

LEPANTO

LIV/LV

4-EVER



This is issue #54/55 (97.05/06, August 97) of *Lepanto 4-ever* which on average has been published about once every 57th day since its first issue in August 89, although I am trying to get an issue published about once every 5th or 6th week.

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Normal issue: Cost 16 SEK or 1.40 UK pounds (including postage anywhere in the world).

Freebies (for a published article, used standby orders and/or wins in some games) are worth at least SEK 16 (£1.4) to your subscription account or to cover game fees if you are a trader.

The best way to pay within Sweden is to send cash, or use my "PG" which is 630912-5513

Waiting lists:

1. If no details appear by a list these can be found in a previous issue. Underlined names: preference list on file.

Open for anyone

1. **Black British Press Winter 1900 Real Gunboat Diplomacy** [GM PW]: Another game of this variant, or if you prefer any other version let me know. **Waiting:** Genghis Khan.
2. **Diplomacy** [GM PW]: (Joost Staffhorst), Leif Kjetil Tviberg, Ubbe Urbanyik.
3. **Railway Rivals** [GM PW]:
4 RR games running is probably enough but two of them have only three more rounds so it might be time to prepare for another game start or two. Map? How about Argentina, European Russia or Northern Italy?
4. **Beginner's Railway Rivals** [GM PW]: As it seems it is more or less the same players all the time I will try to run a game for people that have never played RR before. We will use a simple map and no fancy rules. Let me know if you need the rules. *Free map in this game.* **Waiting:** Pitt Crandlemire, Joel Grönberg, Ubbe Urbanyik. 1-3 more needed.
5. **History of the World** [GM PW]: Gihan Bandaranaike, Pitt, Ward Narhi. Will close unless interest increases drastically.
6. **Gops:** (Gihan Bandaranaike).
7. **Capitalist Dip** [GM PW]. A combination of Bourse and Gunboat where you buy and sell currencies. The one to control most of a currency will order the units for a country. Limited to 1907. Rules appeared in #45 and can be found on L4E's web pages. Just ask if

Deadline for #56 is Thursday 2 October 1997.

Your credit:

(If negative you will probably not get next issue)

you need them. *Send in a pseudonym to add to the waiting list. Needs at least 5 players, but can take any number.*

Han Soros, George Soros Jr + one more (without pseudonym) on the list.

11. **The Banquette of Borgia** [GM PW?]. Rules appeared in #51. Waiting (name supplied underlined): John Robillard, Brad Martin, Pitt Crandlemeire, Ward Narhi, Leif Kjetil Tviberg, Anders Færden, Lars Berglund.
12. **Energy** [GM Björn W]. Rules to appear. Pitt, Thomas Nilsson.
13. **Eleusis** [GM Björn W]: (Gihan B.), Pitt.
14. **Dip Royale** [GM PW?]. Should I give this a try? Waiting: Leif Kjetil, Joel Grönberg.

Running — Open to join

1. **Rocky II** (By Popular Demand): Is running. Anyone can join at any time.
2. **Metropolis** (Fictionary Dictionary): Is running. Anyone can join at any time.



Withering bytes

One of the great movies of last year, and available on video, is *Secret and Lies*. This English movie reminds me slightly of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. A black female in her mid 20s, working as an optometrician loses her last surviving adoptive parent. She decides to locate her biological mother which actually is a white lower class factory worker who is feeling really miserable.

For those of you that want something more on the humorous side I recommend the latest SciFi hit *Men In Black*. In this story the alien races of the universe use Earth as a sanctuary. MiB are immigration polices controlling the whereabouts of the aliens. Although I have not read it is obvious MiB is made in a style close to the Marvel comic that it is based on. Some nice effects and quite a few funny details and jokes make it worthwhile to watch for SciFi fans. But you might as well wait for it to be released on

video. The film is like an ice-cream in summer; very nice, but quickly consumed, and quickly forgotten. Anyway, a classic might be the very last scene which gave me a bit of sense of wonder.

August had a very nice beginning as the local SF club (in Linköping) showed issues 4.10-4.14 of Babylon 5. In one of these a person appeared in a small role in a small scene, playing someone who tried to hire a detective to locate his missing dog and cat. The conversation:

— Is there anything more I should know?

— They plot to take over the world.

This had nothing at all to do with the rest of the show and was a bit strange, until you realize that that role was played by Scot Adams...

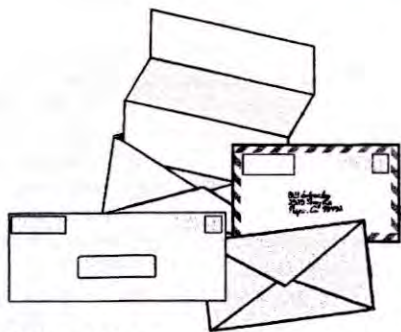
BTW, if anyone have episode 4.15-4.18 on tape I would be very interested to get a copy. 4.19-4.22 I understand will not be screened until season 5? (Especially 4.22 as it was originally intending to be the *final* episode, but it seems it will be the final episode of season 5, and of B5.)

For you Swedes following this series I am sorry to tell you that *Kanal 5* have decided not to buy series 3-5.

There are a couple of very good e-mail based fanzines out there. Especially one, *The Bluesmobile*, has gone from strength to strength. It does run several Diplomacy games and variants, but what interest me most is the letter column run in a Questions & Answers mode, as well as the BPD game.. The editor (Berry Renken) has been running variants of BPD, and in the latest issue published rules for six new all-reader games to replace the latest BPD game: Globetrotter BPD, Story-telling BPD, Go-Diplomacy, Lingolotto, Nomic, and Dutch Fictionary Dictionary. I have published a few of these later in this issue. Nomic should be familiar to most of you, if not read one of Douglas Hoffstadter's books (*The Mind's Eye*). Dutch FicDic is just a game for non-Dutchs using Dutch words only.

So, should any one of the BPD variants be used for Rocky 3?

This is late (although being 95% ready for three weeks) due to three things: Work, work and work!



Käre Per

El Gordo '97

Pitt Crandlemeire [15 Aug.]: "Go Wings! (And look for them to repeat next year.) Quick sports trivia question: what record was broken this year by the Boston Bruins? Answer below."

Brent McKee [7 July]: "Eurovision song contest winner came as a big surprise. For one thing I had thought that Katrina and the Waves had long since gone the way of all pop groups. Secondly who would have thought that an ENGLISH song would have won anything in Europe."

((Katrina et al did have some success after the hit with Loves shine a light but not enough to bring them back from forgetness.

Actually, England and Ireland are among the most successful countries in that competition, with English being an advantage.))

"The Stanley Cup violated a rule that I have and which usually applies, namely that teams that win or come close to winning the most games in the regular season are too worn out to perform well in the play-offs. Detroit broke that rule."

((They had very good quality in their team. Wonder if the car crash, in which several Detroit players was seriously injured, will make it impossible for DRW to repeat the victory.))

"Prime Minister of the UK shouldn't have been any surprise to anyone. The signs were there for anyone who cared to see them over a year ago. Biggest of these was Major's refusal to call an election before his mandate ran out. Had he been confident of winning, he should have gone to the polls at about 4 1/2 years after his

first election. That he didn't indicated that he expected to lose. I'm surprised at Stretchy!"

((Stranger things have happened. The UK election systems does not necessarily reflect the true relation to what the people think. Maybe some of the players did not realize that there would be an election this year?))

Lars Berglund: "I hope you make a new EL GORDO soon!"

Berry Renken: "That El Gordo game looks like much fun too but I guess it's not open for late starters, is it?"

((Nope, but another EG [El Gordo '98] will be opened close to the end of this year, probably in #57. If anyone has suitable categories for next year, feel free to send them in.))

Pitt gives the answer: "The answer to my trivia question is that the Bruins had a record 29 straight appearances in post-season playoff play until the horrible 1996/1997 season, when they failed to make it. This is by far the longest consecutive playoff streak in professional sports."

Int. F2F Diplomacy

Bruno-André Giraudon [21 July]: "Since last WDC I had enough time to think about the achievement of World Diplomacy Federation idea and my conclusion that some of you whispered from the start is this project come too early now."

A World federation makes sense if there are a lot of people ready to support it. I was happy to realise that was the case. But people who are ready to work are the same who are busy with the national development of their own hobby. So, this project come too early and it sounds to me better to focus on national and restricted international development for the moment.

National organisations already exist in Australia, Canada, Sweden, Norway and France with regular championship. In the US, I saw a lot of anarchy that explained why the US hobby is the oldest but not the biggest FTF hobby in the World. England begins to join the other European hobby standards, especially thanks to EDA and personal initiative like Pascal Montagna's one who try to establish a common agreement between the most developed

Diplomacy countries around a project about international tournament requirements.

Never the interest among international players was so high and we can all expect a very good EDC in Shaun Derrick's lair next year. A big event to attend and a great opportunity to all British players to show the real size of their hobby : why not try to beat the top 193 players of EDC I ?

Some of you ask about open tournament to foreigners in France. I think the organisers surprised some of you by the few reactions you received. Consider it is far more difficult to organise in France than in Sweden for instance because many of French players speak a bad English (as mine) or don't speak it at all ! So the organisers must have some translators to be sure that everybody on a board can negotiate without language barriers. This is why there is a big difference between international and non-international event in France : the French Championship is open to... all French speaking diplomats (Portugal won the title in early 90's). And this is also the explanation about the bigger interest we have about international event than other hobbies : the opportunity to welcome foreigners is too rare.

So, I invite everybody to support their local hobby and create national association when it is the right time and for those of you who are involved in EDA to put more energy in it!"

((Your English is fine, and much much better than my French; sadly too bad to be able to negotiate, so I will have to wait for a proper moment to go to France to play Diplomacy.))

Railway Rivals

Michael Pargman [14 July]: "I think there is two different types of frog leaps, and there are quite large differences between them.

In one case, there one uses the fact that someone have just started to build a length and one uses this to share the city bonus (e.g. my leap Cork-J32 (*see James Joyce's Women*)) I find rather nasty and there I think the extra cost would be appropriate.

But the second case where you arrive as the last company to an almost completely built region there I don't think extra costs are motivated. For one thing it is just hard finding a path and for another the one that leaps will have

to pay each time it is used, which in time might get fairly expensive.

To put extra costs on leaps in those cases might lead to avoiding leaps, rather than doing more which one really ought to do, especially on crowded maps like for example the one on Switzerland I received recently. There leaps will be absolutely necessary unless not most of the runs should be done as joint runs. It is a big difference compared to India where there were large open areas.

To sum it up I don't think it is OK with an extra cost on a jump leading to a city bonus, but not if entering a finished area."

Andrew York [2 Jul]: "Query: I'm not fully comfortable with the 'jump' rule, so please excuse if this is a dumb question. Should MULCRC's (*in James Joyce's Women*) be 'after' mine since he had to 'jump' to make his builds; while I just built directly from my track (and beat him to Bantry)?"

However, from your Press, this doesn't happen. If not, I would like it to. (And, personally, I don't like jumping).

((After reconsideration I think the best is to change the timing rules, that is: someone who enters an area exactly the same time which have not done any frog leaps during a round is always in front of anyone who has jumped. And the jumper is still in front if arriving earlier in the same phase. There wont be any changes to the payment, i.e. only cost for jumping is the junction cost.

I think the jump rules should be used when playing at a crowded/small/hilly map. e.g. Ireland, Switzerland, Austria. I use the rule generally to have the same rules in all games.

Of course, if there is interest, I could run a game without frog leaps and/or with "standard" scoring.))

James Hardy [12 Aug]: "How ya doin'? It's just FAR TOO HOT here at the moment. I don't like heat at the best of times, so this is unbearable..."

((Being a sauna lover I like heat, but as it is the warmest summer (on average) since SMHI started measuring in 1860, and still very hot in late August, it is almost that one long for the winter... (well, almost)))

ON EATING, DINING, AND OTHER GASTRONOMICAL DELIGHTS IN SCANDINAVIA!

by Larry Peery

One of a series of articles about my trip to WDC VII...

I have never read of anyone claiming that Scandinavia was a world culinary center, or its gastronomical delights the reason for spending a holiday in the region. At best you occasionally see an attempt to describe the difference between a smorrebrod (the small, artfully arranged open-faced sandwiches served in Denmark) and a smorgasbord (the huge, seven course buffet meal that is the modern Swedish descendent of the old Viking burial feast). Trendy restaurant critics write about the appeal of such modern dishes as reindeer, whale, kangaroo, and ostrich. Traditionalists like to reflect on the glories of Swedish meatballs, potatoes au gratin, and stewed fruit. And of course nobody admits to the horrors of dealing with such things as pickles for breakfast. Even the environmentalists have got into the food business. Norway is in the midst of a big debate over what to do with millions of tons of whale blubber. The Norwegians catch and eat whale meat, but not the blubber. The Japanese catch and eat whale blubber, but not the meat. The Japanese would pay big bucks for all that blubber the Norwegians are storing in frozen storage warehouses at a huge expense because their environmental laws won't let them dispose of it domestically or sell it abroad, but the Norwegian environmentalists are having none of it.

My gastronomical experiences during my recent trip to Scandinavia ran the gauntlet from the mundane to the sublime. First, the good news. Nothing I ate or drank during the trip made me ill. Almost everything was prepared, cooked and served properly. And while most of what I ate wasn't all that exciting, it also seemed to fit into the Scandinavian lifestyle. Second, the bad news. Scandinavian food, like the Scandinavian lifestyle, is, in a word, boring. Not all of it, of course, but most of it. About the most exciting moment I had while dining in Scandinavia was trying to deal with olives rolling around my plate and tiny shrimp that wouldn't stay on a fork when I had my first meal on Swedish soil after a 20 hour trip from San Diego. Still, it did provide the lovely Swedish lady observing my discomfort and angst a moment of levity.

During my two weeks in Scandinavia I sampled a wide variety of food at different meals prepared and served in a wide variety of establishments. Here's a report.

Let's get the unpleasant stuff over with first. Not knowing quite what to expect I had decided to bring ten large Snickers candy bars and ten Power bars with me. The Snickers proved useful for an emergency "sugar rush," and made even better bribes/gifts for WDC players. The Power bars came through the flight with the texture and taste of wallboard. Still, for a quick pick-me-up the candy worked. Alas, the food served at the WDC/GOTHCON site was, in a word, unfit for human consumption. If it wasn't canned or bottled I ignored it after one bad experience with a "breakfast" and an egg-salad sandwich that had more shells than egg in it. Still, I saw some Amis scoffing it down. No wonder they complained about their bad results at the Con! I have said for years that the cafeteria food at UNC Chapel Hill was the worst food I have ever tasted at a DIPCON. That honor now passes to the WDC/GOTHCON site. No wonder all the Scandinavian Dippers, with one notable exception, are so skinny!

A Scandinavian breakfast, at least as served in the hostels and hotels, is a big deal. It is usually served buffet style and the buffet includes just about everything you would find in an Ami brunch, although getting eggs in any form other than scrambled, hard- or soft-boiled seems to be impossible; orange juice is called *appelsin* juice (I'm not sure if that has any theological implications are not. You never know when you are dealing with Lutherans.), and there seem to be only two kinds of cereal eaten in all of Scandinavia: corn flakes and *museii*, or whatever they call it¹. In addition to sausage and toast and such, there is also a wide variety of foods that would seem more appropriate to a lunchtime meal than breakfast, at least to an Ami. I could

¹ Editor: For some reason we call it *Musli*.

see the cold cuts, cheeses (dealing with a cheese slicer at 0700 in the morning is good practice for any Dipper) rolls, vegetables, and such, but I drew the line at sugar cookies! Still, if you planned it right and had deep pockets, you could put away a big breakfast and load up on take-outs for lunch.

Lunch, or the mid-day meal, is the best time to eat out in a restaurant in Scandinavia. Most restaurants have a "daily special" which offers a two course meal at a reasonable price. I found that in addition to restaurants there were a wide variety of fast food chains (MacDonalds ((smells just like home and draws the same young kids)) and Burger Kings seemed to be everywhere) and pizza places (Pizza Hut is big in Europe and the quality is better) abound. I tried the Burger Kings in Copenhagen and Stockholm and both were better than their Ami counterparts, although the prices were just about double what you would pay over here. A large burger, a plain cheeseburger, fries and Coke were about \$8.50. I found an interesting pizza place outside Linköping. It was run by a Turk who had spent 24 years in Germany before deciding to move to Sweden. His pizza was made with gyros, a Greek specialty, and looked as beautiful as it tasted!! There I was; an Ami eating an Italian dish made of Greek ingredients prepared by a Turk in Sweden. This kind of cross-cultural experience is a big part of what makes traveling to overseas Diplomacy events so much fun. I did ask, in true Ugly American style, the Turkish owner of the pizza shop why he had left Germany after all those years. He shrugged and said nothing, but the sadness in his eyes spoke volumes. No doubt he wondered if we read newspapers or watched television in America. For Amis there were even things like TGI Fridays and a Hard Rock Cafe in Copenhagen, but I didn't sample those. I was afraid I might run into Fred Davis or Jim-Bob Burgess! ☺

A better alternative, quality-wise and cost-wise, are the cafes which are located in most of the major museums. Good art and good food just seem to go together. I sampled two of them. The one in the Arken was barely open when I got there, but I tried an apple tart and a glass of milk. The one at the Louisiana was doing a booming

business at lunch time. I had a salad, or cold plate, that was a work of art itself; and three glasses of milk. The bill came to about \$18. Another possibility not to be over-looked are the cafeterias located in some of the major department stores. I tried the one at the Magasin du Nord which reminded me of the one in Sammartaine in Paris. A sandwich, piece of pie, and glass of milk came to about \$14. It wasn't the Hotel d'Angleterre just around the corner, but I figured I saved myself \$186 by having lunch at the department store instead of the Hotel.

For the occasional snack or meal on the run, Sweden is filled with "Prebs" at each railroad station. Most of them carry snacks, sandwiches and some even had fresh fruit and produce. Denmark has 7-11s and they are just about the same as they are here. The one I saw in Copenhagen was running a special promotion featuring French flags, berets, and such. I have no idea why. However, sodas are sold individually and two 1/2 liter bottles of Coke will set you back just about \$5. Note: Tab is available in Sweden, although it is sweetened with something other than saccharin, but not in Denmark! This may change now that Coca Cola has signed up Carlsberg as its producer and distributor in Scandinavia.

Dinner was a different matter. Here I was less interested in eating and more interested in dining. Technically, dining assumes the presence of a companion or companions at dinner. Therefore one cannot dine alone. It's strange, but true. To really enjoy a meal, even if the food is only so-so, you have to have someone to share and enjoy it with. Based on that criteria I only dined a total of three times on my trip.

I tried the Chinese food in Linköping (\$17 for one at the Restaurang China, Hantverkaregatan 1) and Göteborg (\$21, including wine, for one at the Restaurant Hong Kong, Värmlandsgatan 16) and both were good although the idea of deep-fried bananas and ice cream for desert did seem a bit strange. Just to see what it was like, I stopped in at one of Copenhagen's three Mexican restaurants. This one, the Cantina Puerto Huevo (Nyhavn 47, 1051 København K) was right on the Nyhavn, one of the city's main tourist

attractions. The menu listed all the right things, but the prices were high: \$17 for an enchiladas plate, \$22 for carne asada; although if you keep in mind, as I keep trying to do, that tax and service are included, the price isn't that much higher than in an up-scale Ami equivalent. It was too early to sample any of their food, but the bartender made a wicked margarita (\$7.25) and a Mexican beer was available (\$5.00). But who would order a Mexican beer in the home of Carlsberg? Another place I checked out was the Hotel d'Angleterre in Copenhagen. This is the city's only true five-star hotel, and the restaurant menu posted in a case outside the terrace room lived up to its billing. The first item I saw was a three course, prix fix dinner at 1,200DK. That's just over \$200! It must have been really good Beluga caviar. Still, I just looked at (read "drooled over") the menu and kept on walking.

My three big dining experiences on this trip began with an early dinner with some of the Ami Dippers in Göteborg. We went to a "London pub," which wasn't. A downstairs dining room, paneled in dark wood, with a dart board on the wall with no holes in it (and no darts to be seen), a picture of Winston Churchill (a big hero in Denmark) on the wall, and Guinness on tap does not a "London pub" make. Furthermore, it was located on the town's main drag. Tip number one: don't eat in a London pub unless you are in London. Tip number two: don't eat in any restaurant located on the main thoroughfare of any large city.

For no known reason I decided to try the kangaroo. It was a mistake. It was tough, as you might expect. It had no taste I could identify. And there wasn't much of it. Still, it was an enjoyable meal and a chance to get together with some of the Amis who made it to the Con. Alas, I kept looking at that picture of Dear Olde Winnie and thinking how much he looked like an older, wiser, more mature version of Berry Renken. It was enough to spoil anybody's appetite! ☺

My best two dining moments came on my last two nights in Stockholm. On Saturday night a new acquaintance of mine, Markus Potzel, that I had met at the symphony concert that afternoon and I went to the Grand Hotel, Stockholm's only

true five-star hotel, for dinner. Having used the expression the "only true five-star hotel" twice; perhaps I should define what I mean by that term. Five-star hotels are universally acknowledged to be such based on a variety of factors: location, facilities, price, and above all service being the most important. To these I add tradition. A great hotel must have great traditions; which is why you rarely find a new five-star hotel. Building traditions takes time and patience. Most modern hotels, even very good ones, don't have either. Tradition is to a great hotel what patina is to a fine bronze. Visiting The Grand has been on my "must do" list for a third of a century, ever since I saw a very young Paul Newman, Elke Sommers, and Edward G. Robinson in a movie called *The Prize*. The Grand lives up to its reputation (Gourmet magazine's readers' poll this month called it the best hotel in Scandinavia.). Here are some of the reasons why. One enters the lobby through a revolving door with a twist. The twist is that the door only starts to revolve when someone triggers the mechanism. If you aren't prepared, it's a sudden surprise and you'd best move smartly. There is a very large sitting room off the lobby outside the Veranda restaurant with a good supply of daily papers. They even had a New York Times by fax edition. But it isn't its beauty or its opulence that makes The Grand grand. It is its service. If you're running late on the buffet, the Maître d'Hotel brings you a selection of deserts. If you want to chat about the hotel the concierge drops everything and spends ten minutes telling you about its glorious past. In each men's room the urinals have the front page of the day's leading papers (Ami, German, French, etc.) placed so one can catch up on the day's headlines while doing one's business. It was here that I first read that Helmut Kohl had decided to go for a fifth term as German chancellor. God knows what's on the walls of the toilets! But we were there for the hotel's famous smorgasbord dinner. The men's room would come later. Traditionally, the smorgasbord consists of seven courses, each of seven dishes; and this one did. Each course is supposed to be accompanied by a glass of Swedish Aquavit (a potent brew which no doubt explains why the Swedish Government is fighting so hard to preserve its monopoly on the sale of booze) and a beer chaser. As you can imagine, it

made for a long evening. We were there from 1900 until 2300, and we had to rush to get the last course in. In fact, I don't think we ever did make it to the cheeses. The menu included several courses of soups; cold and hot appetizers: mostly of cured herring and salmon; the salads: including cucumbers and dill; side dishes of all kinds: small Spring potatoes, Swedish meat balls in sauce, tiny sausages; and a wide variety of hot entrees: fried fillets of fish, roast chicken, goose, smoked reindeer and lingonberries; all washed down with a glass of German beer, a glass of German wine, a glass of Ami wine, and a glass of French wine! Desserts included fruit jellies, cream cakes, and golden cloudberry from the far North. The secret was not to eat or drink too much of any one thing, to keep moving down the buffet line, and to relish the fact that somebody else was going to have to wash all those dirty dishes! The one real shock on the food line was the last hot chaffing dish. I expected a real delicacy and it was! Asparagus! Just plain, simple asparagus. However, I had seen asparagus selling for \$7 a pound at the produce market that morning. No wonder it was the last item on the buffet. The Veranda room was pleasant and the view across the water toward the Royal Palace and Opera was lovely — especially as the sun went down. The service was excellent, and our waiter had the patience of Job. The conversation with Markus was most enjoyable and I kept thinking to myself that if he had been in Göteborg he would have done the same thing that Pitt Crandlemire did in Columbus. I hope to be around long enough to see this fellow and François Rivasseau have a little tet a tet. All in all it was the gustatory high-light of my trip. Surprisingly, after all that food and drink, even after two weeks of moderate living, I had no bad after-effects. So, what did this magnificent repast cost? The total was about \$77 and it breaks down to: \$29 for the food, \$6 for the beer, \$11 each for the three glasses of wine, \$3 for a coffee, and \$5 for the "extra" service. Not cheap, but superb value for the money. It was the kind of "once in a lifetime" experience that WDC adventures are made of.

The next night, my last in Scandinavia, I picked out a small restaurant in the Gamla Stan, "old town" district of Stockholm. It was called

Restaurant Slingerbulten (Stora Hygatan 24, S-11127 Stockholm). It was a small place, located in one of those little streets between the Palace and the t-bahn station. Originally a house, the property had been a restaurant since the 1950s, and it was named for a real person, Sigge Slingerbulten, who was a local "town character." He was known for being the town drunk and for always trying to weasel out of things. Sounded like a certain Toby Harris to me! The dining room was small, no more than 12 tables. There was no bar per se, but liquor was available. The taped music (Do they have Musak in Scandinavia?) featured tunes like "When I Fall In Love" and other 1960s golden oldies. The place was empty when I walked in, except for a sole Swede, who looked like a real sailor. He was fighting a battle with a bottle of catsup (I immediately thought of Roland Isaksson's comparison of Swedes to that culinary condiment.). The waitress was a pretty, young blonde and the cook a middle-aged Vietnamese, I think. Later we were joined by a couple of Swedish guys who grabbed a table in the back and started downing beer like Prohibition would be back on the 'morrow; and a trio of Swedish women who went right to work on a huge tureen of fish soup. The place featured seafood, as you might expect, but I wanted to try the reindeer; something I had not yet had, except for a taste at The Grand. I compromised, starting with a delicious fish soup that was really a stew. After that I had some very nice, as in tender and tasty, reindeer medallions with a mushroom sauce, the ever present potatoes gratin and cauliflower, a bit of broccoli, and some lingonberry sauce. I tried the house red wine, but it was really too sweet for the game. For dessert I yielded to temptation and had a delicious blueberry pie that actually tasted of blueberries and not corn sweetener syrup, and ice cream — real ice cream. It all came to just about \$45. Again, even without the companion, it was very good value for the money. My only disappointment as I sat sipping my tea was the arrival of six slightly intoxicated Amis, obviously celebrating something. I realized, as I left my cozy spot by the front window, that it had been a week since I had heard another Ami voice; and I hadn't missed it a bit.

Bon appetit!

☾

ManorCon 1997

by Per Westling

After the success of GothCon/WDC I really looked forward to going to my third ManorCon (with the previous being in 1990 and 1994). Unfortunately it looked impossible to get together a Team Sweden this time, but I had some hopes still for the team tournament.

The first shock on this trip came when I changed some money the day before my plane was to leave. I had planned to spend about £400 during the trip (which was very close to the actual sum), and last I checked (sometime in April or so) the rates was about SEK 11.50 per £. But after the election the pound had gone up... and up. Reaching SEK 13.20 at the time of my change! Oh well, stopped my from buying any CDs at least.

Skavsta — Stanstead

Recently Ryan Air, an Irish air company, has started with cheap air fares² from Skavsta (Stockholm South) just outside Nyköping directly to London, and this would be my first time flying from there. Skavsta is really giving the appearance of an old military base, with the tax-free sales being done in a kiosk like style. The waiting room was more or less just two large rooms, one having the entrance door out to the air field, directly out to the planes. Although not that much information, I only had to avoid the plane going to Atalaya to which the board was done just ten minutes before, and thru the same door...

Ryan Air's plane was a Boeing 737-200, one of those mid-sized planes, and not especially much leg-room for someone as tall as me. For once I did not have to eat the miserable air-food, as this was not included in the air fare. Also, for once, they had only one class (tourist) with free seating. Anyway, I did not have any problems with this flight, so I can recommend it to anyone³.

² From around 1000 SEK. Mine cost SEK 1350 including return. From £99 if bying ticket in UK.

³ There is busses going from Skavsta to both Norrköping and Stockholm, the latter costing about SEK

Arriving at Stanstead around Wednesday noon I suddenly felt like in a futuristic movie as the airport had some SF feeling to it. Stanstead is north-east of central London so I grabbed a train and went into Liverpool station. As I did not have to be at Royal George until 6 pm it gave me some time to do some shopping so I headed for the area around Tottenham Court road. As usual is the case in these circumstances, when looking for a few books I could not find them, but instead bought a couple of others, not too many as I was carrying around my package for the trip. Another "as usual" was running into someone I know from home, this time a Bridge player from Linköping! Isn't London small, or what?

After some time I started to get hungry and started looking for a suitable restaurant. I would have preferred to go for some Thai, but these had closed from 3-6 pm, and as I thought I could go for one on them on my last night (Monday), something that I regrettably did not (but more about that later). Anyway, I settled for some Italian pasta and red wine. In the restaurant there was also sitting five females in two groups, all dressed casually in black. Hm... Some kind of trend coming? Or maybe Black is always "in"?

The Hobby Meet

Arriving at Royal George just as the clock stroke 6 I was surprised as I could not find any gamers there. And still not 30 minutes later when Björn von Knorring dropped in. He had traveled from Arlanda (Stockholm North) just a few hours earlier, and he choose SAS he actually got some food during the flight. Anyway, after sitting talking for a while, and trying to phone some of the Londoners (at which time the phone booth ate my £1 coin) Björn decided to head for some local food (Pizza Hut) while I decided to wait some more. Eventually Vick Hall showed up looking a bit tired. He told about the adventures of the night before when they had done some

120 (£11). Skavsta is 5 km or so from central Nyköping, so close I even went there by bicycle!

celebrations due to it being the birth date of Gihan. After the celebrations Gihan had got arrested for dancing in the streets! And Toby (Harris) had been robbed by the taxi driver and kicked out of the taxi in some unknown part of London as he had fallen asleep at the backseat of the taxi! I started to get worried that Toby's birth date celebrations the next day would get as wild.

After that a few gamers dropped in, some whom I had not met before (e.g. Andrew Grecco), and even Gihan, Toby and Elin Lindström showed up after a while, but in all we were just around 10 people, quite a different number from the London qualifier that had been on the same location.

I had bought a tax-free bottle of Punch⁴ which came in handy to give Toby as a birth day present in advance. He also got a few other things, besides more drinking stuff some things that might come in handy during ManorCon there Toby has a problem of often being jumped on in his games when people recognize him: a long haired wig and a small elephant nose!

After some chat it was time for me and BvK to go with Gihan as we had decided to spend the night at his place. An eventless journey took got us there so we all went directly to sleep.

Thursday 17 July

As I had gotten the place closest to the phone I was woken up when my brother called from Gatwick. He had flown over early in the morning, after having been rebooked by the British Airways due to an employee conflict during the week before.

I had not woken up completely so when he wondered when and where to meet I just said "We'll meet you at Victory 11 am" Right! Right! As he phoned me an hour later when originally planned, when the time was 11 am we had still not left Gihan's place. And Victoria is quite large, so when we arrived an hour late he had already continued to Toby's place where we all met up.

Time for some gaming, don't you think? After arriving at Toby's (far out in nowhere) we were six persons (just short to play some Dip :-)

we Swedes decided to introduce Toby and Gihan to a story telling card game: *Once Upon a Time* — a game where you all tries to create a saga/story. I can get quite ridiculous as we almost turned the princess and her brother into a pair of dancing mice!

Well, Toby is not much for role-playing games, so he got a Diplomacy board instead, and we choose to play a gam of "Senseless Diplomacy"⁵. After discovering that noone could manage to get more than 7 centers, and as Vick and Toby's brother Adam had dropped in, we decided to settle for a 7-way DIAS, not the last during this weekend.

As my tradition bids⁶ I had planned to got for a show, and Gihan had helped me by getting a pair of tickets for *Miss Saigon* which neither of us had seen. We two headed into central London, grabbing some McDonalds on the way, leaving the rest to do the celebrations on their own.

"Miss Saigon" is a musical by the same people who made *Les Miserable*. ((*Spoiler warning*.) The story is set in South East Asia, first part in Vietnam during the last three weeks of the US-Vietnam war in 1975, and the second part in Thailand. The main story is about an US sergeant (Chris) who fall in love with a Vietnamese girl (Kim) who has just arrived from the country side. They get married but in the chaos of the last day they get separated and Chris return home leaving Kim behind. After a couple of year Chris gives up on Kim and remarries, while Kim did survive laying low and eventually managed to escape to Thailand. Chris learns about this and also that Kim has born him a son (Tom), so Chris takes his wife and travel to Bangkok for the final.

I thought that Miss Saigon was a weaker musical than *Les Miserable* but still a good one. Judging from what I heard those two are among the best London has to offer. If I were to do a recommendation that would be to see Miss

⁵ Actually, the real name is Census Diplomacy. The idea is that you should not need to write anything. Moves or done in "census" (number of centers) order, largest moving first, and number of units or the die deciding movement order in case of same number of centers.

⁶ I have the tradition to always try to go to a musical or a play when in London.

⁴ A very sweet drink, in Sweden traditionally drunk when we eat pea soup during Thursdays.

Saigon first. If you just plan to see one, go for Les Miserable.

Southern Comfort

The show lasted until nearly 11 pm and we had not checked when the last train to Toby's went. Catching the train at Waterloo we needed to switch trains in Surbiton to either catch the connection or grab a taxi to drive for a short while. But as I and Gihan was caught up in a discussion of football (of all things!) we missed the connection by three (!) stations, and also just missed the train back, so we ended up in someplace in the middle of nowhere, in some kind of forest, looking far from civilization. And we had just missed the last train back. We did find a phone booth but a phone call back to Toby's revealed that they had just come back from the pub, being far from in a condition to drive. So we got a taxi instead, for a slight fee of £217.

Back to Toby's we joined the rest of the group, having a party including a Southern Comfort and some Scottish sweet drinks (mm, thought it tasted better than SC). After a while we started playing another Dip variant (with BvK being the GM): Americanized Prediction Gunboat⁸. I was too lucky to get France and using a standard opening⁹ Vick directly spotted me as playing France (as I was the only one sober enough...). The game quickly got chaotic and unusual, with Adam's Austria heading for Bohemia (!) Spring '01. Vick's Turkey ordered A Bul-Con, A Smy-Con, to, as he said, "disguise his identity". Anyway, England (Gihan) went for

⁷ Actually, Gihan being the diplomat he is had negotiated with the taxi driver. As the cost was given as £18-20 they had settled for a flat fee of £18, good idea for a long trip in unknown quarters. I failed to notice that, just paying what the meter said, so instead the driver thought he got a tip of £3. Oh well, at least we did not get mugged.

⁸ In Prediction Gunboat you do not know who plays which country, as the GM tries to hide this. After the game you score one point per supply center. You also get to guess who plays which country and score one point per correct guess. The highest sum wins.

"Americanized": The played adjustments together with the Spring orders. Retreats were done together with the following orders. No conditionals allowed!

⁹ Par-Bur, S by Mar, Bre-MID

Scandinavia, so it made it easy for me to invade it using the "American" builds to head quickly north. When in Fall '03 a certain Westling (not me) were to drunk to continue I was just on 7 centers, going upwards, but Adam has somehow managed to get there as well. I failed to get *any* rights at all in the prediction part, while Elin (playing Germany on 4 centers) was just short of getting all 6 right giving here a second place after Adam who had two correct guesses to make 9 points. The rest had 1-2 correct guesses. When asking Adam why he opened to Bohemia the next day, he said he didn't remember a thing about that game! Anyway, with Vick and Gihan heading for Adam's apartment, we decided to hit the sack as tomorrow we would travel to Brum.

Friday 18 July

After a few hours of sleep, Toby woke us Swedes up, for an English breakfast (you know, sausages, eggs, white beans in tomato sauce, toast). As usual not my cup of tea, but thanks anyway Toby. For some reason my brother was not feeling very hungry and decided to sleep some more.

Around noon the rest joined us and we entered the van rented by Adam, for the trip to Birmingham. An eventless journey got us up in good time to check in in our rooms, and for signing up for the first round that were to begin 6 pm. As we had feared Leif Bergman did not show up (due to him and his girl friend moving to Stockholm, probably having to pay double rent for three months) so we went around looking for fill-outs in our team. We did manage to get the very good Vanshoka Kiem (2nd place in Namur) as well two unknown quantities (Jerome LeFrançoise and Chris LittleJohn).

In the first round I got playing England, and after my experience at GothCon (when Simon Bouton opened English Channel to my France) I was more or less set doing the same. With Shaun Derrick as France (oops), the German (Luke Ellis) actually suggested an alliance, with him having Diplomatically ensured for him to be able to enter Burgundy. After a couple of years, Italy (Steve Jones) decided to intervene, so he managed to get a fleet into the North Sea! Anyway, I did eventually stab Germany which boosted me up to 10 centers, and top of the board, with second (Austria or Italy)

on 8. As I had not much hope of getting much more, and it being the first game, we settled for a rather quick DIAS. This result ment I was third, way behind Phil Day on a clear first place.

Saturday 19 July

An early start 8 am, to have time to eat some more of that English breakfast (but I did manage as they had some cereals and milk, yogurt and fruit). Our team was not one of the top teams, but I thought we might manage quite nicely anyway, with myself as Austria, Kiem as Turkey, my brother as England, Elin as Russia, BvK as France, Jerome as Italy (first time for him!) and Chris as Germany.

At my table I had James Hardy as Germany, Stephen Agar as Italy, the rather novice player of Geoff something as Turkey and Alan Sharpless as Russia. The western players was unknown to me. Anyway, the initial negotiations looked promising, with Italy considering forcing Munich together with France, while starting a Lepanto in the south. Turkey was planning a northern attack, while Russia seemed friendly enough, and agreed on a bounce in Galicia. The openings was not as promising with Italy entering into Trieste and Rome following after into Venice and Germany entering Tyrolia! But at least Turkey went for the Northern attack as planned.

I did head for Greece and Serbia so I was not that bad of as I got ore build. The following few moves I was playing a guessing game with Italy while Turkey and Russia continued to fight. The Italian army that had moved to Budapest in '01 managed to get into Warsaw in Autumn '02. As this time we settled for peace among us and instead Italy went after Turkey who had built an army in '01 and just had received a fleet as his fifth unit.

In the meantime Germany was having grave troubles against the EF alliance, and in one year ('03) went from 4 to 0 centers, while Italy started to head west. A year later England started to snatch some centers from France, but eventually France and England had to keep peace to stop IA from getting ahead. I tried to convince England to help eliminating the two center Russia (as Russia was playing in Vick's team) but England (playing for TCP) was not interested. So we settled for a DIAS, having something like E 10, I

9, A 9, F 4, R 2. (I think Stephen was really pleased with it as he controlled two Turkish centers with a fleet, and an empty Trieste. As the rest of the team was doing badly, I never really considered going for the stab.)

A good idea when having as long game as they do is to have a one hour lunch after 1905. I think that worked very nicely both during the Saturday and the Sunday games. In all, a very nice run tournament by Iain Bowen, Peter Sullivan, et al.

The rest of the team was not doing very well, just managing a sixth place out of 12; BvK lost top of the board on a wrong guess to Steve Jones in the very last move. Kiem managed second. Elin and Jerome survived at 2 and 1 respectively. The rest got eliminated. The English result at my table gave TCP a good third place, while Russia's was not enough to stop Toby's team from winning for the third year in a row (even though Toby himself got eliminated!).

We had settled for an early draw so I had time to play a couple of Settlers, with 2nd in a 6-player game as best result.

Around 8 it was time to go get something to eat. As tradition bids a large group of about 20 people went out for some Indian food, at a Balti downtown Birmingham. As usual this is about as much as one see of the dull city. The restaurant did not serve alcoholic stuff so those of us wanting to have something to drink headed for a nearby shop, while I settled for a couple a Woodpeckers.

As usual is the case, we got a lot of good food, and I think we all had a good time. Returning back I popped in to see how the music quiz was going. My brother will probably tell you more about that. Before going to bed I learn of the results of the day. I was still in the third place, with Phil Day having increased his lead. Adam (who had not been in the top 20, and not having a score good enough the second day) had managed to get just before me (oh, I should have played a few more years the first day!). As the top seven was gonna play at a Final table I thought it important to know the exact positions. After querying Iain Bowen about it, he stated: "If the standing in the tournament influence your play I feel sorry for you." No wonder Iain have never won any tournaments!

Sunday 20 July

After another English breakfast (this time no yogurt; sigh) it was time for the final game. The omens was not looking good; when I were to flush the toilet that morning I got the handle in my hand, later when I took a shower I got the sprinkler in my hand, and at the breakfast table I managed to almost knocking Simon Buttons tray out of his hand, and also managed to tip over my brother's full glass of juice! Luckily I do not believe in omens...

This time I got Russia, with Jeremy Tullet as Turkey, Pascal Montagna as Austria, Phil Day as England, Steve Jones as Germany, Adam Harris as Italy and Connor Kostick as France. Counting Connor as Irish and Steve as Australian made it quite an international table.

Connor started with the most intensive negotiations, trying to get a triple versus England, which did occur with France entering the channel and Germany promising me Sweden if I went to St. Pete (which he duly gave me). In the fall France entered London and Belgium (building F Mar, F Bre, A Par) and Germany built F Kie, A Mun, while I moved to Finland and built F StP/nc. England did not trust me (wonder why?) so he had forced Norway with his army. A very bad start for England.

In the south I convinced Adam to try for Trieste, by saying I would not go for Galicia. Instead I moved War-Ukr, Sev-BLA (bouncing Turkey who moved Smy-Con). Pascal felt what was coming so he bounced Adam. In the fall move I decided to play as peacefully as possible taking Rum with the fleet and building A Sev, while Turkey enter Black Sea and built F Smyrna. Austria played the guessing game with Italy, bouncing in Tyrolia (!), building F Trieste.

The situation as it was now got Adam to reconsider, allying with Austria and heading west which made quite a difference, while me and Austria decided to ally versus Turkey.

In the North England decided to convoy back letting me into Norway without a fight. France had given Belgium back to Germany while grabbing the last Iberian center. But the Italian attack changed things. As England did slip into Portugal in '03 and got to build another army while Germany grabbed London, and Italy Spain, France was almost out of the game. In the

mean time Austria and I continued to fight Turkey while I just bided my time in the north.

The crucial move came in Autumn '05, when I did had F NWG, A Nwy, F Swe, England A Yor, A Lpl, Germany F NTH, F Den, A Lon, A Bel and the nearest other fleet was English F Por. Also Par and Bre was empty. What to do?

I choose to try for Clyde which was wrong as England ordered A Lpl-Cly, A Yor Holds! If I had guessed correctly Lpl had been mine the next years. Germany in the meantime moved F NTH-ECH, preparing to pick up French centers. So in '06 I decided to go for an attack on Germany. I had written a misorder in Spring '05 (A Mos-War, when it actually were in Ukr) so my army in Warsaw entered Silesia in S'06. F Swe-BAL, A Nwy-Swe and F NWG-NTH would give a good position for the autumn move *but* another misorder (F NAO-NTH!) made Germany slip out into NTH which was crucial as that gave me trouble of getting F Stp/nc (built in W'06) getting out.

In the meantime the plan for '06 was to kill of Turkey, giving me the last center. Pascal realized that this would give me a very good position, and he really had too few fleets to make progress in the south even though Italy was down to one fleet and France had just around two centers, so he decided to break our alliance and instead try to pick me down. England was given back London by Germany so he could build another fleet. I kept my position for another year, giving an Austrian center to Turkey. But in '07 I had to pull my units back, sacrificing Norway and Denmark to England and Germany respectively, and putting up as good a defense I could against Austria.

Pascal realized that he could not do much better (which was actually quite good as he had managed to capture Marseilles using just one army). So when the draw was proposed he gladly accepted on 11 centers, myself 8, Germany 7, England 3, Italy 1, Turkey 1 and France 3.

I suppose I could have done better if I had stuck with Germany and went after Austria, but I really never had a good stabbing position down there. A correct guess in Scotland in '05 might have changed things, but there is always an "if...". Pascal realized that I could have gone for him. At one time he even said: "If you stab me,

just do it properly" (to convince me not to go for a one center stab).

The end result was not really good enough (even though I once more managed a top-20 result) as I dropped to place 10, just behind Adam. Phil lost his first place to a 14 center Marc Wightman, and Pascal's result just gave him a 5th place. I think that if you have a final table you should consider giving the players there some kind of bonus. One solution might be that the players there can just add the result of the table to their scores while the rest count their two best. It still makes it possible for others to get into the top 3, but does not punish players for doing well the first two rounds.

The price ceremony revealed that I was best Swede, with my brother at 14th and BvK at 16th. The rest of the results should appear at another place in this issue.

After the price ceremony we settled to try for a game of Magic: The Boosterdraft. In this everyone buys three boosters (from different series). One is opened and the rares is revealed. After choosing one card you send the rest clockwise (or counter-clockwise in the case of the second booster), picking one card from each new pack that passes you. Eventually this will mean you will have 15 cards per booster, 45 in total. The 45 is your pool and you may use these to build any deck you wish, as long as it has at least 40 cards. You may add as many lands as you wish.

You play Swiss, meeting each other opponent in two duels. Playing for one point in each duel. The one with the greatest number of points win the Booster Draft and get to choose one rare among the whole number. The rest of the rares are distributed randomly (5 to 1st, 5 to second and so on down to 1 for 6th place). You get to keep the rest of your cards.

I went for a sort of white weenie/flier with the main tactic of "boring my opponent to death"! This was done by a greater number of cards (48), a Peace Keeper, a Bubble Matrix, and several healing/prevention cards. Worked quite nicely, giving me second place behind Elin's Black/White quick creature deck.

The plan was actually to play some History of the World after the quick (!) BD game, but after 5 hours of Magic, we decided to call it off and go for sleep instead.

Monday 21 July

The next day was one of these post-con days. Not really playing any games, just fooling around. I did manage a game of "Looping Louie" but that does not really count... We eventually (1pm) went into the van and headed back for London. Elin and my brother was planning to travel from Heathrow the next morning while I was going from Stanstead 07.15 am the next morning. I left my bags at BvK's place (he had gotten himself a hotel room at £35 per night for a few days as he intended to go back Saturday) and join my brother and Gihan for a browsing tour (well, I was browsing while my brother had some shopping to do), while Elin and BvK went into another direction.

We did try the usual places (Orc's Nest, Forbidden Planet, Virgin Megastore) and I did buy a few things (like an Alien tie!, and *X-wing vs Tiefighter* good game). As I said, London is a small place sometimes, so one could not really have been surprised when we run into Elin and BvK in the entrance of Virgin Megastore.

We all felt we had to get something to eat, and unfortunately the majority wanted to have stakes and settled for Aberdeen Steakhouse (which means I will have to go for the Thai some other time). Actually, we should really have chosen another restaurant, as when we got into the restaurant we waiter just looked at us five and pointed towards a pair of tables, not helping us to move the tables together.

We were having red wine to the steaks (except BvK who doesn't drink). Elin and my brother ordered water as well, but it did not arrive until we reminded the waiter. Later the waiter managed to tip over a wine glass, crushing it, splashing red wine on my and Gihan's clothes. The waiter just glared, not apologizing at all, and just went for some paper to dry up, and picked up the pieces. Elin (whose glass it was) had to go fetch another glass (empty) to drink up the rest of the wine.

All of this was to much for Gihan, who called for the manager. A Swede almost never does this, so it was a new experience for me. As Gihan explained it all to the manager, asking if this was the service to be expected at the joints of Aberdeen Steakhouses, I could not help noticing the humorous parts of this whole affair, and as I

usually do smiled at it. The manager now got upset in turn, thinking we were making fun of him, and refused to apologize for the appalling service, so we just gave up trying to get the message across. We did pay the bill (on the penny, nothing more, nothing less) which according to English practice include a 10% service fee. When sitting there we could feel the glares from the waiters and the manager so we decided to leave quickly.

Back to the subway station we all said goodbye and I followed BvK to pick up my luggage. I went to Liverpool station and caught the last train (11pm) for Stanstead. My plan was to sleep at the airport, which I did, but not very well as they cleaned it during the night. I could have stayed in central London, catching the first train (5.30 am or so), but I had not checked which times the train went, so I thought better safe than sorry. And I had slept at airports twice before.

After having some breakfast, and checking in, buying some tax-free stuff, which becomes

even more important now that the prices of cigarettes will go up. Cigarettes and perfume is what I normally buy for my fiancée when I have been abroad.

After catching the plane, and had another uneventful trip back, including the bicycle trip back home.

To summarize it I had an excellent trip, and will consider going to ManorCon in '98 as well. As we will be EDC in Bedford early '98 I might just go there instead, but it is too early to decide about this. I recommend any Swede thinking about going to Bedford consider the choice of flying from Skavsta. If you book early (say 2-3 months in advance) you should be able to pick the cheap (1000 SEK including return) flight, which will be cheaper than traveling with BA or SAS from Arlanda.

Anyway, thanks to everyone in UK who made the trip the success, especially Gihan, Toby, Vick and Adam.

*

EuroEnglish

Reprinted from Interzine #95 - Author Unknown

The European Commission has just announced an agreement that English will be the official language of the EU — rather than German (the other possibility). As part of the negotiations, Her Majesty's Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement, and has accepted a 5-year phase-in of new rules which would apply to the language and reclassify it as EuroEnglish.

The agreed plan is as follows:

In year 1, the soft 'c' would be replaced by 's'. Certainly, this will make the sivil servants jump with joy. The hard 'c' will be replaced by 'k'. This should klear up konfusion and keyboards kan now have one less letter.

There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year, when the troublesome 'ph' is replaced by 'f'. This will reduse 'fotograf' by 20%.

In the 3rd year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expekted to reach the stage

where more komplikated changes are possible. Governments will enkourage the removal of double letters, which have always ben a deterrent to akurate speling. Also, al wil agre that the horrible mes of the silent 'e's in the language is disgrasful and they should eliminat them.

By year 4, peopl wil be reseptiv to lingwistik korektions such as replasing 'th' with 'z' and 'w' with 'v' (saving mor keyboard spas).

During ze fifz year, ze unesesary 'o' kan be dropd from vords kontaining 'ou' and similar changes vud of klors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters.

After zis fifz year, ve vil hav a reli sensibil riten styl. Zer vil be no mor trubls or difikultis and evrirun vil find it ezi to understand ech ozer. ZE DREM VIL FINALI KUMN TRU!!!

*

To be a Swedish Girl at Manorcon

An article reflecting rather the stay in England than the games

by Elin Lindström

((Editor's note: The following article is more or less the version that will be published in the next issue of Mu, the major Swedish Diplomacy fanzine. Elin has kindly sent me this version which I have tried my best keeping its original tone when I did translate it into English.))

Sometimes you start saving. One such moment might be when you live on the social welfare norm and have decided to go to Manorcon. During a period of two months I did only allow myself the essentials, for two months my life was a total drag. But when I sat there on the plane that would take me to London I knew that all my misery and savings would be worth it all.

In the seat next to me sat Karin, a complete stranger who I quickly established contact with, and I am pleased that she sat there distracting me from my fear of heights and flying. She had a boyfriend in London, she told me, and soon she would probably move there. I gulped down red wine while the clouds passed outside the window, and in my nervous insobriety I managed to tip over half a glass in one the seats. The rest of the trip I spent drinking water and drying red wine with blushing red cheeks.

Toby Harris, who is an old chum from the world championships in Göteborg this spring, met me at the airport. For those of you who haven't visited this airport I can tell you that Heathrow is a LARGE airport, and if Toby had not been there I would probably have gotten lost and not found my way out until it had been time to go home again. As Toby like to appear as a gentleman, he took my trunk and carried it with obvious difficulty through the long tunnels to the Underground. He looks very relieved when I told him the trunk had wheels. In the Underground Toby told about Vick's birthday, and how it had been celebrated. The celebrations had apparently been very nice, but it ended with a anticlimax for both Toby and Gihan. Toby, who drunk just a *bit* too much alcohol, fell asleep in the taxi back home and woke up in the gutter without a wallet. He did manage to block his

credit cards before something really nasty happened. Gihan got arrested for dancing in the streets, and got to spend the night in custody for the sake of his own protection.

The third Wednesday of every month the Diplomacy-fans in London have their London Hobby Meet at the Royal George pub at Euston Station. It is not as advanced as it sounds; if you want to come there you just have to show up, and you drink a few beers, chat about Diplomacy and other games. A bit of gossiping. You socialise. The specific Wednesday just happened to be the third, and Royal George was our destination. The trip there took a bit longer than it should have since Toby had forgotten that we should have gotten off. With four tube switches behind I had had an unexpected tour of the underworld of London. It was a relief to enter the pub, and sit down with a beer and at last get time to relax after my nerve wrecking trip.

Björn von Knorring and Per Westling were already there. Björn with his glass of water and Per with his cider. It was really pleasing to meet the Englishmen I had already acquainted myself with in Göteborg, and fun to be able to put faces to the names I had only read about in *Freaky Fungus*, *ALOS* and *SNOT*. Vick Hall spent half the night telling me about a game which I don't remember the name of, the second half was spent discussing philosophy of life with Björn von Knorring. Toby received silly but nice birthday presents from the people there. Among presents like a false nose, a wig and a trophy from Gihan Toby received a bottle of Carlshamm's Punsch by Per and Björn and a bottle of whisky from me. As Toby got so old I will not tell you *how* old he got, but Vick Hall turned 34 two days earlier, and he is four years older than Toby. In general the English gamers are in average older than the members of the Swedish hobby, but any theories about this fact I have not.

We didn't stay that long. Around eleven we had to leave to catch the last local train home to Toby, who lives in Surrey about 40 minutes

travel time from central London. Toby warned me both by phone and by mail about the condition of his apartment, but I must admit that when I entered the kitchen I realised that I was not prepared for *this*. Friends and acquaintances who have visited my place can testify that I am far from pedantic, and somehow it is acceptable that it looks like hell (sorry!) in an apartment shared by two bachelors. Toby himself referred to his apartment as a *pigsty*, and maybe that is more describing than any Swedish description I might make. After Toby proudly displaying to me what he was working on for the next *Freaky Fungus*, and I haltingly had been trying to translate parts of *Mu* to him, we went to bed. It had been a long and tiresome, but very nice day.

English construction technique is very interesting. In England it is old knowledge that if the water pipes should freeze during the winter, it is easier to get to the pipes if they are unisolated near the outer wall. But something that is good about the English building technique during the summer is that you rarely have triple glass windows at home. Back at home I wake up early every morning from the heat, bathing in sweat, but the wake up in Toby's room was comfortably cool. I just wished my back would not hurt as much from sleeping in a way too hard bed. By half past one Björn Westling called. He was at the local train station, and we went there to meet him. As this was the real birthday of Toby some friends would get over, drink a bit socially and play a few games. Per and BvK had spent the night at Gihan's, and they arrived together just after we had gotten back. We played several games, among these was *Once Upon A Time*, which I happen to be very fond of. The game was not a real hit among the English though, and if I have to guess I think this is because of the fact that there was no real winner in this game. Those of you who have played *Once Upon A Time* sometime probably agrees when I state that this is not a game for overly competitive gamers. Adam Harris (the second part of the in England infamous *Harris brothers*) appeared a little later, and after a few more games, the whole gang went to a very cosy local English pub, where large amounts of cheap but refreshing beer was imbibed. Adam revealed himself to be an exceptionally nice person, who obviously is very

fond of his brother. After a couple of beers he proudly started to show his tattoos, and the latest piercing that was a ring in the flesh by the arm pit. There was quite a few laughs before we left the pub behind, but by half past eleven we went to an Indian restaurant for some take-away. When we got back Toby started to wash up a few plates and cutlery to eat with (well, if you by the words *wash up* mean to put the pieces under running water and swab them of with a brush), after which we all enjoyed the food. The food was washed down with beer and whiskey.

I do not know who came up with the brilliant proposal to play a game of Gunboat Diplomacy. The ones to play was me (Elin), Gihan, Toby, Vick, Adam, Björn Westling, and Per Westling, with Björn von Knorring as the GM. I think that it was Adam and Björn ((W)) that by that time had the least notion of what they were doing, but as you received points after the game if you guessed correctly who played which country, the game still ended in a victory for Adam's part, but that he did not know until the next day, as he had to leave before the final results was read up by BvK. Finally it was apparent that it was sleeping time. Gihan left and the Swedish boys got one sofa each to sleep on. They probably slept more comfortable than I did in Toby's hard bed.

It had been decided that Adam was to come and get us around 11 o'clock, so by half past ten there was breakfast on the table at Toby's. Boiled eggs, toasted bread, coffee and tea, fried bacon and sausages. We already knew by an earlier meal served by Toby how the sausages tasted, so he had prepared this huge plate of tasteless sausages to no avail. During the breakfast I even tried to "dip" the boys to at least have *one* sausage so that Toby would not get hurt, but in vain.

When Adam arrived we got our stuff and left London behind, heading for Birmingham, where Manorcon would be held at the University. Adam had rented a van in which we all just fit in. The trip tiresomely took 3½ hours. As we were the smallest, I, BvK and Vick was sitting in the back. I was so tired that I did not bother to converse in English, as this after all requires some effort. So I talked politics with Björn instead. After half the trip Björn fell asleep, and it became

silent in the back seat. Vick and I stared in fascination at Björn, who had just leaned back, exactly there he sat, and fallen asleep with an open mouth.

Toby, who also had a hang over, like more or less all of us, had the bad luck of sitting next to Gihan during the trip. Misunderstand me correctly, I do think that Gihan is an exceptionally nice chap, but not when having a hang over. He has an enormous energy all the time, becomes easily enthusiastic and gesticulates a lot while talking.

The first thing I noticed when we eventually drove into Birmingham was what a large city it actually was. Apparently there lives about two million people there, and the city is very much an industrial city. While entering the city we drove past industrially grey brick buildings with rusty iron ladders climbing the walls., My thoughts when seeing these surroundings went to the movie *Delikatessen*¹⁰, and the ones of you who have seen it should know what I mean.

The University is like the city large and dull. If I had to estimate the building date I would guess sometime during the 60s. We checked in by the reception and the total cost including room and breakfast cost £76.50. People arrived all the time. After dumping the luggage in the sleeping room I went down to the gaming room to see if I could spot any familiar faces. I did. Many, but also a few new ones. I don't think I am making an understatement if I say that these strangers was curious on me, and the main reason for this was probably because I was Swedish and female. It was thrilling (yes, thrilling is the word!) to walk into the gaming room for the first time, look around, recognise familiar faces from WDC in Göteborg and to have some of the names of the UK fanzines personified. I must admit that I was most curious about the female English players (do not jump to conclusions!) Susie Horton. The main reason I was curious about Susie Horton was partly the fact that Toby regards her as a very good female player, and partly because I would like to see if her negotiation tactics would affect me. Susie has apparently the habit of giving the male

somewhat awkward players extra attention, and thereby gaining a very good ally, that is they will support her wherever she wants if she just say *please, please* enough number of times. But unfortunately during my three games I had not the opportunity to meet her.

I met James Hardy again, another nice chap, and gave him ten pounds for the subscription to *SNOT*. Grabbed a cup of coffee in the automata and smoked a cigarette. The coffee in England has a strange, sweetish aftertaste, but it is drinkable lacking anything else. When I met Toby in Lund I remember that he especially commented on the fantastic good Swedish coffee, so I brought him half a kilo. Even that tasted bad. Maybe it is the water of London that does it?

At one table there sat fifteen Belgians and bellowed. *One* Belgian is noisy, fifteen is more noisy. We Swedes were to the number four, and when I looked at the merry Belgians I reflected on how underrepresented we were. Alas! Where were you, you all merry *Stabbists*, when we needed you most? I looked for the French, but they had not showed up. When I asked James Hardy where the French could possibly be, he answered that they always show up ten minutes after the games have started and *demands* to be included. That comment I took with a pinch of salt, because Hardy is not known to be the most French-loving person in the English hobby. Susie "Eyelashes" Horton went smiling around greeting everyone in her own spirited way, and according to Toby she always does like that.

The French actually appeared *before* the game began, Cyrille Sevin charmingly smiling as always. Kiem Vanshoka had shockingly broken up with Fleur LeFevre and acquired a new, pretty girlfriend who accompanied him. The chock was quickly over when Kiem explained that he and his ex-girlfriend were still friends, and that the break up would not force poor Fleur out of the hobby, something that all too often happens when the female players break up from the playing boyfriend. And maybe the break up between Kiem and Fleur might mean that a new girl, the new girl friend Veronica, is brought to the Diplomacy slaughter bench. The female side of the Hobby is indeed in need of some fresh blood.

¹⁰ Editor's note: Film by Caro & Jeunet. Swedish title: *Delikatessen*.

After the cup of coffee, the cigarette and the quick lookaround in the gaming room I went up to my room to freshen up before the game, that was to start about one and a half hour later. Three hours in a car crammed with eight sweaty hung over Diplomacy players (Oh, sorry Björn! *Seven* hung over and sweaty and one just sweaty Diplomacy player) is probably not the best of preparations before a game of Diplomacy. I think I mentioned that the University was large, did I not? Yes, large it was. On my way to the room I got lost, and it took me a quarter of an hour to get back to my original position in the gaming room, so I could restart my walk. You should know that it is not easy to arrive at Birmingham University and learn to find there. All walkways between student rooms have different nuances of colour, but that was the only difference and the only thing to guide you. The rest does not become any better as ones sense of navigation is not the best, or if one, like me, have decided to find a short cut back to the room.

So I finally got freshed up. Showered, changed clothes, put on some make-up. Went down to the gaming room with time to get something to eat (a dry baguette, but still, filling food is filling food) and to start with the gaming.

The first game

In my first game I was Italy, which definitely is not one of my favourite powers. Russia and Turkey attacked the poor Austrian, who was played by a beginner by the name of Sean McGuinness. I helped him to stay afloat, he trusted me, I stabbed him. And I stabbed him too early. Stupidly I thought the game would end at 1908. It did not. It ended at 1911, and Austria's trust was for ever gone (well, not for ever, as would be apparent in a later game when I came up against Sean again). I ended on four centers, and was after all quite pleased with my result. Germany was in this game played by an older man by the name of John Coleridge (...I think. Names never came easy for me to remember I'm afraid.) and the first thing he told me when we were about to diplomize was that he knew Toby since way back. As that fact would make me trust him *more*. But he was really good. I let myself be spellbound by his charming dialect through the whole game. I think he won it.

When my game ended, Toby was not quite finished with his, so, as a pastime I played a couple of duels of Magic with Adam. Now I am not very keen on this game any more, but I still remember the rules and Adam needed someone to play against. He had just started to collect this hellish game and is very hooked. I forgot to eat that day.

The rooms of Manorcon was standard boring student rooms, and the price for those I thought was a bit steep. But when you got up to the room you could find Nescafé, tea, cookie and a water boiler. One also got to borrow two clean towels, and there were washbasins in all rooms. The showers were shared, but there were never any problems. The beds were old, you could feel the springs in the mattress, but I was overjoyed to have something *soft* to sleep on. The next morning the most prestigious game of all three was to be played, namely the *team tournament*. I & Toby agreed with Per that he were to wake us up an hour before the game started so that we would be in time to drink coffee, smoke some cigarettes, take a shower, eat breakfast and generally wake up in time for the game.

I woke up before Per came to wake us. Without waking Toby, I went up and took a bath. English bathtubs are funny; it is not always natural to have a shower mouth piece to go with the bath tub as is natural here. You are forced to bath, nothing else, regardless if you want to or not. After a calm and relaxing bath I walked back to the room, just to find Per standing outside the door with a apologetic expression in his face; the time was a quarter to nine, and the game started at nine. Toby quickly dressed to run down to the game room to talk to his team. I took it slower, but at least had time to drink a cup of English sweet coffee before the game commenced.

As we were just four Swedes at Manorcon although it had looked very promising with a large Swedish representation before the convention (yes, regard that as a dig!) we had the night before had some problems to find team members. Kiem Vanshoka was not hard to convince about the superbness of our team, and we also picked a Belgian whose name I managed to forget. Then we were just one player short. After much pondering we got hold of an Englishman who sat by a table playing Magic.

Maybe the fact that he was playing that particular game should have warned us, because when I asked Toby, Vick, Gihan and Adam about the qualities of the player, they looked at each other and started to roar with laughter. The result, which I am not pleased with, but nothing should be withheld from the readers, was that we simply exchanged him for another, if not brilliant but at least better player. What don't you do for the team? Another problem we had was to find a good team name for our team, which was consisting of four Swedes, one Frenchman, one Belgian and one Englishman. What should we be called? After I had vetoed several of the other team members propositions (One can *not* call oneself Team Vikings. I refuse!) Björn von Knorring stated that "You come up with a good proposition, then!!" After some pondering I came up with "*Whad whilja stabbisterna?*"¹¹, of course blatantly stolen from the latest first page of *Mu*. BvK willingly accepted, if I managed to convince Kiem and also managed to make him understand the meaning of it. The explanation took some mixing with the English language, and I am still not convinced that I managed to make him understand the name fully, but at least this was a name the team could carry.

The second game — the team tournament

I played Russia; not a favourite either. In the beginning I did well. I went up to six centers, remained there, played cautiously and waited. Then I thought England was becoming too big. So I nicked Norway from him. With a fleet. I was pissed of a little, but probably it was time for him anyway to change directions at that time, as he and Germany more or less already had eliminated France. I gave him a reason to attack me, and that he did. As soon as the friendship pact between myself and England was broken things went downhill. Soon I was down to two centers. I disbanded army Moscow and army Livonia, expecting that it would be easy to convince the Turk and the Englishman, who had the same number of centers, that it would be a good idea to bounce in Moscow, and so they did. For two years I supported myself in Warsaw as protection versus Germany, while England and

Turkey protected my other home center. Thankfully, everyone eventually agreed to a draw in 1910. At least I had not the *worst* result of the team in the tournament.

Pete Mason, the good older player playing England and who won the game for his team Freaky Fungus Team bought some coffee in compensation. Pete Mason is in the middle ages with grey stained beard which he scratches when he lies.

"What whilja stabbisterna?" ended up on a honorary sixth place, but if the truth should be told I am quite pleased that I managed to keep my two last centers from the greedy Turk and the beard scratching Englishman. Elimination according to the scoring system used had meant a loss for the team of twenty points (you got twenty for survival, one per center and one extra for first, second and third places)¹².

When the game was finished we started to play *Junta* instead. I ate another dry baguette, got some energy, flirted endlessly with Neil Kendrick (not related to the well-known and deceased Bob Kendrick) in a jokingly way, and won large. Something one should win, even if it is not the Diplomacy. ☺

The convention was full of life and motion. People was everywhere; if they were not sitting playing some game they were sitting chatting in the bar. All kinds of games from one extreme to another was represented; anything from Axis & Allies, to Settlers of Catan, to Looping Louie. No role playing games.

Later that night we went to an Indian restaurant and had a curry. Apparently this was a tradition at Manorcon, but according to Toby is was an unusually large crowd of people that went out together, almost 30 people. Several Frenchmen and Belgians also joined and the spirits ran high. I think it was astonishing that they did not serve alcoholic drinks in the restaurant. The owner was apparently a Moslem, but you were allowed to bring your own drinks that you could buy at a nearby wine & beer store. Back at the convention there was some more beer and a few duels of Magic with Adam. When

¹¹ Editor's note: Something like: *Thou art the will of the stabbists*

¹² Editor's note: Not strictly true. Elimination scores very little, but the surviving players score in relation to their share of centers, the more the closer to the win you are.

I went to bed I left the door unlocked for Toby so that he could come in later, but in the morning I found him laying on the floor wearing only shirt and underwear.

The breakfast served at the convention is not much to have. The English seems to be unusually fond of baked white beans in tomato sauce, and these were served even during the morning meal. After the Sunday morning's bath I drank two cups of coffee to wake up, and crammed down two toasts. I was sitting in the gaming hall watching the convention come to life and the room getting filled with people. After the breakfast I spent the hour until the last gaming round chatting with Englishmen and Frenchmen, and then it was time again. I was to play Austria.

The third game — Stab? Is it eatable?

Turkey was played by a young woman named Emily Read. When I talked to her I got the impression that she could be a dangerous ally, and that she therefore must be eliminated. When I heard the rumours about a possible Turkish-Russian pact against me, I set myself to prove to the young Sean McGuinness (the same player who played Austria with me as Italy in the first round) what a dangerous and greedy ally she could be. I offered her to support the army in Bulgaria into Rumania. Then I told Sean that Emily had asked me if I could do that, and that I had accepted, and that it was best for him to support himself in. She went to Rum, but the Russian supported himself in with Ukraine, so there that alliance was lost. The game evolved into a three-way alliances between myself as Austria, Sean as Russia and Italy played by a chubby little guy by the name of Simon Hornby. Russia got Ankara and Rumania, I got Constantinople and Bulgaria, and Italy got Smyrna and Greece. Then we all moved away our units from the region and continued the alliance somewhere else. Italy took on France while I and Sean pressed our invincible forces against the evil German who had grown large praying on England. The alliance was held to the very end, eleven years. Nobody stabbed and I and Russia ended on shared second place on 10 centers each, the Italian eventually received a diploma for best Italy, and we were quite pleased all three of us. If I had had two centers more I would have received the Best Austria award, and if I had known that in one of

my many "Oh!-If-I-Move-Such-Such-And-Such-I-Will-Take-Three-Centers"-positions I am certain I would have considered it, and not just once. I had obviously good opportunities to stab the Russian, but I wanted to see if the alliance could be kept the whole game. And apparently it could.

During Sunday night we played Magic booster draft. Seldom I have been as tired as I was that night, but I had had fun at Manorcon. Monday morning we returned to London.

Björn von Knorring joined me when I went out to shop. Now, there wasn't much shopped, and I still have dangerously many pounds burning in my pocket. Maybe I should save them for Mastercon?

The shopping-trip ended with a visit to one of London's many steak-houses. Dear reader, if you ever pass on Oxford Street and feel hungry, and happen to see a restaurant with the name of "Angus Steakhouse" so make sure to avoid it. The food was OK (= eatable), but the service was (how do you put this diplomatically?) not the very best, if you see what I mean. After the waiter had crushed my full glass of red wine and splashed it all over Gihan, Gihan had to clean up himself, I had to go and *ask for a new empty glass*, and when Gihan asked for the manager, he got upset with Gihan due to his justified criticism. We paid and left. Gihan got no compensation for the dry-cleaning he would be forced to use, and we gave no tip.

The visit to the restaurant was followed by a visit to a pub close to Toby's home. It was nice but at the same time a bit sad, as I knew we were to leave London early next morning. I wish I could have stayed longer, but in contrast to BvK I cannot afford the time nor the money.

On the flight back home I was accompanied by Björn Westling. When the plane lifted from Heathrow the streets of London was laying like giant dew moistened worms among the morning haze. It was beautiful. The Englishmen really showed us Swedes a nice convention, with nice people and nice games. If you can afford it sometime, go there. I even miss the broadloom carpet at Toby's toilet.

✂



Hur mycket frimodigtal Norge?

30 STRÖMSTEDT möter Henrik Ibsen i ett gränsupplösande samtal om frimodighetens storhet och hummandets eviga ynklighet.



Mötte Ibsen i natt, på Nordkap, i midnattssolen. Det var ljusst som på dagen, vi stod högst uppe på kapklipan; rakt ner i

ittnet, där bergsstupet speglade sig, ande vi se oss själva med huvudena zrät.

– Tur att jag är död, sa Ibsen, minars låge jag i fångelsehålan. Han hade en papperslapp i handen. Det var den norska grundlagens paragraf 100, den enda yttrandefrihetsgästning Norge har. Han läste in högt.
»Trykkefrihed bør finde Sted«, sa han.

–Hör du det, ropade han. Bør! øøøø! Inte skall, bara bör. Det är iskvärt att den finner Sted, men om te, ingen katastrof!
Han läste vidare:

»Ingen kan straffes for noget Skrift, af hvad indhold det end maatte være, som han har ladet trykke eller udgive, medmindre han forsætlig og aabenbare har enten selv vist, eller tilskyndet Andre til, Ulydighed mod Lovene, Ringeagt mod Religionen, Sædelighed eller de konstitutionelle Magter, Modstand mod disses Befalinger, eller fremført falske eller ærekrænkende Beskyldninger mot Nogen. Frimodige Ytringer, om Statsstyrelsen og hvilken som helst anden Gjenstand, ere Enhver tilladte.«

–Frimodige Ytringer, ropade Ibsen. En inte om de konstitutionelle Mag-

ter, inte om Religionen, inte om Sædeligheden!

Långt under oss i sommarnattslyset såg vi hur blossande kvinnor och män smög in i och ut ur de röda, gula, gröna små husen i staden Honningsvåg; det gick som en skälvning, en honungsvåg, genom gatorna, gränderna, över vattenytan.

– Sædelighed, ropade Ibsen. Där ser du den!

Var Norge sedligt? Var sedlighet en dygd? Var sedlighet utan moral en dygd? Vad sökte Nora? Sökte hon sedlighet? Hon sökte sin egen, inre moral. Vem ströp Agnar Mykle? Sedligheten i Norge ströp Agnar Mykle. Blir den hycklande sedlighetens ilgärningar någonsin hämnade?

– De konstitutionelle Magter, ropade Ibsen. Vem om inte de konstitutionelle Magter skall vi visa vår misstänksamhet? Vilka är det tryckfriheten skall avslöja? Samfundnets stötter!

EN LITEN MAN i stort skägg kom nu vandrande från Tromsöhålet. Han var först bara en liten prick. Den växte.

Det var Odd F Lindberg. Han ville, landsförvisad, tillåten i Norge bara om han satt i domstol, ännu en gång stå i midnattssolen på Nordkap. Han kom gående över

havet, vandrade förbluffande lätt uppför bergssidan.

– Så det er altså du som er folkefjenden, sa Ibsen.

– Ja, sa Lindberg.

Ibsen, visade det sig, kände väl till förhistorien: hur Odd F Lindberg hade varit salfångstinspektör på en Tromsöbåt som hette Harmoni – »Harmoni!« ropade Ibsen – och skrivit en officiell rapport om hur fångstmännen behandlade sälarerna. Den blev genast hemligstämplad. »Frimodige Ytringer!« fnös Ibsen.

Ändå kom rapporten i tidningen, därtill i Tromsö. »Harmoni!« skrockade Ibsen. Den kom också på film, bilderna av alla säljaktens moment kom på film, filmerna visades i TV, i Sverige, i England, världen runt, sälarerna plågor gick till människors

hjärtan; sälars plågor går, i motsats till människors, alltid till människors hjärtan. En svensk tidning – Ibsen såg osäkert på mig – for till och med till Oslo med hundratentals protestkuponger från svenska TV-tittare; de protesterade alla, de skickade sina namnunderskrifter till statsminister Gro Harlem Brundtland, men



hon ville inte ta emot dem, och utrikesministern, Torvald Stoltenberg, ringde personligen till Lindberg och bad honom hålla käft.

– De konstitutionelle Magter, ropade Ibsen.

– Ingen norrman, ropade Ibsen, har någonsin plågat ett djur. Salfångarna har alltid smekt sälarerna till döds, omfamnat, kysst, smekt dem tills

»Ingen norrman«, ropade Ibsen, »har någonsin plågat ett djur. Salfångarna har alltid smekt sälarerna till döds.«

Riksmarschen för Cancerfonden 10-14 september 1997



RIKSMARSCHEN

deras vidöppna ögon sprängts av tacksamhet. Fann inte Gro Harlem Brundtland en gång en döende sålunga på isen? Gav hon den inte av sitt eget bröst, lät hon den inte dia henne tills glansen i dess ögon återvände och den på nytt var väckt till liv?

Själva kapklippan började nu darra av rörelse. Fjällen gav ljud. Skogarna ropade. »Frimodige Ytringer«, hördes det ur havet. Det var sålarna som sjöng.

Redan 1990 fälldes Odd F Lindbergs frimodiga yttrande, men eftersom han är fördriven ur Norge kan Norge inte utmäta skadestånd.

Men i sin stuga på en hemlig plats i Sverige vaknade Odd F Lindberg än en gång av att telefonen ringde, man hotade honom. På stugväggen hade man kluddat hakkors. Hustrun grät. Flickan grät så att glasögonen blev immiga. Hela familjen grät, och hovrätten för västra Sverige hade redan låtit kronofogden sända handräkningskarlar att hämta deras bohag så att de norska sälfångarna en gång för alla skulle få se att *Frimodige Ytringer* är någonting i Norge förbjudet.

SANNINGEN – och den går att se också utan Ibsens hjälp – är att rättegångarna mot Odd F Lindberg och mot de TV-stationer som har återgivit hans bilder och berättelser är en skam för Norge. »Frimodige Ytringer ere Enhver tilladte.« Norge har en tradition av sådana frimodiga yttran-

den. Ibsen hummade inte. Sandemose hummade inte. Norrmännen under andra världskriget hummade inte.

»De kuer aldri oss«, skrev Inger Hagerup i mars 1941, och så var det. De lät sig inte kuvas. Men den tryckfrihetslag som skall vara ett värn för dessa frimodiga yttranden är, ännu 1997, ett enda hummande om religionen, sedligheten och de konstitutionella makterna. Talar man med norska statsråd om denna lag

skäms de. Frågar man om det behövs en ny nickar de häftigt.

Men under tiden tas Odd F Lindberg och alla som visat bilderna från den båt som heter Harmoni ständigt till nya rättegångar. Sveriges Television har sänt flera program, sänt

dem i skydd av svensk lagstiftning, med en programutgivare ensam ansvarig enligt svensk grundlag; ändå kallas enskilda programmedarbetare till Oslo Byrett för att själva svara för – och dömas för – sina yttranden. Processen blir en fars. Det bestäms i förväg inte ens om norsk eller svensk rätt skall gälla, de åtalade får alltså argumentera enligt båda; i efterhand bestäms inte oväntat att norsk rätt skall gälla, och de frimodiga yttrandena därför fällas. Norska TV2 visar det svenska programmet *En folkefiende*, som handlar om Odd F Lindberg, och den tankfulla byretten i Bergen – som lyssnar och iakttar – friar programmet! En stöt genom Norge: överklaga, överklaga! En svensk bok från Norstedts förlag kallas till tinget i Tromsö. Också Sveriges Television har man

velat ha till förhandlingar i Tromsö.

Redan i Sarpsborgs Byrett 1990 fälldes Odd F Lindbergs frimodiga yttranden, men eftersom han är fördriven ur Norge kan Norge inte utmäta hans skadestånd. Landet kräver då hjälp av hovrätten för västra Sverige. En av åtalpunkterna rör de yttranden Lindberg fällt i ett svenskt TV-program, skyddat av svensk lag. Ändå fastslår hovrätten för västra Sverige att Odd F Lindberg – flyktad till Sverige för yttranden fällda i skydd av svensk lag – skall berövas sin egendom.

DET SUCKAS i nordiska högtidstal över att de nordiska länderna inte ser varandras TV-program. Och om varje svensk, finländsk, dansk, färöisk, isländsk TV-producent vars frimodiga yttranden råkat spilla över till Norge genast blir kallad till en norsk byrett?

Det finns två möjligheter.

Den ena är att de suckande nordiska politikerna sopar samman sina sista rester av kurage och kräver att det fria ordet skall gälla också de nordiska länderna emellan: att, enligt den skändarlandsprincipen, utsända yttranden juridiskt bedöms i det land som sänt ut dem. Om inte kommer varje nordisk radio- och TV-producent varje dag att tvingas fråga sig: kan norrmän tåla detta, kan också norrmän tåla detta frimodiga yttrande? På så sätt snöps hela den nordiska yttrandefriheten.

Den andra möjligheten är att grannländerna en gång för alla bygger en elektronisk vägg mot Norge så att inte ett ljud tar sig in.

Då blir det tyst, ett ögonblick

Sedan kommer Ibsen att väsnas från kapklippan. ○



WAYwords #24

by Andy York

This time around, I thought I'd feature reviews of three books by an excellent writing team: Kevin J Anderson and Doug Beason. I'd previously read a couple of books by Anderson (X-Files novels); but didn't really catch the name until later. Beason I'd not read previously (at least not that I remembered).

I received FALLOUT as part of a charity auction benefit (a year's worth of Ace galley proofs) and found it really grabbed my attention:

FALLOUT by Kevin J Anderson and Doug Beason (1997; 303p). The second book in a series revolving around FBI agent Craig Kreident. These are classified as Sci-Fi; but properly they are "cutting edge" technology novels in the vein of Tom Clancy. I found this book fast paced, plausible and thoroughly enjoyable.

The story initially revolves around Kreident investigating a militia group which is going to make it's name known by blowing the Hoover Dam; then he's pulled to head up the investigation into the murder of the head Russian delegate monitoring the destruction of nuclear warheads at Nellis AFB under the disarmament treaties. The behind the scenes look at Area 51, nuclear disarmament buildings and other classified areas is as shockingly real as Clancy's forays — and, potentially, as unnerving.

Based on this book, I immediately ordered the first book in the Kreident series:

VIRTUAL DESTRUCTION by Kevin Anderson and Doug Beason (1996; 327p). A book I couldn't put down — it is as engrossing as the first novel of their's I read. The murder of a high profile researcher in virtual reality bring the FBI into Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory. Who killed him and what other things are going on behind the scenes sets up this fast paced book.

Anderson uses his personal knowledge of the Laboratory to make this as realistic a story as possible. Highly recommended to sci-fi, mystery and thriller enthusiasts.

I've found only one other book by this collaborative effort. It is a departure from the Kreident series premise — an apocalyptic vision of a too real possibility with an undercurrent of how fragile our society today really is:

ILL WIND by Kevin J Anderson and Doug Beason (1995; 563p). A massive tanker spill into the San Francisco Bay results in an oil-eating microbe being released to help clean it up. However, the microbe eats almost all petroleum based products (lubricants, plastics, etc) around the world.

In a very compelling manner, Anderson and Beason track the collapse of society much in the manner of Niven's LUCIFER'S HAMMER. The people in the book are quite real, from the captain of the ill-fated tanker to the Air Force General seeking to impose martial law in his small corner of the country. The eco-disaster lessons are also quite well done; as are the eco-save solutions.

Another excellent book by this team. I recommend this to most everyone; especially those who enjoy post-apocalyptic visions of the future.

They have three other books out there, LIFELINE, THE TRINITY PARADOX and ASSEMBLERS OF INFINITY. A fourth, IGNITION should be released soon according to a book liner note. I'm eagerly looking for those and am hoping that they will continue to write their engrossing books that I find I must read "cover-to-cover"!!

*

Beauty and the Beast #4

Hello again,

not much news since last time although I did attend ManorCon and had a great time. I have also watched *Con Air* (very good action movie) and *Men In Black* (very funny). I probably will try and see *Scream* real soon.

A funny thing happened when I was enjoying myself in Borås one Thursday night after playing some very bad Bridge. I went to a club to see one of Sweden's most controversial artists *diLeva*. I can't find any possible British or American counterpart, but in Sweden you either hate him or adore him. I belong to the latter group, and was overwhelmed with a fantastic show with wonderful support from the audience (something most people without doubt will find hard to believe), but the most fantastic thing about that night was that I suddenly met Swedish downhill skiing superstar *Pernilla Wiberg*, and wished her all the luck in the world. Now, after meeting me she quickly disposed of her old boyfriend...

Otherwise nothing new, and no girlfriend in sight. Poor, lonesome me... (*sob!*)

Obviously some people like to read about music in this column, so time for a new chart. This time the top ten singles of the 90's so far (in alphabetical order):

The Chemical Brothers: "*Setting sun*"

Julee Cruise: "*Falling*"

Enya: "*Book of days*"

4 Non Blondes: "*What's up?*"

The KLF: "*Last train to Trancentral*"

Maria McKee: "*Show me heaven*"

Madonna: "*You'll see*"

No Doubt: "*Don't speak*"

Republica: "*Ready to go*"

Saint Etienne: "*He's on the phone*"

Now, to the games part:

Not much interest in Eleusis as yet, but to make sure that readers know the rules here is a re-run:

PBM-Rules for *Eleusis*: (4 to 10 players)

1. An ordinary pack of cards is used.
2. The GM starts with playing a starter-card, followed by another card, eligible according to the rules (*q. v.*)
3. Every player gets an equal amount of cards.
4. Aces always have the value of 1, not 14.
5. All players play one card.
6. If the played card is allowed according to the rules the player gets one point, if it's disallowed, he scores zero points.
7. The GM display all the cards and put them into any possible order, unless the rules make it impossible.
8. A new round starts (from #5).
9. After a pre-decided number of rounds (probably five, six or seven) the game ends, and all players should together with their last played card describe the rule they think the GM has decided for this game.
10. A correct guess of the rule gives two bonus points.
11. The player with the highest score is the winner.
12. Should a player NMR he simply will not play any card that round.

The rules:

Before the game the GM secretly decide a rule about which cards are eligible. The rule must be stated so that a randomly selected card have at least 20% chance to be accepted, and at least 20% chance not to be accepted. For every game there will be a different rule.

Example: The next card must have the same colour or the same value as the last played card.

In addition to Eleusis and, possibly, Energy (rules will appear - I promise....) I will try to start a game open for anyone. Entries could be mailed to me before the deadline of L4E. Should I receive them after my completion of this subzven, the results will be added to the next time.

The game is very simple, I call it "Name that tune". Every time I give you a number of excerpts from lyrics of pop songs. A correct identification of the song is awarded with two points and a correct identification of the artist is also awarded with two points. In the event that nobody gets it right, more of the lyrics are revealed and this time correct guesses is awarded with one point each. The person with the highest score after forty songs is the winner and possibly will receive something (maybe a support some time :-).

Excerpts for round 1:

1. "Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean, on the cover of a magazine"
2. "We haven't had that spirit here since 1969"
3. "Then there was this boy whose parents made him come directly home right after school"
4. "I is the best, I is the rest"

This game is by no means inspired by the popquiz that was held in Birmingham, as the idea already was in my mind. I believe that it is more inspired by a Swedish TV-show, that is perhaps the only show worth watching a Friday night ("*Så ska det låta*"), only the participants don't have to sing the songs.

Au revoir,

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By Popular Demand — Globetrotting mode

(1) The game works like regular 'By Popular Demand', each turn there is a set of questions which the players are to answer. Each answer scores an amount of points equal to the total amount of players who gave that same answer, including yourself.

(2) The amount of questions will not necessarily be the same each turn, but each turn they will all be related to one particular country. In the first turn that will be the Netherlands.

(3) The last question each turn will always be "A country that borders...". You get points for this question the usual way, but on top of this the most popular answer to this question will be the country the next turn will be about. In case of a tie, the most populous country (the one inhabited by more people) will 'win'. Players are encouraged to suggest questions relating to the

bordering country of their choice, to be used in the next turn.

(4) I will always list all your options for that last question about bordering countries. Countries that were already 'visited' are never an option, but sometimes countries that do not border the current country at all ARE an option. This is to make sure each and every country on earth can be 'reached' some day (theoretically, that is), and to solve 'dead ends'. So Portugal may border Brazil and the USA, Ireland may border Canada and Greenland, etc... you get the idea.

(5) The game will last 10 turns, eventual subsequent games will start where the previous one ended (i.e. the favoured bordering country in turn 10 of this game will be the theme country in turn 1 of the game thereafter, if it is played, etcetera and so on).

The South America Trip

by Michael Pargman

Part Two¹³: Brazil

Party time

When we arrived in Rio de Janeiro late at night, we were picked up by Carla and her friend Aline. Without even getting a glance of the city we drove some three hours east to a small holiday resort called Ahaiao da Cabo, which was situated on a peninsula. It was an idyllic village that looked a bit Greek with cluttered houses and the sea everywhere. Carla went there every summer. She had lots of friends and relatives and we met a lot of people. Every day we went in a different direction and ended up on a beach. Even though it was hot in the air, the water was cold. We bathed, played with a frisbee we had brought, played volleyball and football. I've never played football in the sand before, it was very tough. The sand made you very slow. You never got a second chance with the ball and to make a good pass was even more difficult. If this is how all Brazilians learn to play, it's no wonder they excel in treating the ball. I had already burned myself on my shoulders, so I was the only one in my team who was allowed to wear a t-shirt. Despite all these problems, I managed to score a goal with a long shot that found its way between a number of players.

In the evenings we went to the beach at the village centre where the party went on all night long. There were small booths where they sold Capeta and Caipi di fruta, vodka mixed with the tropical fruit of your choice and condensed milk. You normally got a 4 dl drink at 3\$. Our expert guides often complained that the drinks weren't strong enough, and simply got the glass filled up with more vodka. The drinks were pretty treacherous because you hardly felt the liquor, but after a few of them you really felt the effects. That week we never got to bed before 5 o'clock.

¹³ Editor's remark: This is the second [and last] part of Michael's write-up of his trip to South America. The first part appeared in issue #52.

New Year, language and people in general

On New Years Eve everyone gathered at the beach and as tradition said, you should wear new white clothes. But another tradition was to spray cider all over people when the clock stroke, could there be a connection? They also had fireworks, but mainly things that went bang. Everyone was nice and friendly, not surprisingly since they were all educated middle class people, but conversation was mostly on the surface level, see below.



Portuguese is not an easy language, at least not in Brazil. We knew some Spanish, but it was impossible to get a grip of what they were saying. They talked very fast, and the words had no beginning or end, it was just a continuous flow. They also had a very strange pronunciation of some letters. My brother once thought he had it, and with the words "Now I'm sure how to spell Ahaiao da Cabo" proudly presented it to Carla. But he didn't, the correct spelling was "Arraial do Cabo". Well what can you say? Also we thought Portuguese would be more like Spanish, but the put a very significant i-sound into words, "dois" instead of "dos". When we at long last had learned these peculiarities and traveled on our own the last couple of days, we discovered that many of these strange pronunciations were not regular Portuguese but the dialect of Rio!!

Luckily for us, a lot of people understood English. Of course they were not representable to the Brazilians in general, but of the people we met I would think maybe 15% spoke English well. They had often studied in the US for a term or more. 50% didn't speak that well, but they really wanted to and were happy to get an opportunity to try. 20% knew English but felt

uncomfortable and avoided to talk and 15% didn't know English at all.

Most Brazilians had a pretty uniform line of questions to us: How come you are here? How do you find Brazil (isn't it beautiful)? What do you think of the girls? Have you met any girls yet? (The two last questions from guys only, followed by "I know some girls you should meet" and then presenting us to some very young girls, probably no older than 16.) Noone seemed very interested in Sweden, at least they rarely asked anything. They had no knowledge of Sweden at all. From the world championships some remembered Brolin and Kenneth Andersson (with his gesture with guns when he scored a goal), but they didn't know Sweden won the bronze medals.

What do I think of the girls? Well the way they dress at the beach doesn't leave much to say. The price on the robe per square cm must be extremely high, because it consisted of nothing more than four small triangles connected by some string. It had a very, very high cutting leaving the buttocks free. And the way they danced... But after talking with some girls, it seems they are in the same position as Swedish girls. Rumour says they are all up for takes, but that's only on the surface and because of the difference in culture. Some of them are really very prudish, even though it doesn't show. Dressing in a non-existent bikini is what's expected of them, but going top-less is completely out of the question even though the difference is sometimes unnoticeable. In fact, some of them said they thought it was beautiful to have a white line because of the bikini straps. The kissing culture is also very different. In Sweden kissing is pretty serious, and you don't go around a party giving deep kisses to everyone. In Brazil, kissing is like saying hello, and boys are expected to sweet talk a lot. During New Year we saw Carla's brother with a girl, deep kissing, sweet-talking and really pushing it. We thought that was it, but the next thing we know, we see him doing the same thing to another girl and so on.

Water and alcohol

We arrived in the Brazilian summer. This meant a steady 30 degrees celsius in the shadow. After a couple of days (and nights) with this wild life, no

sleep and a drinking diet of beer and Caipi di fruta I started to get all kinds of strange symptoms like headache, stomach ache etc. I tried to cure myself by not drinking so much alcohol, but to no avail. But after drinking a couple of liters of water I started to feel better. Nevertheless this was something you didn't learn easily. I experienced lack of fluid several times during our stay in Brazil. I had to force myself to drink, to always have a water bottle ready and drink and drink even though I wasn't thirsty. And I never learned to manage the sun. It was either too much (despite sun protector 25) or too little (keeping out of the sun to lick my wounds).

Carla had promised her father that we would stay in Arraial do Cabo until he came to meet us, which meant another couple of days. On New Years day it started to rain. They had told us it never rained in summertime, and if it did it wouldn't be more than a 30-minute shower, but this just went on the whole day, and the next day, and the next day... We read our books, we played cards and we wrote postcards, but after some time we ran out of things to do and when Carla's father finally arrived we had to move to the house of her grandfather. It was close to the waterfront, and it could have been very nice. But with the rain it was damp and chilly and for the first in Brazil I had to use the sheets at night. The air in the house was extremely humid, a wet towel never dried in there and if you hang a shirt over a chair it got wet!! Also, the whole community was too small to support all the people who came during New Year. The electricity went out from time to time, and the water too. We had to be very cautious with water; don't flush the toilet unless you really need to; no excessive showering and so on. After a week it started to wear me down, but we had to endure until we had dinner with her father.

Carla had a car running on alcohol, a popular thing in Brazil. Alcohol is cheaper than petrol and it doesn't have to be imported, but on the other hand the cars drink more of it. Anyway, the day of the dinner it was raining heavier than normal and as we were driving it turned into a tropical shower. We came into streets filled with water because the drainage couldn't take it all. As we drove the water kept rising. When we came

round a corner the car just died and Carla couldn't get it started again. It felt unreal, we were stuck in a car in the middle of the street with the water rising around us. A thing you have to know about cars running on alcohol is that you cannot let water get to the engine through the exhaust pipe, because then you are truly screwed. The water was almost at the doors by now, so we couldn't open them to get out. Water started to trickle through the thresholds and that's when Carla thought of the exhaust pipe. We took our shoes off and climbed out through the windows to push the car to higher grounds. The dirty water almost reached our knees and we were a bit afraid to step on something nasty. We managed to get the car to her father's house but it wouldn't start. We had to clean the inside of the car because it smelled like the sewers and then clean our feet very carefully because of the dangers of the unhealthy water. The next day a mechanic fixed the car in no time and at last we could go back to Rio.

Rio de Janeiro

We were staying with Carla's grandmother, who lived in an apartment only one block from the Copacabana beach. It was an area with many hotels and tourists. All the news stands sold papers in English, German etc. The beaches have always been a dangerous place to visit at night, and Copacabana has been especially notorious for robberies. But a few months before, the Olympic committee visited Rio because of their candidacy for the Olympics in 2004 (which they lost). To impress them, they had put up spotlights all along the beach and there were small drink booths every 50 metres and this made all the difference. The people we spoke with said the politicians wouldn't do anything for the environment, unless they were in the international spotlight. The UN ecology conference a few years ago had done a lot, and the Olympics would have done even more.

Rio is a very difficult city to orientate in. There are a lot of mountains and the different districts are built in-between. Up against the hills, the poor have built their houses on top of each other with bad sanitary conditions. These areas are called "favelas" and are said to be ruled by crime and we didn't dare to visit one on our own. A story they told us was that during the UN

ecology conference, the had posted and pointed tanks at some of the major favelas and said "if there is any trouble during this conference, then ...". Just like in Buenos Aires traffic was intense, but not as hectic as in B.A. But the sign-posts were lousy and the street network very complicated. They had built viaducts to pass difficult crossings, and then more viaducts on top of the old ones, and then a motorway going over it all. At one time we were going to the bus station and came very close when we choose the wrong lane, drove up on a bridge and were completely lost. It took us 40 more minutes before we reached the bus station. The red light has no particular meaning in Rio. I once saw a regular bus honking angrily at a car that stopped at a red light. Those that had the green light often slowed down or gave a small honk to warn the red light traffic they were coming. The later at night, the faster they passed.

Rio is even more divided than B.A. Our guide book recommended a walk in the city centre, but Carla and everyone else really tried to discourage us from going there. They said there was nothing to see and that only business people and robbers went there. And this was something they really felt and believed. We went there anyway, and found a swarming street life with all kinds of people, a lot of museums and cultural places, and no crime, no violence. Unfortunately we only stayed 4-5 days in Rio, otherwise I would have spent more time in the city centre.

Of course we visited the landmarks of Rio, mountain Corcovado with the statue of Christ, and the sugar-loaf mountain that could only be reached by cable car. You got a great view of the city from the mountains if it wasn't too cloudy. What really got my attention in Rio was the gigantic apartment complexes. They could be 20-25 stories high and take up a complete block. One building must easily swallow thousands of people.

Restaurants in Brazil are like those in Argentina. A meal cost 10-20 \$, but you got a lot. Normally when we were five we only ordered three meals to split among us. A specialty of Brazil is the "Churrascaria" where you pay a fixed price and eat as much as you want. The waiters walk

around with different spits and serve chicken, sausages and a all kinds of different meat. The national dish of Brazil must be the "fajitas", black beans that you mix with rice and vegetables and serve with any meat.

Even more partying

The last couple of days we had planned to travel to a beach on our own and relax before going home. We had thought of the south of Brazil, but everyone we talked to said we ought to go to north, to Bahia. Bahia is the region most Africanized where people have a laid-back attitude and really know how to party, so Bahia it was. We were one month too early to see the carnival, but if you ever do then everyone recommended the one in Bahia to us. We took a bus to Porto Seguro some 20 hours from Rio. On the bus there was a small girl, 7 years old, who had just finished her first lessons in English. She was really overwhelmed at being able to speak to foreigners and proud to show her grandfather. A girl close by helped her out sometimes when she didn't understand. Later we talked with that girl. She and her two friends were going on vacation. They said we shouldn't stay in Porto Seguro where only the old and families stayed. Instead we should follow them and take the ferry to the Arraial d'Ajuda where all the action was.

And so we did. We even managed to get a room at the same Pousada (pension) as they. At 16 \$ pp a night we got a small room with three beds and mosquito nets, a large fan in the roof and a toilet with a shower. This was a place with nothing to do but to be in the sun (which was extremely strong), relax and to party. A normal day went like this: You went to the beach and stayed there all day. The water was so warm, I've never experienced anything like it before. At 18 or 19 it was time for "Lambaerobics" a mixture of popular Brazilian music and dancing. Each song had its own dance created, and then it was spread out mouth to mouth. On a stage some 5 or 6 people danced and showed the rest of the crowd the movements to the song which involved the whole body. Behind them on the stage anyone who wanted could get up to show off. Below on the beach, maybe 500 or 600 people tried to follow. It was very difficult to us because we didn't understand the lyrics so we had to look

at the dancers and then try to follow their moves, which meant we were often a step behind everyone else crashing into them when they suddenly turned around. The most popular songs were "A dança da tartaruga" (dance of the turtle) and "A dança do bum-bum" (dance of the small butt), a song which they even held a dance competition for the ladies at a bar one night,). The lambaerobics continued for an hour, and then we went back to the village to have dinner and take a short nap and a shower. Around midnight the party was at full swing on Broadway, the main village street. At the ends of the street two mountains of loudspeakers were mounted, music played loud, drinks were sold and everyone was dancing in the street. After an hour or two it was down to the beach. Every night a different bar along the beach arranged a Luhao (a moon party), each one with a different music style. The first night it was the Brazilian lambaerobics music and it was the best party I've ever been to. There was so much people and everyone danced like maniacs all through the night. Everyone was still dancing when the sun rose over the water, just marvelous. At 7 or so, we went back to our Pousada and jumped into the swimmingpool waiting for breakfast to open at 8. After breakfast we went to bed for a few hours sleep and then it was back to the beach for more.

We only stayed in Arraial d'Ajuda for three days, but since we slept less than ten hours totally, it felt like more than a week. The parties the other nights were not as good as the first one. At one time they had a live rock band and the next was pop and disco music, and the Brazilians simply didn't know how to dance to that kind of music. But both these nights the sky was clear so we went to the beach and lay down. We could still hear the music, lying there and looking up at millions of stars, the milky way and all. It's a sky you hardly ever get to see in Sweden since it's difficult to get so far from the lights of civilization, it was really great. I only wish I had brought a map of the sky, because my knowledge of the constellations is poor. On the way home my legs stiffened because of all the dancing, and not being able to move either on the bus or the plane wasn't helpful. Arriving to the Swedish winter was also a shock to the body.

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TIPS: LESSONS LEARNED FROM THIS TRIP

by Larry Peery

(Editor's remark: This is another one from the series of articles about Larry's trip to WDC VII.)

These tips are based on lessons I learned during my trip to WDC VII in March/April of 1997. They are designed to do two things: first, help you get the best value you can for your money; and two, to help you deal with the locals.

Foreigners, and particularly Europeans, often complain that Ami tourists are too preoccupied with the "high cost" of things in Europe. It's true. On the other hand, Amis often complain about European tourists bragging about how "cheap" things are when they travel in the States. This is also true. The reasons for this contradiction are too long and too complex to go into here. Just accept the fact that both points of view are valid. So, for the Ami traveling in Europe it makes sense to try and get the best value you can for your money. However, that doesn't mean things will be cheap!

Dealing with the locals is another matter, especially since it is no longer possible to equate locals with natives. Wherever you travel in modern Europe, especially in the larger cities, you will find locals who are not natives. Millions of individuals have taken advantage of the EU's liberal residency laws to travel in search of work in foreign countries. This began just after the end of WWII when immigrants poured out of Italy and other southern European countries into Belgium and Germany, and others followed from Algeria into France. Today we are seeing second generation migrations with older migrants and their children moving once again. Turks who originally left Turkey for Germany are now moving on to Sweden for example.

If you ride in a taxi, eat in a pizza place, stay in a cheap hotel, or visit a tourist shop you will run into these migrant workers. They don't want your values. They do want your culture (at least the popular manifestations of it, such as Nike shoes and rap music) and your money. In this they are no different from the native locals,

who also want your money. The migrants are just more open and less polite about it!

So, the better informed you are about financial matters, and the customs of both locals and natives, the better off you will be and the more enjoyable your trip will be.

I've tried to keep my "tips" both simple and practical. Obviously you'll have to adapt them to fit your specific needs.

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR: PAY, PAY, PAY!

In spite of what some people say about the mark, yen, or Swiss franc; it is the Ami dollar that everyone wants. Even ten years ago that meant either cash money or Travelers' Cheques. Today your options are far greater with the widespread use of ATM cards, credit cards of all kinds, vouchers, etc. There is also the question of when and where to pay for something. Knowing what form of payment to use and when to pay can easily save you as much as 10% off of your total travel bill. On big ticket items, such as airfares and hotels, it can save you even more. I've talked about that elsewhere. Here I want to focus on simpler things.

COINS IN LUGGAGE CARTS:

The use of luggage carts; which is practically required unless you are traveling with only a carry-on; is free at most airports, train stations, ferry landings, etc. However, there is a catch. You have to know how they work. I didn't for my first few days and it cost me. To get a cart out of the rack you have to put a coin in it. If you don't know any better you may assume this is a rental fee. Actually it is a deposit to get you to return the cart to another rack when you are done with it. When you do that; you get your coin back! Until I learned that I left a whole line of carts scattered across Sweden, each with a 5 or 10 SK piece for some ambitious capitalist to recover. I watched one very nicely dressed lady push a line of about 10 carts onto a rack at one train station, and happily walk off with a fistful of SK pieces. It probably paid for her ticket.

PAY TOILETS AND NO DRINKING FOUNTAINS: I DON'T KNOW WHICH PISSES ME OFF MORE: There are precious few free public toilets in Scandinavia, or anywhere else in Europe; and the ones that do exist you would probably rather not use. You can sometimes find one in a large hotel or modern office building, although these often have attendants who expect a tip for use of the facility. In most cases, you simply put in a coin to unlock the door. I suppose that's OK, but I object to the fact that the charges for using a toilet vary from location to location. It might be 1K, or 5K, or 10K. It depends, I guess, on the price of the competition or the urgency of the situation. Equally frustrating is the fact that you can't find a public water fountain anywhere. You have to either drink out of a sink tap, or buy something to drink. That may seem like a minor matter, but with sodas running \$2 a piece it can mount up fast, especially when you have to pay for it to come out the other end!

TAX AND TIP INCLUDED: The Europeans add a VAT (value added tax) to just about everything. In Scandinavia this is called MOMS and it is itemized out in your bill. It can run from 12 to 25% depending on where you are. This helps explain why hotel rates, for example, are so much higher in Denmark than Sweden. The taxes in Denmark are twice as high as in Sweden. Service is also included in just about everything you buy in the way of hotels, eats, etc. That is one reason the service, by and large, is bad. The maid or waiter knows they will get a "tip" regardless of the level of service they provide. Only the hope of an "additional" tip or pride in the establishment can bring a higher level of service, and that usually means a higher bill. On the plus side, what you see on the wall or menu is what you pay. There are no add-ons.

NEGOTIATING TAXI FARES: A lot of cities have deregulated taxi fares and it is up to the rider to negotiate a fare with the driver, and that can be a wild experience. If it is going to be a long trip, call ahead and find out what you should expect to pay, and let the driver know you did that. Always agree on the maximum fare in advance. Be sure to get a receipt with the name of the cab company and the vehicle number.

DRUGS ARE HIGH-PRICED IN SCANDINAVIA: No, I'm not talking about street drugs. I'm talking about things like caffeine, saccharine, and aspartame. If you're a big coffee drinker, plan to load up on it in the morning when it is included in breakfast. Later in the day it will cost from \$3-4 per cup, with no free refills! Sodas are just as expensive. The average seemed to be about \$2.25 for a 12 ounce equivalent.

GOOD CHEAP EATS: Are not impossible to find, but note you won't see an awful lot of fat Europeans! Breakfast, included at most hotels, is your best bet. The fixed price lunch is a good deal at most restaurants, but fast food places like Burger King and McDonalds are also better than most restaurants. Restaurants serve dinner and it is expensive. On the other hand you have the place for the evening and if you get one with entertainment or a good view, consider it an event, not just a meal. During the day department store cafeterias and most larger museums have reasonable and good eats. If you eat a big breakfast and lunch, you won't need a big dinner. I used to think restaurants in Europe were higher than in the States. Now I'm not so sure. Ami restaurants that cater to tourists seem to have raised their prices to near-European levels.

CHEAP BOOZE: Doesn't exist in Scandinavia. First, it is taxed sky-high. Second, it is a state-owned monopoly. Sweden raises over \$300 per citizen per year in booze taxes. No wonder they won't let go! Buy a liter bottle on the plane going over and make it last, or plan to drink beer if you have to drink.

ATM MACHINES: These can be a handy tool, if you keep track of what you are withdrawing, the exchange rate, and what the service charges are. Take out enough in one withdrawal to cover your needs in a given country, or for three-four days. You'll get a good exchange rate and the fee will probably run about \$2-4 per transaction. You won't get the exchange rate or a balance for your account on your transaction slip. I usually check the rate weekly since it won't change too much, round it up by a quarter or half-point to be safe,

and keep a running total of my transactions somewhere.

CREDIT CARDS: Are a big help for big items. Europeans use them for everything, even buying newspapers! You get the best exchange rate and a certain float, depending on your credit card company. It gives you a certain amount of recourse if something turns out to be bad, gets broken, etc. It also gives you a good record of where your money went.

CITY CARDS: Most big cities offer a variety of so-called discount cards for transportation, hotels, museums, etc. Sometimes these are a real value. Much of the time they are not. They are not always cheap, either. I had a two day one in Stockholm that cost about \$50 and I had to visit 12 museums and take 12 t-bahn rides to make it pay for itself. But during the summer they can save you a lot of standing in lines.

DEALING WITH THE LOCALS

In spite of all the advice to the contrary, I subscribe to Burgess's Rule: If you speak the language of the country you are visiting, don't use it unless you have to! ☺

USE ALL THE TOOLS AT YOUR DISPOSAL:

The more you know before you go the better prepared you will be. The time spent in preparing will be worth it. I've covered this subject extensively elsewhere. This is just a generic reminder to do your homework before you go!

ASKING THE LOCALS FOR TOURIST

ADVICE: Don't, unless they are in the tourist business. Most people here or there don't know beans about their local tourist attractions because they don't use them the way a tourist does. They won't know prices, hours, or specifics on attractions. Consult the guidebooks and call ahead for hours and such. Never assume that just because the guidebook says a museum or such is open on a given day it will be. They open and close for greater or lesser periods of time constantly to make repairs, change exhibits, etc.

THE "DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH" SYNDROME: Except for a few old people, and

some of the Lapps I suppose, everyone in Scandinavia speaks and/or understands English. Some of the migrants may pretend not to, but if you watch their ears and eyes you'll see that they have an excellent grasp of what you are saying. Whether they admit to it or not depends on whether it is to their financial advantage or not! As for the natives, their English will probably be better than yours since they studied it in school; while you were goofing off; and they use it almost daily; while most Amis haven't used it properly in years.

THE BLANCHOT THEOREM: Or, the challenge of finding entrances to large, public buildings. Just assume that there will be no signs; any directions you are given by guards, employees or other tourists will be wrong; that any entrance you are already familiar with will be blocked by new construction; that the closest open entrance will be on the side of the building opposite where you are located; and whichever path you use to get to it will be the longest one possible. So — just relax and enjoy your stroll around the building. Many famous institutions are located in buildings that are far more interesting than what's inside of them. However, if you see any entrance marked EXIT or EMPLOYEES ONLY do not hesitate to use it as an entrance, looking as officious as possible as you enter. Immediately take any staircase on your right going up. It will probably lead you into the main exhibit hall. This is known as The Blanchot Theorem.

GET OUT OF THE TOURIST CIRCUIT: Most Ami tourists, and tourists in general I suppose, tend to follow the same well-traveled path. In England, for example, that means London, Shakespeare's Stratford, and York. Resist the temptation to follow the herd. On the other hand, if it is your first visit to Scandinavia you do need to visit the main cities: Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo. That's where you'll find the essence of these countries in a digestible array. But take the time and make the effort to get out of the Gamla Stans; which are intended for tourists, not locals; and see the suburbs where the "real world" lives. Visit smaller towns. If you have a special interest, follow it. Mine led me to Linköping and its Air Force Museum and that led

me to one of the more interesting people I met on my trip. Who knows where yours will lead you.

LOOK BEYOND THE OBVIOUS, ASK YOURSELF WHY? WHAT IS THE HISTORY BEHIND THIS? Consider what you know about Scandinavia. Take each fact and ask yourself why it is so. You assume that all Scandinavians are blond-haired and blue-eyed? Is it so? If so, why? Are they all sex-maniacs like the tabloids say? Find out! Ask them! ☺

MAKE AN EFFORT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S ON THEIR MIND: You will be surprised to discover, perhaps, that most Scandinavians are worried about the same things you are: job security, family problems, their environment, what their kids are going to grow up to be, etc. Remember, they are just as curious about you as you are about them. They just won't be as obvious about it. Still, if you make the first gesture, they'll usually respond. I found time and time again that a simple question, asked with a smile and an open-mind, would bring forth a fountain of information.

YOUR BEST FRIEND IN SCANDINAVIA: If you are staying in a hostel or hotel, it will be the person behind the desk, unless you are staying at a really first-rate hotel that has a concierge. These people can often provide information (where's the nearest u-wash), get tickets (for a concert or sports event that is sold out), or suggest cheaper alternatives to high-priced tourist-oriented goods and services (take a bus or trolley instead of a taxi). In many cases I found clerks and tradespeople going out of their way to be helpful.

WHEN IN DOUBT: Watch the locals and follow their example. This particularly applies in places like airports, train stations, or large shopping areas.

REST ON THE SEVENTH DAY (OR DO YOU LAUNDRY): If you work hard on your holiday, schedule a day of rest at least once a week or so. Forget the museums and such, and concentrate on getting some rest, doing mundane things like the laundry, or use the day to travel by train

where you can just sit, relax, and watch the world go by.

CIVILITY AND SPACE: The smaller the country and the bigger the city, the less space you'll have to call your own unless you pay for it. I have found that the most private place in the world is a crowded u- or t-bahn. On the other hand, being the only person in a large museum exhibit hall with only a security camera for company can be positively suffocating. The important thing when traveling is to respect the space you are occupying for the moment, and that of people around you; and, equally important, remember that you are but a temporary transient passing through that space. It belongs to them, and those who will come after them. Not you. **PICK UP YOUR TRASH!**

BEWARE OF THE UGLY, RICH AMERICAN SYNDROME: I don't think this is the problem it was a generation or two ago. Today others have moved to the top of the list of "hated" foreigners. Most foreigners have now met in person or through television and movies enough Americans of different types to realize that we aren't all that different from them, or perhaps it is just that they are becoming more like us. Sigh...As someone said, the legions of Nike, Reebok, and Adidas have replaced those of Caesar.

THE DIFFERENCES: These may be subtle, but they still exist. I asked two, young Swedes why they were eating at McDonald's in Linköping. The first answered, "Because it is good." The second looked shocked at that answer and said, "Because it is cheap." At that the first looked rather embarrassed and nodded her head. It's the old accountant's maxim all over. There are still differences between Amis and Scandinavians, thank God! But they are fewer and fewer in this day and age. What bothers me is that we seem to be bringing them down to our level. They're definitely not raising us up to theirs.

Sic transit Diplomacy.

*

Mission from Mark

a sort of Bridge column by Per Westling

In the latest *Mission from God*¹⁴ Mark Stretch in his review about L4E writes that "[...] There's also a regular Bridge column, which can't be bad." True about the latter. But the former has been more or less true. So I thought I would give it a try again.

When coming to a new city I often try to get the time to visit a couple of second-hand book stores. Often I look for classical SF titles which I haven't read yet (which is how I come across e.g. *Flowers for Algernon* for 10 SEK at a Swedish book store). I also often look if I can find any interesting Bridge book; alas, that is a very uncommon situation. But just recently I had the luck of finding a real rarity: *Det avgörande sticket* (The crucial trick) by Einar Werner from 1943. Mr Werner was a regular member of the Swedish national teams from mid 30s and for many years ahead. This book proclaims to be the first Swedish book learning how to play the cards! It is clear that even though it is over 50 years ago, they did know how to play the cards. (What they did not know was to bid them, still using just plain old Culbertson, but that is another story...) To illustrate this I would like to pick a couple of problems from the book, giving you all an opportunity to test your own skill. All problems are from IMP or Rubber (i.e. to make the contract is your primary goal).

1. West dealer, All vul.

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♦	pass	1♠	pass
1NT	pass	3♥	pass
3NT	pass	pass	pass

North leads ♠6 (fourth best) and you have the following two hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ K5	♠ AQJ3
♥ J3	♥ KQ74
♦ AKJ43	♦ 986
♣ T943	♣ A2

2. West dealer, EW vul

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
2♣	pass	2NT	pass
3♥	pass	4♥	pass
4NT	pass	5♣	pass
6♥	pass	pass	pass

North starts with ♠K, and another round of clubs and you possess the following cards:

WEST	EAST
♠ AQJ5	♠ K5
♥ AKQ7	♥ JT95
♦ AKJ4	♦ 9762
♣ 987	♣ 4

3. West dealer, None vul

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	D	pass	1♣
2♣	2♥	pass	2♠
pass	4♠	all pass	

You lead ♠K, East plays ♠2 (weakness and/or not doubleton) and South ♣3. Plan the defense:

NORTH	WEST
♠ KQ3	♠ A5
♥ AKQ3	♥ JT86
♦ AKQ5	♦ 86
♣ 76	♣ AKQ84

¹⁴The U.K. Guide to Playing Games By Post" is the subtitle of this #17. Available through post for the sum of £1 from John Harrington, Fiendish Games, 30 Poynter Road, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex EN1 1DL, UK. Contains mostly shortish reviews of most of the UK PBM fanzines as well as some non-UK, like e.g. L4E and DW.

4. West dealer. None vul.

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1♠	pass	2♣	pass
2♠	pass	4♥	pass
4NT	pass	6♠	all pass

(4♥ was suit asking, and 4NT promised control in hearts as well as two aces.)

North leads ♠K. West continues with ♠T and South covers with ♠Q. How do you proceed?

WEST	EAST
♠ AKJ42	♠ T83
♥ AJ3	♥ Q652
♦ 754	♦ A
♣ K3	♣ AQJT2

Solutions later in this column, but I would like to add three more modern problems which I have encountered this year. All three at *match-points* pairs:

5. Sitting West once more, after a fantastic bidding you have crashed in 6NT. You managed to show long clubs but even so North leads ♣3, and you play ♣4 from dummy and next hand discards! How do you make 6NT now?

WEST	EAST
♠ A	♠ Q63
♥ Q763	♥ A5
♦ AQT	♦ K9865
♣ AK982	♣ T74

6. The above was the first board against a pair, and here comes the second: After hearing a bidding of 1NT (14-16) — 3NT you are to lead from ♠9874 ♥KJ7 ♦T ♣A7653

7. Sitting *East* and the bidding (with all vul.) has gone as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1NT	2♦	3NT	all pass
1NT = 14-16			

2♦ = "Apstro", that is 4-card ♠ and 5+ in lower suit.

Partner lead ♥6 to your ♥Q. You return ♥2 to partner's ♥K. On partner's ♥A you try to unblock by playing ♥8, but partner continues

with ♥3 to your ♥5. On the third and fourth hearts dummy (North) discards two clubs and declarer discards a spade and a club.

What do you return when the cards from the beginning was:

NORTH
♠ Q3
♥ JT
♦ QT97653
♣ 76

EAST
♠ 965
♥ Q852
♦ J82
♣ K842

8 and last problem is not one I have encountered myself, but as it is very instructive I will present it anyway. East dealer, All vul:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
—	—	pass	pass
1♣	2♣	2♥	pass
2♠	pass	4♠	all pass

1♣ is 16+ hcp. 2♣ is natural overcall. North leads ♥8 and on ♥K South plays ♥9. Trump is distributed 2-2. Your plan?

WEST	EAST
♠ AK975	♠ T643
♥ 763	♥ AK52
♦ AQ5	♦ 84
♣ KT	♣ 853

Solutions

1. Contract: 3NT by west.

NORTH
♠ 62
♥ AT9
♦ Q72
♣ KJ865

WEST
♠ K5
♥ J3
♦ AKJ43
♣ T943

EAST
♠ AQJ3
♥ KQ74
♦ 986
♣ A2

SOUTH
♠ T9874
♥ 8652
♦ T5
♣ Q7

Win ♠A directly and attack hearts. West has seven quick tricks, and can get two more in diamonds or hearts. If clubs are 4-3 all is well, but the danger is if clubs are 5-2. If North had had KQJ in clubs she would have lead a high honor so we can be certain she has KJxxx or similar. If we win directly clubs is blocked.

It is better to attack hearts than diamonds, as if west has ♦Q fourth and ♥A we will go down if we start with diamonds.

2. Contract: 6♥ by West, North starts with ♣K followed by ♠A.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ T86		♠ K3	
♥ 42		♥ JT95	
♦ QT53		♦ 9762	
WEST	♣ KQJ5		
♠ AQJ5		♠ K3	
♥ AKQ7		♥ JT95	
♦ AKJ4		♦ 9762	
♣ 4		♣ 987	
SOUTH			
♠ 9742			
♥ 863			
♦ 8			
♣ AT632			

West should ignore the diamond finesse and instead try to ruff two clubs. Ruff second club round with ♥Q. Continue with ♥A, followed by entering dummy with ♥7 up to ♥9. Ruff the last club with ♥K. Enter dummy with ♠5 to ♠K. Play two more heart rounds discarding losing diamonds. 12 tricks.

3. Contract: 4♠ by North, West starts with ♣K.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ KQ3		♠ J4	
♥ AKQ3		♥ 9752	
♦ AKQ5		♦ JT73	
WEST	♣ 76		
♠ A5		♠ J4	
♥ JT86		♥ 9752	
♦ 86		♦ JT73	
♣ AKQ84		♣ 952	
SOUTH			
♠ T98762			
♥ 4			
♦ 942			
♣ JT3			

Continue with two more high clubs, and another one we getting back on ♠A. The chances to get any tricks in the red suits seems non-existing so we should aim for four tricks in the black suit. If partner has two or three clubs and ♠Jx(x) the Jack will give the beating trick as dummy will be forced to ruff the third club, and when we get back in on ♠A another club will promote partner's Jack.

4. Contract: 6♠ by West. ♦K lead is won in dummy and ♠T is played which is covered by South.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 5		♠ T83	
♥ KT84		♥ Q652	
♦ KQJ3		♦ A	
WEST	♣ 9865		
♠ AKJ42		♠ AQJT2	
♥ AJ3		♥ Q652	
♦ 754		♦ A	
♣ K3		♣ AQJT2	
SOUTH			
♠ Q976			
♥ 97			
♦ T9862			
♣ 74			

Play low spade from hand. You have 7 top tricks in side suits. A diamond ruff in dummy and you will only need four spade tricks. By giving it away as early as possible you will be able to take the ruff, and pull the trumps, and cash the clubs.

5. Contract: 6NT by West. ♣3 lead and South discards a discouraging spade.

NORTH		EAST	
♠ KT98		♠ Q63	
♥ JT2		♥ A5	
♦ J		♦ K9865	
WEST	♣ QJ653		
♠ A		♠ Q63	
♥ Q763		♥ A5	
♦ AQT		♦ K9865	
♣ AK982		♣ T74	
SOUTH			
♠ J7542			
♥ K984			
♦ 7432			
♣ —			

Assuming diamonds give five tricks, let dummy win first club and lead towards ♥Q, aiming for a squeeze. South will cash ♥K and will continue hearts. Cash ♥A, ♠A, ♦A, ♦Q and play two more diamonds. The final position will be:

NORTH			
♠ K			
WEST	♣ QJ6	EAST	
♠ —		♠ Q	
♦ —		♦ 5	
♣ AK98	SOUTH	♣ T7	
Irrelevant			

Dummy plays ♦5 and Declarer discards a club. Regardless of what North discards Declarer will get the rest.

Note, if South refuses to win ♥K, Declarer will have to restore the tempo by playing a small club to ♣T, leaving the defense helpless.

I actually made this board with the above declaring, giving a solo top as the closest contract was 3NT making 11 tricks.

6. Would it make any difference if you had ♠987 ♥KJ74? A good rule when choosing between majors is often to lead your three card major, as partner is more likely to hold a five card suit in your shorter. Note, that this gives your best chance to defeat the contract, but at match points your goal is not to defeat it, but to get as good result as possible. This means that it often pays to make a neutral/defensive lead, and staying away from the spectacular offensive leads.

So, what did I lead? Well, inspired by the success with 6NT on the first board of the round I tried ♥K! This was *not* a success as the board was as follows:

NORTH			
♠ Q3			
♥ 963			
♦ A764			
WEST	♣ KJ98	EAST	
♠ 9874		♠ KT652	
♥ KJ7		♥ T2	
♦ T		♦ KJ932	
♣ A7653	SOUTH	♣ T	
♠ AJ			
♥ AQ854			
♦ Q85			
♣ Q42			

Declarer managed to get 10 tricks which was a solo top for them (with second best result being three pairs [out of 18] just making 3NT). So, a typical average round...

8. Contract 4♠ by West.

NORTH			
♠ J2			
♥ 84			
♦ KT32			
♣ AQJ64			
WEST		EAST	
♠ AK975		♠ T643	
♥ 763		♥ AK52	
♦ AQ5		♦ 84	
♣ KT		♣ 853	
SOUTH			
♠ Q8			
♥ QJT9			
♦ J976			
♣ 972			

North lead of ♥8 and South's play of ♥9 in the first round indicates that hearts are 2 by North, 4 by South. Two rounds of spades reveals that spades split 2-2. North's overall surely puts him with ♣AQ and ♦K, distribution 2-2-4-5 or 2-2-3-6. So, try for a throw-in of North by leading small heart to dummy and leading clubs towards ♠K.

As North cashes first ♣Q and then ♣J you discard the heart looser from the hand. North is forced to lead up into your diamond combination (or another club in which case you discard a diamond in dummy, ruffs in hand, and continue with a cross-ruff).

(There is a small flaw, though, which you cannot avoid; if South has 9xx in clubs North can play small club instead of ♣J, but if he does, he deserves to defeat the contract.)



Newsletter #1

ON

World DipCon VIII

DixieCon XII *Chapel Hill, North Carolina* *May 22-24, 1998*

The Carolina Amateur Diplomats will again host World Dipcon in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, in conjunction with the regional gaming convention DixieCon. World DipCon is the World Diplomacy Championships, a yearly tournament which rotates around the world. DixieCon was the World DipCon site in 1990, when the event drew the largest field of Diplomacy players in North America since 1983. It also hosted the North American Championships in 1994. This year's event promises to be another outstanding Diplomacy tournament as participants from around North America and beyond travel to Dixie for the chance to become the 1998 World Diplomacy Champion.

Of course, World DipCon isn't just about playing Dip with the best players in the world. It's also about meeting hobbyists for the first time, seeing old friends, and partaking of the many side-events, including past DixieCon favorites such as Titan, 1830, History of the World, Miniatures, Diplomacy variants, and others, both in tournament and open-gaming formats.

Below is a list of DixieCon/World DipCon staff members, and the functions they are likely to perform. Early registrants will receive future DipCon Newsletters as they are published, with information such as tournament schedules, expected participants, scoring systems, travel aids, and other news on the upcoming event. Contact David Hood now to put your name on that mailing list.

Tournament Staff (Proposed)

World DipCon Committee

David Hood	Chairman and Tournament Director
Michael Lowrey	Vice-Chairman and Assistant GM
Roland Isaksson	Special Assistant and International Liaison

DixieCon XII Committee

Steve Nicewarner	Chairman and Non-Diplomacy Events Director
Steve Koehler	Diplomacy Variant Events GM
Hal Hood	Miniatures Events Coordinator
Dan Mathias	1830 GM and Assistant Diplomacy GM
Steve Cooley	Publicity/West Coast
Manus Hand	Publicity/Email
Larry Peery	Publicity/International
Jim Burgess	Publicity/Northeast
Jamie McQuinn	Publicity/Midwest

Don't Miss This Exciting Event!

Contact David Hood at 2905 28th Street NE, Hickory, NC, 28601
david_hood@W3link.com

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Friday, May 22, 1998

- 10:00 to 5:00 Open Gaming (For early arrivals)
5:00 to 6:00 Registration and Check-In
6:00 to 12:00 Diplomacy Round One
Titan/1830/Acquire Events Begin
Ancient and Naval Miniatures Events

Saturday, May 23, 1998

- 9:30 to 5:00 Diplomacy Round Two (Doubles as Team Tournament)
History of the World Event Begins
5:00 to 6:00 Catered Supper
6:00 to 12:00 Diplomacy Round Three
Variant Diplomacy Event (Colonial and Machiavelli)
Magic Tournament (at Cerebral Hobbies)
American Civil War Miniatures Event

Sunday, May 24, 1998

- 8:30 to 9:30 Dipcon Society/WDC Meeting
9:30 to 6:00 Diplomacy Round Four (Ends between 4:00 and 6:00)
Final Boards - Titan, Acquire and 1830 Events
Advanced Civilization Event Begins
6:00 to Whenever Open Gaming

Notes:

- Dip games have no set ending time except for Round Four, which ends at a time between 4:00 and 6:00 known to the GM but not the players.
- You must play at least two Dip rounds to be eligible for awards. The scoring system to be used will be outlined in a later Newsletter.
- Titan, Acquire and 1830 events consist of unlimited qualifying rounds for a final board on Sunday. Other event formats are TBA.
- Travel: fly into Raleigh-Durham International, we will provide free shuttles from there and the train station. Directions for driving to Carmichael Hall, the site of the Con, will be sent to registrants.
- Fees: \$15 to register for all events, \$15 per night to stay in the dorm per person to share a room (double if you don't want to). Overseas folks will play and stay for free.
- Participants: Over the years DixieCon has had participants from 26 states and provinces, and 5 other countries. The 1990 WDC included players from France, Britain, Austria and Australia.

PAX GERMANIA #106

subzeen of L4E #54

Rocky II (By Popular Demand) - Second Round

Rk	was	Player	One	Two	Three	Four	Five	Six	B/F	this	TOT
1	1	Pitt Crandlemire	Volkswagen	wolf	WestIndies	Windows	Vonnegut	Which word?	74	40	114
2	9	Ulf Jiretorn	Volvo	wolf	WesternEur.	Web	J Verne	Virgin	67	45	112
3	6	Lars Berglund	Volvo	wolf	West End	WWW	J Verne	Rocky V	71	40	111
4	3	Conrad von Metzke	Volvo	warthog	WesternEur.	Web site	Vonnegut	Whatever	72	37	109
5	8	Göran Karestrand	Volvo	weasel	WesternEur.	WWW	J Verne	Waterworld	68	38	106
5	2	Michael Pargman	Volvo	whale	WestIndies	WWW	H Wouk	WestSideSt.	73	33	106
7	11	Björn Westling	Volvo	wolf	wilderness	WWW	J Verne	Visitors	63	40	103
7	3	Leif Kjetil Tviberg	Volvo	whale	WesternEur.	Windows	HG Wells	W.o.t.w	72	31	103
9	14	Berry Renken	Volkswagen	wolf	WesternEur.	Windows	Vidal	Vertigo	60	40	100
10	3	Gihan B.	NMR						72	27	99
11	7	W. Andrew York	Volkswagen	walrus	VolgaRiv.B.	virus	Shakespeare	Westworld	70	27	97
12	12	Mark Stretch	Volkswagen	whale	Wales	WWW	Van Vogt	W.o.t.w	61	34	95
13	10	Brent McKee	Volkswagen	wolf	White Sea	VGA	K Vonnegut	Wolfsman	65	35	90
14	15	Brad Martin	Volkswagen	whale	WesternEur.	virus	Vonnegut	Waterworld	58	31	89
14	12	Douglas Kent	Volvo	walrus	WesternEur.	virus	K Vonnegut	Volkswagon	61	28	89
16	16	Anders Færden	Volkswagen	wolf	World	Windows	Voltaire	Vendetta	54	34	88
17	—	Thomas Nilsson	Volkswagen	wolf	Westfalen	virus(95)	Woodhouse	—	(47)	33	80
18	17	Leif Bergman	NMR						22	27	49
	—	(Per Westling)	Volkswagen	wolf	WestIndies	Web	HG Wells	Wargames	(47)	41	(89)
	(—)	OTHERS							(47)	27	(74)
		MAXIMUM		9	9	7	8	5	2	49	
		MINIMUM		8	1	1	1	1	1	14	

① [Car manufacturer] No Vauxhall (which is what Opel is called in the UK)? Good category with a clear-cut 50-50. Volkswagen 9, Volvo 8.

② [Animal] It came as a surprise to me that so many banked on this one. I had thought #1 or #4 would be the obvious ones with really only two big ones, but the bankers got a good score as wolf went big. wolf 9, whale 4, walrus 2, warthog/weasel 1.

③ [Geographic area/region] As expect quite a spread out, but Western Europe managed to get a clear win. Western Europe 7, West Indies 3, West End/Volga River Basin/White Sea/wilderness/Wales/World/Westfalen 1.

④ [IT/computers] IT is short for information technology, which I forgot to explain last time. I have treated all web answers as one. Thomas tried to make two answers as he added that he regarded Windows 95 as a virus. (World Wide) Web 8, Windows 4, virus 4, VGA card 1

⑤ [Author] No bankers at this category that produced some surprising suggestions. Kurt Vonnegut 5, Jules Verne 4, H G Wells 2, H Wouk/W Shakespeare/Van Vogt/Vidal/Voltaire/P G Woodhouse 1.

⑥ [L4E/PG game name] As expected almost no similar answers. War of the Worlds/Waterworld 2, the rest 1. Whatever = Whatever you wish.

Rocky II – Next round

Round two has letters X, Y, Z as well as the Scandinavian letters Å, Ä and Ö...:

- ① A unit of measurement
- ② A famous Greek person or god
- ③ A musical instrument
- ④ A city
- ⑤ A country
- ⑥ A movie title

All About Eve [HotW]– Epoch VI

EPOCH VI HISTORY

- NEPTUNE: *Ming Dynasty (10L) & Elite Troops*: Che (r:GPCh, +X) - S.CHI - Mek - Irr - MalP(1,+@) - EInd (1) - Yan - Sze.
- URANUS: **NMR!** Timurids do not appear.
- SATURN: *Migrants (2B)*: PacS - GreP.
Incas (2L): MexV(+X@) - DecS. *Aztechs*: (2L): NAnd (+X) - SAnd.
- PLUTO: *Disaster*: Bad, Sibe.
Ottoman Turks (15B) & Leader: WAna (r:Puff, +X@) - EAna - Zag - PerP - TurP - TarB - Hkus - UInd - LInd - GanV - GanD - EDec - MTig - UTig - Irr.
- MERCURY: *Swedish Kingdom (1D)*: Sca (r:Poff, +C#).
Portugal (10E): Wibe (r:Poff, +X) - Sibe - ATL - ShaP (1) - ConB (1) - PAC - Hok (1).
- VENUS: *Black Death*: MasC, NApp, Sapp. ((4th not adjacent))
Spain (15E): Pyr (r:Poff, +X) - Sibe - MasC - NApp - ATL - IND - Bra - Pat - SAnd (1) - App - GreL - GreP - Mad - WDec (1, fail).
- JUPITER: *Safavids (3E)*: PerP (r:Poff, +X) - TurP - WSte.
Mughals (12L): GanV (r:EDec) - UInd - GanD - MalP(1) - Mek - Sik - EDec (2) - EGha.

		N	U	S	P	M	V	J	Next
Middle East	2	4	0	0	4	2	2	2	1
North Africa	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	4	1
India	3	6	0	3	6	0	0	6	3
China	3	6	3	0	3	0	0	3	3
Southern Europe	2	2	0	0	4	2	4	0	2
Northern Europe	2	0	0	2	2	2	0	2	4
South East Asia	2	6	0	0	2	0	0	2	2
Eurasia	1	2	0	0	1	0	1	2	2
North America	1	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	3
South America	2	0	2	2	0	0	4	0	2
Southern Africa	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	2
Japan	1	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	2
Australasia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Capitals	2	4	2	4	4	4	2	6	2
Cities	1	4	0	1	1	3	2	0	1
Monuments	1	9	0	2	9	3	1	6	1
Seas	1	3	0	1	2	0	0	0	1
TOTAL SCORED		51	8	18	38	20	18	34	

EPOCH VI BIDS

- NEPTUNE: Britain 5, France 4, Russia 4, Germany; **Brazilian Kingdom 1**, Japan 1, Civil Service 1.
- URANUS: **USA; Elite Troops.**
- SATURN: **Russia 1**, Manchu 0, France 0, Netherlands 0; Brazilian Kingdom 1, **Civil Service 0.**
- PLUTO: **Britain 12**, France 6, Russia 2, Manchu 1, Neth. 0, Germ. 0; **Leader/Disaster 5**, Japan 3, Civil War 2, Civil Service 0, Famine 0, Brazilian Kingdom 0, Elite Troops 0.
- MERCURY: **Manchu 3**, Neth. 0, Russ. 1, Germ. 0, Britain 0, Fr. 0, USA 0; **Japan 3**, Treach 0, Elite 1.
- VENUS: Manchu 3, Russia, Fr., **Netherlands**, Britain, Germ., USA; Japan 2, **Famine**, Civil Service, Brazilian Kingdom, Civil War, Treachery, Elite Troops.
- JUPITER: **France 6**, Britain 6, Russia 5, Manchu 5, Netherlands 1, Germany 0, USA 0; Japan 1, Brazilian Kgd 1, Civil Service 1, **Civil War 1**, Famine 1, Leader/D. 0, ET 0, Tr. 0

The Hidden — Spring 1901

Austria [The Dragon]
 A (Vie)-Tri, A(Bud)-Ser, A(Tri)-Alb
 England [Wizard of Oz]
 F (Lon)-ENG, A(Lpl)-Wal, F(Edi)-Cly
 France [The Prince]
 F (Bre)-ENG, A(Par)-Gas, F(Mar)-Spa/sc
 Germany [The Thinman]
 A (Ber)-Kie, F (Kie)-Den, A (Mun)-Ruh
 Italy [The Pirate King]
 A (Ven) H, A (Rom)-Apu, F(Nap)-ION
 Russia [Keyser Söze]
 A (Sev)-Rum, A (War)-Ukr, A (Mos)-Sev,
 F(Stp/nc)-Nwy
 Turkey [Jungfru Maria]
 F (Ank)-BLA, F(Smy)-AEG, A (Con)-Bul



GM: Remember that the next turn is Fall *and* Winter of 1901, i.e. include adjustments.

The Hidden - Press (In alphabetic order)

Aus Gvt - Ita: Your VEN army looks hostile to me. I will have to guard myself. Hope you understand.

Aus Gvt - Tur: Let us see what the Russian bear will do. If WAR-GAL, then you have an allied in me.

Fra - All: The guy who uses "Fra" but not "Gvt" when writing press is not me but a bad smelling rebellious un-French foreign type who will be killed.

Fra Gvt - Eng: Well you didn't build a fleet in Liverpool but I'm going to attack you anyway. Playing France I've never managed to get the German to really trust me yet fully and completely, here's a fresh opportunity for me!

Fra Gvt - Ger: In the odd case you moved to Burgundy please move to Belgium next time, it is yours.

Fra - Ger: I am fully committed to the great idea of you and me killing England, and will never hurt you if you don't hurt me.

Fra - Ita: Have no fear — F Mar is not aimed at you.

Ger Gvt - Fra: Stick to your word and we can be friends.

Ger Gvt - Eng: Looks like Russia has you in his sights.

Ger - Rus: Do you want Swe?

The little white puppy Keyser had yet to reach the blossom of his youth and now roamed the Norwegian lands, ever so joyful and happy. But what to do now? To be continued...

The results of the first Eurovision Song Contest held in Switzerland were interesting. Russia forfeited every chance of winning as they boycotted the contest. Turkey's powerful version of "Like a virgin" fared no better than the very last place. Austria's entry "Dragon Power" only managed to finish at the penultimate position. France's futuristic entry 1999 at least did beat two other nations. Only third, surprisingly, was England with "Goodbye yellow brick road". Italy's "Sailing" only reached the runner-up spot as the victor was Germany with "The thin wall". Germany is congratulated for its win, and next year all will travel to Germany for the second ESC. Hip-hip-hooray!

Metropolis

Fictionary Dictionary — Round 2

Round One: **hickwall**

1. a breed of North American guinea-fowl, recognisable by its distinct black chest plumage
2. a fence, usually of stone
3. the outer covering of a seed pod
4. a place such as a bench where people gather to collect gossip from each other
5. a river dam or obstruction caused by an excess of debris
6. the side of the church where the poor people were placed
7. a stonewall built by country bumpkins
8. a thin partition wall made out of hickory wood that cabinet makers put in large wardrobes, sideboards and bookcases for consistency and quality during the 18th and the 19th century
9. a type of levee
10. a wall or fence that British landlords used to place around their properties to protect them from intrusion by peasants
11. a wooden frame structure used for the storage of animal feed
12. a woodpecker, especially the small spotted woodpecker

Unsurprisingly many went for the wall-part of the word, giving various walls or obstacles as explanations. And as usual it was something completely different.

player	own	voted for	votes for	points	rounds	overall correct	overall total
Gihan Bandaranaike	1	NMR	2	1	1	0	1
Pitt Crandlemeire	3	12	2	3	2	1	3
Ulf Jiretorn	4	NMR	0	-1	1	0	0
Göran Karestrand	2	6	1	1	2	0	1
Douglas Kent	5	3	0	0	2	0	0
Brad Martin	7	10	0	0	2	0	0
Conrad von Metzke	11	3	0	0	1	0	0
Thomas Nilsson	—	8	—	0	1	0	0
Michael Pargman	8	2	2	2	2	0	2
Berry Renken	10	1	2	2	2	0	2
Leif Kjetil Tviberg	—	8	—	0	1	0	0
Björn Westling	6	10	1	1	2	0	1
Andy York	9	1	0	0	2	0	0

Round Two: **hafiz**

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. an Arabian bazaar 2. an Arabian male name 3. a honorary title for a Moslem who can recite the Koran from memory 4. an oasis 5. the railway linking the Islamic holy sites of Mecca and Medina | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. a pair of wide Armenian trousers 7. a relation gift 8. a small breast-plate of body armour 9. a title for a Turkish noble 10. a type of poem named after the creator, the Persian poet Muhammed Schams el-Din. Nicknamed Hafiz. |
|--|--|

The next word to be defined is: **bisturi**

Press: None.

GM: The following quote from Berry's orders nicely illustrates what this game is all about: "A 'hickwall' is of course ((#1)). If this is not right, then I don't know what is, and then the author of above definition deserves my point for his imagination."

For next round select what you think is the correct explanation for round Two and then give an explanation for the word of the next word. *Anyone can join at any time* — just send in a vote and an explanation for the next word, i.e. you do not have to have sent in an explanation for the previous round to compete.

GM on NMRs: I have decided that an NMRs/NVRs during a round equals a one point deduction from the score that turn, although you can never get below zero in your total score.

Star Trek: The Cage

GOPS - Round Two

3rd Point card: Three Lars plays 4
 Michael plays 4
 Pitt plays 3
 None! Lars and Michael fights for it with the next Point card...

4th Point card: Eight Lars plays 2
 Michael plays 9
 Pitt plays Ace
 So Michael wins 3rd & 4th point card over Lars, but also 4th point card over Pitt.

Player	Score	Remaining bidding cards
Lars Berglund	7	3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, J, Q, K
Michael Pargman	12	2, 3, 5, 6, 7, T, J, Q, K
Pitt Crandlemire	5	2, 5, 6, 7, 9, T, J, Q, K

Point cards for the next round:

5. Jack

6. Queen

Remaining point cards:

A, 2, 4, 6, 9, T, K.

By Popular Demand - Storytelling mode

- (1) The game works like regular *By Popular Demand*, each turn there is a set of questions which the players are to answer. Each answer scores an amount of points equal to the total amount of players who gave that same answer, including yourself (there won't be 5-letter trick words nor will any scores get squared).
- (2) The amount of questions will not necessarily be the same each turn, but each turn they will all be related to a person. This person's character, habitat, gender, age, life circumstances, experiences and who knows what else will all be determined during the course of the game. Before the game starts we don't have a clue yet as to all this.
- (3) For each question, the most popular answer *comes true*. You get to vote who the person is, how s/he lives, what s/he does and what happens to him or her etc... through answering BPD questions. Thus you will collectively be writing the story of this person's life. You are very much encouraged to come up with questions yourself, more so than in any other BPD

variant, as thus you help to give a direction to the story that doesn't just sprout from the GM's imagination. Any question is fine. All your questions will be used sooner or later, including ones that can only be answered by "Yes" or "No", for instance.

- (4) If there is no single most popular answer to a question, then the question will be asked again, but then you'll have to choose from the two or more answers that were most popular; no other options. If there's a tie again, the question will be asked a third time. If that still doesn't get us a decision, or if the question triggers an endless tie before that third time already, then the GM decides. Of course there are also questions where multiple most popular answers aren't a problem at all, and then the question will not be asked again, nor will the GM butt in.
- (5) The game will last 10 turns, but the story may well not be finished then, it can then be continued through a subsequent game.

⌘

El Gordo 1997

Since last time the following categories were resolved:

5. Women's European Championship in Football/Soccer: Norway surprised everyone by failing to qualify for semi finals. Sweden lost a very close game to Germany in the semi finals. The latter later defeated Italy in the finals, to Mark's delight.

7. Male tennis player ranked 1st July 1st: Pete Sampras came first (before Michael Chang, Goran Ivanisevic and Thomas Muster) which was the expected result. Pete did win Wimbledon.

17. Female tennis player ranked 1st July 1st: The upstart Martina Hingis came first (before Steffi Graf, Jana Novotna and Monica Seles) to my delight. Also Martina won Wimbledon.

20. Win *finnkampen* (men/senior): Finland did after being behind after the first day of the two.

21. Host for the 2004 Summer Olympics: Athens. I am happy Rome did not win. Athens is in the Olympic Spirit. Even more so I think South Africa would have been, but maybe they will be chosen to host the 2008 Summer games?

	Per Westling	Lars Berglund	Björn Westling	Mark Stretch	Michael Pargman
2. Europe	Europe	Europe	Africa	North America	Europe
5. (Norway) 0.00	(Norway) 0.00	(Norway) 0.00	(Norway) 0.00	(Germany) 10.00	(Norway) 0.00
6. Schumacher	Villeneuve	Villeneuve	Villeneuve	Schumacher	Villeneuve
7. (<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43
11. 10	8	9	10	7	
13. Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet	Expressen	Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet
17. (<i>Hingis</i>) 10.00	(Steffi Graf) 0.00	(Monica Seles) 0.0	(Steffi Graf) 0.0	(Steffi Graf) 0.0	(Steffi Graf) 0.0
19. Ferrari	Ferrari	Williams	Ferrari	Williams	Williams
20. (Sweden) 0.00	(Sweden) 0.00	(Finland) 5.00	(Sweden) 0.00	(Sweden) 0.00	(Sweden) 0.00
21. (Cape Town) 0.0	(Rome) 0.00	(Rome) 0.00	(Cape Town) 0.0	(Rome) 0.00	(Rome) 0.00
Bf.	9.08	3.75	10.75	0.00	13.75
Σ	20.51	5.18	17.18	11.43	15.18

	Ulf Jiretorn	Leif Kjetil Tviberg	Leif Bergman	Brent McKee	Pitt Crandlemire
2. Europe	North America	Europe	Asia	North America	North America
5. (Sweden) 0.00	(Norway) 0.00	(Denmark) 0.00	—	(Norway) 0.00	(Norway) 0.00
6. Senna	Schumacher	Schumacher	Villeneuve	Villeneuve	Villeneuve
7. (Becker) 0.00	(Agassi) 0.00	(Becker) 0.00	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43	(<i>Sampras</i>) 1.43
11. 8	6	9	9	10	
13. Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet	Aftonbladet
17. (Steffi Graf) 0.00	(Steffi Graf) 0.00	(Steffi Graf) 0.0	(Steffi Graf) 0.0	(Steffi Graf) 0.0	(Steffi Graf) 0.0
19. Lotus	Ferrari	Williams	Williams	Williams	Williams
20. (Sweden) 0.00	(Sweden) 0.00	(Sweden) 0.00	(Finland) 5.00	(Sweden) 0.00	(Sweden) 0.00
21. (Stockholm) 0.00	—	(Cape Town) 0	(Rome) 0.00	(Athens) 10.00	(Athens) 10.00
Bf.	6.83	7.00	1.50	12.00	13.33
Σ	6.83	7.00	1.50	18.43	24.76

Remaining categories:

2. Content for the author to win the Nobel prize in literature

6. F1 World Champion (Schumacher's lead to Villeneuve was down to three points... but then Schumacher won the next race...)

11. Number of issues of L4E published during 1997 (8 likely winner)

13. Largest Scandinavian newspaper at November 1st (Aftonbladet likely winner)

19. Team to win construction competition of the F1 circus

James Joyce's Women [1389 I] – Round Seven

- Run seven:** 1st BeDLAM 20 (46) -6 MULCRC
2nd MULCRC 10 (44) -3 BOLL.
- Run eight:** 1st FUER 20 (9)
2nd BeDLAM 10 (10)
- Run nine:** 1st MULCRC 20 (22) -3 BOLL.
2nd BOLLOCKS 10 (21)
- Run 10:** 1st BeDLAM 16 (23)
2nd MULCRC 9 (29) -2 Be, -3 FU
3rd FUER 5 (32) -5 MULCRC
- Run 11:** 1st BOLLOCKS 20 (10) -5 F, -1 B
2nd FUER 10 (10) -4 BOLL., -1 Be
- Run 12:** 1st MULCRC 20 (32) -2 BeDLAM
2nd BeDLAM 10 (38) -4 BOLL.

Builds:

MULCRC [Michael Pargman, Green]
(Tralee)-D26-E26; (I48)-Belfast.

BeDLAM [W Andrew York, Blue]
None.

FUER [Leif Kjetil Tviberg, Red]
(J17)-K17-M18 [-1 BOLLOCKS];
(G27)-F26-D26-Tralee [-5 MULCRC].

BOLLOCKS [James Hardy, Yellow]
(Limerick jump J23)-J22; (E48)-H46 [-3 MULC]
(J26)-I27-H26 [-1 FUER]

JUMPS:

BeDLAM: None

FUER: BeDLAM

BOLLOCKS: MULCRC

MULCRC: BOLLOCKS, FUER, BeDLAM

cmp	bal	cities	track	aces	rentals	bal
MULCRC	139		-9	59	- 4=	185
FUER	101		-7	35	- 7=	122
BOLLOCKS	75		-6	30	+ 5=	104
BeDLAM	62		0	56	- 4=	114

Races for round 8:

13. 13 Belfast – 33 Ballina
14. 26 Portadown – 46 Ennis
15. 53 Wexford – 65 Dun Laoghaire
16. 12 Belfast – 56 Cork
17. 21 Donegal – 44 Limerick
18. 34 Galway – 66 Dun Laoghaire

Note: Enter up to 4 races. Build up to 8 points of track (excluding payment to rivals).

Press [James Joyce's Women]:

See letter column.

Gandhi [1353IN] - Round Twelve (= Last)

- Run 34:** 1st ARC 30 -1 HRTI
- Run 36:** 1st Hi-Mom 30 -4 ARC
- Run 37:** 1st Hi-Mom 20 (19) -6 Tvico
2nd Tvico 10 (19)
- Run 38:** 1st HRTI 30
- Run 39:** 1st Tvico 16 (18) -7 Hi-Mom
2nd ARC 9 (20) -7 Hi-Mom
3rd Hi-Mom 5 (36 = max. allowed)
- Run 40:** 1st ARC 30
- Run 41:** 1st ARC 20 (34+1)
2nd HRTI 10 (49) -6 ARC
- Run 42:** 1st ARC 16 (27) -7Tvico,-1HiMom
2nd Tvico 9 (30)
3rd Hi-Mom 5 (34) -2Tv., -2 ARC

Press:

Michael: I want to thank all the other players for a very good game. I loved it and spent a lot of time just speculating at the map.

cmp	bal	track	aces	rentals	bal
ARC	367		105	- 4=	468
HI-MOM	260½		60	+1=	321½
HRTI	270		40	- 5=	305
TVICO	234½		35	+8=	277½
CRC&T	OUT			=	

GM: Andy managed to slip pass the HRTI on auto pilot. At last we are at the end of this unlucky game. I hope we all learned from the experience. Anyway, well done Michael. Anyone else who want to make an end game statement?

Last Emperor [1388 CH] – Round Eight (last time it was round Seven...)

Run one: None!
Run two: 1st RR/KLT 15/15
Run three: None!
Run eight: None!
Run nine: 1st MaTS 20
 2nd MAO 10 -8 OMR
Run 10: 1st RR/KLT 15/15
Run 11: None!
Run 12: 1st OMR 30
Run 13: 1st RR 30 -2 KLT, -3 OMR
Run 14: None!

Builds:

KLT [Micael Pargman, Green]
 .(Nanking) - jump RR - C67 [-1RR] - F65 -
 Suchow; (Kweiyang) - N10 - O10 [-1 MAO].
MaTS [W Andrew York, Purple]
 (S64) - T64 - T65 - Chinchow.
RR [Brad Martin, Red]
 (u20) - S21 [-1 OMR] - Changsha; (Chinchow) -
 V67 - X68.
MAO [Leif Kjetil Tviberg, Black]
 (Chungking) - P10 - O10 [last did cost 6];
 (Y17) - X19.
OMR [Mark Stretch, Yellow]
 .(R19)-R14; (O29)-Foochow
Press [Last Emperor]: None.

GM: Several failed offers of Joint runs, and one impossible attempt at run 14. Good opportunities for cooperation and frog leaps next round. **Jumps:** KLT: RR

Races for round 9:

1.	S5 North Korea	-	41 Shanghai (Free run)
3.	55 Nanning	-	34 Yinchwan (Free run)
8.	S1 Vietnam	-	25 Suchow (Free run)
11.	11 Luta	-	65 Kwangchow (Free)
14.	51 Chengtu	-	64 Amoy (Free run)
15.	S4 Manchuria	-	15 Beijing
16.	S6 Any seaport	-	61 Changsha
17.	12 Anshan	-	42 Shanghai
18.	21 Teintsin	-	31 Tatung
19.	22 Tsinan	-	56 Zhanjiang
20.	35 Lanchow	-	66 Hong Kong
21.	45 Wuhan	-	52 Chungking

cmp	bal	cities	track	races	rentals	bal
MaTS	84		-8	20	+ 8=	104
KLT	71		-9	30	0=	92
MAO	67		-9	10	- 6=	62
RR	66		-9	60	- 6=	111
OMR	39		-9	30	+ 4=	64

Notes: Enter up to 4 races. Build up to 8 points of track (excluding payments to rivals).

Never Ending Story [1526 SZ] – Game start

red: Mark Strech – OMR (One Man's Railway). Start at Bern

blue: Berry Renken – BLUES (?). Start at Zürich.

green: Michael Pargman – MMM (Money Money Money). Start at Zürich.

yellow: Christian Bien – GmbH (Gesellschaft mit beschränkter Haftung). Start at Bern.

Builds for round One: 4, 4, 5

ZAT: See front page

Remarks: Addresses – see player roster. See letter column regarding frog leaps. As three players wanted to start at Zürich a die was rolled... Good luck!

Press [Never Ending Story]: None

((Presentation of game name appear top of next page.))

NEVER ENDING STORY

****½

Dir: Wolfgang Petersen. **Cast:** Baret Oliver, Noah Hathaway.

This is a superb fantasy about a sensitive 10-year old boy named Bastian (Barret Oliver) who takes refuge in the pages of a fairy tale. In reading it, he's swept off to a land of startlingly strange creatures and heroic adventures where a young warrior, Atreyu (Noah Hathaway), does battle with the Nothing, a force that threatens to obliterate the land of mankind's hope and dreams—and only Bastian has the power to save the day. Rated PG for slight profanity. 1984; 92m.

((*Review from Video Movie Guide 1990.* Then I and some role-playing friends went to see this at the cinema in 1984, we definitely felt out of place as noone else seemed to be above 10 years old, much less close to our ages. Still, the film was really a real fairy-tale, and my impression from seeing the movie was far from the one when I later read Michael Ende's novel. As often is the case only part of the novel is used in the making of the film.))

Princess' Bride [1527 OS] – Game start

green: Mark Strech – OMR (One Man's Railway)
Start at Wien

blue: Berry Renken – BLUES (?)
Start at Wien

red: Leif Kjetil Tivberg – MARX (Main Austrian Railway Xpress)
Start at Wien

brown: Brad Martin – KRAUT (Krazy Railways Across Upper Tyrol)
Start at Wien

Builds for round One: 4, 5, 4

ZAT: See front page

Remarks: Addresses – see player roster. See letter column regarding frog leaps. Good luck!

Press [Princess' Bridge]: None

PRINCESS' BRIDE

****½

Dir: Rob Reiner. **Cast:** Cary Elwes, Robin Wright, Mandy Patinkin, Andre the Giant, Chris Sarandon, Wallace Shawn, Billy Crystal, Carol Kane, Peter Falk.

This grand adaptation of William Goldman's cult novel owes its success to director Rob Reiner's understanding of gentle whimsy. In a land long ago and far away, strapping and resourceful Cary Elwes battles horrible monsters and makes unusual friends while fighting to save his beloved Buttercup (Robin Wright) from the clutches of the smarmy Prince Humperdinck (Chris Sarandon). The cast is uniformly excellent, with Mandy Patinkin a standout as the swordsman determined to find the man who killed his father. A wonderful fantasy for all ages. Rated PG for modest violence and language. 1987; 98m.

((*Review from Video Movie Guide 1990.* Great movie — on my top 10 list when it comes to SF/Fantasy.))

Ben-Hur [Faith&Sword] - "Round Seven: Years 670-679"**Toleration edicts:** Islam tolerate H. Pagans tolerate O. Jews tolerate everyone.**Holy Wars:** I ⇨ Z. R ⇨ S.**Religious orders****Muslims [I]: Jean-Yves Priou**

Qualif Asir x [u]	4 India © Z †
4 Drangiane © ZZ †	2 Nefoud x
4 Persia c ZZ ††††	1 Arabia x

Pelegianists [L]: Jean-Yves

2 Friesland x

Shamanists [S]: Brad Martin

Sorcerer Carpathia x

11 Poland © PPP † ((Mass conversion))

Donatists [D]: Brad

1 Mauritania c H †

Monophysists [H]: Peter Lund

Patriarch Africa c R ((None here!))

6 Cyrenaica c I ((None here!))

6 Baetica © R ††

4 Mauritania © D † | 4 Sahara © I †

Orthodox [O]: Peter

3 Benevent c R †††

6 Latium © R †

Catholics [R]: Leif-Kjetil Tviiberg

Pope Benevent x

6 Benevent x † | 2 Venetia © SS †

5 Pannonia © SS †

Nestorianists [N]: Leif-Kjetil

2 Tarim x

Mazedists [Z]: John G Robillard NMR!

Arhmagus Persia x

5 Persia © I ††† | 3 Média © H †

6 Mésopotamia x | 2 Caucasus x

1 Ural x

Pagans [P]: Ingvar Gräns

Son of Wotan Friesland © L

2 Baltic Countr. © YYY † ((Mass conversion))

5 Russia x

4 Bohemia © S † | 2 Ireland © U †

2 Pomerania x

Inoclasts [Y]: Ingvar

1 Poland c P †

Military orders**Arabs (4 national sc, 0 occ sc): Jean-Yves**

F Indian Ocean = India (2/3 I)

A Nefoud S A Osrohene – Mésopotamia

A Arabia S A Nefoud

A Yemen – Oman ((no such unit))

A Oman H ((unordered))

Avars (2, 2): Brad

F Ukraine = Dacia

A Russia = Podolia

A Poland S A Russia – Podolia

A Podolia : Pannonia**Byzantines (5, 2): Peter**

A Greece – Mésia ((no such unit))

F Black Sea : Bosphorus (2/3 Z)

F Sināi – Palestine ((no such unit))

A Palestine = Syria

A Egypt – Sināi ((no such unit))

A Osrhoène = Mésopotamia

A Arménie S A Osrhoène – Mésopotamia

F Cyprus Sea, A Cyren., A Mésia H ((unordered))

Franks (6, 1): Leif Kjetil

F Gulf of Gascony = Armorique

A Venetia = Pannonia

A Lombardia = Venetia

A Benevent H

F Gulf of Lyon = Tyrrhenian Sea

F Occidental Med. = Africa

A Baetica = Mauretania

Persians (4, 2): John NMR!

A Bosphorus H, A Média H, F Persie Gulf H,

A Mésopotamia h ((retreat Persia))

F India h ((retreat Arachosia))

Vikings (5, 1): Ingvar

F Friesland H

F Denmark = Pomérania

A Baltic Countries = Russia

F Volga & F Caucase S A Baltic Countr. = Russia

A Podolia = Ukraine

Explanations:

- © Successful conversion
- c Failed conversion
- x Priest hold (without conversion)
- † 1 killed priest
- » Exodus of Jews
- = Successful military attack/move
- : Failed military attack/move
- S/s Successful/Failed support
- H/h Successful/Failed hold
- r-X Retreat to X

Religious schisms: None.

Religion	R	P	S	I	Z	O	H	U	A	D	L	M	N	Y	J
Last total	35	39	17	29	27	21	39	8		2	3		4	3	7
Conversions	+2	+3	-2	+1	-1	+1	+2	-1	+0	-1	-1	+0	+0	-3	+0
New Total	37	42	15	30	26	22	41	7		1	2		4		7
Priests: Before	13	25	11	11	17	9	22		0	1	2	0	2	1	
Dead priests	3	3	1	6	4	4	4		0	1	0	0	0	1	
New priests	7	6	0	6	4	4	8		0	0	-1	0	0	0	
Priests:After	17	28	10	11	17	9	26		0	0	1	0	2	0	

Remaining Holy Wars: I=2+0, S=2+0, HO=3+1, R=2+0, Z=3+0, P=2+0

Supply center Status: (bold: Nationalized)

Africa	ARA BYZ	Hedjaz	ARA
Aquitania	FRA	India	PER PER
Arménie	BYZ	Latium	FRA
Asir	ARA	Lombardia	FRA
Baltic C.	VIK	Mauritania	FRA
Bosphorus	PER	Mesopot.	PER PER
Britannia	VIK	Neustria	FRA
Burgundy	FRA	Norway	VIK
Carpath.	AVA	Palestine	BYZ
Castille	FRA	Pannonia	AVA AVA
Cilicia	BYZ	Persia	PER
Dacia	AVA	Russia	AVA AVA
Denmark	VIK	Saxony	VIK
Drangiane	PER	Sogdiane	PER
Egypt	BYZ	Sweden	VIK
Ethiopia	ARA	Thracia	BYZ
Greece	BYZ	Yemen	ARA

Nationalization:

Baltic Countries and ~~Russia~~ ^{W3} were nationalized.

Press:

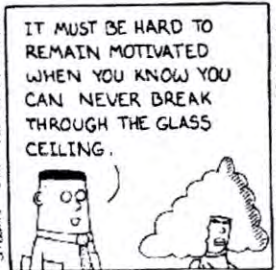
None

Remarks by GM:

Next ZAT is for #56. Hopefully John will be back, but anyone wanting to standby may send in orders that will be used (first come, first serve) in case John fail to comply.

Reminder of phases next turn:

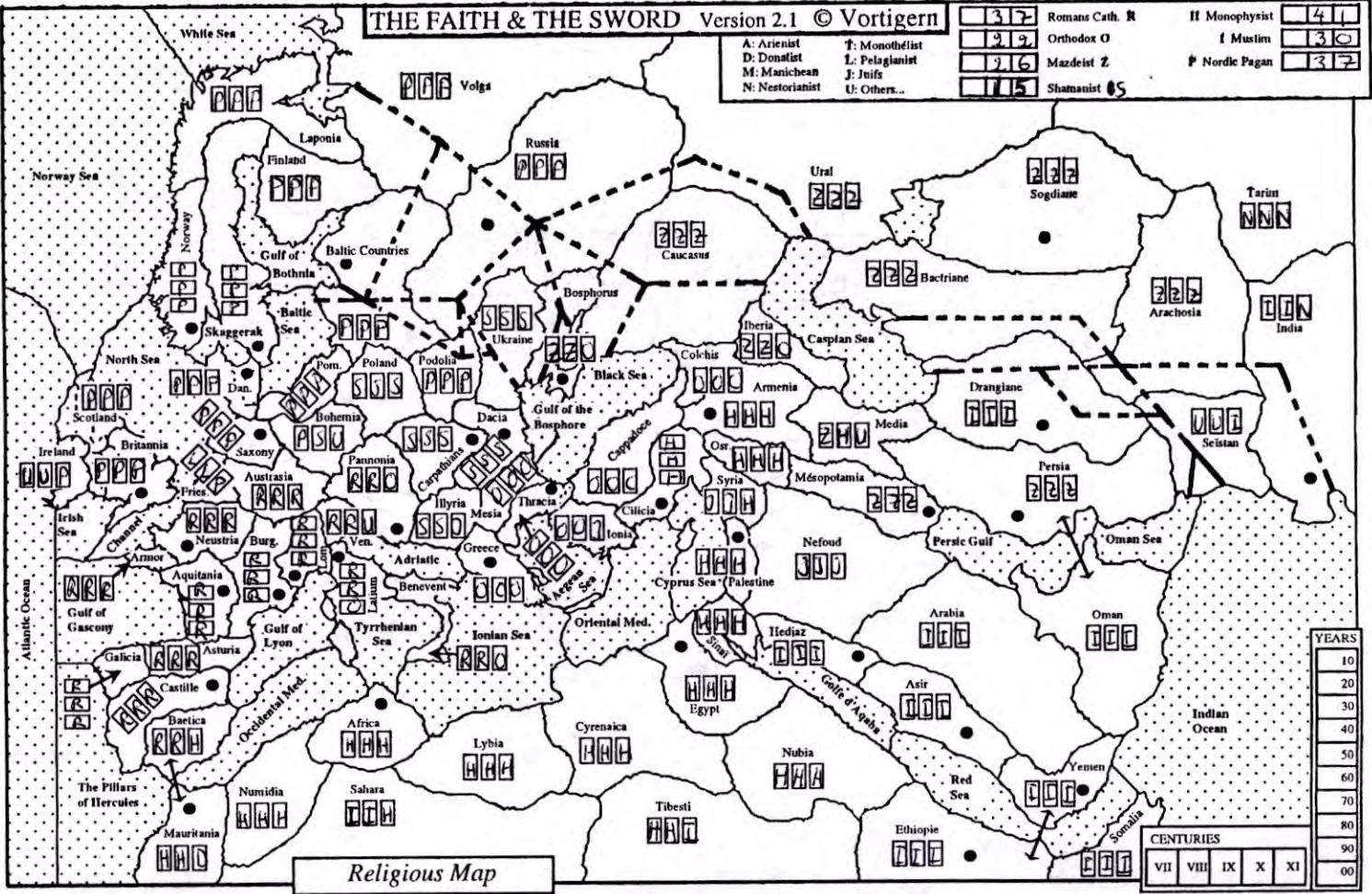
- Byzan official religion, Ordinations, Toleration, Holy Wars
- Movement of the Priests and/or the Leaders
- Martyrs of the Priests
- Conversions
- Exodus of the Jews
- Military movement/conflict
- Retreats
- Military adjustments**



THE FAITH & THE SWORD Version 2.1 © Vortigern

A: Arianist
 D: Donatist
 M: Manichean
 N: Nestorianist
 T: Monotheist
 L: Pelagianist
 J: Jews
 U: Others...

37	Romans Cath. R	41	H Monophysist
39	Orthodox O	30	I Muslim
26	Mazdeist Z	37	P Nordic Pagan
15	Shamanist S		















Religious Map

CENTURIES				
VII	VIII	IX	X	XI

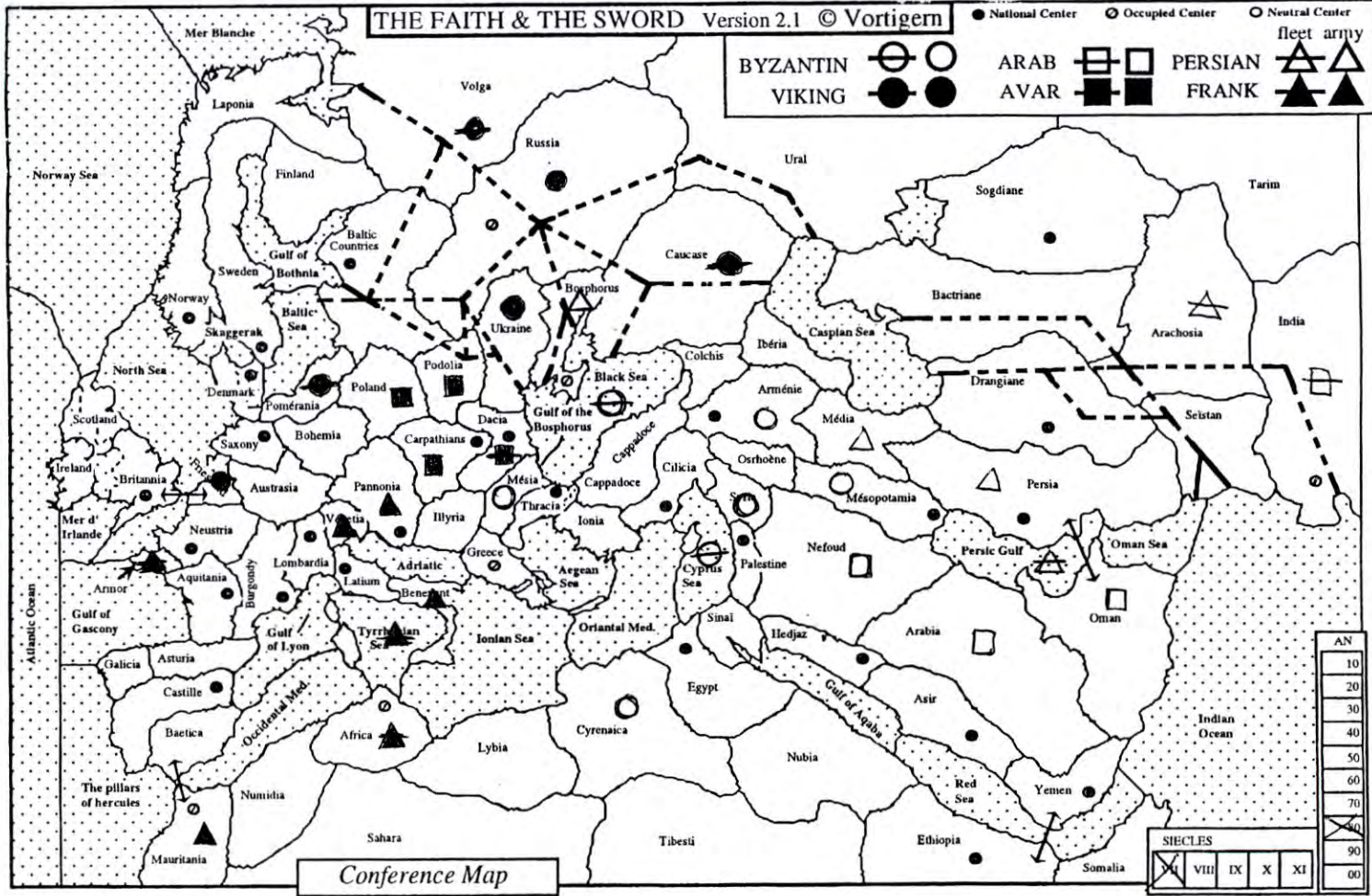
YEARS
10
20
30
40
50
60
70
80
90
100

THE FAITH & THE SWORD Version 2.1 © Vortigern

● National Center ○ Occupied Center ○ Neutral Center

BYZANTIN   ARAB   PERSIAN  
 VIKING   AVAR   FRANK  

fleet army



Conference Map

SVEROK

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Spelar du spel?

25000 medlemmar kan inte ha fel!
Gå med i en av våra 1100 balla
föreningar eller starta en egen.
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Kontakta oss så får du hjälp.



Skriv till: SVEROK
Köpmansgränd 4
582 24 Linköping

tel: 013-14 06 00
fax: 013-14 22 99
e-post: info@ak.sverok.se

Star Maiden ID2:3/NDW (Fall 1906)

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY (Ulf Jiretorn)

A(Burgundy) - Paris; A(Galicia) - Bohemia;
 A(Gascony) - Brest; A(Holland) - Belgium;
 A(Kiel) - Holland; A(Marseilles) - Spain;
 A(Munich) - Kiel; A(Norway) - London;
 A(Piedmont) - Marseilles; A(Silesia) - Berlin;
 A(St. Petersburg) - Norway; A(Sweden) -
 Denmark; A(Tyrolia) - Munich; F(Adriatic Sea) -
 Ionian Sea; F(Mid Atlantic Ocean) c FRENCH
 A(Portugal) - North Africa; F(North Atlantic
 Ocean) - Liverpool; F(Spain) sc - Portugal;
 F(Tunis) Stands

ENGLAND (Leif Kjetil Tviberg)

A(York) - Liverpool; F(Clyde) - Liverpool

FRANCE (Österrikiskt)

A(Belgium) - Ruhr; A(Picardy) - Burgundy;
 A(Brest) - Picardy; A(Portugal) - North Africa;
 F(Edinburgh) - Clyde; F(Gulf of Lyons) Stands;

F(Irish Sea) s AUSTRIAN F(North Atlantic
 Ocean) - Liverpool

GERMANY (Österrikiskt)

F(Denmark) - Skagerrak; F(North Sea) c
 AUSTRIAN A(Norway) - London

Press:

The Liverpool dockworkers raise a pint of beer
 to the conquering Austrian (!)

GM: My Diplomacy adjudicating program broke
 down when it tried to adjudicate the adjust-
 ments... Anyway, it should suffice to say that
 Ulf took a decisive victory. According to my
 notes Austria ends on 33 centers, France on 1
 (Edinburgh) and the rest is eliminated.

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= New entry or Change of address