

## Among the Trees

by Pete Gaughan

January 5, 1993. A nearsighted, white travelling salesman and a nearsighted, white doctor partake of Cajun barbecue in the poorest black section of town, and it gets second billing to a hockey game.

Richard Weiss lives just off Castro Street, which is infamous as the main boulevard of San Francisco's gay nightlife but is also the main shopping district for the very ordinary city neighborhood that surrounds it (Noe Valley). I found a parking space just one house away from his (this qualifies as a miracle under the Catholic Church's guidelines for sainthood) and we sat in his front room for a while chatting and petting his two cats.

Eventually we left looking for dinner. Well, I was looking, since we were driving through sections of the city I'd never visited before; Richard knew just where he was going, although it seemed to me that we took several extra residential streets to get there. We wound up on the fringe of the Hunter's Point district, a block from some public housing projects, ordering barbecue from a guy whose accent was so thick I had to listen three times before I understood, "What do you want on the side?" It was excellent food, worth the day's outing all by itself.

But the real purpose here was hockey, a sport about which I know very little. "Very little" is relative; I am a sports fan, read the sports section, and watch SportsCenter. So I was aware that the four divisions in hockey are named after people, not geography (that'll change next season!), and I have a vague sense of which teams are good (current champs Pittsburgh; Chicago, Vancouver, Calgary, Montreal). A game had three 'periods' of twenty minutes each; and of course I understand offsides—I played soccer as a teenager!

Still, most of my hockey experience is from the mid-70s. When I was in junior high I would keep a radio on low throughout the evening listening to baseball, even tuning in after I went to bed for long, late games. During the offseason one year, I started listening to the L.A. Kings' games, those wretched Kings teams; Butch Goring and Marcel Dionne were about their only stars. There was no Gretzky yet; the powerhouses were the Broad Street Bullies (Flyers) and the bully Islanders and the evolving-into-bully Red Wings.

I think I listened for nearly two full seasons, getting used to the pace of the play-by-play, which was more demanding on the attention span than baseball. I had to imagine what players looked like moving up and down the ice, how fast they moved and how ten of them 'fit' into an offensive zone, since I had never seen a game (and even today, I've only seen two or three hockey games on TV other than the 1980 Olympics).

After two winters of this, I gave it up. It seemed every period of hockey presented at least one fight, and I didn't even watch boxing on "Wide World of Sports." I was already disgusted by the behavior of my male junior-high classmates, who seemed entirely preoccupied with tests of strength, high-school girls' busts, and football. (Yeah, you got it. I was a nerd, a smack, a brain—the kind

of smart outcast every teen group needs to maintain self-esteem.) I gradually came to feel that the guys on the ice were no better—that half of them were playing a sport, testing their ability to skate and shoot and defend, and the other half were gliding around waiting for a key man on the opposing team to take the puck so they could charge over and flatten him, then look around for the other team's enforcer who would fly in to avenge the hit.

When Cathy and I moved to the Bay Area in 1990, I was just finding out that the Gund brothers were trying to sell the Minnesota franchise and pick up the expansion team in San Jose. Well, I knew the Gunds (they were businessmen in Cleveland while I grew up there—in fact, they owned the Cavaliers basketball team for a while) so I figured this team for a joke. The Sharks were a joke their first year, though they did an excellent job of marketing.

So Richard and I walked into the Cow Palace with a crowd that was primarily male (mostly pairs of buddies or men with sons). The Cow Palace is a Depression-era arena on the south side of San Francisco, really an overgrown barn (the name was a derogatory tag given by a local sportswriter, and it stuck so firmly that it's official now). It was drizzling outside, which helped a little to make it feel like something you were eager to get indoors for.

Maybe in northeastern climes, hockey followers are beefier and louder. The audience here (an *audience*, one step removed from 'spectators' and two full steps away from 'a crowd of fans') was thin and intellectual-looking.

Richard and I don't help contradict this appearance one whit.

Once inside, the arena looked incredibly cheap: bare metal rafters overhead, the main roof no wider than the rink, and a huge empty section of flooring where the expensive seats should be. Richard explained that when the team started selling season tickets, everyone wanted those rink-side seats—but when they got the first couple of games, they found out that on the side of the rink where the team benches are located, you can't see a thing until you're five or six rows back! The players and coaches are constantly standing up in front of you! So here's a cramped little building which has to give up about 500 prime seats.

I didn't realize that Richard's seats were prime. *Behind and to the right of the goal*. Football fans don't necessarily ask for the end zone, though it has its own special charm; same thing here. You can't tell much about what's happening at the other end, but when the action is near your goal it's a surreal experience.

The biggest shock of the night came early. The teams marched out of the dressing rooms very near to us—the players were, if anything, smaller than your average joe—and started warming up. They warm up by skating a few patterns, similar to basketball players' warmups, and by shooting. YOW! What was that gunshot?! YIKE! That was the sound of a solid rubber puck, shot at over 100mph, hitting a wooden sheet—wince—or a plexi-glass window, less than three feet in front of me!—blink—Well, I didn't really get used to it that quickly, but it did seem less sudden and during the game, of course, I was watching the puck and ready for the impact.

Because the players all wear helmets, it's actually a little difficult to discriminate between them. Oh, sure, the burly ones don't

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get confused with the little guys, let alone the goalie (who is trusted up in pads). But I had to pay attention to long hair (Garpenlov), baby face (Falloon), and 'deadpan' (Kisio) to keep the players straight when I couldn't see the names/numbers on their backs.

I was glad the visitors this evening were the Montreal Canadiens—this is the team with all the history, kind of like having the Yankees come to town for your first baseball game. The game started with the Sharks defending 'our' goal and I fully expected to see a Canadien goal every five minutes, so there would be lots of action right in front of us. Well, there was action all right. I got to see actual drool smeared on the glass before me, because whenever someone would chase down a puck along the board, someone else would drive up and push them into the glass. The sound was not quite as loud as those pucks in practice, but the 'ugh!' and 'oof!' factor was enough to shake me in my seat.

And the wierdest thing about it was, the players didn't even see me. Two men were separated from me by only a piece of plexiglass, and they were so intent on what they were doing they didn't even know I was there. It was awesome to be, for practical intents, in the midst of the shoving and colliding and whizzing by, and still be uninvolved, just watching.

Well, I cheered. Sure, the team is going to lose, but you boo the bad guys and root for the home team and boo the ref, right? (And just like knowledgeable baseball fans, the people at hockey games boo the referee by name. Apparently the NHL doesn't move its refs and linesmen around much, so just a few local refs wind up repeatedly working in the same arenas! And, like the players, they had to walk among the fans on their way to and from the locker room—let me tell you, everyone in our corner of the Cow Palace let out a groan when the ref appeared, as if they all had a firm opinion that this guy was no good.)

So we went through ten minutes of the first period. The Sharks managed to keep the puck in Montreal's end (away from us) a couple of times, and some nifty defense gave us a reason to cheer. And then Montreal came quickly back to our goal, and a Shark defender was unable to shove their guy away from the goalmouth, and he pushed in an easy shot. But in a few minutes a Shark slapped in a shot 'way down at the other end to tie, and the place about went nuts.

So instead of 4-0, the game was only 1-1 at the first break, and I leaned back and took a deep breath and said, "I like this." And then I realized I hadn't seen a punch thrown. I liked it when, in the intermission conversation, the folks behind us were debating the referee's hand signals—a couple of rules changes prior to this season meant that when a penalty was called even these real hockey fans didn't know exactly which foul had been committed!

The second period had a couple of Shark penalties, and the fans were thrilled that the team 'killed' them (killing a penalty means you got through two minutes playing one man short and managed not to give up a goal), and then there was a Montreal penalty and the crowd got really crazy; I was encouraged to do the standard, accepted fan thing at this point, which is to 'chomp' your arms (the way kids imitate a crocodile) in time to the P.A. playing the tuba lead-in to "Jaws." You know: bah-dump. Bah-dump. Bah-dump bah-dump bah-dump bah-dump etc etc. I was a bit embarrassed and maybe felt just a bit 'superior' to all this nonsense, but I got over it and had a good time with it.

A few minutes later the rookie offensive star, Pat Falloon, got a pass at a moment when his Velcro defender had peeled off, and he blasted a shot past the Montreal goalkeeper (with the wonderful French name of Patrick Roy!), and the Sharks were ahead. Stunned silence for a split second and then a huge roar of the crowd.

Second break, Richard made a concession-stand trip and was

generous enough to bring me a coke and a dog. Incredible; I was really being treated like an All-Star. And still there hadn't been a punch thrown.

Well, it couldn't last forever, and Montreal went ahead to stay early in the third period. And there had to be a fight, I suppose, just to kill any thought I had of tying this piece up with a neat 'punch' line—but it was a quick and wimpy fight.

Richard managed to slip me bits of information about the players throughout the game, and I found that some things are universal. There's always the aging veteran who does one thing well; the quiet guy who is the real team leader; the brash star; the kid whom everybody loves because they just know they're watching the next Hall of Famer in the bud. Doesn't really matter whether it's baseball, football, or lacrosse, I suppose.

We tromped out into the rain. (Rain? California? If all we needed to break the drought was for me to go to a hockey game, I would've been there Opening Night.) I had had a truly excellent evening, and it was only 10:00. Thanks, Richard, I'll have to drag Cathy to a game now that the team is moving 75 miles further away to its real home in San Jose!

Finally, you know hockey has officially arrived in the Bay Area when it starts popping up in Herb Caen's column in the *Chronicle*. One bit this month was the old joke: "Did you hear about the San Jose chap and his kid who won a contest to have dinner with the Sharks' goalkeeper, Arturs Irbe? Right, the father, the son and the goalie host."

And now baseball. Sorry, folks, I can only stay off the subject for so long.

Opening Week: After talking with Pete Clark about how badly Orel Hershiser got hit on Opening Day, it was wonderful to see him throw nine innings, give up only seven baserunners and one run, and have the Dodgers win it for him in the ninth. Darren Daulton and Dean Palmer have each already hit four home runs (if you count Monday then Juan Gonzalez of Texas has five!), and Charlie Hough is 2-0 for his hometown Marlins. Candlestick Park looks much better this year, enough to make me adopt the ultimate heresy among Dodger fans: enjoying Giants games!

The Giants have a new announcer. They kept Hank Greenwald, who in my opinion is the fourth best I've ever heard (Vin Scully, Ernie Harwell, Mel Allen), and they fired Ron Fairly, who had a great collection of anecdotes from his days as a player, but who couldn't clearly report a double play to save his life.

The new guy is Ted Robinson, who I guess has been doing Angels' games (some—ick—American League team, anyway—does it matter which?). I like him so far. And anyone would be better than the ancient fools the A's have working for them: Lon Simmons, Bill King and Ray Fosse. But it's too early to tell. Hey, there's only so many ways to say that a ground ball to the short-stop is caught and thrown to first for the out; when you know as much about what's going on as I do, it takes a long time to get accustomed to a new announcer telling you.

Final topic: I am really rude to door-to-door salesmen. Sure, I run a business out of my home—but I don't run it into other people's homes! My normal response to a stranger at the door is to hold the door open about eight inches, standing back so they can't reach me, and when they say Hi or Are you the man of the house? I say "What can I do for you?" If they're a legit charity or political activity, I quickly decide whether I want to hear the details; otherwise it's "Get to the point." or "I'm not interested."

Okay, okay, so I'm not contributing in large measure to a peaceful planet. Student 'incentive-program' sales are a far worse transgression, as far as I'm concerned. And at least twice a month somebody walks past the NO SOLICITING signs to get to our door. >

So today, I'm eating pb&j sandwiches (when I make 'em it's always a mess because I use too much jam) and watching the Giants' home opener on tv while trying to catch up on the Dip games I'm getting mangled in (my copy of *Cheesecake* #145 is now *Strawberry Cheesecake*). Knock, knock, I get up and answer and this guy starts to give me the standard Vote-for-me speech. Now the way this marketing works is by moving in stages from "isn't it a nice day" to "shake my hand" to "all you have to do is help me collect points toward my" scholarship/trip/whatever. In this case the 'hook' was some kind of vote. When I said there's no election coming up, he asked again whether I was in fact the man of the house and held out his hand. I held mine up and said, "It's covered with jelly."

Well, I expect the sales pitch to roll right along, and my next line is "Look, I don't do business here, so if you want me to buy something you can forget it." But I don't get my cue—the guy slaps his own palm and sternly says, looking me in the eye, "It doesn't rub off, sir." At which point I realize he's black (light-skinned, but black, with hair done in cornrows). I'm speechless for three seconds, which is all it takes for him to turn and walk away.

So you know what's going to happen. A guy who never should have been bothering me at all is going to tell people, maybe for years to come, that he has experienced racism. He'll even say he's had people flat-out refuse to shake his hand because he's black. And it will be a shame, because racism is a real problem in this country, but this jerk will find it where it doesn't exist. And I'll still have door-to-door salesmen to put up with.

### B.A.G.G. Bay Area Game Group

Well, what does everybody think? Better name ideas? (I know better ideas exist, the question is whether any of you can come up with them.) I've had several conversations which lead me to believe that a more frequent, regular hobby meet in this area could be successful and a lot of fun.

Cathy and I will continue to host our NovaCons, and in addition to the February date I think we'll add another in November. This year is out because the Zine Register schedule (and expected recovery time from Dipcon) louses up November a lot, so the choice of November is very very tentative.

Several People think that we could get a half-dozen or more of our favorite people together more often—say, every three months. (For many of us, monthly meetings are really tough—even if schedules could be worked out for a busy group such as ourselves, we are spread over an area two hundred miles long, from Windsor (hi, Susan!) nearly to Monterey (what's the point of a game party with Rikko?).

But annual housecons aren't enough. We had a great time at Chuff Afflerbach's place this weekend (it's a small part of the reason why the zine is two days later than usual). The special occasion was Bruce and Krissi Linsey's visit to Oakland, but Chuff was eager to play host for a change and Carolina was quite accomodating, even showing off their lovely house to Cathy and me. Doug Brown came down out of the hills and several East Bay players wandered in and we played *Survive, Buy That Guy* (Jason: I now have a set and am working on a pbm version. Interested?), *Koalition* (German card game), and monster (midnight-to-6a.m.) game of *Merchant of Venus*, won by David Anderson in a six-way close race. And of course, the conversation was the best feature.

So how about a 'quarterly' meeting, rotating from house to house—what's missing are dates (approx May and August) and places (here, Chuff's, Richard Weiss', maybe Eric Voogd's??)? August and November would give us the chance to recruit for and at Pacificon. How many would try to attend each time? How many would you like to have present, and where? \*

## The Roar of the Greasepaint (the letter column)

Tim Goodwin

I've read you mention sending moves in via CompuServe. I just bought a new system (sorry, IBM compatible) with a modem and would like to explore using some bulletin boards for DIP games of just mail. What can you tell me?

[[Readers? Some of you are far more into this than I, but here goes. On CIS, try GO GAMES and look for 'multi-player' or for 'Diplomacy.' I believe it's not in the same section as games you can play against the computer, and of course you can always e-mail some of the notable Dipsters direct to get started (addresses, you ask? well...]

Eric Brosius.....CIS: 72060,1540  
 Andrew York.....CIS: 73210,3053; GEnte W.YORK1  
 Mark Frueh.....CIS: 70413,2331  
 Don Del Grande.....CIS: 70017,714  
 Doug Kent.....CIS: 73567,1414  
 Craig Mills.....CIS: 76256,301  
 Jeff McKee.....CIS 73357,1630  
 Tom Howell.....CIS: 70641,1722  
 Jack McHugh.....CIS: 76646,334  
 Ken Hill.....CIS: 70357,431

[[Frankly, Eric Klein is widely regarded as the e-mail prophet, but I don't know whether the address I have for him (eric\_s\_klein@cup.portal.com) is linked to CIS or not. His snail-mail is 8124 Bridlepath Way, Las Vegas NV 89128. I believe Ken Hill and Doug Kent are GMing on CompuServe. All of these guys publish (or have published) snail-mail zines.]]

J.R. Baker

I once met a man who liked paying taxes! He had gone through hard times when he had no money and he much preferred to have money even if he had to give the government some of it.

But how do you determine what's a fair share? With the increase in taxes, crowded prisons systems, trade imbalances, drug problems, immigration, global economy, courts and the military—it's really hard to find anything that the elected officials are doing right. It's not that elected officials are stupid—even if they were, they have all kinds of staff to help them find solutions. I think they're all too busy trading power and favors to do what's best for the long-term interest of the people.

What if we all direct-dialled our votes in on each new law, and we saved all the money they are spending on offices, staff and fringe bennies? "Realtime democracy!"

Andy Bate

The lettercolumn (and issue in general) deserve more response than they're going to get here, but I note a plea for info on the James Bolger murder. Well, there isn't any that I've seen. However, it will no doubt provide the law with another opportunity to prove what an ass it is. A 13-year-old is alleged to have raped his teacher, but he can't actually be charged with rape because he is too young to commit such a crime.

... I appear to be the only one who answered you poll taking "Circle the word in each group which best describes you" literally. In other words, I didn't just list the ones which most interest me. I'd prefer steak to liver any day, but I thought that I most identified with liver. Did I get it wrong again?

[[Not at all! That's an interesting twist on the Poll, since I think I had your interpretation in mind but didn't push it too hard in the instructions.]] please read on >

**David McCrumb**

Hallelujah! Baseball season has started. No, not those overpaid crybabies, but Double-A. There is nothing like minor-league baseball for excitement. How often have you seen a six-run lead vanish in 7 or 8 batters? I've seen it twice already this season! And I've only seen 11 total innings over two games! My Bucs are only 3-3, but they are fun to watch.

*[[By Bucs, I have to assume you mean the Salem Buccaneers of the Class A Carolina League, Southern Division (home of the Durham Bulls), but you said Double-A—what team are you spectating?]]*

**Richard Irving**

I was kind of surprised you published my letter, since I didn't say anything controversial.

*[[Always expect the unexpected!]]*

Baseball started yesterday and I'm ready! Watched the Dodger-Marlin opening game and was pretty impressed with Florida's everyday lineup (pretty good for an expansion team), but if Charlie Hough is their best starter they'll be in for a long season. *[[He is and they are.]]* I think you're about right on most of your picks, but KC won't win the AL West (I think it will be the White Sox, followed by the A's and Twins in a really close race). The Jays look good in the East, but I think the Orioles will give them a run for their money. In the NL West, I really like the Braves but at least give the Dodgers some credit, they won't finish 9 games behind the Rockies (and I am a Giants fan! [well, maybe 8 games?]). In the NL East, I think you have the order right, but 90 wins should win this division, maybe as low as 85. (You have the entire West just 1 game over .500 against the East. With the balanced schedule, I wouldn't be surprised if the West wins 30 more games against the East—that would be 309-279—unless the Rockies are worse than the '62 Mets.)

*[[Went to Sunday's (4/18) game at Candlestick. I don't think I have a choice except to give you a blow-by-blow account. Yee-hah, it was like riding a bucking bronc. The score went 5-0 Atlanta, 5-3 (okay, so it won't be a blowout), 5-6 (Giants came back to lead), then 11-6... well, maybe it will be a blowout. You give up 11 runs to the Braves with Tom Glavine on the mound, you figure it's a good day for the backups to get some work.]]*

*[[Whoops, Glavine was already knocked out by that sixth Giants' run. So the bullpen came in and slowed down the onslaught: 11-7 Braves, 11-8 but the Giants leave two men on base and people start heading for the exits, 12-8 going into the bottom of the ninth.]]*

*[[Darren Lewis draws a walk. Will Clark busts out of his slump with his second hit of the day. Matt Williams singles to drive in Lewis. The remnant fans (37,000 at the start, maybe 10,000 by now) are pounding the concrete as Barry Bonds strides up. Barry has already a) homered in his first Candlestick at-bat wearing a Giants' uniform; b) hit .400 the first two weeks; c) led the league in runs scored (thanks to the unexpected success of Royce Clayton hitting after him) and is second in runs batted in; d) had two doubles, a single and a stolen base today!]]*

*[[So of course, Barry doubles in a run, and both he and Williams score on sacrifice flies to tie the game. 10,000 of us are gloating, laughing at those who left early. And when Williams comes to the plate in the bottom of the 11th (against Steve Bedrosian, who was formerly a tough-luck pitcher for the Giants), I said to Cathy, "They'll be worried about Barry, but Matt could end this thing right now if he gets into a fastball." Williams hit the first pitch over the bleachers to win the game (his second homer of the day).]]*

**Richard Weiss**

Dear Perelandra Personals: Handsome, virile, world-traveller beyond the need for work, looking for soul-mate to receive my generosity. LTR possible. Hobbies: gourmet cooking, massage and especially pbm Dip. Any Daf-talk-alike into a cheating, lying, manipulative partner who is an excellent stabber—call or write Perelandra Personals #6969.

In response to Paul Gardner, yeah, tossing a player for fighting would add to my enjoyment of hockey.

As to the non-article on the hockey game, well Pete, it is Easter, so you choose between being crucified or painted like an egg to be hidden in the crotch of a tree, if you don't get it done soon.

*[[Ah, that's just like you Richard, so open-minded, accommodating to all religions... Well, it's the wrong crotch so I guess I better run the article. See elsewhere in thish.]]*

**Conrad von Metzke**

*[[A few weeks ago, a 500-year-old redwood in Muir Woods fell over, blocking the main trail through the national monument. I sent Conrad a picture postcard of Muir Woods with some RR moves on it....]]*

I simply have to share a short (who, me?) anecdote concerning your postcard. That's my childhood, sir. I have several photos very similar to that in my family album. The only differences are (a) mine are in black and white, and (b) I'm in the pictures too. I spent a hell of a lot of time in Muir Woods between '44 and '53, every couple of weekends it was either Muir, Stinson Beach or Tomales Bay. From '47 to '53 we owned a lot in Mill Valley and were intending to build a home on it—my dad (architect, one-time colleague of Frank Lloyd Wright before the Marin Civic Center period) had designed it and was intending to build it more or less himself. It never happened, but we did get to spend a lot of time in the area. Then in the summer of '50 we rented a house halfway up the side of Mt. Tamalpais, and the house happened to be at the head of a trail that led straight down into the Woods, so for three months, almost every day, my dog and I would bound down that trail, spend the day cavorting under the redwoods, and stagger home at dusk. (Can you imagine letting a six-year-old do such things these days?) and never a mishap—neither the dog nor I ever got lost, hurt, even seriously delayed. It was wonderful! (Oh, I take that back; I do recall once falling into a wild blackberry bush and getting scratched a bunch.)

A few years ago I went back up there and tried to find my old haunts; it took a while, but it was all there—the house, the "lodge" (restaurant) a mile up the road, the gun club at the end of the side road by our house (where the trail began). Of course things have changed down in the Woods now, e.g. none of those built-up, partially-paved trails with rustic border fences were there then, nor was the gift shop and snack bar—it was all wild and all wide-open.

*[[When we have children, insofar as possible, I am going to give them the opportunity to do and be all the trite things we associate with childhood. They'll have some place to explore, whether it's a creek or a grove or a hilltop; they'll be allowed to play whatever sport they wish; they will make mudpies with a minimum of fuss from me. If they prefer to sit inside and read a book, that'll be fine with me—but they'll grow up unable to say "I wish I had had the chance..."]]*

**John Galt**

First off, you're definitely right about the 9th Amendment; but this is just one of many cases where the Supreme Court simply ignores inconvenient facts. Since no one can overrule them, they do what they want, and come up with rationalizations afterward.

The draft (forbidden by the 13th Amendment) is another example.

Both of those rulings are fairly old, but if you look at the Court's rulings in just the last few years, an ominous pattern emerges. Just since 1980, the Court has:

- destroyed the exclusionary rule;
- blessed the RICO act, which makes a joke of due process by allowing police to seize and sell your assets on suspicion, without any trial;
- blessed curfews, "no-knock" laws, and sobriety checkpoints;
- blessed the kidnapping of foreign citizens, and even officials (Noriega), for 'crimes' that were never crimes in the countries where they happened (even though our Constitution prohibits *ex post facto* laws;
- removed the vagueness standard for "obscenity" (that is, displaying art or selling video can now get you jailed for "obscenity" even if there was no prior ruling, or clear standard, to determine that the art was "obscene;";
- ruled that freedom of religion no longer allows Indians to use peyote in their ceremonies;
- upheld FCC rules that forbid radio stations from airing any song that "encourages drug use;";
- allowed state and local governments to regulate the content of cable TV shows, and to regulate what words you can use over the telephone;
- upheld NSA rules that forbid anyone to market encryption software that the government can't crack easily.

In short, what was once the freest country on earth is rapidly turning into a police state, while the "two parties" argue over trivia and pass out ever more tax-funded "freebies."

*[[I agree in principle on all counts, but would nit-pick some of your examples (I disagree that the 13th A. forbids the draft, and that sort of difference of interpretation is exactly why we have a Supreme Court). Until people in this country start taking an active part in bringing about a better kind of society and a more limited government, we should expect this kind of power-mad mentality.*

*[[John also included a letter which was published in the Wall Street Journal, comparing the Waco standoff with the Warsaw Ghetto siege of 1943. Sorry, John, it doesn't fly with me. The Davidians were in violation of many reasonable and moral laws, not the least of which was a ban on shipping explosives through the postal service.*

*[[That said, the manner in which the government tried to serve notice to and arrest the Davidians was incompetent, bungled from the start at best and malicious at worst.]]*

#### Stan Johnson

I think your comment to Mark Lew, that we are responsible to boost the living standard of the whole world, is ridiculous. I think the idea of Uncle Sam as sugar daddy to the world is ridiculous. What is it except colonialism, with no benefits for the rich uncle?

All we need to do to stop illegal immigration, is to pull our army out of Europe and place it on our southern border.

*[[It would be ridiculous to claim that feeding the world is our responsibility. But I said, rather, that if we don't help improve living standards elsewhere, we will be victims of the results, whether it's our duty or not. To spell out those results: mass migration, food and land riots, black markets and disease.*

*[[John Boardman has been making some compelling arguments that it is immoral to send American citizens to die imposing one or the other government on Bosnia. (If only he'd make those arguments without so much intolerance and vulgarity.) Again, you have to take a pragmatic view: Maybe we'd be morally right never to post armed forces overseas. Maybe we'd*

*be morally right never to contribute to the progress of Third World economies. It would be the moral correctness of Neville Chamberlain, who appeased Hitler, but we'd be right.*

*[[Maybe we'd be as morally right as the pedestrian who defiantly carries his rights into the crosswalk, in front of a speeding truck.]]*

In reply to Mr. Dace and Pete, I say living in South Africa does not make you an expert on all of Africa. He did not cite any specific examples of countries where the life of the common man is better now than it was under colonialism. I can cite many where it is worse.

I am not saying the motives of the colonialists were philanthropic, but when they built a railroad to convey their crops, or introduced medical services to insure a stable work force, they benefitted the locals also. My whole point is not to defend or promote colonialism; it's just to say that government should not be based on being black of white. You should just try to get the best people, to make things better for the most people.

#### Mark Nelson

My bridge partner was most indignant at my "Mills and Boon" comment and suggested that I give Jane Austen another chance by reading *Pride and Prejudice*.

I enjoyed it so much I read it again! Part of the enjoyment comes from reading the book as social commentary on British society circa 1800. Mostly from the characterisation and the subtle interplay of "pride" and "prejudice" throughout the book.

As I enjoyed P&P so much, I decided to reread *Sense and Sensibility* and I'm enjoying it more now because I can trace continuation of themes between the books, but S&S does not compare well to P&P. The characters are less rounded, the theme is much too moralizing (and overtly so), and "sense" and "sensitivity" do not interplay. From what I have read elsewhere S&S is a reply to the then-popular cult of sensibility. In that sense S&S is a period-piece work whereas P&P has much more universal attractions.

I too enjoyed the Branagh version of *Henry V* and as a result of watching this I bought a copy of the play. I have only read the first few pages at the moment... I've been toying with the idea of reading it aloud, but a prerequisite for this is an empty house!

Did you manage to see Derek Jarmen's version of *Edward II*? I saw it at the Leeds Film Festival in 1991 and greatly enjoyed it. However, I've not yet been able to track down a copy of Mallory's play. I've also not yet found a copy of the book which was adapted to *Fried Green Tomatoes*, which was one of my favorite films of 1992.

Oh, my bridge partner says that I was culturally deprived as a child because I only read one Shakespeare play whilst at school (*MacBeth*) and didn't study any for examination! In our literature course you had to answer questions on two set books, and we studied G.B. Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* and H.G. Wells' *The History of Mr. Polly*, and a collection of War Poetry written in the first half of this century.

*[[Mark was 'kind' enough to include a recipe for Liver in Yogurt Sauce, which I will be kind enough to recycle without reprinting.*

*[[My high school didn't require any Shakespeare at all. All we got of any foreign literature (I had two years of American writers exclusively) was *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Paradise Lost*, and some Goethe in German class. I eventually studied eleven Shakespeare plays and a couple dozen sonnets in college. While we were required to read Hemingway and Faulkner, I went on my own to read Tolkein and Joyce.*

*[[Of course, I've read almost all of the Wells oeuvre now, and*

most of Shakespeare, but only one or two Shaw works. The local community theater recently produced *Turn of the Screw*, which has that moody Jane-Austen-era feel about it. And I covered a lot of German ground in college. But these days I find myself most regretting not having been exposed to Forster and Wodehouse and Doyle, not the classics!

#### Daf Langley

I got a job! And guess what—it's the same job I was temping at. The lady whose job it was decided she didn't want it any more. So they called and offered it to me. I'm jumping for joy. I start tomorrow.

[[Fantastic. It's a rare thing for someone to find work these days! I hope you're going to get time away from there, though, for LepreCon—Bruce Linsey talked about it a bit this weekend and it reminded me that I hadn't asked whether you were going or not.]]

#### David Polley

I didn't really mean to go public in *Perelandra* about my love life, but don't worry about it. I imagine it's a common syndrome for a likeable GM like yourself to be kind of like a bartender to his readers—especially to people like me who enjoy sending a letter along with the orders. I guess it could be worse: ~~<deleted>~~, and had you print THAT. (I'm chuckling as I write this, so don't worry—just DON'T PRINT IT IN PERELANDRA!)

[[Too late. I thought everyone else would enjoy sharing the joke, as long as I included the disclaimer. <On second thought, I'm not sure how serious you are.>]]

#### Brendan Whyte

Also enclosed, because you mention it in P, is a copy of [a map of] NZMS 303 with aeronautical overprint (therefore being NZMS 242A), of the Hawke's Bay region—Napier and Hastings cities. I had 30 copies or so of these from the air force, but sold them and had to buy this one back. Hope you like it. I also collect maps, and am particularly into topo ones. Do you have a catalogue of the US topo maps? We could trade maps if you like. ... You wouldn't happen to be a geography major too, would you?

[[He goes on with map shop talk! Thank you very much Brendan! Just now I don't have duplicates of any topos, but I think I have a USGS catalog squirreled away which I will try to send. Krissi Linsey, wife of Dipster Bruce, works for the USGS, I found out this weekend—that's why they were in town, she had a Geographical Survey annual conference to attend.

[[Nope, I was a liberal-arts major; I can't remember when I was first fascinated with maps, but I think this one is the first aeronautical chart I've ever gotten! Thanks again.]]

#### Eric Voogd

Marvelous lettercol last issue. Kept me occupied at work for at least an hour!

Sorry to see my picture in the zine. I was hoping to play at Dipcon under some alias like John Schultz or something. Now the secret is out. Although I guess I could pretend I was Chuff Afflerbach!

[[The circle of people who have seen the two of you together is growing larger and larger, now that we both attended Chuff's first housecon this week!]]

#### John Schultz

I ran across this poem somewhere and thought you might enjoy it. Author is unknown and it's s'posed to be old Irish, which means you've probably done heard it and I'm wasting my ink...

May the most you wish for be the least you get.

May the best times you've ever had be the worst you will ever see.

I put that on my grand-daughter's birthday card. She'll be 3 on the 23rd. Geez! Time flies.

I'm glad to see you 'heged your comments' in regards to insuring certain risk-related activities; in particular the 'helmetless riding.' Ghod! I fought that fight for so many years. There's so much data on both sides of the issue it can be mind-numbing. I'm a life-long helmetless rider, firmly convinced by experience that helmets cause so many accidents which wouldn't otherwise occur that health benefits accrued by helmets (if any... it's very arguable) are lost and overcome. I don't believe in insurance of any kind at any rate. It's the biggest legal scam going. But that's beside the point. If you're picking/choosing certain activities which would be denied insurability, what is your criteria? At what level of risk should insurance be denied? Sky-diving? Hunting? Skiing? Normal driving? Walking to school in the inner-city of Chicago?

I salute you for defending Roger Cox. I hardly ever agree with him, or Brad or Stan or Jack McHugh or, or, or... but I inevitably read their letters first when I spot them. Spice in life is everything and anyone who adds it should be applauded. It sometimes angers me that Stan takes such heat from all sides just ciz he has controversial opinions. I like the guy; I think probably because we do disagree about most everything. At least his letters and opinions aren't 'milktoast' as mine tend to be. I'm always scared to death I'm going to hurt someone's feelings. Guys like Roger and the others don't worry 'bout that and I admire them for it.

Oh! Get this! And I damn near forgot to mention it. I'm flipping channels the other day and catch the 700 Club. Pat Robertson and his cohort are having this in-depth environmental discussion. Ole' Pat says, the world wouldn't be the least little bit worse off without the Spotted Owl or the Snail-darter, and asked the audience to envision a world without them. Hmmm... It strikes me as strange that a man who would profess to love the Creator with such fervor could look upon the finished products of the said Creator with such disregard. It's like, yeah, I love you Dad, and your paintings are great but I think I'll burn these two. Hell... nobody will notice. Geez.

#### Mark Lew

The owls-vs-jobs debate is a phony issue. Even to frame the question that way (as is routinely done) is to surrender to the timber interests. The timber industry was in trouble long before the spotted owl presented itself as a convenient scapegoat. To listen to the news today, you'd think all those towns in Oregon would be prospering away if it weren't for that darned Endangered Species Act. But that's nonsense. The timber industry is in a slump for a combination of economic reasons, notably: porr long-term planning (bad resource management); development of more and more forest supplies overseas; increasing availability of cheap overseas labor for processing; and failure on the corporate level to adapt to the modern economy. These are basically the same problems which have thrown other low-level industries in America into a slump (for example, the steel industry in the 1970s).

To acknowledge any owls-vs-jobs debate in the Northwest (as Clinton did by attending the "summit" there) first of all creates enemies for environmentalism, by unfairly implying that it is to blame for the lost jobs; and makes anti-environmentalists the unlikely allies for the timber industry. That so many supposedly "free-market" conservatives are weeping about lost jobs in Oregon is a joke. What a bunch of hypocrites. These people wouldn't have been caught dead defending the bloated and mismanaged steel companies in the '70s and they sneered at liberals who fretted about lost jobs in those Pennsylvania steel towns. But now they've

suddenly jumped to the other side, all because of their knee-jerk instinct to oppose anything which is labeled "environmentalism."

*[[There is a pattern, though—it's not completely hypocritical. Just because for decades we have allowed businessmen to plunder our publically-owned resources for private profit, we should continue to allow this until the resources are all gone. Thanks for your succinct depiction.]]*

Speaking of Star Trek, can anyone explain to me why it is that Klingons in the new series have those bumps on their heads? In the original series, Klingons looked like ordinary humans, distinctive only in their dark complexions and their uniforms. Indeed, in "The Trouble with Tribbles" and essential plot element was a Klingon masquerading as a human. None of these bumpy-headed '80s Klingons could have tried that trick. Has there ever been any explanation—either real-world or fictional—of the Klingon mutation?

*[[No, and I doubt it's needed. The improved makeup in today's TV and movies is its own justification—if they can emphasize the species difference and still look realistic, they will (hence ALL the various head-masks or 'lumpy' implants of the various nonhumans). The cartoon series benefitted from the introduction of three-eyed or tentacled crewmembers; as soon as Paramount can do that convincingly I'm sure they will!]]*

*[[Interesting to watch Worf's personal mutation. His moustache is quite Fu Manchu in Season One, much less menacing thereafter; and his overall makeup got lighter when Yar was killed off and Worf began to be less one-dimensional.]]*

*[[Mark, I apologize, but I must have lost the first page of comments you sent me.]]*

#### **Andy Bate (Take Two)**

I read the comments on DS9 with interest. I always get a little annoyed that we have to wait so long for your series to be shown over here. I think we're three series behind you with *Northern Exposure*, for example. The TV companies don't seem to have appreciated that this is the age of global communication. I love NE but I don't want to know about programmes I have yet to watch. So, if anyone in North America writes about it I have to try and avoid reading it. And whilst I can write about it without spoiling it for anybody (except in Wales, where they're a week behind us), it will only be of interest to North Americans if they have long memories. There's also some discussion on the programme in an e-mail area, which shuts out those who are so far behind. Do you think the TV companies will cotton on?

I'm glad the computer I'm typing on is crap, and doesn't have many games for it. Hell, I'd never get anything done—and I'm bad enough already.

Like Mike Magnuson, I'm surprised more states don't have sales taxes. Over here, the government has increased the rate and scope of Value-Added Tax and after a brief round of complaints everyone seems to forget. It seems the electorate are fixated with the size of their wage packet, and so long as the taxes on that stay the same or decrease, they continue to regard the Tories as a party of low taxation, despite the fact that the tax burden has increased under their rule. When VAT was first introduced it was described as a luxury tax, but the Tories are spreading it to include domestic fuel next year; some luxury, eh?

How generous is your welfare to single people? If I wasn't living in my parents' house I know that I'd find things very difficult indeed.

*[[The description of the Tory tax plan should be familiar to any American who have been conscious in the past decade.]]*

*[[I understand your frustration, because I'm just now seeing Inspector Morse and Maigret shows from 1990. But I don't*

*watch Northern Exposure. Nor much else in the way of popular or current TV; Cathy has recently begun to watch Roseanne, though, and says that although the star is a jerk in real life, her character is truly funny.]]*

#### **Jim Bailey**

You've probably noticed the little something extra that I've sent. This cellophane-covered mapboard is my answer to the magnetic Dip conference maps I've been hearing about. Used with a dry-erase marker (sorry, you'll have to provide your own there), it offers many of the same functions. The main advantage is price. At only pennies per map, plus a little time, a person could easily make enough copies for everybody in a FTF game, or have one for each PBM game he or she is in. That way, you can keep the position "up" all the time, and refer to it when negotiations arrive without having to dig for the zine with the position or setting up the game from scratch every time. This also eliminates the necessity of making dozens of copies of the map to do what one of these things can do, thus saving natural resources and money.

*[[I do have a magnetic set, which stays set up with the one pbm game that I'm actively involved in (I'm down to five games, I think. It has a huge advantage in acting as a 'conference map,' where it's easy to push pieces to examine options. But your board is more portable and shippable, which leads me to believe that variants with complicated maps could benefit from this treatment. Thanks very much!]]*

I noticed your interest in science fiction, even if it is subdued at the moment. Right now I'm in a "pure" science fiction mode, it's about all I read for pleasure. I subscribe to six SF magazines, have 90% of the Star Trek books (solid entertainment most of the time with a few exquisite gems), and a little over 200 non-SF books (dominant authors: Asimov, McCaffrey, Cherryh). I just finished the *Belgariad* and I'm about halfway through the *Mallorian*, as well as partially through the *Merchanter* series. Although I have just recently been subscribing to the magazines, I bought 120 older ones (mostly 80's) at a used-book sale. At a quarter apiece, it was hard to pass up.

In fact, reading all of those short stories in a compressed time frame, made me think that I could do that, so for the last couple of months I've been working on a SF novella with intentions of submitting it for publication. I've finished the first draft, and I'm about a quarter of the way through the first rewrite after some brutally-honest critiques from a couple of friends (?). At present, the thing weighs in at about 19,000 words, so considering that I'll probably need at least three rewrites, I've got my work cut out for me.

By the way, I've noticed that DipCon coincides with the World Science Fiction Convention in Walnut Creek on Labor Day weekend. This is the big one where they actually vote for the Hugo Awards. This means I'll probably have to split my time between the two cons, since I want to see what I can do to cultivate my budding writing career (especially if I make a sale between now and then).

*[[You join a list of about six WorldCon-goers whom I will try to entice over to San Mateo for a day—what day/time is best for you? (Dip rounds start Sat and Sun, 10A.M. and 6P.M.)]]*

#### **Editor's Notes**

Sorry about the mailing labels last month. Some of you got labels which were printed up during the printing of the *Zine Register/Dipcon* flyer—those didn't have sub status, since more than 75% of the people getting those aren't *Pere* subbers! As compensation, please accept labels with sub status, and an extra bonus!

There was supposed to be a *NovaCon* review in here, but right now I still don't know whether it will show up. Just look at the pretty pictures if there's no text! \*

## ARRAKIS / 1991HM

Summer 1907: French f nwy-ska; Russian f bal-bot.

### Fall 1907: An Ounce of Premonition

France (Don Scheifler): f den-swe (f bal s), f ska-nwy (f bar s), a par-bur, a bur-mar (a gas & a spa s), f por & f mid s a spa (f eng s f mid), a hol-kie (a ruh s).

Germany (John Schultz): a ber-kie (a mun s).

Italy (Mike Stewart): f tvn-wes, f naf-mid, f wes-spa/sc (f lyo s), f ion-gre, a ser-gre, a pie-mar, a tyo s german a mun, a ven h.

Russia (Eric Voogd): a swe-den (a nwy s [a fin s a nwy]), f bot-bal, a mos-stp, a sil s german a mun, a pru-lvn, a bul-rum (f bla s), f con-bul/sc.

To the one of you who tried to change an army into a fleet: nice try.

### Deadline for Winter 1907/Spring 1908 is May 27.

Italy to All: ¡Buenos Dias de Baja! I'll be back in May.

Molar (of the Germany variant) to Paris: We may not be able to reverse the decay but with this 'tartar control' Crest we can sure stunt your growth.

Italy to France: You're right, I guessed wrong, but your guessing in the North Sea also leaves something to be desired.

Russia to France: The Scandinavian Shuffle is a thing of beauty when properly done. I must say you dance divinely, Dahling.

Germany to Russia: You don't look nothin' like I thought you might. Actually, you look a lot like I thought Pete would.

GM to Germany: Check out the pictures with more con news in thish.

Italy to Russia: No news is good news! (I guess.)

GM to Italy: Oh, thanks a lot!

Italy to GM: Reading materials for Baja: *Our Man In Havana* by Graham Greene, *Like Water for Chocolate* which was a best-seller in Mexico in 1991.

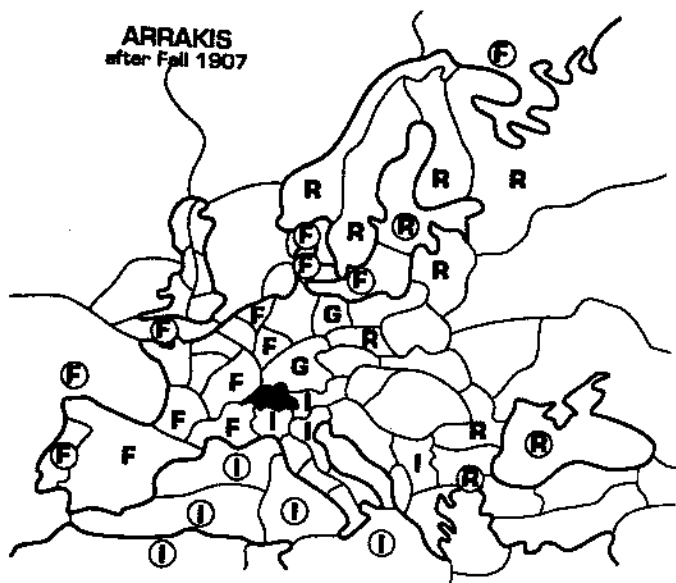
GM to Italy: Damn. Now I have to hunt through the last couple of book-review sections to figure out where I've seen that second title recently.

Germany to GM: A printer with a reverse R? Cool!

GM to Germany: The printer does whatever I damn well want it to, it's the computer that I have to coax into making up these fonts and pages!

Italy to Germany: Do the "Reich" thing.

Germany to GM: However many dots he gets to those solo hopes have been dashed.



## AURORA / Railway Rivals 1025CN

OOPS: Several oops, actually (is the plural 'oopi'?)... WINC's payment to ICE-D for 2b and 2c is actually 3 each, not 4 each segment. SMOG's 2b build was to E21, not into the ocean at E20! RENO's 2b build could only reach W8, and ICE-D's payment to RENO is thus only 3 (not 7). This one's puzzling, since I have it right on my map.

Accounts are corrected with the starting balances shown below.

### Round Three

Dice were 6-4-6.

ICE-D (Richard Weiss, red): 3a.(Hanford)-S14-N16 [1 to WINC].  
3b.(N16)-M16; (T9)-S10. 3c.(S10)-R10; (M16)-L16.

RENO Line (Pat Conlon, black):

3a.nmr. 3b.nmr. 3c.nmr.

SMOG (Southern Metro Over Gauge—Chuck Mercer, brown):

3a.(M13)-M12-O11-San Luis Obispo; (D21)-San Diego.

3b.(M14)-N13-O14.

3c.(O14)-P14-Q14-R14-S14 [4 to ICE-D].

S&RVL (Sleet & Rain Vacation Line—Bob Theriault, green):

3a.(K12)-L11-M12-O11-San Luis Obispo [8 to SMOG]; (Barstow)-H24.

3b.(H24)-H26-O27. 3c.(O27)-S25-RYAN; (O27)-O28.

WINC (Wordelmann's Inroad to NV and CA—Bill W., yellow):

3a.(S15)-Bakersfield-N16; (Bakersfield)-O18.

3b.(I49)-Chico-Red Bluff [7 to COLTS].

3c.(Merced)-Y10-Z9-Z7 [1 each to RENO, ICE-D]; (L50)-WESTWOOD.

COLTS (Crass Outlandishly Late Train Service—Andy Bate, blue):

3a.(I49)-CHICO-RED BLUFF-O46. 3b.(O46)-P46-P49.

3c.(P49)-P50-BIEBER; (N55)-GERLACH-Q57-Q58.

Tweaked Track: COLTS 3a, SMOG 3c, S&RVL 3b (all misread letters or numbers); Chuck, you didn't notice the 2c. correction, so you consequently tried to build one hex too far in 3b.

### Dice for Round Four are 5-6-5.

### Deadline for Round Four is May 27.

	begin	cities	to rivals	fm rivals	builds	end
COLTS	\$25	+12	-	+7	-	44
ICE-D	\$38	+1	-	+5	-	42
S&RVL	\$46	+3	-	+8	-	41
SMOG	\$22	+12	-	+4	+8	38
RENO	\$20	+1	-	+1	-	21
WINC	\$19	+9	-	+9	+1	20

RENO guesses... Robert Stimmel: Rusty Engines Not Operating.

Andy Bate: Rigidly Enforced Nightly Orgasms.

Chuck Mercer: Recompensed Embraces Nourish Orgasms; Rail Employees Needing Oblivion. ("The first is an acknowledgement of legalized prostitution; the second is Reno as an escape for the working and middle class.")

Bill Wordelmann: Relatively Evident—Nothing Obvious; Railroad Engines Needing Overhauls.

COLTS to WINC: Congrats, Bill, I think you made the better choice last time. Still, only time will tell.

COLTS to S&RVL: Bob, you'll have to let me know where you want our networks to join up. I'm easy, but not a mindreader...

### ARRAKIS / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1906

France	par, bre, mar, por, spa, lvp, edi, lon, bel, hol, nwy, den, kie	13/12, remove one
Germany	mun, ber	2, even
Italy	rom, nap, ven, tun, ser, vie, tri, bud, gre	9, even
Russia	stp, mos, war, sev, swe, rum, bul, ank, smy, con, NWY	10/11, build one



## POSTAL MONOPOLY

Order of play is: Deals; Bank Windfalls (underlined); Bank Debts (underlined); Player Debts; Player Windfalls; Purchases, Development; then I report the next turn's movement. \* = player holds Comm. Chest Get Out of Jail Free card; † = Chance card.

### ALTHAR Round Twentyfive

player	dice	ending position	windfalls	debts	portfolio
Claire Brosius	2*/5	C-Chest 2	130, <u>100</u>	14	\$13, Pac <sup>1</sup> , NCa <sup>1</sup> , PenAv <sup>1</sup>
Mark Lew	5/5	Elec. Co.	14, <u>200</u>	130	\$12, med, bal, Ori <sup>3</sup> , Ver <sup>2</sup> , Con <sup>4</sup> , stc, sta, vir, Stw <sup>2</sup> , Ten <sup>2</sup> , NY <sup>2</sup> , Ken <sup>2</sup> , Ind <sup>2</sup> , Ill <sup>2</sup> , atl, ven, mg, Park <sup>2</sup> , Boa <sup>2</sup> , 2 Utils, shl, 3 RR <sup>2</sup>

Player Debts: CB must sell two houses to pay her rent.

Development: ML mortgages Mediterranean, St. Charles, States, and Short Line for \$270. He then buys 10 houses for the Light Blues.

Movement: CB unintentionally rolls her way out of Jail, and onto Electric Company; and from thence forward to Community Chest, where she inherits \$100. ML lands on Pacific, and then Chance, which Advances him (passing GO) to the Nearest Utility.

Cash Shortages: none (Bank Windfalls are collected first). Buildings remaining in Bank: 0 houses, 12 hotels.

**Deadline for Round Twentysix is May 27.**

## BELT 17 / 1993F

### Fall 1901: Goldfishfinger

Austria (Rich Irving): a bud-ven /impossible/, f alb-gre (a ser s).

England (Les Casey): f nts-den, a edi-nwy (f nwg c).

France (Randy Havens): f mid-por, a bur s italian a tyo-mun, a mar-spa.

Germany (Stan Johnson): a kie-den, a ruh-bel (f hol s).

Italy (Victor Thomas): a apu-tun (f ion c), a tyo-mun.

Russia (Tom Johnston): f bot-swe, a gal-rum (a ukr s), f rum-sev.

Turkey (Bob Arnett): a con-bul (f bla s), a bul-gre.

### Deadline for Winter 1901 only is May 27.

(AP Ombudsman): Thee AP wood licke too apologize fore thee mispeling off thee foreign minister nominnees name inn lasd monthe's repport. Hiz name shoold bee speled S-M-I-T-H. We are sorry fore thee confoossian thiz may hav cossed.

GM to Belters: And if you don't think that's hard to type, you're probably Jim Burgess!

Moscow: Another day, another stellar choice of allies. Off with my head. The revolution has already begun.

GM to Moscow: For more information on the Russian Revolution, please refer to the back of the magazine for the game named "Vulcan." (Don't give up too fast, or you'll start getting worse nicknames than the ones already given!)

Germany to France: I said I used recycled paper in my letters. I did not say the postcard I sent you was made of recycled paper, you pinhead.

GM to Germany: That's major abuse for a minor error.

Radio conversation overheard between AUSTERE (The Austrian Unit for Security, Taxation, Espionage and Resistance to Evil) agent and HQ:

HQ: Enwhay asway ethay astlay etterslay eceivedray omfray Ussiaray anday Urkeytay?

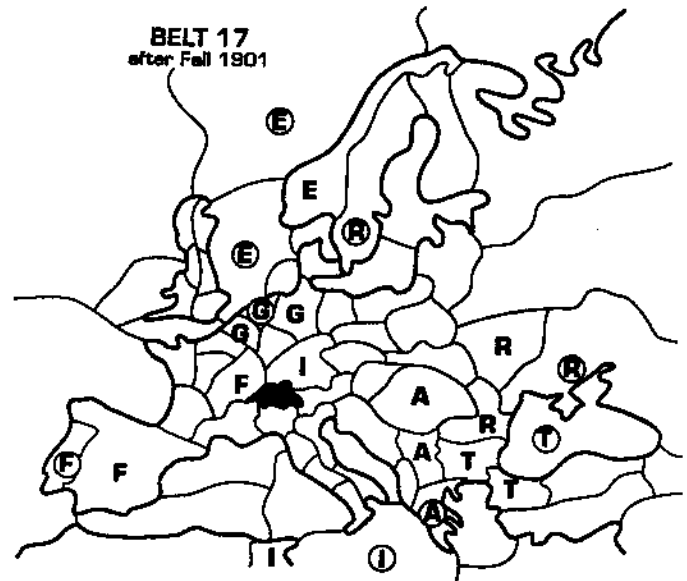
Agent: Ancay ouyay epeatray atthay?

HQ: Enwhay ASWAY ethay astlay etterslay eceivedray omfray Ussiaray anday Urkeytay?

Isthay idiculousray! Ywhay areay away eakinspay Igpay

### BELT 17 / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1901

Austria	tri, bud, vie, SER, GRE.....	3/5	may build two
England	lvp, edi, lon, NWY.....	3/4	may build one
France	par, bre, mar, SPA, POR.....	3/5	may build two
Germany	<del>mun</del> , kie, ber, HOL, BEL.....	3/5	may build two
Italy	rom, nap, ven, TUN, MUN.....	3/5	may build two
Russia	stp, mos, war, sev, SWE, RUM....	4/6	may build two
Turkey	con, ank, smy, BUL.....	3/4	may build one



Atinlay! Et'slay eakspay ormallynay! Isthay isay oolingfay obody-nay! Utbay, oay elhway, ethay astlay etterslay omfray Ussiaray anday Urkeytay asway overay aay onthmay agoay.

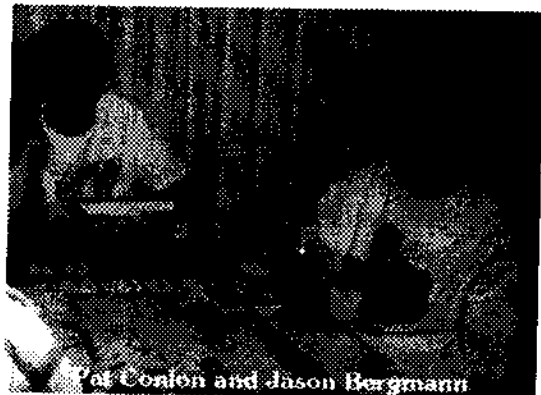
HQ: What was that again, Agent 3489, we couldn't figure out that last bit.

Moscow to Budapest: Sorry, I gobbled up the bait and let 'em take me.

Germany to Italy: Germany takes a dim view of Italy's Alps Adventurism.

Moscow to all Eastern countries: Wake up, you piranhas. Coming soon to a theatre near you... E-F-G In Your Face!

GM to Moscow: Pretty slim plot at the early stage. Sounds more like a made-for-TV movie.



Pat Conlon and Jason Bergmann

## Brotisserie League

### Notes on Mid-Turn

Victor Thomas: Pete, my team does not look promising. Rob Dibble six weeks disabled list. Mark McGwire missing from the box scores for one week. No information about his status *[[A's had many off days and two rainouts, plus Mac didn't hit his second homer until 4/27 and had some minor back pain.]]*. My two Giants players are showing no performance (Will Clark batting slump and Bill Swift no wins in two outings). Well, it is a long season.

Please clarify the rules for the drafts. By June 1 I must submit a new team to you using any player not on your off limits list. What happens to the first team (runs to June 1, or the end of the season)? How is the 900IP and 4500AB applied? I know these questions may seem simple, but this is my first rotisserie.

Pete: Well, this is not your normal rotisserie! True roto-heads look on this league as a bastard child because there's no trading and no dollar-value or bidding for players. Anyway, yes, your teams go all the way to the end of the season. In periodic updates and at season's end I'll show how well each and every team has done. Each team must meet the minimum innings and at-bats standards in order to score points for the 'ratio' or 'average' categories.

Andy Bate: If I've read this correctly, that means that I may reselect Joe Carter (who I listed as an outfielder, as did *Baseball Weekly*, yet you list him as a first baseman. Has he switched?), Dave Winfield (somehow I don't think I'll be alone in picking him next time, eh?), and Nolan Ryan (who is now injured, and facing surgery if I remember correctly, so he might not have been such a shrewd pick after all...)

Pete: You must send me a new team, and you may continue to choose the same players if you wish (!), so long as you don't

select anyone who's off-limits. But think of each deadline as a completely new start, with a limited set of players out-of-bounds.

As for positions, don't take my listings as *absolute* gospel—challenge them whenever you wish. I don't necessarily list people where you choose them (hence no 'corner' or 'middle' notes). I didn't bother noting that Carter would be mostly in the of (and isn't John Olerud off to a hellacious year at first for the Jays?!).  
Andy B: Talking of confusion, everywhere except in the player list you call Andrew York 'Andy.' Ah well, can't win 'em all.

I'm more than a little peeved to see Gonzalez and Daulton off to a good start, since both of these were on the short list, and Daulton was the last name off. Others I chose to leave out were Cecil Fielder, Rafael Palmeiro and a host of pitchers: Greg Maddux, Jeff Montgomery, Rod Beck and John Wetteland. Of these, only Maddux is closed out, which I might regret. Deciding who to pick wasn't easy, especially when you consider that the selection conversation was between a Blue Jay fan and an Orioles follower—knowledge of the National was limited, to say the least. Even the Fantasy Leaguer that Rich Clyne plays in was no help, since it's a small league, so they only use AL players!

I'm pleased to see the Tigers going strong, since I thought they had chances this year. I think I'll gloss over the Orioles, if you don't mind. But what the hell has happened to the Angels? I expected it from the Rangers, but like you I thought California were going to be crap this year.

Pete: I think a couple of kids on the Angels (such as J.T. Snow) are playing over their heads. The press over here in the off-season made a huge thing out of the Braves' pitching, treating Maddux like Alexander the Great arriving to help George Washington (I believe the phrase is 'coals to Newcastle'). But the Braves haven't been able to hit and all that pitching isn't enough. You'd never catch me drafting Wetteland, he's a wimp. \*

## CHUCK YOU, FARLEY / Snowball Fighting ASF19

WARRIOR (PLAYER).....	up.....	hp
Ice Man/IM (Andy York).....	15.....	7
Friendswood Flinger/FF (Greg Ellis).....	12.....	4
Seattle Slew/SE (Daf Langley).....	10.....	9
Mr. Snow Blues/SB (Brad Wilson).....	10.....	7
Shushee Slammer/SL (Chuck Mercer).....	10.....	0
El Zorro de Plata/ZP (Rick Kohman).....	7.....	1

Ice Man: My goodness, I never expected this. Without that Conifer Storm, I think I'd be headed into the kitchen again by the end of this turn. Quite an enjoyable outing, and thanks for the great press, Daf!!!

GM to Ice Man: Never admit you might not have won! Always attribute victory to your inherent fantasticness and ruthless style!

Rikko to WAY: Congrats on winning the first Charles U. Farley Memorial Trophy.

GM to Rick: Hey, I've forgotten what happened to that!

Chuck Mercer: The winner, Ice Man, was a rookie. The veterans seemed more concerned with their Snowball reputations than taking care of the front-runner. And yes, it's hard picking up VPs when you end a segment or turn next to a dirgie-armed opponent.

GM to Chuck: And are you classing yourself among the veterans?

Ellis: I want a re-roll!

\*



Mark Lew

Richard Weiss



## DAGOBDAH / Metropolis

### Round Nineteen: Sudden Sanity

HICK (David Hood—Hickory Indus. Const. Kingpins) buys lot 52;  
builds house on lot 52 (also participates in BBL build).

JGC (John Galt—John Galt Company—note COA) buys lot 37;  
builds hospital 31/2/7/8.

BBL (Chuff Afflerbach—Bailey Building and Loan) buys lot 22;  
builds office on lots 22/3/4/8. \$3 go to BBL, \$12 to HICK.

SSI (Andrew York—Southern Slum Industries) buys lot 44.

HICK: (joint) office 22/3/4/8 ..... \$12  
house 52.....2  
store 53-54.....6  
office 51/55-57.....22  
department store 81-83/86-88.....30  
Total.....\$72

JGC: hospital 31-32/37-38.....\$22  
house 50.....2  
house 64.....5  
house 70.....1  
store 61-62.....9  
apartment 60/65-66.....18  
empty lots 21, 25, 34, 35, 36. Total.....\$57

BBL: school 10-12.....\$14  
apartment 13-14/19.....18  
house 15.....5  
house 16.....5  
store 17-18.....9  
(joint) office 22/3/4/8.....3  
house 63.....5  
school 67-69.....14  
empty lot 27. Total.....\$73

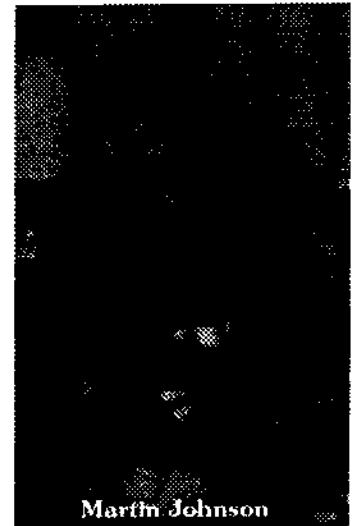
SSI: house 26.....\$ 1  
house 40.....2  
hospital 41-42/45-46.....28  
factory 71-72/76-77.....18  
factory 73-74/78-79.....18  
empty lots 43, 44, 49. Total.....\$67

Commercial real estate:.....\$153  
All others (house, apt, school, store):.....116  
Total value:.....\$269

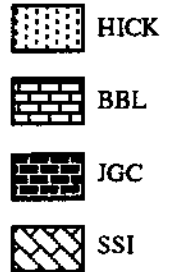
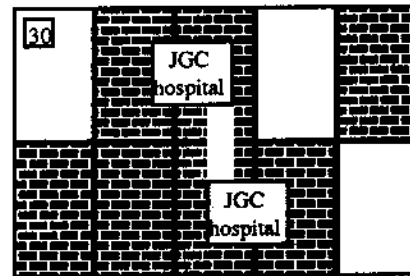
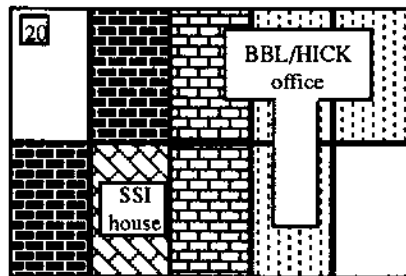
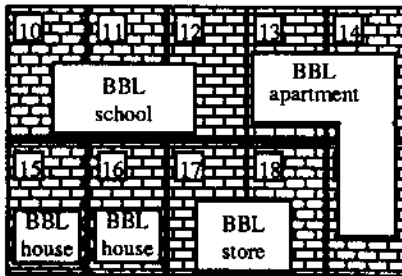
"\$" are current values, not final scores.

**Deadline for Round Twenty is May 27.**

GM to Dagobahns: There is no building possible except Apartments on Block 20 or Block 40 (the remaining factory may not be built in a hospital zone). Since there can be no competition for the vacant lots on these blocks, nor for the buildings, the game will end next Round. John and Andy simply need to decide whether or not to build, then order accordingly. It looks as though Chuff has managed to out-capitalize the others—congratulations!

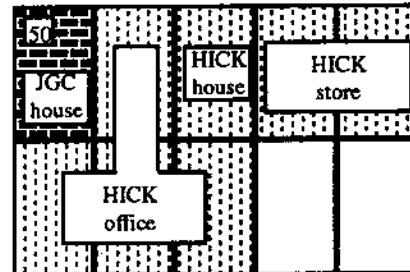
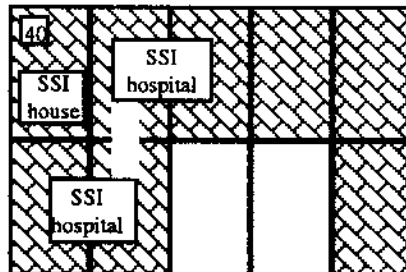


Martin Johnson

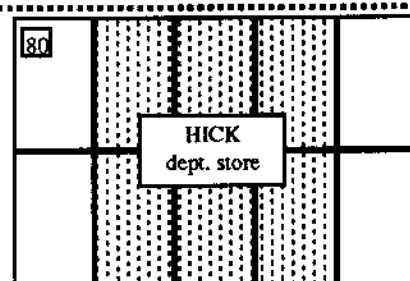
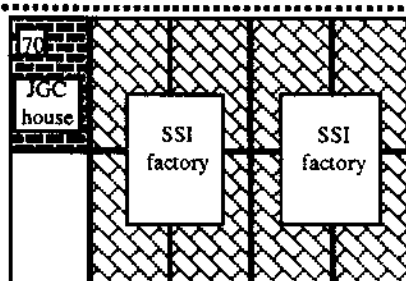
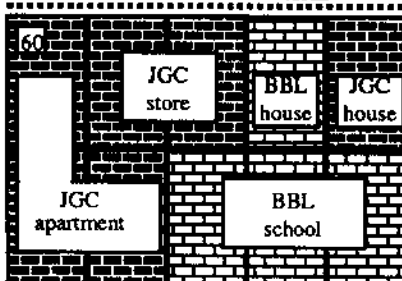
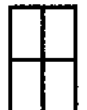


DAGOBDAH after Round 19

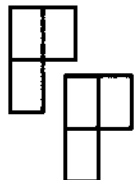
PARK



(FACTORY)



APTS.



## DRUUFON / Snowball Fighting ASF18

### Turn Eleven: Paranoid Delusion

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	loc	segment 1	segment 2	segment 3	new loc	up	hp	sb-di
Arsenic O'Reilly (Mike Stewart)	P4	RR at OH (95,60)	collect Di	Di at CA* (60,12)	P4	16	1	1-0
The Blizzard (Lance Anderson)	C7	-B8-A9 (pick up Di)†	-C9-E9-G9	Di at TG (60,42)	G9	10	8	0-0
Box o'Rocks (John Schultz)	Q7	RR at BS (95,76)	collect Di	Di at CC* (50,20)	Q7	14	5	0-0
Brandy Snifter (Tom Hurst)	U9	collect Di	run for cover	sit indoors	kit	17	0	0-0
Calvin (David Wang)	M9	-O9-P8-Q7-R6-S5	CS at Q7 (no ammo)	collect Di	S5	15	3	0-1
Cassius Clark (Clark Millikan)	kit	sit "in penalty box"	-V8-T8-S7, +Sb	RR at BR (80,02)	S7	19	2	2-0
Clarence (David McCrumb)	S9	BB at BS (80,65) & HBA (60,82) / collect Di	Di at CC* (40,38)	S9	19	9	1	1-0
GMS (Daf Langley)	kit	-V8-W7-V6-U5	RR at BS (not)	RR at BS (nope)	U5	10	10	0-0
Half-Baked Alaska (Rick Kohman)	R12	collect 2 Sb	RR at BS (a)	RR at CC (85,42)	R12	13	5	0-0
Orel Hershiser (John Galt)	M7	collect 2 Sb	RR at BS (chance)	RR at CC (95,02)	M7	5	3	0-0
Scih (Richard Weiss)	U7	run inside	sit	sit	kit	12	0	0-0
Terry Gross (Paul Gardner)	L10	Di at CA (30,51)	collect Di	Di at CL* (50,79)	L10	14	3	0-0

Weather roll = 42—clear skies with occasional rolling thunder (huh?). This game is being played to 20 vp.

†The Dirigible that Da Bliz picks up is the one which was left behind in the snow fort.

Scih may run outside on Segment Two and BS on Segment Three, if we play that long.

**Deadline for Turn Twelve is May 27.**

Segment One: As GMS runs out, Scih runs into the kitchen and "has Mommy take his wet clothes off," but not quickly enough—he's still soaking wet when a freak electrical storm passes over the house and a Bolt From The Blue drives straight through the roof to shock him! The Blizzard runs back into his Snow Fort to pick up his abandoned Dirigible, while Brandy Snifter, Half-Baked Alaska and Orel Hershiser compile more weapons. Calvin flashes past the tree to take up a new position. This saves him, since Terry Gross was just lifting a Di into firing position—TG's shot is harmless now that Cal is six hexes away.

Arsenic O'Reilly hits Orel for a quick point. Box o'Rocks begins the assault on the leader, BS, with a Rattlesnake. Clarence uses the Barnard Bolero, finishing off BS but missing Half-Baked.

Segment Two: Scih "turns up the heat and turns on the stove to warm the chocolate." The next lightning bolt also hits Scih and accelerates the warming-up process, blue sparks flying from his blackened fingers to the knobs on the range. Outside, Arsenic, Rocky, Clarence and Terry are getting numb fingers from packing Dirgies.

The cold is beginning to affect players' minds and bodies. GMS, HBA and Orel all try to nail the Snifter, but he's ducking out of sight into the house! Calvin tries to Storm the conifer at Q7 but forgets—he's out of snow! Da Bliz has snow, though, and runs south with a target in mind...

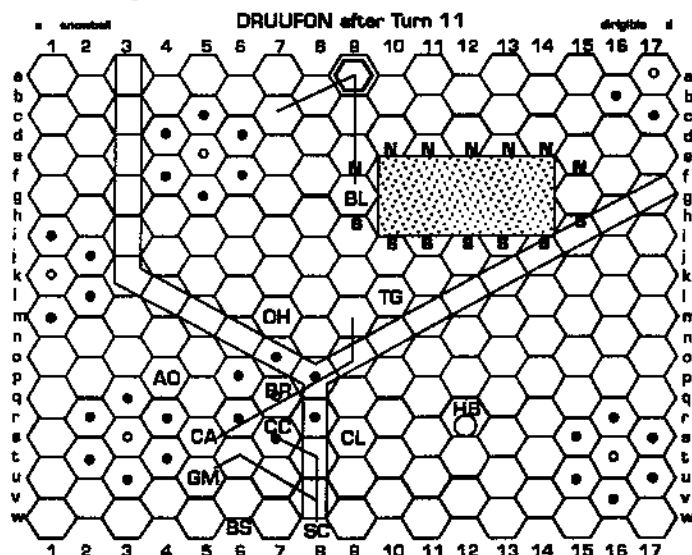
Segment Three: ...which happens to be Terry Gross; Gross turns around to return fire, but misses! AO also heaves his Di at TG and scores big off her.

Indoors, Scih "melts marshmallows in the chocolate and licks his fingers," moistening them just in time to conduct a third blast directly to his brain. Brandy Snifter watches in amazement but Scih is staring out the window at the carnage in the yard. Calvin collects a Di but everyone else is shooting. GMS is still pissed at BS (for what it's worth). Box o'Rocks and Clarence hit Cassius Clark with Di's, while HBA and Pitcher Orel both use RRs to bring Clark to his knees. Clarence's shot puts him in the lead at 19 vp! But Clark also goes to 19 points on the strength of a Rattler direct into Rocky's eyes!

John Galt has a COA in the roster.

Calvin to Yard: Hey, everybody! Ice Slinger over at the Eddores' has threatened to bring his gang over to our yard. After we finish here, what say we go over there and show them a thing or two about Snowball Fighting?

SnowMaster to Calvin: Are you a Jet or a Shark?



Clarence to SM: You are developing quite a hard-core following for SF.

SnowMaster to CL: Yes, heh heh heh, soon, I will have you ALL in my POWER! Mooohahaha. (Y'know, it just feels good to say that phrase out loud. Mooohahaha!)

Brandy to Mama: Break open the liquor cabinet and pour me full, Honey! I'm heading home!

Calvin to Scih: Join a Dip game next? Okay—Done! (Please see *The Home Office's Comanche.*) Now, what's the plan?

OH to CA: Nothing personal.

GMS to Snowy: That was fun, but now my knees are weak and I have to go back outside and throw snowballs. And it's snowing like crazy. No rest for the wicked, I guess.

SnowMaster to GMS: Not if they're lucky...

CL to CC: Since you insisted on ruining my party, I'm leaving.

Brandy to Calvin: When our SnowMaster asks you for a small royalty, he is *not* asking you to kidnap Prince Harry!

SM to Druufonics: I should've expected this kind of depravity...

SCIH to GM: I vote yes on the proposal to change the rules now to "Calvinball." And, if Calvin gets to use the new format "for a tiny royalty"—could I use it for, oh, say, Fergie?

BS to SM: Be careful what you say to these morons. They might take you literally and you could end up doing ten-to-fifteen for

## GIEDI PRIME / 1992AK

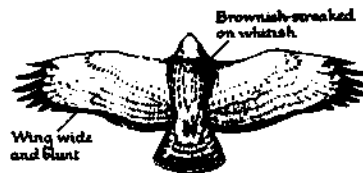
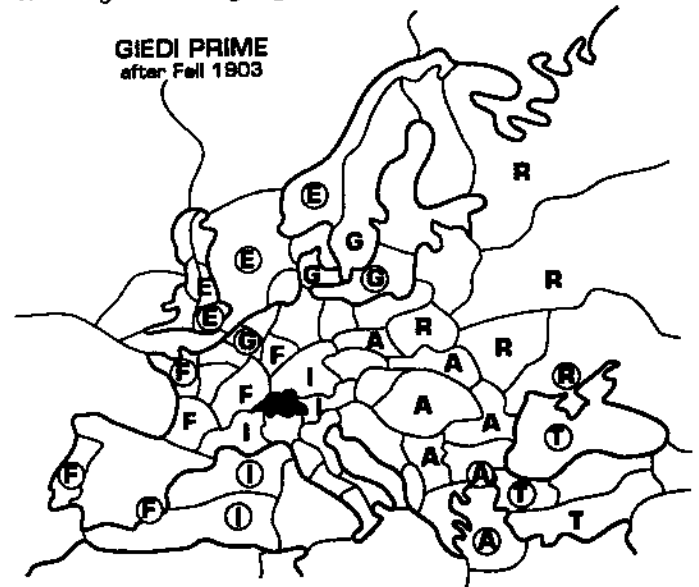
conspiracy!  
 Clarence to Calvin: What better time than in the fourth quarter, uh, ninth inning, to change the rules.  
 Yard: Calvinball! Calvinball! Calvinball! [continues until SM gives in]  
 OH to CC: Batter up! :)  
 SM to Orel: ...and it's a Hit Batsman!  
 Calvin to SnowMaster: Sure, let's play Calvinball and change the rules! Won't that be more fun? (Anyone ever play Nomic?)  
 Calvin to Half-Baked Alaska: Sorry, you were standing in the Invisible Boomerang Hex! So, the rules are reversed back at you!  
 Double points for hits on Half-Baked Alaska!  
 BS to Rikko: Are "cross-words" anything like "fightin' words"?  
 SM to BS: Only when my grandparents are fighting over the paper.  
 JG to Daf: Yeah, "Bimbos" is a good mystery. I had two problems with it: the title (and "SF" label) is a fraud, and the author hates fans.  
 SM to JG: I don't understand the fraud bit (did you think McCrumb was trying to get people to think it was an sf novel?), but I have heard from several fans that "the author hates fans." I disagree. People just can't learn to laugh at themselves, I guess...  
 Clarence to GMS: Thank you. Actually, Bimbos started out as a joke. The SF club at Va. Tech was having a short story competition. A friend of ours was the club sponsor (and judge). Sharyn wrote a short story satirizing the SF pulp novel. Our friend picked up on it right away, but he loved it and told Sharyn she should expand on the story and sell it to Analog, etc. She rewrote it but didn't sell it. However, at an SF con she read it, an editor liked it, and asked for a copy. They called back a couple of months later asking to buy it. But not as a short story, as a novel. And so came about *Bimboes of the Death Sun*. (It was originally *Death Star*, but the lawyers were scared of Lucas.)  
 GM to Druufonics: David sent a photocopy of a bibliography page listing 11 of Sharyn's books (I don't know whether that's the complete McCrumb oeuvre or not). I'll forward a copy to anyone who wants it, for a SASE.  
 Calvin to Terry Gross: Wow, what a cute kid! Does she play Snowball Fighting? (By the way, what is she eating?)  
 SCIH to Goofy Miss Screwiey: Hey, broad, stick a snowball in your own pants. It'll disappear, warm you up, and help deodorize the area. And, if you want to quote Dickens, why don't you just admit your profession and sign your press as you are known: "The Tail of Two Cities"?  
 SnowMaster to SCIH: Okay, scum, you just earned your punishment. If you have a death wish, just keep it up. (Whoops, I guess you can't do that, can you?)  
 GMS to Silver Toady: I guess you're right. I wouldn't want to deprive future toadies from learning on their knees like you did.  
 Clarence to Box o'Rocks: Not mad!? I'm furious. Everybody lays it on me, not once but twice. Then, when I'm finally warm (thanks, Daf), y'all try it again!! Me, not mad! HA!!!  
 SM to Clarence: IF you lose, I'll allow you to spout off about how persecuted you are. Until then, lay off.  
 BS to SM: I agree with you that CL and GMS are deep in it!  
 CL to BS: Eat snow. Revenge is now mine.  
 BoR(e) to BS: Nothing wrong with my nose. I smell just fine by all

Summer 1903: Russia a swe-fin.  
 Fall 1903: Kingdom of Glome  
 Austria (Roger Cox): a vie-gal (a rum s [a bud s rum]), a sil-ber, f eas-aeg (f bul/sc s [a ser s f bull]).  
 England (Mike Magnuson): f nts-den, f nwy s russian a fin-swe? /nso/, f lon-nts, a wal-yor.  
 France (Pat Conlon): f mid-spa/sc (f por s), f bre-mid, a mar-bur (a ruh s), a par-gas.  
 Germany (Lance Anderson): f bal-ber, a kie-den (a swe s), f bel h.  
 Italy (Hugh Magen): a pie-mar (f lyo s), f wes-mid, a mun h (a tyo s).  
 Russia (Greg Ellis): a fin-stp, a war-sil, f sev & a ukr s turkish a arm-rum /nso/ (a mos s f sev).  
 Turkey (Andy York): a arm-smy, f bla-bul/ec (f con s).

### Deadline for Winter 1903/Spring 1904 is May 27.

Turkey to World: About face!  
 X-Mun to Rome: I assume you mean Germany when you address to 'Mun'—is that so? Anyway, Paris is fine in the **springtime**. See you there.  
 Turkey to Austria: Hmmm... that wasn't what you were supposed to do. I guess we're going head to head for a while.

GIEDI PRIME  
after Fall 1903



Broad-winged Hawks  
above: immature  
right: adult



definition. I quit smoking years ago. Nothing wrong with my eyesight either. Here... catch this...  
 SM to CL: You might have to share that revenge.  
 Calvin to Box o'Rocks: I hope you weren't under the tree! (Again!) \*

GIEDI PRIME / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1903									
Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	bul	gre	rum	7/7	even
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	.	.	.	4/4	even
France	par	bre	mar	bel	spa	por	.	6/5	remove one
Germany	kie	ber	hol	den	BEL	SWE	.	4/6	build two
Italy	rom	nap	ven	tun	mun	.	.	5/5	even
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	swe	.	.	5/4	remove one
Turkey	con	ank	smy	.	.	.	.	3/3	even

## EDDORE / Gunboat Snowball Fighting ASF22

### Turn Six: Sleeper

WARRIOR	loc.	segment 1	segment 2	segment 3	new loc.	up	hp	sb-di
Abominated Snowmonster	B12	run down path	run down path	run inside	kit	8	0	0-0
Chiller Cowalski	L6	BB at SH (40,97) & RS (65,41) / collect 2 Sb	collect Di	L6	8	3	2-1	
Felis Negrus	kit	sit	sit	sit	kit	10	0	2-0
Georgie Porgie	D10	-E9-F8, collect Sb / De at SH (55,25), dodge	-H8-I7-J6-L6-shed	J6	9	2	0-0	
Ice Slinger	F10	-G11-H12, collect Sb	CS at D10 (nobody)	collect 2 Sb	H12	6	6	2-0
Ricky Skitless	E7	collect 2 Sb	run down path	run inside	kit	7	0	0-0
Shagmaster	G9	-H8-J8-I8-N8-P8-R8	RR at CC (95,25)	collect Di	R8	12	1	0-1

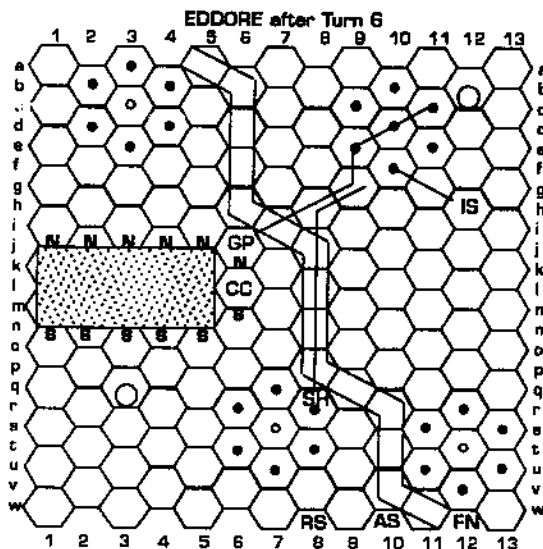
Weather roll = 48. FN may exit any time now; AS & RS must sit inside all next Turn.

### Deadline for Turn Seven is May 27.

Segment One: Georgie Porgie "jumps out from under the conifer" and builds a Snowball; Ice Slinger does likewise. Felis Negrus is pacing in the kitchen; Abominated Snowmonster is crying and running for cover, and Shagmaster is running for the cover of the tree. As Shaggy runs past, Chiller Cowalski takes aim at him with a Bolero—CC misses the moving target, but finds it easier to hit Rick Skitless, who was staying put to pack snow but now will have to go inside.

Segment Two: GP "pounds Shagmaster, at long distance, with a Demon and dodges." Shaggy is busy showing Chiller how it's done, nailing him with a Rattlesnake.

Segment Three: Georgie, "with a shriek of glee and a vapor trail, zips past Chiller and into the shed." BONK. He forgot that this shed, unlike the one in the Druufon yard, has no doors. (Oh, hell, folks, what's a SnowFight GM to do?) Nobody makes an attack on the third segment!



Slinger to Furious: Nah, I didn't forget you! In fact, I didn't miss you! See ya!

RS to Yard: I can feel the snow seeping through to my Superguy undies! Oooh! The horror! The horror!!

SnowMaster to Ricky: As Don Scheifler as said, those who can't compose witty press are condemned to steal it from the movies.

Slinger to Skittles: AAUGH! It's FloydSpeak! It just goes to show you that you've got to be able to pick out the easy targets with your eyes closed!

Slinger to SM: Is this FloydSpeak contagious? I thought I saw some Ruffians engaging in it!

SM to Slinger: No, I have antiWall virus installed.

Shaggy to Yard: Oh joy!! I guess this makes me this turn's P.S. (preferred slushsucker).

Black Cat to CC: Sure! Ask for a truce after you send me to the kitchen! I'm sure you tear the wings off of butterflies, too!

SnowMaster to Cat: ...and he offers not to do it in exchange for 'protection money.'

Ricky to Shaggy: Truce!? But so far you've got the best of me! I'll only consider us even when I've got more points off you than the reverse.

SnowMaster to Ricky: Now, that's the spirit!

from Shaggy's book "1.3 Trillion Rules for Anal-Retentives": #13,005,974—Always wear white to a snowball fight.

Slinger to Geep: (singing) Stormy weather...

GP to SM: It sure is dark in here and it smells like organic fertilizer.

SnowMaster to GP: You poor fool, you've got your head up your \*\*\* again.

Slinger to Yard: Keep an eye out for that darn cat! When it comes out of the house, it'll be quick and hard to catch. Let's make sure it makes a second visit to the litter box before we settle this out here.

SnowMaster: "But the cat came back, the very next day, oh yes the cat came back..."

GP to FN: Are the magic blue crystals in your kitty litter biodegrading?

Slinger to Chilly: Thanks for the assist. C'mon and join the fun!

SnowMaster to Slinger: I think the fun has all run off and left you behind.

Slinger to Flogged Furball: Here, kitty, kitty, kitty...

Spot: Segment 3 from Turn 5 (having been trained by his master Skicky) Urinate on right rear hindquarter.

Spot's Owner to SM: What you fail to understand is that Spot has 8 quarters. He's twice the dog Felis N. is!

SM to Spot's Owner: So, will Spot give me change for my dollar?

Slinger to Abnormy: See ya!

SnowMaster to Slinger: At least you said more than he did.

Ricky's Lament: Waaaaaaaaaaaah!

Shagmaster to CC and RS: You guys should try rolling 'em up a little smaller... You can't throw what you can't lift!!!

Slinger to Shaggy: Thanks for your help. I'll just move out of the way a bit, so that everybody has a better line of sight...

SM to Slinger: Some of these people you don't want to give a clear shot to; for instance...

Spot: Segment One: Enter kitchen through doggy door. Segment Two: Approach Felis Negrus, bent over by the fire, from the rearward direction. Segment Three: Give Felis language lesson. This month: Greek.

SM to Spot: Oh, I thought you were going to show him how to speak in tongues.

Mrs. Skitless: Ricky! RICKY!!! Get in here, now!

Ricky's Lament: Waaaaaaaaaaaah!

SnowMaster to Ricky: (slapping him back and forth) Pull yourself together, kid! Do you want me to run out of "a"s?!

## GIFFARD / Gunboat Titan

### Round Fiftytwo: Mother of all Battles

BLUE LEGIONS (rolled a 5): Bat Desert D118-Brush B113;  
Cloud Brush B141 (E36); Cracked Egg Plains P15 (E39);  
Anchor Plains P119-Jungle J114, Lightning holds in Jungle  
J12.

GREEN LEGIONS (rolled a 2): Medallion Swamp  
S121-Plains P119; Harp holds in Desert D21 (E40);  
Dagger Plains P115-Brush B17; Scales Brush B123;  
Frog holds in Jungle J104; Hook holds in Jungle J40;  
Dead Fish Marsh M140-Plains P138; Boiling Pot  
Brush B141 (E36); Hoop Snake Plains P15 (E39);  
Diamond holds in Plains P20.

RED LEGIONS (rolled a 6): Torch holds in Tundra  
6000; Heart Tundra 2000 TITAN Teleports to Desert  
D21 (E40); Star holds in Tower 200.

Engagement 35: Red Double Eagle and Green Wreath mutu-  
ally annihilate in J26. 2 Cyclopi, 2 Gorgons, 2 Minotaurs,  
Angel, Unicorn die.

Engagement 36: Blue Cloud attacks Green Boiling Pot in Brush  
B141.

Engagement 39: Blue Cracked Egg attacks Green Hoopsnake in  
Plains P15.

Engagement 40: Red Heart attacks Green Harp in Desert D21.  
Defender enters through 1-15-14 (according to attacker condi-  
tionals).

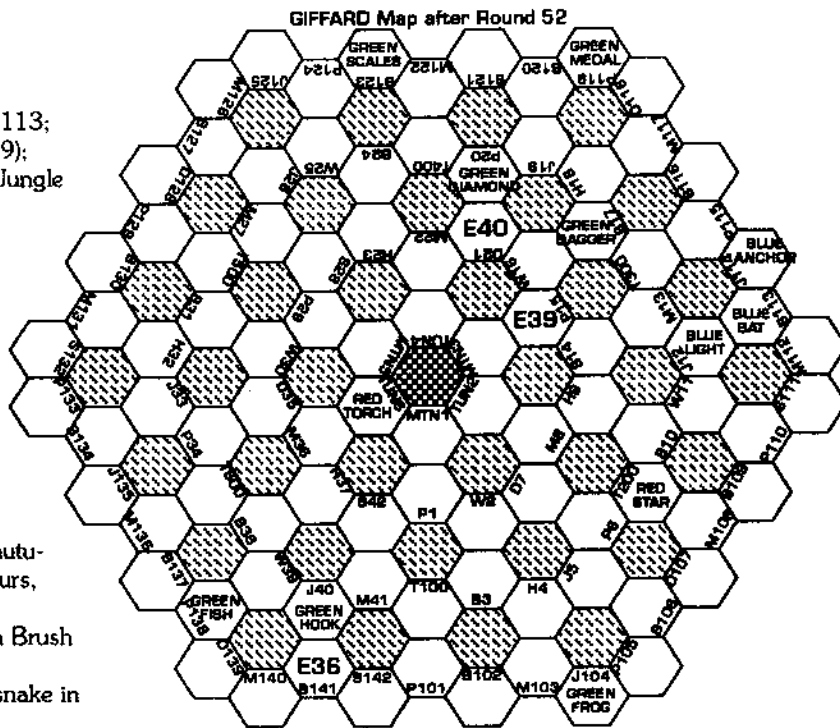
Musters, Round 52:

Point Count: Green 646, Red 626, Blue 617.

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

**Deadline for Round Fiftythree is May 27.**

GIFFARD Creature Status				
after rd. 52	orig	box	dead	board
Angel	18	13	—	5
Archangel	6	4	—	2
Behemoth	18	10	2	6
Centaur	25	0	20	5
Colossus	10	0	0	10
Cyclops	28	0	19	9
Dragon	18	13	3	2
Gargoyle	21	3	14	4
Giant	18	16	1	1
Gorgon	25	0	13	14
Griffon	18	12	6	0
Guardian	6	1	—	5
Hydra	10	4	3	3
Lion	28	5	17	6
Minotaur	21	5	14	2
Ogre	25	0	22	3
Ranger	28	0	23	5
Serpent	10	0	1	9
Troll	28	0	27	1
Unicorn	12	6	4	2
Warbear	21	12	9	0
Warlock	6	3	—	3
Wyvern	18	14	4	0



## JINX / 1990AV

E/I/R draw: all players voted yes!

**Deadline for Endgame Statements is May 27.**

JINX / 1990AV Regular Diplomacy  
zine: *Boot Hill/Moiré* (until Sp03); *Perelandra*  
GM: Pete Clark (until Sp03); Pete Gaughan

Austria: Don (CA) Williams (drop F01); Ron Cameron.

England: Mike Gonsalves (draw W09).

France: Melinda Holley.

Germany: Tom Nash.

Italy: Steve Heinowski (drop F06); Richard Weiss (draw W09).

Russia: Kathy Caruso (draw W09).

Turkey: Gary Behnen.

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09
Austria	3	3	3	4*	2	2	2	2	0
England	5	6	7	7	8	9	10	11	12
France	5	5	4	3	2	2	1	0	
Germany	5	4	0						
Italy	5	5	7	7	7	5	5	5	6
Russia	6	6	9	9	12*	15	16	16	16
Turkey	4	5	4	4	3	1	0		

\* indicates one unit short the following year

And so ends the Diplomacy career of Pete Clark, I believe—are any of his games still running around? Don Williams is another burn victim who will turn up very infrequently (although Don's still playing, in *Hoodwink* I think).

Congratulations to Mike and Kathy for sticking this one out for so long, and thanks to the standbys (especially Hoot Cameron, for an extra-innings stint).

I have very little to say about this game, since I wasn't always privy to the machinations and didn't pay attention to the first three gameyears. But I'll keep a section open in case any of you have something you want to make officially public before I call this quits.

## GRAMARYE / British Rails BR8901

Round Seventythree

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway  
Owner: Paul Gardner

73: Move 10mp into Newcastle, sell lead for £28M (card 85), pick up coal; move 2mp W. Draws cards #131, 50. Will be immobilized by Gale.

card 45: bristol/oil/£10; carlisle/textiles/£10; york/jute/£25.  
**card 50:** london/textiles/£9; stoke/coal/£4; dolgellau/machinery/£13.  
card 60: glasgow/steel/£17; gloucester/tourists/£13; lincoln/pottery/£12.

Superfreight carrying coal, steel and lead.

color: purple  
Opening Bal: £ 44  
Income: + 28  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 72  
order this time: 2  
next: 4  
GOs? yes

Railroad: Puppytail Rail  
Owner: David McCrumb

73: Move 1mp into Manchester; drop jute, pick up textiles; move 11mp N.

card 11: barrow/lead/£20; brighton/cotton/£24; exeter/conmat/£27.  
card 82: glasgow/oats/£7; dover/cattle/£11; hereford/machinery/£3.  
card 113: ipswich/coal/£16; london/sugar/£13; newcastle/textiles/£9.

Fast Freight carrying lead and textiles.

color: green  
Opening Bal: £ 97  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 97  
order this time: 3  
next: 3  
GOs? yes

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers  
Owner: David Hood

73: Dumps cards. Draws cards #101, 5, 47.

card 5: glasgow/pigs/£15; holyhead/tobacco/£21; edinburgh/hops/£33.  
**card 47:** herford/sugar/£15; norwich/textiles/£11; newcastle/tobacco/£28.  
**card 101:** cardiff/cars/£12; northampton/tobacco/£10; manchester/machinery/3.

Superfreight carrying oats and coal.

color: brown  
Opening Bal: £ 79  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 79  
order this time: 4  
next: 2  
GOs? no

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars  
Owner: Jason Bergmann

73: Move 4mp into Dolgellau, drop pigs, pick up lead; move 8mp E.

card 16: hull/jute/£35; colchester/lead/£29; stranraer/fish/£32.  
card 22: norwich/oil/£17; gloucester/beer/£8; holyhead/tourists/£13.  
card 117: london/pigs/£18; aberystwyth/tobacco/£13; dundee/coal/£6.

Fast Freight carrying pigs and lead.

color: black  
Opening Bal: £ 13  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £ 13  
order this time: 5  
next: 1  
GOs? yes

### Deadline for Rounds 74 and 75 is May 27.

Proposal to concede to B&H: Hood yes, Brosius yes, McCrumb yes, Bergmann yes, Gardner no.

### Event for Round 74

card 131: GALE. No train within five mileposts of the Celtic Sea or the Irish Sea may move. No rail building is allowed in this area.

## 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!)

40116: Who, in a letter to the secretary of the Prince Regent, wrote, "I could not seriously sit down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life."? (one half issue)

Oh you poor sots. Jane Austen! Wasn't it a dead giveaway with Crazie Markie's letter comments sitting in the text column immediately to the left of the question? In 1816, the Prince Regent's secretary had suggested an "historical romance" to Austen, and received the above reply.

Andy York said, "Tolstoy???? You could at least have given us the country <grin>." Well, Brad Wilson did the right thing and figured out that 'Prince Regent' (in spite of my typo) had to narrow it down somewhat—like, early-19th-Century Britain!

40383: Of what author did Charles Dickens say, "I don't go upstairs to bed two nights out of seven ... without taking [??] under my arm."? Hint: his deathbed words were "When will this end?" (two free issues)

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road  
Owner: Eric Brosius

73: Move 12mp W. Will be immobilized by Gale.

card 7: holyhead/hops/£19; edinburgh/tobacco/£45; plymouth/tourists/£26.  
card 18: pembroke/oil/£25; penzance/sugar/£38; brighton/machinery/£10.  
card 67: liverpool/beer/£11; dover/coal/£27; nottingham/coal/£7.

Superfreight carrying coal, cars and oil.

color: red  
Opening Bal: £172  
Income: +  
Expenses: -  
Balance: £172  
order this time: 1  
next: 5  
GOs? yes

Washington Irving (4/3/1783–11/28/1859). Andy tried John Keats as a 'shot in the dark,' but as I recall Dickens wasn't much of a poetry buff. Stan Johnson guessed Mark Twain, who was at least a 19th-Century American. Brad thought maybe Dr. Johnson.

### For Next Issue

In my ongoing emulation of the best British zines, I turn from the one- and two-question quizzes I've been running, to longer and more varied efforts! If this kind of quiz draws sufficient and positive response, I may turn it into an ongoing campaign, with readers accumulating points toward a prize.

(Continues at the bottom of pages 17 and 18.)

Reader with the highest score may choose either three free issues of *Pere* or one free issue and a copy of *Games* magazine (it so happens I have an extra copy of the February issue). All other entrants scoring 50% or better receive one free issue (partial credit



LAMETH / 1992AJ

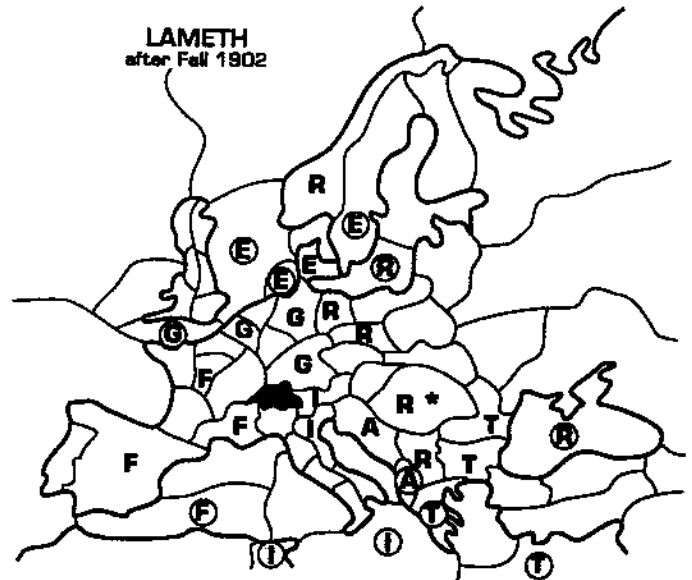
Sorry: The Italian a tyo was shown on the map in ven—wrong!  
 Summer 1902: Austrian a ser retreats to tri.

Fall 1902: Ouroboros

- Austria (John McLaurin): a tri ms a bud /a bud dislodged to gal otb/, f alb s italian f ion-gre.
- England (Stan Johnson): a yor-den (f nts c, f swe s, f hel s).
- France (Martin Johnson): a pic-par, f mid-wes, a mar h (a spa s).
- Germany (Randy Havens): f bel-eng, a ruh-mun, a kie ms a den /a den annihilated/, a bur-bel.
- Italy (Dennis Young): f ion-gre, a pie-ven (a tyo s), f tun-ion.
- Russia (James Bailey): a nwy h, a lvn-ber (f bal c, a sil s), a ser-alb, f bla h, a vie-bud.
- Turkey (Tim Goodwin): f eas-ion, f aeg-gre (a bul s), a rum s russian a vie-bud.

Deadline for Winter 1902 only is May 27.

- London: The English Enlightenment, Expansionist Echelon is determined to derail Deutschland's Danish Depravities and degradation decisively.
- Martin to Randy: *Playboy* magazine's unabashed dictionary defines crossgaming as "a heinous act by perverts and sociopaths whereby one player offers concessions to another player in one game expecting to change the outcome of a different game thus making all of the players in both games extremely cross!!"
- Germany to France: I hope you don't mind my passing through Burgundy. I told you all I wanted was Belgium.
- London to Germany: Hope you enjoy your stay in Belgium; you might find it a bit pricey, though.
- Renault de Citroen to Mr. Young: Well? ...I'm waiting...!
- England to Germany: Yes, it does. In fact, I'll go one step better and do my best to insure that you soon won't get any mail for this game at all.
- St. Petersburg: Last-minute diplomatic efforts by the Kaiser to save his capital fell on deaf ears in the palace today as the Tsar was too busy to accept the proposed accord from the German ambassador, Gerhard Klink. The Tsar's angry bellows could be heard from the farthest reaches of the palace grounds: "If any other fool dares to interrupt my bubble-bath again, he'll wish that I'm as quick and merciful as I was today!!" Ambassador Klink is survived by his wife, Katerina, and a son, Wilhelm, 2.
- Elsewhere, the Vienna garrison is getting nervous. General Tikochoy sounded unsure about the immediate future. "I was just



- beginning to settle in and enjoy the rich culture of the city: the architecture, the opera, the works of art in the many fine museums. Now it looks like we'll have to pack it all in at a moment's notice and run for our lives." When asked to clarify his statement the general refused to acknowledge that he was referring to the artwork.
- GM to St. Pete: Performance art can sure get on your nerves.
- Germany to the Board: You may refer to me as Baron von Frankenstein. Need you ask who the monster is?
- Trieste; The Emperor issued a statement today indicating that he recognizes that the empire is in some trouble. "We have enemies, and it is evident that they are making some progress at the outer limits of our territory towards what I believe is their ultimate goal: the conquering and subjugation of this nation and its people."
- England to Germany: Thanks for your concern. Yes, with all the money I saved by sending postcards rather than letters and a few spare Coke bottles, I was able to pay the fee. What's the matter, were you afraid that Pete was going to let me kick your butt for free?
- GM to England: You're right, there's not much chance of that.
- France to Germany: I would gladly trade every beautifully-presented letter full of lies I've received for one honest cheap handwritten postcard.

LAMETH / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1902

Austria	tri	bud	ser									3/1	remove one or two
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	SWE	DEN						4/5	may build one
France	par	bre	mar	por	SPA							4/5	may build one
Germany	mun	kie	ber	hol	den	BEL						5/4	even
Italy	rom	nap	ven	tun								4/4	even
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	vie	rum	owe	BUD	SER	NWY	BER	7/9	may build two
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	GRE	RUM						4/6	may build two

will be given for partial answers). (My unfortunate lack of record-keeping leaves me with the nagging impression that I may have asked one or more of these in *Pere* before...)

1. Upon which case was Sherlock Holmes engaged when he disguised himself as a rakish young workman, with a goatee beard, a swagger and a clay pipe?
2. Complete the line from *Henry V*: "I would give all my fame for ..."
3. Which Brontë sister wrote *Agnes Grey*, and what did Agnes

- negotiate to get before agreeing to be engaged as a governess?
- 4. In Victorian London, a famous man of letters lent the manuscript of his new book to a political philosopher to read. The latter's housemaid mistakenly tossed the manuscript into the fire; thus perished years of work. The man of letters had to rewrite the whole thing. Who were the man of letters and the philosopher, and what was the manuscript?
- 5. "A little learning is a dangerous thing; / Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring," was penned by a famous poet of Augustan

## NICRON / Merchant of Venus

Oops: I had that station at Shuttlestop marked as "Human" on last turn's map. Shuttlestop is the property of the Whynom. Good thing it was pointed out, since VVV thought about stopping there for coffee this time, and the Whynoms make the most wretched coffee in this sector.

### Turn Nine

#### StewBall IV—Howard Hugh, Whynom

Dice are 1336. Move: Space Station—TeleGate 4—NC6—Shuttlestop and stop.

Trade: sells one Melf Pelts [*Cup heaves up one Finest Dust*]; buys one Impossible Furniture.

Accounting: \$177 + \$110 - \$110 + \$22 comm = \$199.

#### Ishmael 2.0—Garret Schenck, Qossuth

Dice are 3356. Move: nmr. Trade: none. Accounting: \$197

#### X—Ed Wrobel, Human

Dice are 236. Move: (using Switch Switch) —Grandport/o—R—Y—R—NC2—A—NC6—R20—Multi-Generation Ship.

Trade: sells one Voll Silk [*Cup heaves up a Demand for Mulch Wine at 4a/Dell*], buys deed to Neutron Port (discounted, home system).

Accounting: \$160 - \$20 pen + \$220 - \$160 deed = \$200.

#### Robocop—Andrew York, Eepeeep

Dice are 156. Move: —B—? [*Yellow Drive*], stop and pick up relic. Trade: none. Accounting: \$0.

#### Voogd's Venusian Voyager—Eric Voogd, Nik

Dice are 144. Move: —R—Airhome—Y—B—R—A—Y10—R—A.

Trade: none. Accounting: \$70.

#### Interstellar Master Traders—John Galt, Dell—note COA

Dice are 445. Hold at Goliath.

Trade: sells two Designer Genes [*Cup heaves up a Demand for Chicle Liquor at 9a/Cholos, and a Demand for Immortal Grease at 7b/Eepeeep*]; buys two Voll Silk.

Accounting: \$210 + \$240 - \$280 = \$170.

### Turn Eight

#### StewBall IV—Howard Hugh, Whynom

Dice are 2456. Move: —NC5—B—Y—TeleGate 3—R—B—Y—B—R—B—Y—R20—Terror Station/o—Terror Station/s.

Trade: sells one Impossible Furniture [*Cup heaves up one Chicle Liquor*], buys one Megalith Paperweight, picks up Fare to 5.

Accounting: \$199 - \$20 pen + \$180 - \$90 = \$269.

#### Ishmael 2.0—Garret Schenck, Qossuth

Dice are 1126. Move: nmr. Trade: none. Accounting: \$197.

#### X—Ed Wrobel, Human

Dice are 226. Move: —R20—Neutron Port.

Trade: Barter Scout and \$90 for Clipper; sells one Voll Silk [*Cup heaves up a Demand for Space Spice at 3/Niks*], buys two Rock Videos.

Accounting: \$200 - \$90 + \$220 - \$240 + \$61 comm = \$151.

#### Robocop—Andrew York, Eepeeep

Dice are 245. Move: —B—Desolation Landing/o—Desolation Landing/s; discovers 1a culture (Nillis), picks up IOU for \$80.

Trade: none. Accounting: \$0.

#### Voogd's Venusian Voyager—Eric Voogd, Nik

Dice are 356. Move: —R—B—Y—NC5—Multi-Generation Ship—R20—NC5—R—Y—R—Space Station and stop.

Trade: sells one Chicle Liquor [*Cup heaves up one Voll Silk*], barter Gate Lock and \$50 for Factory.

Accounting: \$70 + \$90 - \$50 = \$110.

#### Interstellar Master Traders—John Galt, Dell

Dice are 234. Move: (using Air Foil) Goliath/s—Great Home/s—Grandport/s —R—Y—R—NC4—Multi-Generation Ship.

Trade: none. Accounting: \$170.

### Deadline for Turns Eleven and Twelve is May 27.

Order of play and dice for Turns 11/12:

1. IMT 236 / 346
2. StewBall 3355 / 4556
3. Ishmael 2256 / 2246
4. X 1455 / 1234
5. Robocop 125 / 445
6. VVV 246 / 246

TeleGates open: 2, 3, 4.

Human X to Merchant Master: Hey, I'm the human around here! That's not Mr. Ed at Shuttlestop (as much as we appreciate the much-needed gift, we can't claim credit for the road apples rolling down the corridors).

Merchant Master: In the immortal words of Han Solo, "I'm glad you're around to tell us these things." Funny only you and I noticed.

X to VVV: Very roughly, I'd say IMT, X and Ishmael neck and neck; closely followed by StewBall; then you and Robo. But things change quickly in the wacky world of interstellar cowboy capitalism!

Merchant Master to X: I have now had the chance to play MoV three times face-to-face, and the most common situation I've found has been three or more players with roughly equal banks racing for the win. Without combat, it seems to me that someone should be able to run away with the game!

## Conclusion of the Literary Quiz

England. A fellow Englishman who was a 20th-century novelist borrowed part of this verse for the title of his autobiography, *A Little Learning*. Name both authors.

6. Moving to a little more modern times, what do the following have in common? *A Breath of Air*, by the popular British novelist Rumer Godden, and *Forbidden Planet*, a 1956 sf film starring Walter Pidgeon and Anne Francis?

7. What famous writers worked on the screenplays of the following films? *Gone With the Wind*; *The African Queen*; *The Big Sleep*.

8. Who was the American poet who named himself after a bandit? (two-point question)

9. What author documented the gruesome murder of a peace-

able farm family near Holcomb, Kansas, the Clutters, and the ensuing flight of the killers into Mexico and back into the States where they were arrested in Kansas—proving the saying that the criminal always returns to the scene of the crime?

10. *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* defines an "alternate world" as "an image of Earth as it might be, consequent upon some hypothetical alteration in history." In a novel by Keith Roberts, Roman Catholicism still rules in a technologically-bakward England because of the assassination of Elizabeth I. Another novel, by Ward Moore, describes a world in which Lee triumphs at Gettysburg and the South wins the Civil War. And in a Hugo award winner, Philip K. Dick has the Allies lose World War II. Name these novels of alternative worlds.

## RAMA / Spectrum Titan

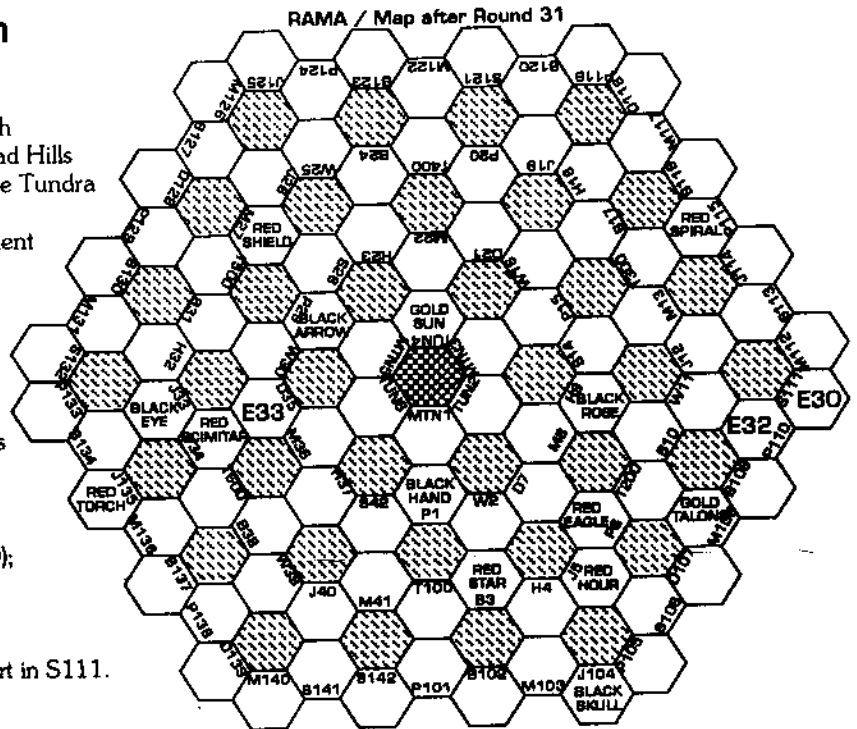
### Round Thirtyone

**BLACK LEGIONS** (Vince Lutterbie) die roll 2: Eye Marsh M131—Jungle J33; Hand holds in Plains P1; Arrowhead Hills H23—Plains P29; Skull Brush B106—Jungle J104; Rose Tundra 2000—Hills H9.

**BLUE LEGIONS** (John Galt—note COA) die roll 5: Trident Desert D35 (E33).

**GOLD LEGIONS** (Marc Peters) die roll 3: Sun holds in Marsh M36; Talons Marsh M112—Brush B109; Bearclaw Brush B109 (E30); Fireball Plains P110 (E32).

**RED LEGIONS** (Art Shulman—note COA) die roll 5: Torch holds in Jungle J135; Spiral Brush B120—Plains P115; Double Eagle holds in Plains P6; Hourglass holds in Jungle J5; Sword Plains P110 (E32); Jester Desert D35 (E33); Scimitar holds in Plains P34; Star holds in Brush B3; Bleeding Heart Swamp S111 (E30); Shield Plains P20—Marsh M27.



### Engagements

Engagement 30: Gold Bearclaw attacks Red Bleeding Heart in S111. (at deadline, waiting for Attacker Turn 2)

Engagement 32: Gold Fireball attacks Red Sword in P110. (at deadline, waiting for Attacker Turn 1)

Engagement 33: Blue Trident attacks Red Jester in D35. (at deadline, waiting for Defender Turn 2)

REPRIEVE: Okay, I didn't forfeit the battles—I was given reasons why things hadn't happened yet. But if I don't have the missing turns by May 10, these are done. Period.

Point Count: Gold 768, Red 673, Black 39, Blue 36.

Musters, Round 31: Behemoth, Colossus, Minotaur.

Die rolls available for Round Thirtytwo: Black 13456; Blue 12346; Gold 12456; Red 12346. Markers Owned: Red holds the Green and Brown markers.

**Deadline for Round Thirtytwo is May 27.**

RAMA Creature Status				Guardian.....	6.....	4.....	—.....	2.....
after rd. 30.....	orig.....	box.....	dead.....	board.....	Hydra.....	10.....	0.....	5.....
Angel.....	18.....	12.....	—.....	6.....	Lion.....	28.....	2.....	21.....
Archangel.....	6.....	5.....	—.....	1.....	Minotaur.....	21.....	9.....	9.....
Behemoth.....	18.....	3.....	6.....	9.....	Ogre.....	25.....	1.....	20.....
Centaur.....	25.....	0.....	18.....	5.....	Ranger.....	28.....	2.....	12.....
Colossus.....	10.....	1.....	0.....	9.....	Serpent.....	10.....	0.....	2.....
Cyclops.....	28.....	0.....	21.....	7.....	Troll.....	28.....	6.....	19.....
Dragon.....	18.....	16.....	0.....	2.....	Unicorn.....	12.....	0.....	2.....
Gargoyle.....	21.....	6.....	10.....	5.....	Warbear.....	21.....	13.....	4.....
Giant.....	18.....	11.....	2.....	5.....	Warlock.....	6.....	4.....	—.....
Gorgon.....	25.....	0.....	9.....	16.....	Wyvern.....	18.....	10.....	3.....
Griffon.....	18.....	11.....	3.....	4.....				

## POSTAL MONOPOLY

Order of play is: Deals; Bank Windfalls (underlined); Bank Debts (underlined); Player Debts; Player Windfalls; Purchases, Development; then I report the next turn's movement. \* = player holds Comm. Chest Get Out of Jail Free card; † = Chance card.

### PYRRUS

### Round Twentythree

player.....	dice.....	ending position.....	windfalls.....	debts.....	portfolio.....
Kay Shapero *.....	6/7.....	Jail-0.....	700.....	\$1124, Bal <sup>m</sup> , Med <sup>m</sup> , StC <sup>s</sup> , Sta <sup>s</sup> , Vir <sup>s</sup> , Rea, PRR, B&O	
Mark Lew.....	2•/9.....	Kentucky.....	700.....	\$90, ori, ver, con, StJ, Ten, NY, Ken <sup>s</sup> , Ind <sup>s</sup> , Ill <sup>s</sup> , atl, ven, mg; pac, nca, penav, park, Boa, ShL, EC, WW	

Player Debts: RD sells his one house, then turns over all cash (\$84) and property to ML, who then owes mortgage fees of \$69. Movement: KS lands on Indiana, then gets Sent to Jail. ML rolls his way out of Jail onto his own Electric Company, then moves on to his own Kentucky.

Cash Shortages: none.

Buildings remaining in Bank: 14 houses, 10 hotels.

**Deadline for Round Twentyfour is May 27.**

## RUFFIAN / 1990IY

Summer 1907: Austrian a ser-bud; French f ion-eas; Turkish a sev-arm.

Italy proposes F/G draw.

### Fall 1907: Leave Your Nets

Austria (David Polley): a ~~stp-lvn~~, a sev-ukr, a ukr-war (a mos s), a bud-vie, a vie-gal (a rum s).

England (Chuck Mercer): f nwg unordered.

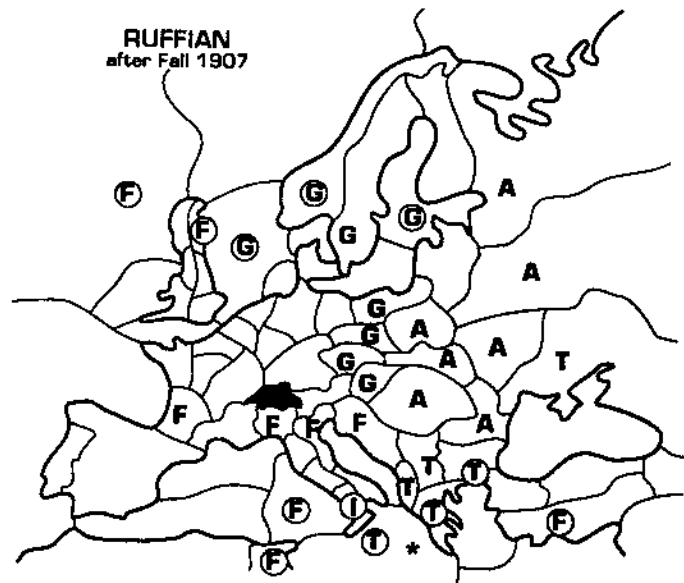
France (Michael Alterio—note COA): f lyo-tyr, a bur-gas, a tri s german a tyo-vie (a ven s), a mar-pie, f eas-smy, f tyn-tun, f mid-nat, f edi h.

Germany (Steve McKinnon): f nwy mances St. Pete Austrians (f nts s), f bal-bot, a den-swe, a ~~pru-lvn~~, a ~~sil-gal~~, a tyo-vie (a boh s).

Italy (J.R. Baker): f ion s french f aeg-gre /nsu/, f nap s french f tyn-ion /impossible, dislodged to adr aeg eas otb/.

Turkey (Kathy Caruso): a arm-sev, a ser s french a tri (a alb s), f apu-ion (f gre s [f bul/sc s]).

**Deadline for Winter 1907/Spring 1908 is May 27.**



### RUFFIAN / Supply Centers Held as of Winter 1907

Austria	vie	bud	<del>tri</del>	ser	rum	war	mos	stp			8/5	remove two
England	<del>ewe</del>										1/0	out
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	lvp	edi	ven	tun	TRI	9/10	may build one
Germany	mun	ber	kie	den	hol	bel	lon	nwy	SWE	VIE	8/10	may build two
Italy	rom	nap									2/2	even or may build one
Turkey	con	ank	smv	bul	sev	gre	SER				6/7	may build one

Michael to Europe: Please forgive my silence—a local Con, big work load, and looking for a new apartment have run me ragged. Please note my new address after 15 May!

JR to DP: The only country I hate to play more than Italy is Austria. But moments like this really make the game worthwhile. (How do you like playing Russia?)

Austria to Turkey: Basically, you're right, Kathy—I have my own blood on my hands. I let paranoia get the better of me and I ruined a good alliance. Perhaps I could have saved it with better ideas about how to keep it rolling; I just flat couldn't think of any.

Austria to Germany: Actually, I expected your attack from the moment last season when you offered to support my fleet back into VEN (we all know by now how useless an Austrian F VEN is). Still, I thought the odds of winning your friendship were better than my odds if I went crawling back to Kathy to beg forgiveness. Speaking of the great baseball fan herself—if I'm about to die a quick death now, could you at least see to it that my shroud doesn't have a "Mets" logo on it?

Germany to Austria: Ah, but you see we understand you only too well. Note the ease with which we got you to voluntarily move all your forces away from ours whilst simultaneously launching an all-out land offensive.

"Oh, TIGGER," you say. "But your head is made out of rubber!"

"All the better to make those crushingly resilient head bolts on the bridge of your nose," we at TIGGER reply.

"But, TIGGER," you counter. "Your tail is made out of springs!"

"Ah, little Gretl," we reply. "All the better for conservation of energy via the spring constant equation,  $F=kx$ , when we're jumping up and down on your remains, laughing at the top of our maniacally-striped lungs!!"

GM to TIGGER: You forgot: You're not in favor of conservation!

Austria to GM: Not that I dislike Kathy, it's just that I'm a Yankees fan. Perhaps that's why our alliance was ill-fated...

JR to KK: When you squeeze a grapefruit you get juice, but what do you get when you squeeze a peach?

GM to JR: No no no! That's lemon. As in the Irish Rovers' refrain, "Mrs. Crandall is a lemon... You can always squeeze a lemon, but have you ever squeezed a peach?"

Sudetenland, TIGGER: Two officers stand atop a crested hill, looking down into the valley where the city of Vienna lies open to their Nation's forces. Maniacal Laughter wafts in on the breeze.

Oberreichshauptblutenführergesacht PanzerEßen: Heh, heh! Den Osterreichern kaput also villen be. Vir dem Patsies komm haven playt.

Obsekvientshafel Reinsfuhl: Ja, mein Herr. Unt eine Medallion udder du begelten für dissen Treacherienzeit, ja?

Orafg PanzerEßen: Peut-êre. Mit die Aiden der Frankreichen Alles possibilitien sind. Komm, den Ottomanien kollapsen plannen uns must.

Ovsl Reinsfuhl: Ja! Unt ein udder Visitenstiffel aus ein Bröttel!

Orafg PanzerEßen: Du bist insazonen, Reinsfuhl! Vir haben macht ihr enuff aus Den Osterreichern, nein?

GM to TIGGER: I thought the Frank Reich really wasn't so dependable, no? You're closer, you should know.

Austria to France: Et tu, Michael?



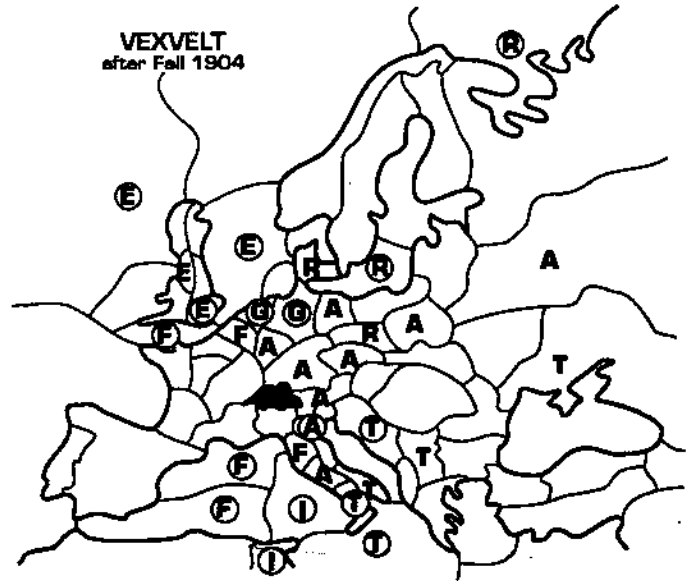
Orange-Breasted Falcon and Peregrine Falcon

## VEXVELT / 1992R

Oops: I'm not sure why I underlined "f adr-ven." And a yor-edi worked, but the unit on the map didn't move.

### Fall 1904: Macedonia Forever!

- Austria (Michael Alterio—note COA): a ruh-kie (a ber s), a sil-mun (a tyo s), a pru-war, a vie-boh, f ven h, a rom s turkish a gre-nap /nso/, a mos-stp.
- England (Lance Anderson): f nwg-nat, a edi-lvp, f nts ms f lon.
- France (Mike Magnuson): a tus-rom, f eng h, f mid-wes (f tyo s), a bel-bur, a mun-bur /annihilated/.
- Germany (Richard Welss): f kie ms f hol.
- Italy (Steve Nicewamer): a nap h / annihilated/, f tun c austrian a rom-tun /nso/, f tun unordered.
- Russia (Russ Rusnak): f bar-stp/nc, a swe-den, f den-bal, a war-sil.
- Turkey (Steve McKinnon): a gre-ser, f aeg-ion, f ion-nap (a apu s), f alb-tri, a ukr-sev.



### Deadline for Winter 1904 only is May 27.

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

	tri	bud	vie	ser	ber	ven	sev	mun	mos	WAR	ROM		
Austria											9/8		must remove one
England											4/4		even
France											6/6		may build one
Germany											2/2		even
Italy											3/1		must remove one
Russia											4/3		must remove one
Turkey											6/10		may build three

Michael to Europe: Please forgive my silence—a local Con, big work load, and looking for a new apartment have run me ragged. Please note my new address after 15 May!

Turkey to Italy: Austria's 9 already includes two from Russia and one from Italy. It's arithmetic like that that makes you think your three is 7!! Oops, did I say you had three?! Sorry!! Italian math fever.

Germany to France: Suicide is never having an open home SC.

Turkey's Babes o'the Moment: Rachel Ticotin ("Falling Down" and b.v.'s "Crime and Punishment"), Virginia Madsen and Tea Leoni (Fox's "Flying Blind").

In addition, let me shamelessly plug "Married to It" and "Benny and Joon," the one-and-only Mary Stuart Masterson's

current studio releases. It's a veritable windfall of Babe-ousness!!!

And, watch "A League of Their Own" on Saturdays to see Carey Lowell and Christine Elise, future Babes o'the Moment.

GM to Turk: What, waiting for them to grow up or something?

A Vexveltian to GM: This item of press is explicitly for the purpose of taking up space.

GM to Vex-an: Sounds like a B-movie title... "Taking Up Space!"

England to GM: Sorry, no, that one was by Robert Frost. I like it too.

GM to England: We finally get to one I like, I complain, and everyone shuts up. I would guess that the world does make sense at times, but it's always a day I'm home sick.

## POSTAL MONOPOLY

Order of play is: Deals; Bank Windfalls (underlined); Bank Debts (underlined); Player Debts; Player Windfalls; Purchases, Development; then I report the next turn's movement. \* = player holds Comm. Chest Get Out of Jail Free card; † = Chance card.

### TUPILE Round Twentyfive

player	dice	ending position	windfalls	debts	portfolio
Roger Cox *	6/10	Chance 1	<u>200</u>	<u>75</u>	\$324, Med, Bal, ten, ken, Att <sup>1</sup> , Ven <sup>1</sup> , MG <sup>1</sup> , pac, nca, park, boa, b&o
Melinda Holley	6/8+5	WaterWorks	36	20	\$525, Con, EC, Rea, PRR, ShL
Jason Bergmann †	10+11/8+2+7	St. James	<u>200</u>	40	\$157, ori, stj, ind, penau
Ed Wrobel	9/4	St. James	20, 40	36	\$1674, Ver, StC <sup>n</sup> , Sta <sup>n</sup> , Vir <sup>n</sup> , NY, Ill, WW

Deals: JB sells back all five houses and mortgages Park Place and Boardwalk; JB then sells Park Place and Boardwalk to RC for \$1.

Development: RC mortgages Kentucky and Tennessee (\$200), then unmortgages Marvin Gardens and Atlantic (\$297). RC sells back all seven houses from Mediterranean and Baltic (\$175), then builds one house each on the Yellows (\$450).

Movement: RC goes to Park Place, then past GO to Chance, where he is assessed for Street Repairs (\$25 for each of his three houses). MH takes a ride on her Pennsylvania Railroad, then scoots along to Indiana and Water Works. JB puts the pedal to the metal, stepping on Water Works, Boardwalk, (past GO to) Chance (where he collects a Get Out card), Connecticut and finally, almost back where he started, St. James! EW returns the Utility favor by landing on MH's Electric Company, then joins JB at St. James Place.

Cash Shortages: none. Buildings remaining in Bank: 29 houses, 9 hotels.

### Deadline for Round Twentysix is May 27.

## VULCAN / Deviant Dip 92JFrc04

### Rules now in effect:

Rule 0. **Master Rule.** Each turn, each remaining player may propose a rule change. All proposals will be submitted for a vote, each player having as many votes as he has supply centers. Players may divide their votes among the proposals as they see fit, and may vote 'yes' or 'no' (each no vote cancels one yes vote). The proposal which receives the most votes takes effect following the deadline of the vote; if two or more proposals tie for most votes, all such tied proposals take effect.

Rule 2: **More Deviant.** Any rule proposal which receives a total of three or more votes is passed.

So that this does not lead to a premature ending of the game, the following types of rules are banned: (1) "quick-win" rules, i.e., any rule which directly or indirectly causes a win or draw; (2) "not-so-quick-win" rules, i.e., any rule which is designed to award a dominating advantage to any player or players; (3) "quick-kill" rules, i.e., any rule which eliminates a player or players, or else screws him so bad that his elimination becomes imminent; and (4) "pork-barrel" rules, i.e., any rule which hands out small favors to a selection of players, for the purpose of securing each player's vote.

Determination of which rule proposals fall into these categories is according to the judgment of the GM. The GM may make general statements about how he will rule in such cases. However, he is not allowed to answer questions about specific proposals, nor may players make orders conditional on whether a proposal would be banned. Any time a player makes a proposal which is deemed illegal under this rule, one-third of that player's units (rounded up, chosen at random) are removed from the board.

Rule 3: **Veto Power.** A rule change only goes into effect if no "no" votes are made against it.

Rule 10: **Secret Ballot.** Voting on rule changes is kept secret.

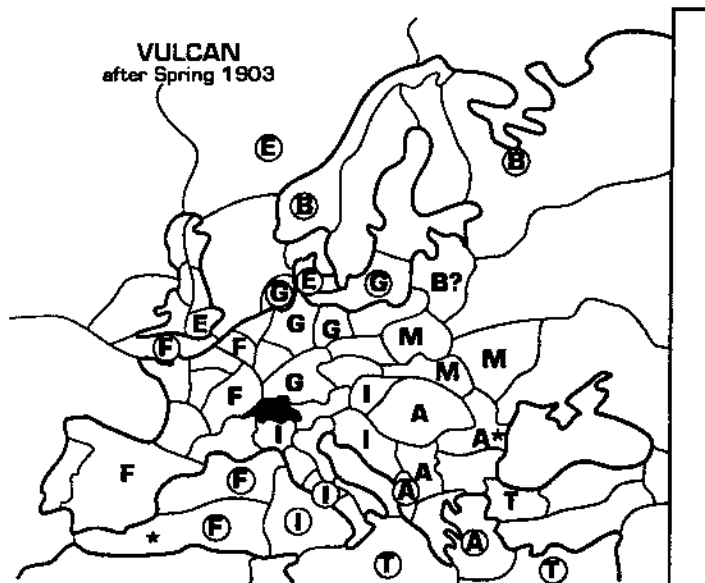
Rule 33: **Russian Revolution.** I. A Russian revolution has begun. Russia is divided into three factions: Monarchists, Bolsheviks and Mensheviks. The Monarchists will be played by Jason Bergmann, Bolsheviks by Jim-Boob Burgess, and Mensheviks by Andy Bate.

II. Bolsheviks—The Bolsheviks immediately receive a home supply center in Livonia, which is renamed "Baltic States." Bolsheviks immediately receive a unit (of their choice, army or fleet) in Baltic States, destroying any unit currently there. The Bolsheviks may propose rule changes and receive one vote for each supply center as normal. Half of all current Russian supply centers (rounded up) are randomly awarded to Bolsheviks as home supply centers. Half of all current Russian units (rounded down) are also randomly awarded to Bolsheviks.

III. Mensheviks—The Mensheviks immediately receive a home supply center in Ukraine, which is renamed "Kiev," and an army in Kiev, destroying any unit currently there. Mensheviks may propose rule changes and receive one vote for each supply center as normal. All Russian supply centers and units not awarded to Bolsheviks awarded to Mensheviks as home supply centers.

IV. Moscow counts as two supply centers for Bolsheviks, Mensheviks, and Monarchists.

V. Monarchists—The Monarchists are the Russian gov't in exile. Capitalist support for the Russian gov't in exile grants the Monarchists the ability to propose twice as many rules per turn as the median number of rules allowed to other players. They receive five free votes per turn plus one vote per unit-worth of supply center. The Monarchists receive an impassable, off-board home supply center named Exile, adjacent to Bar, StP, Mos, Sev, Arm, and Syr. The supply-center is a double center which



may support two single units or one double unit. Double units function as those in Downfall. The Monarchists may build units here and move into adjacent provinces; no unit may move into Exile. Any supply center owned by the Monarchists is a home center for them.

VI. The victory criterion is changed. To win, a player must own a majority of the unit-worth of supply centers.

VII. This rule may be added to, but not changed except by repeal of the entire rule—e.g., a rule allowing Bolsheviks two votes per center would have no effect unless this entire rule is first repealed.

VII. Repeal of this rule eliminates Bolsheviks and Mensheviks and gives control of their units and centers to Monarchists, who revert to Russians. Excess units and added centers are not adjusted until the next Winter turn.

[[This one requires several addenda. I will use "bst" for Baltic States, and "bse" for Baltic Sea. You may use any unambiguous abbreviation. I will spell out kiev and kiel, though there are no possible ambiguous moves involving them.

[[The SCs given to Bolsheviks are stp, mos, sev, along with the three fleets in St. Pete, Norway and Rumania; the Mensheviks receive war, swe, rum as SCs plus the armies in Warsaw, Kiev and Galicia. These were determined at random, individually. Monarchists receive only "Exile" (exi), which is a 'double' center. The SC chart shown here is effective now but no adjustments will be made until after Fall 1903—after all, all these new ownerships might still change.

[[Monarchists will be represented by the letter "O."]]  
A player in another game cast all his votes for proposal #33, which sounded like a good idea to me until I figured out that y'all hadn't yet voted to allow outside players to vote on proposals. (Follow all that?) The rule passed without his votes.

Winter 1902: Austria removes f alb; Germany builds a kie; Italy builds f rom, f nap.

### Spring 1903: Welcome Mat II

Austria (Dennis Young): a gal-rum (a ser & a bud s), f bul/sc-aeg. England (Greg Ellis): a lon h, f nwg-nwy, f nts-den.

France (Tim Goodwin): a bur s german a mun, a bel-nwy ("no one else wants it") /impossible/, f eng-mid, f tyn-wes (f lyo s), a spa unordered. Vulcan continues on page 23...

Germany (Lance Anderson): a kiel-ber (a mun s), f hol-hel, a den-kie, f ber-bse.

Italy (Mark Lew): f nap-tyn (f rom s), a vie-bud, a tri-bud, a ven-pie, f wes-mid /dislodged to naf otb/  
 Russia Monarchists (Jason Bergmann): f swe-nwy (f stp/nc s), a boh-gal (a ukr s /a ukr then annihilated by rule/), a sil-war, f rum-bul/ec /dislodged to bla sev otb/  
 Turkey (Steve Nicewarner): f eas-ion, f ion-tyn, a con-bul.

As for "moving before seeing builds and removals": You may always make orders conditional on the outcome of previous seasons, including retreat and adjustment seasons.  
 So before Summer 1903, the positions are:  
 Austria (Dennis Young): a rum, a ser, a bud, f aeg.  
 Bolsheviks (Jim Burgess): f stp/nc, f nwy, f /dislodged from rum to sev bla bul otb/, unit bst (must choose A or F immediately).  
 England (Greg Ellis): a lon, f nwg, f den.  
 France (Tim Goodwin): a bur, a bel, f eng, f wes, f lyo, a spa.  
 Germany (Lance Anderson): a ber, a mun, f hel, a kiel, f bse.  
 Italy (Mark Lew): f tyn, f rom, a vie, a tri, a pie, f /naf otb/.  
 Menshaviks (Andy Bate): a war, a gal, a kiev.  
 mOnarchists (Jason Bergmann): no units.  
 Turkey (Steve Nicewarner): f eas, f ion, a con.

**Deadline for Summer retreats, Fall 1903 votes, moves and proposals is May 27.**

- Proposal 34: **Speed Game.** Deadline for each subsequent season can be no later than two weeks after the previous deadline (it may be sooner at GM discretion). Why wait a month when no one is sending mail and there are no new rules to consider?  
 Proposal 35: **Full Veto.** All of a nation's votes are required to veto a proposal. This rule has no effect if veto power is repealed.  
 Proposal 36: **Veto Repeal and Amnesty.** Veto and Secret Ballot rules are repealed. In Spring 1912, the voting archives will be declassified and the GM will reveal voting information which was kept secret, but until then he will keep quiet. No rule may be proposed which would reveal votes before declassification, and no rule may be proposed which would discriminate against any player based on how he voted during the time when Secret Ballot was in effect.  
 Proposal 37: **Two Games.** Vulcan becomes two games. Vulcan-A is the current game, in its current state. Vulcan-B is played beginning with Spring 1901 starting positions, but with those rules already in place which would currently be in effect if Veto Power had failed to pass.  
 Proposal 38: **Repeal 1** (reproposal of #24/31). Veto Power is cancelled and all rules that would have passed were it not for the veto rule are automatically resubmitted.

**Press**

Germany to All: Are we having fun yet?  
 Ig to Bozo: You better not be in Tyrolia...  
 GM to Ig: As a matter of fact, he's not anywhere just now! \*

**ZYRA / Dip Battleship**

**Round Three: Boycott Grapeshot**

Board 1 (Emperor Muad'Dib), 12 salvoes against: D1, D3, D5, D7, E2, E4, E6, E8, E10, E12, G5, G9.  
 Board 2 (Eric of Melniboné), 4 salvoes against: E10, G10, I10, J9.  
 Board 3 (Admiral Ishmael), 6 salvoes against: C7, D7, D8, D10, E8, F12, K8.  
 Board 4 (Apassionata von Climax), 21 salvoes against: E2, E4, E8, E10, F1, F3, F5, F9, F11, I2, I4, I6, I8, I10, I12, J1, J3, J4, J6, J9, J12.  
 Board 5 (Dirk Struan Tai-Pan), 33 salvoes against: A4, A5, A6, B3, B4, B5, B6, B7, B8, B10, C2, C6, C7, D1, D3, D7, D9, D11, E3, E4, F1, F3, F9, G2, G8, H1, H9, I1, I5, I7, J10, K5, K9.  
 Board 6 (Yossarian), 9 salvoes against: A3, A5, A9, A11, B12, C1, C9, C11.  
 (Hits in bold type.) Board 1 salvoes remaining: 9. Board 2: 14. Board 3: 11. Board 4: 18. Board 5: 10. Board 6: 10.

**Deadline for Round Four is May 27.**

Yossarian to Board: "'Jump!' Major Danby cried. Yossarian jumped. Nately's whore was hiding just outside the door. The knife came down, missing him by inches, and he took off." In translation, that is "Thanks."  
 Muad'Dib to Tai-Pan: As a 'ghod' I can fly any banner I wish, but I'm partial to my Fremen brothers.  
 Tai-Pan to Emperor Muad'Dib: My thanks for the gift. I will be in touch with your sister soon. That is just as soon as I find a new chief navigator. These star flights are much tougher than the China-to-Britain route.  
 Ishmael to Yossarian [[press authored by Yossarian]]: "I mean it, Yossarian. This is not World War One. You must never forget that we're at war with aggressors who would not let either one of us live if they won."  
 Paulie to Passion: Why... you, of course, m'lady!  
 Von Climax to other ships: Thank you kindly, Gentlemen. I will take your lack of shots at me as a compliment. I'll bet my luck doesn't hold out again this turn.  
 Eric to Dirk: I don't blame you for not naming your ships. After last turn, I wish I had the runestaff so that I would be able to protect my ships better. Of course, while this isn't black press, it is obvious that there is a lot of black press. Either that or there are some very stupid players.  
 GM to Eric: I haven't printed any black press yet.  
 Anonymous: "I'm cold," Snowden said again in a frail, childlike voice. "I'm cold."  
 Eric to Anonymous: Obviously, you are afraid of a runesword. Otherwise, you would not be so cowardly not to admit who you are.  
 Von Climax to Eric: Don't pull that "black sword must have a soul" crap on me. Put your sword back in your tights and behave.

**VULCAN / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Summer 1903**

	SCs	# of votes	# of proposals
Austria bud ser gre bul	4	4	1
Bolsheviks bst stp mos sev	4	4	1
England lvp edi lon	3	3	1
France par bre mar spa por bel	6	6	1
Germany mun kie ber hol den	5	5	1
Italy rom nap ven tun vie tri	6	6	1
Mensheviks kiev war swe rum	4	4	1
Monarchists exi exi	2	7	2
Turkey con ank smy	3	3	1

Neutral: nwy. Number of Centers: 38; Victory Criterion: 20. Home SCs in bold.

## WUNDERLAND / International Snowball Fighting ASF23

### Turn Three: Dance Around the Maypole

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	loc	segment 1	segment 2	segment 3	new loc	up	hp	sb	di
Baldrick/B (John McLaurin)	P8	-N8-L8-K9	collect 2 Sb	RR at T 95,23)	P8	3	10	1-0	
The Bay Bomber/BB (Randy Davis)	G9	De at BF (20,58), -shed / recover	recover	shed	2	9	0-0		
Baron Frog/BF (Andy Bate)	A11	-B12-C13-D14-E15	collect 2 Sb / -G15-I15-J14-K13-M13	M13	6	8	2-0		
Chilly Slayer/CS (Duncan Adams)	H4	nmr	nmr	nmr	H4	2	7	0-1	
Daf's Daydream, DD (David McCrumb)	V14	Di at IP (60,85)	-U13-S13, collect Sb	collect 2 Sb	S13	4	8	3-0	
Flingin' Deadly R'snakes/FDR (Paul Gardner)	O3	RR at CS (95,28)	RR at CS (95,38)	-N4-O5-N6-M7	M7	4	10	0-0	
Ice Pike/IP (John Schultz)	R12	collect Di	Di at T (45,39)	collect 2 Sb	R12	7	0	0-0	
Nanook, N (Chris Hassler)	B6	De at CS (75,50)† / BB at CS (65,81) & BF (90,46) / collect Di	B6	2	6	1-1			
Phightin' Phule, PP (Tom Hurst)	V6	RR at T (95,34)	RR at T (65,66)	RR at T (90,35)	V6	2	8	1-1	
Tantor/T (Mike Magnuson)	Q11	collect 2 Sb	De at IP (80,30)†	RR at IP* (95,11)	Q11	6	0	0-0	

Weather roll = 53. † = dodge. \* marks conditional orders. Tantor and Ice Pike are now running for cover and immune to attack.

### Deadline for Turn Four is May 27.

Rules Q: If you hit a player with a Di and he has only 1 or 2 hp left, yes, you still get 3 vp.

Segment One: Chilly Slayer goes missing once again. His compatriot, Baron Frog, runs around a corner of the shed, just in time to avoid Bay Bomber's Demon attack (BB is so frustrated at this that he ducks inside the shed to sulk). Baldrick runs out from under the tree just in case, while Tantor and Ice Pike pack snow and watch each other carefully. Daf's Daydream tries to nail the pre-occupied Pike with a Dirigible, but misses; Phightin' Phule tries to nail Tantor with a Rattlesnake and the higher odds bring success. Both Flingin' Deadly Rattlesnakes and Nanook of the North-by-Northwest hurl snowballs in the face of the immobile Chilly.

Segment Two: While Bomber recoups hit points in the shed, the Baron, the Daydream, and the Baldrick ("the" Baldrick??) all pack snow. Nanook shoots a Barnard Bolero at Chilly (missing) and at Baron Frog (hitting). Ice Pike dumps his new Dirigible atop the head of a dodging Tantor; T responds with an ice-hard RR in Pike's face. Phule tries to repeat his Rattler at T, but the dodge defeats him; FDR takes the easy route and hits the drooling Slayer again.

Segment Three: The Frog runs south around the shed just as Tantor hits Pike for the last of his hit points. At the same time, PP hits the caveman for his last HP—so Daf's D and Baron F are going to be all alone east of the path! FDR leaves his Fort and moves in the direction of Baldrick, who also hits Tantor with a parting shot. Nanook and DD are packing weapons while the Bomber continues to heal.

Daf's Daydream to Daf: Sorry to disappoint you, but I am not tall. But being 5'8" does have its advantages.

Baron Frog to All: Say, how does one go about joining Daf's fanclub?

SnowMaster to Baron: Just grovel and adore like the rest of us. (Daf, how do you feel about being worshipped by nobility?)

Phaiure to SM: Guess I need rotator cup surgery. Or, at the least, a new set of percentile dice!

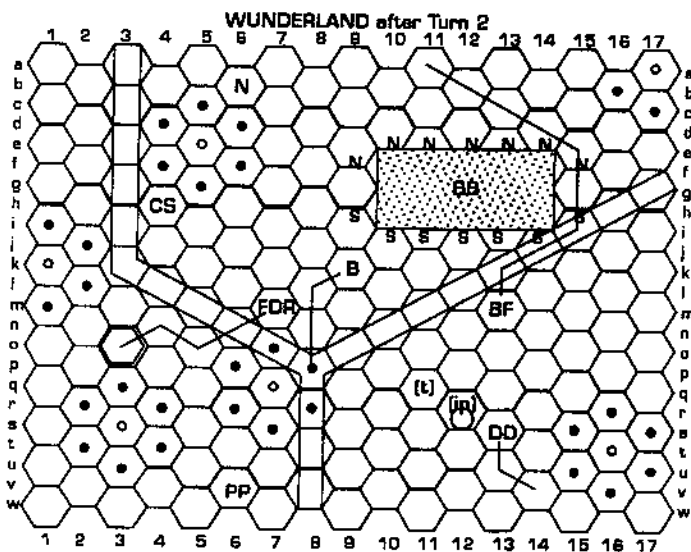
SM to Phailing Grade: Your problem is not in your cup. Well, your snowfight problem, anyway.

DD to IP: I thought I was supposed to be receiving all the attention?

IP to DD: Daf's toadies are never a minority, no matter how out-numbered. I'll be after you in just a bit. I have to visit the kitchen first. As for fdr, what can he do from way over there?

BB to IP: No more fancy stuff, I promise. If you tire of getting pelted down there, you could come up here and help me with my mission.

Nanook to Ice Pike: After last turn, I'd think that you wouldn't



want anything directed at you.

Ice Pike to Daf: No problem. Always ready to defend the honor of the Goddess. (I got it right this time.)

DD to PP: I like that arsenal. Unfortunately, I am too impatient. I make a snowball, I just have to share it with somebody.

Nanook to Phierey: Well, right now, I think that it's mainly these silly Brits who are doing the picking.

Phrigid to Baldy: Got sore fingers from trying to make snowballs out of a concrete sidewalk? What a manicure!

BB to N: I know that wasn't a friendly gesture (at least I missed), but since the Brits are ganging up on us, why don't we gang up on them?

SM to BB: Ah, yes, the Famous Mark Frueh Stab Whine—"It didn't work, so it doesn't count!"

Baron Frog to Chilly Slayer: Nice of you to offer an alliance—pity you didn't do so from the outset. Anyway, some of these Yanks aren't that crazy...

DD to IP: Smarties. Zero. M&Ms. Reeses.

Nanook to Chills: Can I help if it you didn't hear the starter's gun?

Nanook to Bombed: We Eskimos can easily deal with ice. Bombers, however, tend to crash and burn when they get iced...

Baron Frog to Bomber: Now that I've dumped loads of snow on you, I'm more than happy to call it quits. Having said that, I've probably moved right next to you again, or you've tried to sneak through the shed...

Nanook to Snow Meister: Let's see if I can snag both of our trans-Atlantic guests with one shot.

Nanook to the Amphibian: Nice shot! Here's your reward... >



## ZIRN / Snowball Fighting ASF20

Turn Seven: Hey, Jude!

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	loc	segment 1	segment 2	up	hp	sb-di
Digitous Rex/DR (Mike Magnuson)	kit	-W11-V12, collect Sb	RR at H (60,43)	11	10	2-0
Hobbes/H (David Wang)	B12	collect Sb, -C11-D10	RR at M (95,19)	15	7	0-0
Katspaw/K (Tom Hurst)	S9	RR at M (95,30)	RR at M (95,91)	11	6	0-0
Maelstrom Melli/M (Melanie Winters)	M9	nmr	nmr	10	0	1-0
Snowpaw/S (John Schultz)	S7	run indoors	piss and moan	7	0	0-0
Thin Ice/TI (Clark Millikan)	S11	De at K (75,50), -U11	RR at M (95,61)	6	10	0-0

**Deadline for Endgame Statements is May 27.**

Segment One: Maelstrom Melli drops her arms and starts to drool as the wear and tear of the day's fight take their toll. Snowpaw heads for the kitchen to get a headstart on the cocoa and recriminations. Digitous Rex steps out of the kitchen fully restored and ready to fight (but for how long?). Katspaw uses Melli's distraction to pick up a point at her expense; Thin Ice Demons Katspaw while K's back is turned. Hobbes packs a weapon and sneaks a bit closer to the others.

Segment Two: DR sees Hobbes as the biggest threat, and even at long range he takes his Rattlesnake shot at the cat-scoring. But the others are all taking advantage of Melli (maybe that was her idea, nudge nudge?). Katspaw, Thin Ice and Hobbes all Rattle Melli, and that puts Hobbes over the top for the win!

Hobbes to SnowMaster: "Unarmed"? What about my razor-sharp claws and mandibles of death?

SM to H: Those don't sound like *arms* to me!

Snowpaw to Hobbes: Lucky shot!

Hobbes to Snowpaw: What can I say? I was shut out in the first two turns when my "Ravenscroft Rattlesnakes at nearest target" failed to score. Frankly, I was afraid of drawing a great big goose egg in this game! Then the blizzard came on Turn Three and my

luck changed. I guess it just goes to show that it really is better to be lucky than good!

Katspaw to Melli: Thanks for the present. I'm sure Hobbes thanks you too—for handing him the game!

CC to Melli: Here's that cookie you wanted, but there's not many left.

Hobbes to Katspaw: "Kill a tree"? Okay, if you'll just stand over where Snowpaw was, I'll be happy to oblige.

Snowpaw to Melli: Success! All I needed was the guy's name. I stayed in their ass 'til I got the books; and the feather is on the way home. Sounds beautiful. Can you believe it took 7 months?! I almost forgot it was a b-day gift. Tom Robbins. Ha! I shoulda figured. I'm reading *Illusions* first, though. If you haven't received a letter when you read this, it won't be long. Thank you.

Katty to Snowball: Did you like sitting under that tree and getting buried?

CC to Hobbes: The quick way to get down where the action is, is thru the kitchen.

Kitty to SM: Wouldn't it have been funny if we had all run inside this turn and left poor Hobbes out there to freeze by himself? I've seen a lot of real Snowball Fights end that way.

SM to Kitty: Good idea, but it would require more communication and coordination than all of you have, put together. \*

### (End of the Wunderland press)

"Lucky shot!", the Bomber exclaimed as he ambled around the shed. "I'll get him!" taking the time to pack an ice chunk the size of a small watermelon, he thought what fun it was going to be, spiraling his own bomb at someone. Being blind in his right eye, Bay Bomber didn't notice his assailant, Baron Frog, making his own snowbomb. He did, however, spot the eskimo, Nanook, bent over making snowballs. "Heh, heh," he thought, "here comes one right down the seat of his pants." Just as the Bomber was releasing his snowfootball, 'ko-whap!' he was completely knocked off his feet, and so was his uncanny accuracy as his throw sailed wide right, only annoying Nanook. Knocked senseless, he quickly flung his last snowball towards the attack, and jumped inside the shed to avoid other attacks. Luckily he found an old shirt as a makeshift towel, to wipe off most of the snow. He took a moment to regain his senses and began to formulate a plan... of Revenge!!

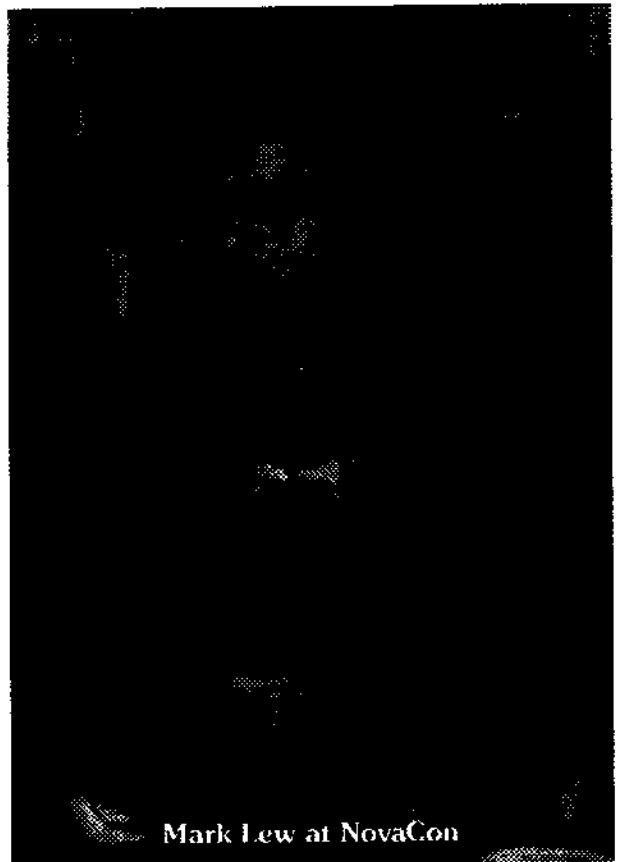
DD to FDR: Come out and fight like a real snow warrior. Only beach burns hide behind forts.

"Will the Baron dry out? Can he and the Bomber get on? Is Daf's Daydream up to the job? Or will the toadies put paid to his chances? Will FDR's fort be stormed? Will the Post Office eat anyone's orders? All these questions and more will be answered in the next exciting episode of Snow. Well, maybe..."

Phlighty to (D)unkin' (D)oughnut: Daf must be having nightmares! Well, I admit you're a hunk... of something.

DD to SM: It took a turn, but the press is starting to liven this game up now.

IP to SM: Don't you ever accuse me of bad punning again! "Pressed" for time, indeed.



Mark Lew at NovaCon

## It's Me Again!

by Cathy Gaughan

Well, it seems like forever since I've written. I'm not sure what I want to write about. Pete suggested I tell you about my Sweet Adelines Competition in Reno. I thought maybe I'd talk a little about my Mom. First, I want to thank everyone that sent card and notes of sympathy. One in particular that I wanted to share with everyone was a poem that Howard Hugh sent.

### Immortality

Do not stand at my grave and weep.  
I am not there, I do not sleep.  
I am a thousand winds that blow.  
I am the diamond glints on snow.  
I am sunlight on ripened grain.  
I am the gentle Autumn rain.  
When you awake in the morning's hush,  
I am the swift up flying rush  
Of quiet birds in circling flight.  
I am the soft star shine at night.  
Do not stand at my grave and cry—  
I am not there, I did not die.

I mostly have been fine about my mom's death. I just have certain days where I can't stop crying. Today, I was fine until I was at the store and needed to get a Birthday card for my niece. I love looking thru cards, but suddenly I got to the Mother's Day cards. I almost burst into tears at the store. I really seem to have the most trouble with holidays. It was my Mom that always sent cards and stuff, so it's hard to deal with them.

I seem to do lots better if I keep myself busy. That way I'm not constantly thinking of my mother being gone. It's those times when things got rough or I wasn't sure of something that I would give her a call. She always had some experience or helpful words or just a great ear that listened. I really miss that kind of stuff. I've never had any of those "mother/daughter conflicts." My mom and I were best of friends.

Well, before I get too emotional, I think I'll change topics. I take Pete's advice and tell you about Competition. What a busy, hectic, but fun weekend. Actually, I arrived in Reno, with my quartet, Moment's Notice, on Thursday afternoon. We had a lovely four-hour drive over the Sierra Nevada. There wasn't snow on the roads, but it dusted the trees and was on the ground. It was very beautiful, quite picturesque.

We arrived at the casino hotel, the Peppermill. Since I have been in Sweet Adelines, we had not had a Regional Convention in Reno. So, it was really different having all the smoke and lights and slot machines on "our weekend." We obviously weren't any big deal to this hotel. We didn't get to do our usual listening to quartets singing in the lobby, since the place was so loud with its own "music" that consisted of chink, chink, chink or ding, ding, ding. After checking in and getting settled, we went in search for food and ended up at Marie Calander's, a very nice restaurant. We got back to the room and decided we needed to get to bed early since Friday was our BIG DAY. We had received flowers and good luck wishes from our chorus. We brought the sign that the whole chorus had signed. We brought our good luck "take our worries away" teddy bears from our "quartet mom" Maureen. So, we were all set for a good night's sleep.

I only woke up about 5 times during the night, thank goodness it was finally morning. We had to go to a quartet briefing at the auditorium at 1pm. So, of course, I'm planning when I'll have time to do my hair and my make-up. Should it be before the briefing, or will I have time after the briefing before we have to leave to start our package for our Big Performance? As I am trying to figure this out, the rest of my quartet decides that they want to go sight-seeing. I guess there is some western gold rush town around Reno that's a touristy thing to do. So, they were off. I knew there was no way I could get everything accom-

plished and be sane if I went on this excursion, so I chose to hang out at the room. It was really nice. I took a leisurely shower and worked for about an hour on my hair. Then, I decided since I hadn't slept that well, I'd take a nap. I had dozed for a while when Maureen arrived. She kept me company until, we went down to catch the bus for the briefing. I was curious if the rest of my quartet was back from "western world." But they were down in the lobby getting ready to call our room to see if I was ready, so we all got on the bus. We reached the auditorium, and all the non-novice quartets had good luck notes for all the quartets. At first, we felt bad because we had nothing to give them, but then figured out we would know in the future how it was done. We were told how the evening would go and then we walked through the "pattern."

The "pattern" consists of a picture room, where a professional photographer takes your picture. A warm-up room that has water and a bathroom near by. This room also has vaseline to put on your teeth so your lipstick doesn't stick to your teeth (no one wants one of their teeth to look blacked out on stage). From the name "warm-up room" it is also used to warm-up your voices before going back stage and then on stage which are the next stages of the pattern. We actually got to walk on the stage and practice a bow or two; we were not allowed to actually sing at the briefing. We then headed back to the hotel.

This was when we are all madly trying to get our make-up, hair, and costume to match, so we look like a unit. It's all pretty difficult, but fun. We kept getting people from the chorus coming by to wish us luck and give us small gifts. We even got to sing our songs for our coach when she came by our room. Pete arrived somewhere in this mad rushing about. I was happy he was there, but I have no idea if he knew I was, since I really had no time to spend with him at that point. Anyway, he had to run along to get to the auditorium. My quartet was performing 6th out of 23, so the competition was actually starting when my quartet was catching a bus to the auditorium to start "the pattern."

The nerves were really starting to kick in, but nothing like they had for some other performances we had done. In retrospect, I wish maybe we had been a little more nervous/excited about it. Anyway, it seemed to take forever to go through the pattern, until you get behind the curtain. You hear the announcer say, "Please, be seated and close the doors. We are ready for our next contestant. From Marin Chorus and Chapter at Large --Moment's Notice!!!" The applause begins and we walk out on stage and begin our 4 to 6 minute performance which consisted of 2 songs. One was a ballad called "The Lonesome Girl In Town" the next was an uptune called "Ma, He's Makin' Eyes At Me!" I think I remember singing the second song; the first one is a blur, but then I was exiting the stage. So, I had hoped we had performed both songs. We were so excited the we had done it. For the ones of us in Marin Chorus our director was there and gave us all roses, it was a great final touch. We thought we had done great! We went out to the audience to watch the rest of the competition. We were very impressed with all the other performances. I finally got to sit next to Pete and let him know how much it meant to me that he had come to see me.

After the competition is over we go back to the hotel and go to the "Ladies In Waiting" room. This is where you wait to find out your scores and placement in the contest. There was a fantastic buffet and stuff to drink. Then, the moment had come, we were given our score sheets. The wind went totally out of my sail, as I saw that we had come in Last Place. I tried to keep my sense of humor as I restated our goal. Our goal was to perform without throwing-up on stage or fainting. And, by golly, we had managed that. To say the least, I was no longer in a party mood. The rest of my quartet had wanted to go to bed instead of come to this anyway, as they are all morning folks. So, it didn't take long for us to be heading for the elevators. At least, I was going to Pete and my room instead with the whole quartet. I was really disappointed, but didn't want them to be upset that I was upset. Anyway, I had another performance to think about, since Saturday it started all over with my chorus!! \*

## The Broom Closet

sweeping out the corners of the hobby

All prices are per issue in North America. 65 British p = \$1 US.

Much of the information which would normally appear in the Broom Closet is going into *Zine Register* this month. So instead of a bunch of zines-seen comments, you're getting a little hobbyseize and whatever non-Dip news wouldn't make it into a ZR review.

Jason Bergmann tells me he is going to assemble an eight-team Gonzo Football league this fall. His address is in the roster.

You Bay Area types who have heard me talk about the Raptor Observatory now have a chance to come get excited about it! We'll hold an Orientation Meeting at Bldg. 201, Upper Fort Mason in the City, May 8 (10:00 A.M.). This meeting acts both as recruitment session—find out how little time and effort it takes to help these birds!—and as interpretive class for those who just want to be enthralled by hawks. (Short notice, I know, but there are only eight of you within realistic distance anyway...)

More Bay Area notes: On May 7, The Ross Valley Players (415-456-9555) opens "What the Butler Saw," a hide-in-closets kind of farce involving a psychiatrist and his patient and nurse. My father is producing, but more importantly it's his directing debut. Show runs Friday and Saturday nights through June 12.

More California news (outlanders can skip to the next ¶): You may order license plates with a full-frame, four-color picture of Yosemite Valley, and most of the extra cost (\$50-\$90 depending on whether you want personalized or not) is a charitable contribution to support Park projects. Write the Yosemite Fund, 155 Montgomery Street, Suite 1104, San Francisco CA 94104.

For a warehouse zine, Andy Lischett's *Cheesecake* has some of the best feature writing in the hobby on everyday life.

The inaugural issue of *Other Hands*, the 'international quarterly for role-playing in Tolkien's world,' is now ready for distribution. Subscriptions are \$8/year US, \$14 international surface mail, \$18 int'l air mail (single issues cost 1/4 of these prices), payable to Chris Seeman, P.O. Box 1213, Novato CA 94948.

Iain Bowen has mailed out a draft World DipCon Charter, and Shaun Derrick followed hard on its heels with his tuppence worth on the topic in a similar mailing. If you want a copy of the draft (which looks remarkably like the Dipcon Charter), send Iain a SAE (if you have British stamps laying around you can even send a SASE). My comments on the subject will be in Iain and Shaun's zines, with snide side notes in Jack McHugh's subzine. Jack printed the draft Charter and his comments in *ATHYRIO*; to get in on it, get *Mantac's Paradise* from Doug Kent, 54 W. Cherry St. #211, Rahway NJ 07065. (Congratulations to Doug on reaching MP#50.)

According to *Y Ddraig Goch* 71, Iain is not overdrawn any more and able to splurge on 16-page issue. He nicknames me "Burn Ward" in his page-long hobby news section and Joe-Bob Bowen-Briggs makes a special appearance. So much for cutting back to warehouse...

Although I very much want you to receive John Schultz's *Well, Martha, It Kinda Sorta Looks Like a Dip Rag, Don't It?*, I did not mean to give the impression that John was beggin for donations. (The only donation he can accept is stamps to mail his zine.) I was doing the begging, because I think John deserves it.

David Wang has gotten another copy of *Metamorphosis* published (handwritten, from Massachusetts). Trying times can't keep the publishing bug down forever!

### 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. Canadian cash accepted at 1-to-1 with U.S.; Canadian checks will get about 75¢US on the Cdn dollar. Canadians can buy postal money orders in US funds much more easily than vice versa, check out the rates.

There is a 'new' game con (new to me, anyway, it's actually the fifth annual) coming up: GamesCaucus II, May 28-31. So why is it "II" if it's the fifth? I'll be busy on Sunday (mountainside production of "The Music Man") but may drop in on the Saturday. Flyer sez lots of boardgaming, frp, mini-painting, costume contest, and more, including the Landwehr Society's World Wide Diplomacy game which I've heard so much about (9x12-foot board, 15 players). Oakland Airport Hilton, registration at the door is \$30 for all four days. Write to GamesCaucus II 93, P.O. Box 4867, Walnut Creek CA 94596-0867.

The folks at Strategicon in Los Angeles conduct three game conventions a year. The middle one, Gamex, is also Memorial Day weekend (May 27-30). For details, get in touch with them at Strategicon, P.O. Box 3849, Torrance, CA 90510-3849, phone 310-326-9440. \*

### THIS MODERN WORLD

WHEN BILL CLINTON SUGGESTED RAISING THE TOP TAX RATE TO 39.6% HE WAS BITTERLY DEMONCEED BY CONSERVATIVE MEDIA PUNDITS LIKE PAT BUCHANAN -- WHO, INCIDENTALLY, EARNS AN ESTIMATED \$800,000 A YEAR...

...THIS IS CLEARLY JUST MORE OF THAT TIRED OLD DEMOCRATIC "TAX-AND-SPEND" MENTALITY!



REPUBLICANS CONSIDER CLINTON'S TAX HIKE A DECLARATION OF "CLASS WAR" -- A TERM THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO FIND APPROPRIATE A FEW YEARS AGO WHEN THEY WERE SLASHING SOCIAL SERVICES TO MAKE UP FOR THEIR CORPORATE TAX GIVEAWAYS...

OF COURSE NOT! EVERYONE BENEFITED FROM THE REAGAN REVOLUTION -- DIDN'T THEY?

EVERYONE WE KNOW CERTAINLY DID, DEAR...



THERE ARE MANY WHO ACCEPT THIS DISTORTION OF REALITY... EVIDENTLY HAVING BEEN CONDITIONED TO IDENTIFY WITH THE ECONOMIC ELITE AT THEIR OWN EXPENSE...

THE LIBERALS WANT TO TAX THE RICH TO PAY FOR HEALTH CARE.

THAT'S AWFUL! WHY DO THEY INSIST ON PUNISHING SUCCESS?



### BY TOM TOMORROW

TO PUT THIS IN PERSPECTIVE, REMEMBER THAT IN 1980, RONALD REAGAN CONVINCED CONGRESS TO CUT THE TOP TAX RATE FROM 70% TO 50%... AND THEN, IN 1986, FROM 50% TO 28%... WHILE AT THE SAME TIME INCREASING MILITARY SPENDING EXPONENTIALLY... EVENTUALLY LEAVING THE COUNTRY SADDLED WITH A CRIPPLING DEFICIT...

AHEM--AH, PAT, LET'S TALK ABOUT THAT TIRED OLD REPUBLICAN "BORROW-AND-SPEND" MENTALITY FOR A MOMENT, SHALL WE?



THE PAPERS ARE FILLED EACH DAY WITH NEWS OF LAYOFFS AND "DOWNSIZINGS"... BUT CONSERVATIVES STILL INSIST THAT THEIR TRICKLE-DOWN POLICIES WERE SUCCESSFUL... MEGA-MILLIONAIRE RUSH LIMBAUGH ASSURES HIS AUDIENCE EACH DAY THAT THINGS HAVE NEVER BEEN BETTER...

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA BELIEVE-- ME OR YOUR OWN EYES?

WHY-- YOU RUSH!



THIS ATTITUDE IS IN NO WAY RECIPROCAL... A FACT EXECUTIVES AT THE BANK OF AMERICA RECENTLY ILLUSTRATED BY SLASHING THEIR EMPLOYEES' HOURS--AND PERHAPS MORE IMPORTANTLY, BENEFITS--NOT LONG AFTER THE BANK POSTED RECORD PROFITS...

U.P.--YOU MEAN--I WON'T HAVE ANY HEALTH INSURANCE?!

UH...WHAT WERE THOSE LIBERALS SAYING AGAIN...?



## NovaCon 3

### Personality Dossier in Brief

Little did I know, on February 1, that producing Perelandra #106 would be the last peaceful week in my life before a three-month period of turmoil! Not much room for chat but here goes. On Friday, February 5, we began another of our annual ritual sacrifices. You know, where you sacrifice your health, some small bit of sanity and occasionally even a relationship for the sake of playing boardgames? This year's concelebrants at Mass were (Vaguely in Order of Appearance): Clark Millikan, Rick Kohman, Richard Weiss, Mark Lew and Jason Bergmann, Pat Conlon, Martin Johnson and Mark Beyak, John Galt, Eyal Moses, Edi Birsan and Edi Birsan Jr., Eric Voogd, Chuff Afflerbach, and I could've sworn there was one more, who is probably a second Richard or something like which I'm confusing with somebody who's on this list (after all, this was three months and two game cons ago!).

Clark is cool, a friendly guy with an open expression and a ready laugh. He has already introduced me to another group of game players who seem to meet regularly. His easy-going attitude and low-key conversation belie the fact that he's an excellent gamer—the only reason he didn't win the Friday night Monopoly match was because Richard Weiss brought Cathy flowers, giving Richard the karma advantage.

Rick Kohman (Rikko) should be well-known to everyone in *Pere*. He is another friendly person but a very down-to-earth fellow. He doesn't stand for much in the way of ceremony or intellectualizing. He also smokes and with his black hair and dark complexion he has an aura of a biker who's been made presentable (in fact, I now have John Schultz stereotyped in my mind as looking like Rick because their personalities compare so closely).

Jason Bergmann continues to be an impish brat, even past the age of 21 and into law school. His teddy-bear build and blond hair can fool you—he's very likely to pull out a scathing wit at any time.

Richard Weiss positively has California down pat. He says little and rarely laughs out loud, but seems to find everything going on around him cynically amusing. He knows how to self-promote: "I didn't play anything at NovaCon that I didn't win," he says, and that includes the one Dip game. Chuff Afflerbach is as laconic as Richard but lighthearted and not as gaunt.

Edi Birsan is not only a Big Name Fan, but a swell guy. His son is a cutthroat gamer against whom I don't want to play!

Mark Lew reminds me a great deal of a hummingbird. Small, energetic and always poking into things. He has a habit of weighing all his game options out loud, during the recent Merchant of Venus game, I called him the "Mario Cuomo of boardgames."

Pat Conlon arrived in Novato hot off the slopes of Sierra Ski Ranch (he lives in San Diego)—in fact, he got off the bus a couple miles too soon and Cathy had to drive to pick him up at a 7-Eleven! Cathy was presented with a sweatshirt from Tahoe for her trouble. Pat is lean and tan and a motorcycle rider, and presents a Dan Sellers-style face over the Dip board.

Martin Johnson was new to the group and along with Eric Voogd, is a typical example of why I like the game hobby. You wind up meeting people like these two who are interesting, but more importantly interested in *you*. Both strike me as guys who would like to get out playing games more often but wind up deciding that the little people in the household come first! Martin brought along a pal, Mark Beyak, who quite wisely refuses to get involved in play-by-mail games, so far, but in the brief conversations I had with him he seemed to have a chaotic streak in him so I'm sure he'll fit in eventually.

Eyal Moses is an Israeli grad student, from John Galt's game group at Stanford. I was glad to have him join us as he not only introduced us to Outpost, but also held up well in a political conversation.

A real highlight for me was the playtest of Mark Lew's *Buy That Guy*. Developed by Mark and a friend who happens to be a professor at Cal (!), the game is a simulation of California politics. Each player represents a powerful special interest group. There are periodic elections, but the main action comes in influencing legislation and legislators to help your faction build up its bankroll—and yes, if you want real power, you can always Buy That Guy (or Gal). You cast the votes for your own, privately-purchased legislators!

I want to develop a pbm system for *Buy That Guy*, with the goal of making it simultaneous-turn (organized in phases) and run about two real years per game. Work begins on that project *after* I get ZR and *Pere* 109 out the door! But I do have a complete set of rules, map and playing cards and will make copies under Mark's directions. (This is, after all, copyrighted.)



Mark Beyak, Martin Johnson, Rikko Kohman, Clark Millikan

**PLAYER ROSTER**

**bold** = new address; \* = no nmr insurance (if I have your phone # and you accept collect calls, then you have nmr insurance)

Duncan Adams, 5 Hedge End, East Hunsbury, Northampton NN3 2PQ U.K.  
 Chuff Afflerbach, 5632 Oakgrove Avenue, Oakland CA 94618  
 Michael Alterio, 338 Crescent Avenue #19, Buffalo NY 14214

**after 5/15:** 60 Russell Avenue, Buffalo NY 14214

Lance Anderson, 696 Fox Avenue #100, Lewisville TX 75067  
 Bob Arnett, 1500 Waterway Circle, Chesapeake VA 23320  
 James Bailey, 8337 La Riviera Drive, Sacramento CA 95826  
 J.R. Baker, 2709 Colonial Drive, Dickinson TX 77539

Andy Bate, 4, Channel Road, Clevedon, Bristol BS21 7DR U.K.

Jason Bergmann, \* **10740 Lathrop, Dallas TX 75229**

Kenneth Burke, 6 Meadowbrook Road, West Hartford CT 06107

Eric/Claire Brosius, 41 Hayward Street, Milford MA 01757-3554

Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St, Providence RI 02908-5731

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Randy Davis, 3019 Bertram Court, Concord CA 94520

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Clark Millikan, 1730 Adelaide Street #9, Concord CA 94520

Steve Nicewarner, 1310-11 Ephesus Ch Rd, Chapel Hill NC 27514

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David Polley, 2504 Huntwich Drive #1007, Austin TX 78741

Russ Rusnak, 1551 High Ridge Parkway, Westchester IL 60154

Don Scheifler, \* Box 6013, Kingwood TX 77325

Garret Schenck, \* 394 - 5th Street, Brooklyn NY 11215

John Schultz, \* Box 41-19390, F-W43, Michigan City IN 46360

Kay Shapero, 12536 Short Avenue, Los Angeles CA 90066

Arthur Shulman, \* **3 Wooded Hill Lane, Randolph NJ 07869**

Mike Stewart, 901 N Citrus Drive #10, La Habra CA 90631

Bob Theriault, 156 Lyman St. Ext., Westbrook ME 04092

Victor Thomas, 22722 Via Santa Rosa, Mission Viejo CA 92691

Eric Voogd, 22620 Byron Street, Hayward CA 94541

David Wang, \* Box 724, Norwood MA 02062

Richard Weiss, 554 Liberty St, San Francisco CA 94114

**GAME OPENINGS / ZINE BUSINESS / HOBBY STUFF**

circulation of this issue, not counting free samples: 93.

You may use your subscription balance to pay gamefees or to purchase copies of *Zine Register*.

**IX/Regular Diplomacy** (\$5 gamefee): Kenneth Burke (pd), Donald Yates (pd) are signed up—can take five more (Bob Arnett is a maybe).

**TRALFAMADORE/Youngstown Diplomacy** (\$8 gamefee will include rules and maps): I have copies of rules for all versions from I to XV. If you want to play, please give me your 1-2-3 preferences among the versions I will choose from:

IV (ten players, uses off-board boxes for movement)

XIIIb (fourteen players, no OBBs)

XV (21 players, this would be a playoff).

Richard Irving (preference: XV, XIIIb, IV) and Victor Thomas (no pref, maybe XV) are paid; Doug Kent (XV only), Brad Wilson and Michael Alterio are tentatively on the list.

Requests for one more game opening: Balkan Wars (Wilson), Final Conflict (Johnston; nuclear/worldwide), Winter 1898 (Davis; no change except starting position), Colonia VII (Johnson; semi-historical), Merchant of Venus (Wordelmann, Afflerbach), Nomic (Galt), and Monopoly (Wordelmann).

Policy statement: In general, I will not allow a player to sign up for a game, or for the standby list, if that player is already in five or more *Pere* games, or if that player has a recent track record of nmr's or near misses (e.g., a lot of nmr insurance calls). Exceptions may appeal.

**Poets' Corner (Standby Calls!):** none this issue, again!

**The Poets are** for Diplomacy: Baker, KCaruso, Cox, Davis, Hurst, SJohnson, Magnuson, McKinnon, McLaurin, Mercer, Shulman, Stewart, Voogd, Weiss, York.

For Dip variants: Baker, Bate, Davis, Hurst, McCrumb,

McKinnon, Stewart, Weiss, York.

For others: Anderson (Titan), Cox (Monopoly), Gardner, Langley (SF), McCrumb, Millikan (MoV), Weiss.

A free issue to each standby when he picks up a game and when he plays it out (subber currently in fewest games will be chosen first.)

**Zine Register 22**

I expect to publish ZR on or about May 25th. I am very eager to get reviews from you-all about the zines you see! Short or long, write down your comments and send them to me before May 15—THAT MEANS IT'S GOT TO GET IN THE MAIL THIS WEEK, FOLKS!

**Marco Poll Results will accompany Zine Register, and will be reprinted in the next Perelandra.**

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## What's Inside

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8	Arrakis / 1991HM
8	Aurora / Railway Rivals 1025CN
9	Belt 17 / 1993F
10	Brotisserie League baseball
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12	Druufon / ASF18
14	Eddore / ASF22
13	Giedi Prime / 1992AK Dip
15	Giffard / Gunboat Titan
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17	Lameth / 1992AJ
16	<b>Literary Quiz</b>
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24	Wunderland / ASF23
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23	Zyra / Dip Battleship

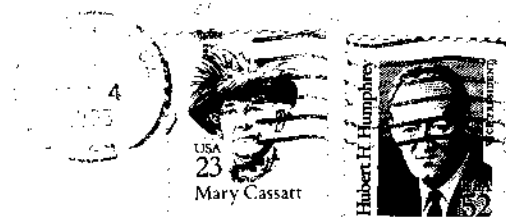


Jason Bergmann, Pat Conion, Mark Lew, John Galt  
 (Sorry so many of the same people keep turning up in these photos;  
 I'll try to chase them off next year!)

## Perelandra

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3	The Roar of the Greasepaint / letters
10	Chuck You, Farley / endgame notes
26	It's Me Again / Cathy's column
27	The Broom Closet / news and notes
27	NovaCon 3 / review
29	Records / roster. <b>game openings</b>

Happy Birthday to Vince Lutterbie (May 17)!

Russ Rusnak C  
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