you have some idea already of what this is all about, if our recording of Boucher's testimony is accurate. As he told you, we're in a time nexus. But thanks to Boucher's bungling, the competition has shifted us out of the best possible series. There is no remaining timeline we can reach in which Hubert Humphrey became President. In fact, all the series now available are predicated upon the assassination of John Kennedy in 1963."

As I sat there, the memory flooded through my brain: I'd been in seventh-grade shop class and a kid came running in with the news that President Kennedy had been shot.



"Yes, I can see the local apparent memory has just reached you. It's a shame we can't immunize you from local referent time but that's prohibited, unfortunately." Gernsback smiled. "As you may know, the 32nd-century injunction against such immunizations was upheld in the Azimuthal Court ruling on Solar v. Plexus, 4339 Galactic Code 1066."

I guess that was the first time I'd ever heard anybody speak in footnotes.

You know, right up until the memory of John F. Kennedy's death hit me, I'd had the feeling this was some kind of elaborate hoax possibly run by the Dallas in '73 committee. But now I

knew it wasn't; JFK was still alive in the 1973 I had just come from.

"So let me see if I understand all this," I said.

"Your editorial board acts like some sort of paratime patrol, like in the old H. Beam Piper stories."

"Not exactly. But close enough for government work."

"So why did you need to handcuff and blindfold me?"

"I apologize for that. But we were under attack and afraid that you might be psychologically reprogrammed with a frenzy drug. Also, we had

to ensure that we brought you safely to this protected area. You see, if we hadn't secured your departure the way we did, you might have wound up no more than a dollop of fungus. On a rock."

None of that left me particularly impressed.

"How's that?" I asked.

"If a series collapses stochastically, generally everything in it reverts to the lowest common denominator. I.e., life becomes unicellular, when it exists." He arched his eyebrow again.

It wasn't a gesture exactly designed to inspire confidence especially since it made him look so much like a Playboy cartoon of the devil.

"So tell me," I asked, "just what is the competition trying to do?"

Gernsback smiled. All his teeth were made out of metal. "They're trying to obtain maximum rigor."

"Meaning?"

Gernsback's smile became a little pained. "It's causality, Mr. Young. They're trying to shore up reality as they go backwards in time. Which is to say, they're trying to deconstruct the heat death of the universe." He placed his fingertips together. "Whereas we're trying to cosmogenize the immanent negentropon inherent in this time series. In other words, we're forward thinkers." He smiled metallically.

"Well," I said rubbing my forehead, "that certainly clears that up."



"The real issue is when the United States establishes a permanent presence in space, Mr. Young. If it doesn't happen now, in 1973 it won't happen until it's absolutely essential for the survival of the human race which is to say, under considerably less than ideal circumstances. Considerably less than ideal. For example, once we get out of this macroseries, personalities, genders, languages all become less stable."

"Is there anything I can do about that?"

"Well "

The air shimmied again. Gernsback looked horrified, reached a hand toward me and then simply faded away. All the rest of the guards vanished, too. None of this high-falutin' Star Trek-type glittering transition. They were just gone.

The chair collapsed beneath me and I crashed to the floor.

4.

"Halt where you are," a female voice shouted somewhere above me. I turned over on my side and saw a very tall, heavily muscled woman dressed in a white-satin uniform.

"So you're the famous Jimyoung," she said. There was a star-shaped scar on her right cheek that made her look vicious when she spoke an effect heightened by her blue Mohawk.

"You have the advantage of me."

"Unfortunately true, in several senses." She smiled wanly and gestured at a group of soldiers dressed in similar uniforms who stepped through an opening in the wall and surrounded me. For the first time I saw that she had four stars on her epaulettes.

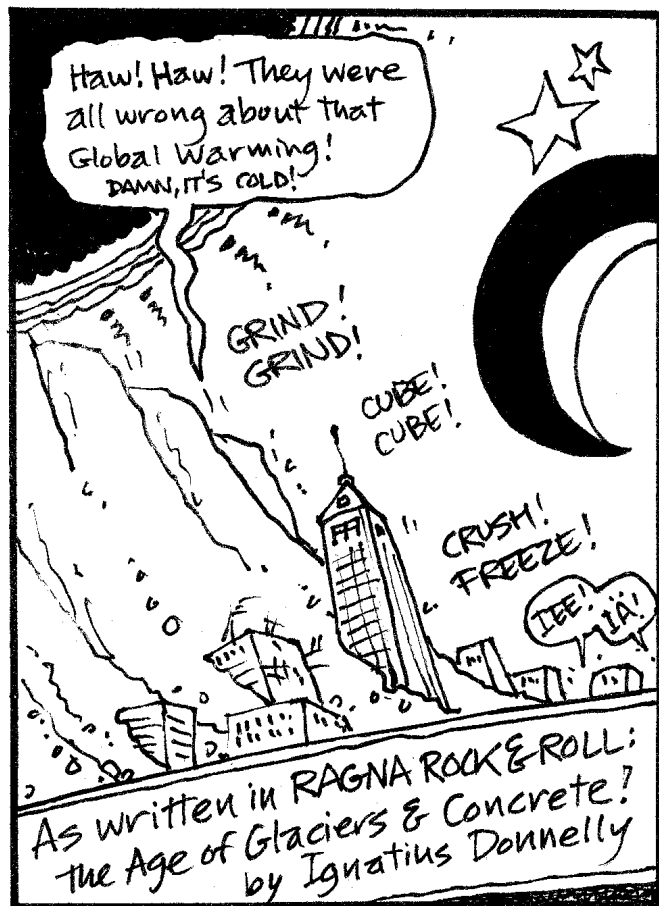
"I'm General Joanna Campbell. Sorry that you've been subjected to this insane attempt to distort the time lines." She shook her head. "These madmen thought they could divert history around a particularly bad period in your country's development. As they claim to have told you completely in disregard to the regulations you were a minor player in that



effort. That notwithstanding, it's now my duty to return you to default."

"What's that mean?"

"We're taking you back to the least common denominator of timelines."



"Aren't you afraid we'll turn into fungus if you do that?"

She grimaced. "Where'd you pick up that nonsense?"

"Gernsback."

"I thought so." She shook her head. "Well, forget everything he told you. He's entirely pre-eschatonic."

"That's easy for you to say."

Again she flashed that wan smile. "What that means is that he thought a person could go back far enough in time to change everything. Unfortunately, the many-worlds structure of the universe means you can never succeed if that's what you're trying to do."

"So you're trying to rebuild things backwards in time?"

Once more she shook her head. "Gernsback again I can tell. No. All I'm trying to do is get you back to a time track that won't fall apart."

"Where president Kennedy wasn't killed?"

She smiled again; it wasn't a very happy gesture. "No nothing that good. You see, the default zone is one in which Richard Nixon is President from 1969 through 1974. It will be one of the low points of your country's history, and it will take decades to overcome its legacy. But that's exactly the kind of trouble that eventually produces a period of greater maturity in the post-Cold War period; without it, your country would become mired in a period of intense self-satisfaction, so manifest in the 1950's and '60's."

"But I won't know that, will I?"

She cracked her knuckles. "You learn fast. No," she added sadly, "nobody will be aware of that from the inside."

"I'm not sure I'm going to like this."

"Well, that's not all." She cracked her knuckles again. "I understand from your dossier that as you say in your era you are 'really into' music. So let me warn you that you should be ready for something called 'disco.'"

I wasn't sure what that meant, but it didn't sound good. "But I won't remember any of this, will I?"

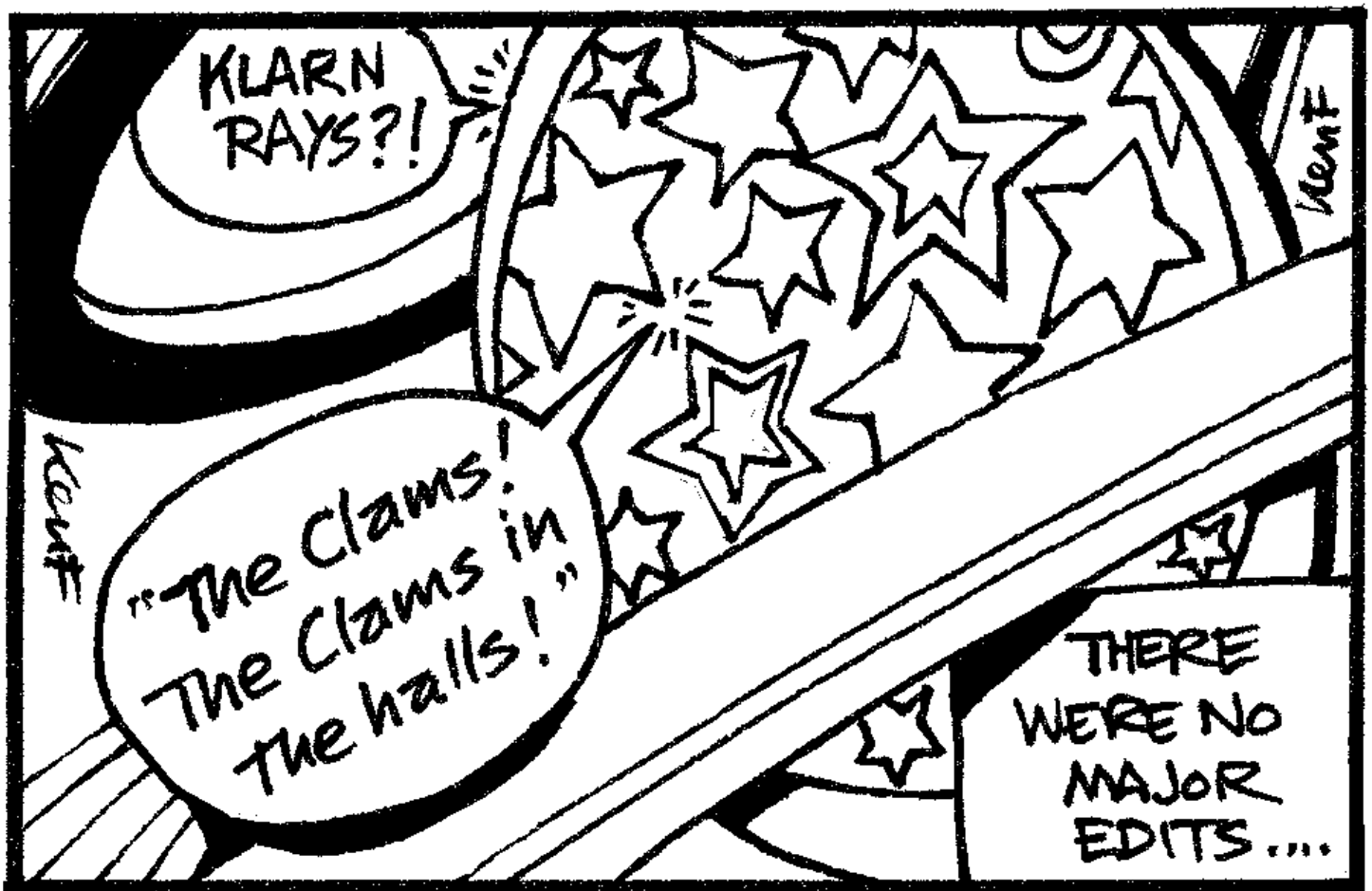
"No. The local memories will erase everything I've said soon enough." She pulled a card out of a pocket on the sleeve of her uniform and seemed to type on it, like a court-room stenographer.

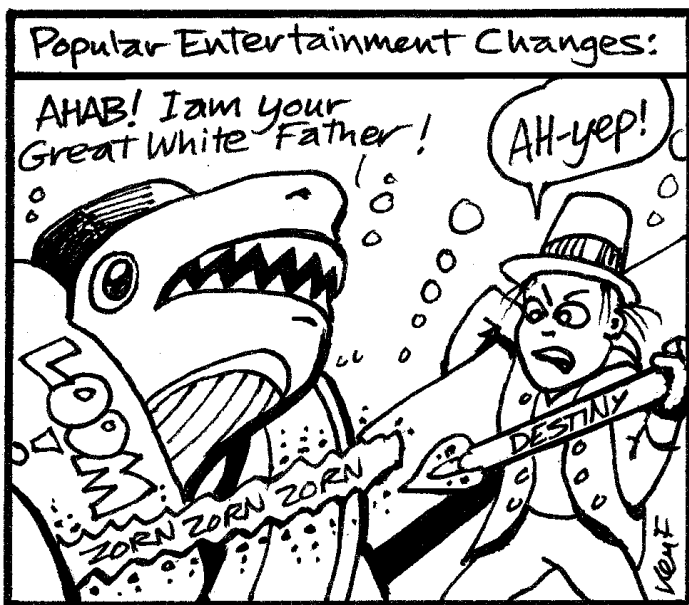
Once more the air shimmied.

5.

Without any sense of transition I found myself sitting in the lobby of the Royal York hotel in Toronto where the 1973 World Science Fiction Convention was just beginning. For some minutes I had been scribbling what I could recall of the strange dream I'd had that morning a dream in which we'd won the worldcon bid for Minneapolis....

Bev Swanson walked over and sat down beside me.





"So good morning," she said, a little diffidently. It was awkward. We'd broken up several months before, but we were still trying to be friends.

"Hi," I muttered as I finished writing. "You're not going to believe this, but I just had the most vivid dream about what it would have been like if we'd really won the worldcon bid."

"Shh," Bev said. "You shouldn't talk about a dream until after you've had breakfast, otherwise it'll come true."

"Not this one." I told her what I'd written down. Funny. Once I finished, everything sounded like something from a crummy old pulp.

I looked over at Bev and thought about how nice it would be if we could really flit between time lines. I wanted just about more than anything to get to the timeline where my father hadn't died when I was 17 and I hadn't had to work like a dog to support my mother while going to college. Then it wouldn't have mattered that my

mother didn't like Bev and things could have worked out between us....

"Well, Minneapolis in '73 was a beautiful dream," Bev said sweetly, sensing some of what I was thinking. "And that's why I think we ought to keep bidding. Bidding's much more fun than really running a worldcon, anyway."

"You're right, as usual." I smiled back at her.

Ken Fletcher wandered up to us and I told him about the dream I'd had.

"And," Bev interjected, hardly able to repress a giggle, "I think we should just keep on bidding."

Ken looked momentarily frightened at the prospect of really running a worldcon, then said, "This sounds like a job for the Dr. Dodd Clegler Institute for Trans-Temporal Fannish Studies."





From out of nowhere, Barry Smotroff and his girlfriend Tiffany appeared. Barry was wearing a pair of Groucho Marx glasses and fake eyebrows. "Or possibly for Zyx W. Vutts," Barry added, fiddling with the glasses.

"Did someone mention Zyx W. Vutts?" John Singer asked as he sauntered from around a heavily reinforced marble column. "Give me a long enough time-like lever and I will change the course of space-like history before it happens!"

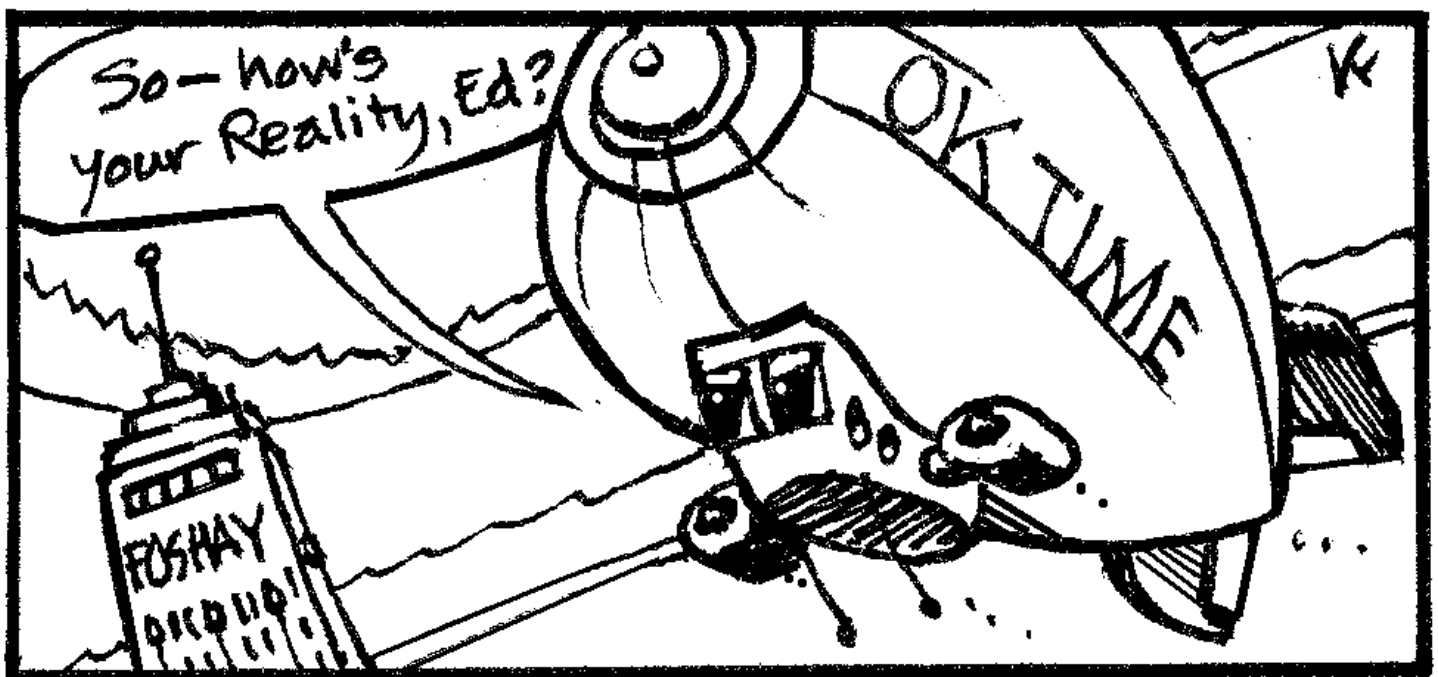
It seemed like the natives really wanted a Minneapolis worldcon bid.

"Now wait a minute," I said, holding up my hands for quiet. "It was my dream to begin with, everybody. At the very least you should hear me out." I looked over at Bev. She seemed as puzzled as I did that people could have misconstrued what she'd said. "I think we can continue to bid, just as long as there's no real danger we'll actually ever "

Before I could say the word "win," the whole crowd roared, "Minneapolis in '73!"

And that was the moment, at long last, when I finally admitted to myself that there is no arguing with a truly fannish mind.

The End.



RANDOM JOTTINGS ON RANDOM JOTTINGS #3 LETTERS

Lloyd Penney

Many thanks for Random Jottings 3. I never knew about your zine, or you, for that matter, and I've been in the letter columns 25 years or so, but many thanks for handing me a copy at Corflu Silver, and it is time we met one another, and here's some comments on this issue.

Anything that brings together the Palestinians and Israelis in a positive light is a good thing. Yet, I read more and more about how these problems start, through lack of dialogue and random action on both sides, against the other. So many ceasefires have splintered because of one unwise government decision, or one person about to get revenge for a past death or injustice. These medals of peace and certificates sound like such a good idea...have they made an impact? Or are they forgotten in all the politics and bloodshed? I wish I could be more positive when it comes to the Middle East, and more positive when it comes to Israeli



ISSUE THREE

SPRING 2008



The Adventure of the Not-So-Good Samaritan

Complete In This Issue!

plus Death of a Shoe Repairman Bonus Featurette

and upcoming product news from the Highly Inappropriate Toy Company

governments. That ravaged part of the world does indeed need all the good Samaritans it can get.

I never met Gary Gygax, but one big name I know in the gaming industry is Ed Greenwood, sometimes known as Elminster. I'd have to look to see how many novels Ed has out. Ed and I went to university together, what is now Ryerson University in downtown Toronto. We were both taking journalism, and while I was taking notes for my classes, Ed would be sketching dungeon rooms. He failed some of his courses, but his sketches became the dungeon he sold to TSR for millions. Who was the smart student that day, I wonder...

The best (or worst) thing about the Highly Inappropriate Toys is that in a few mere years, I would expect to see some of them, or something similar to them, on the market. There was an Edvard Munch display some years ago in Toronto, the Edvard Munch dolls would have been a popular hit.

I had wondered from earlier in the issue if issue 2 had been published at all, and then at the end are locs on that second issue. Will there be an issue 4?

[Well, as you now know, Issue #2 had been published in our timeline, and the alternate timeline edition is here.

I know Ed Greenwood well; I negotiated TSR's purchase of Forgotten Realms from Ed back in the 1980s. A brilliant talent; I like him a lot.]

John Nielsen Hall

Mainly what I have to say, is "Good On You". You are at least doing something about what we more or less nightly watch woodenly from our armchairs and wish would end. There are very few people prepared to but their beliefs to real practical use, and I believe you to be one of them. Thank you.

Lord Avebury (the fourth Baron Avebury, actually) is, as you say a Buddhist, as am I. I actually live near Avebury, while he lives in South London. I have volunteered to look after his estate , in his prolonged absence, but he didn't take me up on it. There you are. He also does good work.

Mark Hill

I thought the Samaritan story sounded like quite an adventure. I didn't know anything about Samaritans before this, and I learned a lot! What a great idea to create a medal for the Samaritan people to award. Fantastic! That area of the world seems like such a scary place - especially for such a holy land. How do you remember it now that you've left? I assume you would do it again, right? Did Perez ever receive his medal? Sorry that you missed meeting him - that would have definitely been an honor. I have to say that your Epilogue touched me as well and was a perfect ending to the story. I agree that finding the courage to do what is right amidst many who are doing wrong is the hardest task but also has the greatest impact and reward.

Debbie's father sounds like an amazing man. One of 5 places that remained open during the riots! Wow, to have even been close when such an event occurred, let alone in the middle of it, and helping so many. Amazing! My best wishes go out to your family on his passing.

The HI Toys are hilarious and a nice touch of humor after the Samaritan story. Did you create all of the products by putting together art and then writing product descriptions? Much to Andrea's distaste, the Adopt a Slug product has been purchased by my son Nicolas over here - worms seem to be a fine substitute as well.

Robin Postal White

I was amazed and enchanted by the catalog of inappropriate toys, do I have the name nearly correct? Being fairly new, 2+ years, to the cyber world I have got to ask, was that just a catalog or was there a chance in hell of making some of that stuff real? Sorry had to stop to send my notes about the catalog to this computer so I could remember what I jotted down.

Mister Picasso Head - Made me laugh out loud

Edvard Munch Dolls - Made me laugh so hard I was in a coughing fit in seconds

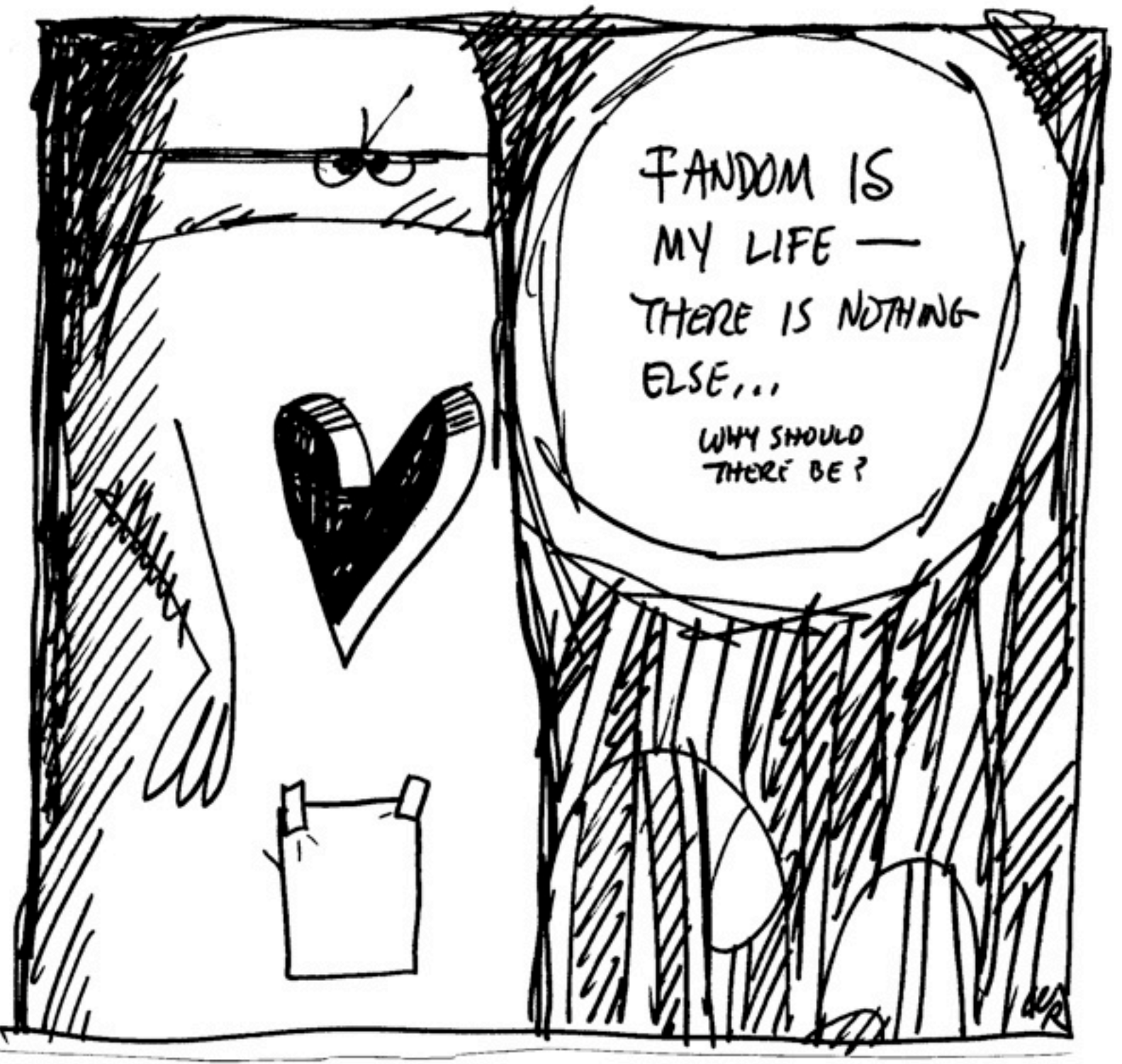
Hazmat - that's a good one-yeah amuse your neighbors and delight your friends.

Blonde Moment - yeah tired of unsightly IQ points keeping you from enjoying the same TV shows as everybody else?

Oh yeah, deep sigh, Yes.

The stuff is lovely and I only just glanced over it and will have return to it to really look at it.

I miss that kind of sense of humor. Thank you.



FANDOM IS
MY LIFE —
THERE IS NOTHING
ELSE...

WHY SHOULD
THERE BE?