

is an amazing sort of circuitry too complicated for the sake of a Taylor to describe. It is hard enough to believe it without going to the pain of telling how it functions of what it does. But here it is. To write something you view you the mirror and simply think what you want to write. No need to balance it and there is no mechanical device to be used. You write it and whatever you think...as you look yourself in the eye in the mirror...is printed out almost immediately on these small slips. If your work is personal correspondence of some sort you may simply send the slips...if you are writing a book you may enlarge it to better fit on Sogwog leaves at a later time. Of course very few of us can produce finished copy right off the top of our heads and one may take what one has written, rethinking it and give it again. That is the way in which most things are produced, incidentally. About the fourth rethinking and then the things begin to come into good final form. The mirror is the critical part and there are not nearly as many books produced as you would expect...many Kuisbeighners (but not all) are rather grotesque looking and cannot stand to look at themselves that long in the mirror.

Sometime ago I mentioned that Kuisbeighn is not a utopia as a number of genuine problems. The justice system I mentioned is one of those. There is no appeal to a Kuisbeighn sentence once it is given and carried out immediately. Most of the offenses are punished with transference. It is more common that someone is ordered to eat only gravel...much less tasty I am told than the rocks. And some will have their thumbs tied up so that they can walk with the moving roadway but must move step by step. The nature of offense can be anything as small as transferring yourself to the wrong place accidentally or as large as transferring yourself to the wrong place on purpose. I hardly need supply details of every sort of possibility.

There is also a distinct shortage of beverage materials on Kuisbeighn. There is water, of course, the rains are fairly common but the spent air is loaded with dust from rock eating and the water is often rather muddy. Therefore one develops a taste for hard water. Nothing like our soft drinks are to be found and certainly nothing like our hard drinks. The people of the planet are enormously temperate and well behaved in all sorts of affairs. This is true. There are creatures such as cows (I never found out what they were really called...but they looked like cows) and they are used to produce a milk like fluid. It is not drunk by the inhabitants however as it is white in color and on Kuisbeighn it is a general suspicion that anything that is white is some kind of glue so one seals up the throat. So for a big drinker such as I, the thing is to be one of a bit of thirst although I kept a small quantity of water near at all times...and it was good that I did for this probably was an extremely wise act, although performed unwittingly, and I shall tell you in the next communique.