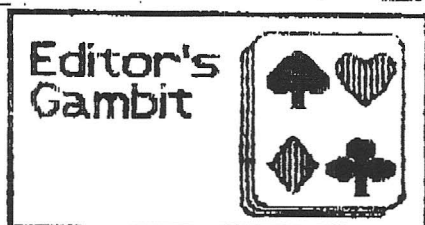


# RYTE BYTES=C

The Official Newsletter  
Of The Commodore Users  
Group Of Kansas City

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Vol 32, No 5  
May 2011



by Lenard R. Roach

There have been a couple of things on my mind that I want to bring to your attention, CUGKC member, and it has to do with the future status of the club. Once these matters are expressed, I will get into my dialogue.

With the first three meetings not having a member show up, we are wasting space in the Plaza Library that can be used for someone or something else. Therefore, I would like to move that we not renew our use of the meeting room for the 2012 CUGKC season to allow others to use the room. The main reason for using the Large Meeting Room, from what I could gather by observation, was the fact that we used the big television on the rolling cart for our monitor, and since the library have eliminated the TVs, we had to rely on those of us who are smart enough to bring Commodore monitors with them to the meeting.

Now this brings us to the question of: Where are we going to meet in 2012 and beyond? I breathe a heavy sigh while writing this because I don't want to have to face it, but we knew that this time may come and it may finally be here. I would like to move that at the end

of this year, the Commodore Users Group of Kansas City will cease being an entity and close our club doors. I know that life happens and with a lot of us, life is happening faster than we are aware. Sometimes trying to find time to make it for a couple of hours one day out of the month is a real trick. I myself am having a difficult time making it to a meeting on time due to work schedules, and even moving the meeting time forward to 7:30 pm doesn't seem to be helping much.

Jack has already approached me about liquidating the club's bank account and giving the money to Children's Mercy Hospital as its final financial act, and I have given an executive order for this to be done. I am calculating that by the time this newsletter gets into your inbox or mailbox, Jack will have already given the money to the hospital. I am partial to Children's Mercy since they were to primary agents that God used to bring healing to my son Gabriel during his bout with leukemia back in 2003 and 2004. Even at my job, I volunteer to pick up the hospitals spent batteries from their bio-medical and engineering departments without charge to the hospital.

So, the finances of the club have been dealt with. All that is left is to dispense of the club's hardware and software stored at Jack's house. I'm sure that someone would like to get some of the Commodores and take out whatever they can sell at a recycler; the rest of the parts can be sent either be given to a

charity, sold on Ebay for a small price, or sent to the scrap yard. I don't know exactly what to do yet. This will have to be discussed by those who attend the remaining meetings left in 2011. My plan is at the 2011 Christmas party, we have a big blowout at the Plaza Library, and say our final goodbyes as a club, and we each go on our separate ways.

One of the things that will continue until at least the end of 2011 is the producing and publication of the RYTE Bytes newsletter. I will still sit in the chair of editor and chief writer of the paper and will do so proudly and with many thank yous to the members of the CUGKC for giving me the privilege to do this. I have just as much fun writing the paper as hopefully you do reading it.

This does not mean there will not be meetings in 2012. If anyone would like to have a Commodore meeting in 2012 and beyond, they can do so as an independent agent and invite any or all of the CUGKC to attend. I encourage those who would like to please do so. Commodore will still be going on, even though we may not.

Let me make one thing perfectly clear: The entire above paragraphs and statements can be reversed -- by a simple vote of "nay" by the membership of the club. If you as a member or you as a reader of RYTE Bytes wish to still see the club stay on and continue to bring great Commodore information, entertainment, and education to a Commodore deprived world, then simply send me a vote of "nay" in either my email, my Facebook page, or in the snail mail. For those who think that we may have taken Commodore as far as we can in a post Commodore society and believe it is time we close our doors, then please send me a vote of "aye" to any of the listed forms of communication. Below is listed the several ways you may contact me:

Email: [lenardroach@yahoo.com](mailto:lenardroach@yahoo.com).  
Please put in the subject line:  
CLUB VOTE

Snail Mail: Lenard R. Roach, 6025 Corona Avenue, Kansas City, KS, 66102-1339. Just put on a piece of paper the words "aye" or "nay" depending on your vote. You don't have to sign it or even put your return address on the envelope.

Telephone: 913-299-9048. Just leave your "aye" or "nay" on my answering machine since I usually am not home to answer the house phone due to my hours at work.

If you want to have your vote or expressions about the club announced in the paper, just let me know and I will put your comments put in the newsletter in a special section I will open on the back page. If you want to be in print but remain anonymous, please let me know this ahead of time so I can make it so. I will be tallying the votes as they come in over the next several months and will announce in the August issue of RYTE Bytes how the vote turned out.

Just remember, your vote definitely counts on this. If I don't hear from as many people as possible by the end of July, after the CommVEX meeting in Las Vegas, then I will take what votes there were and make a decision from those. If you wanted to vote and didn't get the chance, then there is nothing more that can be done. This is one reason why I am extending the vote over the summer months to give everyone a chance to think about this and make the best decision that best suits your own



personal position.

I was going to spend a few words talking about the new Commodore C64x coming out in Europe and get into some of the details about it, and I was going to let you know that Run/Stop-Restore: 10th Anniversary Edition was out on both Amazon.com (US) and Tesco.com (GB) and can be bought off of either website, but I have wasted most of my time bringing up club business. I will save the details of that information for the next time I get with you.

I look forward to hearing from each one of you. Please don't delay in acting. This is important.



-by Jack Kincaid

I'm backkkk! After 6 months I finally got to drive again! So what happened to me? First, at the end of September, I had a ruptured disk in my neck. Went to a good Doctor and he removed the bone fragment and inserted a small metal plate to hook the two vertebra together. With the operation over and still on the operating table I had a mini stroke, as the doctor called it. RIND episode,

Reversible  
Ischemic  
Neurological  
Deficit

To me it was a mini stroke that paralyzed my right side. So for the next 4 months I had therapy twice a week. February and March I did my home exercises and by the middle of March I was driving. The only thing is not fully recovered is my right hand and I still have some memory loss. So that's my story and I'm sticking to it.

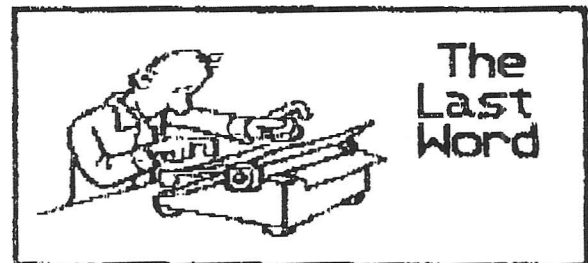
I was at the April meeting -- if you could call it a meeting! Just me and Lenard. Is it time to call it quits??? I want to take the money out of our bank (\$423.67) and donate it to The Children's Mercy Hospital.

The next meeting will be on May 19th at the library in the large meeting room.

#### Financial Report

April 2011 Balance ..... \$423.67

#### End Of Report



-by Lenard R. Roach

Getting out of work on the night of the meeting took a little extra effort since it seemed that the printer on computer number one was refusing to print the closing material needed for paperwork the next morning. I texted the manager, who told me that as long as the main computer in the office was responding to the uploaded information from the computer, there was nothing to worry about. Since that computer was doing as it should, me and my other two co-workers walked out the door and we each headed for our separate cars.

I climbed into my rebuilt red Neon. In the middle of April, Gabe checked the radiator to see how the fluid was doing. When I first bought the car, there was a hint of oil in the radiator fluid, which my mechanic told me was a sign of something wrong, but it was so insignificant that I shouldn't worry about it. Now the radiator was full of chocolate milk, the definite sign of a blown head gasket. Neons are bad about doing this in both the pre and post 2000 models. Gabe wasted no time and expense as he went headlong into

the engine and did a partial rebuild on the motor and replaced the head gasket. The process took him three days, which during that time I got to drive a borrowed vehicle from someone at work. Gabe did such a superior job as now the car not only doesn't mix oil and antifreeze, but it also has more power and saves a lot more in gas. During the rebuild process I got new gaskets, new hoses, and a new water pump and thermostat. The red Neon now drives like it is a new car fresh off the dealer's lot. I am so grateful that this process was done, and it was a big confidence booster for Gabe, as now he wishes to take the time and tackle the damage I did to the white Neon, which has been sitting in my driveway like a yard ornament for about a year. I am excited about what he is going to do and can't wait to see the results of his working on the white Neon when he starts. He has said that this will be his summer project and will work on it when the weather gets warmer.

I checked my lunchbox to make sure I had everything I wanted to bring. Yup, I had the last disk issue of the 50s and four copies of some programs I wanted to have beta tested by the members, but what members? Ever since the beginning of the year when I arrived at the Plaza library there were no others members attending the meeting, so I would turn around and go home. Why should today be any different? I was so tempted this time just to head straight home and forget the meeting, but I am the club

president so I think it should be my duty to make the attempt to go to the meetings. I only wish I didn't have to close on the Thursday of the club meeting so I could be early enough to the meeting.

It was drizzling earlier in the day so the roads were a little damp, but not wet enough for a car to throw water into the air as it goes along. As a driver for the company, the one thing that bothered me about the spring thaw was the water the vehicle ahead of you would spray all over your windshield from the melting snow on the side of the highway. I thought we would be over that when April got here, but the spring rains make the streets just as soggy so the spraying of windshields continued. This sprinkle was different and I was thankful that I could see ahead of me.

It was good to have some light out for the drive, but the cloudy day made it necessary for a person to turn on the headlights for safety. I headed east on 95th Street and went to Roe Avenue instead of turning right on Mission Road. I had it set in my head that since there will be no one at the meeting tonight I will just take my time and cruise down Somerset Boulevard to Ward Parkway, and head north to the meeting that way. The cruise was leisurely as I listened to the radio and kept my car at an even 35 MPH for the whole trip. I made it to the meeting at 7:30.

I didn't stop by the snack



The June Meeting Of The  
Equally Offensive CUGKC  
Will Be Held On Thursday,  
June 16, 2011, At 7:30 pm  
In The Large Meeting  
Room Of The Plaza  
Library.

**Please Attend**

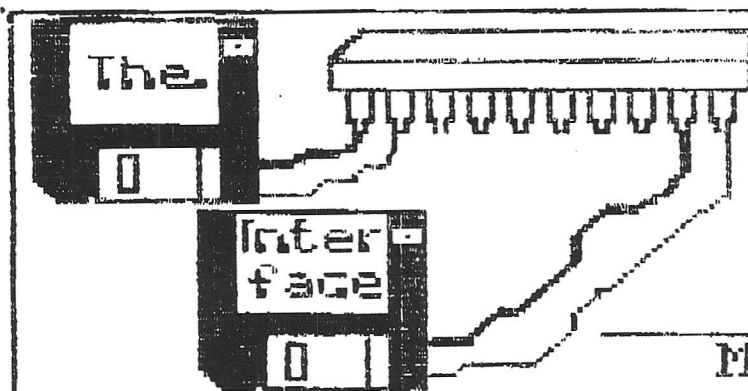


counter to get my muffin and Diet Coke, I just wanted to check the room and see if anyone showed up. As I did walk in I saw Jack sitting there with his case of paperwork for Commodore and the last two issues of The Interface that he was perusing through. I was surprised and smiled, thanking God that someone came to a meeting and was kind enough to wait until I got there. I took a seat to the right of him and thanked him for coming and waiting around for me to get off work. We chatted for a few minutes about how he was since he had a hard time of it during his recovery from his back. Jack handed back to me about two years worth of 5C6 disks he was carrying in his file, telling me he made copies of them all and wanted me to have the originals. I took them and put them into my lunchbox. In a similar gesture I pulled out one of the disks that had the programs I wanted beta tested and asked Jack if he would be interested in going over the work and give me his opinion. He declined, citing that he rarely runs his Commodore anymore. I understood. Ever since I became a published author I have had to abandon a lot of my Commodore work to access a PC and start using Word to make my documents because this is what publishers are using now. I told Jack to go to Amazon.com and look up my name and see the book ready for purchase. He nodded, assuring me he would when he got the chance.

By 7:45, Jack closed up his file box and started to go, so I followed him out. He had something for me in his car, so as he walked in the library's parking garage, I got into the Neon at the far end and drove to his car. In the trunk of Jack's car was a Commodore 1902 monitor and a 1581 disk drive which he said was for me. I thanked him graciously and loaded the items into the trunk of the Neon. I asked Jack to get me the monitor so I can have something for club meetings since it seems that we no longer have access to a video display at the library. I will start carrying a Commodore 64, disk drive, and monitor to each meeting now that I have all the pieces needed to do this.

I shook Jack's hand and thanked him again for his donation to my Commodore cause. I climbed back into the Neon while Jack got into his Buick. I got to speed away first as he was still adjusting himself into the driver's seat of the Buick. I headed home with my newly gather Commodore booty, feeling ready for the next meeting.

The May meeting of the Club will be held on Thursday, May 19th, 2011, at 7:30 pm in the Large Meeting Room of the Plaza Library. I should be ready to give a good demo on some Commodore stuff we have been missing out on for the last several months so please plan to attend.



# FC=UG

## "Taking Commodore Computing Into The Twenty First Century And Beyond ..."

### March/April 2011



-by Lenard R. Roach

Even though I am the editor of The Interface magazine, once in a while I will write something that, even though I think would fit well in the paper, I have reservations about what I personally want to say so therefore I call upon the higher powers of FCUG and ask their opinion. In the last issue of the paper I had a gripe session about the status of Commodore in the 21st century and I had that feeling in my writer's gut that this piece would be inappropriate for FCUG readers. I sent the article to Robert and Dick, expecting a thumbs up or thumbs down vote on it. They both thought that I was looking for spelling and grammatical evaluation. Dick quickly bowed out, saying this was above his head, but our great club president came up with some interesting observations that I feel needed to be commented upon.

Robert had trouble with my comment on how well Commodore clubs are keeping the over fifty

generation off the streets. Those who attend club meetings are not going slow in the fast lane and they are not leaving the turn signal on after the turn is made because they are attending one of the Commodore club meetings held across the nation. He claimed it to be a run on sentence that it was hard to understand. I have to agree with Robert on this. This line was a joke that went awry from the time it hit my head to the time it ended up on my word processor. Back in the days when I was learning the art of stand-up comedy I was told that if you have to explain a joke, then the joke loses all its glamour. I'm sorry about making the phrase hard to understand. That was not my intention. As a driver for a national battery dealership, I get stuck every day behind some poor elderly person who should not be on the road doing 30 mph on the highway, but should be taking a taxi to their destination. One of my wishes is that when the day comes and I have to hang up my car keys for good, I won't be bitter about it and try to push a couple of more miles out of myself. I log in an average of 200 miles a day in a worn out old 2004 Chevrolet Express 3500 with nearly 230,000 on the odometer, so I should be able to say that I have had my fun on the road and it is time to get out and let someone else drive.

Robert found another quip that when I read it I also have to say, "Huh?" I was talking about how Commodore programs are the base of

what software is being used today in more modern machines, but it didn't come out that way. The exact quote is: "Commodore is the big brass that makes today's computing comparable to what we have." I could blame this on midnight retarded typing and my wanting to get the article done so I could get the last issue out on time, but what it was simply was me griping so hard that I lost track of what I was saying and even when I re-read the piece to make grammatical and spelling error checks, I passed over this phrase thinking that it was perfectly clear -- to me, that is. One of the many rules of writing is to make sure what you are visualizing is made understandable by the one reading it. I knew what I was talking about, but I failed to let my readers share in the vision of what was in my mind. Let me clarify.

The Commodore computer is more than just the best selling single board unit in history, it is also the unit that spawned programs, and sometimes even hardware, that would in the future, which is now, become a platform for computers like Compaq and Macintosh, to launch into even greater heights. The best example of this is Windows, the operating system used most widely by computer hardware manufacturers around the world. Now, where would Windows be if it wasn't for the hard work and innovation of people who worked on previous operating systems for Commodore, like GEOS? It would be nowhere but sitting in a black void of the un-invented waiting with the hopes that someone would tap into the blackness and pull it into the light of discovery. A program like GEOS became the cleaver that split the darkness and told inventors that if someone can create an operating system for a Commodore, then it can be done for an IBM or an Apple. Upgrade and transposition beget upgrade and transposition until we have what we have on laptops and cellphones, and the fun part of it all is -- there is still more upgrades to come.

The computer is only limited to the imagination of man and the imagination of man is limitless. Just think, all this what we have began with someone saying to themselves something like, "How can I make a Commodore do this?" It could blow a brain cell or two if one ponders it too long.

So in summary, it would seem that I need to take more time and edit my material a lot better than what I do, especially since it seems that when you through a subsidy publisher like what I have done with Run/Stop-Restore: 10th Anniversary Edition, they print the page exactly as it is written, spelling and grammatical errors included. The reason why the process is so cheap is that they bypass an editor and let the writer be the editor of his or her own material, unless, of course, you know an English teacher who happens to be president of a California Commodore club. After Robert went after last issues piece, I feel like I should have let him take a crack at the book before it went to print. I know that when FCUG gets their complimentary copy from me (as soon as I order it), Robert will be going right away checking the spelling and grammar. I swear, if Robert sends the book back to me edited -- I don't know what I would do, but I can tell you it would not be pretty, friendly, or suitable for children and small animals.

But all fun aside, I want to thank Robert for his being upfront about the piece and helping me to get it right the second time. He reminds me a lot of my writing teacher back in correspondence school. She edited the poodoo out of every little thing I wrote and turned in for a final grade. She should receive a copy of my book, too, I think. She should know how well her student has done in the writing world.

I did ask Robert if he could help me get a .D81 disk file taken out of PC mode and put into Commodore mode. My source here in Kansas City has dried up and I can't find anyone who has 1581 Copy or Samdisk to get this file off my

laptop. I was using WinVICE to create the file and now it is trapped in there. If anyone knows of someone who can get this file converted into Commodore mode, then please shoot me an email and let me know and I will send the .D81 image to you. Thank you all for letting me to continue to be the editor of The Interface. Between you and the CUGKC, I should have a flash drive full of Commodore related writing done before I get too old to write.



March 2011

-By Dick Estel & Robert Bernardo

There's a question that every retiree dreads - what have you been doing lately? Most of the time I am busy all day long, but I'd have a hard time accounting for what exactly I did.

The March meeting of the Fresno Commodore User Group was somewhat like that. We did almost nothing that was on the agenda, but we were busy the entire time. One of the two scheduled things we did was look at a cartridge that allows you to use the Comal 2.0 programming language on the Commodore. The Comal command to list the directory worked, but it would not load a Commodore basic program, rightly telling us "not a Comal program." The other scheduled item was to look at few minutes of the 8-Bit Weapon concert from the March 5 SC3 Arcade Party 2011 held in Alhambra, California. Musicians Seth Sternberger and wife Michelle played the C64 and C128 live in front of the party attendees.

Much of the time was spent chatting with our special guests, father and son Geoff and Robert Bades from Haywards Heath, West Sussex, England. Although Robert

owned a Commodore years ago, they are not currently 8-bit enthusiasts. Their major interest is classic American cars, and president Robert Bernardo catered to this interest in two ways - first by inviting them to our meeting at the Pizza Pit, which is decorated with an auto racing theme (owner Stan has won a number of trophies in San Joaquin Valley races). In addition, we dug up a couple of racing programs out of the Fort Ord Commodore USers library, and Robert Bades gave them a try, with varying results. Robert B. also appreciated Comal, having been trained in Visual Basic for the PC.

After the meeting, president Robert tried to take the Bades to the annual Blackie Gajeian Fresno Autorama but found that it was not being held. The Bades had another chance to attend a classic American car show the next weekend - the Goodguys 29th All-American Get-Together Car Show/Swap Meet at the Alameda County Fairgrounds in Pleasanton, California.

FCUG members in attendance besides our president included Brad Strait and Dick Estel.

April 2011

-by Dick Estel and Robert Bernardo

Every meeting has three parts: the meeting before the meeting, the meeting itself, and the meeting after the meeting.

For the Fresno Commodore User Group, the transition from "before" to "meeting" is gradual. We arrive at the Pizza Hut around 11 a.m. and haul in the equipment. We usually order our lunch, then finish setting up while it's being fixed.

This time the official meeting was delayed even more, as we found out that Robert's Amiga mouse for the demo Amiga 1200 was not working correctly; it kept the mouse pointer to the far upper left of the screen. A lot of time was spent pounding the mouse on table, opening the mouse, cleaning the fluff out of the mouse, and more. Eventually, we determined that the



mechanical mouse needed a real mousepad for it to work correctly. We got it to partially work with a piece of paper as the pad, enough for the mouse pointer to move over the Amiga Workbench menus.

When the food is delivered, we start eating and talking. Not surprisingly, much of the talk relates to computers, Commodore and others. At some point during this conversation, Robert says "I guess it's time to start the meeting," and we go right on talking about computers and related matters, although we are now in the "official" meeting, with formal requests for old and new business.

Old business included an update on CommVEx, with Robert reporting several equipment sales to help fund the event. The website at <http://www.portcommodore.com/commvex> has been updated. The following people/companies will be or were contacted for CommVEx:

Aeon Technologies for the Amiga X1000

Commodore USA's Commodore PC in a C64 brown breadbox (no response), the Multiple Classic Computer (MCC-215) Multi-game box (will provide a demo machine).

Update on the SUX 6400 (pre-production photos shown)

The April 14-17 Notacon/PixelJam Demoparty in Cleveland

After old business, Robert showed off the A1200 with its variety of games and demo programs, ready to be exhibited for Notacon.

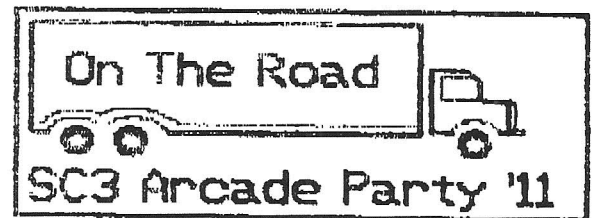
Robert broke out his guitar (Guitar Hero game controller) and demonstrated the newest version of the Shredz64 for the C64; we discovered that the Tracker Hero program for the A1200 would not work correctly with the Guitar Hero guitar.

Finally, Robert showed off the CommodoreOne motherboard that he recently bought from Mike Paull of Australia. That board will be installed into a PC case that Jeri Ellsworth of Portland, Oregon has

held onto since 2005.

Once again, time ran out to show the unofficial Loadstar #250 disks and the DotBasic+ program for the C64. Robert promised those would be at the top of the agenda for the next meeting.

I left the meeting after that, but Robert and member Roger V. continued for another hour with the meeting after the meeting. During that time, they viewed the G-rated version of the amateur short film, "Perspective", in which a Commodore 64 figures prominently in the story.



-By Robert Bernardo

It was just after 8 p.m. Friday night when I arrived at the Knights Inn in Rosemead, California. I was going to another event, the SC3 Arcade Party to be held the next day, March 5, in nearby Alhambra. It had been quite awhile since the last party, but now the event was going to be held in a new venue, the Nucleus Art Gallery on Main Street. SC3 Arcade Party co-organizer, Geoff Voight, was expecting me to bring Commodore and Amiga items for the attendees to play, and not knowing the new venue, I brought everything necessary: a C64, 1541 disk drives, 1701 monitor, Super Snapshot v5 cartridges, game disks, joysticks, cables and power supplies (bringing an extra one was only prudent), Amiga 500, external 1010 disk drive, Magnavox monitor, mouse, cables and power supplies.

Everything except game disks for the Amiga! Oh-oh. I had left the other boxes of disks at school. I scoured the inside of the 1988 Mercury Colony Park station wagon I was using. I found only one game, Space Cutter. I'd have to e-mail my Los Angeles friends and ask them

to bring their Amiga game disks that is, if they were going to attend the party.

The Knights Inn was an older motel and one that had a facade that I had never seen in other hotels. It shared its parking lot with the Dennys Restaurant, and to separate the two establishments, the inn was surrounded by a tall iron fence with only one keycard entrance. It made me wonder about the surrounding area, which seemed fine to me except for the one person who walked into registration and spoke gibberish to the night clerk. Somehow, the clerk understood him and gave some papers to mollify him.

Nevertheless, I was not put off, and after check-in, I went to the car and spent the next hour unloading the mass of equipment and moving it to the second-floor

room. Fortunately, the hotel let me use their luggage cart. The room itself was fairly large but worn wallpaper peeling, ceiling light unshaded, door lock shaky, and smoke alarm unplugged. However, the bed was big and fairly comfortable, and though the glass patio door was only single-paned, the noise level from the freeway a few blocks away was sufficiently low.

For next few hours, I separated the hardware into Commodore and Amiga groups and scrubbed the exterior of the machines. Mustn't have the party attendees play on dirty equipment.

Midnight came too soon, and exhausted from a day at work and the long drive to Rosemead, I went to bed.

I awoke at 8 the next morning. I checked my e-mail; rats, none of my L.A. contacts said anything about bringing Amiga game disks to the party. I shaved, took a shower, and dressed. Then it was time to repack the computer items into the station wagon. The party was to begin at noon, and I was running late.

I didn't get to Nucleus until after 1 p.m.. Parking was in back of the building, but it was not nearby parking; it was far to the

back of the building. I walked around and found the entrance. I was surprised that Nucleus was bright and airy with large glass walls and books and other doodads for sale in the front of the establishment. I signed in, and when I walked to where all the party activity was happening in back, I came across Geoff almost immediately. The back area had been darkened, and all of the arcade game machines and home gaming consoles were already set up. In fact, set-up had begun on the Thursday before the party. Geoff pointed the area where he wanted me to be. He had already set up a C64, 1702 monitor, 1571 drive, and a couple of boxes filled with C- game disks. He had also placed a 1000 monitor for the Amiga and asked if I had the RGB cable for it. No problem it was in my carry case.

Filmmakers Rory Muir and Jerold Kress called to me. They had contacted me beforehand, and they had just re-entered the venue, having arrived earlier and then departing for some refreshments. They were there to film Commodore activities, and I went about the business of prepping all the gear while trying not to stare into their videocameras. Even without having to move a C64, drive, and monitors from my car to the gaming room, I still had to move boxes of disks and the Amiga equipment. Several shuttles from the car to the room later, I was perspiring greatly in the warm day. Rory found some paper towels for me, and I wiped my brow and neck and went back to attaching all the materials.

O.K., Guitar Hero guitar and PSX64 adapter plus power supply connected to the C64. All Amiga goods in place, ready to go. Power up success! Everything looked as it should. Now it was time to deal with the latest Shredz64 .D64 file that I had saved on a SD card. It was saved with a strange, non-alphabetical character (a reversed block) in the file name. By using a SD2IRC, I tried to rename it. No luck. The Commodore

couldnt rename it (not without a file manager that could deal with non-alphabetical characters). Hmm, I'd rather not try to run it straight from the SD card. O.K., the only other way was to convert the .D64 into real files. I didn't have Payton Byrds CBA-Command file manager program with me, but I did have Errol Smiths D64it. I tried to convert it on the SD2IEC. No luck. How about moving the .D64 to a 1581 disk (I had brought a 1581 with me), and from there try to convert it. Nah, why do that?

As I pondered what to do, it was already 2:30, and Rory suggested lunch at a nearby Middle Eastern restaurant. Thinking that this may be my only time to get some food in me during the event, I agreed, and Rory, Jerold, and I walked a few blocks down Main Street to the upscale restaurant which seemed Egyptian to me. Ah, time to relax and talk Jerold about his upcoming film festival for youth, and Rory and I about

Portland, Oregon Commodore user groups, the Commodore Vegas Expo, my family, and the different car I was using (my usual Ford Crown Vic was being smogged). I had the chicken shish kebab lunch, Jerold had a sandwich, and Rory had the vegetarian plate. My opinion of my lunch -- tasty with plenty of seasoned rice but not enough chicken.

When we started walking back, it was 4 (where had all the time gone?), and the day had turned refreshingly cool with flowing breezes. At Nucleus I went back to the problem of how to get Shredz64 going. O.K., I figured out everything. Geoffs 1571 wouldn't work correctly with D64it, and I substituted my brown 1541. SD2IEC would be set to drive 9. For D64it to recognize that troublesome filename, I used a wildcard ? in place of that reversed block character. I put a blank disk into the 1541. Crossing my fingers, I set D64it in motion. The 1541 dearchiving process started correctly! Now all I had to do was to wait until Shredz64 was turned back into a real file/disk. Some time later, the process stopped. I

checked the directory. It all seemed normal. With some trepidation, I restarted the C64 and ran Shredz64. Opening screen and then main menu! Yes! Choose a song, watch the scrolling notes, and play them on the Guitar Hero guitar. Though my coordination was bad, the system worked perfectly. Ah, all was good. Time -- about 6 p.m..

During all this time, I had had Martin Pipers Berzerk v1.1 going on the C64 and Space Cutter on the Amiga. Now the attendees would be able to play Shredz64 and the Guitar Hero guitar. In fact, there was one attendee who had patiently waited all afternoon just to play Shredz64 on the Commodore. He was one of the first to use Shredz64, and he recalled how he played it at the last SC3 Arcade Party. I informed him that this was a freshly-downloaded disk with new songs. Throughout the night, person after person came to play Shredz64, maybe not to the degree that had been done at the last party because of where my Commodore/Amiga table had been placed -- against a side wall and where attendees would have to cross other chairs and other attendees to get to it. I stuck by the table, helping each person with how to choose songs and how to play the Guitar Hero guitar. In fact, when there was no one in line to play it, I would try the easiest song on the disk, Bombo, and I became better at it (but still not proficient). When Shredz64 was not playing, I would load up Berzerk or other games, like Ghostbusters, depending on what the attendee(s) would request.

Speaking of Berzerk, the real, stand-up arcade Berzerk machine was across the hall. I had to try it out and compare it to the Commodore version. The real one had slower moving characters on the screen and one vocalization that the C64 version did not have. Chicken. Right like a robot, it would intone in its robotic voice. (Later on, I was told that the C64 version did have that line, and it was just that I hadn't crossed that part of the game where the robots would

speak it.)

There were many other stand-up machines there. My favorite from the last SC3 party was not there, but I did try out Tron in honor of the newly-released movie, Tron: Legacy. Ooo, I was poor at knocking out the tanks in the first level.

A bit after 8 p.m. the concert portion of the party began. Mr. Spastic was first up, and his chiptune music was satisfying but after awhile, the numbers seemed repetitious. He even used a converted brown C64 in which the guts were removed and MIDI electronics was placed inside of it. The second musician was Wizwars, and I did not prefer his tunes at all, because I could not pick up any melody from them. His numbers seemed to be more noise than music. Finally, the evenings music wrapped up with Computer (Michelle Sternberger) playing a set followed by her husband, Naughty Boy of 8-Bit Weapon (Seth Sternberger). I videotaped their portion, because they were deep

into using a C64 and C128 to create live music. However, even after listening to them, I was fatigued.

Noise fatigue! That was it! The enclosed space of Nucleus just reverberated all the sounds, whether they were the sounds of the arcade machines, game consoles, and computers or the classic 80s movies playing on the wall or the hundreds of people squeezed into the space. I couldn't wear my camcorder headphones for long, because the sounds would be concentrated and amplified through them. The extraneous noise was why the concerts grew tiresome for me. I could not enjoy them to the fullest. Like my friends Rory and Jerold had discovered earlier, when I stepped outside for a breath, it would be so quiet and peaceful in the night air.

Speaking of Rory and Jerold, I eventually discovered that they had disappeared. I had thought they were just outside, relaxing in the night air. I found out later that they had to depart during the final concerts and didn't want to bother

me as I was concentrating on filming.

After the concerts, the crowd started thinning out. The midnight closing of the party grew near. I bought an audio CD of Computer (having bought 8-Bit Weapons latest CD months ago). I also went upstairs to the buy/trade tables in order to look for Commodore and/or Amiga items. Upstairs was where they also had the raffle for prizes. This year I found several Colecovisions for sale plus the usual slew of Atari, Colecovision, Intellivision, and other carts. Ah-ha, there among a pile of joysticks was a little Kraft joystick my favorite because it had 8-way control. The seller wanted \$5 for the used Kraft, and I balked at that price. However, he said that he had machined the plastic joystick handle and had inserted a metal stud to reinforce it. That handle was the weak point of the joystick, and with that metal, it would be perfect. And so, I bought it.

Not waiting until midnight, the SC3 organizers started disassembling and turning off machines around 11:30. As a form of thank you, I tried to make Geoff a disk copy of Berzerk, but I ran into problems with two-drive copying between the 1541 and the 1571, and I failed to make that copy. Then the electricity was cut to my systems, and that was my notice to start taking them apart.

Geoff looked exhausted. I knew that look, because I had been in that same condition after putting on the annual Commodore Vegas Expo. I asked him if there was going to be another party in the fall, the party having been put on twice a year in the past. He couldn't be positive, but it looked as if the party was only going to be held once a year from now on, due to the amount of work to set it up in the new venue. He complained of the tiring workload, and I answered, "No, you cant burn out."

Once again I had to make several trips to my car, arms loaded with gear; I promised myself the next time I'd have to bring a



cart. In fact, when I tried to pick up the last load -- my carry case and camera bag -- the doors had been locked by the owners. Nooo! I just needed to take out one more load. Geoff and the others went around to the back door (which was never open throughout the entire event), knocked on it, and got the owners to let me in.

The last of us dispersed to our cars, Geoff's truck being near my station wagon. He peered through the windows of the station wagon and laughed. He couldn't believe that it was nearly stuffed to the car's ceiling. "What?!" I cried in mock disbelief to his reaction. "It's a car filled with Commodore goodness." He responded, "I thought I had a lot with four Commodores!" I smiled, and then we took off, him to his house and me to my hotel room.

#### Wilma Briscoe Passes

-by Dick Estel

We are sorry to learn of the passing of Wilma Briscoe in late April. She was the widow of former FCOG member Ben Briscoe, who died in 2007. The Briscoes were long-time residents of Avenal CA, where he taught school and she worked for a major oil company. They are survived by a son Alan, his wife, and a grandson.