

Penguin Dip #5



Welcome to PENGUIN DIP #5. 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 \$10.00. There are currently no game openings.

FROM THE FLOE: TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS . . .

. . . before I hurry off to ORIGINS means that this issue won't be the weighty, gaming-oriented tome that I had originally envisioned, but I'm sure that you'll find the quality of the contributions at least as high as ever. What's missing? Well, I'm still looking for a Dipcon report (or two -- any takers?), hopefully I'll be able to run one next issue along with my ORIGINS report. I'd like to run reviews of this year's Hugo-nominated novels (my review of Gibson's Count Zero is in this ish). And where are the articles on Titan, Magic Realm, Dune and Starweb that I've been promised? And PD always needs good artwork . . .



And while we're talking about the fanzine publishing business, what would modern American business be like without a price increase? (See the masthead, above.) Of course, this just means that the other way to keep a constant stream of PENGUIN DIP flowing to your mailbox (i.e., those contributions mentioned above) becomes an even better deal, at a minimum of two issues sub credit per artwork or article published. Something to keep in mind.

In other hobby business, two service organizations that I recently joined may be of interest to some of you Penguin Dippers out there; ASFA, the Association of Science Fiction and Fantasy Artists, and SGS, the Strategy Gaming Society. A year's membership in ASFA costs \$18, while joining the SGS will set you back the odd sum of \$9.99. So far I've only received the initial mailing from either organization, but they say first impressions last the longest.

ASFA sent me a copy of their magazine, the ASFA QUARTERLY, and a single sheet bulletin listing the 1987 officers. The quarterly magazine, 44 pages with a cardstock cover, seems to concentrate on convention art shows (reviews, sales reports, notices of upcoming shows, advice on organizing shows), at least this issue, although an article by Ctein on Art Prints was informative and useful to the collector, and Ken Keller has an article about possible changes in the Best Artist Hugo award that is required reading for anyone who cares about the Hugos and about recognition of fantastic artists. Although various correspondents remark about the improved appearance of the journal, I found it somewhat irritating the way the editor will have poorly reproduced dot matrix output on one page, and laser typeset print on the next. Although the illustrations were consistently of the high quality you'd expect from such an organization, they were not in any special abundance. It remains to be seen how useful this organization will be to me, although if you're an artist who is currently exhibiting or thinking about exhibiting in convention artshows, I'm sure you'll find it of value.

SGS, on the other hand, sent for their introductory packet a welcoming letter that lists the organization's officers and . . . a copy of the SGS Constitution and Bylaws! Obviously these people are concerned about procedure, and wanted to make sure that I didn't start off on the wrong foot. So far I've received nothing else from them, although a newsletter is promised shortly. But as it says in the constitution, the purpose of the SGS "shall be to support conventions, publications, and other activities of benefit [sic] to the hobby of amateur wargaming", so I still have high hopes that I'll be able to get some use out of them. Gee, maybe I'll run for Regional Director -- they have yearly elections. Oh, and you dipzine publishers out there, don't expect help from the SGS without setting up a special bank account for your game fees, being in operation for a year or more, and being "conducted in a manner which does not suggest that they would probably default". Gosh, I just love reading an organization's Constitution and Bylaws!

SGS's membership officer is Charles Henry Osborn, 1003 W. Brooks St., Norman, OK, 73069-4536. ASFA information and memberships go to Matt Fertig, P.O.Box 55188, Indianapolis, IN, 46205.



CREDITS this issue for artwork go to Steve Fox (cover, page 11), Jim Tozzi (2,7), Mike Chesworth (3,9), Sheryl Birkhead (4 left), and Lisa Beaulieu (4 right).

LETTERS

DON WILLIAMS: "Just finished reading through PD#4. I must say, I am very impressed at the literacy of most of your contributors' comments. I'm a SF fan, and read a lot of horror and fantasy. (I'm probably one of the few you'll find to defend Stephen R. Donaldson's writing style.) Anyway, just a quick note to inform you that just because I'm silent doesn't mean I don't like what I'm seeing: keep up the great work. Hell - I may even work up the nerve, dust off my critical writing skills (I'm an English grad - comp and lit), and send in a critique of my man."

BOB OLSEN: "My dungeon-exploring schedule is going to be getting very heavy; I'm working Sword of Kadesh at the moment, and picked up Questron at a game swap yesterday, and Phantasy III comes out this month, with Wizard's Crown and Rings of Zilfin coming out in late summer, plus just recently I hear that ST versions of Wizardry and The Bard's Tale are approaching completion... Aargh! So many orcs, so little time!"



CONRAD VON METZKE: "I just joined CompuServe's SF&F Forum and am getting back to reading extensively in that genre; I just re-read Earth Abides (twenty-five years ago I met Mr. Stewart a few times; he and my best friend's dad were buddies); and my younger son has recently gotten me hooked on Robotech. And finally, I'm recently back in touch with an old friend whom I hadn't seen or heard from in 10 years - Jerry Pournelle."

"So - why do you suppose I like PENGUIN DIP?"

GARRET SCHENCK: "Penguin Fans should visit the Edinburgh Zoo, if they are ever in Scotland. There you can see Penguins on Parade -- every day the penguins are marched from one place to another. My brother was there last year and he said it was great fun watching the little critturs line up by species and then waddle back home to get their food, passing through the human spectators. Imagine, there you are, two feet away from a friendly 'guin intent on getting home to supper after a long hot day entertaining the humans. My brother did remark upon the heavy fish smell when they pass by, something you might not realize when you see pictures of penguins in their sparkling blue and white Antarctic."



Play By Mail & Fantasy Role Playing

Observations by Cathy Ozog

I've played in both the commercial Play By Mail (PBM) Fantasy Role Playing (FRP) games and the home type face-to-face games. Each one is different, and yet I didn't really have a choice. If you like to role play, you need people to interact with and a Game Master (GM) to guide you. I had none of these when I left Phoenix, Arizona some 5 years ago and I changed to PBM.

I started in Silver Dawn when the President of Entertainment Concepts was actually a GM and I found it exciting enough, but turnaround time slow. I love to write and so the turns were half the fun for me. But there were severe problems . . . switching GM's every turn, three months delay between turns, and I was paying \$6.00 a turn! Then it got worse . . . my orders being completely ignored, and computer responses with my character's name placed in a pre-written plot. I would advise everyone to stay far away from Entertainment Concepts!

The best game I have ever played in is Angrelmar by Court of the Kings. Turn around time is so slow that you almost forget what happened between moves, but the turns are worth every minute of the wait. This is truly a role playing game, and the GM wants you to speak for your character and feel for your character. They have an outstanding knowledge of the Dark Ages and of their world. I actually prefer this game to face-to-face in many ways; the GM role plays the other characters and really gives you an almost physical feel for those characters, the land, and the weather. You can feel the heat of the summer and hear some petty Lord asking you some stupid question, when all you want is to crawl in the shade and drink away the summer.

When you play face-to-face there is another person there that you know well and like or dislike. They are playing a character, but many times too much of their own personality is there as well. Many times they don't care what their character is like and just want to get the treasure or fight the monster. Let's just say that if you were playing face-to-face with me you might find it difficult to view me as Alcon the elven male fighter. Yet, I could role play such a character through the mail and you would not know if I was male or female as a person. Cathy Ozog is lost and the other character becomes me. That is what I like about PBM role playing. If you have a good GM, then the feel of role playing can be more advanced than face-to-face. The emphasis should be on "good". The GM has to know your character well enough to have him/her react with non-player characters the way you would want the character to act.

Sadly, "good" GMs generally mean slow GMs, and I am at fault there too. I try to make Orknair a world where the characters are real, and you feel that your character has flesh and a real soul, but this is not easy to do. I've been forced to go to separate turns for each player as I cannot interact 10 characters and various complex non-player characters and match all their actions and keep my sanity. I can, however, do individual turns which keep everything separate. That means the player is only dealing with me and my non-player characters, so once again there is that sense of playing with other people that is lost.

As for combat, this is simplified and made secondary in importance to the personal factor. I would like to write up a character for John Schlosser and have him play a few turns under me, as a reply to his letter in PENGUIN DIP #4. I would be curious to see how he plays. A good player is just about as important as a good GM. It's hard to write a good role playing turn if the only input the GM gets is "I look at shops for a magic knife. I talk to John Doe about a job. I steal a purse from someone on the street."

So FRPing can be done through the mail. How good it is depends on how much time you are willing to put into it and what you are looking for in a game.



COUNT ZERO/WILLIAM GIBSON

Book Review by Stephen H. Dorneman

William Gibson is the author of the Hugo and Nebula award-winning Neuromancer, and Count Zero is set in the same cyber-punk milieu, although a few years later, and will inevitably be compared to that previous work. But Count Zero is a different novel than Neuromancer, in some ways better, in a few ways worse, that deserves to be judged on its own merits. It is easily powerful enough to stand on its own.

In Gibson's near future, corporations have grown in power to where they dwarf most countries. Biotechnology has advanced with capitalism to the point where you can buy a set of eyes and genitals on the open market, and where computer jockeys and television addicts can literally plug themselves into their machines. Artificial intelligences are registered with the Turing commission, and some have won citizenship. As wine futures are being bought and sold now, artists living and dead have become investment vehicles. But the people who run the corporations and the machines haven't changed, as company's wage wars both covert and overt, cheaters cheat and killers kill. This is not a pretty view of tomorrow, but it is a fascinating one.

A part of the plot involves the quest for an unknown artist, the creator of three-dimensional collages reminiscent of the boxes made by Joseph Cornell (1903-73), where found objects, maps, photographs, etc. are arranged in nostalgic, symbolic ways. And the construction of this novel is very much like one of those shadow boxes, as separate plot lines following different characters are examined, one after another, until finally they are all brought together to form a work of art.

A corporate mercenary, hired to expedite the defection of a pre-eminent scientist, developer of a line of bio-engineered microchips, from one company to another. The art historian, ex-gallery manager, hired by the incredibly rich Joseph Virek (kept alive as tubs of cancerous cells, appearing to manage his business by direct-neural input computer simulation) to find the maker of the mysterious boxes. The young, would-be computer jock ("cyberspace cowboy") 'Count Zero', who encounters something on the computer network that may be an ancient voodoo god. Together their stories decide the fate of a man, a machine, and a corporation. And all three of those may be the same thing.

The style of Gibson reminds me of Robert A. Heinlein (although I can hear the cyberpunk groupies shouting "Heresy!") in that he throws you bodily into the world of the future without explanation or pause -- the best way to learn a foreign language. Although the background does not seem as richly detailed in Count Zero as it was in Neuromancer, perhaps this is because Gibson is more familiar with this future himself now, and is concentrating more on telling the story than on verbal and visual pyrotechnics. Still, you get sentences like the opening "They set a slamhound on Turner's trail in New Delhi, slotted it to his pheromones and the color of his hair." This is not light reading, but it is rewarding reading.

Although the ending of Count Zero does a much better job of resolution than Neuromancer's ending did for that previous novel, it still leaves the reader with unanswered questions. (The voodoo gods in particular have no explanation, even though their actions towards Virek and their connections with the defecting scientist's daughter are prime plot movers.)

But then, a work of art should raise at least as many questions in the viewer's mind as it answers. Joseph Cornell's surrealist-influenced works are beautiful, but not as accessible as, say, Andy Warhol's pop icons. Count Zero is both an accessible and powerful work of art. In paperback from Ace Science Fiction, \$2.95, 246 pages.

STALKING THE UNICORN/ MIKE RESNICK

Book Review by Rod Walker

Mike Resnick's books are always crackling good stories ("fables", he calls them); I have yet to find one which I could put down once I started it. His characters are, happily, extremely believable. They aren't superpeople and they don't save the universe (or whatever else needs saving) by becoming superpeople. They are, instead, real people, who may grow and develop in the course of events, but never become anything they weren't in the beginning. No *deus ex machinas* here, just good solid plots and characterizations.

John Justin Mallory, the protagonist of Stalking the Unicorn, is no exception. He's an OK private eye -- Sherlock Holmes he isn't, but maybe a cousin to Sam Spade. Life seems to be turning against him, so he accepts an impossible-sounding job of recovering a lost unicorn. He finds himself venturing into a fantasy New York, one that exists in a space parallel with our own Big Apple, but tenated by gnomes, goblins, pixies and all such beasties, as well as regular people and the awful Grundy. This Apple is just as rotten and worm-eaten as ours, and is full of some very dangerous characters. Not to mention some very dangerous magic.

Stalking the Unicorn is a very funny novel; and it is also a very sad one. The reader will be moved by this book, for it does what fables do best: it holds a mirror to the face of humanity. Like most of Mike Resnick's works, and unlike so much of the genre, this novel is entertaining and deeply profound at the same time.

Does John Justin Mallory find the unicorn? There's no simple answer to that one. Does he get a chance to save the universe? Yes; in fact, he does. Does he actually save it? Who knows? There are no simple answers here. Instead, you get a great reading experience. The action is fast-paced, lasting less than 11 hours. In that space of time John Justin Mallory learns about compassion; he learns about it from a shrinking horse, from a talking mirror, from a retired unicorn hunter, from a completely egocentric cat-woman, and most surprisingly, from the terrible Grundy himself. That is part of the wonder of this fable, as it is about all of Mike's fables. It's not about some different, superior, better or alien them; it's about us.



FITZIN-KHALIA AND THE FOURTH NAVAL WAR/ ERMINE DE HAVILLARD (translated by Michel Wurst)

Book Review by Garret Schenck

Ermine de Havillard is a popular French fantasy writer who deserves to be better known in the English-speaking SF world. It is only recently that her works have begun to be translated, and it is a great gain for all English readers. If you have not yet experienced de Havillard you are in for a surprise.

De Havillard is a member of the *Nouvelle Philosophique* school, which is heavily influenced by concepts of post-modernist nihilism, dialectical materialism, and theories of state power dynamics. These concepts are reflected in all of de Havillard's works, but perhaps nowhere better than in her latest, Fitzin-Khalia and The Fourth Naval War (FKATFNW).

FKATFNW is de Havillard's latest addition to her alternative reality "Marno" series, which started with Battle for Marno and continued with The War of Eyt Independence and Hard Times in the Tarran. With FKATFNW de Havillard returns to the 20th century setting of Battle for Marno, after deviating with the middle two books to an earlier epoch in Marnon history. In this book de Havillard traces the roots of hostility between the two major naval powers on Marno, the Chigar Republic and the Islands Confederation, and how this hostility was manifested inside a poorer third nation called Fitzin-Khalia.

De Havillard writes fiction, but it is fiction of a most peculiar kind. There is little in the way of human characterization in the book, instead nations and movements become the characters. These are history books (and those of you who didn't enjoy history in school are advised to stay away!), but de Havillard makes the history come incredibly alive. She includes documents, "interviews", maps, diagrams, and drawings to liberally flesh out her portrait of a world sliding sickeningly towards a world-wide war. Perhaps anticipating John Schlosser's comments in the last issue of PENGUIN DIP, the maps are especially finely done, and bound into the paperback book is a coupon for you to send away for a giant multi-color map of Marno (\$4.00 plus postage and well worth the price).

Part of de Havillard's appeal lies in the alternative technology that underlies her alternative reality. In the case of FKATFNW the two competing naval powers have armed themselves with huge helium filled rigid airships carrying small airplanes; in effect giant flying aircraft carriers. There is actually a model for these craft in the Navy's USS Akron and Macon of the 1930's, which could carry up to five scouting aircraft apiece. While airship aircraft carriers would not seem very formidable today, de Havillard is at her best convincing you that people and nations of the time would have selected such a weapons system.

Relations between rich "metropolitan" societies and poorer dependent societies ("Third World" in our parlance) is an important focus of de Havillard's fiction, and of her scholarly work as well (she is a Lecturer in Political Science at the Universite de Lyons), and this again is nowhere more evident than in her latest work. In FKATFNW she takes pain to show how these power dynamics infect the thinking of both the richer and the poorer societies; along with the military and diplomatic history of Marno the reader is exposed to the philosophical underpinnings of the State in all three of the societies studied. Some of these sections are the most interesting in the book, but mostly for the questions that are raised than for their "seamless integration into the whole of the book."

To sum things up, I heartily recommend this book. It's \$7.95 from Soapbox Press, which might seem a little steep, but for 400+ oversize pages, it's a deal. De Havillard writes in a very accessible style which I think will be especially interesting to Diplomacy players with interest in theories of power dynamics (surely that includes all of us?!), or those interested in exploring a well-crafted alternative reality with some interesting philosophy thrown in. Enjoy!

BIMBOS OF THE DEATH SUN/SHARYN McCRUMB

Book Review by Stephen H. Dorneman

Warning. If you are easily embarrassed by the stares of strangers, don't read this book in public. For who wouldn't stare at a maniacally grinning person who's chuckling constantly, occasionally groaning or guffawing, and reading a gaudy-covered paperback with the title Bimbos of the Death Sun?

While not a science fiction or fantasy novel per se, Bimbos of the Death Sun is a hilarious and oh-too-true look at a SF and gaming convention through the eyes of an innocent (Dr. James Owen Mega, engineering professor and, as Jay Omega, neophyte author of the title novel) and a cynic (Dr. Marion Farley, English professor, ex-fan, Dr. Mega's mentor and lover). It's also a murder mystery. Although the mystery itself is the weakest and most unconvincing portion of the novel, it's the plot device that keeps the characters interacting with Mega and Farley, as well as with the good-humored (he has to be) investigating police officer, Lieutenant Ayhan. ("I love this case.") And it's the parade of characters before McCrumb's unblinking satiric vision that makes this novel a must-read for anyone who has ever been to a con, is thinking of going to a con, or knows anyone who's ever likely to go to a con.

McCrumb has no mercy. She skewers SF authors, Star Trek, filksingers, Dungeons and Dragons players (especially D&D players, although she also gives an excellent, useful explanation to an outsider of what fantasy role playing is all about), fanzine fans, fan hoaxes, computer nerds, fantasy costumers, even Diplomacy players. (Sharyn McCrumb's husband, David McCrumb, is a long-time Dip player and edits a fine dipzine, THE APPALACHIAN GENERAL.) But she also shows you the positive side of fandom with sympathetic characters and by occasional asides that take you into the thoughts of characters previously lampooned. McCrumb has a strong talent for characterization that shows through the broad brushstrokes of parody.

The only thing that slows this book down is the few monologues thrown in to explain some of the in-jokes and fannish activities to readers who might be unfamiliar with, say, fantasy role playing. The only thing that doesn't ring true about this book is the police procedure during the murder investigation, and the 'shocking' denouement of the mystery.

Bimbos of the Death Sun, a 219 page \$2.95 paperback, is published by TSR, Inc. as part of their Windwalker series of light fantasy, and may be hard to find. I picked up my copy at a gaming store in Boston after searching in vain at Barnes & Noble and Lauriat's (mass-market bookstores), and the specialty Science Fantasy Bookstore in Cambridge. But it's definitely worth the effort to seek it out -- just for the Jeff Easley character illustrations alone! Sharyn McCrumb is an author to look for now, for this wonderful and wicked look at the goings-on of a 'typical' fan convention, and I'm certain that with her grasp of character she'll continue to be an author to look for in the future.

GO



A FRENCH HISTORY OF WEAPONS

Press for The Magellan Cotillion by **Bernie Oaklyn**

As man evolved in the midst of prehistoric animals and other large species of man-eating beasts, weapons were needed for defense. Later, man realized that weapons were a tool for obtaining food, that food being the wild animals that hunted man himself. Then, as man became greedy and also feared other men, the weapon became a tool for conquest, a deterrent to man to stay away from other men.

As history also shows, the weapon became the medium through which the quest was made manifest. As metals were discovered, and ways and means for forging weapons became available, men set out on the quest of finding, and the conquest of obtaining, what other men had fought so hard to get.

Weapons were crude in the beginning. There was the stick, later to become the spear. The stick also evolved to be used as an arrow. There was the rock that was thrown at threatening vultures and animals, later to be hurled further and more accurately by the use of a simple sling.

The original sling, as used by David to slay the giant Goliath, was a leather strap with a leather cup on the end. The user placed a stone inside the cup, twirled the stone about his head, and then flung that stone. At a much later date, after the advent of rubber, the sling shot evolved from the much simpler sling. A strong stick in the form of the letter "Y" was used. Two strips of rubber were used, one strip tied to each top leg of the "Y". A leather pouch, or cup, was then fastened between the two strips of rubber, at the ends not already tied to the stick. A stone was placed into the pouch, the pouch was pulled back, stretching the rubber as far as possible, aim was taken at the target and the pouch was released.

The rubber then was the prime mover in flinging the stone for much greater distances than the first sling has achieved. And, the accuracy was far better. As an additional benefit, the force with which the stone hit the target was greater than with the older sling, the original relying only on falling due to the force of gravity, the later version adding the power of work achieved through the use of a stretched rubber band.

Today, the sling shot is used for hunting, some defense, and in the sport of target practice. The sling shot is also used by guerrilla forces during the initial phases of their attacks since the sling shot is effective and does not make the noise that a gun would make.

The evolution of the bow and arrow also enabled man to hunt with more accuracy. A bent piece of hardwood tree limb was the basis for the bow. A piece of leather was tied between the two ends of the bent stick. The stick pulled the leather string taut. The end of the arrow was used to pull the string back. The other end of the arrow rested on the center of the bow. The arrow was pulled back with considerable force, aim was taken, and the arrow was released. The force with which the arrow hit the target was usually sufficient to penetrate the target, usually the hide of an animal, or another man dragging off his woman.

Later, the cross bow was developed. This was simply a bow and arrow that used a sturdy frame as an aide to holding the bow charged and aiming the arrow. The force was similar to that of the bow and arrow, but the ability to keep the arrow "cocked" and at the ready, without tiring the arm, was the key to success. The aim was also greatly improved since sighting was done down the barrel of the gun-shaped bow and arrow.

Man had other needs in the way of weapons if he was to survive the long hard winters of life. His prey was too far away, too alert, too swift. The need to reach out further was the same as the need for food and sustenance, warmth and clothing. Also, those beasts of prey who hunted man could continue the attack even after being shot with an arrow, wounding man, and killing man, before succumbing to its own wounds.

The discovery of gun powder was the discovery of gun-power. With this invention came the ability to down his prey from distances so great that the prey could not sense the presence of danger. And, his victims fell short of retaliation for wounds received.

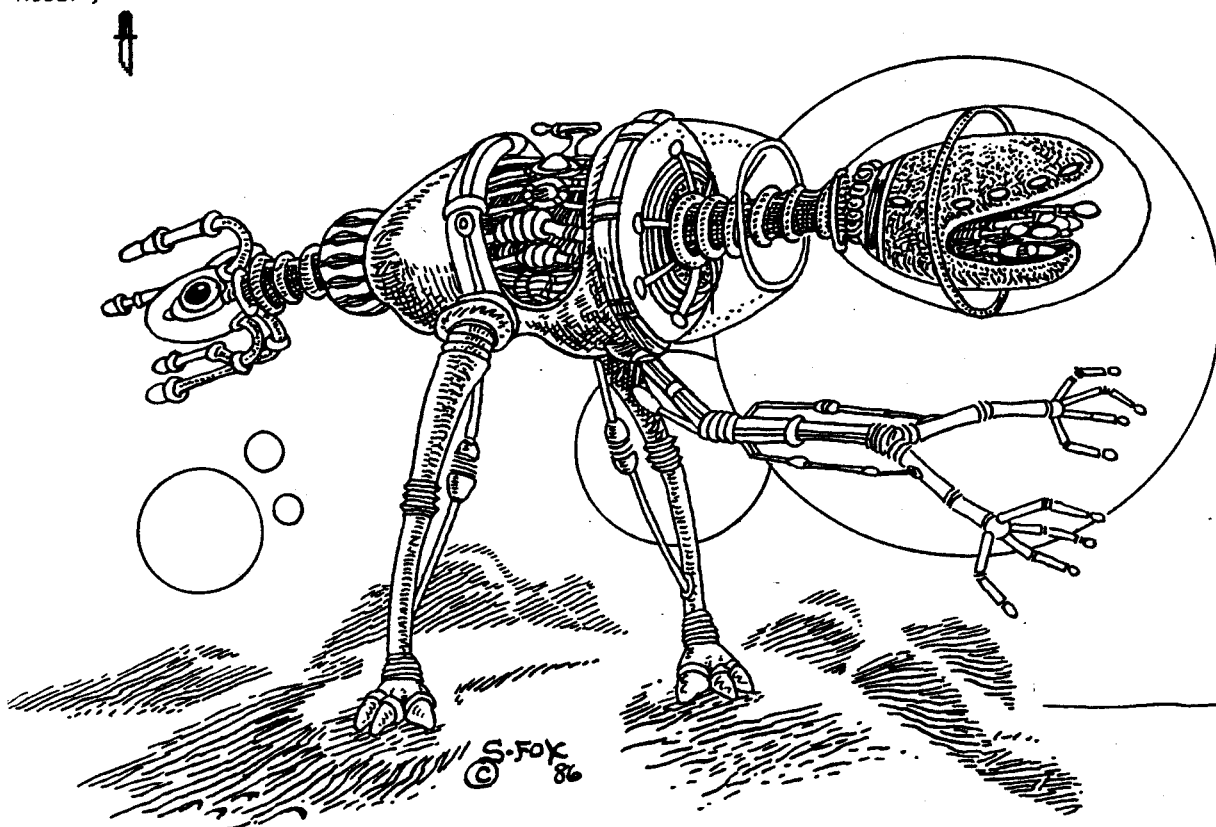
Since some prey was small, quick, fast, and could dart about and change its direction too fast to take accurate aim, for the sake of humanitarianism man had to devise the scatter gun, now mostly known as the shot gun. After all, you could not have your prey wandering around in the outback of life in utter pain, waiting helplessly to become prey to other wild and vicious animals, being torn apart while watching with its own eyes . . . you were a better person if you downed your prey suddenly and without extended pain.

With the dawning of a more civilized society came the necessary laws to curtail the use of guns, limiting that weapon's use to: target practice; hunting in certain areas and only during specified seasons, and usually only for food; and for making war and answering the cry of war spoken at him.

And then came diplomacy! Spitting and spating were the new weapons here. Blocks of green colored wood were sacrificed in rituals of mass burnings. Brown stuff flowed in stifling amounts, in the rivers, down the streets, marring the pant legs of many English soldiers. Hair lines bushes of the outback of the cosmos, that substance derived from a new use of weaponry called "hair pulling". Eyeballs are used as marbles by the young, those nice, but oblong, devices found from the new sport of "eye gouging". The masses can no longer hear from yet another weapon termed "stick it in your ear". And gastronomic effects abound from still another new weapon called "stick it up yours". The most successful weapon of this new space age, however, is termed "name calling".

But look! On the proverbial horizon! New weapons from France! This new weapon, although supposedly secret, is termed "the pen is mightier than the sword". Suddenly, all Germans race out to the stores to purchase that new weapon in hopes that it might save them, it hopes that it might save their ". . .". "Gee Bernie," stated J. Sabol, "aren't they one and the same?"

(And there folks you have still another example of a new attempt at "the spoken word is all the power you need!")





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ROCKHOPPER'S SOCKHOP FALL 01 1987AU

Austria (**Howorth**): A Bud-Tri, A Ser SUPPORT F Alb-Gre, F Alb-Gre
England (**Hall**): A Edi-Nwy, F Nwg CONVOY A Edi-Nwy, F Nth-Hol
France (**Quirk**): A Spa-Por, A Gas-Mar, F MAO-Spa(sc)
Germany (**Kohman**): A Pru-War, A Sil SUPPORT A Pru-War, F Den-Swe
Italy (**Ozog**): A Pie SUPPORT French A Gas-Mar, A Ven-Tyr, F Ion-Tun
Russia (**Seaman?**): **NMRI** A Ukr, A Sev, F Bot, F Rum all HOLD
Turkey (**Nickel**): A Bul HOLD, A Arm-Sev, F Bla SUPPORT A Bul
Underlined moves do not succeed. Nickel didn't send me enough money.

Would **ERNIE HAKEY** of 63 Medford St., Medford, MA 02155 please stand by for Russia?

AUSTRIA (VIE, BUD, TRI, SER, GRE) 5 BUILD 2
ENGLAND (LPL, EDI, LON, Nwy, HOL) 5 BUILD 2
FRANCE (MAR, PAR, BRE, SPA, POR) 5 BUILD 2
GERMANY (BER, KIE, MUN, SWE, WAR) 5 BUILD 2
ITALY (VEN, ROM, NAP, TUN) 4 BUILD 1
RUSSIA (MOS, STP, SEV, RUM) 4 EVEN
TURKEY (CON, SMY, ANK, BUL) 4 BUILD 1
NEUTRAL (DEN, BEL) 2

**WINTER BUILDS ONLY
DUE NEXT TIME**

SHOUTED OUT THE WINDOW (Press)

Turkey-Archduke H: "Our moves are intended as purely precautionary. No hostility is meant towards Austria-Hungary. We hope for a long and peaceful relationship with your people."

England-Austria: "Us English gentlemen are the only real men, so stop giving yourself undue compliments. (Real pompous aye mate?)"

Kaiser Black-Kaiser Red: "You can do the butt-kicking. We're looking for frauleins! The Navy has a hankerin' for the slim blondes in Scandinavia. The Army, being more traditional, prefers the hefty sort found in Eastern Europe. (Beats the hell out of talking about music, don't it?)"

Italy-France: "Ok, ok, stop whining! I'll go somewhere else. I hate French wine anyway."

France-Italy: "Isn't it a shame that your German ally didn't move to Burgundy?"

Austria-Germany: "I bet your favorite song is 'Sledgehammer'."

Rick-Mark: "My musical interests? I like dirges!"

England-Italy: "No more NMRs or may the Hounds of Tindalos find you!"

Austria-Italy: "Well, who's backyard did you decide to picnic in?"

England-Russia: "I'm a reasonable person, SO COMMUNICATE! If you don't, when Fomalhaut is in the right position in the sky, I will call Cthugha and burn Moscow to a cinder."

East Germany-Lenin: "We've come to learn more about this 'Bolshevism' you've been raving about. Sounds good to us. We'll help you oust the Tsar!"

Italy-Russia: "I think they want you to write."

Austria-Russia: "Well, somebody has got to trust somebody. Too bad it had to be."

Italy-Germany: "I hope you know what you're doing!"

France-Germany: "Thanks for double crossing Italy."

Austria-GM: "How about changing the name of this game to 'Germany's Wettest Dream'?" [No, that title's reserved for the Emperor's Ball game. . .]

THE MAGELLAN COTILLION WINTER 01 1987AV

Austria (Smith): BUILD A BUD, A TRI. Has A Vie, A Ser, A Bud, A Tri, F Gre

England (Rush): BUILD F EDI. Has A Lon, F Nwy, F Nth, F Edi

France (Oaklyn): BUILD F MAR, A PAR. Has A Pic, A Spa, A Par, F Bel, F Mar

Germany (Hauser): Has A Kie, A Bur, F Hol

Italy (J. Sabol): BUILD A ROM, F NAP. Has A Mun, A Ven, A Rom, F Tun, F Nap

Russia (Bowen): BUILD F STP (nc), A MOS. Has A Rum, A Gal, A Mos, F Stp(nc),
F Swe, F Bla

Turkey (Carli): BUILD F ANK. Has A Bul, A Arm, F Con, F Ank

WHISPERED IN THE HALLS (Press):

London-Paris: "What exactly is this 'small plane' flying overhead?"

Germany-Board: "England created an alliance and set it up to fail. But they forgot one thing. They were dealing with Kaiser Willbo."

Russia-Germany: "Won't somebody play another 'somebody done somebody wrong', song?"

Germany-Austria: "It's you and me against the world, sometimes it seems like you and me against the world..."

Russia-England: "Nasty. Nasty boys."

Germany-England: "England! I'm coming to get YOU!"

Russia-France: "Looks like the good luck I sent you worked out OK."

St. Petersburg-London: "'Scuse me, I thought I wrote. Hope those language classes help, though."

London-St. Pete: "We are all eagerly awaiting to see exactly who your ally in the East is. I'll bet you a keg of vino that it's not Italy."

Russian Field Commander-French Field Commander: "You thought Burgundy was a mess after Spring '01. You should see it now."

Germany-France: "Don't count me out yet! Remember, the Dip game isn't over till the fat penguin sings!"

Dateline Russia: "Tsar Slim Bowne instituted hayrides today in Imperial St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, this being winter, the wagon wheels froze to the ground. Undaunted, the Tsar commandeered a few dozen peasants and made them carry the wagon. Of course, he himself wasn't on it, it being too cold to be out in weather like this."

England-France and Russia: "Have you seen that we are the only three who write press? I say we call a three-way draw right now."

Tsar Bowen-Board: "My chillun, Cotillion. Sounds like some guy presenting his brood to some person named Cotillion. Wierd, huh."

THE EMPEROR'S BALL SPRING 02 1987AK

Austria (Caruso): A Tri-Bud, A Ser SUPPORT F Alb-Gre(CUT), F Alb-Gre

England (Plachta): A Nwy SUPPORT RUS F Bot-Swe(NSO), F Nth-Ska, F Eng
SUPPORT F Lon-Nth, F Lon-Nth

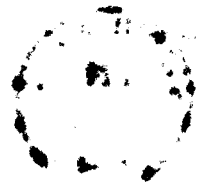
France (Sargent): A Pic-Bur, A Mar SUPPORT A Pic-Bur, F Bre SUPPORT F Por-MAO,
F Por-MAO

Germany (Schenck): A Hol SUPPORT A Bel, A Bel SUPPORT A Hol, A Mun-Sil, F Den
SUPPORT F Kie-Hel, F Kie-Hel, F Ber-Bal

Italy (F. Anderson): A Pie-Tyl, A Ven-Tri, F Nap-Ion, F Tun SUPPORT F Nap-Ion

Russia (Holley): A Rum-Ser, A Ukr-Gal, A Mos-Stp, F Bot-Stp, F Sev-Rum

Turkey (E. Anderson): A Bul SUPPORT F Aeg-Gre, A Con SUPPORT A Bul, F Aeg-Gre,
F Smy-Aeg [Underlined moves do not succeed. UNLESS. . . no, not even then.]



OVERHEARD AT THE BALL (Press)

Austria-Germany: "You're right, you definitely write boring press."

Germany-Europe: "In deference to the new Kaiserin of Austria-Hungary, Kaiser Schtupidshitz has declared a one-season moratorium on 'boring Golden Age Press.'" Besides, the so-called 'Deadline' is fast approaching and the normally verbose German editorial writers are apparently at a loss as to what to say."

Austria-Rip Van Winkle: "Could you give Ours a nudge and wake him up, I really don't want to deprive him of this great position!"

Austria-Russia: "A Mos?! You build A Mos, when Germany bounces you out of Sweden and builds F Berlin. Boy, you sure are the trusting type!"

Austria-Italy: "You need me, once I'm gone, these vultures are at your door!"

Austria-England: "Things are warm and sunny out here, thanks for asking!"

Germany-Turkey: "Remember, it's not nice to fool Mother Nature (take your pick)."

Austria-Turkey: "You ain't so tough!"

Germany-GM: "Hey, what happened in that game we are playing in 'the other zine'? I can't believe that Russian! What a jerk he is! (heh, heh -- do you think Mike is listening in?)"
[Check out the Gatecrashers list.]

Austria-GM: "Anyone stupid enough to stand by deserves one good swift kick!" *[But who would dare to lay a foot upon a woman armed with that many exclamation points...]*

KING BASH

SPRING 01?

1987CP

Austria (Bob Addison)

England (John Schlosser)

France (John Rigley)

Germany (Steve Sabol?)

Italy (Kirk Carroll)

Russia (Vincent Lutterbie)

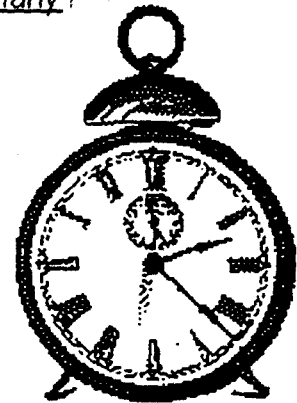
Turkey (Vijit Sabnis)

GAME DELAY DUE TO NMRI

Would PETE GAUGHAN of
3121 E. Park Row #165, Arlington, TX 76010
please stand by for Germany?

Deadline for all games is

AUGUST 1.



GATECRASHERS (Michael Gonsalves, Mark Weseman, Michael Hopcroft, Dave Ditter, 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! Gatecrashers always welcome at these parties! (Especially now -- an asterisk means there is a particular country and game the crasher is 'on call' for.)

Stephen H. Dorneman
95 Federal Street #2
Lynn, MA 01905-2230



FIRST CLASS

Rod Walker
1273 Crest Dr.
Encinitas, CA 92024

Sub Ends #: (15) I used your Union review this ish. Check out
Garrett Schenck's review on page 8 - I think it's about
your kind of book!

THE BACK PAGE

A few weeks ago, the Boston Globe told me that I'm going to have to eventually move out of the Boston greater metropolitan area. Not in so many words, but still very clearly.

You see, like most young couples, Penny and I would like to buy a house someday. Raise a garden, puppies, maybe even a rug rat or two. But according to the Boston Globe, and the National Association of Realtors, it's going to take a lot of deposit bottle savings to realize our dreams in this area.

The median price for resale homes in the Boston area is \$170,000, the highest for a major metropolitan area in the nation. Or was, as of May 12th. It's probably higher now, seeing as how that price is a 16.8% increase over last year's figure. For that same \$170,000 we could buy three houses in Buffalo, and still have \$3,200 left over! I realize that unemployment in Massachusetts is less than 4%, but the boom economy isn't the only factor. That same newspaper brings me news every day of the machinations of developers, speculators, and recalcitrant city governments.

I'm not asking for government intervention here, I'm willing to let the free market work. I would like to have that garden, though. But it's clear that most young, first-time house buyers have been closed out of the Boston market, and although this isn't yet hurting the high-tech companies clustered around Route 128, I'm sure people thinking about moving to Boston to manage a retail store, or open a plumbing business, are having second thoughts. I'm not sure what this means for the long-term health of the economy, but I know what it means for us. We'll save the money earned in our Boston boom economy jobs until we have enough for a house elsewhere, then we'll be moving out. And that's the simple truth.