

PENGUIN DIP

PENGUIN DIP #3

25 APRIL 1987

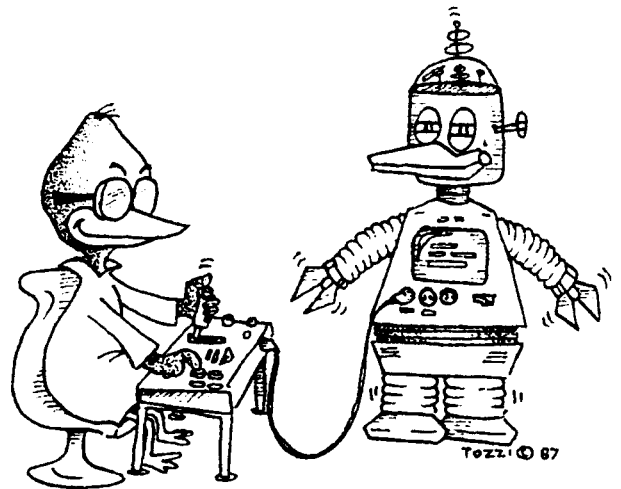
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Welcome to PENGUIN DIP #3. PENGUIN DIP is a science fiction and fantasy fanzine, an artzine, a general gaming and role playing game fanzine, and a Dipzine, running postal Diplomacy games. It is edited, published and copyrighted(except where noted) by Stephen H. Dorneman, 95 Federal St. #2, Lynn, MA 01905, and a 10 issue (1 year) subscription is available for \$6.00. There are currently 4 more positions available for another regular Dip game I'm opening -- game fee is \$3, but don't send the money. I'll let you know if you're one of the first 4 interested parties, then you can send me the fee.

FROM THE FLOE: IN HIS OWN IMAGE

A title very appropriately illustrated by **Jim Tozzi**. But what's it all about? Well, with three issues of PD now under my belt, I've got a better idea as to what kind of material I've been getting from contributors, what the readers are interested in seeing more of, and what I haven't been getting that I'd like to see.

The reviews have been very well received, I'd certainly like to see more of them, and I'll be continuing to write more myself. What I'd like to see, along with more in-depth book reviews, are movie reviews, more game reviews, and some survey articles such as an overview of an author's entire work, or perhaps just all the stories set in a particular future or fantasy universe. Reviews of a comic book series. A survey article on recent trends in fantasy movies. Con reports are a type of review article that would definitely find a home here, for both SF and gaming cons.



The Artwork I've gotten so far has been excellent -- so excellent that I've been using it as fast as I get it in, and I've practically no backlog. Which means I need more. While I'm on the subject, Art Credits this issue go to: **Jim Tozzi** (1,7), **Pete Gaughan** (2), **Mike Chesworth** (5), **Rick Kohman** (10) and **Scott Ruggles** (12). Two issues per submission used credit for each of them, and many thanks. What I need in the way of artwork is, well, everything. Covers. Logos for the various departments. Small, medium, and large pieces for interior illustrations. Cartoons. How about comic strips?

How about some strategy articles for games other than Diplomacy? And while we're on the subject of games, it says up there on the masthead that this is, among other things, a "role playing game fanzine". Well, I haven't published a single article about RPGs yet. Because I haven't received any yet. How about an article on using computers as a GM's Aid **Scott Washburn**? On Gods in FRP **Monica Cellio**? Humorous stories about bad GMs, anybody?

Computers . . . there's a topic with any number of possibilities. Do you use your computer mostly for gaming, or do you actually (shudder) do work with it? Favorite software, hardware, wetware, vaporware (the new IBM PC operating system is my favorite here). If you don't own a personal computer, Why Not? That's a fine article topic itself.

Remember, what you get out of PD, another reader put into it. How about putting something into it yourself?

LETTERS

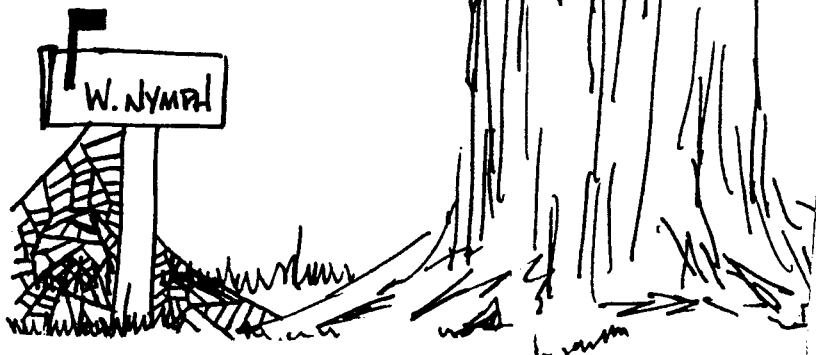
ROD WALKER: "Thanks for PENGUIN DIP. I'm really glad to see some literary/SF-oriented zines coming out -- BLUNT INSTRUMENTS, the revived PERELANDRA, and now PD. Very nice. I'm envious of the desktop publishers, although I simply don't have time to publish myself these days. I may, one of these days, revive my suspended fantasy fanzine PELLENNORATH (which dealt with fictional countries), but I'll need time for that as well as, this time, a staff artist who can draw instead of foisting my own horrid scribblings which only by courtesy can I call 'maps'. This machine {I'm writing on} will do fine for that, at least to start. I figure that, in 2-3 years, if the novel I'm working on (not SF/fantasy) sells, I can afford to get an Atari, IBM, or Kaypro which will have what will by then be considerably more publishing frills than they have now."

LINDA COURTEMANCHE: "Thanks for the sample of PENGUIN DIP! Several things I especially enjoyed seeing: 1) The Boskone review! All during my college years (Simmons College, Boston), I used to go to Boskone with one of my best friends. This year she tried to lure me there, but I couldn't quite swing the \$\$\$\$\$. So it was fun to read the con review and remember the years I did get to be there. . . 2) A Massachusetts zine! Both my husband Steve and I spent our first quarter-century living there, and we do miss it even though we love Pennsylvania too. . . 3) The professional look to the zine. Good writing and artwork should always be in the hands of someone who can present them well, and you do. 4) Everything else! Again, many thanks for the sample -- and enjoy spring in N.E.!"

[*Thanks for the kind words, Linda. The future of Boskone looks cloudy, however. NESFA will no longer be able to hold the con in the Sheraton, as the hotel says they are no longer interested in holding conventions that effectively continue 24 hours a day. In any case, future Boskonos wherever they are held will be smaller, possibly better, than before as the con committee is deliberately cutting down on activities in an attempt to sharpen the SF focus of Boskone.*]

KATHY LUZZI: "Recently Mike and I were invited to a party which offered a delicacy known as 'penguin drumsticks'. We did not get a chance to taste this delight, unfortunately. Have you ever tasted such a delicacy?" [*No. Thank goodness.*]

ROD WALKER: "Your comments on the DNA sequencer and the new 'warm' superconductor(s) (the one that's been discovered is probably the first of many) are well taken. I suspect, though, that a backyard particle accelerator may be another matter. While superconductors may cut down the cost and energy requirements for such things, I don't know that they will do much about the size. I suppose you could build a toy accelerator, but the really important work nowadays will require an accelerator which will get at the quarks, and that means big."



IN DEFENSE OF THE BUILDER

Editorial Reply by Eric Anderson

I was somewhat surprised to read your stinging criticism of the French proposal to orbit a large reflective ring to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Eiffel Tower. This will be done to recall a great event, for fun, just to look pretty, and I think it's a damned creative idea. Let's look at your objections one by one.

A response to your shots at the Strategic Defense Initiative doesn't really fit in -- that is a separate question which needs to be resolved on its technical merits, which I am not qualified to discuss. I'll only say that there is nothing wrong with wanting a Department of Defense rather than a Department of Revenge, that the question of whether ballistic missiles can be stopped affordably is very complex, and that neither question has anything to do with spray paint.


You question the effect on the !Kung. Bushmen have already accepted lots of other visible satellites, not to mention contrails, sonic booms and helicopter gunships. I don't think this apparition will do them any particular harm. If anything, they'll get more sense-of-wonder than will the residents of Paris, New York, or Tokyo. As for heart attacks, I don't think that there are many people in the world who would be shaken enough to stop even a weak heart by any unusual celestial object.

I'm sure that, despite the media barrage that will precede the launch, the "what the hell is that?" routine will be repeated countless times around even the civilized parts of the world, but it's no big deal. People who have no access to (or no interest in) the news of the world are in for many worse shocks than this.

Anyone who tries to base a religious revival on a highly-publicized technological artifact would have to have a congregation with no clue about what goes on in the world. Even the victims of TV evangelists have access to television. Maybe the Ayatollah could get away with calling it blasphemy (if he didn't need French war equipment), but for someone who already objects to rock'n'roll music and to treating women like human beings, this is obviously a marginal issue.

You said, "I happen to like the night sky the way it is now." As for that, we'll have to see. You may like this. If not, the Ring will only be up there for three years -- almost as ephemeral as fireworks. You likened it to painting vulgarities on a national monument, but it's not the same; not only will this go away itself, but there is no explicit message. It is a simple symbolic tribute to one of the greatest structures of all time.

Eiffel built what was at the time by far the world's tallest structure over the objections of those who called it both ugly and unsafe. Built as a temporary structure for the Centennial Exposition of 1889, the Tower was twice as high as the dome at St. Peter's or the Great Pyramid at Giza. In contrast with those monuments, it was erected in a matter of months by a small labor force at a trivial expense. Moreover, it was built not in tribute to a dead god, but for people to enjoy on earth. Eiffel himself was one of the great engineers of the nineteenth century; his other credits include superlative bridges, the locks of the Panama Canal, and the iron structure for the Statue of Liberty. Named after its designer, the Tower symbolizes not only Paris and the Revolution, but *homo faber*.

The idea of fusing artistic simplicity with the newest technology is utterly appropriate. Like the original, this will be a temporary creation, built for the sheer joy of doing it, in tribute to the best that is possible to man. Like the original, it is opposed by those who prefer to see the empty sky to any work of man. Some dream of graceful towers reaching to the sky or of silmarils glistening on the brows of those who sail the heavens. Some not only dream, but do. I side with the builder. 

How To Get Picked: Looking Your Best In Diplomacy or

There's A Diplomacy Ally Born Every Minute

Diplomacy Article by **Jack McHugh**

There are two ways to get allies in postal Dip, passive and active. In the later you "actively" seek out allies by writing them; in the former you send out small amounts of information (or even none at all) and "passively" wait for the other players to come to you. I personally prefer the active to the passive method, but this article will concern itself with the sometimes necessary passive method.

Before I begin I want to point out that this method is more suitable for some countries than others. Countries which have more choices and better defensive positions (or both) can obviously make better use of this strategy than countries which must move immediately.

I've already given you a hint as to how this strategy is to work earlier, but I will elaborate here. The first requirement of this strategy is an open mind and a willingness to work with anyone in the game. If you feel as France that you must ally with Britain over Germany, forget this method. Why? Because you must be prepared to ally with whoever you can manipulate the best . . . ah, that is, work with the best.

I find this strategy particularly useful when surrounded by "friends". For example, let's say you're Turkey and both Austria and Russia send you letters offering to ally with you. Send suggestions off to both of them. Who was most amiable to your suggestions? Whoever it was, that is your ally, because they either have more ideas in common with you or can be directed easier -- i.e. think less about the game.

You must also be willing to write your new friend as often as he writes to you. More importantly, you should be prepared to respond quickly. If you respond slowly you will give your ally time to think, perhaps even to be stampeded into another alliance. (Don't forget why you allied with this person in the first place. "Nerves of steel" are probably not their strong suit.) It is also a show of how important they are in your scheme of things; a prompt reply is the Dip version of access to the head of government.

The best way to exercise control over a passively chosen ally is through suggestions. Never give orders, or say things like "here's what I want you to do" without adding a disclaimer that "all of this is subject to your approval, of course." The art of manipulation is to let the other person think that they are in control.

There are two levels of suggestions, tactical and strategic. I prefer the latter because, in my opinion, it is the more important of the two. I also think it is much subtler. Its main drawback is it requires more letter writing, especially in the beginning. The difference between the two is how specific you plan to get in regards advice on the disposition of your ally's units. For example, you are France, allied with Germany, and you want Germany to send as many units as possible West. On a strategic level you could point out how dangerous Britain is and the need for not giving her rest until she is destroyed. In other words, you are hinting to Germany to delay any *Grenze nach Osten* until Britain is finished.

However another tack you might want to take, depending on your relationship with your ally (as well as how dense he is), is to suggest specific moves for his units. He can't move eastward if he's agreed to move all of his units westward. This can be done by postcard, however it is much less risky if you write a letter. Why? The more you write to someone the more respect you show them.

(I know that many of you veterans out there are screaming "Not true! I write lots of long letters to people I stab and ..." Calm down, Mark and the rest of you. The point is not whether you write long letters and stab but how many people write long letters, period. If few people write you long letters, you are more likely to value the writer than if everybody does. Fortunately for us, few people write long letters, thus causing people, especially tyros, to value those of us who do whether or not we stab them.) Another problem with this method is that it can be abused, that is, alienate your ally, if not done very carefully. It is easy to start issuing orders and alienate the toughest skinned ally you can find.

Regardless of the method you use, encourage and ask for participation of your ally. Ask for his sagely advice and praise him for it, regardless of whether it deserves it! Stroke that ego until she purrs like a cat. Input from the ally is also important for several other important reasons.

You can support your ally's belief that you are helpless without him, either you need his advice or his forces or both. You get information from him, after all, he is probably still talking to the other players. Find out if he or she has any outstanding conflicts with the other players. If your ally refuses to talk to someone on the board, what better person to talk to? It is highly likely that the contempt is mutual, thus allowing you to talk freely, knowing that the information is not likely to get back to your ally. (If it does, simply deny it and claim it is enemy propaganda to disrupt your victorious alliance. Who's he or she going to believe -- you or the person he or she hates?)

Finally, remember that this strategy is much riskier than actively seeking allies and difficult, if not impossible, to use when playing with Dip veterans (you know who you are!). This type of alliance is also as fragile as a rare plant that requires constant attention (especially in regards to the fertilizer) or it will wither and die. Good luck and good hunting. (Yes, I know this was a great article, but no, I will not

attack on the first season while you don't . . .) †



EROS ASCENDING
EROS AT ZENITH
EROS DESCENDING
EROS AT NADIR

TALES OF THE VELVET COMET / MIKE RESNICK

Reviews by **Rod Walker**

I may as well tell you, since it's no secret: Mike Resnick doesn't like doing series novels. You might not see any more of this sort of thing from him (but then again . . .). Anyway, while he was still with Signet, he did sign to do two 4-novel series. This is a review of the second, the Tales of the Velvet Comet (\$2.95 pb each). There's a particularly amusing story, which I'll tell you some time if you ask me, about how the last sentence in the last novel came to be written. But trivia aside, what is the "Velvet Comet"? Halley's with fur?

The Velvet Comet is only the biggest little whorehouse in the Galaxy -- and in orbit, yet! It is a lush and magnificent business enterprise in a future in which Man does not get any better (nor any worse), but just more numerous and more powerful. This is itself rather a strange view in a literary genre whose writers usually hold out the hope that evolution or technology can or will save us from ourselves. A future and a universe in which Man can survive (at least for the next few millenia) but is beyond salvation is a thought-provoking one indeed.

The Velvet Comet is itself a wonderful metaphor for the dreadful (and yet wonderful) immutability of our humanness. Good and evil are welded indissolubly in its makeup, just as they are in ours. Out of this seeming paradox, which is in fact the central fact of humanity, arise the best, most effective moments in these books.

I can conceive of people prudish enough to be offended by these books, but I don't expect to meet such people in reality. On the other hand, I can readily expect to meet people who might read the Velvet Comet books in anticipation that they are erotic to some degree. Forget it; the degree is vanishingly small, intruding only where the ambience of the setting or the story line would absolutely demand it.

Although the setting is exotic, the stories are, in a superficial way, rather ordinary. The first is a story of industrial sabotage; the second is a murder mystery; the third concerns the inevitable religious assault on such a conspicuous target; the fourth is a tale of show biz: how the future galactic "Hollywood" might treat the Comet in retrospective (well, of course, as a musical comedy). But these are deceptive descriptions, just as it would be deceptive to describe the Parable of the Good Samaritan as a story about banditry on the Jerusalem-Jericho highway.

The novels of Mike Resnick are in fact extended parables. Some people have seen them as "fables", but that's inadequate as a proper fable merely makes a (usually) moral point. A parable, properly, asks very, very loaded questions. It is therefore a far more potent medium of ethical discourse than a mere fable. Others, in reviewing Resnick's work, have hit upon the same term, and for me it is a much better evaluation of the deceptively simple tales he tells, which in the end raise enormously important questions about the human condition.

This set of four tales is remarkable. Like most of the author's books, they don't have confusingly large numbers of characters and their stories are told with deceptive simplicity and directness -- "deceptive" because of the complex issues they raise in the end. The tales are easily read and immediately involving.

It's hard to put a Mike Resnick book down once you've begun it (I've never succeeded in doing that). It's almost his trademark that few of his characters are particularly likeable, but they have complex, well-drawn personalities which the reader can relate to. There are no hidden aliens, hidden powers, or hidden artifacts to pull off last-minute rescues in Resnick's books, either; what you see is what you get. Unlike many series novels, you won't see a continuing cast of characters, either -- except the Comet itself, and "Cupid", its computer, who in the end itself raises this new question: does it have a soul? So, while the series traces the rise and fall of the Comet, each of the novels is an independent story. Well, almost. I would not recommend reading the fourth book without having read the other three. The last tale is at least half Cupid's story.

So what are these books "about"? Eros Ascending asks questions about love. Specifically, if two prostitutes fall in love, are they redeemed or damned? I say "two prostitutes" because Harry Redwine, the accountant, is as much a prostitute in his way as the Leather Madonna, the Comet's madam, is in hers. There are questions here, too, about personal integrity, and it's not an accident that neither Harry nor the Madonna is the subject of the book's final vignette.

Eros at Zenith is about judgement . . . not about the process of decision-making as such, but about one human being standing in judgement over others. Inevitably, a proper consideration of judgement involves the question of mercy, and in a way, this novel is ultimately about that. The murder mystery itself is rather quickly solved, but the story's power and interest lie in the events and decisions which ensue in consequence of the solution. It's thoroughly engrossing.

Eros Descending is easily the most powerful of the four. Its theme is the obsessiveness of lust, whether for power, for righteousness, or for the bodies of little blue aliens. This is an uncompromising story, too, of damnation and horror -- see if you don't shudder, and almost weep, as I did, when you read the Epilogue through to its last line. It's not an easy book to put down and forget.

Eros at Nadir takes place several years after the Velvet Comet has been closed down. It uses its two main characters, one human and one computer, to question the nature of prostitution. That is, it questions "prostitution" in its larger sense of selling something fundamental, even sacred, for a more mundane gain. Nate Page is arguably prostituting art for the sake of personal gain, or, perhaps more precisely, prostituting truth for that sake through the intermediary of art. The more interesting question is this: To what extent is Cupid prostituting the truth, and for what purpose? And what is art? Perhaps, in the end, Cupid comes to perceive answers to both those questions, and that's why . . . well, there's that last line,

again. Read it! ☺



MAX HEADROOM: 20 MINUTES INTO THE FUTURE/ABC

Television Series Review by Stephen H. Dorneman

I have seen the future on an hour-long network television SF series. And it is . . . Max Headroom?!?

A gritty, dirty vision of a near future where all the homeless still have their TVs, where living or dead you can get sold to the Body Banks for spare parts, where TV reporters are teamed with computer operators. Not what you'd expect from a show built around the computer-simulated spokesperson for Coca-Cola ("C-c-catch the Wave!"). But it is what I saw on the premier episode of Max Headroom (ABC, 10:00 PM EST, Tuesdays), and future episodes have continued to excite me.

In the first episode we are introduced to Eddison Carter (played by Matt Frewer, also the model for the Max simulation), investigative reporter and on-screen personality for Network 23, his beautiful female controller (Theora Jones, played by Amanda Pays), and various Network 23 executives both benign and malignant. Max Headroom enters the scene when Carter is injured fleeing from his Network's own security guards, investigating a secret project that has created "blipverts", signals used to prevent viewers from changing channels during commercials -- sometimes by causing their heads to explode! A boy genius, creator of the blipverts, tries to find out how much the unconscious Carter has learned about the project by creating a computer analog of the journalist's memory. The computer model upon gaining self-awareness names himself Max Headroom after the road sign Carter crashed into in his last moments of consciousness. But the bad guys' plans come to naught as Max 'escapes' into the Network's main computer system (which allows him to appear on the air at his own whim), Carter is rescued from the Body Banks by Jones, and the 'good' network executive authorizes Carter to air his exposé of their own company.

The show is filled with fine, intelligent touches. The dialogue is information rich, in the cyberpunk style. Instead of slowing down to tell you what's happening, they simply show you what's happening in the world of tomorrow. Even without Max himself there are a lot of well-done computer animation views showing you what the controller is seeing as she guides Carter through the unnamed future city. The punked-out thugs who pick up and sell Carter to the Body Banks are refreshingly articulate (named Mahler and Luddite). And the whole show is shot on darkened sets with closeup views of crowded scenes, reminiscent of the superb cinematography of the movie Blade Runner. This must be an expensive show to produce, but the creators have definitely gotten their money's worth.

In the second episode the plot itself is somewhat weaker, but the dark future vision remains strong. Carter is spurred by the involvement of his controller's brother to investigate the illegal sport of Raking -- where partially-armored youths on motorized skateboards duel with bladed gloves in a sloped, multi-level concrete arena. And, again, Carter's own Network 23 is involved, attempting to legalize and promote this exploitive sport as "the biggest thing since Scumball". Of course, Carter exposes the exploitation, rescues Jones' brother, and gets another exclusive story, but the best part of the show is not Carter's triumph over the corporate execs, not even the well-choreographed Raking action scenes, but rather the subtext of daily life in the future. A few examples: the ever-present TV sets are manufactured without off switches, and have two-way transmission capability. One of the more popular children's shows is "Missile Mike", about a black Rambo that Max rails against in his sardonic asides that parallel the main plotline's anti-violence theme. Two bars are contrasted, a classy, computerized nightspot for the business-suited upper class, and a concrete-corridorred dive where Carter meets one of his informants. The legions of the homeless buy and sell rats to each other for food. Depressing? Somewhat. Fascinating? You bet!

Don't let the featuring of a media fad creation scare you away from this show. This is sophisticated science fiction fare, laced with action and wit, the best I've seen on network TV in years. Blessed with an excellent lead-in show in Moonlighting, Max Headroom has a lot going for it, and I hope it succeeds.

ALTERNATE REALITY: THE CITY/ DATASOFT



Computer Game Review by **Bob Olsen**


Before saying anything else ya gotta understand a couple of things; first, I really like computer fantasy role-playing games (Ultima, Phantasie); and second, I hate this thing so much I've thrown away the box and all my notes and maps, and erased the disk. Alternate Reality: The City has been out for a while for other machines, and was just recently ported over to the Atari ST. Its biggest defect (rendering it completely unplayable) is due to incompetent and bug-filled adaptation to the ST. Otherwise, inherently, it's just a dull game.

It does sound like a good idea, though. You've been kidnapped by aliens and transported to the City of Xebec's Demise, where monsters abound and magic works. In the first installment, you develop your character's powers so that he can take on the challenges of future releases -- The Dungeon, The Palace, The Wilderness, seven games in all. You step out of a portal that sets your strength/intelligence/etc. levels when you go through -- a dramatic moment, the only one in the game. On your arrival in The City, you are unarmed and naked, with about a day and a half's worth of provisions and just about enough money to buy a dagger (if the local smithy happens to have one for sale) and a compass, with the city unmapped and unknown, and little chance for survival. Monsters, city guards, magicians, and everybody else attack without provocation (they don't like naked people or something.); it's impossible for an inexperienced player to survive for more than a few days. With experience, the task becomes merely extremely difficult.

Unfortunately, that's about as far as Alternate Reality: The City goes. Your goal is to survive and develop a character to use in the next installment in the series, Alternate Reality: The Dungeon. If your own personal life isn't enough of a grind, if the struggle to put bread on the table and seek out part-time employment (I wonder why file clerks sometimes sustain 4 points of hit damage, about a third of a startup character's total . . . paper cuts, maybe?) isn't enough for you, come to the City of Xebec's Demise and live a humdrum existence all over again.

That's the good part. The bad part is that the ST adaptation (they've already replaced the original version 1.2 with a new version 2.0 which fixed neither of the following two problems . . .) was botched. Contrary to the manual, it is impossible to make a backup file of a saved character, and when a character is restored, his file is erased. In other words, make a mistake and you start over. Plus, there's a bug in the game such that a perfectly healthy character can drop dead for no reason; for example my last effort, #42 of a series, eighth level, 45000 experience points, 81 hit points, undiseased, fully fed and watered, developed in about 50 hours . . . who died, for no reason, never to return thanks to the lack of a decent character-save function.

Alas, a game that wasn't much fun anyway, but which might have led to something, was rendered unplayable for the ST. For other systems, I think the game would rate as "crummy"; for the ST it rates as

"avoid at all costs". Oh, by the way, Datasoft wants 50 bucks for it . . . 

BLACK TIE AFFAIRS

Invited are:

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Eric Anderson 820 E. 21st St. #4, Oakland, CA 94606

THE ROCKHOPPER'S SOCKHOP SPRING 01 ? 1987AU

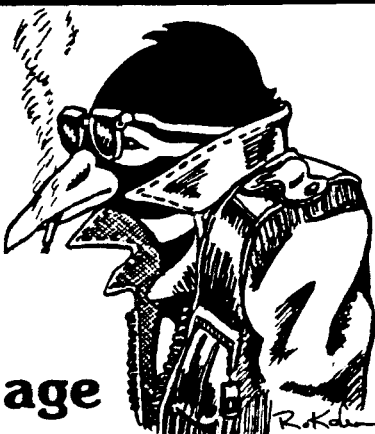
Austria (Howorth)
England (Hall)
France (Quirk)
Germany (Kohman)
Italy (Ozog) ?
Russia (Seaman)
Turkey (Nickel)

SEASON DELAYED DUE TO NMR!

Would **Jack McHugh** please submit standby orders for **ITALY**. Other orders are still on file, but feel free to change them if you so desire. Note that only in Spring 01 does an NMR result in a delay of game, per my HRs.

**The
ROCK-HOPPER'S
SOCK-HOP**

Trashing the "Tuxedo" Image



THE MAGELLAN COTILLION SPRING 01 1987AV

Austria (**Smith**): A Vie-Tri, A Bud-Ser, F Tri-Alb
England (**Rush**): A Lpl-Yor, F Edi-Nwg S, F Lon-Nth S
France (**Oaklyn**): A Par-Pic, A Mar-Bur, F Bre-Eng
Germany (**Hauser**): A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Bur, F Kie-Hol
Italy (**Sabol**): A Ven-Tyr, A Rom-Ven, F Nap-Ion
Russia (**Bowen**): A Mos-Sev, A War-Ukr, F Stp(sc)-Bot, F Sev-Rum
Turkey (**Carli**): A Con-Bul, A Smy HOLD, F Ank-Con
Underlined moves do not succeed. Sorry.

WHISPERED IN THE HALLS (Press):

England-World: "No matter how this game turns out, I've been very pleased to get such nice letters from everyone. Thanks, and keep them coming."

Dateline Russkieland: "Tsar thar. That's the phrase for the day, as hillbilly turned Russkie "Slim" Bowen today crowns himself Tsar. Where else but hyar can I be crowned Tsar over thar."

Dateline France: "(Wissembourg, Near Badbergzabern, Somewhere in Bas-Rhin) In the midst of stories that the Germany War Machine was gearing up to take France apart, an urgent message was dispatched today to the tiny village of Cabo Virgenes, on Punta Dungeness, at the mouth of the Straits of Magellan. When asked what our beloved leader was doing in Argentina, a small French peasant girl responded, 'Why, dancing the Cotillion, of course!', she said with all authority of her convictions. 'And, just who are the debutantes present at that dance?', another small girl smartly chided. 'I think some Russians are there. There might be a couple of Turks in the crowd. Most definitely there are some Italins there drinking up the vino.' Hearing those answers, the son of the great King, even though only a small boy, ordered his father's troops into action. A small plane was heard overhead."

Dateline Russia: "Today Russians are finding out all about hillbillies. Toilet paper has been replaced with vintage Sears & Roebuck catalogs. Small pieces of straw are issued to all visitors to chew on (toothpicks are also acceptable). Mealtime is no longer haute cuisine. Today's menu: A mess of greens, soup beans, and cornbread. (As Gallagher said, "You take an idea and run with it.")"

London-Moscow: "Your last letter was very informative -- I appreciate it."

Mmmax Headroom (Bowen) to Board: "Cccatch the wave. Rrrussian. Thththink Rrrussian."

England-Turkey: "Please keep taking a gun with you for protection against bears, we don't want to lose you. I just wonder whether you will need one against the bear in this game."

Tsar Bowen to Board: Magellan Cotillion. Sounds like a Spanish explorer dressed in a petticoat about to dance. Weird, huh."

THE EMPEROR'S BALL FALL 01 1987AK

Austria (**Ours**): A Vie-Tri, A Ser SUPPORT TUR A Bul-Rum(NSO), F Alb-Gre
England (**Plachta**): A Edi-Nwy, F Nth S CONVOY A Edi-Nwy, F Eng C-Bel
France (**Sargent**): A Pic SUPPORT GER A Ruh-Bel, A Spa-Mar, F MAO-Por
Germany (**Schenck**): A Kie-Hol, A Ruh-Bel, F Den-Swe
Italy (F. **Anderson**): A Pie HOLD, A Ven HOLD, F Ion-Tun
Russia (**Holley**): A Ukr-Rum, A War-Ukr, F Bot-Swe, F Sev SUPPORT A Ukr-Rum
Turkey (E. **Anderson**): A Bul-Gre, A Ank-Con, F Con-Aeg
Underlined moves do not succeed. No way.

AUSTRIA (VIE, BUD, TRI, SER) 4 BUILD 1
 ENGLAND (EDI, LPL, LON, NWW) 4 BUILD 1
 FRANCE (BRE, PAR, MAR, POR) 4 BUILD 1
 GERMANY (KIE, BER, MUN, HOL, BEL, DEN) 6 BUILD 3
 ITALY (VEN, ROM, NAP, TUN) 4 BUILD 1
 RUSSIA (STP, SEV, WAR, MOS, RUM) 5 BUILD 1
 TURKEY (CON, ANK, SMY, BUL) 4 BUILD 1

Winter Builds Only due for next turn, but if everybody also sends in Spring 1902 orders I'll combine the seasons to speed up play.

OVERHEARD AT THE BALL (Press)

England-Austria: "Congrats to Be-Bop I, and long may he reign. Watch out for Tsarettes, though."

England-Italy: "My crystal ball showed me A Pie-Mar -- was it right?"

France-England: "To update the boxscore in 87AK correspondence: FRANCE 3, ENGLAND 1."

England-Germany: "By Jove, the German press is even wordier than the English; must be the longer words."

England-Russia: "Why no word, o Beaucous Czarina?"

Russia-England: "Me? Mean? I'm not mean. I'm being cruelly maligned. I appeal to your well-known . . . chivalry . . . to defend my reputation."

Russia-GM: "Think I laid it on a little too thick?" [*Naaahh* . . .]

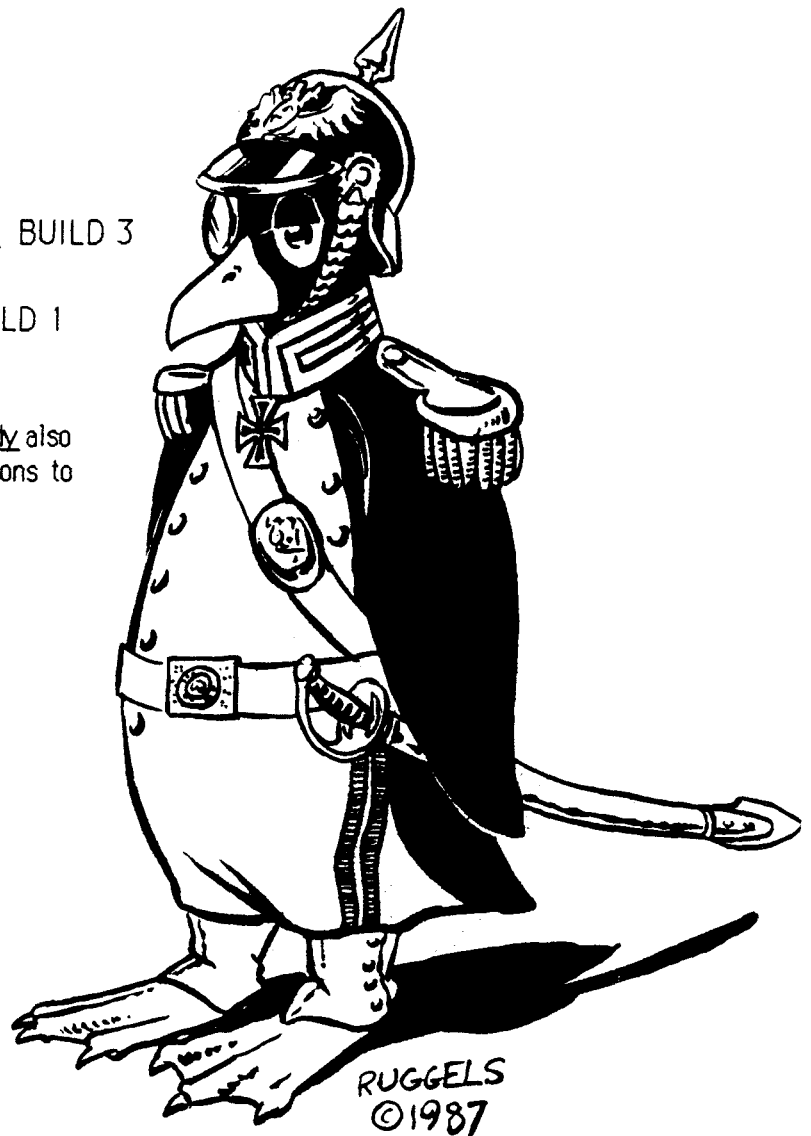
Dateline: Paris: "Diplomatic circles around the continent are in awe of the latest indiscretion by the English foreign corps in the careless release of Prime Minister Plachta's private remarks concerning the Czarina, to whom he blunderingly attributed the title of 'Tsarette'. 'Tsarette, indeed,' exclaimed French foreign minister Le Rhône, 'were I not a diplomat, I'd have to question this gentleman's breeding.'"

Dateline: Turkey: "The Sultan sides with the Tsar. Or did I turn my back? I have always had trouble with anatomy (especially at the outset of a relationship, when so much is veiled)"

Times of London: "English troops, under personal direction of PM, landed in Norway to assist King Quisling I in his attempts to stabilize that country. Raoul XIX, Crown Prince of Belgium, turns over right to rule his tiny, embattled nation to British Crown authority. "Damn good show, what?" says PM Plachta from Oslo."

Paris-Berlin: "Ah, the turning of the leaves, the nip in the air, jackboots resounding off Belgian cobblestone - must be Fall."

Dateline: Germany: "SCHMIDTZ IN BERLIN FOR TALKS (Hamburger-Schlemmer *Zeitung*, August 3, 1901): King Schmidt of Denmark arrived today in the capital for a series of 'wide ranging discussions,' according to the Kaiser's press secretary, Herr Schtruedel. The agenda is said to include trade, immigration, and the proper response to Tsarina Melindovitch's support for the FREIDAN guerillas attacking German and Dainish troops in Jutland. It has been suggested a joint military expedition against the Tsarina's naval forces in Sweden will be the result of this consultation."



Dateline: Germany: "DENMARK DECLARES WAR ON SWEDEN! (Ich Bin Ein Berliner, August 14, 1901): The tiny nation of Denmark, up to now perhaps most famous for its open-faced sandwiches, has thrust itself onto the world stage with its declaration of war against Sweden. It is expected the German Empire will honor its commitment to King Schmidtz's regime by commencing hostilities against the cruel pro-Russian government in Stockholm. This may lead to a general European war, since it is known the Russians have pledged to assist Sweden in its war of aggression against Denmark. The youthful Kaiser Schtupidshitz is said to have remarked on this gloomy prospect, 'the toilets are being flushed all over Europe. We shall not see them refilled in our time.'"

Dateline: Germany: "HOME BEFORE HIS HAIR TURNS (Potsdam Schoschiety Gazette, September 23, 1901): The Gazette was recently granted the privilege of an exclusive interview with youthful Kaiser Schtupidshitz. Naturally quite a lot of the discussion was taken up with the developing European war. 'I am confident the victory will be quite rapid, actually,' the Kaiser remarked, puffing thoughtfully on his cigar, 'as our forces are well trained, and the mutual defense treaties we have concluded with our smaller neighbors to the north and west should put us in a good position for next year's campaign.' When asked about the possibility of the war lasting for several more years, the Kaiser said forcefully, 'Preposterous! I've seen suggestions that this war could last till 1920 or worse, but that's just pacifist garbage similar to what FREIDAN produces. Mark my words, our men will be home before my hair turns!' On that note the interview was abruptly concluded."

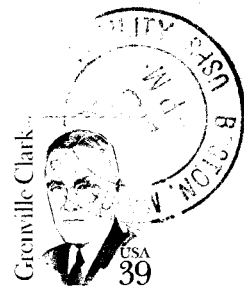
Dateline: Germany: "TRADE WITH AUSTRIA-HUNGARY INCREASES (Munich Kommerschiale Rapporte, October 4, 1901): Food shipments to Austria-Hungary have increased as much as threefold in the last quarter as compared to a similar period last year. Analysts at Munich's Kommodity Eckschange attributed the sharp rise to two major factors: the combined Russo-Turkish attacks on the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which has forced that country to call out all reservists while the harvest rots in the field, and to the ascension of Be-Bop I, which has led to a change in style. In Vienna, Fat is In! The wholesale gluttony which has overtaken Austro-Hungarian society has driven the prices of corn and wheat to all-time levels on the Eckschange, while the prices of other basic foodstuffs have shown similar increases. Military sources in Berlin say the Kaiser and his advisors are becoming increasingly worried the evident weight problem in the Austro-Hungarian army could spread to German forces and note the situation isn't much helped by the recent statement from Be-Bop I that Austria and Germany should 'Eat their way to Victory!'"

Deadline for all games is **May 23**.

Copies of my House Rules will be going out with this issue to all players who didn't get a copy of PD# 1. Note that no phone-in orders will be accepted, so please everybody get at least one copy of your orders in as soon as you get the zine . . . you can always change them with a later set. Also, a policy that's not in the houserules (because I might change it), but that is currently in effect to encourage as many subbers to participate in the games as possible, is that current players are not allowed in more than one game at a time -- and so are not allowed on the standby list. Thanks to all who offered, though. For those non-players reading this, see the masthead; there are a few game openings available.

GATECRASHERS (Kathy Byrne, Pete Gaughan, Ernie Hakey, Jack McHugh). Remember, a standby pays no game fees, receives an issue's sub credit for submitting moves when called upon, and gains 2 issues sub credit upon playing a position to completion. So let me know that you want on (or off) the list! We need more Gatecrashers!

Stephen H. Dorneman
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FIRST CLASS

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Sub Ends #: 13

*Includes credit for your
article in this issue ... Thanks!*

THE BACK PAGE

The 1989 World Science Fiction Convention (Noreascon Three) will be held in Boston August 31-September 4, 1989. As member #1637 (with over 2 years to go!) I recently received Noreascon's first Progress Report, and noticed a number of interesting, and disturbing, items.

The just plain interesting items include essays on guests of honor Andre Norton, Betty & Ian Ballantine, and The Stranger Club by C. J. Cherryh, Frederik Pohl, and Art Widner respectively. The interesting and disturbing items are the article by Donald Eastlake on Worldcon Trends and the Boston in '89 Bidding Financial Report. No earth-shaking revelations here, no scandal to be aired, but looking at the black and white figures I can really see how fandom has grown just in the 12 years I've been more-or-less away from it.

In 1974 the Worldcon was held in Washington, D.C. (Discon II). It had 3587 attendees. In 1986 Atlanta had 5811 attendees. Noreascon Three is projected to have about 8000 attendees. And these are Eastern Region Worldcons. The 1990 Western Region Worldcon is projected by Eastlake to have over 11000 in attendance. And the cost to win the bid for such a convention? Well, the Boston in '89 Committee reported Official Expenses of \$8927.49. The convention itself, of course, will cost much, much more than that.

I guess I should be happy that this exciting, forward-looking genre is becoming more and more popular. After all, as a regular member of Boskone I'm used to large conventions. But for some reason I still find these figures ... both interesting, and disturbing.