

The Broom Closet

The 21st British Diplomacy Zine Poll

zine	mean	matrix	total%
Spring Offensive	8.052	19.182	89.774
Smadnoc	8.225	18.636	88.374
Cut & Thrust	8.566	16.454	81.555
Dolchstoß	7.516	17.272	80.696
A Little Original Sin	7.592	16.454	77.948
Y Ddraig Goch	7.582	16.454	77.911
The Cunning Plan	7.854	14.818	72.859
Up Around The Bend	7.355	14.545	70.000
Take That You Fiend	8.087	13.454	68.670
Age of Reason	7.390	14.000	68.111
Greatest Hits	7.931	12.909	66.074
Ode	7.380	13.182	65.044
C'est Magnifique	7.050	13.454	64.830
Bloodstock	7.591	11.545	61.976
LiES	6.607	12.636	60.159
Obsidian	6.950	12.091	59.411
Hopscotch	6.721	11.545	56.541
Masters of the Prime	6.771	10.182	51.678
Realpolitik	6.062	10.727	51.070
Arle Barle Gloop	6.233	10.182	49.685
Pigbutton	7.019	9.364	49.567
Shadowplay	6.860	9.081	47.967
B.U.M.	6.631	8.818	46.107
Borealis	6.284	8.818	45.118
Gallimaufry	6.248	8.818	45.059
Die Große Dampfmaschine	5.658	7.182	36.467
Assassin's Handbook	6.397	6.364	36.148
Electric Monk	6.091	6.091	33.992
Springboard	6.064	5.545	31.885
Phyrric Victory	5.875	4.727	28.156
Odardle	4.831	4.182	22.700
Into The Night	5.394	3.091	20.315
Sidewalk	4.667	2.545	15.600
The Laughing Roundhead	3.177	2.000	8.063

Congratulations to Stephen Agar, who was widely pegged to win before the poll. He's done everything 'right' to be the #1 zine—regular schedule, big lettercol, diverse set of games, and even recruited an excellent subzine (Chris Hardy's "White Noise"). Nice to see *Smadnoc*, *Cut & Thrust*, and *A Little Original Sin* moving up to provide some new life at the top, although I don't receive any of these zines. I had *Spring Offensive*, *Y Ddraig Goch*, *Dolchstoß* and *U-Bend* 1-4.

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Factsheet Five has been revived for some time now, but I am just starting to receive it again. If you read *Zine Register* just for light reading, then you'll love *F5* because it's 114 pages of zine listings and reviews! Music zines, perzines, satire, b-movies, sf, queer life, arts & letters, comix, feminazis, you name it and there's a zine for it.

The deadline for #51 is past but that issue won't be out until May 2. In the meantime, you can get #50 for \$6, or a 6-issue sub for \$20 bulk mail. Send to Seth Friedman at F5 Subscriptions, P.O. Box 170099, San Francisco CA 94117-0099; or email to Jerod Pore at jerod23@well.sf.ca.us.

Jason Bergmann and Andy York passed along this news: Origins: July 7-10, San Jose Convention Center. To obtain more information write to Origins 94; PO Box 3100; Kent OH, 44240, or call 800-529-Expo (800-529-3976). I have already called and will be on their mailing list, and I will be attending.

Zine Register 23

...is held up again. I worked pretty hard in February, including my trip, and upon my return Cathy got laid off of her job. Soon, I promise; real soon! ♣

Perelandra

a zine for postal games and the mind!

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ARKON Gunboat Snowball Fighting

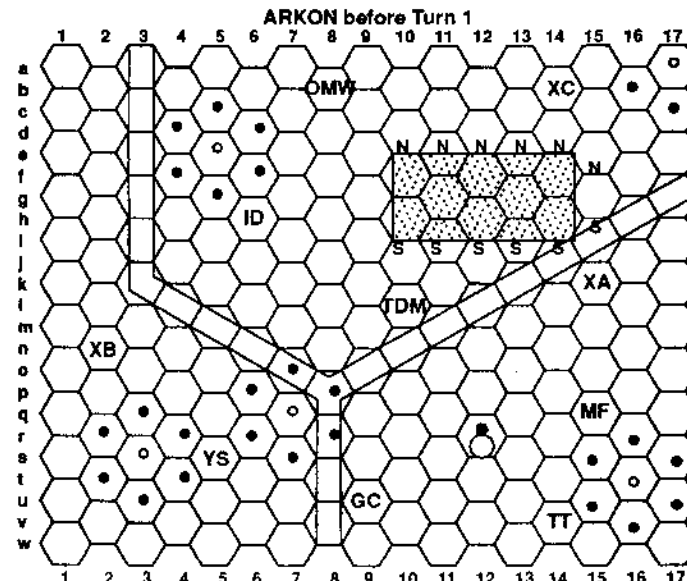
Gamestart

WARRIOR.....	inst.....	loc.....
George Costanza.....	GC.....	L9
Icedance.....	ID.....	H6
Mr. Freeze.....	MF.....	Q15
Old Man Winter.....	OMW.....	B8
Tatter D. Mallion.....	TDM.....	L10
Tigger of the Tundra.....	TT.....	V14
XA.....	XA.....	K15
XB.....	XB.....	N2
XC.....	XC.....	B14
Yosemite Sam.....	YS.....	S5

Deadline for Turn One is April 11.

Yosemite Sam's player sez: Consider his contract with Warner's... "You're a little loud-mouthed villain who's only purpose is to be bested by a smart-ass rodent. Your 'motivation' is to find clever ways to let said smart-ass rodent best you." And you can be sure, before he signed, Sam got 'em to add the "Creative Cussin'" clause... any real actor needs to ad-lib now and then! But they countered with the "Limited Vocabulary" clause: to wit, 1. All *ride-able* animals (horses, donkeys, camels, elephants, etc) shall be referred to as "mule"; 2. All other animals shall be called "critters"; 2b. Obnoxious "critters" shall be called "varmint's."

GM to Arkonians: I just *had* to print that, even if he/she didn't intend me to. Everyone starts with two Snowballs, ten Hit Points and no Victory Points. Go!



The Roar of the Greasepaint

(the letter column)

Andrew York

Sounds like NovaCon was a lot of fun. One of these days, one of these days...

In your comment to Brad Wilson about retreats, if the ONLY reason you wish to have predictive retreats is to avoid having split seasons for retreats; maybe the alternative would be to make a house rule that there will never be a split season solely for the purpose of seeing retreats. I, too, dislike predictive retreats (trying to determine all the possible retreats for all the possible combinations of attacks, srabs, etc); however, I too dislike having seasons separated solely for a retreat—though some situations strongly suggest it.

Good grief, housing prices are high in your neck of the woods. \$80,000 here would at least buy a 2-3 bedroom ranch style home with decent room. Starter homes (and fix-me-ups) can be had for as little as \$30-40,000. Well, that was last time I looked, and I don't think the market has changed all that much.

In "Among the Trees" you ask for feedback on the 'new' format. Looks just fine to me!!

Congrats to Cathy on her commitment at Weight Watchers!!! Maybe I should follow her example <grin>.

[[I must say, we've heard enough of the cheap-house stories! David Hood says \$55,000 bought a 3/2 in his neck of the woods—unfortunately, we're not willing to live out in the woods yet. We could buy much much cheaper if we'd move out of state (or even up near Yosemite!) but then there's be two of us looking for work!]]

Rick Kohman

You may have noticed that Rikko don't play in "Political Discussions" (what do I mean "may have"? You commented on the fact in last year's Nova-Report!).

Rikko Goes Socio-Political!!!

I don't make public my social/political idiot-ologies, because you *can't* win friends and influence people—if you say you're supportive of a woman's right to choose, you're labeled a 'hippie-commie baby-killer,' if you support the death sentence for baby-rapers/killers, you're labeled a 'heartless Nazi.'

Why has this country decided to destroy itself by defiling its foundation? I offered my life to defend the Constitution—I will *die* to defend your right to burn the Stars and Stripes, if you bought your own piece of cloth and the matches!

But the truth of present-day Society is that I'm a bastard because I object to paying for *your* piece-of-cloth and matches; much less *your* room and board and the seventeen children you skipped out on!

The series of events that finally made me speak out: the "people" (the "government," though too many people are pre-occupied with skewing the government to realize that *they* are *it*) have passed laws whereby parents and teachers are deemed criminals if they attempt to discipline the children... and *now* there are bills in Sacramento to propose that a teacher can lose her/his job if she/he flunks too many students (she/he must be incompetent!); and another bill wherein parents are to be held responsible (with fines and imprisonment) for the actions of their children (whom they have been mandated to *not* discipline!)

[[letters continue on page 3]]

Among the Trees

by Pete Gaughan

I want everyone to check out the official 1994 *Perelandra* Calendar. Your suggestions on additions or movement of dates would be helpful, and on some events I am asking for 'reservations' of a sort.

Last issue was a bit scrambled, I know Richard Weiss pointed out that I left my city/state/zip off the header address, and Jason Bergmann noted that the issue number didn't show up on the front page. Should drive the archivists wild. (Wait a minute. *I'm* the closest thing the hobby has to an archivist these days!) That's what happens when you don't have a nice, neat, safe template to work from—aren't you glad I decided to throw a little spontaneity into the mix?

David Wang asks, "What is Tin Roof ice cream?" It's a vanilla with chocolate marble, peanuts (usually whole) and sometimes small chocolate chunks. Cathy protested my ice cream list last time, saying that she knows mint chocolate chip is actually much further up on my list, like #3.

Top Ten Zines

This month's list is my Ten Favorite Zines of the past year, as submitted to Mark Nelson as part of his (informal) annual World Zine Poll. I warn you, don't take this too seriously just because I'm the editor of the *Zine Register*. Leaving zines out of this list is tough; ranking numbers six through twenty is harder than picking my top five!

1. *Perelandra*

A monthly collection of liberal agonizing, feel-good environmentalism and poorly-GMed games in an attractive but densely-packed layout.

2. *Maniac's Paradise*

Bedlam Monthly (compare with #3). Ol' fashioned gossipy silliness, macho-bonding insults, and immediate deadline gratification.

3. *Y Ddraig Goch*

My one and only source for 'foodie' stuff, which I will probably never use but read nonetheless—it gives the same sophisticated, erudite feel I get from reading *Bridge* columns. A sane voice in an otherwise mad hobby.

4. *Intercepted* (sf/animation fanzine)

The Multiversal Party Line; reader 'press' is 90% of the zine. Topics are the Great Multispecies Orgy (reader-characters interact at the Addams Family mansion), the Quest For The Elements for Crindlesnitt's Charm of Closing (Oxnard, CA), Kidnapping/Rescuing Princess Kristina, and New York (and where New York Used To Be!). Oh, and any form of comic or animation, plus fandom (Elfquest slash zines, animated erotica, fur-bearing cons, etc etc). Great stuff and hard to keep up with.

5. *The Abyssinian Prince*

Most laid-back, California-style attitude in the hobby outside of California. Friendly but opinionated—if Jim pops off, it's more likely to be on pbem than on music, where he believes in "de gustibus non disputandum."

6. *Up Around the Bend*

Wants to be hard-nosed, ring-through-nose zine (Joy helps) but always winds up acknowledging its own 'wannabe-ness'. Sarcastic view of outcast lifestyles makes it more palatable for mainstream Dipsters—too bad.

7. *off-the-shelf*

Very enlightened guy and it shows. Tom is into folk dancing and a men's support group, isn't shy about discussing his housemates or his garden, and is a geography nut like myself.

8. *Lepans 4-Ever*

Although L4E is the leading Swedish zine outside of Sweden, it didn't even come close to winning a poll among Swedes! This leads me to believe that the international-hobby, English-language concentration of Per's

The 1994 *Perelandra* Calendar

Birthdays etc

missed already: Lance Anderson 1/8, Chuff Afflerbach 1/25, David Hood 2/9, Gary Behnen 2/21
March: 16 Claire Brosius, 29 Casey Elaine Ellis, 31 Daf Langley
May: 17 Vince Lutterbie, 19 Steve Langley, 26 Walter Devin Ellis
June: 1 Fred Davis Jr., 12 Ed Wrobel
July: 24 Tom Johnston
August: 15 Brent McKee
October: 17 Randy & Melanie's anniversary, 28 Andy York
November: 5 Kathy Caruso, 22 John Caruso.
December: 1 Bruce McIntyre, 8 Melody Lutterbie, 16 Randy Davis

Events

April 4: Giants' Opening Day.
May 14: Leprecon in Philomath, Oregon
May 27-30: GamesCaucus at Oakland Airport Hilton? Might not make it...
July 7-10: Origins at the San Jose Convention Center—definitely attending.
September 1-4: Pacificcon in San Mateo

Outsiders Just Don't Get It

from Paul Pisano (axu@nihcu.bitnet)

The *Washington Post* has a column entitled, "Why Things Are," where readers ask "Why" questions, and the journalist (don't know the name) answers the questions. While it is meant to be informative by answering some of those, "Why is the sky blue?" type questions, it is also humorous. In this morning's paper (Feb. 4), a reader asks, "Why do some people think watching birds is fascinating?" I've transcribed the response below:

"The Why staff actually went on a bird walk not long ago and found it to be a lovely experience even though our attitude toward birds is that they are basically large, feathered insects. Peering through binoculars at some tiny shape hidden in tree branches high overhead, waiting for confirmation of the bird's species, we found ourselves thinking: This is murder on the neck.

"Seriously, there is something wonderful about going "birding." After our experience we felt like better human beings. All hobbies are slightly inexplicable but we think we understand why there are millions of bird-watchers (or "birders," as the hardcore types call themselves).

"Obviously there are aesthetic considerations: Birds are pretty. They are colorful. They dive for fish, peck on wood, fly through the air. "It can be really a pleasure to watch a bird behave. To watch a heron fishing, for example," says Claudia Wilds, an editor at *Birding* magazine.

"There's also the aesthetic appeal of being in the wild, of getting outside and mixing it up with other species.

"But still. C'mon. Birds and trees and woods are nice but are they nice enough to make you want to leap out of a perfectly decent bed at 5 a.m. and wander off in the rain and mud in pursuit of some durn (sic) tern?

"Here's another factor: It's an intellectual challenge. There are 10,000 species of birds. Identifying them requires careful study of field guides. Birders are

zine, which impresses all us outsiders, doesn't make him as central to the Swedish hobby as I thought.

9. *Ramblings by Moonlight*

Zine, like editor, is tough and tender. Blasts the Forest Service, bureaucrats and lumber companies for their rapine ways: waxes romantic about wife and child. Eric is a nasty-good Dip player which means it's nice to have him GMing as it keeps him out of other people's games.

10. *Spring Offensive*

Variants, variants, variants, and hobby arguments thrown in. Everyone is entitled to Stephen's opinion on how Dipdom should be run (though, surprisingly, he's often right!). Best source on the planet for multi-player game development. ♣

amateur ornithologists, which is to say, they're practically scientists.

"For a lot of people it's a great challenge. It's a learned skill to be able to identify species in the field," says Mary Deinlein, a bird conservation specialist with the Smithsonian Migratory Bird Center.

"And finally, birding is a competitive sport. Birders keep 'life lists' of all the birds they've seen. (The honor system applies.) They have separate lists for their back yards.

"Seeing birds is like collecting stamps or coins, or like "plane spotting," that birder-like behavior that causes Brits to travel the globe jotting down serial numbers of airplanes they've seen hoping to catalogue every plane in an airline's fleet.

"Some hobbies are really obsessions. It's hard to discern the difference sometimes. Either way, birders take birding seriously. Our main advice: If you go out with birders, try to be sensitive. And yes, that means leaving the slingshot at home."

I don't know, I think they missed something here. They didn't do a very good job capturing the excitement. To cap it off, they have a simple drawing of a bird, with 3 cartoon bubbles. One says, "It's a Great Shrieking Termagant!" Another says, "It's a Lesser Unmitigated Gull!" And then the bird says, "It's a Silly Obsessive Waste of Time!" Oh well, I guess the millions of bird-watchers out there have these obsessive-compulsive behavior problems that only a therapist could resolve. I think I'd rather spend my money on a birding trip, thank you.

Replies by Members of "Birdchat"

David Clayton (U. of Rhode Island)

Interesting reading. Our local paper carries the same column but I missed it. Actually I think they got it pretty well considering they weren't all that interested, were trying for some humor, and didn't have the least bit of understanding of birds and birding. I doubt I could be as sympathetic in trying to describe the motivation and interest of someone who would choose to stay indoors watching football or basketball on TV when they could be out tramping around in the woods and fields. :-)

Dori Sosensky (New Haven, CT)

What I find interesting is that the same people don't ask the same question about Fishing or Hunting. A great deal of the appeal of birding is the same satisfaction that a hunter or a fisherperson gets. I'd back "birding" stories over "fishing" stories any day. And the satisfaction (story telling) does seem to rise with the bigger (rarer) the trophy. I sometime describe birding to questioning non-birders as violentless hunting. When you think of birding this way it makes the cultural bias against birding very telling about our society. ♣

[[letter column continues]]

It really distresses me that the greatest society yet conceived, with all its high tech, cannot learn from a truth discovered several millennia ago—"authority" must equal "responsibility"—or there's gonna be hell to pay. (The "Authoritarians" are gonna get it, but only if we "Responsibilitarians" pay for it—nobody else will...)

[[A common enough view, with which I agree, but the problem seems most to lie in inaction. I don't really believe that people WANT laws against spanking. I think most of them simply don't care enough to say one way or the other (which, in the face of a determined few, is the same thing).]]

David Hood

You're just not right about the wealthy not working. That is true for some of the idle rich, but most who had anything to do with obtaining their fortune are generally hard workers. High-priced lawyers are notorious for working sixty-hour weeks, for example.

I have run across plenty of people in the upper/middle income brackets who would put their money into riskier start-up businesses, etc., if they thought they could keep more of the resulting income themselves. These are the type of investments that actually create jobs. (Tax-free bonds generally do not, as they subsidize non-market-based government programs.) Even worse are the mounds of regulations/paperwork/mandated benefits that discourage the hire of new workers.

If you represented small employers as much as I do, you would hear about this stuff all the time (which I do).

And, of course, taxing money less means more is being invested/spent by private persons. And as all good free marketeers know, that money will get into its most efficient and wealth-producing uses. Gov't spending is just one boondoggle after another.

[[I'm an atheist. I don't believe the Free Market is going to save us any more than I believe God is going to. You missed the question: has anyone declined to earn more income because of the tax it would invoke? It's irrelevant whether taxes move investments from risk to security, that's just shuffling the same deck. Did any of your 60-hour lawyers decide to cut back to 40 hours, or go into an 'easier' line of work?]]

Jim Bailey

Wouldn't you know it. As soon as I give up and send a second copy of my story *[[to a magazine]]*, the first finally wings its way back to me. I sent #2 on Feb 5 and they sent back #1 on Feb 7 (by postmark), which then took until the 14th to get to me by two-day mail!

Unfortunately, a rejection. I got a very pretty form letter though. It said thank you for the submission but we can't use it. They gave a few general reasons why they reject manuscripts: worn plots, poor grammar, not reaching a professional level, and the incredibly stiff competition. They get 850 mss a month. The theory I hold as to why it took so long (three months, opposed to the five weeks they say is typical) is that my story made it to a fairly late cut. Hey, it's my delusion and I'm sticking to it! Anyway, off it goes to the next magazine, and the next, and...

[[More power to you! I'm going to be nearly as bad as the editors, though, and say "I've read it, but you're going to have to wait for feedback." Although I did enjoy it, if you want any more response than that you'll have to wait a few more weeks. (Is 'being perpetually busy' a sign of aging?)]]

Brad Wilson

The regrettable sideline of *[[the Origins/GEMCO debacle]]* is that GAMA has not engaged the ATLANTICON staff to run ORIGINS as it had the last two times ORIGINS had been (successfully) in Baltimore. Now, the ATLANTICON people were looking forward to

hosting ORIGINS in '95 and decided (rather presumptuously, methinks) if they couldn't host ORIGINS in '95 they weren't going to bother with ATLANTICON in '94. So there will be NO AtlantiCon this summer, and therefore no NYGB-sponsored Diplomatic Congress. ADF (ATLANTICON) will be putting on something called 'AtlantiCon presents' in College Park, Maryland, in October and the NYGB may well be there for some events.

So the net effect is this: the major East Coast gaming Con will move from Baltimore to Philadelphia (with a hiatus in '94) and will be, at least for now, ORIGINS instead of a regional event. The NYGB's tournaments and events will continue unaffected by the switch and may also chip in to 'ATLANTICON Presents' or whatever in October. Our DIPCON bid will be unaffected and will be for ORIGINS in Philadelphia July 4, 1995. See everybody there!

[[I think skipping 1994 is a big mistake, but what the heck do I know about the East Coast.]]

NovaCon sounds interesting and very friendly. I think you give History of the World a bit a bad rap. The Chicago crowd has played it (almost to exclusion) from VERTIGO GAMES VII on, and we like it the balance and give-and-take. On New Year's Day at Puppy's a six-player game ended with the winner at 205 points (me, and I even had the Incas/Aztecs (thank you James!) and last place at 197. Talk about competitive! Since we've played it a lot, we keep it moving — I agree it can be dull if slow. But the different empires and strategies each time keep HOTW fresh. We do agree that it is a *much* better game with six rather than four or five—better bal-

You're just not right about the wealthy not working. That is true for some of the idle rich, but most who had anything to do with obtaining their fortune are generally hard workers. High-priced lawyers are notorious for working sixty-hour weeks, for example.

—David Hood

anced and more dynamic. Now, HOTW is no deep game, but I think it'll be around for a long time as it's flexible and not all that long (we can get it done in 3 hours).

I think the key to winning is paying attention to turn order. If you're scoring 35-55 points with what you have on the board and draw a ok-to-bad card *but* go early in the epoch it might well be worth keeping. If you decide to pass it don't pass it to someone who's also scoring highly! This is why the Khmers really are awful—they are oh-so-weak AND they go last! Yuck! Also I let Tom Johnston win one game by giving him three consecutive Chinese empires and letting him overrun Asia. Hmmm... The best test I have for HOTW is that Matt Fleming likes it, and Matt is the Life cereal Mykey of gaming.

Republic of Rome was a brief favorite on the East Coast (even after Robert Sacks ran a game of it at ShoreCon I that had Jack and Donna Higgins calling it 'Republic of Robert' or 'Republic of Rules') but it didn't seem to have much staying power. Jack enjoys GMing it, though. As for 1830, etc., Bill Wordelmann was here two weeks ago with 1850 (Upper Midwest) and 1870 (Texas/South Central/Mississippi Valley) and I actually liked 1870, so maybe there's hope for me with rail tile games yct. My poor roommate, who lives for 18XX games, had to run off to work (too bad). I've not played MoV, but it sounds fun if a little Swiderish (Jack and I

tease Tom about his predilection for games with 'Roman/alien merchants who fight and trade'.) Does anyone play Dip any more at Cons?

[[I am going to be in a ffg game March 20.]]

Your comment about Stan Johnson's letter: 'we can cut crime by legalizing it... (but) it doesn't change how our society would function' is rather naive. I concur with Stan that victimless crimes should be legalized and it would change how our society worked. Think of all the (tax) money that could be made from legal sports betting. I'd bet \$\$\$ on sports if I could legally (I have done so illegally) and so would many others, thus hitting the Mob where it hurts. Legal loansharking would definitely change the way business is conducted. As for prostitution, those who use prostitutes now and are ripped off/exposed to AIDS and other STDs could have clean, honest sex in an up-front situation (you know what you're getting for your \$\$\$ which is not always true with hookers) Then take all the cops chasing loansharks, hookers, pimps, and bookies and put them on foot patrols in neighborhoods or in gang crime units and see the difference in public safety and confidence in the cops, which will help build better communities. None of this even starts to mention legal drugs!

How does Steve McKinnon find the time to be in Dipdom? Sounds like he's glued to the boob tube.

You should move to Idaho. I used to see a newspaper from central Idaho that advertised big homes on tons of acreage with all kinds of extras (pools, garages, etc.) for \$72,000, \$64,000, \$78,000. Then again, you have to live in Idaho, a major handicap as I see things.

My feedback re the look: I like the column layout, I can follow the organization and it's quite readable. But like Mark Low, I like *Perelandra* 'text-heavy'.

I don't know that I see what Eric Voogd sees as 'angst' in your writing. Instead, I see that you have a loving wife, a close family, and lots of very enjoyable activities that satisfy your intellectual and emotional needs. You also have some frustration about your current situation and a very natural human urge to improve yourself. That's not easy and it's a struggle. If Eric wants 'angst' I suggest he write me.

[[Nobody that I know personally wants that much angst. Besides, I think Eric understood it was really just 'anxiety'...]]

When did Molly Ivins—one of the most pettily, meanly partisan writers I have ever encountered—give Reagan or Bush the 'benefit of the doubt' on anything? Get serious. The whining about how the media treats Clinton is sheer hypocrisy because those bitching didn't mind when similar tactics (arguably nastier) were used against people they didn't like. If 'Whitewater' was a GOP scandal there wouldn't be all this moaning and mincing about how unfair the press is (President Clinton may not be involved in the flap but Mrs. Clinton sure is, and that makes it important and newsworthy, if only to show that Hillary Rodham Clinton is an arrogant, corner cutting, cover-upping shyster, no different than all the other sharp operators that skirt illegality while exploiting their positions for private influence and gain. All that brings her judgment into question, especially on health care.) As for Clinton's 'intelligence', well, Louis Farrakhan is intelligent. Michael Jordan is intelligent. Larry Peery is intelligent. I don't want any of them as President. Clinton 'genuinely likes people'? Maybe, but so does Barney or Mr. Rogers. 'Not mean'? Just ask Rush Limbaugh, Jerry Brown, or Paul Tsongas what they think (and Clinton uses mean, nasty people like James Carville). 'Not autocratic'? 'Not paranoid'? These are positives? I mean, Clinton isn't a sex offender or blackmailer or dope fiend, either; should we then praise him for not being these things? This kind of analysis makes Ann Landers seem profound. Makes me glad I'm not a Texan, too. Instead of quoting this drivel, print more Herb Caen!

[[Thank you, a fine response on the 'positives.' But

the philosophical point remains: *Whitewater is a non-scandal that is being pursued harder than any real corruption of the Republican years.*]]

If it's any of my business, which it isn't, I think you and Cathy should have a baby. Then we could have photos of the little one in a peregrine falcon nest. Cool bird photos, by the way, and I can tell you were thrilled! If the beautiful bird wasn't hungry, why did it go for your lure? Was it that your lure was that good? Or was it your sheer skill in manipulating the lure? Or sheer luck? Or a combination?

[[I'm one of only a few banders who draws an analogy between banding and fishing (most of them have fishing). As a result, I like to credit my luring technique with a chunk of my banding success—maybe 20%. The other 80%, I readily admit, is the bird's own instincts; birds of prey have a Pavlovian reaction to helpless fluttering.]]

Don Williams

[[Excerpted from a long letter from Don...]]

By the way, we heard Friday (the same day the "boil water" order was lifted), that the quake was to be upgraded from 6.6 to 6.8 on the Richter scale. Yesterday, some Swedish scientists announced that their instruments recorded the quake at around 7.2 or so. Most people here believe the quake was magnitude 7.0 or better, and we expect that that will eventually happen; the violence and sheer force of the shaking was staggering. I've experienced a number of earthquakes since I got to California in 1966, and this was—by far—the most aggressive and powerful I've ever felt. I certainly expect the quake's intensity will eventually be revised to 7.0 or greater... we'll see. (On a side note, it's funny how everyone—me included—seems to want the quake's magnitude to be increased... now that we've lived through it. Some sort of strange "red badge of courage" we all want to lay claim to...)

[[From the sublime to the ridiculous...]]

Steven McKinnon

Now I must warn you not to laugh, because I'm perfectly serious when I say that I'm disappointed in Shannon Doherty for her appearance in *Playboy*.

You see, the thing is, even I enjoy the necessity of imagination when faced with an attractive celebrity who has the modesty and temerity to keep her clothes on. As you'll know from Vexvelt, I find Helen Hunt to be attractive, and was at first disappointed to find no listing for her in *The Bare Facts*. Then came her appearance in *The Waterdance*, in what could be described as a "tasteful" love scene with Eric Stolz' paraplegic.

At first I was eager to see it, and was rewarded upon viewing, with a beauty as aesthetically please-drobed as clothed. However, afterward, perhaps in something akin to a tamer post-coital depression I realised my admiration for her was cut short. It was not so much that she had joined the ranks of the skin-mag and *Bare Facts* sorority of yet-another-nekkid-chick. It was more a case of having given away a deep secret that was less incriminating than it was tantalising not to be let in on.

Now, of course, this is all said from my own selfish, shallow point of view. Granted, the pictorial of Doherty and several actress/model types was for the good cause of AIDS awareness, but for my part there's no practical, successful usage of nudity there.

Now, Shannon Doherty, naked in my bed, pointedly opening a box of condoms and saying, "We ain't touchin' one another unless you wear one of these to help protect against AIDS" might do the trick. But the mentions of AIDS awareness in the text were in small, disjointed columns that no one was going to pay any attention to as they rifled the pages to find the pictures.

Better, I say, to have the words "AIDS Awareness" scrawled across her chest in finger paint by her own hand, or perhaps some quotes from Doherty herself. No idiot teenage fan of *90210* could fail to get the message.

if those words interrupted his view. (No idiot 20-something fan like myself, either.)

Furthermore, the project itself is intended to be a two-book publication of celebrity pictures. The pictures are definitely on the "art" side of the art-pornography line. It's my belief that the artistic community and those who would buy these sorts of publications are already quite aware of AIDS. In the end, knowing the lag time between photography and *Playboy's* press date, it seems mostly a publicity ploy by Doherty. A few months ago she was in serious jeopardy of losing her job through non-renewal of her contract on *90210*. Appearing on the cover and in the pages of *Playboy* would certainly up her stock in the public sector.

[[When I didn't take that spread nearly so seriously. The photography is bad, even by Playboy standards, and the models are plain and poorly posed. If there was a ploy it was on Playboy's part: as usual, getting men to buy newsstand copies by flashing famous names with little content to back it up. My subscription is up in July and I think I'll let it drop.]]

It's cynicism and the everyday exposure to a world otherwise covered in shit and derision that makes the things you and Cathy write about so refreshing. It's nice to know that people are still interested in choirs and bird-watching and travelling the country to see natural wonders. And that you have Earth interests without ramming GreenPeace-isms down our throats; and promote home-ownership, family support and community-group efforts without coming off like Rush Douchebaugh demonstrates that it can still be done, but more importantly to me, that there are people who do still want these things.

[[Squirm, squirm... so now I'm praised for not having the balls that Greenpeace has. Oh well. Hey, thanks, but remember that there are two reasons we can write about this stuff: it's real life (real life isn't the materialism and selfishness that TV portrays); and, we have dozens of readers who value the same things, or else I wouldn't bother writing it all down and making copies! Thanks.]]

I watch pretty much any of the animal-life documentaries on Discovery, etc. I'd like to get my hands on a good, large-paged, hardback book about birds of prey. I'd prefer one that opposes each picture with a writeup of what, where, when, etc on the facing page. Do you have any suggestions?

[[The old standard is Grossman & Hamlet, Birds of Prey of the World (Clarkson & Potter, pub.), but that might be out of print. The Birder's Handbook (Ehrlich, Dobkin & Wheye, Fireside/S&S ISBN 0-671-65989-8) is the best work on ecology (diet, nesting, habitat) of all species; the National Geographic field guide is widely considered the authority on I.D. but the Audubon field guides are the only ones with photos rather than drawings. All my other books exclusively on raptors are paperback and small. The best book on identifying raptors only is Hawks in Flight (Dumne, Sibley & Sutton, Houghton Mifflin ISBN 0-395-51022-8) but it has no color.]]

Al Tabor

We just had our debut at a national outdoor biz trade show in Reno. Needless to say, I've been excessively busy for the last three months. I've recently, however, started catching up on my reading which consists in part in a large stack of periodicals with the oldest ones nearer the bottom. As a result, I just read the *Pere* that mentions Mountain Hardwear. Thanks for the mention!

I really liked the recent photo of you and the falcon. Er, maybe I'll play a game again someday <g>.

Tom Nash lives!

Jim Burgess & Conrad Minshall
an Internet conversation

Jim: The Internet folks are a bit rigid by postal standards

[[BAH! I scoff at such a characterization. They aren't

'a bit rigid,' they're nannyish! Judge Dip is set up so that players have their hands held at every step. I guess this is in the nature of the Judge; as a computer program, it cannot easily be designed to allow misorders. But Internet Dip seems riddled with the attitude that the game should somehow be defended from shoddy, silly, or even intellectually interesting games!]]

Jim: Yeah, but I think that is more of a "Style decision" that promotes personality-less Diplomacy playing, something completely antithetical to the fandom oriented postal hobby.

[[By that I mean, email Dip games don't have any of the personal contact and writing flair that I've seen in pbm. Sure, there are pbm'ers who can't write English to save their souls—but where are the pbEm negotiators who can??]]

Jim: Pretty much nowhere. I'm playing in this demo game with the best there is and have been appalled at what they are able to dish out.

Conrad: You're language-centric Pete, so naturally writing skills and volume are key to you. I'm more into the perversities of detecting and/or affecting what is going on in other players minds. I'm really enjoying NetDip so far. I'm only halfway thru S1901 and I've

If it's any of my business, which it isn't, I think you and Cathy should have a baby. Then we could have photos of the little one in a peregrine falcon nest.

—Brad Wilson

exchanged more than ten messages each with all my neighbours and almost as many with the other three countries. I haven't experienced such depth of exploration of options in either FTF or PBM. To do this postally I bet you'd need 8 week deadlines, or perhaps even longer. But with such long deadlines could you build and maintain momentum and excitement? I doubt it.

[[I'm glad I started out with gunboat games (not even true Gunboat! The players 'negotiate' in private, if one line like "I'd prefer Nwg-Nwy" can be called negotiations). Once they and okeorral are over, I'm not going to play by email until I see a collection of players who will actually write.]]

Jim: I think they are out there. I'll be interested if you get into Les Casey's little club and if they REALLY do a better job. I think they're just turbo-phreaks who negotiate even less than anyone else.

Conrad: So far I'm a little disappointed by the lack of sense of humor I'm encountering in my (email) game. On the other hand, I love how responsive the players are—well above the average I encountered postally. This "NetDip" seems to blend attributes of postal, FTF, and "telephone postal"... plus a character all its own.

How about you guys set up a NetDip game or two just for plugged-in PBMers? I'd love such a game. Not a gunboat game - people play with greater effort in public, not anonymously. It'll be an interesting experiment to see if PBM players' style would change any when they play in the rapid response NetDip environment. And Pete, you can be sure it will improve the writing!

[[Rad, Jim has started a postal game for email types, maybe he'd be the guy to start an email game for postal players. <evil grin> I'm glad I got into this—I wondered for years whether I was missing something I'd really prefer to postal, and now I can confidently say I wasn't! It's a nice adjunct, but not yet the real thing.]]

Jim: Pete, why after watching it for so long did you think I wasn't playing on Internet? ♣

INTERIM #3 by BRUCE MCINTYRE

For about a year I worked graveyard shifts at a Circle K in East Vancouver, a rough sort of neighbourhood, although quite mild compared to the North American norm. The neighbourhood was not a rough area because of a proliferation of guns, it was rough because most of the people living there were quite poor. After a year of graveyard shifts, with an average of three 911 calls a week, it was inevitable that I be called to serve as a witness in a trial, and not at all surprising that I would remember nothing of the specific incident six months later when called and given only the date it occurred.

Served with a summons to appear at 9AM on Dec. 13 for a pre-trial interview, I made a good move: I completely forgot and slept in. At 11:30 I heard my answering machine record a message that reminded me what I'd missed, and after a return call, I was assured that I was still urgently needed and would not be reprimanded for missing the appointment. (I suspect that I would have sat around for hours waiting to testify if I'd been there on time, and people have since told me that I'm right.) At this point the lawyer's secretary had only told me that I had given a report about a woman fleeing the scene of a crime in a cab, the number of which we had reported to the police, giving them little trouble in catching up. But I couldn't recall what this woman had done in the store to be put on trial for robbery.

It turned out that she had never entered the store. When I got to the courthouse and met the prosecuting lawyer (referred to in Canada as Crown Counsel), she showed me a copy of the report I had written after the police had caught up to the cab.

It had happened on a Sunday morning at 7AM, streets completely dead, lighting adequate but not great. A man had entered the store and asked us for help, because he had been robbed. We (there were two of us working) calmed him down and tried to call 911, but he didn't want us to do so for some reason. I worked it out that he had entered this woman's car (or maybe he had invited her into his) thinking she was a prostitute, and she had pulled a knife and taken his money. I finally convinced him that calling the police would be the best thing to do, but before we could do so, he pointed across to the opposite corner of the street and shouted "that's her!" Not feeling particularly heroic, I had my partner lock the door, and I called 911. They took the report and sent someone out, apparently at no great haste, because after I got off the phone, the woman hailed and got into a passing cab. We, of course, got the number and company, and called back to 911. Later the police had me write out a statement—by this time, I was legendary with the local cops for being able to write a concise report without grammatical errors far faster than any graveyard shifter they'd ever seen.

The defence lawyer objected... I ignored the interruption and continued to coolly answer questions.

clearly see from the distance, and I know enough to look for unique features such as this, so I made sure that it got on the report. The other stuff was a blind guess.

I was told by the lawyer that remembering the cab number would be very important, so I tried to think of a way to remember 53, and converted it into soilage: sol (5) mi (3). I was told that my testimony was very important, and then asked if I could recognize the woman. I said I almost certainly would not be able to do so. I asked if they had called my co-worker; they said they hadn't. Then I was asked to wait until I heard my name called.

I sat in the hall and waited. I imagined a large Perry Mason courtroom, with many people assembled, then decided that this was probably a wild exaggeration of what I was about to see. Probably there would be very few people in a tiny little courtroom.

From another room across the hall, two uniformed men led a young woman in handcuffs out into the hallway. She looked at me and said "what's

happening now?" to them; one replied "you'll find out." I figured she had just been found guilty and looked away. She took another glance in my direction—was there recognition on her part? was that sudden fear I saw in a quick glance?—and they led her into the courtroom I was to testify in. A minute later I was called.

It was a tiny courtroom, with perhaps twelve spectator seats (all empty), and only five other people in the room: a bailiff, the judge, the two lawyers (both female), a court reporter, and the woman I'd seen in the hall. From the courtroom entrance I could see four chairs facing the judge, with the accused and the defence lawyer seated to the left, and two empty chairs to the right. The Crown lawyer was to the left of the chairs in front of a microphone. It all seemed far less formal than it was. I started out real well, failing to notice the witness stand and trying to sit in the chair two over from the defence lawyer. The bailiff nudged me in the direction of the stand and the court reporter had me state and spell my name and affirm that I'd tell the truth. I sat down and she bent the microphone in my direction.

The Crown Counsel lawyer began with some questions establishing the scene, which went well until I got to the man's description of what had happened, which the defence lawyer objected to as "hearsay evidence," and remarked that the questions were "leading the witness." (I agreed: I'd certainly be able to tell the story in my own words quite well, but would probably be stopped several times with legal objections.) I ignored the interruption and continued to coolly answer questions. Got the cab number right. The presentation of exhibit B was the first curveball thrown my way. This was a Circle K napkin on which the cab number and a few other details had been jotted down. When I saw this it was immediately obvious that other than my initials in the corner, it was not in my handwriting. I owned up to this right away, of course, and said that I did not recall whose handwriting it was, but that the initials in the corner were mine, in my handwriting.

I speculated that I had perhaps written the cab number on the counter and later had had my co-worker transfer the information to the nearest paper available, but I stressed that I didn't remember.

I faced another curveball when the defence attorney asked me to give more details to my description of the woman. I told her that I was 200 yards away and involved in a conversation with 911 for most of the time and didn't look much beyond the purple parka. When she brought up another copy of my report and pointed out that I had written black hair, I recognized the problem. The accused did not have black hair, she was a dirty blonde. I simply repeated that I didn't get a good look, remaining calm throughout. There were no further questions, I was thanked by the judge, and the Crown Counsel lawyer gave me a friendly nod as I left. I didn't stick around.

Do I care about the outcome? Not a bit. I cannot imagine how my own testimony could be a great factor. Clearly the police arrested a woman in cab 53 wearing a purple parka and holding some money, interviewed the driver to find out where the trip originated, and perhaps even found the knife. Despite getting the hair colour wrong (perhaps it has been dyed, people have suggested to me) I have no doubt that they have the right person. If my testimony was important it must mean that the victim's testimony was pretty unconvincing. This would explain why they were in no great hurry to get me down there when I didn't show up on time: it might have taken most of the morning for him to get his testimony straight. I don't know, of course, if what he told me that day was the whole truth, but I certainly did my part in establishing the accused at the scene: whether the crime was committed is not for me to assert. But I wonder about the lawyer's procedure. Why wouldn't she give me more details until I got there? Why didn't she tell me about Exhibit B, or recognize that it was not in the same handwriting as the report and therefore must have been written by someone else? Why didn't she find and interview my co-worker? Why did she not give me warning that my report had the wrong hair colour? A more nervous person might easily have really screwed everything up facing those two curveballs while testifying. Why take that chance? Another odd thing is that although there were obvious holes in my testimony (I said I had written the number down, and had to backtrack when presented with exhibit B, and I probably should have been able to get the hair colour right), I was not put under any pressure at all by the defence lawyer. Perhaps there are laws in this country prohibiting the kind of badgering that goes on in TV courtrooms, but I felt like I'd aced a test that wasn't as easy as it probably should have been.

I must admit to a (possibly sexist) feeling of regret for the accused as well. I can think of many lowlifes I came into contact with who I'd have been happy to testify against. There wasn't a lot of satisfaction in helping put away someone whose crime I didn't even see. But I suppose that the court will have made an intelligent decision on the appropriate penalty. Let's hope so.

BELT 17 / 1993F

Danish win: Turkey votes yes.

Fall 1904: Their Performance Here Ain't Winning Any Medals, Either

Austria (Rich Irving): a tri-bud, a vie-bud /annihilated/, a apu-nap (a rom s), lad-ven, a cons russian f arm-ank /dislodged/ (f aeg s), a gre-bul.

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

France (Randy Havens): f tyn-ion, f wes-tyn, a pie-tus, a mun-ber, a ruh-mun (a bur s).

Germany (Stan Johnson): a gal-bud.

Italy (Victor Thomas): a boh-vie (a tyo s), fen-tri.

Russia (Tom Johnston): f nwy-nts, a fin-stp, a swe-den (f ska s), a sil-war, a sev-rum, f arm-ank.

Turkey (John McLaurin): a ank-con (f bla s), f cas-aeg.
Retreat: Austrian a con to smy or otb.

Deadline for Winter 1904/Spring 1905 is April 11.

Seasons will be separated on three requests.

London to What's Left of Germany: I'm sorry. I wasn't kicking you when you were down, I was just plain incompetent.

GM to London: Might as well be talking to yourself.

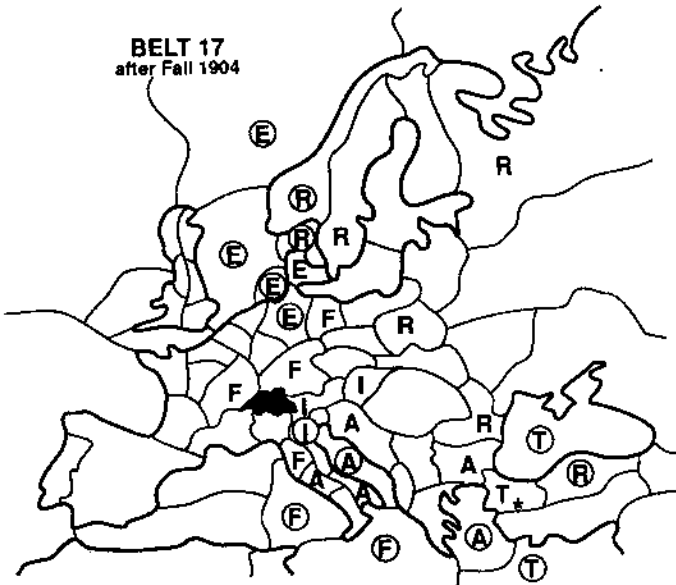
Austria to Turkey: Didn't this same thing happen to you in Lameth?

GM to Austria: Yes, but there it was much more his fault! Austria to Lillehammer: As I write this, Austria has not had a single gold medal in the Games up there. And no medals of any kind at all in alpine skiing. This is a complete embarrassment, especially in our national sport! It looks like we're going to have to take up the girlie sport of baseball to beat the Americans at their own game!

GM to Austria: HA! Austrians can't exert themselves enough to play any game that doesn't require \$100,000 cars and \$500 sunglasses. (Hmm, maybe they could play baseball.)

(guest press) U.S.A. says: Mr. Casey... Mr. Johnston... Mr. McLaurin... we'll nuke you into oblivion unless you sign up for Tralfamadore.

BELT 17 after Fall 1904



GIEDI PRIME / 1992AK

A/I draw: AE yes, R no, FGIT nvr.

Fall 1907: Italy's Not Ourthought, He's UNDERthought

Austria (Roger Cox): a gal-war, a vic_s italian a tyo-boh /nos/, a gre-bul (f aeg s), a bul-rum /dislodged/ (a bud s), f ion-cas.

England (Jamie McQuinn): f nts-lon, f nwy-nwg, f bel-eng /dislodged/ (f iri s), a pic-par.

France (Pat Conlon—resigns): a gas_s english a pic-par, a ruh_s italian a sil-mun /annihilated/.

Germany (Lance Anderson): f den ms a swe, a kie-ruh (a hol s), a boh-mun (a ber s).

Italy (Hugh Magen): f por-spa/nc, f mid-iri, a pie-mar, f eng-bel (a bur s), a sil-mun (a tyo s).

Russia (Greg Ellis): a war-gal, f bla-bul/ec (a rum s [a ukr s rum]).

Turkey (Andy York): a con_s russian f bla-bul/ec (f smy s), a arm-ank.

No standby will be called for France. Retreats: Austrian a bul to ser or otb; English f bel to nts, pic or otb.

Deadline for Winter 1907/Spring 1908 is April 11.

Seasons will be separated on three requests.

(guest press) Recruit Sergeant warns: Roger Cox! Pat Conlon! Lance Anderson! Hugh Magen! Greg Ellis! Sergeant York! Sign up for Tralfamadore or I'll guest press you to death!

Germany to ex-France: Die swine! At last I'm rid of your treachery.

GM to Giedics: Astonishing, the sight of an Italy owning Belgium before he owns Portugal!

poems by Pete Gaughan
Send In The Clowns

We stick out
with our colors and hats and packs.
I wonder whether the trees are glad for
a breath of rainbow in their green-and-granite land.

Grade School

How many visits have I paid? Five? Ten?
A dozen courtesy calls upon Tuolumne, and yet
I never saw a spider mite, leaping on the water
as though it were unmoving glass.
Lord, surprise me still the hundredth time I call upon
this place.

dialects

The air thins — in these lands
chickadee dialect rings short and sharp.
Their lowland cousins have time for
leisurely calls and long comment.
Flight and song are brief in the mountains.

Lyell Fork Visitors

Girls coming back from swimming—
an icy baptism,
but they don't know it.

Writing

I do not much cry
over the limitations of my words...
but I do moan.

GIEDI PRIME / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1907

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	gre	bul	rum	PAR	7/5	remove one or two
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	bel				5/5	even or build one
France	par	por							2/1	even
Germany	kie	ber	hol	den	swe	mun			6/6	even
Italy	rom	nap	ven	tun	mar	spa	bre	BEL	7/8	may build one
Russia	stp	mos	sev	war	RUL	RUM			4/6	may build two
Turkey	con	ank	smy						3/3	even

GIEDI PRIME after Fall 1907



BELT 17 / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1904

Austria	tri	bud	vie	ser	gre	bul	rum	NAP	SMY?	8/7	possibly 8, even or build one
England	lvp	edi	lon	hol	kie	DEN				5/6	may build one
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	BER	MUN		6/8	may build two
Germany	ber									1/0	out
Italy	rom	tun	ven	VIE	VEN					3/3	even
Russia	stp	mos	sev	sev	swe	rum	nwy	ANK		7/8	may build one
Turkey	con	ank	smy?							3/2	possibly 1, remove one or two

CALADAN / Merchant of Venus

Oops: I forgot to move a Finest Dust into Dead Heads' hold.

Turn Seven: MBD Goes on the Ultimate Relic Hunt

Mr. Ed—Ed Wrobel, Whynom

Dice are 3555. Move: A—Titan's Tower—B10—Open Port.

Trade: sells Voll Silk [[Cup pops up Demand for Grease at 7b]] and Canned Traits [[Cup pops up Mulch Wine]]. Accounting: \$70 - 10p + 220 + 240 = \$520

Intergalactic Towel Traders—Clark Millikan, Nik

Dice are 1246. Move: A—A/nw—R—B—(Y)—NC1—R—(Y)—R—Grand Port/o—Grand Port/s. Discovers 9a Culture (Cholos). Trade: none. Accounting: \$33.

Millenium Falcon—Chuff Afflerbach, Human

Dice are 345. Move: none (extended stay at Rumbleport). Trade: sells Chiclé Liquor [[Cup pops up Demand for Spice at 3]]; buys Impossible Furniture. Accounting: \$50 + 90 - 110 = \$30.

We're Dell, Men!—Bill Wordelmann, Dell

Dice are 236. Move: B30—Ice Station/o (observes Culture)—A—R—Y—B—R—Y—A—Jellybeast Landing/o—Jellybeast Landing/s.

Trade: sells Megalith Paperweight [[Cup pops up]]; buys one Psychotic Sculpture. Accounting: \$130 + 160 - 160 = \$130.

Intergalactic Dead Heads—Richard Weiss, Qossuth

Dice are 226. Move: none (extended stay at Whaleport/s).

Trade: barter Scout and \$210 cash for Transport. Accounting: \$308 - 210 = \$98.

Microsoft Big Deal 4.4—Rich Irving, Eepeeep

Dice are 155. Move: A/ne—Y (peeks at ?)—R20/sw—Y—Aerie—R—B—Y—B—R10/ne—B10—Y and stop. Trade: none. Accounting: \$20.

Turn Eight

Mr. Ed—Ed Wrobel, Whynom

Dice are 1456. Move: —R—B—Y—Airhome—A—R10—Asteroid City East.

Trade: buys Airhome Port. Accounting: \$520 - 10p - 200 = \$310.

Intergalactic Towel Traders—Clark Millikan, Nik

Dice are 1335. Move: none.

Trade: barter IOU and \$30 for a Shield and one Designer Genes.

Accounting: \$33 - 30 = \$3.

Millenium Falcon—Chuff Afflerbach, Human

Dice are 114. Move: —Rumbleport/o—R—Y10—B10—R10.

Trade: none. Accounting: \$30 - 20p = \$10.

We're Dell, Men!—Bill Wordelmann, Dell

Dice are 555. Move: —Jellybeast Landing/o—A—TeleGate 1 (pn 5)—TeleGate 5—NCS—NCS—B—Y—Open Port. Trade: sells Psychotic Sculpture [[Cup pops up Demand for Spice at 4b]]; buys two Voll Silk.

Accounting: \$130 + 250 - 280 = \$100.

Intergalactic Dead Heads—Richard Weiss, Qossuth

Dice are 24. Move: Whaleport/s—Whaleport/o—? [[TeleGate 3]]—Y—R—B30.

Trade: none. Accounting: \$98.

Microsoft Big Deal 4.4—Rich Irving, Eepeeep

Dice are 456. Move: —B10/nw—R10—Y10—B—R—B—TeleGate 1 (pn 4)—TeleGate 4/n—NC4—R—Y—B/ne—Y—TeleGate 3—Whaleport/o.

Trade: none. Accounting: \$20.

Deadline for Turns Nine and Ten is April 11.

Order of play and dice for Turns 9 & 10, net worth and assets:

1. Microsoft Big Deal 4.4336 / 126\$20
Equipment: Shield \$60, Spy Eye \$100.
2. Mr. Ed1255 / 3345\$710
Equipment: Gate Lock \$100; Deeds: Volois Factory \$200, Airhome \$200
3. Intergalactic Towel Traders1155 / 1335\$203
Equipment: Shield \$60, Relic Yellow Drive \$80; Deeds: Neutron Port \$200
4. Millenium Falcon366 / 155\$10
5. We're Dell, Men!146 / 112\$100
6. Intergalactic Dead Heads16 / 12\$98
Equipment: Shield \$60

TeleGates 1 through 5 are open. Net worth is total of deeds and cash; equipment or ships, like goods, have value only when traded and their barter value is not included. Someone asked, if they pick up the Mulligan Gear, how do they know what the re-roll is. The House rules say, you have to make your orders conditional—I'm not going to re-roll for you until you send in orders saying to do so.

Computer Tekkie to Aging Hippie: Obviously, you haven't reached Nerd-vana!
Mil-Fal to MM: Can you confirm or deny that Tonya divorced Jeff because she heard he was hitting on other skaters?

Merchant Master: Sorry, already heard it. Players, be warned: Chuff-san has been posted in Portiant to cover this "story" for CNN and he's testy!

Venus Today (Sports Section): The 267th Olympic Winter Games opened today at

AURORA / Railway Rivals 1025CN

Pat Conlon has resigned. I will make race choices for RENO from here on. Competing joint-run offers will be decided at random.

Thanks for pointing out that 54 is a 'choice' city, Trona OR Ryan.

Races For Round Ten

- 21R. 13/Westwood or Chico52/EI Centro
22. 31/Monterey66/Reno
1. WINC (26) [4 to RENO, 2 to ICE-D]
2. RENO (22) [3 to ICE-D]
23. Special 3/Arizona54/Trona or Ryan
1. SMOG (27) [2 to S&RVL]
24. 16/Santa Rosa33/Fresno
1. WINC (13) [2 to COLTS, 1 to RENO, 2 to ICE-D]
2. RENO (15) [2 to COLTS, 4 to ICE-D]
ICE-D (13)
25. 25/Sacramento63/Cobre or Shafter
1. RENO (30 to Shafter)
26. 55/Las Vegas21/San Francisco
1. WINC (36) [4 to S&RVL, 1 to RENO, 2 to ICE-D]
27. Special 5/Arizona or Utah45/San Bernardino
1. SMOG (14 from B31)
28. 12/Bieber or Alturas46/San Diego

Builds

none.

	begin	to rivals	fm rivals	builds	end
ICE-D	\$139	60	18	13	152
WINC	\$112	40	2	2	154
SMOG	\$99	40	2	2	137
S&RVL	\$121	40	9	6	123
RENO	\$84	40	9	6	121
COLTS	\$95	40	9	6	99

Deadline for Round Eleven is April 11.

Races For Round Eleven

- 28R. 12/Bieber or Alturas46/San Diego
29. 23/San Jose32/Merced
30. 62/Austin or Eureka13/Westwood or Chico
31. 61/Ely or CalienteSpecial 6/any coastal city
32. 42/Los Angeles14/Marysville
33. 51/Blythe34/Hanford
34. 22/San Francisco44/Long Beach
35. Special 4/Utah52/EI Centro

Enter any four races, plus any reoffers.

You may then build up to eight hexes at any cost you can afford.

Lillehammer, Ice Planet. The spectacular opening ceremonies were capped as the entire audience sneezed in tune to the Olympic Anthem, courtesy of the Cholos.

In the luge, Yxklyx slider, Fyzz Ybtlmk, was disqualified after the second run when traces of a foreign substance (Immortal Grease) were found on his sled's runners. Emile Escargot of the Volois won the event. (Voll slime is a natural substance and therefore legal.)

The ski flying gold medal was won by Bzz Bzzr, the Zum favorite. The fact that he was the only competitor to have wings may have contributed to his victory.

Tragedy struck figure skating, as Shenna skater Nancy Kareoke was whacked in the knee by an unknown assailant at the practice rink. Wollow competitor Tonya Hardcharging, who is now likely to win the gold by default, reacted at a press conference: "I know my sleazy ex-husband and my scummy bodyguard had nothing to do with this!" When pressed further by reporters, she said, "I am really sorry this happened to Nancy because now I won't be able to kick her butt!"

The Microsoft Referee 1.0 software will have to sort all of this out. But Microsoft President BILLGATES, Version 3.14159, stated, "Right now, it's still trying to figure out why 6.0 is perfect and not 10. Figure skating scoring is by far the most illogical thing ever attempted by computers."

ITT to Mr. Ed: What's a Politesse?

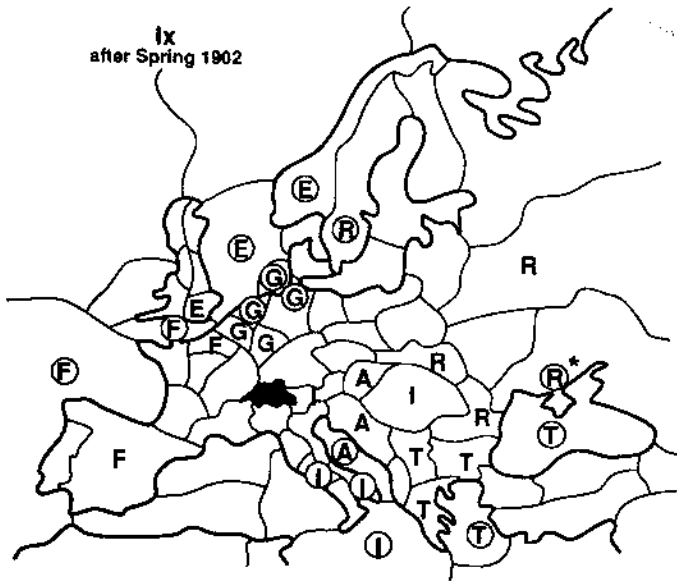
Mr. Ed, Tragedian: Ah, cruel life—but to dangle the golden road before us only to deliver it to a mere dealer in textiles! And what is our lot? A locked door for us, to be sure—but soft, is that an open port just this side of the asteroid belt...

Theatre Master to Mr. Ed: Get outta here! You're closed on opening night! Get "Phantom" in here!

Aboard the Mil-Fal: "...take one down, pass it around, ninety-four bottles of...

Chewie, I told you to stay off that load of Furniture! You're shedding!"

ITT to MF: Is it true that the Shenna sell Wookiee pelts? ♣



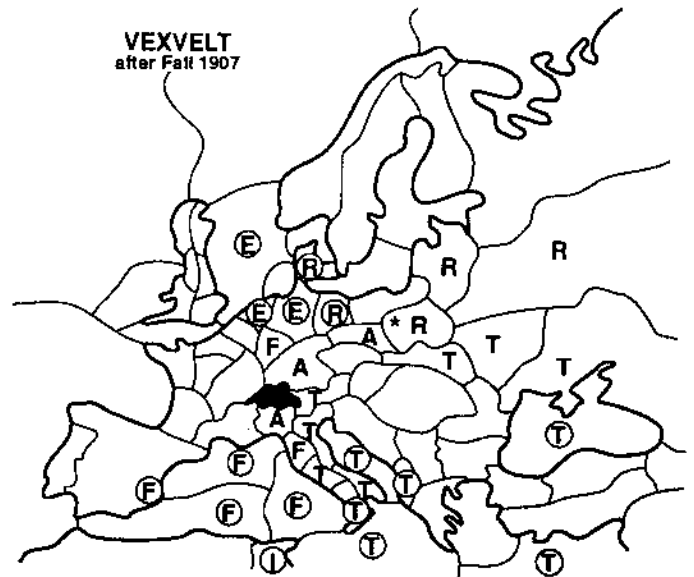
IX / 1993HG

Spring 1902: Italian Sailors Fail to Find Portage
 Austria (Kenneth Burke): a ser-tri (f adr s, a vie s).
 England (Mick Taylor): f nwg-nwy (f nts s), a lon b.
 France (Don Scheiffer—note COA in Roster): f bre-mid, a pic-lon (f eng c), a por-spa.
 Germany (Roger Cox): f kie-hel, f ber-kie, a mun-ruh, a bel hangs on in quiet desperation [just like most men's lives...], f hol s french f eng-nts /nsof.
 Italy (Bob Ozerov-Clark): a tri-bud, a ven-tyo, f rom-ven /impossible/, f nap-apu, f tun-ion.
 Russia (Michael Quist): a gal s italian a tri-bud, f swe h, f rum-sev (a mos s), a ukr-rum.
 Turkey (Vincent Springer): a con-bul, f smy-aeg, f ank-bla (f sev s), a bul-ser (a gre s).

Retreat: Turkish f sev to arm or orb.

Deadline for Fall 1902 is April 11.

England to western Europe: Can't we all just get along?
 Paris to Liverpool: Actions speak louder than words, but some words are necessary for this game. Make me an offer.
 Brest to Munich: I will build no armies forever.
 GM to Brest: Words, words, words!
 A-H to France: With Turkey and Russia fighting, and with my own country neutralized as a threat, puzzapussy Italy may decide to use two fleets against you. Beware!
 Marseilles to Rome: I hear everyone in Rome is singing the hit single "These fleets were made for sailin'!" But which way blow the winds of war?
 (guest press) Your mothers say: Kenneth! Mick! Don! Bob! Put away your toys, eat your spinach, and sign up for Tralfamadore before your father gets home!
 GM to France: Congratulations on your new house! You beat us to it by a month or so... well, now that Cathy's out of work, maybe six months? We are really itching to get back into the market, so Cathy is looking for a job primarily in the region we can afford to buy in. We're also shopping for medical insurance, so now the location of doctors and such becomes important! Exhausting.



VEXVELT / 1992R

Russia proposes an EFRT draw. Please vote in Winter.

Fall 1907: Migrating South

Austria (Michael Alterio): a pic-mar, a ber-mun?, a war-lyn /dislodged/, a sil-war.
 England (Lance Anderson): f hel-kie (f hol s), f nwy-nts.
 France (Tom Hurst): a rus austrian a pic-ven /nsof/, f yn-rom: f wes-ryn (f lyo s), f spa/sc-mar, a bel-ruh.
 Germany (Richard Weiss): f kie-ruh /imp-ish/.
 Italy (Steve Nicewarner): f tun-ion.
 Russia (Russ Rusnak): f den s english f hel-kie, f bal-ber, a stp-mos, a mos-war (a lvn s).
 Turkey (Steve McKinnon): a ven-rom (f nap s), a vie-tyo, a gal s austrian a war /orm/, a tri-ven (f adr s), a gre-apu (f ion c [f alb, f eas ion]), a rum-ukr (a sev s), f bla gawks at babes.

Retreat: Austrian a war to pru or orb.

Deadline for Winter 1907/Spring 1908 is April 11.

Phrog to World: Well, guys. If we can just shore up the center, we can call it a draw.
 GM to Phrog: We could also put a hat on it and call it Edward R. Murrew.
 Turkey's Babes o'the Moment: Helen Hunt, Leila Kenzle, Anne Ramsay, Alexandra Lee.
 England's Babes of the Decade: Ashley Judd, Lauren Holly.
 Turkey's Olympic Babes o'Lillehammer: Natalia Mishkutenok, Paula Zahn, Picabo Street.
 GM's Babes o'the Olympiad: Diane Roffe-Steinrotter, Picabo Street, Anita Wachner, Surya Bonaly.
 Hun to F/E: A Phrog and a Limey
 Went for a walkin'
 But one was too slimy
 And the other wasn't talkin'
 And that ended the rhymey.
 France to Lance: We could sure use another army or two in the center!
 GM to Fran-tic: Okay, okay, he gets the ideal
 Shameless Plug: Prong, *Cleansing*, Robert Fripp, *Exposure*, Skin Yard, *1000 Smiling Knuckles*.
 Turkey's Top Element o'Babe-ousness: French braids, pleated skirts, white shoulders.

Muir Woods

by Pete Gaughan

I never sit when we're in Muir Woods—we always walk on the trails, between the rails that say keep out, or on the Hillside Trail up among the ferns and the downed logs and the majestic trunks. It seems strange that all the trails go out of the Woods; the signs say "Dipsea Trail" or "to Mt. Tam" or "Ben Franklin Trail" but there aren't signs on other parts of the mountain saying "Muir Woods Trail."

The woods... the grove... the sanctuary... It's hard to think of the park as a sanctuary, because it never has that empty, hollow, echo-to-heaven feel that you get without other people around. People cluster—around the parking lot, the shop, the United Nations marker. You have to work to make it solitary.

I search out the young trees—trees my age!—and hug them. Silly, trite gesture. I used to ridicule the idea myself. But the urge to try it is great, and while I'm leaning against the tree the woods are different. The tree I'm hugging is in the center of the woods, wherever it is. When I step away again, my place comes back to me. My friends don't get it.

It's dark, the sun blotted out by the upper limbs. I can't crane my neck back much, and the vision of the towering trunks is overwhelming anyway, so I look down most of the way.

Sunset is best, in fact. There are raccoon eyes back among the foliage that you can't see but you can feel firmly on the top of your scalp. There are fish—salmon, even—in the stream, but I've only seen them on videos, like smooth stones come to life on the creek bottom. There are bats under the bridge at the deep end of the park, and those I have seen, hunting at dusk.

I tell everybody to go there, but I am a cynic and I don't believe they'll experience as much as I do. I criticize myself, because I know it's my telling that falls short.

VEXVELT / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1907

Austria	vie	ber	mun	war														4/2	must remove one or two
England	lvp	lon	edi	HOL	KIE													3/5	may build two
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	bel												6/6	even
Germany	kie	hei																2/0	out
Italy	tun																	1/1	even
Russia	stp	swe	den	nwy	mos	WAR	BER											5/7	may build 1 (plays short)
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	gre	tri	ser	sev	nap	bud	rom	rum	ven					13/13	even

MODERAN / Snowball Fighting Champions' Game ASF26

Turn Five: A Little In-Yo'-Face

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	loc	segments 1	segments 2	segments 3	new loc	hp	ib-di
Comet Chucker (Clark Millikan)	Q7	run north to F8	Di at PP (60,97)	HH at PP (70,36)	F8	9	5 0-0
Desperado (Teresa Armstrong)	kit	sit	sulk	run to Q11	Q11	1	10 2-0
Hoi Polloi (J.R. Baker)	B12	nmr	nmr	nmr	B12	0	9 0-0
Ice Man (Andy York)	K7	run down path	duck inside	sit	kit	5	10 2-0
Lasher (Daf Langley)	K11	nmr	nmr	nmr	K11	7	6 1-0
PeD Mang (David Wang)	Q3	Di at CC (05,90)	collect 2 Sb	RR at L* (65,05)	Q3	8	9 1-0
Pheckless Phool (Tom Hurst)	D8	RR at L (90,59)	RR at L (90,67)	collect Di	D8	12	3 0-1

Weather roll = 06—Heavy Snow! All attacks lose 10%. † = dodge. * marks conditional orders. IM may re-emerge on Segment Three.

Deadline for Turn Six is April 11.

Segment One: A heavy storm hits the yard, partly blinding most of the players. Hoi Polloi and Lasher are so stunned they do nothing, while Ice Man joins Desperado indoors to sit out the snowfall. Comet Chucker picks up and scurries toward the points leader, Pheckless Phool, while Phool targets Lasher for his Rattlesnake. PeD Mang takes a shot at the departing Chucker but once CC disappears behind the shed PM doesn't have a hope of hitting him.

Segment Two: Chucker arrives in front of the Phool and, with his running start, heaves his Dirigible at PP, missing badly in the howling wind. PP's second shot at Lasher is unaffected, though—does Phool have a bionic arm??

Segment Three: Desperado braves the weather to return to the yard, just in time to see Phool pause and pick up ammo. This gives Comet Chucker an opening, which he exploits, even though unarmed, via use of the Hise Hammer attack. Down south, PeD Mang turns his attention on the lone remaining in his area, hitting Lasher with a standard-issue Snowball.

IM to Board: Well, it looks like I'll spend the remainder of this game warming my toes before the stove. It's been fun (and wet).

SnowMaster to Ice Man: Wetter than you thought—be glad you weren't outdoors!

Phoolish to Despy: Don't worry. I'll be headed down your way real soon—unless everyone misses me this turn, that is!

SM to Phoolish: They didn't even get the bats off their shoulders.

CC to Desperado: And I thought throwing snow at a woman was flirtacious. Maybe that doesn't apply to dirigibles.

Phraidy Cat to Lasher: Did anyone ever tell you that whipping gnats is gnot nice?

Phule's Philosophy Lesson #3: Scoring off the whiplady doesn't mean hitting her with a snowball!

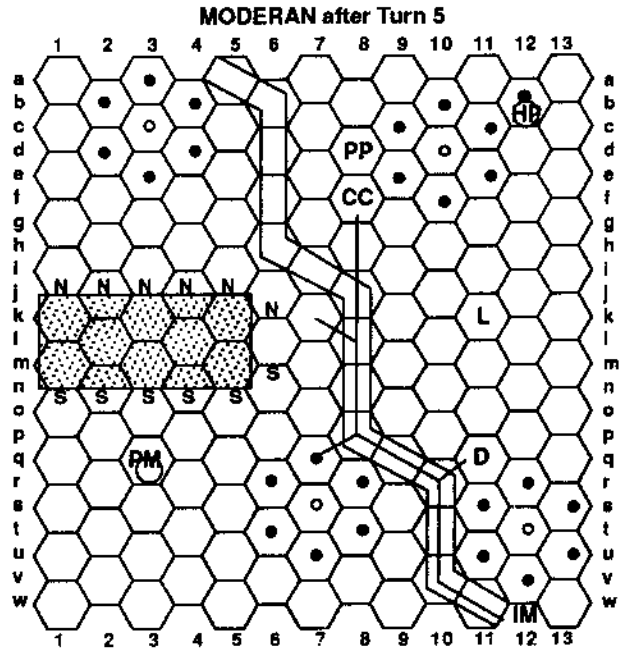
CC to PeD Mang: Sorry, gotta run. I'll let you chase Lasher's whip without any spectators.

Pheckless to Da Whip: You hit on me with two of your balls last turn, so that means I get to hit on you with my two this turn!

CC to Phuzzy Phool: When snowballs avoid you, watch out for dirigibles.

SM to CC: It never rains but it pours, eh?

Plighter to Dizzy: ...a cute little back, a cute little waist, and a cute little target behind!



ARRAKIS / 1991HM

zine: *Perelandra*

GM: Pete Gaughan

Austria: Brad Wilson (drop W00); Tom Hurst. Note: BNC lists Tom Hurst as an original player, not a standby (I'll go along with that ruling).

England: Tim Goodwin.

France: Don Scheifler (four-way).

Germany: Stven Carlberg (res F'03); John Schultz (four-way).

Italy: Mike Stewart (four-way).

Russia: Eric Voogd (four-way).

Turkey: Jim Cote.

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10
Austria	5	5	4	3	1	0				
England	4	3	1	0						
France	4	5	8**	10*	11	13	12	12	12	11
Germany	6	6	5	4	3	2	2	2	2	3
Italy	4	5	7	7	8	9	9	9	10*	10*
Russia	6	7	9*	10	11	10	11*	11*	10	10
Turkey	4	3	0							

* indicates one unit short the following Spring

Italy (Mike Stewart): When the game started, I wanted the I/R alliance bad. Neutrality with France was important and achieved. Russia wanted an A/I/R to take Turkey out quick. After Turkey was gone, we went after Austria and eventually knocked him out. But too late, as France had gotten too big, too quick. Then my choice was, who did I want to win the game. If I attacked Russia, France won. John did a good job of shoring up Germany and Don did a great job of keeping Russia from a northern fleet build. Congratulations to Don and Eric for dominating the game even if they couldn't get the win.

Germany (John Schultz): Well, my ploy worked. I bored you guys into allowing me into the draw. But seriously... I'm surprised if only due to the fact that the last two years finally saw a shift on the board. And I had even made an offer to attack Italy (no offense, Mike) in order to liven things up. This game had life believe it or not. Then again, I'm often mistaken.



Pete with one of 1993's Sharp-shinned Hawks.

ZEBRA / Snowball Fighting ASF25

Turn Six: Nothing Personal, We Just Hate Your Guts

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	loc.	segment 1	segment 2	segment 3	new loc.	vp	hp	sb-di
Big Bad Frank (Brad Wilson)	N4	run for cover	run for cover	collapse at table	kit	8	10	2-0
Bullwinkle (Mark Weseman)	J16	RR at SP (95,21)	RR at SP (95,78)	RR at SP* (85,88)	J16	9	5	1-0
Comet (David McCrumb)	S5	nmr	nmr	nmr	S5	6	3	2-0
Floating Zeppelins (Randy Davis)	R12	nmr	nmr	nmr	R12	5	3	3-0
75mm Long Barrel (Steve McKinnon)	V10	BB at C (60,02) & SP (50,51)	RR at C (95,36)	collect Di	V10	7	5	0-1
Pallida Mors (Lance Anderson)	N8	run for cover	drink spiced rum	pout**	kit	9	10	2-0
Puff (John Schultz)	H8	RR at SP (90,65)	RR at SP (95,12)	collect 2 Sb	H8	12	4	2-0
Snow Poke (Cathy Gaughan)	N12	Di at FZ (65,89)	collect Di	Di at FZ (65,62)	N12	10	3	0-0
Terry Forster (Mike Stewart)	O1	nmr	nmr	nmr	O1	7	2	0-0

Weather roll =30. * = dodge. **marks conditional orders and "RR at nearest." **Gee, Lance, I originally had put "sulk" before your orders arrived!

Deadline for Turn Seven is April 11.

Sorry, folks, Pat Conlon has resigned, and Paul Glenn has nmr'ed out (what's more, his subscription ran out). PM gets out of the kitchen on segment two; BBF on segment three.

We have only four active fighters this time! Comet, Floating Zeppelins and Terry Forster are all in the throes of nmr-itis, and Big Bad Frank and Pallida Mors have been forced to run indoors. Bullwinkle, with few targets left, chooses Snow Poke for all his abuse, hitting her two out of three segments. Puff likewise abuses Pokey, hitting her twice and then replenishing his stock of weapons. 75mm Long Barrel misses SP with part of his Bolero attack, but gets the other half of the BB to land on Comet, then follows up with a Rattlesnake at Comet. For her own part, Poke is single-mindedly trying to land a Dirigible. Her first attempt at the immobile Zep fails, but on the second try she scores.

Bullwinkle to BBF: Hey man. The Puff is the leader. Toss those dirigibles his way. I hope you are not sure about Oxford!!!

Comiskey Park to Yard: Time to ruff up Puff, guys! I've been knocked out of the box this turn, so I can just urge you all on!

Puff to Frank: Isn't it strange that the only two people to fire at me went to the kitchen together? That should be a warning to all, wouldn't you say?

75mm debates: Whether or not to donate some of his surplus talent to Mr. Bobbitt, whose life will also be affected by others' constant thoughts about his physical attributes.

75mm tells Puff: We're talkings BABES here. We're discussing shallow, outwardly-visible manifestations of God's genius, we're not on about 'character.'

BBF to 75mm: Next to my thunderous stick javelins are merely toothpicks! Now, there's kayaking...

75mm breathes easier: Knowing that since Attila passed on there's on collection of cutlery large enough to dissuade him from his upcoming date with Lorena Babbitt once she returns from her 'vacation' in the bin.

SM to Yard: Typo of the Month is 'culdtery' in the previous release.

75mm Long Barrel to Comet: boom-skil

75mm wonders: If Puff would care to tell us what separates a 'damn fine' woman from a 'babe' in his parlance. You can add Savannah to Darien, and, while talking about 'fine,' Jeanna Fine.

Puff to 75mm: The women I know would drag you out in the middle of the street under a street lamp and measure for themselves. Then leave you naked, tied and thoroughly embarrassed if you exaggerated. You wouldn't exaggerate, would you?

75mm reminds Puff: that the list is called "Babes o' the Moment," not "Women of beauty, style and grace, who, through long lives of generosity and self-driven pserverance have acquired great amounts of 'character' which leads McKinnon to admire them from afar rather than leer laciviously merely over their appearance."

SM to 75mm: Put a fashionable sock in it, okay?

75mm thought he heard something from SS and replies: What? Huh!? Is that speech or a swat-worthy fly I hear a-buzzing?

75mm's evil maids o'the instant: Amy Fisher (read her biography, laughed, cried, went to the bathroom); Lorena (aforementioned) Bobbitt (the true Grim Reaper, and you'll forgive me, I have an irresistible impulse to write all this); Bennazir Bhutto (gives good Head of State).

Puff to Snow Poke: It's nothing personal. Just that all the double entendres are affecting my aim.

Bullwinkle to Snow Poke: I'm all antenna—er—ears. Just what do you have in mind?

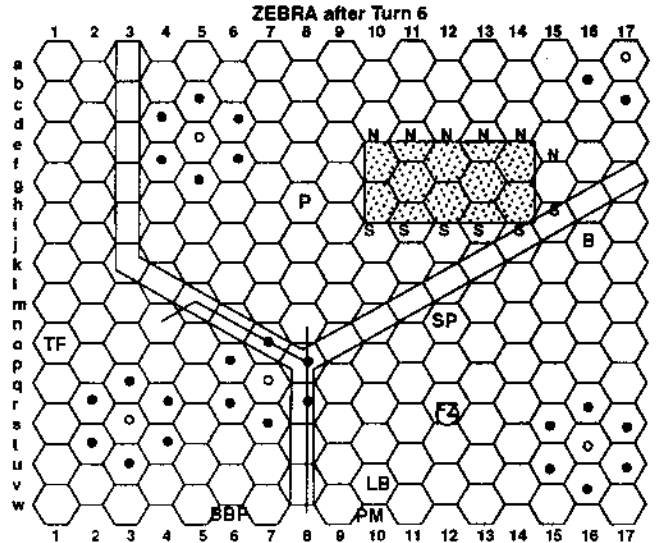
75mm Long Barrel to Comet: boom-skil

Puff to Pal: Goin' down might have been the wrong phrase. Oh... you said heading down; and you were talking about yourself. My apologies... enjoy the kitchen.

75mm architecture/engineering lesson: Here, for your ædification, are some famous buildings and feats of engineering likened unto their peers as am I to mine: The Astrodome, the Spruce Goose, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Trans-Siberia Railroad.

SM wonders: A bloated artificiality nobody likes; a wooden poke in the rear; a structure that threatens to collapse at any minute; and a frigid, rusty track. Good analogies!

Puff to SM: Could this be my first... eh? In the words of the infamous Judy Teluda, "It could happen." ♣



[[More on Arrakis...]]

France (Don Scheiffer): Waddayamean boring? I had a great time!

I'm sure someone will write a good recap of the game, so whoever did—thanks! I'll just hit the hi/lowlights and cuddabeans.

[[GM: This is my chance to step in and say, 1) Don, you wrote the good great recap; and 2) I now believe I was wrong to make a fuss about the game being boring. I knew I was exaggerating, but I should've left it to the players to decide when to end this rather than influencing them, even unintentionally.]]

Big Mistake #1: Not intentionally NMRing in Fall 1903 as first planned. I had offered to let England live, if he agreed to play attack dog versus R/G. He went for it! Had I gone through with the strategy, I would have had a great excuse for not occupying Edi/Lvp/Lon, and he would have kicked some butt for me. It would have been a very different game had I not gotten too worried about German armies drooling on my border. I felt the need for a defensive build, and then decided it was all or nothing. The resulting jump to eight centers caused Italy to begin reconsidering our "race to the win" agreement made in 1902. He eventually reconsidered himself all the way to Spain. A bit more patience and better analysis may have won me the game.

Big Mistake #2: Voting for the four-way! "What? It ~~passed~~!! I really didn't expect it to! That's why I proposed and voted for it! Russia and Germany were supposed to veto it! No! No! No! No! No! No! I want a recount!!! fffuu...dgc." My strategy had been to finally throw enough fleets against Russia to annihilate his northern units and put a lock on Stp. I offered unconditional peace with Germany, allowing him to retake Kiel, and leaving the low countries unoccupied. I would attempt to keep losses to Germany at approximately the rate of my gains vs. Russia. I would appear to be in trouble (and really would be if R/G/I held), but once I had the lock on Stp, I would only need two units to hold it. The German gains, Russian losses, and apparent French decline were to be used as a catalyst for resumed peace talks with both Italy and Germany. Italy could start counting dots, and see that a weakened Russia, and vulnerable Germany represented opportunities for him. While John picked up a few centers from me I would continue offering the prospect of a real F/G, with his armies marching through Europe, while I pushed into the Med. Anything could happen after the others no longer viewed France as threatening a win. Proposing and voting for the draw was just part of the overall strategy. Great strategy, I thought. Now it seems I strategized myself right into a four-way I did *not* want!

I know, I know. The game probably would have ended in a four-way, anyway. But I'm still disappointed. I was just looking forward to one more shot at shaking things loose. Cudda, Shudda, Wudda.

[[More Arrakis stuff on page 11.]]

LAMETH / 1992AJ

Spring Retreat: Russian f swe otb.

Fall 1906: Governments Report Wholesale Trade is Up

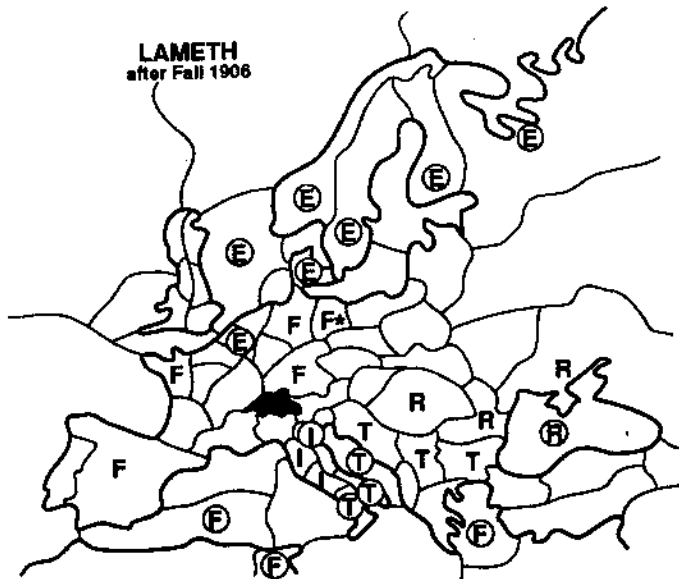
England (Stan Johnson): f nts-lon, f den h, f stpnc h, f bot-fin (f swe s [f nwy s]), f bel h.
 France (Martin Johnson): a bre h, f spa/sc-wes, a por-spa, f ion-aeg, f tyn-tun, a mun-ber (a kie s), a ruh-mun.
 Germany (Randy Havens): f eng-lon.
 Italy (Kathy Caruso): f ven h (a rom & a tus s).
 Russia (James Bailey): a ber h /dislodged/, a fin-stp /annihilated/, f sev-bla, a bud-ser (a rum s), a ukr-sev.
 Turkey (Tim Goodwin): a gre-bul, a ser h (a tri s), f apu-nap, f adr-apu, f alb-adr.
 Retreat: Russian a ber to pru, sil or orb.

Deadline for Winter 1906/Spring 1907 is April 11.

Seasons will be separated on three requests.

Moscow: The Tsar finally came out of his delusional state. When he looked at the war situation he screamed, "Where's my military?" Several generals and admirals lost their jobs and heads.
 Russia's Canadian Musical Babes o'the Moment: Margot Timmons of Cowboy Junkies; Sarah McLachlan.

(guest press) Recruit Sergeant screams: Stan Johnson! Randy Havens! Tim Goodwin! Do your duty. Sign up for Tralfamadore, NOW!



LAMETH / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1906

England	lvp	edi	lon	hol	nwy	den	stp	BEL	SWE	7/9	may build two		
France	par	mar	spa	bol	mun	kie	por	nap	BRE	BER	TUN	8/9	may build one
Germany	bre											1/0	out
Italy	rom	ven	ten									3/2	remove one
Russia	mos	war	sev	vie	ber	tri	owe	ser	BUD	RUM		8/6	may build one or two
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	gre	rum	bud	NAP	TRI	SER		7/8	may build two

[[More Arrakis stuff from page 10.]]

This was my first meeting with all of the other players, so there were no prior game histories to impact any of our negotiations. Some thoughts on our Arrakis negotiations follow.

Tim ("This is not a definite stab."): I really wish Tim had started off with something other than a generic intro-letter copied to all players. A beginner's mistake that he regretted. By the time we got to writing anything of substance, Germany and I had firmly agreed on an outline to dissect England. After that, Tim's efforts were still so good that I nearly turned away from my attack. I really felt sad at having to take him out, because I enjoyed our letters so much. Good luck in Lameth, Tim!

Stven ("The Ghost of Germany Future?"): Really good personalization in his letters and good frequency in the beginning. He seemed unwilling to fully trust me, however, and ended up bracing for an attack, rather than committing troops against Russia. Stven's armies stationed just across the border made me equally nervous. As a result, I felt unable to move against Russia in Scandinavia, and was certainly not going to swing my fleets south. It seemed a nearly unavoidable clash, even more so because of Stven's sudden drop off in communication.

Mike (A linerman for all Europe): Well-played game, except that I was very disappointed at not hearing from him after he turned to stop me, despite several attempts on my part. There were later opportunities to push for a two-way, particularly towards the end. I guess he just didn't want it. Or just didn't want it with me. Oh well.

Jim (We hardly knew ye): More proof that those intro-letters copied to all players are not just a waste of money, they probably do more harm than not writing at all. This was his first game, too, I think. I don't see him in the current player roster, or anywhere else. Hope he didn't drop the hobby completely after one bad experience.

Brad (East is East...): Heard the name before. Exchanged one early letter, I think. It was pretty obvious to both of us that we weren't going to be of much use to each other. Sometimes one just has to invest time and postage where it will earn the high-return.

Eric ("You can't come and play in my yard!"): I've never had so much fun with someone I was trying to skewer. I had Stp as my goal right from the beginning, and I think Eric knew it. So we pretended to be pretending to be adversaries. We pretended so well that I nearly moved into the Med rather than finally come to blows with him over German territory. I'd love to play him ftf, but I wouldn't dare trust him unless my knife was already at his back. Devious player in the best sense of the word. I was very surprised Eric voted for the four-way. He had stated several times and a three-way was no better than a seven-way. Given the potential for a complete French collapse in a continued game, I felt certain he would vote down the draw. I guess he knew that I knew that...

John (Impacted Wisdom Tooth): As a standby, John came in set to hold me up as long as possible, knowing I was by then set on stomping all the way to Moscow. I tried a long, friendly letter offering to forgive him the sins of his forebearer, and ask-

ing what I could do to ease tensions—I got a terse dismissal. I tried berating him for not investing a little more effort in his standby/assumption role—he laughed and called it "mellow heat." So I waited, diddling with Russia over Scandinavia, and twiddling fleets with Italy in Iberia. Then I decided to take a chance with John. I've found that if I suddenly extend an olive branch to a longtime adversary, he either accepts it, or drops the entire tree on me. I guess voting for the draw falls into the taking the branch category... so why do I feel like a tree fell on me? Maybe John felt that R/I would jump him as he took the low countries. Perhaps he didn't feel he should draft out a game he had entered as a standby. Maybe hanging in for a draw was achievement enough. Perhaps he was just bored. I don't know. I just expected him to take a shot at a larger share of the borscht. I figured that he figured that... My thanks to John for the time, money and effort he put out to fill the position, and for the challenge he provided.

As always, thanks to Pete for literally years of enjoyment. *Perelandra* and its editor are class acts. It's been a pleasure, roomie. p.s. Hey, Pete, any chance I/we could see the adjudication for Fall 1911? Yes, I'm a masochist.

GM (Pete Gaughan): I was hoping Tim would write, but being his first postal game he may not know of the endgame-statement tradition. I still hope he'll clear up for me whether Jim was a nongaming buddy he dragooned into joining, or a gamer who was eager to try pbm Dip. I was glad they wound up in E and T, anyway, since putting friends into a game together is always a risky move.

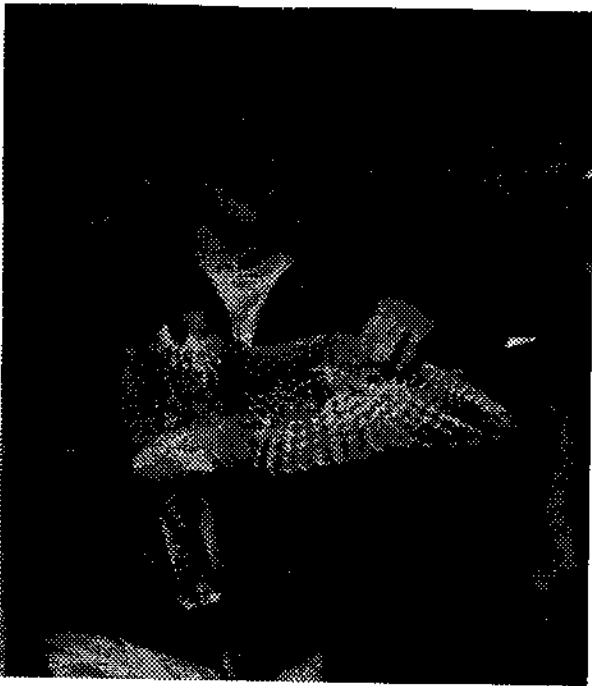
I'm always proud of any game where (in effect) I only have to call one standby in ten years. When this game started, Pete had just cleared up printing problems and was getting into a regular cycle—the steadiness of players in this game, especially all of you who were brand new to me at the outset, helped a great deal. In the past month I've been to dinner with Stven and formed an alliance with him in an email game; Eric has become a friend through several ftf cons; Tim and Mike are nearly as much *Perelandra* old-timers as Tom and Don, who came out of deadwood-retirement for this game.

Don warned me about his 'intentional' NMR, thus providing both the most interesting strategy and some of the most interesting press in the game ("proactively defensive" was the line I best remember). Eric was constantly dealing with problems in unit balance. First he declined a build by intentionally omitting the coast on "build F Stp." Later, he was faced with having too many pieces in the south and trying to find work for them (see his 'hold' orders in F1911) while playing short elsewhere due to annihilations and home-dot positions. Jim and Tim stayed active right to the end of their respective lives; late in 1902, as the sun began to set on England, Tim was still lecturing Stven on the dangers of getting three builds in 1901.

Don's wife Nayol graduated from college and got pregnant with their second child all at once in Fall 1903. Fall 1904 brought this classic comment from Eric: "For only the second time in my brief Dip history, I'm going to change my orders based on a last-minute scare letter. Of course, the first time I did it, I got fooled badly so I don't know why I'm doing it this time. Let's just say that Scheifler is a sneak!" He was a sneak indeed, warning of an Italian stab that never materialized.

[[keep reading! continues on page 12...]]

Game Openings



Yeah, that's Pete with same damned Peregrine Falcon as last month. Tired of hawks yet? We'll probably see some of Cathy's photos from Klamath next month.

[[at last! Arrakis concludes from page 11...]]

That was also the season that saw the start of the Typographic press wars: mime press, squished press, and the like.)

In 1906 Don was making reservations at the Hotel Warsaw for 1909, but John was keeping the roads closed and Mike was saying, prophetically, "A three-way? What about Germany?" Eric's ten centers in Arrakis weren't enough to earn him votes in Vulcan. By 1909 things had degenerated to the point where Mike revealed he is an Angels' fan—so I guess it was predestined that he wouldn't finish in first place.

Thank you, gentlemen—anything that keeps such fun people participating in my zine is entirely welcome.

And now the Big Subject. Upon resigning from this game, Stven Carlberg sent to John Schultz a letter, charting the flow of the German history up to his departure and how it should proceed after Stven quit. As Don mentions above, he negotiated a couple of different ways with John to no effect—and sent me a copy of one of those letters. It's two-and-a-half pages but generally it argues that John should not be bound by his predecessor's strategy any more than Gerald Ford was bound by Nixon's; here's the relevant excerpt:

"You [John] have also stated respect for the way Stven left the game, because he took time to write you that letter charting the course of your new country. 'Stven's got style,' you say. '...This is the only class way to leave a game,' you say. Bullshit, I say. A player choosing to end his participation in the game should *end his participation in the game*, and not try to complicate matters for all concerned. A simple letter wishing his replacement well, and thanking other players for a good game would be the 'class way' of leaving a game. An 'informational' letter to a successor outlining previous negotiations can even be argued for. But a letter 'with some fairly specific thoughts on the matter,' 'urging' a specific course of action is out of line. A player going to that length should have reconsidered his resignation, if the fate of the game means so much to him."

Now, keep in mind that the tone of Don's letter is by no means nasty. Strong, yes, but he's not getting personal with John (this is what Don says John called "mel-low heat"). And this *was* part of a negotiation—it could be as much a ploy as sincere argument. But what do the readers think? Should a departing player leave instructions for his replacement?

ARRAKIS / 1991HM Dip

Final (Unreported) Turn: Fall 1911

France (Don Scheiffer): f bot-fin (a sve s), f ska-nwy (f nwg & f nth s), f mid-spa/sc (f por & a gas s), f bre-mid, a bur-mar.

Germany (John Schultz): a ruh-hol (a kie s), a mun-ruh.

Italy (Mike Stewart): f naf-mid (f spa/sc s [f mar & f lyo s spain]), a pie s mar, a ser-gre, f ion-tun.

Russia (Eric Voogd): f nwy-swe (a fin s [a stp s fin]), a lvn s stp, a pru-war (a mos s), a sil s german a munich, a ukr h, f bul/sc h, f rum h. ♣

ALL POTENTIAL PLAYERS, NOTE! I am going to run all future Dip and Dip variant games, except Tralfamadore, in a mixed-International Style (predictive retreats, but not builds & removals). This means that when you send, say, Fall moves, you will have to also send a preference list of where you want units to retreat to if they're dislodged—but you will still have a negotiating period before you have to send adjustments. Since the purpose is to reduce the number of season separations, what about instituting a rule that no Winter may be separated if there are fewer than four possible builds and removals?

Current games are unaffected and continue to run under standard "American" rules.

PLATEAU/Regular Diplomacy (\$5 gamefee): Dave Golias (pd), Jeff August (pd), Victor Thomas (notpd), Don Williams (pd), James Bartle (pd), Matthew Lahtinen (pd) signed up; needs one more. I remind players that I do not use preference lists; all country selections in regular games are by random draw.

DURLA/Gunboat Diplomacy (\$5 gamefee): Two signed up; needs five more. Will allow grey press.

Note: you are signed up and paid if this box is checked:

TRALFAMADORE/Youngstown Diplomacy XV (\$8 gamefee will include rules and maps): This will be a playtest—the game has not been run postally before. Michael Alterio (pd), Jim Bailey (pd), Richard Irving (pd), John Galt (pd), Martin Johnson (pd), Matthew Lahtinen (pd), Doug Kent (notpd), Steven McKinnon (pd), Jamie McQuinn (pd), Steve Nicewarner (notpd), Michael Quist (pd), Vincent Springer (notpd), Victor Thomas (pd), Brad Wilson (notpd)—7 positions remaining. C'mon, folks, we've been hangin' on 14 for four months! This game will not be predictive retreats, since so many of you had already signed up before I made the switch. I'll offer this for maybe another two months, to give *Zine Register* readers a chance to sign up.

LUSITANIA/Gunboat Snowball Fighting (free): Three signed up, can take seven more players. Players in Arkon are not allowed in this game.

I'm thinking about dropping these next three openings due to lack of interest, but I'm hanging on, again, in case *Zine Register* readers suddenly decide to sign up. Now I just have to get *Zine Register* published so all these fictitious new folks can sign up!

KITHRUP/Root Z Diplomacy (\$5 gamefee): John Galt (pd) signed up, Matthew Lahtinen considering; needs six more.

REYNOLDZKAY/Goofy Diplomacy (free, playtest): Jeff August, Steven McKinnon signed up; needs five more.

SOLARIS/Lemming Diplomacy (free, playtest): needs seven.

For The Record: The hockey-team listing I gave last time was incomplete. The Chicago Blue Hacks is under the management of Steven Pedlow; Steve Hughes' Kissimmee team is nicknamed the Kanadiens.

circulation of this issue: 89.

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

Poetry Shelf (the standby list)

The Poets are, for Diplomacy: J.R. Baker, Kathy Caruso, Roger Cox, Randy Davis, Dave Golias, Tom Hurst, Stan Johnson, Jack McHugh, Steve McKinnon, John McLaurin, Jamie McQuinn, Chuck Mercer, Arthur Shulman, Mike Stewart, Richard Weiss, Mark Weseman, Andrew York.

For other games (Dip variants if not specified): J.R. Baker, Randy Davis, John Galt (asf rr dev), Dave Golias (var mov), Chris Hassler (mov), Tom Hurst, Steve McKinnon, Mike Stewart, Richard Weiss, Bill Wordelmann (mov), Andrew York (var mov).

A free issue goes to each standby when he picks up a game and when he plays it out. Subber currently in fewest games will be chosen first, but if a position nmrs more than once I try to call the same standby again.

CALLED THIS MONTH: Nobody (thanks! although that's partly because I don't bother calling standbys for Snowball Fights).

PLAYER ROSTER

If you don't have NMR insurance (=collect calls), it could be because I don't have your phone number, or because I have to call you for orders too often.

PLAYER	ADDRESS	EMAIL	NMR INSURANCE?
Chuff Afflerbach	5632 Oakgrove Avenue, Oakland CA 94618		yes
Michael Alterio	P.O. Box 713, Millbrook NY 12545		yes
Lance Anderson	1200 Dallas Drive #824, Denton TX 76205	LancetA@aol.com	yes
Teresa Armstrong	P.O. Box 3124, Radford VA 24141		no
James Bailey	8337 La Riviera Drive, Sacramento CA 95826-1654		yes
J.R. Baker	2709 Colonial Drive, Dickinson TX 77539		yes
Andy Bare	4, Channel Road, Clevedon, Bristol BS21 7DR, U.K.		yes
James Bartle	290 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge MA 02139-4196	bartleax@athena.mit.edu	email
Jason Bergmann	10000 N. Lamar #2041, Austin TX 78753	72163.3104@compuserve.com	email
Jim Burgess	100 Holden Street, Providence RI 02908-5731	burgess@world.std.com	yes
Ken Burke	6 Meadowbrook Road, West Hartford CT 06107		no
Kathy Caruso	636 Astor Street, Norristown PA 19401		yes
Les Casey	10 Wrenwood Court, Nepean, Ontario K2G 5V3, CANADA	aa158@freenet.carleton.ca	email
Roger Cox	57 Coastline Drive, Inman SC 29349-9655		yes
Randy Davis	3019 Bertram Court, Concord CA 94520		yes
Greg Ellis	2005 Dublin Drive, League City TX 77573, USA		yes
Paul Gardner	5 Timber Lane, Brattleboro VT 05301-2616		yes
Paul Glenn	1101 W. Columbia Ave. #B212, Chicago IL 60626	xllpfg@luccpua.bitnet	yes
Tim Goodwin	49 Williams Street #2, Portland ME 04103		yes
Randy Havens	2626 West Olive Avenue, Fullerton CA 92633		yes
Tom Hurst	5628 Byrneland Street, Madison WI 53711		yes
Rich Irving	1505 Caceras Circle, Salinas CA 93906	rri1@pge.com	yes
Martin Johnson	113 Carey Court, Windsor CA 95492		yes
Stan Johnson	3712 W. Northern Ave. #454, Phoenix AZ 85051		no
Tom Johnston	11112 Second Street, Mokena IL 60448		yes
Daf Langley	14609 203rd Avenue SE, Renton WA 98059		yes
Mark Lew	5390 Broadway #2, Oakland CA 94618		yes
Hugh Magen	3248 Judith Lane, Oceanside NY 11572		yes
David McCrumb	3636 Old Town Road, Shawsville VA 24162-2038		yes
Jack McHugh	280 Sanford Road, Upper Darby PA 19082-4708	76646.334@compuserve.com	yes
Steve McKinnon	71 Chestnut #14, Albany NY 12210		yes
John McLaurin	RR #3, Huntsville, Ontario P0A 1K0, CANADA		no
Jamie McQuinn	214 E. Church Street, Adrian MI 49221-2902		yes
Chuck Mercer	1250 Garden Lane, Sebastopol CA 95472		yes
Clark Millikan	778 Center Avenue, Martinez CA 94553		yes
Steve Nicewarner	1310-11 Ephesus Church Road, Chapel Hill NC 27514	steve@plume.ies.ncsu.edu	yes
Robert Ozerov-Clark	9056 Eighth Avenue NW, Seattle WA 98117		yes
Michael Quist	2875 Irving Avenue #24, Minneapolis MN 55408	73312.1677@compuserve.com	yes
Russ Rusnak	1551 High Ridge Parkway, Westchester IL 60154		yes
Don Scheifler	16122 Affirmed Way, Friendswood TX 77546		no
Vincent Springer	328 Lawn Avenue, West Lafayette IN 47906		yes
Mike Stewart	901 North Citrus Drive #10, La Habra CA 90631		yes
Mick Taylor	311 1/2 W. Roosevelt Street, DeKalb IL 60115-3647	t20slb1@mva.cso.niu.edu	yes
Bob Theriault	156 Lyman Street Ext., Westbrook ME 04092		yes
Victor Thomas	22722 Via Santa Rosa, Mission Viejo CA 92691		yes
David Wang	P.O. Box 1564, Piscataway NJ 08854		no
Richard Weiss	554 Liberty Street, San Francisco CA 94114-0001		yes
Mark Weseman	Hwang Mok Park & Jin, CPO Box 98, Seoul, KOREA		no
Brad Wilson	3306 N. Southport Ave, Apt 1-Rear, Chicago IL 60657		yes
Bill Wordelmann	541 Canyon Trail, Carol Stream IL 60188-1364	bill.wordelmann@subsoft.com	yes
Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue, Springfield VA 22152		yes
Andrew York	Box 2307, Universal City TX 78148-1307	73210.3053@compuserve.com	yes



Grey Hawk

Pass the Kleenex

by Herb Caen

That was a beautiful rain Sunday—hard, driving, continuous and definitely wet. Everybody stood around nodding “Good thing” and “We sure need it.” The wags countered with “Gad, will it ever end?” and “This constant rain is driving me mad, I tell ya, mad.” There being no major athletic events on the tube, unless you count the post-Crosby at Pebble Beach, it was a perfect day to take in a movie, as the argot goes. Take in a movie, odd phrase. We weren’t the only ones who had the idea: Every theater was jammed, and the many screens at the Kabuki were sold out. Finally, we squeezed into “Shadowlands”—and what a tearjerker! It’s right up there with “Stella Dallas” and “Back Street.” As the stately English plot began thickening—Debra Winger has terminal cancer—credible sounds broke out in the damp audience: sniffles, gurgles, wheezes, gulps, much blowing of noses and clearing of throats.

Director Dickie Attenborough spared no one: The normally understated (and always wonderful) Anthony Hopkins, released from his usual straitjacket, sobs like a baby, and the viewers sob right along with him. “All this movie need is a boy and his dog,” I blubbered, and presto, there was a boy and his dog. Mercifully, the house lights stay dim at the end, allowing us to pull ourselves together and even put on a superior expression, indicating that we weren’t taken in for a moment by such balderdash. As Siskel & Ebert never say, two thumbs up the nose and if you want your rear ducts and nasal passages cleared, “Shadowlands” is for you.

[[As Cathy knows my fondness for C.S. Lewis (whose life is portrayed in “Shadowlands” and is the donor of Perelandra’s name), she took me to see it and we agree completely with Herbert—both the most serious tearjerker we’ve ever seen and an excellent film. A must-see even for a bitter cynic.]]

Where's It At?

page	feature/game
1	The Broom Closet / hobby news, including the British Zine Poll
1	Arkon / Snowball Fighting Gamestart, ASF27
1	The Roar of the Greasepaint / letter column
2	Among the Trees / Pete's column (I promise a more interesting bit next time!)
2	The Official 1994 <i>Perelandra</i> Calendar
2	Outsiders Just Don't Get It / why people go birding
5	<i>The Interim #3</i> / Bruce McIntyre's subzine
6	Belt 17 / 1993F Diplomacy
6	selected poems from my last trip to Yosemite
6	Giedi Prime / 1992AK Diplomacy
7	Caladan / Merchant of Venus
7	Aurora / 1025CN Railway Rivals
8	Ix / 1993HG Diplomacy
8	Nature Corner / "Muir Woods"
8	Vexvelt / 1992R Diplomacy
9	Moderan / Snowball Fighting Champions' Game, ASF26
9	Arrakis / 1991HM Diplomacy, endgame statements (runs along the bottom of several pages)
10	Zebra / Snowball Fighting, ASF25
11	Lameth / 1992AJ Diplomacy
12	Game Openings
13	Player Roster
14	Literary Quiz
14	San Francisco's most famous columnist on "Shadowlands"

I'm putting off "Our Trip to the Klamath Basin" until next issue (even number of pages, don't you know, and waiting for Cathy's film to get back) so until then,

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
And may the Lord hold you in the hollow of His hand!



Red-tailed Hawk with 11 tail feathers (typical is 12, this is like having only 9 toes).



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!)

From Last Time

BW1: Whom did *The Times* say this about— "We should be really sorry if any British possession were polluted by such a wretch. He would be a disgrace to Botany Bay."

Stan Johnson and Jim Burgess got this one: Napoleon, while he was in the process of 'selecting' his place of exile. Rick Kohman suggests Drake, or Penn, or Tasman. Steven McKinnon said, "*The Times* says that about anyone not currently writing for them. However, I'll guess Orwell." Mark Lew said, "Since this is Brad's question [*rude buzzer noise!*], my instinct is that it's some important political figure from the American revolutionary period. Most likely it's someone American history thinks highly of, but who was in fact a bit scruffy. I guess Tom Paine. (On the other hand, maybe it really is literary and it's some naughty writer like D.H. Lawrence or James Joyce...)" Sorry, Mark, the question was sent in Brendan Whyte!

For Next Issue

167A: The first novel by this colorful contemporary American novelist chronicles the invasion of Anopoei, a tiny island in the Pacific, during World War II. The author explores the fog of war from two vantage points, that of General Cummings, the commander of the forces making the landing, and of Sergeant Croft, the leader of a platoon sent off on a reconnaissance mission. For a free issue, name the author and the title of the book

181A: When the lame Sheriff of Berkshireshire penned his first novel, subtitled *It's Sixty Years Since*, he created not only what may be the most influential novel of the 19th century, but also a new literary genre as well. For a free issue, what was the name of the novel, the genre, and the author?

Ongoing Literary Predictions: Guess the 1994 recipient of any of the following awards. Guesses accepted until a prize is awarded. Entrants so far: Brad Wilson (BW), Rick Kohman (RK), Pete Gaughan (PG).

Pulitzer for novel: BW Joyce Carol Oates, RK Mario Puzo (Rick's second choice was Stephen King—I don't think soooo...), PG April Sinclair for *Coffee Will Make You Black* but the Pulitzer committee may not have the guts for this.

Pulitzer for play: BW Tony Kushner, RK Paul Simon ("he's due").

Pulitzer for poetry: BW Donald Hall, RK Maya Angelou.

Nobel for literature: BW Ved Mehta, RK Rush Limbaugh (or Erma Bombeck), PG Salmon Rushdie.

American Book Award for novel: BW Brad Leithauser, RK Limbaugh "for shure", PG Roddy Doyle for *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*, winner of the Booker Prize.

One free issue for every correct author. I'm making this easier: if you guess a writer who wins one of these awards, but you get the 'wrong' category, you get half an issue.

Presumably Brad is betting on Kushner's "Perestroika" (the sequel to "Angels in America") for the Pulitzer: but since "Angels" won that award I'd be surprised if "Perestroika" does also. So far as I know, Limbaugh has not yet written any fiction and Angelou hasn't had a poetry collection published in the past year (though she has had many poems published). No idea whether Simon has a new play out. It's distinctly possible that some second-rate like Robert Waller (*Bridges of Madison County* and *Slow Waltz in Cedar Bend*) will win the ABA, since they are greatly influenced by bestseller lists.

Speaking of bestseller lists, Margaret Atwood has a new novel out which is getting mixed reviews, I'll look forward to the paperback (or has someone out there got a copy yet I can borrow?).

The National Book Critics Circle awards are out and they are:

Fiction: *A Lesson Before Dying*, Ernest J. Gaines (black life in Louisiana before civil rights)

Nonfiction: *The Land Where the Blues Began*, Alan Lomax (the South and its music)

Biography: *Genet*, Edmund White (French writer Jean Genet)

Poetry: *My Alexandria*, Mark Doty (life and loss in the era of AIDS)

Criticism: *Opera in America: A Cultural History*, John Dizikes