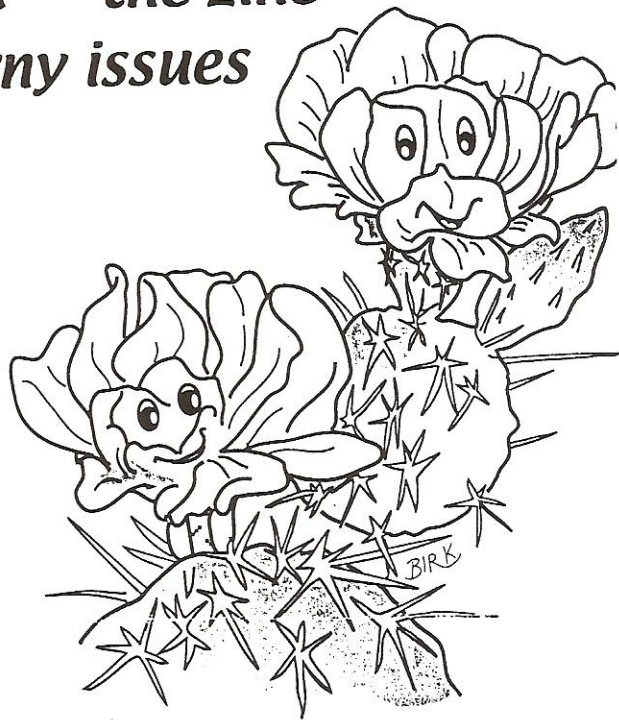


48.5B *Opuntia-* the zine that tackles thorny issues



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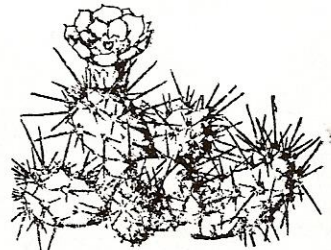
OPUNTIA is published by Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7. It is available for \$3 cash for a one-time sample copy, trade for your zine, or letter of comment. Americans: please don't send cheques for small amounts to Canada as the bank fee to cash them is usually more than the amount. US\$ banknotes are acceptable in Canada at par value; what we gain on the exchange rate we lose on the higher postage rate to USA. Do not send mint USA stamps as they are not valid for postage outside USA and I don't collect them.

Whole-numbered OPUNTIA's are sercon, x.1 issues are reviewzines, x.2 issues are indexes, and x.5 issues are perzines.

COVER ART CREDIT: Sheryl Birkhead, 25509 Jonnie Court, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20882

I ALSO HEARD FROM: Giovanni StraDA DA Ravenna, Phlox Icona, Ken Faig Jr, Violet Jones, Chester Cuthbert, John Held Jr, Rodney Leighton, Diane Bertrand, Sue Jones, Harry Warner Jr, Russ Forster, Henry Welch

[Editor's
remarks
in square
brackets]



FROM: Carolyn Clowes
547 Dover Road
Louisville, Kentucky 40206

2001-06-21

Re: dangerous ramblings. I'm guessing the Canadian Rockies are more dangerous than my Blue River Ridge in Indiana or the hills and hollers of Kentucky's Cumberlands. I always made sure to take water with me, but if I didn't go walking alone, I'd seldom have gone at all. I had a great dog, who always knew the way home. I think she would have gone for help if I'd ever needed it. I was mindful of terrain and copperheads, those being the only real dangers. No bears, anymore, alas. I know better than to explore caves; every year a few young idiots get themselves trapped. They also get enormous bills from the rescue service.

[I don't think the Rockies are anymore dangerous than any other place. If you fall off a cliff, after the first two metres it doesn't

matter whether the cliff is four metres or four hundred metres; it's gonna hurt when you hit the rocks.]

A gun freak friend of mine said I'd be foolish to go unarmed where there are bears, and if I were in Canada, I'd need a gun. I think that's drastic, cowardly, and illegal. I think one of those blaster airhorns would scare them better, if making some noise along the trail didn't work.

[Carrying a gun in the parks will get you arrested. Airhorns don't work because bears and cougars are ambush predators; by the time you see them, they've got you in the throat. On the other hand, each year dozens of people die in the parks from traffic accidents or falling off cliffs.]

Joseph Major's letter of comment on car-chase cliches was very funny. Hollywood's answer to credibility problems is usually a humongous explosion to make us forget we've just seen something very stupid.

FROM: Harry Andruschak
Box 5309
Torrance, California 90510-5309

I read with interest your comments on the health systems of our

two countries and how it affected your health care. Would the Canadian health system pay for bone density scans (BDS)?

[Without making enquiries, I assume it would, since all basic medical care is free. As an example, my elderly uncle, the one who is waiting for a kidney transplant, goes for dialysis every other day at no charge. I do want to clarify one point that confuses Americans. There is no "Canadian health system", although even Canadians refer to it as such as a shorthand reference. Rather, the federal government's Canada Health Act specifies what medical care the provinces must provide free of charge. Ottawa does not run the medical system; all day-to-day activities are under provincial control. Nor is there reciprocity between provinces. If I get sick while traveling to Toronto in 2003 for the World SF Convention, the Alberta government will only pay the amount its hospitals charge, and if Toronto hospitals are more expensive, then I would have to come up with the difference. The feds provide some of the cash but the provinces cough up the rest. All but two provinces pay for their medicare systems from general revenues, the exceptions being Alberta and Saskatchewan, which charge a monthly premium. In Alberta, the premium is \$35 for singles, \$85 for families. While provincial governments run many hospitals, all doctors, clinics, and private hospitals, operate independently and bill medicare for the services according to a negotiated schedule of fees.]

FROM: Sheryl Birkhead 2001-09-07
25509 Jonnie Court
Gaithersburg, Maryland 20882

-4-

It sounds as if your hospital stay went rather smoothly. Yeah, don't rub in the price tag. Question: on an average, what is the Canadian income tax percentage? We say we want public health but we may need to re-think the take-home pay envelope.

[Income tax varies considerably between provinces. The federal tax rate for everyone is 17% on the first \$30,000 taxable income and 25% on the amount over that. Taxable income is gross income minus deductions such as pension premiums, union/professional dues, child care expenses, charitable donations, and so forth. Alberta has the lowest taxes of any Canadian province; there is no sales tax, and the provincial income tax is set at 44% of the amount of federal tax to be paid. Municipalities cannot levy income taxes, only property and business taxes. All provinces except Quebec contract out tax collection to Revenue Canada, so we only have to fill in one form. Quebec, of course, always has to be different, and has its own tax agency and a separate form to be sent to a separate bureaucracy, which is why it has the highest total taxes in Canada. My 2000 income was \$55,500, which cost me \$10,600 in total taxes and deductions (pension, medicare premium, etcetera) at all levels, which works out to a 19% effective rate.]

FROM: Robert Lichtman 2001-09-07
Box 30
Glen Ellen, California 95442

The situation in the waiting room that you describe whereby patients are seen in order of need parallels that in the last hospital ER I was in, last February when I broke my ankle. It was a very crowded room that Sunday, and I ended up being in the hospital a total of five hours, only a little over one of which was actual treatment.

The big difference between your health system, which I admire, and the HMO I'm saddled with here in California, is in the billing process. On a number of occasions I was sent huge bills that I shouldn't have been sent, which required me to make phone calls to the senders and the HMO to get straightened out. They were interesting in that they showed me just how inflated the price of medical care is in the USA. Unfortunately they haven't quit. [Robert then describes problems with a medical sub-contractor not paying its due share.] This is all more than two years after the fact, and the story isn't over until it's over.

VIEW FROM A HEIGHT

2001-08-13

by Dale Speirs

This morning's weather forecast said the temperature would be 31°C today, so I decided to head out and find me a cool mountain in the Rockies. As I drove out to Banff National Park, the mountains were not their usual crisp blue and white on the horizon. To the contrary, one could barely make them out in the haze from forest fires burning in British Columbia. I drove the highway up the glacial moraine that leads to Tunnel Mountain and parked the car at the base of the hiking trail.

I started the long hike up the switchbacks. This was extreme cardiovascular exercise. I stopped to admire the view more often than was really necessary just to admire the view. Near the mountaintop, the path changed from steep switchbacks to a spiral that petered out on the summit, a bare dome of dolomite. To the west, the view was of the upstream Bow River valley, the Banff townsite, and the transcontinental railroad. To the east was the downstream Bow River (the river snakes around the south side of the mountain) and a golf course.

What I noticed, and the reason for this vignette, was a strange new habit that has suddenly appeared in the mountains in the last two years. Hikers used to spell their names out on the slopes with rock, or, among the more malignant ones, with spray paint. Now

they build tiny inuksuks, no more than a foot or two high. An inuksuk is a cairn of flat rocks built in the shape of a human. They are widely used in the Canadian arctic by Inuit as trail guides on the featureless tundra. They came to the attention of the Canadian public in 1999, when the Inuit tribal homeland of Nunavut joined the Confederation as Canada's third territory. Inuksuks are so much the symbol of Nunavut that their flag has one on it. They have also captured the fancy of the public down south. Now I see them not only in the mountains but occasionally in the Calgary parks that I supervise.

Sitting on the top of Tunnel Mountain, I looked down through the haze at the west valley. A 97-car train slowly chugged its way past Tunnel Mountain, slowly enough that I could count the cars. The flatcars of B.C. lumber and empty grain hoppers returning from Vancouver port looked like tiny scale model toys from my height.

GREAT MOMENTS IN PEST CONTROL

2001-08-17

On a previous weekend shift at work I had been called out to Thornhill Depot because there was a strange sound coming from the District Foreman's office. Unfortunately I didn't have a key to get into it. The sound was like an overloaded fan or squeaking

electric motor bearing, but I couldn't quite localize it. I peeked in through the office window but couldn't see anything. I put it down as a possible ventilation equipment problem, as it seemed to be coming from one of the office ducts. Nothing seemed to be ready to blow up or fall over, so I left it for the District Foreman to figure out on the weekday shift.

Today I learned the sequel. The Foreman had discovered the problem when she opened up her office Monday morning, and found the paper shredder running continuously. The floor-mounted model had been set to auto-on for faster shredding. Sometime on the weekend a field mouse had gotten into the office and had explored the wrong crevice in the wrong machine. The mouse had been shredded, but a bone or two was strong enough to jam the machine in the on position, hence the continuous whirring sound. Because of the blood sprayed all over the floor, not to mention the inside of the machine, the entire office had to be decontaminated and fumigated, and the machine was a write-off. Mice in Alberta are known to carry hantavirus, not normally a problem, but certainly when fresh mouse blood is spray-painted over an office.

THE DAY EVERYTHING CHANGED

2001-09-11

On my days off, I commonly go to the University of Calgary Library to check my e-mail on their public terminals, do research

on the many databases they subscribe to (far superior to Web sites because the information is peer-reviewed), and then wander the open stacks for the vast majority of information that is not computerized because no one will spend the money to scan and index old books and runs of periodicals. I always go early in the morning to beat the rush. The Library has 200+ terminals on an open-floor plan, but by 09h00 or so, there is a long lineup to get on them, so I have to be there by 08h00 at the latest to get a seat quickly.

By about 09h30, I had checked my e-mail, finished searching databases for my current projects, and had checked the library catalogue for call numbers of periodicals that my searches had turned up references in. As I always do before I give up my seat, I made one last visit to my Hotmail account for any new e-mail.

But the Web site was extremely slow. One other reason I do my searches first thing in the morning is because the University system slows to a crawl by noon as 20,000 or so students and staff come on line to check their mail and do their academic work. At 09h30 though, the system was incredibly slow, the worst I've ever seen it.

While doing my work at the terminal, I had noticed at the far side of the floor a bunch of students gathered around a television set. This is the first week of a new academic year, so I assumed they

were freshmen taking an orientation course on how to use the Library. The television set was facing away from me, and being at the far side of the building, probably would still have been inaudible if it were facing me.

My Hotmail account finally opened up. No mail, so I logged out. For those not familiar with Hotmail, when you log out, it takes you to a Microsoft site which has the usual ads but also throws in a few brief news items in a token nod toward useful content. The news page took minutes instead of seconds to come up; in fact, it was so slow that I seriously thought of rebooting the terminal just so I could clear the site and leave. But when it popped up with the news bulletins, it was my turn to freeze up.

A lot of people subsequently used the word 'disbelieving' to describe their initial response to learning about the attacks on the World Trade Centre and the Pentagon by suicidal skyjackers. In my case, the phrase would be 'blank incomprehension'. I couldn't understand the news item that airlines had four passenger jets they couldn't locate. How can you lose track of a passenger jet? I couldn't figure out the picture of the Twin Towers burning. A fire in one skyscraper is understandable, but two separate fires simultaneously?

When the msn.ca page had come up, I had instantly clicked out of it as I usually do, without bothering to read the news. Because the

computer system was bogged down, the click didn't respond for several minutes, allowing me time to read those news items. I then tried the CALGARY HERALD Website for further news. I received a 'Page not found' error message, so I tried the CBC site. Another 'Page not found' message after a long pause. I gave up, re-set the terminal to the Library home page for the next user, and left.

You Shall Hear Of Wars And Rumours Of Wars.

Walking past the group of students watching the television, I turned to see what it was. The set was turned to a news channel that was repeating the image of the second plane plowing into the tower. I walked no further for the next hour. Watching, as did millions, the horrifying collapse of the towers, the people running from the dust cloud, the constant re-play of the plane smashing into the tower.

I had planned to go into the stacks and do some paging through periodicals to track down some of the references I needed. After watching the horror, I was too shaky to think of any more research today. My attention span would not admit of it.

I kept thinking of those people in the hijacked aircraft and the doomed buildings. Like you and me, they got out of bed that

morning for a routine day or a routine flight. A few hours later, many of those who worked at the WTC, who shuffled paper, or sat in front of computer screens, or sold mutual funds over the telephone, faced a choice between dying in the agony of flames or leaping to their death for a few moments of weightlessness before the impact.

Leaving the Library, I passed a boardroom where a group of students had been working on a class project. A student was writing on the whiteboard a Biblical quote from Matthew 24:6: "You shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, but do not be frightened, for although all things must come to pass, the end times are not yet."

The Sounds Of Silence.

Walking out the Library, I went past several other clusters of people gathered around television sets, pausing at each group to see if there was anything new. The University staff had rolled out every television set they could find. The sets were everywhere; in the classroom hallways, at each end of the Food Court in the Students' Union building, and in every other campus building. Each set had a cluster of silent, absolutely silent, not even the slightest murmur, students gathered around. The hallways are normally a deafening din at class changeover, but this morning everyone shuffled down the halls in silence. No pretty co-eds

chattering with each other, no jocks booming away on their cellphones, just people walking gloomily in silence.

I took the train downtown. On the streets there were CALGARY HERALD distributors selling an extra edition. Without ads, only a single section, filled with the photos from television and which were only a few hours old. It was the first time since I moved to Calgary in 1978 that I saw a newspaper bring out an extra. Even for the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary they only had special sections in the regular paper, not an complete extra edition.

Every business that had a television set on its premises had rolled it out to the sidewalk. Petroleum executives stood shoulder to shoulder with homeless transients, both watching in silence the constant re-plays of that plane and those dust clouds rolling down the streets of lower Manhattan.

And The People Bowed And Prayed.

The downtown churches are seldom open during weekdays, but today they, as did so many other churches elsewhere, set out boards announcing special prayer meetings for the noon hour. The following Sunday, every church in Calgary reported a full congregation. A week or so after that, the Calgary emergency services held a joint memorial service for the firemen, police, and

medics of New York City who lost their lives in the collapse. The Calgary newspapers printed the photos of all the dead emergency workers, pages of them. Ordinary people who had gotten out of bed that morning for a routine shift.

The Aftereffects.

As news of the disaster and the associated attack on the Pentagon spread around the world, air travel in North America shut down. First the USA closed all airports and banned all incoming international flights. At 10h45 MDT, Calgary International Airport received word from Transport Canada that all Canadian airports were to be closed, save for the incoming international flights that couldn't go to their American destinations and had to land somewhere. Calgary hotels were quickly booked solid with stranded travellers. Most of the international travellers were from Europe inbound to San Francisco or Los Angeles, who suddenly found themselves in a city I dare say many of them had never heard of before.

Early in the evening of that ghastly day, I stopped by a postal station to buy some supplies. Hand-printed signs on the doors advised that all outbound mail had ceased due to the airport closure. I got no mail that day at my box number at the 9th Avenue post office downtown, but since that happens occasionally it was just coincidence. My mail is sorted into the box number by

10h30 every morning, which would have been before the embargo took effect. Over the rest of the week, my mail went down to only one or two items per day instead of a half-dozen or so, excluding junk mail (which always gets through!). The mail was a mix of both local and external, but the out-of-town letters very likely had been already in the Calgary mail stream.

On September 18, I was at the Chinook Centre postal outlet, waiting in line to buy some stamps. The man ahead of me was talking to the clerk about the best method to send his parcel. She told him not to bother with any of the express services because all guarantees were off due to the backlog of mail.

Most mail rooms have some sort of routine security procedure but seldom go to extremes unless on a permanent war footing (such as Jewish or Islamic organizations) or if events in the outside world trigger fear. The WTC/Pentagon attacks were not initially associated with any mail bombs, but many chose to be safe rather than sorry. This frightened many organizations into reviewing their security procedures. Even those well and truly out of any danger did so, an instance being my employers in Calgary, who suddenly began screening all incoming mail.

On September 21 at about 19h30, there was a scare at the Canada Post mail processing plant out at the airport. Police were called to attend to a suspicious package.

Canada Post security placed the package out in the north parking lot, where a bomb squad technician X-rayed it. The results were ambiguous, so the package was remotely opened, and revealed to be a cellphone and some electronic equipment.

On Monday, September 24, my mailbox was overflowing, mostly American and international mail. The American mail was all postmarked September 10 or 11, so obviously it had been caught in the shutdown and sat on a loading dock. No special markings explaining the delays were seen. The international mail was all dated late August or early September. It is difficult to say if this mail was seriously affected by the disaster or if it came from Europe as usual on a tramp steamer via South Africa, Argentina, China, and Alaska.

Pestilence.

I have been writing a history of mail bombs, one aspect of which was anthrax letter bombs. The first such was mailed in 1997, but like all others until 2001 September, was a hoax. Now the real ones are coming through in New York City and Washington, D.C., and I have to update my history almost daily.

On the Labour Day weekend, I was working the Parks Trouble Call shift when I got a citizen concern about little piles of white powder along footpaths in the natural area at the east end of

Bowness Park. The citizen was worried that we might be poisoning ground squirrels, but that would not be our method of operation (we use poisoned grain pushed down into the burrows). I checked the site and determined that the piles were lime dust, such as used to mark lines on soccer or baseball fields. It appears that the piles were used by some unauthorized hiking or orienteering group to mark their trails. We cleaned them up and that was that.

The weekend of October 12 to 14, I was on vacation in order to attend a local stamp show. My relief got a call for another park about piles of white powder. Calgary, like cities across North America, has been inundated with panic calls to police and fire fighters about suspected anthrax. Most who call them don't seem to think through why some bin Laden terrorist would send poison to an average homeowner nowhere near any plausible target. But the relief foreman phoned the police. By now, they were fed up with panic calls, and told him to clean it up, bag it, and dispose of it as hazmat like empty pesticide containers. And don't call us again, sir.

It is a basic principle of mail bombs, whether explosive or biochemwarfare, that they are psychological weapons. As tactical devices, they work poorly, and only affect a few people (even anthrax). As psywar weapons, they are unmatched for having an effect all out of proportion to their actual harm

WORLD WIDE PARTY #8

Founded by Benoit Girard and Franz Miklis, the World Wide Party is held on June 21st every year. At 21h00 local time, everyone is invited to raise a glass and toast fellow members of the Papernet around the world. The idea is to get a wave of fellowship circling the planet. "Now more than ever for 2002" should be the theme for WWP #9.

FROM: Henry Welch
1525 - 16 Avenue
Grafton, Wisconsin 53024-2017

2001-07-07

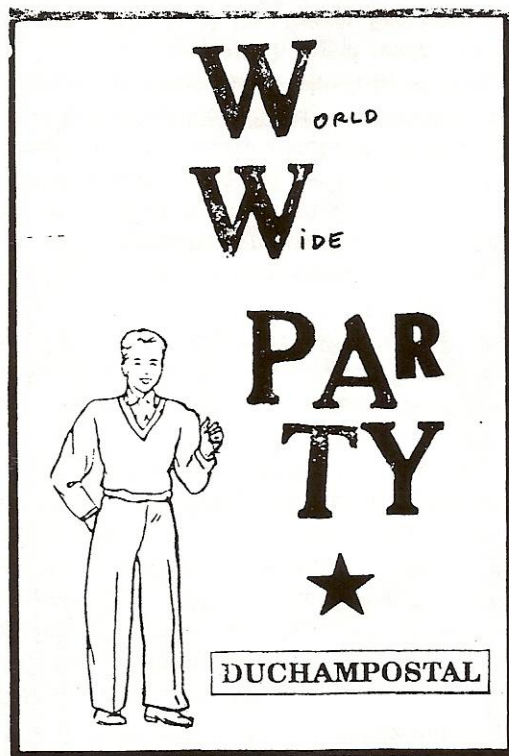
Went out on the solstice to toast brilliant Mars in the southeastern sky. Alas, it was too cloudy, so I had to postpone my installment of the World Wide Party 24 hours.

FROM: Michael Waite
105 West Ainsworth
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197-5336

2001-07-30

Once again I was proud to be a part of the World Wide Party. On June 21st, 2100 hours, I lifted my glass in celebration. May the Papernet live long and prosper.

FROM: Pascal Lenoir
11 Ruelle de Champagne
60680 Grand Fresnoy, France



FROM: David Aragon? and unknown others
www.rollyourownblackout.com/report.html

Roll your own blackout the first day of summer. In protest of the current energy policies and lack of emphasis on efficiency, conservation, and alternative fuels, there will be a voluntary rolling blackout on the first day of summer, June 21, 2001, Thursday evening, 7:00 pm to 10 pm, all time zones. This will create a blackout that rolls across the planet.

It's a simple protest and a symbolic act. Turn out your lights and unplug anything in your home that you safely can. Light a candle, make love, tell ghost stories, or whatever you want to do, instead of watching television. Have fun in the dark.

Let the powers that be know that we want global education, participation, and funding in conservation, efficiency, and alternative fuel efforts, and an end to over-exploitation and misuse of the Earth's resources.

2001-06-27

How many people participated? Can't measure. We estimate a few hundred thousand based on some things we can measure. We have no organization behind this action, we can't commission a big expensive Gallup study. An informal poll of 75 readers by the

GAZETTE of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, found 19% intending to participate, 73% not, and 8% undecided. The only utility to report figures said that its Portland, Oregon, customer base used 3% less electricity than would normally be expected. We do not know the significance of this difference, i.e. how much variability would there usually be compared to that 3%. Even a fraction of this decrease being due to the RYOB would indicate a huge number of participants.

On-line commitment: MoveOn.org reports 14,000 signed up on their blackout page. By itself an excellent figure for a protest of any kind, this is merely the number of those willing to put their names on a list, obviously a small fraction of those who participated. www.rollyourownblackout.com has had about 41,000 hits since it appeared on June 3, half of those appearing in the three days ending on the Solstice. Citizens for Legitimate Government, which has hosted the blackout announcement a month longer, projects nearly a half-million visitors since they posted it, with peaks on the same days as this site. But that figure may underestimate the number who learned about the action through CLG's message, which urged readers to distribute it through e-mail. The Earth Day Energy Fast site's founder says more people have checked out the resources there than in all its previous several years of operation.

1000
900
800
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600
500

10
45
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15
0



2001 June 21

Subject to conditions on back

Lost Something



on the Bus or C-Train?

Phone 268-1600 or
visit our Lost Property office at
240 - 7 Avenue SW.

Weekdays 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
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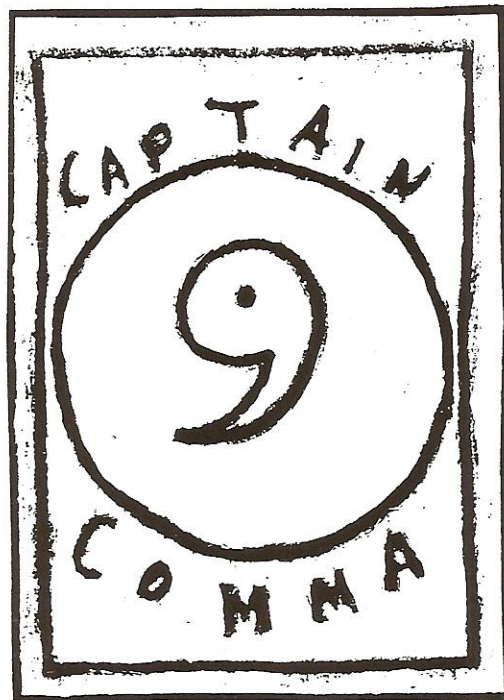
FROM: Alden Scott Crow

Box 445

Clements, California 95227

2001-06-21

[Artist Trading Card as shown below.]



Flat 5, 32/33 Castle Street

Shrewsbury SY1 2BQ, England

It was a lovely day today. Dry, clear, mostly sunny; warm, but with enough breeze not to be hot. And it started in an auspicious way; not just with sunshine and birdsong (and the noise of the refuse lorry chugging up Castle Street), but with the exciting thump of mail landing in the hallway of The Celestial Tortoise Loft, just before I left for work. A big amber-yellow envelope from Canada. I can't resist stopping to open it. A copy of Murray Moore's AZTEC BLUE #4. Oh, good! Well, that's going to be put aside for later.

There's more (more than Moore, in fact). A postcard of comment in response to TORTOISE 11, from Australia. (Thanks Krin!) And the usual sort of thing that turns up in the post on an average Thursday: my weekly copy of NEW SCIENTIST, a bank statement, an advertisement about house insurance, a fashion catalogue flyer. The last two are a waste of senders' paper and postage, but if it takes the profits made on delivering junk mail to keep the postal service up and running for the likes of us, then I will happily put up with endless Unbeatable Bargain Offers, Lowest Ever Rates, and Grand Prize Draws.

We are quick to moan when mail goes missing, or arrives damaged, or late. But almost all of it does arrive, and at a fair old speed. Credit where credit is due. I was secretly pleased when the first letter of comment to reach me after I'd sent out TORTOISE 11 was not from one of the people who send e-mails, but was from Steve Sneyd and sent by the normal post. In a recycled, non-machine-readable, handwritten envelope. With a second-class stamp. Is this snail mail? Here's to it, and those who get it to and fro.

So as the last sunshine of the Longest Day slowly vanishes into the evening cloud, off in the general direction of Wales and All Points West, I raise a large glass of something that is mostly, but definitely not entirely, Canada Dry. An appropriate beverage, as I salute the quiet fun of letters and fanzines and the other friendly surprises that plop through the letterbox. And then to settle down to enjoy that new issue of AZTEC BLUE, and a summer solstice treat: a bowl of fresh, ripe English strawberries and cream. A good way to party.

Here's to the Papernet; may its day also be full of friends and sunshine, and be very, very long.

FROM: Anna Banana 2001-06-27
RR 22, 3747 Sunshine Coast Highway
Roberts Creek, British Columbia V0N 2W2

On June 21, 2001, at 21h00, we did indeed raise a glass and toasted each other and the network. I was having an ATC (artist trading card) trading session here. In attendance were: Bill Thomson (Vancouver), plus locals Alanna Wood, Beth Jankola, Francine Des Jardines, Judith Arden, Maurice Spira, Tam Harrington, and me. Unfortunately I didn't take any photos, but by all accounts a good time was had by all.

FROM: Lloyd Penney 2001-06-25
1706 - 24 Eva Road
Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 2B2

The World Wide Party is something Yvonne and I look forward to each year, even if it is just a quiet gathering of two, which it was for us this year. With some strawberry Crystal Lite for Yvonne and some President's Choice Sparkling Diet Grapefruit Soda for myself, we toasted fandom as we usually do, and then scarfed down some Decadent Chocolate Chip cookies. Simple food and drink, but always welcome and enjoyable, and good at parties.

We toasted fandom with "To friends present, friends absent, friends still with us, and friends gone". Even when you are a group of two, or even one, you think of these friends absent, and hope that you will be in the presence of those friends once more. As always, the number of friends gone increases, and we hope all of us will appreciate those friends still with us that much more.

FROM: E.B. Frohvet 2001-06-21
4716 Dorsey Hall Drive #506
Ellicott City, Maryland 21042

Actually I remembered the World Wide Party this year, which is an improvement, even though no one showed up. So I splashed a little brandy in a wine glass and drank a toast to fandom, starting with Europe and working west, with special attention to fans in Canada and the Central Time Zone.

FROM: Mark Strickert 2001-06-21
2100 West Commonwealth Avenue #238
Fullerton, California 92833

Where I was on June 21 at 21h00 local time, I was silently toasting with a medium diet Coke. Ha!

FROM: Teddy Harvia
12341 Band Box Place
Dallas, Texas 75244-7001

2001-06-21

-16-

Dear Dale — Aliens want to get into the act.

FS-333

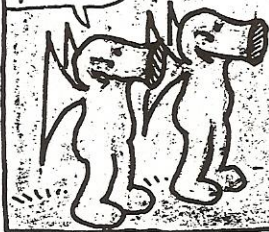
JOSHUA TREE IN BLOOM

The rapidly diminishing Joshua Tree is one of the most spectacular botanical features of our western desert. It belongs to the lily family and attains heights up to 40 feet and its dream white blossoms grow in clusters 8 to 14 inches long at the ends of heavy angular erratic branches. The Mormons gave this giant yucca the name Joshua Tree or the "weeping plant" because of the up-stretched "arms". The trunk has no annual rings, hence it is impossible to determine their age.

How come
you never
include
us in your
parties?

We're a
prickly
pair.

You can't just
act the part.
You have to
look it, too.



12341 Band Box Place
Dallas, TX 75244-7001 USA

Beast, 511
TEDDY



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