

## FOUR MORE BEERS!

**My Trip to the Republican National Convention  
by Chuff Afflerbach, CNN**

There's something about a week's exposure to Family Values that makes me want to rip off my clothes and swing naked from the AstroDome chandelier. But what would you expect from a liberal media puke? Lucky for everyone, my press pass wouldn't even get me onto the convention floor, not to mention the ceiling. So, like most Americans, I ended up watching it on TV—if I watched at all. The difference is I got paid for it, and that's what makes this country great.

I hadn't been to Houston in over fifteen years. Back then I was desperately seeking work in the heart of a boom town; now I was making overtime in the midst of a recession. Well, contradiction had always been Houston's only charm. The place was still depressingly familiar—a blob oozing out of the swamp and spreading out in all directions with prefab office parks, cut-rate condos, and unfinished freeways. A massive suburb in search of a city. Houston has a knack for giving itself away through feeble pretense; nowadays it calls its topless bars "gentlemen's clubs," and the new lottery has replaced the oil biz as the most promising growth industry around.

But if the city was still that same old oafish farmboy, the Network was a travelling salesman flashing cash and a gold-toothed grin. What a change from the last convention I attended, San Francisco in 1984. The first thing I noticed was the company-issued Convention Handbook. All 250 pages of it, computer-generated with charts, maps, graphs, and index. A personalized copy for all 300 of us on staff. In '84 we had half the pages (typed and xeroxed), half the people (on half the pay), and of course only a fraction of the audience. Back then we worked in a few trailers parked outside at the curb. This time we were the big kid on the block, surpassing all the other networks in square footage of carpeted workspace. It was hard not to swagger a little, walking through the AstroHall—inwardly, it was hard not to be just a little bit in awe.

My first shift started on Friday; the convention didn't begin until Monday, but the news never stops. I clocked in at 2 P.M. and was handed tapes and a script scheduled to air at 2:45. It's what we call a "crash-and-burn." While I laid down one edit, the frenzied producer was in the next cubicle, cuing up the next piece of video in another tape deck. Then he'd dash into the booth, slam the cassette into the machine and yell, "Don't look at it, just edit it!" Then he would disappear again to cue up the next shot. And all the while the nervous reporter hovered nearby, hoping he got the story right and knowing there was no time to change it. The edited package was rewound for playback not a minute before the anchorman was reading the on-camera introduction. As the director rolled the tape, I wondered if I had left any black holes uncovered. But it aired okay, and there were handshakes and congratulations all around. It was 2:49 P.M., and I had done my work for the day. Frankly, I felt like I had just been through a full shift.

[[continued on page 2]]

## DAGOBDAH / Metropolis

**Round Twelve**

Deal: SSI trades lots 16 and 17 to BBL for lots 40 and 72.

HICK (David Hood—Hickory Indus. Const. Kingpins) buys lot 24.  
JGC (John Galt—John Galt Company) buys lot 32 [chosen at random by GM].

BBL (Chuff Afflerbach—Bailey Building and Loan) buys lot 11.  
SSI (Andrew York—Southern Slum Industries) buys lot 79.

HICK: office 55-56/51-58 (\$20), department store 81-83/86-88 (\$30); empty lots 24, 54.

JGC: houses 15 (\$2), 50 (\$1), and 70 (\$2); empty lots 21, 25, 27, 32, 35, 60, 64, 66, 68.

BBL: empty lots 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 61, 62, 63, 67.

SSI: house 40 (\$2), hospital 41-42/45-46 (\$28); empty lots 49, 71, 72, 73, 77, 79.

"\$" are current values, not final scores.

**Deadline for Round Thirteen is September 27.**

George Bailey to JGC: Joint venture wanted in the Sixties! You be the senior partner, I show you how to maximize our investment! Call or write today!

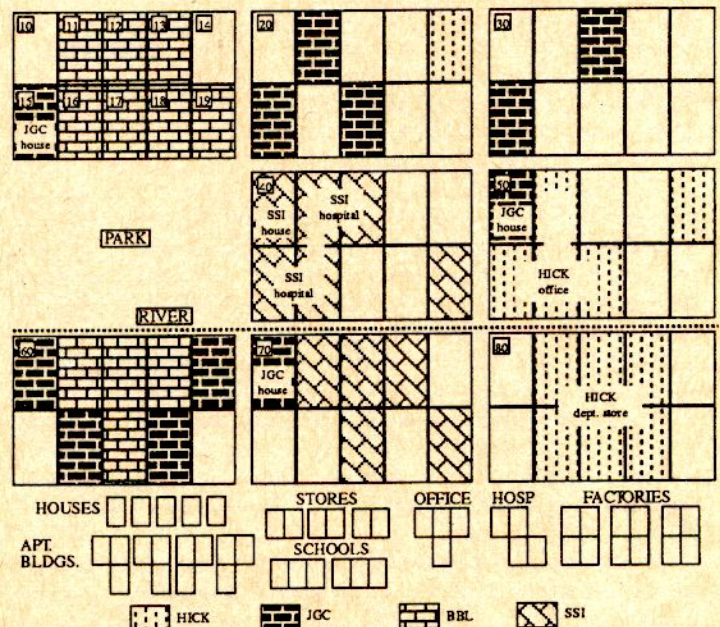
SSI to BBL: I think we've got a deal here.

HICK to Dagobahns: Hey, I'm available for joint projects too, you know!

SSI to GM: Can you demolish an existing building? If so, does it come back as an available building or is it gone forever?

GM: No, you can't demolish. (Note from last turn: I forgot to remove the Department Store from the building assortment after the HICK build.)

DAGOBDAH after Round 12



Perelandra, a monthly amateur magazine of postal games, literature and leftish sensibilities. Your editor is:

**Pete Gaughan, 1521 South Novato Blvd. #46, Novato CA 94947-4147; telephone and fax at 415-897-3629**

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*[[Afflerbach and the Republicans continued from page 1]]*

The rest of the evening was mercifully low-keyed. With the exception of a handful of sound bites, there was nothing more to edit. So the time was spent getting ready for the onslaught we knew was only a weekend away. For editors, that meant recording count-downs and black onto reel after reel of videotape. It's a mindless, time-consuming task, but certainly better to get a jump on it while you can. When the crash-and-burn comes, you don't want to waste precious minutes preparing a tape for edit.

We blacked a lot of tapes over the next couple of days; by the end of the convention we had logged over 300 edited masters. The nice thing about such thought-free busywork is that it left plenty of time for socializing. Some of the staff I had worked with before, others were voices on the phone or log-ins on the computer. So there was getting acquainted and catching up to do. We swapped gossip and shared war stories; most everyone had been overseas during Desert Storm, and some had recently visited the newest war in Yugoslavia. Many were veterans of the Democratic Convention in New York. It can be quite political, choosing who is assigned to work these events, and I had pulled the few strings I knew to get my name on the list. The fact is Houston was a convention not just for the GOP, but for our own Network as well, and for the news media in general. We had our own arena—the AstroHall next door to the AstroDome—and the unit of exchange was the lapel pin. Every broadcaster and publication had its own logo suitable for tacking to a tie, and every aisle was crowded with knots of journalists bartering for the one pin they didn't yet have. There were TV technicians so heavy with souvenirs that they couldn't pass through the metal detectors. One old newshound growled, "That just tells me they aren't doing their job."

But not until Monday would there be any real work to do. Of course the abortion protests went on throughout the weekend, and the Network did its best to whip these into a story. Then there was the rumored bombing of Iraq scheduled to go down with the opening gavel. The *New York Times* ran with the allegation in its Sunday edition, and the news reached Houston late Saturday night. At one press party they got word that the bombing was already underway, sending the crowd into a panic and a fight for the phones. Someone pointed out what a disaster an attack would be with most of our staff already at the convention. But either Bush blinked, or it was just another sleazy media lie, so the circus began on time with no messy sideshow distractions.

By curtain time we had the routine worked out in detail. The dozen of us on the evening "prime time" shift would be picked up by the Network shuttle van at our hotel, which we were now calling the "Tech Ghetto." The reporters, anchors, and executives stayed downtown at the ritzy (or so we heard) Omni Hotel. Producers and writers bunked across the street from the Dome at the Sheraton, so they could walk to work. But the technical people like us, the worker bees, the lumpy proletariat, were half-an-hour away out on the Southwest Freeway—sharing a hotel with the lowly Oklahoma delegation. If our driver didn't get lost, or stuck in traffic, or have a more important person to pick up, or just plain forget about us, then there would still be some of the catered lunch left for us before we went on duty.

Once the convention was underway, the activity level cranked up several notches, until the whole AstroHall resembled a stirred-up anthill or beehive. Insects that we were, we each had our own specialized function within the colony and bustled about doing it. Like crumbs of news, tapes came into the hive with the camera crews, were handed off to producers, passed to a tape supervisor for logging, then delivered to an editor in a cubicle; out came a new tape which was carried to playback, then to the library to be numbered and shelved. Scripts followed a different route, from

reporter to copy editor to supervising producer, then into the computer and off to the tape editor. In addition to the taped footage, there were also a dozen live cameras inside the hall and half a dozen at various locations around town, tape decks and frame synchronizers; a total of 64 separate sources on many miles of wires and fibers and microwaves, all converging at one point, then radiating out again like some electronic spider web. As long as the drones kept to their assigned tasks and paths, the system worked beautifully. Step out of line, take a shortcut, or buck the flow, and the whole routine might become hopelessly tangled or start to unravel. I understand that the operation was a miniature version of the Network headquarters that functions around the clock every day of the year. As one supervisor put it, why re-invent the wheel?

The noise level didn't match the hectic pace of all this activity—it exceeded it. First, there were the voices of the ten thousand or so media members under that one vaulted roof. Then there were the intercoms and radios bringing in the modulated voices of the workers who couldn't be there to chatter in person. And of course there were telephones ringing incessantly; if there were ten thousand journalists, then there were ten thousand and one phones. The Network brought in two dozen tape decks, then as some sort of warped joke brought along only four sets of headphones. Each person viewing tape added something else to the din, whether it was that ear-piercing test tone, the babble of talking heads, or the chipmunk squeal of fast rewind. Then, of course, there was the urge to turn your own monitor up just a little bit louder to hear it over the monitor that was just turned up on the other side of the partition. And on top of all this was the ever-present boom of the speaker on the podium, piped in from the AstroDome and echoing from TV sets all over me hall. This continual harangue was unintelligible but loud, and interspersed with martial music to keep up that unrelenting sense of urgency. It was all enough to make a you want to scream—but then, nobody would have heard.

That Monday there were two interruptions to my familiar routine of cutting tape. First of all, the tape supervisor assigned me to edit the natural sound montages that would air at the end of each convention session. I was flattered; this was a much more involved job than simply slapping together sound bites and voice-overs as fast as you can. There's a certain skill to hacking in a hurry, but it sure doesn't show up on the screen. No one would ever call the finished product art. But a four-minute montage of sights and sounds encapsulating the day's events, with no reporter to get in the way of your own expression—why, this is every editor's dream! So why didn't anyone else want to do it? I was immediately suspicious.

But before I could get too worried about it, I was handed another job. The Network had twelve indoor cameras and six field cameras with an operator for each, but no one had ever been assigned to the fixed camera on the roof of the Sheraton. It was locked down on a shot of the AstroDome exterior for opening and closing sequences; that was all it was supposed to do. But now one of those twists had come up that tangles the entire neatly-spun web. Mr. Bush was about to arrive by helicopter, and that camera had to be manned in order to follow the landing. I was an extra body, I had some experience at camera work; I was handed a walkie-talkie and told to get to the top of the Sheraton as quick as I could.

It was faster and easier to jog the half-mile than to try to take a cab through the traffic. The hard part was finding a hotel manager to escort me up to the penthouse balcony. Once I got there I wasn't prepared for the array of TV equipment lining the

*[[continued on page 3]]*



[[*Afflerbach and the Republicans continued from page 2*]]

ledge. There was a long row of antennas and microwave dishes, but no sign of our TV camera. I followed the sound of a ringing phone to the end of the line, and there I saw the telltale lens peeking out of a plastic hefty bag. Of course my problems weren't over—I still had to unwrap the plastic, unlock me tripod, refocus the camera, and all the while balance the phone on my shoulder while a frantic director was yelling, "Do you see it! Do you see it!" But I did see it, or more accurately, I saw them. There were two military escort choppers, and three identical white-topped helicopters like the President flies. I followed the first one, and the director yelled, "No, that's the decoy." I wondered how he knew. So I tried the second one. "That's probably the one for his staff," I was told. I bet the staff is glad they aren't another decoy! Then the third bird peeled out of formation and headed for the landing zone while the others disappeared behind the Dome. "That's him!" and my camera was live on the air, around the world. The chopper landed safely, they switched to a camera on the ground, and I was done. I locked the camera on the Dome again, bagged it, and moseyed back to the hive.

The only excitement left was putting together the nat-sound montage. Even that was done in a relay. I had a tape producer, Dan, watching the convention and pulling the highlights. He would bring me one tape and while I edited it into the piece, he would be looking for the next excerpt. Little bits of music and pageantry we just grabbed as they went by, but with the speeches we had plenty of notice. Every oration was scripted in advance, and copies were delivered to the media at the same time they were delivered to the TelePrompTer. So Dan already knew what he wanted the politicians to say; they just had to read it right without any stumbling or awkward pauses. The TelePrompTer works like a periscope made of one-way mirrors; the audience sees through the small glass panes on either side of the podium, but the speaker in the spotlight only sees the text reflected from below. Every speechmaker had practiced that same side-to-side shift, as they focused from one mirror to the other. Shuttling through tape at high speed, I noticed the motion turned into a comical waddle.

The real trick in editing any piece is getting it done on time, and the montage was no exception. The balloons fell on Ron and Nancy, and we had to turn that tape around a few minutes later to make the close of the show. That left no margin for error, and certainly no time to do it again. What we hadn't counted on were electronic glitches in the mix. As our montage rolled on the air, our excitement turned to shock—at every point where one scene faded into the next, the color phase shifted through 360 degrees. Faces changed like chameleons from green to blue to magenta to pink, all in the space of a one-second dissolve. It was a four-minute horror show, with the voice of the director screaming over the intercom like he was being tortured to death. Dan said not to worry, the viewers at home would hardly notice; they would probably think it was their own set. I quietly slipped out, leaving three engineers huddled with oscilloscopes over the special effects mixer like surgeons at the operating table trying to save a patient. But I was beyond hope or help, so I went back to the hotel and drank a beer.

When I returned Tuesday afternoon there were four engineers huddled over the switcher. But they pronounced it well, so Dan and I could make our plans for that evening's montage.

It was billed as Family Values Night, and that meant the GOP was going to let its womenfolk talk. This seemed to me a significant departure from tradition, which the Republicans are supposed to revere. I had never heard of a presidential candidate's wife speaking at a convention, much less a vice-presidential candidate's wife. This told me two things. Bush and Quayle must

be running scared, if they're willing to throw their very own wives into the breach. But more important, this makes the wives a legitimate part of the campaign and, therefore, fair game. They must want to get at Hillary Clinton in a very bad way and hope this tactic will draw her into the fray. Whether or not it works, it did give us the ludicrous spectacle of Marilyn Quayle declaring that not everyone in the Sixties smoked dope or dodged the draft—while husband Dan sat by, beaming with pride! (Another believe-it-or-not Quayle joke: in an interview with the Network, he was asked if he had plans to run for President. First he had to get through November, he answered, before he thought about '94.)

The evening montage was as technically flawless as it was brilliantly artistic. Everyone said so. Also, it was so loaded with patriotic music and maudlin sentiment that it made me gag. True, it was their convention and they were free to pack it with whatever family values they chose. But I resented becoming just one more extension of their propaganda apparatus. Still, it was a lovely piece of editing, we all agreed. We all caught the shuttle home and celebrated with a few beers.

Wednesday night was ballot night. No upsets expected here; Bush was sure to get the nomination, and Texas was sure to cast the votes that put him over. The only question was, how late would the session last? With each of fifty delegations delivering its own rambling travelogue ("The great state of East Oklabama!...proud of its pickled rutabagas!...home of our favorite illegitimate son!..."), well, the night could drag on indefinitely.

The delay did give me the chance to get a jump on my next day's project. Besides the nightly recap of events, the Network also has a long tradition of running a ten-minute compilation of the entire convention. I could build the first half of it simply by condensing the first two pieces I had already done. Then, as the evening wore on, I switched gears to edit that night's package.

Around midnight it started looking dicey. The balloting had begun, we had our montage ready, all we needed was to tack the Texas vote onto the tail end. The convention coverage had a hard out-time of 12:15 A.M., so our piece had to roll at 12:11. Old Tex began his drawl at 12:08. "The Great State of Texas..." When he finally forgot the Alamo and got around to casting his 178 votes, we turned the tape around, slapped it onto our edit master, and cued the montage for playback was 12:10 A.M. "Kill the nat-sound!" the intercom boomed, "Stay with the anchors!" We couldn't believe it. They were dropping the piece? Yes—they had an extra minute of commercials to run. The executive producer apologized for the inconvenience he had caused us, but that's show biz!

It's an irony that every editor comes to appreciate. The work you labor long and hard over is, by its very nature, expendable in the news business. It may look pretty, but it's not urgent. Real news (or real money) will bump it every time. But hack together a quick and dirty report just to get it on the air, and it will lead every show for the rest of the day. You just learn not to take it personally when the sons of bitches maliciously pull the plug on your awardwinning effort. Even so, that six-pack in the fridge back at the hotel tasted mighty flat that evening.

Dan warned me that, although Wednesday night's session ran long, the final night Thursday would wrap up early. All that was left was for Bush and Quayle to accept their nominations. Speculation centered on whether the President would hit a home run with his speech, but I was preoccupied with my own batting average. So far I was one-for-three, plus an error, and I had two more chances to score that night.

That night I was a study in concentration. Don't ask me what anybody said on the podium that night; don't even ask me what

[[*continued on page 4*]]



[[Afflerbach and the Republicans continued from page 3]] they said in the montage I edited. I certainly don't remember what anyone said to me. All I know is that Dan was feeding me footage, and I was editing it as fast as my fingers could fly. First onto the ten-minute wrap-up, then onto the shorter Thursday night version. No way was I going to miss a deadline this time! Finally George said the magic words "Desert Storm" and a quarter of a million red, white, and blue balloons fell from the sky. All I needed was the final shot. "Where's the reel with the balloon drop?" I called out to the tape desk. "Number 605, on the shelf!" the supervisor answered back. I grabbed it from the rack and wheeled around to go back to my edit bay—then I heard the crash behind me. I looked back in time to see the rest of the tape shelves toppling like dominoes from the place where I had been standing. It got very quiet for a very long moment, then the tape supervisor said gently, "Go finish your edit. We'll take care of this."

After the piece aired, the executive producer (who is also a Network vice-president) came to the tape room and sought out me and Dan. He patted us each on the back. He'd been doing these

conventions for a long time, he told us, and that was the finest montage he had ever seen. Maybe he felt he had to say that, because he had killed our piece the night before. Or maybe he felt he had to say it just because he was Dan's dad. Like I said before, you learn not to take it personally.

And did I tell you about my lapel pin? I went to check out the vendors who were set up in the AstroArena; it was the last day and prices were failing. Of course I wasn't much interested in Bush T-shirts or ceramic elephants, but I had seen people wearing "blame it on the media" buttons earlier in the week. Naturally, these were long gone, and so were the ones that said "Murphy is a tramp." However, I did find amidst the flags and bunting and balloons a most remarkable sight: a lonely Russian emigre displaying a pillowcase covered with lapel pins—of red stars, hammers and sickles, and numerous emblems of the various Soviet congresses. I couldn't resist. I picked out a nice silver pin with the head of Vladimir Lenin and fastened it to my liberal media credential. And thus it was that I, too, left the field of honor with this, my Red badge of courage! \*

## Among the Trees

by Pete Gaughan

I messed up reprinting the first quiz which ever appeared in *Perelandra*: I forgot to pencil in the first symbol. Let's see if I can find the right character this time—it's still worth a free issue:

$$\int \frac{D(\text{Cabin})}{\text{Cabin}} = x$$

And you might try this one, one issue for most entertaining answer: What makes the sound effect, "fnap!"?



The most astonishing thing about lastish is not that it went 44 pages (that's only 4 pages over my own, pre-production estimate). The most astonishing thing is that all the computer work was complete two days after the deadline.

Each page was copied as it was finalized (everything up through page 24 was ready before deadline) so only the last few had to be copied on Thursday, the third day after deadline, which left the collating for Thursday afternoon and staples and stamps for Thursday night.

As an addendum to lastish, Fred Davis was kind enough to send additional information on my Dipcon history last year and I was dumb enough to forget to update that section when I printed it this time! If you're keeping your copy of #100 and want to pencil this in:

- ▲ 1976 Dipcon had 140 in the toumey, won by Thomas Reape.
- ▲ 1977 Dipcon at Lake Geneva was won by Mike Rocamora (49 attendees).
- ▲ 1979 tournament had 110 players.
- ▲ 1980 Dipcon with 56 players was in Oakland, MI, a suburb of Detroit.



Oh my. The Republicans have really stubbed their collective toe this time.

Pat Buchanan is everything that's wrong with the Republican Party—he is allowed to stand up, on prime-time TV, and tell you that if you are homosexual, or a woman lawyer, or a doctor at a women's clinic, or a Muslim, or a public school student, that you are inherently evil. Or at the very least, inherently not as good and not as American as Buchanan's crowd.

(Why on earth should your bedmate have any effect on whether or not you get a job? I don't believe government policy should subsidize homosexual marriage—the reason married people are given benefits in our country is because marriage usually produces children. But who you sleep with should have no bearing on your ability to function in modern society.)

And when speaking about the L.A. riots, none of his concern was for the jobless and hopeless of Los Angeles... it was all for the men of the 18th Cavalry, in a fictitious confrontation.

I have no doubt that the president will, as he says, take off the gloves and campaign hard and all that. It's disgusting that he won't work as hard at compromising with the people's Congress, and moreso that his campaign will be aimed at getting ideas like Buchanan's further entrenched in law.

The first election I could vote in was 1980. At the time, I was just finishing my freshman year at USC, deeply involved with church and campus activities. My friends were a mixed bag of evangelicals and radical athiests, but we all agreed that charity and service to others were the most important things you could spend your time on. (Except the born-again ROTC officers, they were firmly in favor of taking money away from welfare to pay for more bombs.)

People in 1992 are finding it hard to concentrate on the fact that George Bush was *correct* in that election—trickle-down economics was and is voodoo, sticking a government pin in the tax code and hoping for sympathetic magic to conjure up increased prosperity. George Bush was also in favor of keeping the feds out of a woman's hospital room and a couple's bedroom. These were positions we admired in Jimmy Carter, but they certainly weren't central to the presidential decision.

All that year we worried about Carter. I'm a believer in the business cycle—government is not to blame for many economic problems, just as government shouldn't get much credit for boom times. But in 1980 nearly everyone blamed Carter for 20% interest rates and 11% unemployment, and of course we were gravely disappointed that the Iranian hostage rescue attempt failed.

[[more on page 5]]



## The Roar of the Greasepaint

(the letter column)

[[I received numerous compliments this month, both on issue 100 and on winning the Runestone Poll, which I will not bore you with here. Thanks to everyone who called or wrote with kind words.]]

### Mark Lew

Jim-Bob's claim that "Europeans have been on the East Coast hundreds of years longer than they've been on the West Coast" is technically correct, but overstates the case. Depending on how the question is defined, the number of "hundreds" is two at the most; more likely it's about one-fifth.

I believe the first European settlers on the East Coast of what is now the United States were French Huguenots in Florida in 1562, followed (and displaced) soon after by Spaniards. The Spanish began settling parts of northern New Mexico in the 1580s. Santa Fe was founded in 1610—only three years after Jamestown, the first successful English colony. Settlement in Texas, which Jim-Bob seems to include in the West, began in the late 1600s.

If Jim gets picky and insists on settlement not just in the west, but on the west coast, we have to jump ahead to the 18th century. The Spanish settled San Diego and Monterey in 1769, in response to English piracy in the Pacific, and to Russian exploration of the Pacific Northwest. I believe the first permanent European coastal settlements in the western United States were the small Russian trading colonies which began popping up on the coast of Alaska in the 1740s—still less than 200 years after the French in Florida.

[[I'm glad somebody called Jim to account on that. Amidst all the Spanish names around here, the second-largest town in

[[Among the Trees continued from page 4]]

The idea stunned us, though, that a no-brains actor, who'd been retired for almost a decade, could be elected president. I sat up election night with my born-again roommate, both of us from mildly Republican, middle-class families—we were people Raygun probably thought he could count on. But when it was clear Ronnie would win I turned to Bob and said, "We are going to spend the next eight years of our lives in a country that will choose to be blissfully ignorant of poverty, the environment, the corruption of the powerful—everything we care about."

Bob could only nod agreement as we turned off the set and went to bed. Little could we know the country wouldn't wake up for twelve years, and counting.

Folks, the Me Decade is over. Greed is wrong, no matter what Michael Douglas says. For twelve years those with wealth and power in this country have accumulated more wealth and power; not through hard work, but by purchasing government help. If you don't care what happens to the homeless in America; if you don't care how many nations starve to death because of the location of the world's food surpluses; if you don't care how many average U.S. citizens die without ever owning a home or ever being able to retire in peace; if you don't care about ever visiting a place where nature is left in its original, inhuman state; if you don't care whether you can see the air around you; if you don't care how many people are killed for their religion or their sex habits or their place of birth...

If you don't care for these things, then vote Republican. I think you care; and I think that even if you were going to vote Republican before the GOP convention, you are now alert to the threat they pose to our way of life and our future. \*

Sonoma County, thirty miles north of me, is Sebastapol, just south of the Russian River.]]

Is Cathy from the South? I thought only Southerners tried to spell "barbecue" with a Q. [[She was born in Florida and raised in Texas by Yankee parents, so I call her a Texan but she denies it. I've always spelled it barbeque.]]

I had forgotten about Scavenger Hunt Dip. I thought that was the cleverest of my goofy Dip variant ideas. Too bad we never tried playing it. I'd sign up if you had an opening.

Your review of past issues reminds me that I have most of my old Peres stuffed away in a box somewhere. Do you ever get requests for back issues which you don't have? For me, they're something I don't really want to throw away, but I'm glad to part with them if someone else is interested. I think my sub goes back to about #50.

[[I haven't had a back-issue request in three years, but someone else may want to expand their collection. The only people that I know might have a complete set of Pere, besides me, are Larry Peery and Steve Langley; Elmer Hinton has #1-80, I think.]]

### Andy York

Out of curiosity, you mention in the DipCon report that I wasn't at all what you expected. What did you expect? of all the people, Cal White and Dave Hood were the two who surprised me the most. It was nice to finally put some faces to the names I've known through DipDom.

[[Because of my preconceptions about AHIKS and similar gamers, and about Texans, I pegged you for late 30s and built like Bum Phillips.]]

### Melanie Winters

Issue #100—wow! That's quite an accomplishment. Someday I hope to find the time to read the *whole thing*. By the way, my sincerest gratitude for not printing the pictures of me—I have never been photogenic, one out of ten photos is what I'd consider tolerable, even fewer are flattering. My daughter wants her senior pictures (gulp! already?) done at Glamour Shots, where they supply the make-overs and costumes. They're having a 2-for-1 special, so I'm considering having a set done for Randy (of me, of course). Since they promise to "do it til you're satisfied" I may have something decent for you to print.

Greatest lover, huh? (See—I read the *important* stuff.) Sorry, but you'll have to settle for #2, although I will give you "best zine editor in America." Ain't that generous of me?

[[Okay, I had to print at least one editor-ego-stroking letter.

[[Well, you blew it now. I expect a picture for publication within the next month or two! My readers will demand no less. ("Do it til you're satisfied"? Are you sure all they do is take pictures?)]]

### Fred C. Davis, Jr.

It sure does look like our [Dipcon] numbers are declining. Most of us are getting a bit long in the tooth. There used to be a lot of 17- to 19-year-old kids attending, but they don't seem to come any more.

It will be interesting to see what happens when we again meet with a large Gaming Con in San Mateo next year. It also seems that we do much better when the DipCons are held in the Northeast. Four of the five highest attendance records were set in the Northeast. (Counting North Carolina in the Northeast, as it was, technically, in 1990.)

[[I hope you all join me in wishing Fred speedy recovery from his recent back surgery. More letters on page 6.]]



*[[letters continued from page 5]]*

**Daf Langley**

It was great talking to you last night. I appreciate you calling me back before you even took a shower *[[after a five-day camping trip]]*. If there is a Toady Hall of Fame you will be in it!

Dipcon at Pacificon! It sounds great. I talked to Steve last night and we have decided to enter the DnD tournament. We will be slaying dragons and gathering treasure while you are collecting dots and slaying Russia. If possible let's leave evenings free for Old Fart practice, okay?! I'm sorry I missed Kansas City. I would have loved to have been there. I hope Edi Birsan will make the trip to San Mateo. He is one of my favorite people. Maybe we could get him to make a cameo appearance at one of the DnD games.

I am having a great time in Druufon. Chuck You, Farley, is going to be a better game technically, what with Ellis and Kohman; but Druufon is turning out to be a great press game. Is Richard Weiss really worried about the press? His remark about "is profanity the way to get new players?" sounded either uptight or sarcastic. I hope he's just kidding because I like the press the way it is. And you know it's true, a game without sex in the press is a game without Daf.

Things around here continue much the same. We are still in a drought state, but it has been raining for the past two days. According to the news it will take months of rain before our reservoirs are back up to where they need to be. Ten feet of snow on the mountains wouldn't hurt either. I've just started a class in aqua aerobics—exercising in water. It's great. I get a good workout without all the pounding on my joints. After three weeks of going three times a week I will be re-evaluated and probably put on some weight training, plus the Stair Climber and the arm rowing machine. Yes, I'm getting into shape. Hopefully you won't recognize me when I come out for GaughanCon next year.

*[[I hope you don't really mean that when you arrive for NovaCon (you just promised you would!) I might actually not fall down at your feet in worship.*

*[[I think Richard was just musing, but I'll let him answer.]]*

**David Polley**

I've really enjoyed your zine—especially the Snowball Fights! As lively as the press is, it's fun to follow even without knowing the rules; but do you think you could send me a copy of the rules with my next issue? One question the rules can't answer: how could the "SnowMaster" of today ever have evolved from a "naïve Baptist"?! Is Daf the one responsible for bringing out the racy side of P.J. Gaughan? And just which meaning for "GMS" was the right one?

I'd like to see more of your political commentary in what is proving to be an extraordinary election year. I've done a lot of work for the GOP, and election night of 1980 was one of the happiest moments of my life; but the last time I was home I shocked all my old friends with the Clinton/Gore sticker on the back window of my car. One of them said that it made her realize just how much trouble George Bush is in! Granted, it's not just George that bothers me about today's GOP, but if I go on I'll start to rant, I just know it... (or would you like to read a Republican's rantings against the right wing? You and I might in fact agree on a few things, as liberal as you seem to be!)

*[[One at a time, one at a time! I drifted out of churches and into agnosticism entirely on my own, and the raciness (such as it is) came to the fore as part of that intellectual process. But let it be known that Daf predicted and prescribed such a change! Actually, I think her phrase about me, back in '84 or so, was that I needed to get laid.*

*[[GMS is GameMaster's Slave, the handle Daf worked under back in husband Steve's zine, Magus.*

*[[If you can't rant in a Dipzine, where can you rant? My bits-and-pieces column this month was already written when I got your letter, so I hope that appeases some of your request. I hope I write more extensively and more often as we evolve here, but in the past I've been very wimpy about expressing strong emotion in the zine. Perelandra has always been like a library—quiet, overly educated, a bit musty. I've always been satisfied with that (and somewhat afraid of changing for fear of losing readers) but I think I would like it to be more assertive.]]*

**Chuff Afflerbach**

Now here's a media alert for you, who loves to wander among the trees: our bureau is about to present a five-part series on the network about the health of our national forests. This is six months in the making, and we are currently in the death throes of the final editing. On Sunday I pack up my thirty hours of footage and fly to Atlanta for the final editing of the finished product. Watch for it on CNN starting on Labor Day, running every day that week and culminating on Saturday with a half-hour special. I am told that this project was handed down direct from the boss—Jane Fonda! But I would appreciate your honest evaluation.

*[[I do get cable but it would help to have times so I don't have to sit at home waiting for it! On days when I'm not out making sales calls I usually (a) leave C-SPAN on if the House is doing something substantial, or (b) listen to the radio—baseball, news and jazz in that order.]]*

**Mark Weseman**

*[[I asked why he's leaving, with wife and kids, for Korea...]]*

Why Korea? Well, I was not particularly happy working as a corporate attorney in the environmental field. I couldn't stand helping business screw up my country, and the people I work with aren't real wholesome. In March, I started looking, and one of the places I looked was Korea. I got lucky, and received an offer to be a Foreign Legal Consultant, which is a real pretentious title, for a Korean law firm.

It's a pretty good deal for me and the family. BJ gets to go home for a couple of years, the kids get to meet their Korean relatives for the first time, and I'll be making more than I make in the States. We hope to pay off all of my student loans, save some money, and then move back to upstate New York, or to northern California, Oregon, or Washington. Do you know any nice areas in northern California?

*[[I knew many, but let's see what your budget is like when you're ready to return—cost of living here is incredibly high.]]*

**Greg Ellis**

Sorry I didn't write anything for the 100th issue. I really did intend to, but with all the other writing I have been doing lately I just ran out of time. Unless you want a law article on the new ethics laws and how they apply to water districts! I am sure your audience would have loved that.

*[[Maybe not, but my mom (who is exec. asst. to the general mgr. at the local water district) might have co-workers who could use a copy.]]*

**Chuck Mercer**

I noted with interest you put the old crust, Ed Abbey, on the cover of the century issue. The interest comes from the fact that we were in Moab, Arches, Zion, and Canyonlands, Utah back in July. No great backcountry trips this time, just standard out-of-the-station-wagon car-camping stuff. Summer is really too hot to hump the trails with a pack in that part of the country.

*[[Chuck's letter concludes at the bottom of page 7...]]*



## CHUCK YOU, FARLEY / Snowball Fighting ASF19

### Turn Three: Immobile Activity

WARRIOR (PLAYER).....	loc.....	segment one / segment two / segment three.....	new loc ...up...hp...sb-di
Friendswood Flinger/FF (Greg Ellis).....	B8.....	Di at SL (45,82) / collect Di / Di at SL (85,28).....	B8.....4.....6.....0-0
Ice Man/IM (Andy York).....	Q3.....	RR at ZP (95,72) / collect 2 Sb / RR at SE* (85,46).....	Q3.....7.....8.....1-0
Mr. Snow Blues/SB (Brad Wilson).....	Q11.....	nmr / nmr / runs into the kitchen.....	kit.....4.....0.....0-0
Seattle Slew/SE (Daf Langley).....	K9.....	collect 2 Sb / RR at FF (95,60) / RR at FF (90,25).....	K9.....6.....3.....0-0
Slushee Slammer/SL (Chuck Mercer).....	A9.....	De at FF (80,13), dodge / RR at FF (95,55) / collect 2 Sb.....	A9.....6.....7.....2-0
El Zorro de Plata/ZP (Rick Kohman).....	S9.....	collect 2 SB / RR at SB* (95,55) / RR at SE* (95,04).....	S9.....4.....5.....1-0

Weather roll = 87. No orders are needed from Mr. Snow Blues next turn.

**Deadline for Turn Four is September 27.**

Segment One: Nobody moves at all as the snow is flung furiously around the yard. Mr. Snow Blues moves least of all, as he stands gaping at El Zorro de Plata, who is grinning and collecting. With a loud, villainous "HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Friendswood Flinger rears back and hurls his Dirigible at Slushee Slammer next door—but the Slush ducks, and pastes his smaller Demon attack in the Flinger's face! While Seattle Slew packs weapons, Ice Man loops a long, tall attack atop El Zorro.

Segment Two: Flinger and Icey replenish their armories, so Slushee nails FF again for a point; the Seattle babe points her Rattlesnake at FF as well. El Zorro takes advantage of Bluesey's seizure to send him indoors.

Segment Three: Slew continues to pound Friendswood Flinger, who turns to attack the Slammer again. This time, with SL bent over to pack snowballs, FF succeeds with his Dirigible toss. El Zorro needs a new target and, flipping a coin, chooses Slew; Ice Man does exactly the same thing, meaning Seattle is getting desperately close to kitchen-time.

Steven McKinnon kibitzes: It's too bad I guessed the GMS so soon, I was only just starting to get on a roll, *vis*: Grease My Shaft, Get Me Sweaty, Galt's Mother's Sister.

SM to McK: You were doing fine there for a minute...

Seattle Slew to Slushee: White spandex warrior suit. My oh my. Is it getting warm out here?

SnowMaster to Slushee: Nice move. We haven't gotten that comment out of Daf since the time I told her I had purple underwear on.

FF to SL: Step into my parlor...

GMS to Flinger: If you wore spandex I wouldn't throw so much snow at you. But look at yourself—a lime-green polyester leisure suit! None of us can look at you for fear of going blind.

SM to FF: In the category of Funny Typos Covered Up By Proof-

I loved Moab, the town was full of river runners and mountain bikers, and had a great bookstore that carried all of Abbey's work. You couldn't help but notice all the Germans visiting that part of the world. Out on the trails on our day hikes I would guess there were as many Germans as Americans. They seemed a pretty determined group on the trails.

Favorite scenic wonder was Delicate Arch in Arches National Park. The arch is impressive but taken with its surroundings it is spectacular. I've seen lots of nature wonderama, but Delicate Arch is special. I recommend it to all, but in the fall or spring.

*[[The German tradition of hiking is a bit more exercise-prone than ours. They walk faster and (in the past) took less notice of the vistas they passed by. They're learning, though, to enjoy the view and the hike.*

*[[I am trying to put together a description of my week at a writer's workshop in Yosemite—a powerful experience which I'm having a hard time writing (!). Cross your fingers for nextish.]]*

reading, I originally typed 'fear of going bland.'  
FF to SE: Quit horsing around with the amateurs and get your frozen butt up here with the pro!

GMS to Snowy: Ask Slushee if that's a dirigible in his pocket or is he glad to be here.

SM to GMS: You mena you don't recognize... naw, that's too easy.

GMS to Zorro: Quit drawing Zs in the snow and pay attention.

These guys are throwing snow at me. If my hair gets messed up by one of those snowballs, you know what's going to happen to you, don't you?

GMS to Snowy: You remember what happens to toadies who stab their mistress!?

SM to GMS: All too well, all too well.

GMS to Ice Man: you shouldn't be throwing snow at me, Ice Baby: I'll come over there and melt you down to a thermal loincloth.

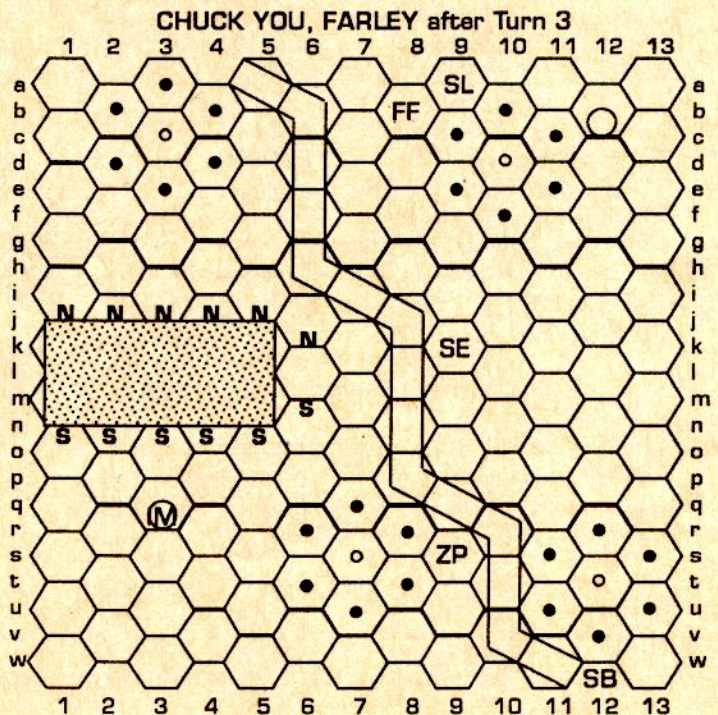
FF to SM: I'm not going to the kitchen this game. Without JR making treats, what's the point?

SnowMaster to FF: If begged appropriately, I could dig out some of nis better concoctions from earlier games.

GMS to Blues: It looks like kitchen duty is yours. Be sure to heat the rum before adding the butter and stoke up the fire. And don't drip on the kitchen floor.

GMS to Slushee: You sure fill out that spandex warrior suit. Why don't you come down here so I can get to a better look. Besides, my tongue is frozen to the ground and I can't get up.

SM to Yard: Help! I'm white and I can't get down!





## VEXVELT / 1992??

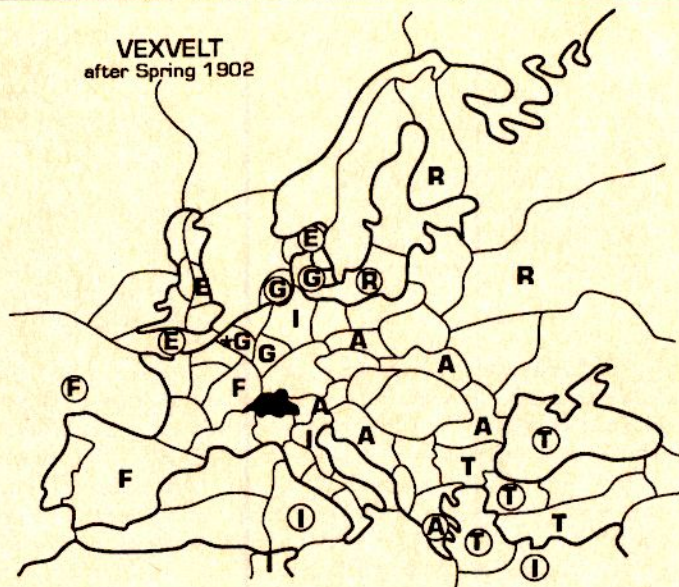
**Spring 1902: I Said to Myself, "Wow."**

Austria (Michael Alterio): a bud-gal, a vie-tyo (a tri s), a war-sil, a ser-rum, f gre s turkish f smy-aeg.  
 England (Lance Anderson): f lon-eng, f bel-nts /pic.otb/, a yor h, f nts-ska.  
 France (Terry Tallman): f spa/sc-mid, a por-spa, a pic-bur.  
 Germany (Richard Weiss): f kie-hel, f den-nts, a hol-bel (a ruh s).  
 Italy (Steve Nicewamer): f nap-tyl, a ven h, a tun h, f ion-eas, a mun-kie.  
 Russia (Russ Rusnak): f bot-bal, a stp-fin, a ukr-mos.  
 Turkey (Steve McKinnon): f ank-con, f smy-aeg, a bul s austrian a ser-rum, a con-smy, f sev-bla.  
 Many thanks to Mike Magnuson for backing up the Toadfather.

**Deadline for Fall 1902 is September 27.**

Turkey sings: "It's just the Beast under your bed / In your closet / In your head / Exit light / Enter night."  
 Turkey laments: "They killed my wife and my baby, / with hopes to enslave me. / First mistake, last mistake."  
 Baron to Turkey: "You wish to join your wife? Do you? So join her."  
 Turkey to Gaughan: "Captain, captain, save your strength, Captain. These people were sworn to live and die at my command two hundred years before you were born."  
 GM to Turkey: Boo! Hiss! (We here at *Pere* always boo the villain!)  
 Turkey writes: What have I done to you, my Sons  
 Both Christian and Islamic, all?  
 Aligned you all so neatly in the rank and file  
 So smartly you may fall  
 Before the entropy and chaos  
 Of the shot and ball.  
 This all so Turkey may become a larger shape  
 Upon the crisp and flimsy atlas page.

VEXVELT  
after Spring 1902



I siphon off my youth to fuel a  
 War with young men's rage.  
 We rule: a land of women;  
 Or we serve: a land of slaves.  
 No future's born; no Turks to mourn;  
 No Noble Land again.

Roy to Turkey: "Quite an experience to live in fear, isn't it? That's what it is to be a slave."

Turkey's Babes o' the Moment: Russian gymnast Svetlana Boguinskaya; Hungarian gymnast Henrietta Onodi. Babe o' the Universe (3½ years and counting): Mary Stuart Masterson.

GM to Turk: You can almost sing "Boguinskaya Eyes" to the tune of "Betty Davis Eyes."

## GIFFARD / Gunboat Titan

**Round Fortyfour**

**BLUE LEGIONS** (rolled a 5): Moon Plains P6 (E32); Bat Brush B24-Plains P29; Cloud Jungle J12-Brush B109; Lightning Brush B141-Woods W2; Anchor holds in Swamp S28.  
**GREEN LEGIONS** (rolled a 4): Dead Fish Plains P6 (E32); Medallion holds in Marsh M122; Harp Plains P20-Brush B120; Dagger Plains P119-Plains P115; Wreath holds in Jungle J125; Frog Brush B120-Brush B116; Hook Woods W39-Jungle J135; Boiling Pot Plains P34-Jungle J40; Hoop Snake Mountains 3000-Hills H18; Diamond holds in Mountains 3000; Claw Jungle J114-Plains P110.  
**RED LEGIONS** (rolled a 1): Double Eagle Swamp S142-Brush B141; Torch Hills H23-Brush B24; Star Brush B10-Tower 200.

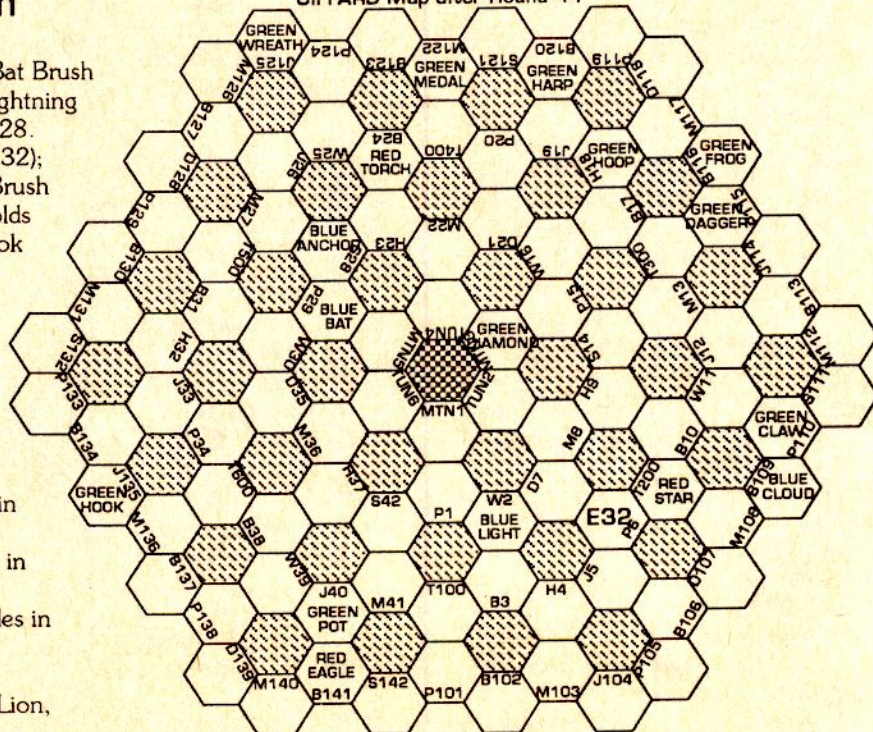
Engagement 32: Green Dead Fish attacks Blue Moon in Plains P6.  
 Engagement 33: Red Torch defeats Blue Winged Foot in H23. 2 Cyclopi, Gorgon die; 27 points to Red.  
 Engagement 34: Red Double Eagle defeats Green Scales in S142. Griffon dies; 20 points to Red.

Musters, Round 44: 2 Cyclopi, Behemoth, Guardian, Lion, Unicorn.

Point Count: Green 646, Blue 497, Red 485.

Markers Owned: Blue holds the Gold, Black and Brown markers.

GIFFARD Map after Round 44



**Deadline for Round Fortyfive is September 15.**



## GRAMARYE / British Rails BR8901

Round Sixtytwo

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway  
Owner: Paul Gardner

62: Move 9mp into York, drop one machinery, pick up one cattle. Move 3mp N.

card 66: london/fruit/£12; pembroke/conmat/£5; lincoln/fish/£7.  
card 68: brighton/tourists/£4; middlesbrough/cattle/£6; gloucester/oil/£11.  
card 111: leeds/cattle/£3; aberystwyth/machinery/£12; stoke/fish/£19.

Superfreight carrying jute, cattle and machinery.

color: purple  
Opening Bal: £ 55  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 55

order this time: 5  
next: 2/4  
GOs? yes

Railroad: Puppytail Rail  
Owner: David McCrumb

62: Move 9mp W to Lancaster, sell oil for £12M (card 99), pick up pigs; move 3mp N. Draws card #48.

card 38: glasgow/textile/£6; southampton/oil/£3; cardigan/cotton/£21.  
card 48: sheffield/coal/£4; reading/sugar/£17; newcastle/machinery/£7.  
card 96: ipswich/oil/£15; cardiff/rubber/£15; dundee/clay/£52.

Fast Freight carrying pigs and clay.

color: green  
Opening Bal: £ 45  
Income: + 12  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 57

order this time: 4  
next: 3/3  
GOs? yes

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers  
Owner: David Hood

62: Move 8mp into Cambridge (pay B&H), pick up construction materials, move 4mp S onto own line.

card 13: lincoln/conmat/£9; penzance/tobacco/£18; swansea/cotton/£22.  
card 15: holyhead/steel/£20; pembroke/cattle/£29; stranraer/conmat/£33.  
card 104: dumfries/coal/£8; birmingham/machinery/£4; aberystwyth/oats/£31.

Superfreight carrying conmats.

color: brown  
Opening Bal: £ 58  
Income: +  
Expenses: - 4  
Balance: £ 54

order this time: 3  
next: 4/2  
GOs? no

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars  
Owner: Jason Bergmann

62: Move 8mp into Colchester, sell coal for £16M (card 32). Draws card #118.

card 22: norwich/oil/£17; gloucester/beer/£8; holyhead/tourists/£13.  
card 59: hull/pottery/£16; glasgow/tourists/£19; northampton/cattle/£6.  
card 118: lincoln/cattle/£9; birmingham/conmat/£8; edinburgh/fruit/£36.

Freight carrying coal.

color: black  
Opening Bal: £ 13  
Income: + 16  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 29

order this time: 2  
next: 5/1  
GOs? no

## GIEDI PRIME / 1992??

### Winter 1900: Long Deadline Requested by Several

Austria (Roger Cox): a vie, a bud, f tri.  
England (Mike Magnuson): f lon, f edi, a lvp.  
France (Pat Conlon): a mar, a par, f bre.  
Germany (Lance Anderson): a mun, a ber, f kie.  
Italy (Hugh Magen): f nap, a rom, a ven.  
Russia (Greg Ellis): f stp/sc, f sev, a mos, a war.  
Turkey (Jon Rosenthal—note change of address in Roster): a con, a smy, f ank.

### Deadline for Spring 1901 is September 27.

England to All: May our knives be sharp, our aim be true, and our timing be perfect.

Italy to GM: Hugh or Edward is fine, but we should only use one so we don't confuse anyone. It seems you've started on Hugh, so let's go with it.

GM to Italy: I always want to address players the way they wish to be addressed—except for titles such as "Your Grace," of course.

Mad Max to Fruit&Nuts: You may have won the DipCon vote, but you'll live to regret it. The engine rats and hob riders will fill your streets with 90mph mayhem on DipCon Day. I will run you down in the Wasteland Toyota and leave a beer bottle to mark your grave. The citizens of Novato who survive the carnage will cast out your family and never speak your name again. They'll blame you for bringing this plague upon their city.

GM to Mad Pat: I welcome every Dipcon goer! But you'll have an easier time finding us if you're aware that Pacificon is held in San Mateo, not Novato... wrong suburb, dude!

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road  
Owner: Eric Brosius

62: Move 8mp into Cardigan, sell sugar for £28 (card 44) and textiles for £18 (card 43); pick up two conmats. Move 3mp E and stop (end at jctn with PR). Draws cards #49, 53.

card 49: london/cattle/£4; nottingham/cotton/10; holyhead/pottery/£18.  
card 53: shef'ld/textiles/£4; aberystwyth/jute/£45; newcastle/cars/£24.  
card 65: london/pott'ry/£13; cambridge/clay/£30; manchester/chemicals/£21.

Superfreight carrying hops and two conmats.

color: red  
Opening Bal: £124  
Income: + 50  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £174

order this time: 1  
next: 1/5  
GOs? no

### Deadline for Round 63 AND 64 is September 15.

I did a card-deck audit and was able to identify the card I drew for SSS two turns back. I hope you will all send two turns' worth of orders but, as usual, any one of you may insist on one-turn-at-a-time play.

This White Space Brought To You  
Courtesy Of Your Local Chapter Of  
Geek Nation,  
The Radical Nerd Coalition



GRAMARYE STUFF after Round Sixtytwo

One slash for each line built into a city; strikeout type indicates a locked-out city.

ayr\\	CARDIFF	dumfries\\	hull\\	northampton\\	aberystwyth\\
barnstaple	cardigan\\	DUNDEE\\	ipswich	NORWICH\\	reading
barrow\\	CARLISLE\\	EDINBURGH\\	lancaster\\	NOTTINGHAM\\	<del>SHEFFIELD\\</del>
berwick\\	colchester	exeter	<del>LEEDS\\</del>	pembroke\\	southampton\\
brighton\\	COVENTRY\\	<del>gloucester\\</del>	<del>lincoln\\</del>	penzance	<del>stamraer\\</del>
<del>BRISTOL\\</del>	dolgellau\\	hereford\\	<del>LIVERPOOL\\</del>	perth\\	swansea\\
<del>cambridge\\</del>	<del>doer\\</del>	holyhead	MIDDLESBROUGH\\	<del>portsmouth\\</del>	<del>YORK\\</del>

Mercantile report (filled buttons indicate loads on board trains at the end of the turn):

Barley	○○○	Coal	●○○○○○	Imports	○○○	Pigs	●○○	Textiles	○○○○○
Beer	○○○○○	Con. Mat.	●●●	Jute	●○○	Pottery	○○○	Tobacco	○○○○
Cars	○○○	Cotton	○○○	Lead	○○○	Rubber	○○○	Tourists	○○○
Cattle	●○○○	Fish	○○○○	Machinery	●○○	Sheep	○○○		
Chemicals	○○○	Fruit	○○○○	Oats	○○○○○	Steel	○○○○○		
Clay	●○	Hops	●○○	Oil	○○○	Sugar	○○○		

Order of play:	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75
Wrobel's Wrailway	1	5	2	4	3	3	4	2	5	1	1	5	2	4	3
Puppytail Rail	2	4	3	3	4	2	5	1	1	5	2	4	3	3	4
Silkworth's Sober Steamers	3	3	4	2	5	1	1	5	2	4	3	3	4	2	5
Bergmann's Boxcars	4	2	5	1	1	5	2	4	3	3	4	2	5	1	1
Birmingham & Hereford	5	1	1	5	2	4	3	3	4	2	5	1	1	5	2

Card Stock Status: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 (strikeout in discard pile, italic in hands, bold in stock).

Brotisserie League Update

(statistics through July 19)

AL East (pre-season)	player	ba	pts	hr	pts	rbi	pts	sb	pts	win	pts	sv	pts	b.r.	pts	era	pts	total
Everglade Alligators	DW	.272	3.5	180	4	699	5	118	4	42	3	105	4	1.19	3.5	3.01	3	30
New Orleans Crawdads	RW	.264	2	187	5	669	4	66	1	51	5	46	1	1.17	5	2.98	4	27
Montpelier Mudhens	EV	.272	3.5	149	3	636	3	87	2	45	4	77	2	1.19	3.5	2.59	5	26
David's Men	DM	.280	5	140	2	563	2	177	5	40	2	112	5	1.20	2	3.06	2	25
San Antonio Armadillos	AY	.261	1	91	1	515	1	113	3	28	1	94	3	1.33	1	3.33	1	12
AL West (June picks)	player	ba	pts	hr	pts	rbi	pts	sb	pts	win	pts	sv	pts	b.r.	pts	era	pts	total
Tacoma Aroma	DW	.292	2	171	5	666	4	178	4	62	5	96	5	1.12	4	2.40	5	34
Boring Games	RW	.301	4	165	4	657	3	148	3	60	4	47	1	1.10	5	2.90	2	26
Reno Rejects	AY	.296	3	144	2	612	2	201	5	56	2	94	4	1.14	3	2.73	4	25
Nome Gnomes	EV	.303	5	160	3	705	5	91	1	58	3	85	3	1.18	2	2.82	3	25
Idaho Idiots	DM	.288	1	54	1	253	1	121	2	21	1	69	2	1.31	1	3.53	1	10
NL East (Aug. picks)	player	ba	pts	hr	pts	rbi	pts	sb	pts	win	pts	sv	pts	b.r.	pts	era	pts	total
Montpelier Solons	RW	.301	4	122	1	649	1	269	5	69	4	85	2	1.04	5	2.18	5	27
New Jersey Possums	DW	.298	3	197	5	719	2	169	3	62	1	114	4	1.11	3	2.36	4	25
Buffalo Meat	EV	.295	2	189	4	746	5	112	1	90	5	41	1	1.08	4	2.48	2	24
Waco Wackos	AY	.305	5	180	2	740	3	127	2	64	2	114	4	1.12	2	2.44	3	23
Radford Rednecks	DM	.287	1	183	3	745	4	179	4	65	3	114	4	1.13	1	2.62	1	21
league averages:		.282		150		663		166		59		61		1.17		2.92		

Players are David McCrumb, Eric Voogd, David Wang, Richard Weiss, Andy York. Kibitzers who want a complete set of BroLeague rosters: let me know and I'll send you a copy of the season-ending report.

Very tight races in both eastern divisions. Remember, your teams must reach 900 IP in order to score points in the baserunner-ratio and era categories. Teams in danger of not getting points in those departments include the Alligators and the

Armadillos (which could really disrupt the AL East standings); only the Montpelier Solons have already gotten there.

With one set of picks remaining, David W. and Richard are in the best spots, but whoever wins the final division will be in the best position to take advantage of the slightest change in standings elsewhere. With McGwire out, Eckersley turning mortal, Cone traded and Ripken throwing the ball away, some of the leading teams will come back to the packs in the next month.



## ARRAKIS / 1991HM

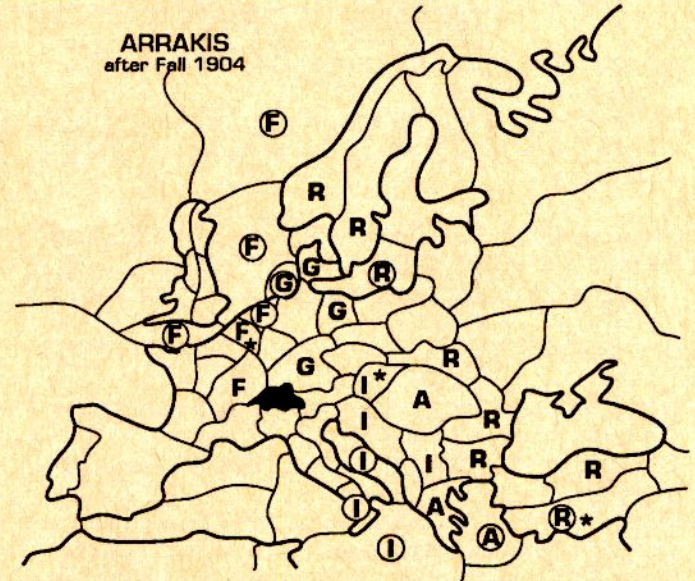
### Fall 1904: Take My Advice...

- Austria (Tom Hurst): a gre-ser, f aeg s russian F con-smy, a bud ms a vie /vie>boh,otb/.
- England (c.d.): f den /annihilated/.
- France (Don Scheifler): f nts-hol, f edi-nts, f nat-nwg, a bur-mun, a pic-bel (f eng s).
- Germany (John Schultz): a sil-ber, a mun-bur, a kie-den (f hel s), a bel h /ruh,otb/.
- Italy (Mike Stewart): f ion-gre, f nap-ion, a tyo-vie (a tri s (f adr s)), a ser s russian a rum-bud, f smy-aeg /eas,smy,otb/.
- Russia (Eric Voogd): a war-gal, a rum-bud, f bal & a swe s german f hel-den /nso/, a nwy h, f con-smy (a ank s), a bul-ser.

Seasons will be separated only if two or more players request.

### Deadline for Winter 1904/Spring 1905 is September 27.

- Paris to Rome: Let's you and him fight!
- Paris to Moscow: Go ahead, knock that chip off his shoulder!
- Austria to Russia: I'm worse than an Olympic weightlifter. I'm a C.P.A.! See you at tax time!
- GM to Austria: Kind of a lightweight now, aren't ya?
- Germany to Russia: This season will tell the tale true, but I begin to understand why E-R wouldn't work.
- Moscow to Master of Malignity: I hope you're satisfied, you got me good.
- Paris to Moscow: Nicety. Nicety. Nicety.
- Moscow to Rome: What can I say, he got me good. I apologize but how were you going to attack France from Naples?
- Epigram of the Month: "The difference between a cat and a lie is that the cat has only nine lives." — Mark Twain
- Paris to GM: The color maps were great! How about charging us a mere \$15.00 per issue, and doing the whole zine in color?
- Germany to France: Sittin' here writing these orders... waitin' for a letter... wantin' to see if you've practiced up on your pissed mode or not.
- GM to Paris: How angry can a ten-dot power be??



- Plucked Pullet to Garlic Gnoshers: Careful of the firecrackers I put in those Vienna sausages. You don't need another hole in the head!
- Paris to Austria: Can you say "This Bud's For You?"
- Erased Eagle to Borscht Biter: I know, you thought bud meant beer! Sorry. The beer truck left for Switzerland a long time ago. I always leave a golden parachute open in case of a hostile takeover.
- Moscow to Berlin: Help me Mr. Wizarrrrrrrrrrd.
- Germany to Austria: To tell ya' the truth, Vienna really didn't look all that inviting.
- France to Germany: Apply for federal protection. You're an endangered species.
- GM to Germany: Maybe he'll let you nest in Paris?
- Paris to Moscow: It's fall, so it must be time for another stab... or two.

### ARRAKIS / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1904

Austria	vie	tri	bud	con	GRE	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	4/3	remove one or even
England	den	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	1/0	out
France	par	bre	mar	por	spa	lvp	edi	lon	BEL	HOL	.	.	.	.	8/10	+4, room for 3 (declined 2 in '03)	
Germany	mun	kie	ber	bel	hel	DEN	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	5/4	remove one or even	
Italy	rom	nap	ven	tun	gre	ser	emy	VIE	TRI	.	.	.	.	.	7/7	even or build one	
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	swe	rum	nwy	bul	ank	SMY	.	.	.	.	9/10	build two (one failed build in '03)	

## POSTAL MONOPOLY

Cash Shortages—Remember, the order is: collect Bank Windfalls such as salary; pay Bank Debts such as taxes; pay Player Debts such as rent; then collect Player Windfalls (your own rents).

### TUPILE Round Eighteen

player	dice	ending position	owed	debts	possessions
Melinda Holley	8•/5	Indiana		14	\$642, Rea, Con, EC, PRR, ShL
Jason Bergmann	8•6•/10•	Free Parking	500	20	\$97, ori, stj, ind, b&o, atl, penav, Park <sup>2</sup> , Boa <sup>2</sup>
Ed Wrobel	3/3	GO	20, 200, 450	500	\$215, Ver, StC <sup>3</sup> , Sta <sup>3</sup> , Vir <sup>4</sup> , NY, Ill, WW
Andi Gomolka *	9/9	States	14, 200	200, 450	\$309, Med <sup>2</sup> , Bal <sup>2</sup> , Ten, Ken, Ven, MG, Pac, nca

\* player holds Get Out of Jail Free card.

Movement: MH moves along through Tennessee to Indiana. JB tags Illinois, hits Go To Jail, but immediately rolls double fives to end up at Free Parking. EW gets nailed by Park Place and ends his turn, limping, at GO. AG passes GO to give his salary back at Income Tax, then finishes at States.

Cash Shortages: EW and AG will have to find some financing (each has \$200 salary coming first but that's not enough).

**Deadline for Round Nineteen is September 27.**



## RUFFIAN / 1990IY

Autumn 1903: England retreats f nts-lon; Russia retreats a war-lvn, a mos-stp.

Winter 1903: Austria builds a tri; Italy "builds nuke sub Naples, B-1 Rome"—nice try, J.R.; Russia removes f nwg, f bar; Turkey builds f con.

### Spring 1904: No Basket of Goodies for This Little Red

Austria (David Polley): a mos ms a war, a gal-ukr (a rum s), a vie-tyo (a tri s), f ion c turkish a gre-apu /nso; tyn,apu,adr,alb, otb/.

England (Chuck Mercer): f edi-nts (f lon s, f nwg s) /f lon>yor, otb/.

France (Michael Alterio): a bur s german a hol-bel (a mar s), a gas-bre, f spa/sc-mid, f mid-iri.

Germany (Steve McKinnon): a hol-bel, f nts-lon (f eng s), f den-nts, a mun-tyo, a ber-sil.

Italy (J.R. Baker): f tun s turkish f eas-ion, a pie s german a mun-tyo, a tus-rom, f tyn-nap.

Russia (Art Shulman): a lvn-mos (a stp s), a swe 'plays in the glaciers without gloves.'

Turkey (Kathy Caruso): a sev looks at Austrian (a arm s), a gre h, f con-aeg, f aeg-ion (f eas s).

### Deadline for Fall 1904 is September 27.

KK to GM: Listen, if you keep this up I will have to replace Tom Mainardi and the newest KK supply center charts will be found under "...and now the Pops Gaughan Korner!"

GM to KK and Ruffians: Ooooooohs. So sorry. SC chart should be fixed this time. I guess I was preoccupied with those damned maps. (I had wondered how your charts came to be called the Tom Mainardi Korner...)

Austria to Turkey: You'd "make a deal with the devil," eh? I hope you didn't mean me, Kathy! Gee, I always thought I was such a swell guy...

GM to Austrian: She doesn't know you well enough to know where you're coming from, that's all. (Coming from Rumania is probably what she's afraid of!)

Russia to Turkey: Kathy, if you wish to sell your soul to the devil for Moscow, you can have it. I would rather keep my dignity intact, and take Sweden instead.

GM to Russian: You don't want Sweden—they've got all kinds of funny marks in their writing.

Austria to Italy: Maybe you can attribute my perfidy to the fact that I'm not a fellow Texan at all; I just live there. Actually I'm a transplanted Okie.

GM to Austria: Aha! Somebody should tell Kathy that's where you're coming from. You're the ones with all the funny little marks in your *speech!*

Kraut to GM: The è in *fête* should have been an ê. The ^ is a missing 's,' since *fête* is a root of *fest* as in *-ival*. Satisfié?

GM to Kraut: Sounds fishy!

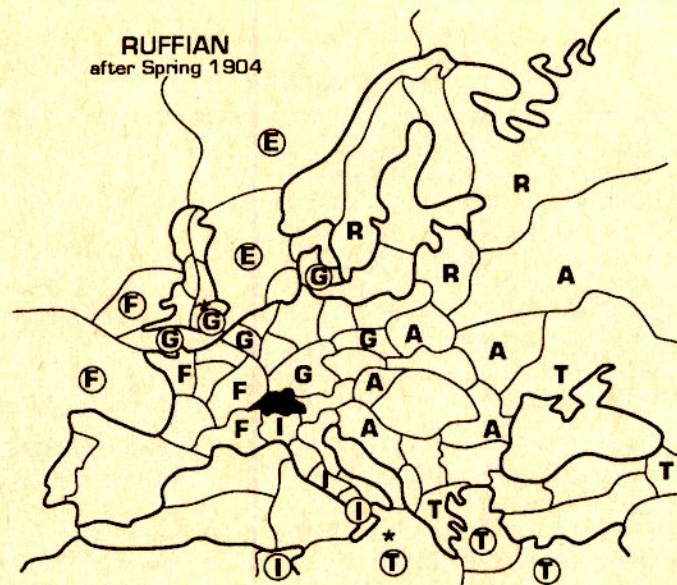
Turkey to Austria: Your talk of my centers in 1907 and 1908 is very nice, however we seem to have two very different styles of play—you see, my motto is "The Future is Now!"

Germany: I am a bozo. How could I leave Belgium open? I obviously had not had *enough* to drink that day.

Wishful Thinker: Pleeeeeeeeeeease let England retreat elsewhere than Belgium, or nmr. Pleeeeeeeeeeease.

GM to Wisher: "Fairy tales can come true, it can happen to you, if you're young at heart!"

English Channel: A small skiff (MTB) approaches the cruiser *Dessau*. A slight, pinch-faced man boards from the MTB. He



has the small, bony, sharp-faced visage of a rat. He's unhappy. You would be, too, if you looked like that.

Kapitän Durst: Velkom aboardën, Herr PanzerEßen. Vat brinks du jetzt?

Reichshauptamblütenführergesacht Panzereßen: Supidity, mein dunzherr. Yours, to be exactenbitte.

Kapitän Durst: Oh?

Rafg Panzereßen: Ja. Unt du bist avaren off de penalti-gesamt für ignoranzenshaft, ja?

Kapitän Durst: Oh!

Rafg Panzereßen: Ja!

Kapitän Durst: Ow! [Thump an der deckenspielluft]

Rafg Panzereßen: Heh! Heh! Auf Wiedersehen, Kapiten TotenDurst. Heh!

Der Enden

Turk to Italy: If we pool our resources, maybe we can draw some RED blood.

Austria to GM: I didn't know you were a Rangers fan until I saw the jersey you're pictured wearing in the last issue. A good friend of mine I used to work with is the biggest Ranger fan alive, and has one just like it. You and Kathy would get along with him real well—he named his first child after his favorite baseball player, even though the baby was a girl! Little SIERRA BRYSON is almost two years old now.

GM to Austria: The Rangers are my second team (after the Dodgers) and we won that jersey when our seat number was drawn at an Arlington Stadium Fan Appreciation game. It's the real thing, the team batting-practice jersey—has Mitch Williams' old number, 28, on the back. (Too bad Sierra has become such a swelled head in the past couple of years. He was such a nice kid when he couldn't speak English!) I'm enough of a baseball fan, though, that I can root for lots of teams and individuals at different levels; I still have a soft spot for the Tribe since I grew up in Cleveland!

### RUFFIAN / Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1903

Austria	vie	bud	tri	ser	rum	war	mos	.	7
England	edi	lon	lvp	.	.	.	.	.	3
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	.	.	.	5
Germany	mun	ber	kie	den	hol	bel	.	.	6
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	.	.	.	.	4
Russia	stp	swe	nwy	.	.	.	.	.	3
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	sev	gre	.	.	6



## DRUUFON / Snowball Fighting ASF18

### Turn Four: Familiar with Failure

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	loc	segment 1 / segment 2 / segment 3	new loc	up	hp	sb-di
Arsenic O'Reilly (Mike Stewart)	F16	-down path to O11 / collect 2 Sb / RR at CL* (95,64)	O11	6	6	1-0
The Blizzard (Lance Anderson)	A9	collect Di / collect 2 Sb / RR at HB* (85,45)	A9	3	10	1-1
Box o'Rocks (John Schultz)	K5	RR at CL (75,83) / -down path to P10 / collect 2 Sb	P10	4	1	2-0
Brandy Snifter (Tom Hurst)	V12	-U11, collect Sb / collect Di / Di at CC* (45,49)	U11	6	5	2-0
Calvin (David Wang)	F6	De at TG (75,65), -H6 / collect Di / RR at TG* (95,97)	H6	6	5	0-1
Cassius Clark (Clark Millikan)	S7	collect Di / collect Di / Di at OH (75,86)	S7	3	9	0-1
Clarence (David McCrumb)	K15	collect Di / Di at AO (45,79) / collect Di	K15	11	0	0-0
GMS (Daf Langley)	M13	collect 2 Sb / RR at CL (95,05) / RR at CL (95,29)	M13	8	2	0-0
Half-Baked Alaska (Rick Kohman)	I9	collect 2 Sb / RR at CA* (95,12) / RR at CA* (90,83)	I9	5	4	0-0
Orel Hershiser (John Galt)	S5	nmr / nmr / nmr	S5	1	4	0-0
Scih (Richard Weiss)	Q15	Di at BS (50,87) / Di at BS (65,03) / collect Di	Q15	5	7	0-1
Terry Gross (Paul Gardner)	H4	CS at E5 (nobody there) / RR at BR (65,37) / collect Di	H4	6	5	0-1

Weather roll = 49. I've said it too many times, you may not write "nearest" on the first two segments unless you're using a RR.  
 No orders will be needed from Clarence for all of next turn and Segments 1 & 2 of Turn Six.

### Deadline for Turn Five is September 27.

**Segment One:** Just as CYF had little movement this Turn, so here the snowwarriors are more concerned with bashing each other than with changing positions. Arsenic O'Reilly runs down the path to approach the CL/GMS battle from the other side; Brandy Snifter takes one more cautious step toward the center and packs a 'ball. Everyone else is preparing mass destruction except:

Box o'Rocks hurls one of his 'balls lengthwise across the yard at Clarence—no chance, he misses. Calvin picks a closer target, Terry Gross, and has more success, stepping out from under the tree as he does so. This frustrates Gross, who nails the tree trunk with a Conifer Storm but scores no points. And Scih is tracking the slow-moving BS with a Dirigible but those Di's are notoriously unstable and this one goes way wide.

**Segment Two:** This time BR runs down the path (I guess he figured out that you stand a better chance when you're close to your target) and Terry shows Scih how you're supposed to hit a moving warrior by knocking off the retreating Rocky. Scih must have learned the lesson because this time he hits Brandy with his Di.

More weapons, especially Dolton Dirigibles, are gathered. Half-Baked Alaska hasn't moved from his shed-shadowed spot and he wings Calvin from close range. GMS pegs Clarence, taking him down to one point of dryness; Clarence lobs a Di over GMS toward Arsenic, but can't make contact.

**Segment Three:** Alaska repeats his successful Rattler on Calvin, who is trying to hit the Gross one but can't. Cassius Clark stops packing Dirigibles long enough to notice that Orel Hershiser has completely sat out this turn; CC whirls and hurls but misses the immobile Orel. BS tries to get Clark while his back is turned but the tree branches prevent any damage.

Blizzard, huddled in his Snow Fort, finally pops up to attack, hitting Half-Baked in the back while HBA hits Calvin once more. Clarence bends over, fatalistically, to pack a weapon but he gets no chance to use it as GMS and Arsenic both whip him with Rattlers.

#### Press:

Calvin: ...and the MegaBomb explodes! The alien battle fortress is destroyed! Spaceman Spiff saves the day! Hooray! ...But wait! What's that? Another alien fortress appears on the horizon! Spaceman Spiff readies yet another MegaBomb... (Talk about telegraphing your moves!)

CC to Bliz: A snow fort north of the arctic circle isn't necessary. Why don't you come south to where the other 99.9% of the population lives?

GMS to Dizzy Blizzy: Forts are for wimps. Come out from behind those walls and fight like a man. Hibernation is no way to win.

BS to Scih: Profanity as such doesn't work, innuendo does. That way the listener provides the dirt. (And their minds are always digging!) It's not my fault that you don't put a clean interpretation on it, is it? There's always at least one clean one available.

Clarence to Scih: A little easier on the fingernails?

SnowMaster to Scih: If you're doing manicures, could you take a moment to de-claw B.S.?

BS to CC: The definition of an inside joke is you sitting in the kitchen!

BS to SM: Daf never teases? With lies like that, you should play *Diplomacy!*

GMS to BS: Socks and mittens? That sounds about right, but I think I'll keep my muff on too. I wouldn't want my hands to get cold.

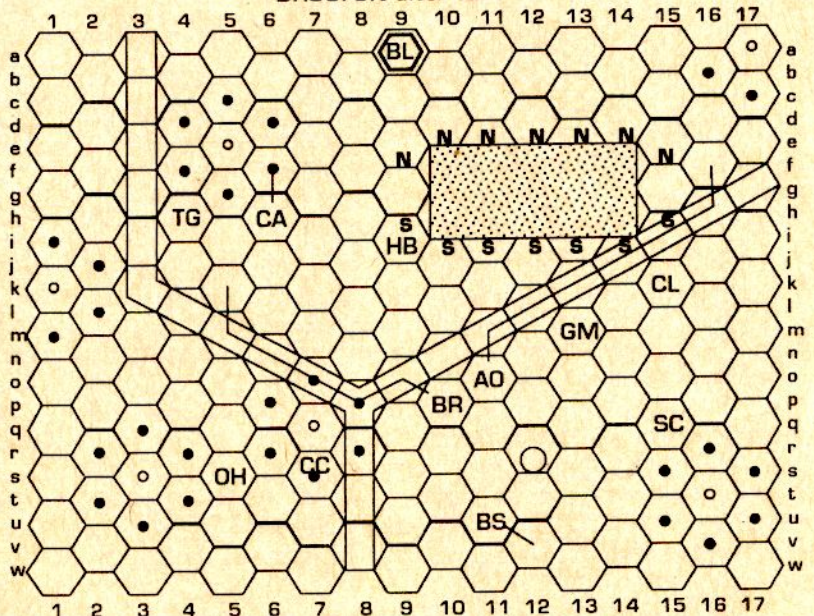
SM to GMS: Whose hands are in your muff?

CC to GMS: With you around, wouldn't a comforter be redundant?

BS to Daf: Don't worry too much about having to go to the kitchen so early. In such a long game it isn't so bad. Worse would be to sit at one HP, knowing they can take you out at any

[[LOTS more press on page 14]]

DRUUFON after Turn 4





[[Druufon press from page 13]]

- time if you get close to winning. In a regular game it could be tough, but here...
- GMS to BS: You must have been tipling when the latest *Playboy* came out. "Rhino love" is considered the newest turn-on.
- GMS to Snowy: No, you don't sit on the horn, silly.
- SM to GMS: Now, how did I miss that in my issue? Or should I be reading Cathy's *Playgirl*?
- BS to Gang: My back is to the wall! (That way the "Kick Me" sticker doesn't show.)
- CC to Orel: Sneakin' up behind the tree, huh? Take that!
- SM to CC: He weren't sneakin'—or doing *anything*, for that matter.
- BS to SM: Yuppie scum? Fax? Don't youse throw them technical terms at us, or I'll run ya down with my pickup truck!
- SnowMaster to Brandy: I thought C.P.A.s didn't own pickups because of their low retained value.
- More BS to SM: OK, how's about you settle for gettin' hit wit an empty beer can?
- SM to BS: NO! NO! NO! RECYCLE! Haven't you been listening?
- Rocky to SM: I've never even seen fax paper! Ain't they ever heard of stamps?
- SM to Rocky: There is a very small contingent of players who, when late, will do almost anything to get orders in. I have gotten overnight delivery (FedEx, USPS Express Mail) of orders a dozen times in my career.
- Brandy to Gang: So now we can truthfully say that our SnowMaster is sometimes not bothered by the fax?
- SM leads the Yard in a collective groan...
- GMS to Snowy: I guess hibernation means never having to say, "Who threw that?"
- SnowMaster to GMS: I don't mind an nmr so long as it's a player who wouldn't normally write much press anyway. If one of my good writers goes missing, I get pretty nasty.
- GMS to Clark: With all those wonderful targets on your side of the yard, why are you picking on poor little me? (sniff)
- GMS to Clarence: It looks like you and me, kiddo. Last one into the kitchen has to do the foot rubs.
- Clarence to GMS: You seem to enjoy hitting my backside...
- SM to CL: I suggest you locate your feet before Daf gets there.
- Clarence to Orel: What's the matter? Don't you like free-for-alls?
- GMS to Orel: Keep pitching those fastballs at Clarence. He looks like he's ready for the kitchen.
- Toady Schultz to GMS: Dumplin? Only you could get away with that one. I'm on my way, sugar puddin'! Ghod, was that hoaky or what?
- CC to Everyone but GMS: I guess the B word has been a little overused lately.
- SM to CC: What, buns? Boleros? B.S.?
- GMS to Rocky: Hang in there, Sweetie, and quit throwing Boleros. There only a few things that are better in pairs and snowballs aren't on this list.
- GMS to Oreally: Come on down and help us send Clarence to the kitchen. I could make it worth your while.
- Clarence to GMS: I'll take care of you once I get O'Reilly on the run. That is, unless we decide to chase each other to the kitchen. Bet my mom makes better hot cocoa than yours!
- Rocky to Clarence: The mistress calls and I come. You'll be sorry for all those di's you dropped on her head.
- SM to Rocky: He's already paying a price, believe me. Her sword jumped up and bit him as he went by along the path.
- GMS to Calvin: Why don't you go jump on Lance? I'll bet he wouldn't be expecting that. I would do it, but at his age he might have a heart attack.
- Box o' Rocks to Calvin: You're right...I'm wrong. We'll leave it at that. If I told you how I came to that mistaken conclusion I'd prove the fitting of my name.
- GMS to Toady Kohman: Gee, you're looking blue. Haven't I told you a million times not to stand under the shed? I'll pound Clarence so you can recover.
- Calvin to Arsenic O'Reilly: Way to go! High fives, baby!
- CC to CA & AO: Nice shot! When Half-Baked digs himself out of that snowbank, we'll all be gone.
- SM to CC: Rather than waste time digging out, he simply smeared Calvin with large portions of the Avalanche material.
- Clarence to Arsenic: Come on, you can do better than that. I'm freezing. Send me inside to GMS can warm me up.
- GMS to Scih: I must be a dumb blonde, but I don't understand what SCIH means either. The only thing I came up with is Sex Certainly Is Healthy. Am I right?
- GMS to Snowy: One dumb blonde joke out of you [[who, me??]] and you won't get any lashes at all.
- SM to GMS: Oh, you're right—you're the expert—but as to whether that's what SCIH stands for...
- Calvin to Hobbes: Hey What are you doing over there? Come here! (Oh no! "Cross-gaming!") \*

## LITERARY QUIZ

You may win free issues of *Perelandra* by sending in Literary Quiz answers... or by sending in Literary trivia questions. If I publish your question, you get one free issue; if at least three people respond to the quiz and none of them gets it right, you get another. (You must include the correct answer!)

181C: I must admit, I pulled a stunt in that answer about Alfred Bester's *The Stars My Destination*. It was Chuff Afflerbach, not Richard Weiss who sent in that magazine quote. Having confused the two of them once I couldn't resist doing so again when Chuff sent in an unsigned letter.

Chuff wrote: "Who is this Richard Weiss and why does he keep signing his name to my letters?"

"Well, that's just a rhetorical question, because I know who he is, I've actually even met him, I've even played Diplomacy against him at your house. But that game is long since over... So why do you and he keep conspiring against me every time I send in an answer to a literary quiz?"

"Maybe you think of him as more the literary type, and that's

why he keeps getting all the credit for my insights. Or maybe he has a typeface similar to mine. Could it be the common complaint that all beards look alike? I am always being told by some stranger that 'you sure do look familiar...' Could it be they are all friends of Mr. Weiss?

"Well, I have certainly learned my lesson, and keep on hand a copy of all my recent correspondence, just in case you and Mr. Weiss try to pull another fast one. Looks like I caught you two at it again!"

JR1: Albert Jay Nock, a 20th-Century author and thinker wrote, "As sheer casual reading matter, I still find \_\_\_\_\_ the most interesting book in our language." What did he so enjoy perusing?

Answer: the dictionary. Tim Goodwin got this right; Richard Weiss (really!) guessed the Bible. Jon Rosenthal sent this one in.

CE2: Who is our new poet laureate?

Answer: Marion Van Duyn. Tim said Mark Strand, but his "term" ended in May (the appointment is for one year).

For next time, you'll find two quick quizzes in *Among the Trees*, and Cathy has a contest on the back cover.







## ZIRN / Snowball Fighting ASF20

### Turn One

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	loc	segment 1 / segment 2 / segment 3	new loc	up	hp	sb-di
Danimal/DA (Dan Sellers)	P10	BB at M (60,44) & S (65,54) / -O11-N12-L12 / collect Di	L12	2	6	0-1
Digitous Rex/DR (Mike Magnuson)	P6	RR at DA (95,25) / collect Sb, -O7-P8 / RR at DA* (95,35)	P10	2	10	1-0
Hobbes/H (David Wang)	F4	RR at TI (80,85) / collect Di / RR at TI* (85,88)	F4	0	9	0-1
Katspaw/K (Tom Hurst)	J12	-H12, collect Sb / collect Di / Di at TI* (60,48)	H12	3	10	3-0
Maelstrom Melli/M (Melanie Winters)	W3	-V4-T4-R4-Q5 / RR at DA (65,20) / collect Sb, -P6-O7	O7	1	9	2-0
Snowpaw/S (John Schultz)	U9	RR at DA (95,45) / -T8-S7, collect Sb / BB at DA (50,56) & M (55,91)	S7	1	9	0-0
Thin Ice/TI (Clark Millikan)	D8	De at H (65,28), -E9 / De at K (75,94), -F10 / collect Di	F10	1	7	0-1

Weather roll = 12, so we're looking at bitter cold and hard winds but not quite heavy snow.

### Deadline for Turn Two is September 27.

Segment One: The game goes BANG out of the starting gate, as everyone gets busy right away. Maelstrom Melli runs in for a better shot, while Katspaw slides to the side in case anyone is aiming at him. Danimal loads up both hands and—wham! bam!—nails Melli and Snowpaw. Snowpaw doesn't take this lightly, returning the point immediately. Thin Ice and Hobbes trade attacks, but while TI hits he makes Hobbes miss by stepping under the conifer.

Segment Two: Most players stop to reload—Hobbes and Katspaw pack Dirigibles, with Danimal setting off on the track of Katspaw. Snowpaw runs under his tree and Digitous Rex crosses the path after the Danbeast. Melli fires a long Rattlesnake that just clips Danimal; Thin Ice tries another Demon but this time comes up lacking.

Segment Three: Danimal continues to take the worst of the fury, getting hit by Digitous Rex. Snowpaw's Bolero attack just misses Dan and misses Miss Maelstrom by a mile. Katspaw and Hobbes have T.I. pinned down between them, and although H misses again, K lands the first Dirigible of the fight to take the early lead.

SnowMaster to Digitous Rex: You tried to move too far after collecting that Snowball on Segment Two so you wound up short of where you were headed. You can only move a maximum of two hexes if you collect (path hexes counting as 1/2).

Digidude to All: Jihad, anyone?

SM to Digidude: Thanks, I'll have mine with a twist.

Snowpaw to David: Ain't heard from you for a while. You still livin'? Stay north of the shed and I won't have to test your reflexes.

SnowMaster to Snowpaw: Well, he stayed up there and didn't get tested, but neither did he score.

Melli to Board: Daddy told me not to mess up my new velvet snowsuit, so I hope you boys will be gentlemen. (NOT!)

Hobbes: Hmm...Should I or shouldn't I?

SM to Hobbes: You're not even a boy, let alone a gentleman.

Melli to Dan: Sorry, dude, it was a contract hit. Care to guess who ordered it? (I'll give you a little hint: he paid in sapphires.)

SM to Melli: Hey, no inside comments that the SnowMaster is not party to!

Snowpaw to SM: One of these days...one of these BB's are going to work.

SnowMaster to Snowpaw: Looks like right day, wrong player for that Bolero; but I'm more concerned with what Katspaw will think of your "copy cat" name.

Snowpaw to Katspaw: I like your name... well... the paw part anyway.

Katspaw to No-Names: Kat got your tongue, or is it that you just can't think of a nom-de-snow? You could have been named after Snow White's dwarfs!

SnowMaster to KP: There's only six of them—can't you count? However many, they all got names in.

Katty to Sado-Masochist (SM): Me? I'm the eighth dwarf, Sleazy.

But I already have a name, and Walt didn't want to pay union scale for more than seven.

Thin Ice to KP: Let's move away from the snowman now, SLOWLY! and no one will get hurt!

Melli to John: Our first game together—guess I'll get to see what you're made of, querido.

Snowpaw to Mel: Well, hello, Mel darlin'! Good to meetcha here.

All I ask is that ya' stay out of the flight-path of all these rockets I'll be throwin'.

Digidude to Dan: Snow tag!! You're it! ;)

SnowMaster to Digidude: Those e-mail smilies don't work so well with proportioned fonts!

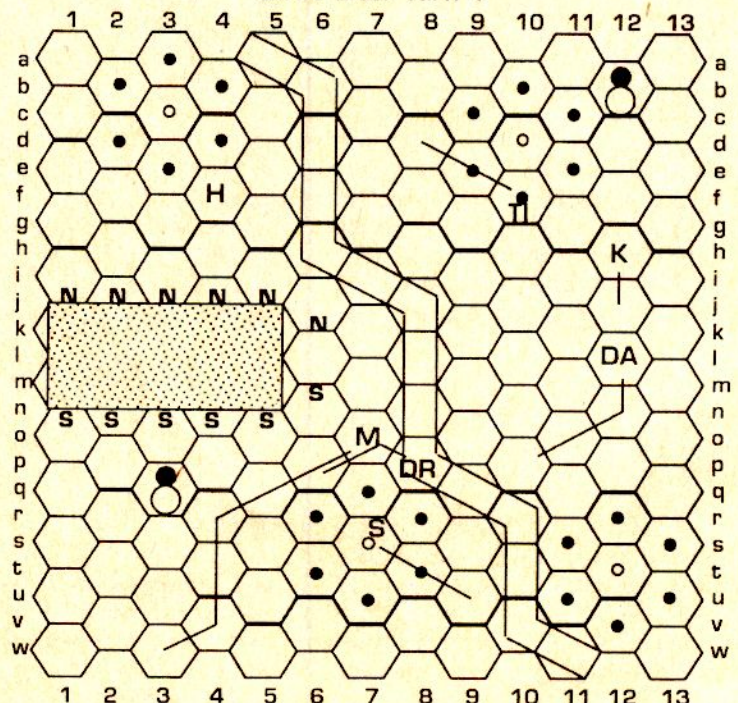
Melli to Clark: Hey neighbor! Jeez, I used to live on Adelaide, too! In the Imperial Gardens, I think. Perhaps I'll come up and see ya sometime.

Thin Ice to Hobbes: Go peek around the corner of the shed and tell me what you see.

Hobbes to Calvin: Hey! What are you doing over there? Come here! (Oh no! "Cross-gaming!")

SnowMaster to Hobbes: Just so you keep your cross-gaming confined to the press, young man... er, young tiger. (I had a player in one game try to lob an attack at a player in another game once—you don't want to see what happens to people like that!)

ZIRN after Turn 1





## RAMA / Spectrum Titan

### Round Twentythree

**BLACK LEGIONS** (Vince Lutterbie) die roll 6: Eye Plains P34-Jungle J40; Gravestone Woods W25-Plains P119; Arrowhead Hills H9-Plains P15 and splits with Skull&Crossbones; Rose Marsh M108-Swamp 14.

**BLUE LEGIONS** (John Galt) die roll 6: Trident Brush B134-Brush B38; Padlock Brush B137-Marsh M131 (E28).

**GOLD LEGIONS** (Marc Peters) die roll 3: Sun holds in Hills H4; Talons Hills H18 (E27); Bug Marsh M27-Woods W30; Lamp Brush B134-Marsh M131; Bearclaw Swamp S123-Brush B120; Fireball Marsh M117-Plains P20; Coins Brush B127-Plains P124.

**GREEN LEGIONS** (Claire Brosius) die roll 6: Fishbones Hills H18 (E22); Dagger Brush B106 (E25); Frog Tundra 6000-Marsh M41; Cauldron Hills H37-Plains P1.

**RED LEGIONS** (Art Shulman) die roll 1: Torch Jungle J114-Brush B113; Spiral holds in Jungle J135 (E28); Double Eagle Brush B106 (E25); Sword Hills H18 (E22); Jester Swamp S142-Brush B141; Scimitar Brush B102-Plains P101; Star Brush B113-Jungle J12; Salamander Hills H18 (E27); Bleeding Heart Plains P115-Tower 300; Shield holds in Plains P115.

### Engagements

Engagement 22: Red Sword attacks Green Fishbones in H18.

Engagement 23: Gold Lamp defeats Red Fist in B134. 3 Angels, 4 Behemoths, 2 Serpents and 2 Gorgons die; 168 points to Gold.

Engagement 25: Red Double Eagle attacks Green Dagger in B106.

Engagement 26: Red Torch defeats Gold Pyramid in J114. Centaur dies; 12 points to Red.

Engagement 27: Gold Talons attacks Red Salamander in H18.

Engagement 28: Blue Padlock attacks Red Spiral in J135. Defender enter through 1-15-14 by September 15, please.

Point Count: Gold 649, Red 294, Green 276, Black 39, Blue 0. Musters, Round 23: 2 Centaurs, 2 Gorgons, 2 Rangers, Angel, Archangel, Behemoth, Guardian. We are now out of Centaurs. Die rolls available for Round Twentyfour: Black 2, Blue 4, Gold 6, Green 5, Red 5.

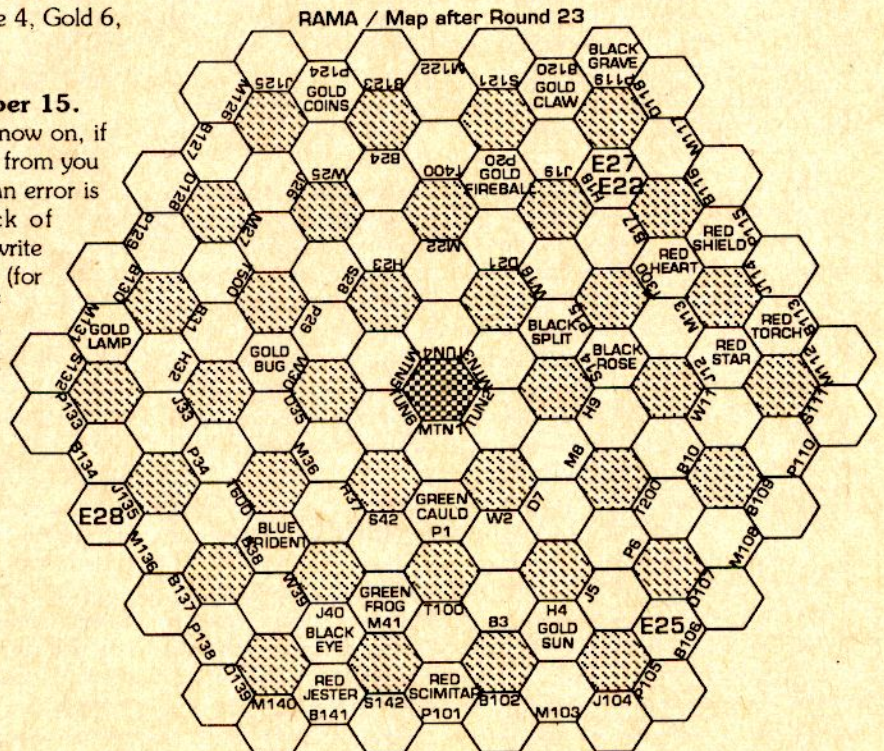
Markers Owned: Green holds the Brown markers.

### Deadline for Round Twentyfour is September 15.

GM to Ramas: Some notes on Engagements. From now on, if I don't have a copy of your battle moves and strikes from you (not from your opponent), you have no recourse if an error is made or if I make a ruling based on my lack of information. Also, you should never (in any game) write orders for something on the back of something else (for instance, orders for one battle on the back of another). All battle reports must show every creature in the battle, even those which are not moving or striking.

### RAMA Creature Status

	after rd. 23	orig	box	dead	board
Angel	18	14	—	—	4
Archangel	6	5	—	—	1
Behemoth	18	6	6	6	6
Centaur	25	0	17	6	6
Colossus	10	6	0	4	4
Cyclops	28	0	18	10	10
Dragon	18	16	0	2	2
Gargoyle	21	9	10	2	2
Giant	18	13	0	5	5
Gorgon	25	3	8	14	14
Griffon	18	13	0	5	5
Guardian	6	4	—	2	2
Hydra	10	0	1	9	9
Lion	28	3	19	6	6
Minotaur	21	12	7	2	2
Ogre	25	1	20	4	4
Ranger	28	6	10	12	12
Serpent	10	2	2	6	6
Troll	28	6	13	9	9
Unicom	12	3	0	9	9
Warbear	21	13	2	6	6
Warlock	6	4	—	2	2
Wyvern	18	12	3	3	3





## Mindspeak

by Pete Gaughan

We inefficient English speakers get by with more ambiguity, metaphor and analogy than any other set of language speakers I'm familiar with. We *think* we're being so straight-forward because of our rigid word orders and limited vocabulary, but that's only the result of sharing a huge set of assumptions about language and the world. Second-language learners taking up English face the daunting task of having many communication tools, which they can use in their native tongues, taken away from them in English: part-of-speech markers, gender agreement, case shifts, word order as connotation, and so on.

But deep down, in our subconscious, when we learn language as children, do we learn a rule like "subject then verb then object"? Or do we simply accumulate a collection of grammatically-correct sentences based on hearing others speak, and pull out the one we need? Or does something else happen in the mind, something nobody has even guessed at? And does it happen in every child's mind, universally, or does every native language produce a separate set of mental rules?

Mark Lew makes a comparison which prompted me to piece these thoughts together. When studying the atom, many of us are taught the 'solar system' model: a nucleus, with a bunch of electrons spinning happily around in fixed orbits. Of course, all that is is a convenient way to *think* about atoms—they're not so simple in reality and in fact may not be anything like our model. It's just a tool we have for talking about atoms, just as the word 'tree' is not a tree but a label to help us communicate.

In linguistics, there is a hundred-year-old argument about whether language rules—syntax, semantics, phonology, all of them—are reflective of what is really going on in someone's mind when they use language, or merely models that fit the speech we observe. The philosophy-of-science people label the two sides as follows.

Behaviorists believe that everything we can know about humans (and, by corollary, the only things we can know about humans) are the things we can observe of the way they behave. So when a linguist tells you that English has a verb-subject agreement rule, he's just giving you a formula that fits the facts: God only knows what is actually going on in the mind.

Rationalists believe that we can know what operations lie behind behavior. If they say that "impossible" is really "in+possible" in your mind, they mean it!

Linguistics evolved from European philology about a hundred years ago (those of you wanting to follow the paper trail can start with Ferdinand de Saussure and William von Humboldt, and continue to through Boas to Bloomfield, and Zelig Harris). When it came to America, students of language were shocked to encounter the diversity of Native American languages and language families. The behaviorists were in control then, and they were interested in getting everything down on paper for posterity—lists of sounds, words, sentences and so forth, spending little time analyzing why. After all, if every language was different, then all you could really do was discover and list the differences.

(This was where we got our traditional English teaching system of rote memorization and rule upon rule—which is now known as "prescriptive grammar.")

Noam Chomsky of M.I.T. rebelled against all this. Studying Edward Sapir he came to believe that certain things about language are universal. Language is unique to humans, but more importantly every human communicates through language. He began to generalize, trying to find a set of rules which would apply to all languages. The best way he could find to do this was to set up the

## Dip Battleship

Postal Rules for play in Perelandra

This is the standard game of Battleship that we all know from many years ago, designed for goof-ball postal play and press! Don Williams ran this game in *Fiat Bellum!* lo these many moons ago, but Pete Gaughan has boiled them down in this edition.

Each player begins with a fleet as follows:

- 1 Battleship.....5 'units' or spaces long
- 1 Aircraft Carrier.....4 spaces
- 3 Cruisers.....3 spaces
- 2 Destroyers.....2 spaces
- 2 Submarines.....1 space each

Each player begins the game with 25 'salvos' or 'shots,' one for each ship-unit. As the game progresses players will lose ships to enemy fire and consequently lose offensive capability as well. *The game ends when a player has the majority of all ship-units in the game.*

Each fleet will be placed on a 12x12 map grid; each player will receive his own grid, plus five blanks to keep track of hits and misses on others' vessels.

Every round, a player may fire all, some, or none of his salvos ('none' is not recommended!). Salvos may not be saved from one round to the next—use 'em or lose 'em. A player may fire entirely at one enemy or divide his attack among more than one.

The game report will show all salvos fired that round but *not* who fired them. Players should record all salvos on their blank grids, since they all count toward reducing the victory criterion whether you shot them or not.

The game is designed to be played gunboat-style, anonymously. However, these rules expressly do *not* forbid contact among the players. Press will be black and any attempt to reveal one's identity in the press will be edited, but players are welcome to try to negotiate, either in the press or by sending blind letters to other Perelandra readers.

most general rules possible, and then list changes, adaptations and shortcuts that each language could choose from. These he called transformations and his system is transformational grammar (T-G).

So if there is a root concept in everyone's mind, a universal idea of "possible," and another root concept of "not" or "opposite," Chomsky says that English has selected a transformation which allows us to jam them together to form "impossible." Other languages might not have this option—Ancient Hebrew seems to require the two ideas be kept in separate words.

But the argument rages on because we know so little of the human mind. Psychology and medicine are getting closer all the time, but behaviorists (who use linguistic systems like tagmemics and relational grammar) continue to deny that the models represent mental reality. Chomsky's model is so powerful, though, that it has become the dominant paradigm—every linguist, even the 25% or so that do not use T-G, defends and defines his work by comparison with Chomsky.

The most promising bridge between the two world-views is stratificational grammar. 'Strat' followers are attempting to remerge the two sides by using the advances of psychology to defend Chomsky's universals, while adopting the detailed diversity of rules and terms of the behaviorists. In the same way that chaos theory is revolutionizing mathematics, stratificational grammar is helping use uncertainty about the human mind as a means of getting closer to knowledge. \*



**PLAYER ROSTER**

**bold** = new address

\* = no nmr insurance

(lack of nmri is probably because I don't know your phone)  
doesn't necessarily show anonymous players

Chuff Afflerbach, 5632 Oakgrove Avenue, Oakland CA 94618  
 Michael Alterio,\* 338 Crescent Avenue #19, Buffalo NY 14214  
 Lance Anderson, 696 Fox Avenue #100, Lewisville TX 75067  
 J.R. Baker, 2709 Colonial Drive, Dickinson TX 77539  
 Gary Behnen, 13101 South Trenton, Olathe KS 66062  
 Jason Bergmann,\* 10000 N. Lamar #2041, Austin TX 78753  
 Eric/Claire Brosius, 41 Hayward Street, Milford MA 01757-3554  
 Ron Cameron,\* 14790 Amorose, Lake Elsinore CA 92530  
 Stven Carlberg, 1939 Windemere Drive, Atlanta GA 30324  
 Kathy Caruso, 636 Astor Street, Norristown PA 19401  
 Pat Conlon, 7180 Shoreline Drive #5110, San Diego CA 92122  
 Roger Cox, 57 Coastline Drive, Inman SC 29349  
 Randy Davis, 3019 Bertram Court, Concord CA 94520  
 Greg Ellis,\* 813 Essex, Friendswood TX 77546  
 John Galt, 701 Welch Road #323, Palo Alto CA 94304-1705  
 Paul Gardner, 5 Timber Lane, Brattleboro VT 05301-2616  
 Andi Gomolka,\* Vordere Bleiweißstr 22, W-8500 Nürnberg 40, GER.  
 Mike Gonsalves, 530 Treasure Lake, DuBois PA 15801  
 Tim Goodwin, 92 Pine Street, Portland ME 04102  
 Steve Heinowski,\* 860 Colorado #2A, Lorain OH 44052  
 Melinda Holley, Box 2793, Huntington WV 25727-2793  
 David Hood, 2905 - 20th Street NE, Hickory NC 28601  
 Howard Hugh,\* 2541 Laurence Ave, Carmichael CA 95608-4602  
 Tom Hurst, 5628 Byrneland Street, Madison WI 53711  
 Rick Kohman, 13517 Agua Dulce, Castroville CA 95012  
 Daf Langley, 14609 - 203rd Avenue SE, Renton WA 98059  
 Mark Lew, 5390 Broadway #2, Oakland CA 94618  
 Vince Lutterbie, 1021 Stonehaven, Marshall MO 65340-2837  
 Hugh Magen, 218 - 88th Street, Virginia Beach VA 23451  
 Mike Magnuson, Box 88, Glen Haven CO 80532  
 David McCrumb, 3636 Old Town Rd, Shawsville VA 24162-2038  
 Steve McKinnon,\* 71 Chestnut #14, Albany NY 12210  
 Chuck Mercer, 1250 Garden Lane, Sebastapol CA 95472  
 Clark Millikan,\* 1730 Adelaide Street #9, Concord CA 94520  
 Steve Nicewarner, 1310-11 Ephesus Ch Rd, Chapel Hill NC 27514  
 Marc Peters, 370 North Street, Sun Prairie WI 53590  
 David Polley, 2504 Huntwich Drive #1007, Austin TX 78741  
 Jon Rosenthal,\* **309 Carothers, 2501 Whitis Ave, Austin TX 78705-9011**  
 Russ Rusnak, 1551 High Ridge Parkway, Westchester IL 60154  
 Don Scheifler,\* 3700 Kingwood Dr #701, Kingwood TX 77339  
 Garret Schenck, 40 - 3rd Pl, Bsmnt Apt, Brooklyn NY 11231-3302  
 John Schultz,\* Box 41-19390, Michigan City IN 46360  
 Dan Sellers,\* 6205 #29 Four Seasons Lane, Charlotte NC 28212  
 Kay Shapero, 12536 Short Avenue, Los Angeles CA 90066  
 Arthur Shulman, 45-1107 River Drive South, Jersey City NJ 07310  
 Mike Stewart, 901 N Citrus Drive #10, La Habra CA 90631  
 Terry Tallman,\* Box 569, Manchester WA 98353  
 Eric Voogd, 22620 Byron Street, Hayward CA 94541  
 David Wang,\* Box 275, Summit NJ 07901  
 Richard Weiss,\* 554 Liberty St, San Francisco CA 94114  
 Brad Wilson,\* Box 126, Wayne PA 19087  
 Rob Wittmond,\* 6663 Michelson Street, Lakewood CA 90713  
 Ed Wrobel, 6204 Bardu Avenue, Springfield VA 22152  
 Andrew York,\* Box 2307, Universal City TX 78148

If you're playing in a game and I've left you off, trust me, it's just an oversight.

**GAME OPENINGS / ZINE BUSINESS**

**VULCAN/Deviant Diplomacy** (\$5 gamefee): Greg Ellis, Lance Anderson, Jason Bergmann, Tim Goodwin, Mark Lew and Steve Nicewarner signed up (**need gamefee from Steve**)—gamestart as soon as I find one more.

**LAMETH/Regular Diplomacy** (\$5 gamefee): Dan Sellers, Tim Goodwin, Randy Havens signed up and paid, Lance Anderson signed up but no gamefee yet—needs three more.

**EDDORE/Gunboat Snowball Fighting** (free): Five signed up—can take one or two more players.

**AURORA/Railway Rivals** (\$5 gamefee): I understand Conrad von Metzke has gotten his hands on the new, revised California/Nevada map; that's the one I want to run. Richard Weiss is paid, Clark Millikan and Chuck Mercer are interested. Did someone else sign up for this by phone?

**Poets' Corner (Standby Calls):** None this time! Thanks!  
**The Poets are** Baker (dv), KCaruso (d), Cox (d), Davis (dv), Gardner (m), Hurst (dv), DLangley (m), Magnuson (d), McCrumb (vm), McKinnon (dv), Mercer (d), Schultz (d), Shulman (d), Stewart (dv), Voogd (d), Weiss (dvm), York (dv). (Subber currently in fewest games will be chosen first.) A free issue to each standby when he picks up a game *and* when he plays it out.

**Pacificon 92**

You'll have to hurry to make it to the Bay Area's premier multigame convention, Labor Day weekend at the Dunfey Hotel in San Mateo. Come preview the site of next year's Dipcon! If you're interested, write to Pacificon, Box 2625, Fremont CA 94536; and write to me so I can put you on the Dipcon mailing list.

**International Subscription Exchange**

I am the North American representative. If you want to sub to a U.K. or Australian zine, send US or Cdn money to *me* and I'll arrange it, avoiding currency exchange fees.

**Zine Register**

The last of several hobby projects I will get involved in for the time being. After Garret publishes #21 late this fall, I will be the new editor. Comments on how the ZR should be run would be welcome, and now I'll be poking people for reviews, especially of foreign zines since I plan to expand that section.

**Cheesecake has Game Openings!**

Send 50¢ to Andy Lischett quick, before he fills up his waiting list! Andy's at 2402 Ridgeland Avenue, Berwyn IL 60402.

**New Zine**

*Aren't You The Guy Who Hit Me In The Eye?* is from Andy Marshall (775 Quince Orchard Blvd. #32, Gaithersburg MD 20878, 301-948-1197) and costs 75¢ an issue (no gamefees that I can see). Andy's official abbreviation: *Aren't?*... This looks like a fun new zine, since Andy is not afraid to ramble in print. Issue one ran a three pages of Andy's likes and dislikes, his gaming background, and his infatuation with the Schenckmonster, plus a full-page comedy piece on Dip for beginners, houserules and two games. Openings in Diplomacy, Diplomacy 1898, and Enemy in Sight, with further consideration of such things as Dune, Kingmaker, and Merchant of Venus.



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10	Brotisserie League (postmark by October 3)
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1	Dagobah / Metropolis
13	Druufon / Snowball Fighting ASF18
9	Giedi Prime / 1992??
15	Jinx / 1990AV
14	<b>Literary Quiz</b>
15	Pyrrus / Monopoly
12	Ruffian / 1990IY orphan game
11	Tupile / Monopoly
8	Vexvelt / 1992??
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<b>page</b>	<b>Deadline is September 15 for:</b>
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18	Rules for Dip Battleship
19	Records / player roster, <b>game openings</b> , etc.

Okay, okay, since you asked—Dip Battleship is on page 18. If you find it completely stupid, just say so and I won't mention it again.

No "It's Me Again!" column from Cathy this month—she's off in Sacramento attending a seminar for aspiring chorus directors! But she left behind this contest:

What is the meaning of Stanley Kubrick's movie, *2001: A Space Odyssey*? Three free issues each for the explanation that best and most simply clarifies the meaning—and three for the funniest, most whacked-out explanation received. One reader may win both prizes; Cathy is the sole judge.

## LAKKDAROL

### Downfall of the Lord of the Rings, 1988GAts19

I received no endgame statements. I'll give you players another month in case you'd like to speak up about that game.

## NICRON / Merchant of Venus

### Restart Approved

Everyone says they're willing to play from scratch, so will all players please send preference lists for species and order of play, plus bids (if you wish) to get your preferred order of play.

As soon as I have all six sets of lists I will rush die rolls back out to you, so get your start-up in to me ASAP and we'll get rolling again. I appreciate your willingness to stick with me.

**Deadline for Pref Lists is September 15.**

## Perelandra

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