

GEEK RANT

HI...

I DON'T WEAR BAD GLASSES
OR SUSPENDERS AND I
DON'T GLOW IN THE DARK.

I DON'T LIKE
POCKET
PROTECTORS
AND NO, I DON'T
KNOW EDWIN, MARTY
OR LINDA IN THE I.T.
DEPARTMENT AT **EBAY**,
ALTHOUGH I'M CERTAIN
THEY'RE PULLING DOWN
GREAT SALARIES...

I LIKE CAFFEINE.
I PREFER TO CODE IN **C** OR
PERL, NOT VISUAL BASIC,
AND IT'S PRONOUNCED
LI-NIX, **LINE-UX** OR **LEEN-OOKS**,
WHATEVER MAKES YOU HAPPY.

I CAN PROUDLY WEAR A T-SHIRT
FROM ANOTHER
COMPANY AND
STILL LOOK COOL.

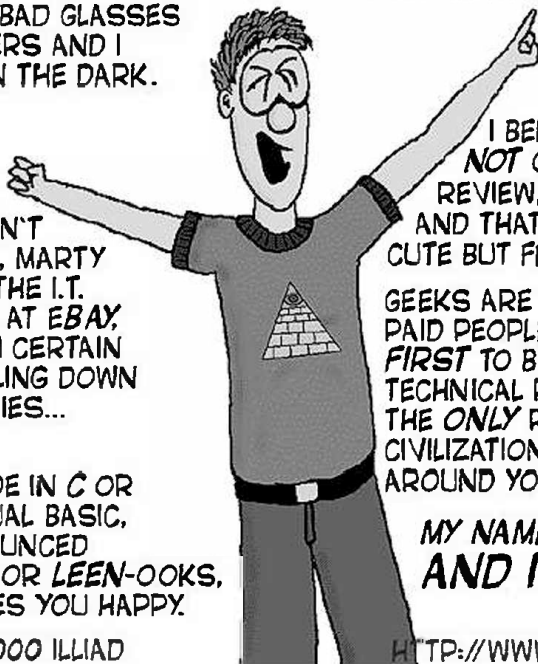
I BELIEVE IN INNOVATION,
NOT OBFUSCATION; PEER
REVIEW, **NOT** PATENT WARS,
AND THAT THE PENGUIN IS A
CUTE BUT FEARSOME ANIMAL!

GEEKS ARE THE **SECOND** BEST
PAID PEOPLE IN THE WORLD, THE
FIRST TO BE BLAMED FOR
TECHNICAL PROBLEMS, AND
THE **ONLY** REASON WHY
CIVILIZATION DOESN'T CRUMBLE
AROUND YOUR EARS!

**MY NAME IS JASON,
AND I AM A GEEK!**

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THIRTY-THREE THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED, EIGHTY-THREE.

You've heard me talk for two years about building internationalization into Interix, the product Microsoft bought along with me last fall. I've finally come to the point of folding the library code back into the main source base, which led to counting up how many lines I've built over the last two years. 33,783.

Just to put that in perspective, the classic Unix kernel is about 7000 lines, and the software to administer the Hugos is about 3000. Put another way, that's between seventy-five and a hundred lines a day for the two years, depending on how much time you allow for other things I've worked on.

Of course, this is nowhere near the end of the saga. There's a bunch more internationalization work to do above the library level. And I've got a large pile of things other than that to complete before the next release, but I feel like I've accomplished a major goal, and I'm a rather pleased with myself now that it's all folded together.



WHEN HAL AND ULRIKA O'BRIEN STOPPED BY FOR A VISIT A couple of months ago, Ulrika reminded me of a joke I'd heard some time ago, which plays on the pathological politeness inherent in the Canadian character: "Q: How can you tell which passenger on the elevator with you is Canadian? A: Step on everyone's toes until someone apologizes." I thought it was rather amusing — as did the fairly cosmopolitan Canadians with whom I work.

Allie trotted off and told it at school, in her English class. Jackie, the kid who moved to Bellevue from British Columbia at about the time we moved from Boulder, heard the joke, looked really upset, and said, "That joke is insulting and... and..., er, um. I'm sorry. Never mind."

AS THE ELECTION APPROACHES, WE HAVE A HOBSON'S choice to make: vote for the Democrat masquerading as a Rockefeller Republican, the Republican masquerading as the new Democrat, the Fascist trying to take over the Reform party in a beer hall putsch, the Socialist who nobody's heard of, or Ralph Nader, the self-promoting millionaire consumer advocate. *

To aid in that selection, and as a public service we provide the following reprint from *Salon* magazine about a year ago, on 6 July 1999: †

Quién es más macho?

(Below are nine excerpts from the speeches of Al Gore and George W. Bush. Which one is which? Answers at the bottom of the next page.)

(Compiled by Anthony York)

Six and a half years after Bill Clinton won the presidency, the fine art of triangulation has become de rigueur for candidates of both parties. If you can neutralize your party's radical wing and co-opt the issues of your opponents, Valhalla awaits. This tendency produces Republicans who sound like Democrats and vice versa. As evidence we offer the speech excerpts below. Some come from the stump speeches of Clinton heir apparent Al Gore; others come from the campaign juggernaut of George W. Bush. Which is which?

1) [The American] dream is so vivid – but too many say: The dream is not for me. Kids who turn schoolyards into battlefields. Children who corrupt their wills and souls with drugs, who limit their ambitions by having children themselves. Failed schools are creating two societies: one that reads and one that can't; one that dreams and one that doesn't. These are the burdens on the conscience of a successful nation. The next president must close this gap of hope. It is the great challenge to America's good heart ... I will be an activist president, who sets goals worthy of a great nation.

2) Government can help. We can pass laws to give schools and principals more authority to discipline children and protect the peace of classrooms. We must encourage states to reform their juvenile justice laws. We must say to our

* It's a shame that Pat Buchanan is having the putsch: I almost miss having a Ferengi running. But I guess Ross Perot has quit politics, and gone back to defending his mansion from Black Panthers full time. On the other hand, it has caused Jesse "My Testosterone is More Macho than Your Testosterone" Ventura to find a new party, which is good for some amusement on its own.

† See <http://www.salon.com/news/feature/1999/07/06/quiz>

children, "We love you, but discipline and love go hand in hand, and there will be bad consequences for bad behavior."

3) I ask for your help to strengthen family life in America. And I make you this pledge: If you entrust me with the presidency, I will marshal its authority, its resources and its moral leadership to fight for America's families. With your help, I will take my own values of faith and family to the presidency – to build an America that is not only better off, but better.

4) These are our deficits now: the time deficit in family life; the decency deficit in our common culture; the care deficit for our little ones and our elderly parents. Our families are loving but over-stretched. These deficits cannot be measured in monthly economic tables, or even in the size of a family's paycheck. To find them, you have to look harder at the places our statistics do not describe: the dinner tables that sit empty, when working parents do not have the time to share a meal with their children. The entertainment that glorifies aggression and indecency, with lessons more vivid and overpowering than those in the classroom. The schools where discipline is eroding – and the school hallways where guns and fear are becoming too common.

5) I will involve [people] in after-school programs, maternity group homes, drug treatment, prison ministries. I will lay out specific incentives to encourage an outpouring of giving in America.

6) There is a hunger and thirst for goodness among us. Just visible within a generation's journey is a new horizon: a 21st century America with stronger families, stronger communities and a more vital democracy – in which we live and govern according to our highest American ideals.

7) We'll be prosperous if we embrace free trade. I'll work to end tariffs and break down barriers everywhere, entirely, so the whole world trades in freedom. The fearful build walls. The confident demolish them. I am confident in American workers and farmers and producers. And I am confident that America's best is the best in the world.

8) Responsible men and women must make their own most personal decisions based on their own consciences, not government interference. No executive action can mend a broken family. No legislation can reconnect a parent to a child, or a family to a grandparent. No proposal can change a culture that does not place family life at the top of our hierarchy of values, where it belongs. So today, I say to every parent in America: It is our own lives we must master if we are to have the moral authority to guide our children. The ultimate outcome does not rest in the hands of any president, but with all our people taking responsibility for themselves, and for each other. So my first

promise is to ask you, each of you, to fulfill that American promise.

9) Sin acción, las palabras no valen nada – aunque sean bonitas. Mis amigos, seguiremos, trabajando juntos, mano a mano, para el futuro de nuestras familias y nuestros niños.

THE FOLLOWING BIT APPEARED VIA E-MAIL FROM ONE of my Canadian correspondents, while the last one is a little over the top, and I know my daughter can pretty much take care of herself, I'm frighteningly tempted to print this up for distribution to her suitors.

Daddy's Ten Rules Of Dating

Rule One: If you pull into my driveway and honk, you'd better be delivering a package – because you're sure not picking anything up.

Rule Two: You do not touch my daughter in front of me. You may glance at her so long as you do not peer at anything below her neck. If you cannot keep your eyes or hands off my daughter's body, I will remove them.

Rule Three: I am aware that it is considered fashionable for boys your age to wear their trousers so loose that they appear to be falling off their hips. Please don't take this as an insult, but you and all of your friends are complete idiots. Still, I want to be fair and open-minded about this issue, so I propose this compromise: You may come to the door with your underwear showing and your pants ten sizes too big, and I will not object. However, in order to ensure that your clothes do not, in fact, come off during the course of your date with my daughter, I will take my electric nail gun and fasten your trousers securely in place.

Rule Four: I'm sure you've been told that in today's world, having sex without using a "barrier method" of some kind can kill you. Let me elaborate: when it comes to sex with my daughter, I am the barrier and I am the one who will do the killing.

Rule Five: It is generally understood that in order for us to get to know each other, we should talk about sports, politics, and other issues of the day. Please do not do this. The only information I require from you is an indication of when you expect to have my daughter safely back at my house, and the only answer I need from you on this subject is "Early."

1) Bush, 2) Bush, 3) Gore, 4) Gore, 5) Bush, 6) Gore, 7) Bush, 8) Gore, 9) Gore.

Rule Six: I have no doubt that you are a popular fellow with many opportunities to date other girls. This is fine with me as long as it is okay with my daughter. Otherwise, once you have gone out with my little girl, you will continue to date no one but her until she is finished with you. If you make her cry, I will make you cry.



Despite Andy's convincing story that his parents' other car was in the shop, the Wilmers felt a twinge of apprehension as Amy headed off to the prom.

tank tops, midriff t-shirts or anything other than overalls, a sweater, and a goose down parka zipped up to her throat. Movies with strong romantic or sexual themes are to be avoided; movies which feature chainsaws are okay. Hockey games are okay. Old folks' homes are better.

Rule Nine: Do not lie to me. I may appear to be a potbellied, balding, middle-aged, dimwitted has-been. But on issues relating to my daughter, I am the all-knowing, merciless God of your universe. If I ask you where you are going and with whom, you have one chance to tell me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I have a shotgun, a shovel, and five acres behind the house. Do not trifle with me.

Rule Ten: Be afraid. Be very afraid. The voices in my head frequently tell me to clean the guns as I wait for you to bring my daughter home. As soon as you pull into the driveway you should exit the car with both hands in plain sight. Speak the

Rule Seven: As you stand in my front hallway waiting for my daughter to appear, even if more than an hour goes by, do not sigh and fidget. If you want to be on time for the movie, you should not be dating. My daughter is putting on her makeup, a process than can take longer than painting the Golden Gate Bridge. Instead of just standing there, why don't you do something useful like changing the oil in my car?

Rule Eight: The following locations are not appropriate for a date with my daughter: Places where there are beds, sofas, or anything softer than a wooden stool. Places where there is darkness. Places where there is dancing, holding hands, or happiness. Places where the ambient temperature is warm enough to induce my daughter to wear shorts,

perimeter password, announce in a clear voice that you have brought my daughter home safely and early, then return to your car. There is no need for you to come inside. The camouflaged face at the window is mine.

MEANWHILE, WE'VE ALWAYS GOT AMUSING LITTLE BITS:

First, there was the bumper sticker I saw the other day while caught in traffic trying to get out of campus at 5pm: ELIMINATE TRAFFIC CONGESTION: LEGALIZE VEHICULAR WEAPONRY. Somehow, I'd always thought of Ellison's "Along the Scenic Route" as the quintessential LA traffic story, not transplantable to the mellow reaches of the Pacific Northwest.

Then, there was the tagline on the radio ad for a local barbeque place: "Peddling dead animal parts to an unwary public since 1982." Nothing like truth in advertising.



REVIEWS

It's a John Woo movie. Minimal dialog. Lots of kung-fu fighting. All in slow motion. In fact, there's so much slow motion, that to get a two-hour-and-ten-minute movie, they only had to film about an hour-and-a-half. Except that with all the trapeze shots, it probably took them eight hours to film each punch. But none of that takes away from the fact that there's action, things blow up, and in general, it's entertaining.

What movie? Not that it particularly matters, but I'm talking about the first blockbuster of the summer, *Mission Impossible 2*. However, if the intention is to start an *MI* franchise churning out fake James Bond movies, I'd be less offended if they'd change the title to something else.

Kevin Smith's *Dogma* features the GenX Lemmon and Matthau, Ben Affleck and Matt Damon, as two psychotic angels who've found a cosmic loophole, and Alanis Morissette as God – which is weird enough by itself for a whole 'nother essay – and George Carlin as a Cardinal. It's a wonderful, humanist view of religion, in which God personified is not the hellfire and brimstone one of the Old Testament, but rather the calmer humane God of the New. It includes Salma Hayek as the muse Serendipity arguing: "I have issues with anyone who treats faith as a burden instead of a blessing. You people [Catholics] don't celebrate your faith, you mourn it." and Matt Damon's Loki explaining: "Are you kidding me? Any moron with a pack of matches can start a fire. Raining down sulfur takes a huge level of endurance. Mass genocide is the most exhausting activity one can engage in, next to soccer." All very nice. Ultimately as argument for rather than against faith.

It's hard to make two hours of movie and not get something wrong, and the people who put together *Frequency* did: Dennis Quaid shouldn't adopt the accent of Canarsie, Queens, and nobody in this movie seemed to dial seven digits when they picked up the telephone. But other than that, this is well-nigh a perfect movie. Beginning with a pure speculative fiction premise, the classic single suspension of disbelief — in this case, what if sunspots allowed me to talk on the ham radio to my father before he died? and what if I saved him? — it builds a series of changes into the history of its characters. It builds them carefully, in layers, with thought, and our heroes, father and son, are drawn along by them, until the story comes full circle. It is a very nice, very touching movie.

It's a good thing that Lawrence Kasdan wanted to make a western, because if he hadn't we never would have had *Silverado*. It's certainly better than the result of Robert Zemeckis' desire to make a western, *Back to the Future 3*. *Silverado* is both amusing and manages to be a nice homage to all westerns of the past: The plot almost doesn't really matter, but good guys ride into town, make friends and clean it up. It has both of the Kevins — Kline and Kostner — Danny (I'm getting too old for this shit) Glover, Scott Glenn, Brian Dennehy, and even a cameo by John Cleese, whose entrance line is (I'm not making this up) "What's all this then." It's got Linda Hunt playing (again, I am not making this up) a saloon mol.

The elapsed time to read its nine hundred pages was nearly three months, but *Cryptonomicon* was worth every word, and every minute. Neal Stephenson has written two parallel stories of nerds, one in the present day, and one in World War II, and both heroes are wonderful. The story operates in interlocking, intertwined layers as Stephenson stories do. There are simply too many good bits in this to recount them all, from Lawrence Waterhouse spending time at Princeton with some chap

named Turing, to Randall Waterhouse bunged up in a jail in Manila; from Robert Shaftoe, haiku-spouting Marine raider, to scuba-diving America (Amy) Shaftoe; from a mysterious excommunicated priest named Enoch, to a dangerous0looking Chinese named Wing. I devoured the last two-hundred-odd pages in a binge, punctuated by my stopping, wandering around for fifteen minutes at a stretch and saying “wow!” Very nice. Deserving of its Hugo nomination. Go get it and read it.

Stigmata is an entertaining tale of Catholicism, possession, and religious hysteria. Essentially light-weight, if a little tense at times.

Like *Silverado* with westerns, *Titan, AE* steals about every science fiction cliché you can imagine. That it does so very well, and very artistically, is a tribute to the work of Don Bluth and his crew of animators.

Remember that first *real* kiss? You’re older and wiser now: would you go back and try to relive it? No, of course, not. Treat this summer’s movie from an old TV series, *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*, the same way.

(Speaking of going back and reliving that first kiss, I just read Harry Turtle-dove’s Hugo-nominated story “Forty, Counting Down.” Very nice coverage of that territory. I’m still trying to score a copy of the companion story “Twenty, Counting Up.”)

If you took all the WWII POW movies you’ve ever seen, threw them in a blender and hit *frappé*, you’d get the claymation gem, *Chicken Run*. I started laughing uncontrollably *before* the credits finished. This is to POW movies what *Titan AE* is to planet-destroying SF movies.

We’ve got “If you build it, they will come.” and “I believe there ought to be a constitutional amendment outlawing Astro turf and the designated hitter.” Why would we need another movie about baseball starring Kevin Costner? Because none of the three of them, *Field of Dreams*, *Bull Durham* and especially *For Love of the Game* are about baseball so much as they are about life and our choices in it. *For Love...* is a stream of consciousness story about Detroit’s star pitcher taking the mound one last time, and reflecting on the woman he’s lost. The structure of the movie is wonderful, interspersing longer flashbacks when the Tigers are at bat with shorter ones between pitches when the Tigers take the field. The pacing of the film matches the game itself, and that alone is a wonder to behold. At the end of the game, I had tears in my eyes.

Even though I’ve only read a couple of issues of the comic book over the years, *X-Men* was a lot of fun. Good setup. Good discussion of real issues – which I’d expect from something created by Stan Lee. Nice movie.



COMMENTS ON SFPA 213

Finishing up the comments I didn't have time to complete before running off to see you all at DSC...

Norm Metcalf ☒ **Tyndallite** ♥

ct Hlavaty: "Robert Nozick's suggestion [blah, blah]... Or did Nozick have in mind Spanish-speaking anachists in bread lines?" As I've said before, anything and everything Nozick says is so buried in academic juggling and double-thought that I'm not sure I'd ask him for directions to the crapper.

ct Lillian: "There's no need to be surprised that you didn't know Cyril Kornbluth died in WWII since he didn't die until 1958 after shoveling snow. He may have injured his heart in WWII, I don't know." Fred Pohl goes into this in his introductions to both DAW's *Book of Kornbluth* and the NESFA press compendium of Kornbluth short stories *His Share of Glory*: Kornbluth stressed his system during the Battle of the Bulge, and developed problems with high blood pressure. He tried medication to solve it, but the state of the art was not very advanced at the time, and everything he took merely made his brain fuzzy. My impression, reading Pohl's description, is that it was as though someone had fed Van Gogh lithium or Prozac: it would have fixed his mood swings, but he would have stopped taking it because he would have lost himself, and his creative abilities. So Kornbluth stopped taking active measures to take care of himself, with the predictable result: a heart attack on a train platform one winter morning after he'd shovelled his driveway.

Steve Hughes ☒ **Comments** ♥

It was, if I didn't tell you in e-mail, a pleasure to hang out with you guys at DSC.

"I've seen a couple of articles on the subject [of Y2K preparations] and some of the estimates say as much as 40% of the money spent on Y2K was wasted." I think wasted is too strong a word.

If this fraction is an estimate of featherbedding, and development of replacement systems done in the name of “Y2K compliance,” I might buy it, but that’s misclassified expense, not waste. It’s really hard to say the effort was wasted when nothing went wrong. Is the money you pay for fire insurance wasted? I’ll bet the Lynches don’t think so.

“Well, last week I broke down and ordered a new Dell 750 mhz PC...” Y’know, I’m still using a 166 mhz NEC laptop for my principal word processing machine. Of course, I’m using a 500 mhz generic machine for building operating systems on...

“The new keyboard is taking a little getting used to: it’s one of those curved ones...” It’s actually good for you. I find that I keep my hands in a less stressful position when I use the curved keyboard. On the other hand, I commit more typos, too.

ct me: “Good to hear you guys are getting settled in. It must be quite a change [to go work for] the Borg. Some of my friends who’ve been absorbed by Microsoft have freaked after a few months and left.” I may yet freak. As we talked about at DSC, having my project owned by folks twelve time zones away who don’t know Unix and generally don’t speak English as their first language has been interesting. On the other hand, there’s some legal reason to make our small group a formal part of the operating systems division, which would solve the problem.

ct ConNuptial: “The whole idea of a con at Opryland is a little surrealistic.” There was a sweet young thing at SHL in Houston who was bright, motivated, used to flirt with me so she could pick my brain for career advice, and thought that Opryland was the *sine qua non* of vacation experience. The last always brought me up short.

mike weber ☒ **The Iron Giant** ♣ Two nice bits here, mike. First off, I appreciate the additional information about *The Iron Giant*, which I thought was a very good movie. ☞ On Elmo Zumwalt’s obit, I have to agree with nearly everything you’ve said. As a sometime-manager myself, I think he was more than right in a lot of things he did: I firmly believe that a manager’s two most important responsibilities are to not panic and to keep *his* managers out of the way of the people in the trenches. I don’t know if I’d have had the balls to write “Demeaning and Abrasive Regulations, Elimination of,” but nearly every action I’ve ever taken as a manager — and all of the ones that were unpopular with those I reported to — have come out of the same feeling the caused Zumwalt to take pen in hand and write a first draft entitled “Mickey Mouse, Elimination of.”

Steve Hughes ☒ **The Marsh Creek Gazette** ♣ This expedition to Antarctica sounds like a blast. I rather like the compare and contrast photos of Suzanne swimming in volcanically heated water and bundled in a parka taken 45 minutes apart. Actually, are you sure that’s *really* Suzanne completely bundled up in that huge parka?

COMMENTS ON SFPA 214

Janet Larson ☒ *Passages* ♣ The whole *Man Who Talks to Horses* touchy-feeling thing gives me the willies. I don't necessarily believe it isn't true ‡ but it's probably because I'm one of those Myers-Briggs Intuitive/Thinking NT types. I actually tripped over David Keirsey in about 1988, and read his *Please Understand Me* shortly thereafter. All-in-all interesting and useful stuff.

Ned Brooks ☒ *The New Port News* ♣

ct McCutcheon: "And having students tutor each other is good too if it can be arranged – both generally benefit." Yes, that's possible, but I've seen middle school curricula where the implicit goal was to prevent kids from learning anything. To achieve this end, the kids who actually *had* learned something were supposed to tutor kids who hadn't to slow them down.

ct Wells: "The 770 area code doesn't mean a lot – I think it mostly includes people who got a phone somewhere around here after the 404 area code was full." That strategy seems to have been adopted by the Baby Bells in areas where there's competition for local phone service or the local public utility commission is pushing for early adoption of phone number portability. In the first case, overlaying an area code for local land-line service seems to wreak havoc with alternate local service providers – which is why USWest overlaid 303 with another area code, rather than splitting the area in two. Contrast this with Chicago, where they reserved the new overlay area code for mobile devices only.

Meyer's interest in professional football is strictly pragmatic: unlike most vegetarian, yoga-practicing, Deadhead collectors of space-program memorabilia, he is a studios and enthusiastic gambler.

— "Taking Humor Seriously: George Meyer, the funniest man behind the funniest show on TV", by David Owen, *The New Yorker*, Mar 13, 2000

ct LCopeland: "Spectacular [color quilt] covers – does it take that much Japanese to say what's given in English, or is there more content?" The extensive Japanese text is the artist's statement that went with each quilt.

‡ I watched a very young Seeing Eye dog yesterday in a cafeteria at Microsoft: While it was clear that she wanted to leap on the table and eat everything in sight because it smelled good, it was also clear that she realized she had a more important job to do.

☞ “See www.gwbush.com for the truth about him [Shrub].” Thanks for the pointer. The wife of one of my colleagues says that she can’t imagine voting for someone with that smirk. As I intimate above in my natter section, I’m seriously conflicted here.

ct me: "You let someone else pack your books?!" Yes, we did. There just wasn't time to do otherwise. I packed all the books at the office, and probably shouldn't even have done that — I couldn't stand up the next day.

☞ *"I don't know what to make of your idea that [the SR-71] 'outperforms' planes built 30 years later. ...If it's so great, howcum they never built any more?"* First off, it wasn't my idea: I was quoting nerd web site Slashdot. That said, though, I have to agree with them in some regards. In terms of performance, we're finally beating it, but it was a purpose-built plane with a very narrow range of expectations: Higher than a Soviet missile could be launched, Mach 3, Japan to Turkey for range. Why not build more? It's been supplanted by satellite surveillance for the most part.

ct Gelb: "Every con I've been to in Birmingham was within walking distance of the fish place..." I dunno. All due respect to Janice's normally good taste in food, but if we're talking about the same fish place we had a Saturday night expedition to at the last B'ham DSC, I wasn't real impressed.

🍷 “I often see fonts I don’t like in bad modern books where the designer tried to get cute.” The new Seamus Heaney translation of *Beowulf* is just beautifully designed. It’s set in Palatino, with open pages, good white space, Anglo-Saxon on the verso and Heaney’s English on the recto. It’s only failing is the 30-point running footer in 20% grey. Frighteningly good work. And the text — as I’ll explain later in a comment to Toni — is wonderful, too.

ct Brandt: "A lot of the e-mail I get is rubbish or silly forwards, but I would guess that actual spam is only 4-5% at most." And the rest is from George Wells, right?

☞ “I don’t like HTML... I can’t find any command for indent for the start of a paragraph.” There isn’t one: the rendering engine (that is, the browser) is supposed to be able to render a paragraph break however it wants. You work around this by putting non-breaking spaces at the start of the paragraph, thus: <P>
☛ “...and get the background color into line art.” Can’t be done. The scanned line art already has a background color in the image you’re loading. If you want it to match the background color on the page, you need to edit the colors in the image.

ct Weisskopf: "I agree with Horowitz about government funding of church organizations... On what basis would the federal government deny a grant to the Scientologists or the Church of Satan?" The can of worms has already been opened: The ACLU took on Congressman Bob Barr over the Army allowing soldiers practicing Wicca to do so on the base at Ft Hood. Now, ignoring for a moment that Barr is a congressman from Georgia and Ft Hood is in Texas, I don't think the Army's got any business saying what religion

a soldier can practice on base if it's going to allow *any* religion to be practiced there – give or take the usual caveats about scaring the horses.

Steve Hughes ☒ *Hands Free 2* ♣ Ah, I see we're still not completely there, though we seem to be getting closer. When you did this last, I had been considering getting voice recognition software so that I could dictate in the car, and not have to transcribe my own notes. That first experiment made it clear that was simply out of the question because of the required isolation from background noise. But now, I'm starting to think about dictating to reduce the strain on my hands. For those purposes, and with the willingness to fix up afterward, this might just be the right thing.



Norm Metcalfe ☒ *Tyndallite* ♣

ct Dengrove: “Of course, how many science-fiction writers are from Mars or some other stellar system?” Well, it *would* explain Harlan Ellison. On the other hand, there *was* a story in *The Weekly World News* on June 7, 1994 explaining that 12 US Senators are actually Aliens. How can I pick the date exactly? I have a T-shirt with that front page on it.

Steve Hughes ☒ *The Joy of Mimeography* ♣ I must say, laser printing on Gestetner mimeo paper is entertaining. I’m not sure that scanning the electrostencil for the cover illo may be almost a little too silly, though.

Dick Lynch ☒ *This is Not a Minaczone* ♣

ct Brooks: “I learned HTML mostly by trial and error (at first), though since I have taken courses in structured programming, it was relatively easy to learn Javascript.” Janice Gelb and I were talking about this at DSC, and roughly the conclusion was “Jeez! What’s the big deal? It’s a markup language!” Except, of course, that nobody uses markup languages anymore, since they’ve gotten used to what-you-see-is-what-you-get word processing, like Microsoft Word.

ct Lillian: “On Hugo voting: ‘I’m hardly the only fan who thinks Langford is doing fandom a disservice by hogging the fan writer Hugo.’ No doubt, but under that reasoning, the same could be said for other perennial winners, too. How come you’ve not complained about Charlie Brown winning all the time with Locus, for instance?” Well, first off, the Langford phenomenon isn’t as perennial as the *Locus* one. Langford and Mike Glycer spent the ’80s swapping back and forth, and each going home with the rocket a couple of times. In 1986, Langford came in third, after Glycer and Dick Geis. The race has been pretty close since. For example, Langford barely won the Hugo from Mike Glycer in 1994. (’86 and ’94 are the only two years for which I have complete voting totals handy.) Certainly, Langford will not win forever. If he shows signs of doing so, then we’ll just have to adopt the solution of giving him his own category like we did for *Locus*.

ct me: “I sympathize with your situation [of damage by movers] and hope everything came through in good shape.” You talk a few sentences earlier about the argument that you folks had after your fire when Nicki’s quilts were damaged by incompetent packers, and how getting reimbursed was painful. Past experience suggested the same thing would happen here. But much to my surprise, I faxed a list to the movers insurance folks, and they cut us a check, which we had within a week. We’ve slowly been replacing the things they damaged.

ct Gelb: “I’m just finishing *To Say Nothing of the Dog*, which must have required considerable research to get all the details about Coventry and its cathedral correct.” I think Willis re-used the research: didn’t Coventry Cathedral appear in her short story “Firewatch”? (The action takes place in a cathedral, and the paperbacks, while unpacked, are not in order in my office; I remember reading the story because it was nominated for a Hugo on our watch, but I can’t remember all of the details now.)

Greater literacy will not reduce the human capacity for mischief any more than Martin Heidegger’s philosophical learning kept him from supporting the Nazis, a dilemma that philosophers might explore further. Nonetheless, the spread of learning is good in itself.

— Jason Epstein, “The Rattle of Pebbles”, *The New York Review of Books*, Apr 27, 2000

David Schlosser ☒ *Peter, Pan & Mary* ✦

ct Lillian: “Well, only one place pulled the plug on its New Year events as a result of possible terrorism — Seattle.” For what at the time seemed good reason: the terrorist they caught was coming across the border from British Columbia, Seattle seemed his likely destination, and Seattle’s new year’s events are all centered around a large tower that would make big mess if it happened to explode with people around it.



In the end, it was only the street party around the Space Needle that was cancelled; they still had the fireworks and other events.

ct Dengrove: "Of course, I do find a lot of works from that era [100 years ago] to be a bit in need of trimming of extraneous detail and descriptive language." Well, it was a slower time. A novel then had to explain what Paris looked like, while one written for someone who's seen Paris in a movie doesn't need to do so. Part of the reason Kubrick's movie of *Barry Lyndon* was a disaster was that it captured the pace of the novel, which to modern sensibilities, was glacial at best.

☞ "A trial is the only legitimate criteria for guilt or innocence?" "She turned me into a newt!!! She's a witch!!! She floats!!!" "Are you saying that the accused can't choose to plead 'guilty'?" Not if it's Carol Cleveland on trial in *Monty Python and The Holy Grail*.

ct Lillian: "You have to watch it with doing research on real v fake breasts. You wouldn't want innocent curiosity to bounce back in your face." Ouch! But you missed the seminar at DSC on how to identify the difference. Of course, the aids were photographic, rather than dragging out saline implants for us to fondle.

ct Cleary: "I'm sure we'll find out about the sequel at some point. I sort of hope that they have it be far enough in the future that the kid has a kid of his own when the Iron Giant returns." I'm dubious. The beauty of that movie is that it started from a book that a very talented poet wrote for his children when their mother committed suicide. Before he died, Ted Hughes was instrumental in vetting the changes that were made to the story for the movie. I'm not sure that it's repeatable with the same sense of wonder.

ct LCopeland: "Being a liker of sick humor, I've quickly become a fan of 'Malcolm in the Middle'." Everything on the Fox network is so offensive that I just won't watch anything on it.

☞ "Don't push Guy too hard at one time. Let him switch to Diet Coke before doing anything drastic like drinking water." Water?! I follow W C Fields' rule: I don't drink anything that fish fuck in.

ct me: "I find it moderately odd that the movers were so insistent about doing all the packing

themselves." The claim was that it was for insurance purposes. And since we weren't paying for the packers, the movers, or the insurance – which, as I detail in my comment to Dick Lynch, turned out was very good – we didn't object.

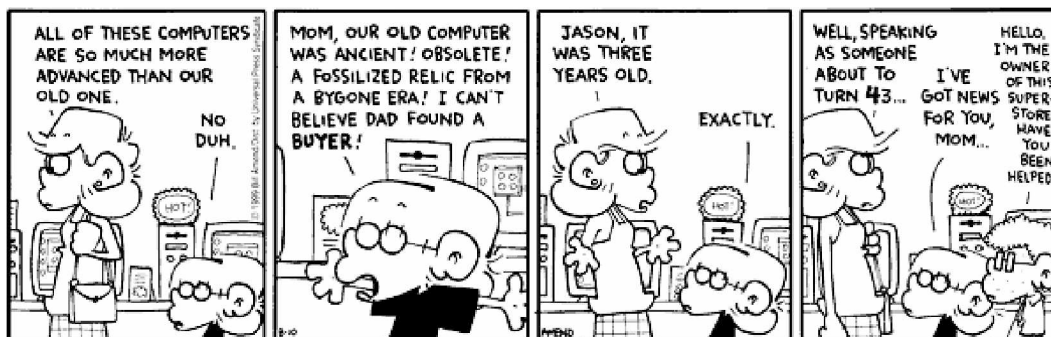
☞ *"It's been too long since I've looked at 2001 to be able to pull up the lunar landing scene, but I wonder if the nature of the effects may have been JJ's clue? Not sfxy enough?"* We finally figured out that it was the pacing. When Kubrick and Trumbull put the effects together, there was no precedent for the kind of spaceship detail they were doing, so all the sequences are done at a pace so you can take the detail in. The equivalent scene in *Star Wars* was done with MTV timing.

ct Brown: "Scott's having a younger sib probably had an effect on when you felt it was OK to leave him alone." We determined at DSC that JJ is almost ready to be left on his own: he was overloaded one evening, and didn't want to come with us to room parties, so we left him in the room by himself. Then he managed to lock himself out of the room, when he went out to collect leaves in the courtyard. He finally agreed to let the guy next door, who saw him sitting on the doorstep and was a little concerned, walk him up to the desk to get a copy of the room key.

ct Robe: "Eastman contracted for 'psychological concealing?' Was that to wipe the memory of the layoffs..." Yes, they borrowed one of those flashy things from the *Men in Black*.

ct weber: "It should be a real fun year for Hugo balloting what with [list] and the final episodes of Deep Space Nine..." If the local station in Denver had shown *DS9* at a regular time, we might have watched it, but they refused to even announce the time in advance. It was so often the case that the time that the told the paper to publish was changed that they finally instituted a e-mail list to tell people when it would be on. If I have to go to extra-ordinary effort to watch a TV show, I'm just not going to bother. So I don't know what happens in the *DS9* story line past about the time Worf arrives.

Guy Lillian ☒ **Spiritus Mundi** ♣ *"I must still express this year's most fervant hope: that Hilary Swank has won the Oscar for Best Actress."* Well, you got it. And, as I said last time, well deserved it was. "...it does my calcified ticker goot to see a kid come up from bits on Beverly Hills 90210 to win an award Hollywood never gave to Greta Garbo." Oddly enough, I came home the other evening to find the kids watching *The Next Karate Kid* and it took me a minute to figure out that the teenager that Mr Miyagi had taken under his wing was none other than Hillary Swank. ☞ *"...momentum and star power is behind Tom Cruise in Magnolia."* I still think that's a case of publicity over substance. Perhaps Cruise was so good at that performance, so offensive, because he's a good actor. I don't believe it.



But speaking of the Oscars, was I the only person who noticed there was no mention of Stanley Kubrick, even in the “In Memoriam” presentation?

ct Dengrove: “No, they hid Harvard so I couldn’t find it.” Ain’t that always the way!? The last time I was dring in Boston, I couldn’t *not* find Harvard: I kept getting lost and ending up in Cambridge at the Harvard boat house.

ct Schlosser: “On the California highway between Independence and Death Valley there’s a traffic sign with a moocow on it. I’ve always wondered what they were trying to tell us.” How ‘bout this: “This is a cow crossing, but because none of you can understand this sign, there are roadkill hamburgers at the next exit.”

ct Wells: “...better than Mission to Mars in any event.” I still haven’t seen the back half of M2M: JJ freaked out at about the point the second mission landed, and we left. I’ve been waiting for it to appear on video.

ct Liz: “Let’s see, I’ve leeched crash space off you guys in LA and in Austin, so that top floor guest room with the futon has me eyeing the mileage between here and Seattle.” Look, Guy, we’ll make it really easy for you. Courtesy of the “Streets & Trips” program, and allowing me to pad out to an even multiple of four pages, here’s how you get to our house:

4217 Fontainebleau Dr, New Orleans to 3243 165th Ave SE, Bellevue
Blue Highway Route
 (3047.9 miles; 7 days, 6 hours, 9 minutes)

DAY 1

- 0.0 mi: Depart 4217 Fontainebleau Dr, New Orleans, LA 70125 on S Gayoso St (North-East) for 10 yds
- 0.1 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto Fontainebleau Dr for 0.6 mi
- 0.6 mi: Bear LEFT (West) onto Fontainebleau Dr
- 0.6 mi: Bear RIGHT (West) onto Fontainebleau Dr for 0.3 mi
- 0.9 mi: Turn LEFT (South-West) onto Short St for 0.1 mi
- 1.1 mi: Turn RIGHT (North-West) onto US-90

2.0 mi: Bear LEFT (West) onto US-90
4.7 mi: Continue (South-West) on US-90
5.2 mi: Bear RIGHT (South-West) onto Ramp for 0.2 mi
5.4 mi: Continue (South-West) on Local road for 21 yds
5.4 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto US-90
7.4 mi: At roundabout, take the SECOND exit for 164 yds
7.5 mi: Exit roundabout onto US-90
40.4 mi: Bear RIGHT (West) onto SR-1 for 87.5 mi
127.8 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto US-190
165.1 mi: Bear RIGHT (North-West) onto US-71 for 70.2 mi
235.4 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto SR-1
314.7 mi: Continue (North-West) on US-84
322.7 mi: Bear RIGHT (North) onto SR-1 for 36.7 mi
359.5 mi: Bear RIGHT (North-West) onto US-71
382.1 mi: End of day

DAY 2

382.1 mi: Stay on US-71 for 46.6 mi
396.3 mi: Entering Arkansas
428.7 mi: Bear LEFT (West) onto US-67
429.1 mi: Entering Texas
429.1 mi: Turn RIGHT (North) onto US-71
432.0 mi: At I-30 Exit 223A, continue (North) on US-59
437.0 mi: Entering Arkansas
550.0 mi: Entering Oklahoma °
768.4 mi: Entering Kansas
779.2 mi: End of day

DAY 3

779.2 mi: Stay on US-59
923.8 mi: Bear RIGHT (East) onto US-40
927.0 mi: Continue (North) on US-24
935.3 mi: Turn RIGHT (North) onto US-59 for 25.5 mi
960.8 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto US-159
989.3 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto US-73
1014.4 mi: Entering Nebraska
1036.4 mi: Bear RIGHT (North) onto US-75 for 38.5 mi
1074.9 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto SR-2
1120.8 mi: Bear RIGHT (North) onto S 10th St for 2.0 mi
1122.9 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto US-34
1122.9 mi: Continue (West) on O St for 0.9 mi
1123.9 mi: Turn RIGHT (North-East) onto US-6 for 5.6 mi
1129.5 mi: Bear LEFT (North) onto N 56th St for 2.8 mi

° Crossing from Arkansas into Oklahoma, by the way, you go through a little town called Copeland.

1132.3 mi: At I-80 Exit 405, continue (North) on US-77
1168.0 mi: End of day

DAY 4

1168.0 mi: Stay on US-77 for 19.0 mi
1187.0 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto US-275
1252.9 mi: Turn RIGHT (North) onto US-81
1310.9 mi: Entering South Dakota
1337.9 mi: Turn LEFT (West) onto US-18
1384.7 mi: Turn RIGHT (North) onto US-281 for 81.5 mi
1466.2 mi: Bear LEFT (North-West) onto US-14
1473.3 mi: Turn RIGHT (North) onto US-281 for 29.1 mi
1502.4 mi: Continue (North) on US-212
1502.9 mi: Turn LEFT (North) onto US-281
1543.4 mi: Turn RIGHT (East) onto US-12
1544.6 mi: Turn LEFT (North) onto US-281
1560.7 mi: End of day

DAY 5

1560.7 mi: Stay on US-281
1578.4 mi: Entering North Dakota
1647.2 mi: Bear LEFT (North) onto US-52
1815.2 mi: Bear LEFT (West) onto US-2 (W)
1960.1 mi: End of day

DAY 6

1960.1 mi: Stay on US-2 for 398.7 mi
1961.6 mi: Entering Montana
2358.8 mi: End of day

DAY 7

2358.8 mi: Stay on US-2 for 395.6 mi
2627.2 mi: Entering Idaho
2707.3 mi: Entering Washington
2754.3 mi: Turn RIGHT (West) onto SR-290
2754.4 mi: Turn LEFT (South) onto SR-290
2754.6 mi: Turn RIGHT (West) onto W Sprague Ave for 133 yds
2754.7 mi: End of day

DAY 8

2754.7 mi: Stay on W Sprague Ave for 0.5 mi
2755.2 mi: Turn LEFT (South) onto S Monroe St for 0.3 mi
2755.6 mi: At I-90 Exit 280B, turn RIGHT (West) onto I-90
2758.4 mi: At I-90 Exit 277A, turn RIGHT (North-West) onto US-2 for 260.5 mi
3018.9 mi: Bear RIGHT (North) onto Local road for 65 yds
3018.9 mi: Bear RIGHT (North-East) onto SR-522 for 10.7 mi
3029.6 mi: Turn off onto Ramp for 0.2 mi
3029.8 mi: Merge onto SR-9

3030.0 mi: Continue (South) on SR-9
3030.6 mi: Continue (South) on Woodinville-Snohomish Rd NE for 1.7 mi
3032.3 mi: Turn RIGHT (West) onto NE 175th St
3032.4 mi: Continue (West) on SR-202
3039.0 mi: Turn RIGHT (West) onto SR-908
3039.6 mi: Bear LEFT (South) onto SR-901
3045.4 mi: Continue (South) on SR-901
3047.5 mi: Turn RIGHT (West) onto SE 34th St for 0.3 mi
3047.8 mi: Bear RIGHT (North) onto 165th Ave SE for 76 yds
3047.9 mi: Arrive 3243 165th Ave SE, Bellevue, WA 98008

There's also a version of this route that's nearly all freeway at about three days shorter travel time, but I realize that's not how you like to travel.

But I wasn't kissing her. I was whispering in her mouth.

— Chico Marx, caught with a chorus girl

Lillian continued...

ct me: "...how have your sinuses adapted to the constant damp of Puget Sound?" Just fine. It's not the damp that's been the problem, but the mold. But still, it falls into my expectations for baseline sinus annoyance.

"Love that list of 'Hacks,' although I fail to see what Orson Welles' 'War of the Worlds' broadcast...has to do with Apollo 13 and the Blackbird." Only in that Welles hack was unintentional. The others were carefully planned out.

ct Gelb: "Gore does have a serious problem – his tendency to exaggerate for effect...Best example: creating the Internet...instead of being one of the first to see its value and bring it gummint support." Bullshit, I cry! Buuuuulllsheet! Gore never said he invented the Internet. What he did say was that he had a hand in its invention by being a sponsor of the legislation that started privatizing it. Until that, commercial use of the Net, which was a strictly government resource, was completely verboten. Any institution with a connection to the ARPAnet had to sign a restrictive agreement that bound anyone associated with it, and agree that their connection was being used solely for legitimate research purposes. Later, that restriction was loosened, but the bandwidth was still funded by the government. Now it is mostly in private hands, and there are no restrictions on its use – including the spreading of vile political lies that become part of the common wisdom like the one you quote.

(Compare and contrast the misquote of the researcher at Lawrence Livermore: In the early days of the Reagan administration, folks from the defense department were going around quoting some guy at Livermore by name, claiming he'd said that it didn't matter if there was a nuclear war, because all we as Americans needed to do was jump into our swimming pools and stay underwater during the initial

I have only one purpose, the destruction of Hitler, and my life is much simplified thereby. If Hitler invaded Hell I would make at least a favourable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons.

— Winston Churchill

blast, and then we'd be safe. This, of course, was bullshit. He had been asked "in the event of a nuclear blast, what could the basic suburban dweller do to protect himself?" He thought about it for a long while, and said "basically, they're fucked, but they can ameliorate the initial alpha and beta particle pulses, and some of the lower energy gammas by jumping into a swimming pool and staying six feet underwater from before the blast, to after the blast wave passes, remembering that gammas travel at the speed of light, so if you *see* the blast, you're cooked.")

ct Brown: "I hate to say it, but I have my doubts about the coincidence of Charles Schultz' 'heart attack' with the appearance of his last strip." Apparently it's perfectly natural. If you graph deaths vs birthdays, you find that the death rate of elderly people decreases in the three months before their birthdays, and then rises in the three months after. Similarly, people will hold out for a major event. (I predict the Queen Mother will die sometime this fall after her hundredth birthday celebrations are done.) Schulz' work was done; he was ready.

ct Toni: "I absolutely agree that modern curricula should teach abstract thinking — logic — as well as real-world skills." It pisses me off that we do such a poor job of teaching the seven classical liberal arts — grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy — to high school students. It pisses me off more that when Allie's honor english teacher asks what the kids have been reading over Christmas break and Allie says *As I Lay Dying*, she has to explain who wrote it, and then the teacher asks "What else did he write? I've never heard of him." But that wasn't what my marginal note tells me I was going to say: Many years after the "This was their finest hour" speech, Churchill wrote that "Rhetoric was no guarantee of survival." But it was one of the finest weapons he had, and he used it well and carefully — and because he was so skilled in its use, it didn't guarantee survival, but made it more likely. It is not a weapon in the mental arsenal of many of today's politicians who cannot think but believe they can run the country. (Compare and contrast the Churchill quote above with Canadian PM MacDonald's below.)

I hope your job worries in evidence at DSC have abated.

Heckler: I wouldn't vote for you if you were the Angel Gabriel.

John A MacDonald: My friend, you're so right; you wouldn't be in my constituency.



Richard Dengrove ✉ *Twygradasil and Treehouse Gazette* ✉

ct Weisskopf: “Even Miracles were attributed to the Holy Prepuces... She claimed her hand stiffened when she tried to open its container...” There’s got to be a really bad joke here, like, “Isn’t that supposed to be ‘It stiffened when she handled it’?”

ct Lillian: “About college kids who drink fishbowls full of Hurricanes, where do they wind up? Dubuque?” Oz. Nope, sorry, that would be if they were drinking fishbowls full of tornadoes.

ct Wells: “I attribute all the problems in the world to survivors of Atlantis – who wish to sell people insurance.” Oh, so your theory is that Atlantis fell into Douglas Adams’ B Ark?

✉ “Branden’s book *The Myth of Mental Illness* reminds me of another *The Myth of the Male Orgasm*... Sex causes us no pleasure at all.” Alright, my older and wiser brothers, tell me how I fake all those orgasms. I’ve been successful at pretending that I enjoy sex for all these years – I just lie back and think of England – but I just don’t have the orgasm-faking skills down yet.

ct Koch: “I like the term ‘to do a Mike Weber,’ meaning someone who all of a sudden puts out a spiffy zine. It should be listed in the fan dictionary...” ... along with Pournelle Syndrome (forgetting that having a word processor still means you have to do the rewrite work) and Clancy (formerly Heinlein) Syndrome (being a big enough name writer that nobody does any editing – content or copy – on your work any more).

ct Cleary: “I wonder if we could have three columns of words and we could put them together to make stfnal sentences randomly.” We could also have a stfnal version of the popular Dilbertian game Buzzword Bingo, where you each walk into a meeting with a five-by-five grid of buzzwords and the first one to hear all the words in a row or column on their sheet wins.

✉ “I hear a few people do get violent on marijuana...” In general, nobody ever smokes a joint and gets into a bar fight.

✉ “Sir, you have insulted our honor! Pistols at sunrise!” I myself always use tangerines in such

situations." In (I beleive) *Playgrounds of the Mind* Niven reprints the story of being challenged to a duel at a convention and choosing champagne corks.

ct me: "So now we know why Bill Gates bought your company. He wanted to kill SFFA. You wouldn't have time to participate." You're right! To hell with that! I'll quit tomorrow! Actually, my short January zine was the fault of moving more than anything else. This short zine is the result of Gates...

☞ "I see the method in the publisher's madness in floggin the name Steve Martini: his name is very close to Steve Martin's, isn't it?" Yeah, but there seemed to be nothing funny about the book in question.

ct Brown: "This holiday... I spent caring for my wife not on celebrations. Of course, in a way, it was a celebration – of life and hope..." Sounds like a good celebration to me. A damned good celebration.

☞ "Ken Starr won't be made a supreme court judge without a filibuster." By the time this rears its ugly head, I expect to be in a position to send \$1000 contribution to any candidate opposing a senator who votes in favor for Starr.

☞ "No matter the actual causes, the President gets the credit for boom or bust..." Except that Clinton is getting frighteningly little credit for the boom. Indeed, wasn't it Reagan who invented the notion of the "Misery Index", which was the sum of inflation, prime rate and unemployment, and ran against Carter's alleged mismanagement of the economy because the Misery Index was high. Except that it was almost the same in 1980 as when Ford was President. Wonder why we don't hear much about the Misery Index these days.

☞ "The Shrub presidency might have silver lining for us liberals. He may be president during the next crash, and that will discredit Republicans and Conservatives." No such luck: it the Republicans refuse to admit that Clinton has anything to do with the health of the economy now – it was all Reagan's doing – then clearly a crash will be Clinton's fault, not Shrub's.

ct Weisskopf: "I wonder if Wyatt Earp and his men harken back to a slightly older way of hiring law officers? From among the criminal classes." One of the subplots in *Silverado*, which I reviewed back a few pages, is that robber Brian Dennehy becomes a sheriff and hires his old gang as deputies. It's certainly the way that most top-end computer security firms are being staffed these days.

☞ "I agree with Michael Hurwitz that separation of church and state is to protect the church rather than the state." But is also protects the state, by preserving freedom.

ct Metcalf: "Heinlein has influenced the modern American military. A Major Noble once told me..." I had to reparse "A Major Noble" into "Someone named Noble who held the rank of Major" instead of "A big name in the House of Lords" as I first read. That aside, I re-recommend Larry Niven's short story "The Return of William

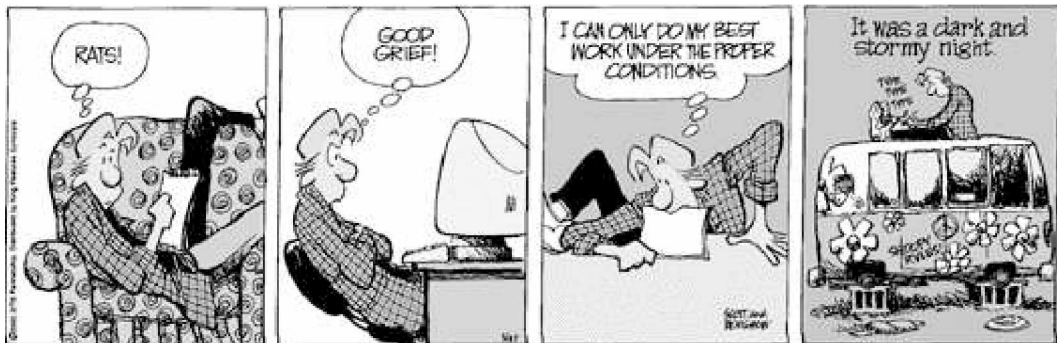
Proxmire” in which Proxmire, retired, finds a guy to build a time machine and give Heinlein a heavy dose of antibiotics before he gets invalidated out of the Navy. This means that Heinlein never writes all those science fiction stories and never inspires a generation of military rocket builders. . . . All to no effect.

ct Hughes: “750 mhz, that’s incredible! On the other hand, I heard that computers meet a diminishing point of returns after 450.” Not completely true. It depends what you’re doing. For Steve’s voice recognition stuff, the extra processing speed is getting used. There are rules of thumb in computer architecture about the relationship between disk size, processor speed, memory access speed, and speed of the system communications bus. It’s those rules, along with some Moore’s Law projections of processor speeds to come, that are driving the desire for higher-speed Internet bandwidth.

Your last illo – “President Hamilton appears on the new \$10 food stamp” – is a pretty amazing gaffe from your department newsletter. I mean *everyone* knows that Hamilton was really Aaron Burr’s Vice President.

Time and tide wait for no man, so that, my dear friends, must be that. I’m now one-and-a-half mailings behind, rather than just one. Unfortunately, I have a date with the other computer so I can build the definitive version of the Hugo software for Mike Nelson at Chicon – remembering to put in the special check to reject votes for anyone named Guy or Lillian – and this zine has a date with the US Postal Service.

And Liz and I have a date for a late-afternoon cup of tea, for which I’m now a bit late. . .



Art Credits

First: In the last issue, I neglected to credit the cartoon on page 29, which was the Foxtrot from 26 April.

The front cover features the *User Friendly* from Sunday 4 June in honor of reaching the first internationalization milestone. I quoted the Molson 'Rant' ad that this parodies in full in my comment to Lillian on page 23 last time.

Page 1: *Rose is Rose* from 27 May — one of a series of cartoons from that date honoring Charles Schulz. Too little, too late. Page 5: *Close to Home* from 28 Apr — the rules about dating my daughter exist for a reason... and this kid is it. Page 6: *Mother Goose and Grimm* from 26 June — First we lose Charles Schulz, then we lose Jeff Macnelly. Page 9: *For Better or Worse* from 27 May — another of the Schulz tributes. Page 13: *Shoe* from 4 July — the influence of chocolate – good and bad – in all aspects of life should not be underestimated. Page 15: *Rose is Rose* from 30 June. Page 17: *Foxtrot* from 10 Aug 99. Page 22: *Shoe* from 5 Jan — I'm so glad I'm not single. Page 24: *Zits* from 27 May — my favorite of the Schulz tribute cartoons. The back cover has *User Friendly* from 28 Feb – there's more than one way to skin a cat or break up a bureaucracy.

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