

# Three-Pete!

## Perelandra wins Runestone Poll

This is *Perelandra*, a monthly amateur magazine of postal games, left-wing chat and childish pursuits.

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### Origins of a New Man

Hey, I didn't *ask* for this to happen. I had the same biases, the same jokes, the same ridicule for Magic: The Gathering as everyone else, when I went to Origins, the national game convention, in San Jose at the start of July. But I discovered it wasn't easy to laugh off, and in fact *as a game* MTG ranks pretty high, not only on my list but that of many other people as well. I'll shunt the rest of the MTG stuff into another section, so I can get on with telling you about the weekend and how much fun it was.

I knew I would go to Origins, but I didn't expect to stay in a hotel. Jason asked whether I was and I said something like only if I could split a hotel room sufficiently to get it cheap. Well, he and Steve Nicewarner and David Harshbarger flew into town and we all holed up together at the Red Lion (five miles from the Convention Center) and managed to get a huge room with bathrobes and a dryer and a concierge lounge (sorry to disappoint you, we never got back to the room early enough in the evening for the free drinks, but we *did* have the free continental breakfast) for the same price everyone else was paying to stay across the street in a Holiday Inn (yuck).

Wednesday: I wound up not going out to make sales calls (finishing the zine instead!) and was home when Steve and David got to our apartment in their rental car. Renting that car not only saved them a complicated bus/subway trip from San Jose, it also came in handy after the con for Steve to see friends in S.F. But they came in and we talked all evening, waiting for Cathy to get home from chorus rehearsal—one of Steve's points in staying with us was to meet her, since after all he was going to share a ~~cell~~ room with me for the rest of the week.

Well, Cathy forgot the guys would be there, and after rehearsal she went out for a snack with the girls. She crawled in after midnight, and nearly shouted 'hello' until she saw Steve's luggage in the hall!

Thursday morning the guys got out early (David was headed for the World In Flames tournament) and I headed for Marin. I went to the office and started copying *Perelandra* #120. It took longer than I expected (I had to stop to buy paper, stop again to buy stamps, but the copying itself was the usual four hours). That done, I headed for San Jose. I checked in at the hotel later than I had told the guys to expect me, but fortunately none of them had yet gone to the hotel looking for me. Got my luggage upstairs and headed for the convention center.

I was expecting the same mess you get when you go to S.F.'s Moscone or N.Y.'s Javitz centers—little parking, a huge complex with poor signage for private vehicles. But no, I forgot this is wee little San Jose (one million people but the second-city attitude of a Ft. Worth or St. Paul) and what's more, a weekday afternoon. There were no cars on the road, and I made only two turns off the parkway before I was in the garage directly under the center (\$5/day).

I started encountering gamer friends almost immediately—near Harsh's World In Flames tourney (where they were playing on maps of Europe and the Pacific laminated to 4'x6' sheets of aluminum siding!) I said hi to Clark Reynolds, playing an 1830 variant, and to Mike Ehli, who reported that the Willamette Valley Gamers had already been knocked out of the first rounds of tournaments!

The boardgame hall was much busier than the roleplay hall. Each had its dioramas—half the 'boardgame' hall was miniature wargames, and there were several tabletop models in the RPG area. The RPG hall acted as a makeshift open gaming area for us (we played 1830 and Acquire there!) because the tables in the boardgame room seemed eternally occupied by tournaments.

The RPG hall, though, was only half open-table area (and much of that was taken up by the Magic tourney). The other half of the hall was curtained into dozens of cubbyholes, each with a table and 8 to 10 chairs. Apparently this replaced the practice (at smaller cons) of setting aside small hotel meeting rooms or even guest rooms as role-play areas—GMs were assigned one of these 'booths'. Once more action got rolling Friday and Saturday, this had the feel of walking through an arena-sized peep show!

Then I headed for the dealers' room, where I found the best diorama of the weekend: FASA had ten blocks of downtown Tokyo set up for a Battletech demonstration, complete with Japanese graffiti!

The dealers' room was really really disappointing. Now, I haven't been to an Origins since Dallas 1983, but at that one, the entire Market Hall was a dealers'

### Origins, the "Deluxe" Diplomacy Tournament

	01	02	03	04
Austria: Edi Birsan	6	7	8	8
England: Steve Cooley	5	8	9	9
France: Ted Powell	6	6	6	6
Germany: Sean Foran	4	1	1	1
Italy: Shelly Louie	4	4	2	1
Russia: Ron Zandbergen	3	3	1	1
Turkey: Pete Gaughan	5	5	7	8

Ted, Sean and Shelly are ftf-only locals; Steve is a ftf player from L.A., and Ron is a ftf player from Victoria, British Columbia (he drove down, we gave him recommendations on auto part shops and wines to choose while he was here!).

room—it felt more like a trade convention than a con. At San Jose, the dealers' room was certainly bigger than the Pacificon room, but the level of activity and professionalism was, if anything, lower. There were the usual dice vendors and used-game dealers—but where were the game manufacturers? Well, I figured out that the only boardgame manufacturer represented was Avalon Hill (small booth in the back). There were several miniatures makers and painters and terrain designers. And quite a few role-play style manufacturers: FASA and Wizards of the Coast and the like.

But the bulk of the booths—fully 40% by my guess—were people running some kind of professional pbm game, or home-play computer version of the same, trying to sign up players. Nobody was interested in selling games; they were all trying to get players signed up to play their proprietary work! It was pretty repulsive to me, an amateur GM, but I kept it to myself, even when I found out that Jason Bergmann was blowing big bucks several times each day to have his pbm company process his turns right there on site.

Professional pbm has its place—they certainly can run far more complicated stuff than I ever could, and games with hundreds of potential opponents have an attraction. I don't (unlike Randy Cox) begrudge them their fees. But I could never bring myself to spend that much on games (my total shopping bill for the con was about \$50 and that included a couple of pretty good bids at the auction) and I certainly couldn't do it at the margins I know pro pbm companies are getting.

After all this I still had the zine to take care of, so I headed back to the hotel (with Jason in tow). We grabbed dinner (Denny's was the *only* thing nearby, yuck, we really were living in the sticks) and I spent two hours collating and stapling before heading out to find a post office. I thought I'd sack out pretty early, having been sick the week before and having sweated over the zine—but I was still up reading at 10:30 when the other three suddenly went lights-out on me! I read another half hour before giving up on the idea of turning on "The Late Show" and climbed into bed with Jason (who hogs the covers, by the way).

Friday morning it was coffee and O.J. (Simpson) in the lounge. Some of the group had been out late gaming, and Steve (I think) referred to Dave's lethargy when he announced, "I'm glad I'm not the one being feeble this morning!" Then we were all off to the con, where I saw Don Dei Grande (who was, like the rest of us, confused by the multiple Dip tourneys in the program), Edi Birsan (playing Tactics II), and David Wrobel (no relation). Jason was in the 1835 tourney with Rich Irving, Mike Ehli was playing 1830.

I was up for the Titan Tournament, and found that Ron Spitzer was in it (at another board). I rolled out of my mind—I never do well at tourney time—but built up very well and took out one opponent, leaving myself with a middle-strength Titan stack. The next opponent took a risk and jumped me, and my bad dice habits returned, leaving me with hours to kill.

I went for a walk. Now, I'd never before been in downtown San Jose—why would anyone go there?—but figured somewhere within six blocks there had to be a market or drug store—*someplace* I could get allergy medicine. Wrong! After an hour I found a Woolworth, apparently the only 'store' of any kind in the downtown area—by

then I needed some cold sodas as well!

I had to decide just what to do that afternoon. Illuminati? No. Rail Baron? Too easy. Talisman? Get real. Then I discovered that some of the crowd was headed for the Acquire tourney. Now that made sense. I had a good game, mixing mergers and long holdings, but didn't win.

After walking around more, I headed off to the auction, where it seemed Steve spent the whole weekend (he was buying stuff for himself and for the game shop in North Carolina that he and a couple of other guys own—see the business card *illo* at right). I actually was headed there to ask Steve a question on Magic, but sat down and got wrapped up in the auction.

Man was that fun. I expected 'real' auctioneers, fast-talking get-it-done turnover of games I'd never seen before. Well, that was all true, but they were entertaining, too! After ten minutes I knew I had to buy a bid card, and did so. I won't repeat all the jokes here—ir's a 'you' had to be there' situation—but among other things the auctioneers announced that those of us who were clueless finally had our chance to "buy a Clue." The best bit was when a trio of staffers sang the *entire first and second verses* of "Sink the Bismark" when the game of Bismark went up for bids (standing ovation!).

(I turned to Steve and told him that I *knew* I had met one of the auctioneers, a short dark-haired guy. I saw him nearby later in the weekend and stopped him, mentioned that I appreciated his work and where had I seen him. He hesitated and said, "well, I'm an actor, maybe on TV..." and I said, "yeah... yeah... I think so, where?" and he said, "Star Trek: The Next Generation" and I said, "You were at the con!!" He turned out to be Nick Cascone, Ensign Davies in a couple of early episodes like "Pen Pals." A friendly and witty guy.)

It was that 'question' which I never asked Steve that led to my Magic infection. Steve found out I was a Magic Virgin when I held up the Booster Pack I'd been given free for pre-registering and asked "so what's this good for?" He offered me two dollars for it; I opened it to see what was inside and he said three dollars. *That's* when I decided to look into the game!

Friday night was apparently pizza night. I think this was the day that an announcement came over the P.A. at the hall saying, "Robert, your pizza is here and you are being notified as requested. Anyone else who orders pizza, your pizza will be consumed and you will not be notified." In the hotel room later, we were having our own pizza and talking games. Steve sold me a couple of Magic decks 'cheap' and Ean helped me set up a playing deck.

Saturday morning at the hotel Steve suggested, as we walked to the elevators, that we were the Four Horsemen of the Con Apocalypse. Harsh was immediately labelled No Beer, Steve was Bad Dice; I decided Jason was Bad Puns and, after only a moment's hesitation, I had to be Need a Seventh.

This looks like a good spot to back up and insert the Dip Disaster story. There were TWO Diplomacy tournaments, but neither was a real tournament. Prizes for all events were \$1 per participant. The Boardgame Manager set up the Dip tourney for Friday, assuming that he or some assistant would run it. Then Avalon Hill asked him to set up a tournament for "Diplomacy—Deluxe Board". On the premise (later proven false) that AH would cough up some kind of award for that event, he added that to the Saturday schedule.

On Friday morning there were three or four games, including Hahn Cho, Eric Newhouse, Nick Beliaeff, Mark Twitty, and Ean Hous—when the best performers from these games got together at the appointed time for the 'final round', not everyone was there. There were only four (if you believe the GM) or six (if you believe the players) present, and Steve was the Missing Person either way because he believed the 'final

was the event listed on Saturday morning. Rather than drafting sufficient nearby observers to play the Final, dice were thrown to see who would get the prize!

Saturday, I showed up for "Diplomacy—Deluxe Board". We had eight players (and nobody cared what board we played on); one quickly backed out so we set up the board. As we were debating first-turn timing, the GM came by to take our signups—and along came two more players. They were angry they'd been left out, but tough, it was already 20 minutes after the hour!

So we played the game you see in the front-page sidebar, and I won. Took me a couple of hours to collect my \$7 gift certificate. But in the midst of that game I had a conversation with the boardgame staff that led to an exchange of business cards and a promise on their part that if I send suggestions for how a Dip event should be run, they'd listen.

How I won that game is another story. In the first turn I had a classic choice to make: help the no-name Russian take out Edi (who can never be trusted), or help Edi (the grand old master) take out the no-name Russian. At the outset I was really set on the R/T alliance, but gradually through the first turn I found out that *everyone else on the table was attacking Russia!* I didn't want to be left out (I knew it was for real because Ted Powell has proven, in local tournaments, to be a pretty honest player) so I went whole-hog north—to Black, Bulgaria and Armenia.

During the game I finally met Bill (and Elaine!) Wordelmann. I had wandered through the Puffing Billy area several times trying to catch their names on badges—and I had seen Elaine several times but just knew her as the short, friendly-faced blonde running the rail games until Clark (I think) made them come over and say hi. I guess now that Bill has seen me seated at a Dip map he's decided he better steer clear of my zine! :-)

I supported myself into Sev and Birsauron into Rum and I built two fleets. At the end of Spring 1902 there was a clear front: formed by the Western Triple, with units in wes, lyo, spa, gas, bur, mun, sil, and war. Russia had been pushed back to lvn and mos; Italy was already forward into mar, tus, tyn and tun. Things might have bogged down, but Steve and Ted got smart and decided they could do just as well without their German partner.

Just then, the lights went out in the hall (for all of 30 seconds or so). One of those eerie ironies, since once the lights came back on it was 'power outage' for Germany as Austria took Munich, England took Sweden, Kiel and Denmark, and Russia took back Warsaw. I took Moscow in the Fall despite having three fleets forced to nuddle their thumbs behind the Italian lines. (Steve did keep Germany alive so long as he was compliant, actually moving ~~off~~ Berlin in Fall 1903.)

The short story is, by the end of 1903 it was clear that Steve Cooley (E) and I (T) could stab our allies at any time we wished. I had been saying all along I wanted a win or a two-way, and I didn't care much who a two-way was with. We played 1904 while whittling down the lines—Italy was stabbed, Italy and Russia had one center apiece but no units—and suddenly, Edi offered a four-way draw. Well, any guesses as to why?

My immediate response was no way; even if a win for *someone* wasn't in the cards the game still had years of real play left in it. Steve just snickered behind his hand as Ted and I looked at Edi incredulously—he said, "Okay, you win, and the rest of us finish first." This nonsense and more like it was just an attempt to delay



## Cerebral Hobbies

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and distract, but I could tell Edi was not going to allow the game to continue—he asked me "Do you want to bow to the inevitable" multi-way draw?

Finally, after I said flatly, "I can get a win out of this," Edi suggested that I be listed as the winner, and he and Ted would vote for it if I let *them* split the prize money (at the time, we didn't know what it would be but still thought AH was contributing). I immediately said OK. It was my final diplomatic act—I won the game despite a balanced tactical position, because I was willing to be more stubborn than the others, and *because I was willing to lie to the end!* I had no intention of giving them the prize money, especially since they allowed me to go inform the GM! Edi was, in the end, stabbed just as well as if I'd taken Vienna. I used that money to buy the MTG *Player's Guide*.

Steve Cooley and I were aghast at the way this had all gone. The players who showed up to play all did well and, I think, all had fun. But for thirty-plus people to play Dip as an official event and nobody to have a *real* tournament win, or even a second game, was stupid. The GMs, John Paiva and Ray Glosner, were not *completely* to blame, as they didn't know before they got rolling that having two Dip tourneys was a huge mistake (they know now, and won't do it again). Another aspect of all this is that most of the best-known Dipsters, who had played Friday morning, had of course found other things to do on Saturday morning—we had Jay Schufeldt (good to see him again!) and Mark Twitty right across the aisle in the massive Advanced Civilization tourney.

(There was quite a bit of speculation that Magic had brought more women to the convention than were usually seen. If that was part of the reason, fine, but I also noticed more women in boardgames and I believe rail games are a big part of the reason. One reason I heard offered is that rail games involve less direct screw-play than most multi-player boardgames; but on the other side of our Dip game was the Monopoly tourney, and 7 of the 12 players were women so not all of the fair sex avoid ruthless competition!)

Next step was for a bunch of us to go to lunch. I knew where the fast-food ghetto was (from my walk on Friday) and headed the group that way, looking for something better than McDonald's. Rich mentioned he'd eaten the night before at Mexicano Lindo, so in we went—to find a Mexican restaurant with Mexican waiters who apparently didn't give a peso for gringo customers! We were laughing and joking but eventually we realized it was taking forever to get our orders placed, and then get our food. Steve finally declaimed, "This place doesn't need a maitre d', it needs a bellhop... Can I get my pillows fluffed?" In the end the food was not bad, but we left a tiny tip, and even that we had to do by leaving our money on the counter on the way out, as they never did bring us a check!

Steve managed to get another pickup game going, so he played plenty of Dips; in fact, a no-name (actually, Randall Yarnell) at one point told Steve to "drop dead", much to the entertainment of us bystanders. I didn't

have the heart for any more Dip and I had my eye on a panel discussion about to start, so I split.

That discussion was Larry Niven and Steven Barnes, authors of *Dream Park*, a ten-year-old novel about a park where you can role-play for real, via holographic projection, electronic-sensor weapons, and dome-climate control. (I've read it since, and it's an interesting work, especially since it precedes *Jurassic Park*.) They and a business partner discussed the status of plans to actually build something like Dream Park! The International Fantasy Gaming Society described in the book already exists, running games on river-raft and hiking trips where 'giant spiders' attack or 'trolls' hurl boulders down the slope at you.

But the discussion was general as well as specific, talking about why people game as well as the technology of this ultimate 'virtual reality.' I was pretty jazzed about it, and if I find an opportunity to play or invest I'm going to grab the chance.

I got into the Merchant of Venus tourney with Rich Irving and Clark Millikan. (Rich and I learned a little from the player who won our game, and I came agonizingly close to a second place that would have moved me into the final round but was a turn or two short.)

Lawyer jokes were the theme of the day, as we ragged on Jason (the 'shyster fetus' because he hadn't taken the bar yet). After Dip and Merchant of Venus, I didn't really have an organized activity planned, and kind of bounced from room to room, mostly sitting and playing or watching Magic with Mark and Jason as various gamers stopped by. I told Mark he could no longer call himself a zine editor (I'm the *Zine Register* editor, I get to decide these things). Nearby, as the Magic tourney finals were approaching, there were more and more kibitzers in that area, to the point where during the finals there was a crowd of about 75 watching; they were pretty entertaining as occasionally, for a good move, they'd break out in polite applause like a group of golf spectators.

Saturday night Rich Irving joined us in the room, we got pizza again and got 1830 rolling. I ran the C&O competently but without a real bang. The game reached a critical point when Harsh trashed a railroad—I'm not sure which, he was running the B&O and NYNH&H at the time—and placed a stopper tile all at once, I think, then went down to his car to get something. I didn't really care (the C&O is far enough off not to be affected) but Jason and Mark decided that the game was now a waste. We packed the game up and dug out Merchant of Venus, and when David returned he was told I had won because his play had driven everyone else into the hole. He believed it for about an hour!

The Merchant game was fun, mostly banter and not really serious (again, a batch of gamers who refuse to play Merchant with combat hock spid) but the best part was, the later it got, the more Mark would narrate his own plans, and the more irritated Jason got with Mark. I started labelling Mark as "Jim McKay" (when he asked, I said that some announcers you didn't mind listening to, but some went on and on and you wish they'd just retire...).

Sunday was a wind-down day, with little planned and lots of sitting around b.s.ing. We did actually get Acquire going, meeting Eben Kurtzman in the process. Harsh took off on CalTrain to sightsee San Francisco, and once Steve got the car packed he headed to S.F. as well. I got home about 4 to discover that I hadn't left the name or number of the hotel with Cathy—in fact, I had simply dropped out of sight for the weekend! (I wasn't the only one—Helen Nicewarner called Cathy to leave a message for Steve, she didn't know where he was and didn't know what flight he was returning on!)

Sunday night we conversed, Harsh got to Concord late on the BART, and Monday they were out of here. All in all a wonderful time, even if it was minimal gaming and maximum socializing. Then again, that's why I bother with cons at all! Thanks, guys!

## The Roar of the Greasepaint

I made a comment lastish which was unjustified. I have apologized to Mark Nelson about this and wish to retract the comment.

Mark's original sentence, in *TAP*, was

"I've noticed before on (several occasions) that the person most concerned with feuding on the internet, and the person most likely to increase levels of feuding, is Jim Burgess... 8-)"

My statement was:

"*The Abyssinian Prince* ... (146)... Mark Nelson calls Jim Burgess a feuder, which lowers my esteem of Mr. Nelson considerably."

There are several problems here, the first of which is *not* that I ignored Mark's smiley (which denotes irony or humor), but that I simply failed to register that it was there at all!

So I was reacting to what I believed to be a serious label. Next, we differ on whether Mark's sentence is tantamount to mine. For me, saying that someone increases the level of feuding does constitute calling them a feuder (degrees in linguistics [which I don't have] or deconstruction are not needed here). Again, this is missed by the realization that Mark was joking anyway.

Finally, I tend to use "Mr." as a facetious title. When I am seriously angry with someone, you'll know it—in this instance, I was a bit miffed (enough to report Mark's comment), but realized that it's not my job to take up offense on Jim's behalf! So I retreated to formality and brevity merely to register my dismay that Jim could be so accused, and thereby left out any detail that might have assisted the reader (oh, say, for instance, adding "This is a speck on the horizon to any real feud, and looks like just a case of hyperbole anyway.").

Mark and I, however, took up a discussion on whether Mark's original comment, *minus the smiley*, would mean Mark had called Jim a feuder. Mark's words are in Helvetica, mine are in my standard Adobe Garamond:

Am I guilty of using of not writing English proper or is this just a difference in opinion of how the sentence should be interpreted? I'm interested in clearing this pt up so I don't make the same mistake in future. I like to write English proper.

If I wrote that XXX was responsible for increasing the prevalence of alcoholism in the UK, it doesn't mean that they are an alcoholic.

I think the peculiar definition of 'feuder' means your analogy doesn't hold. To me, increasing feud activity IS feuding, but then I'm a Feud Wimp (tm Chris Carrier) and my zine is a Feud-Free Zine (tm Cal White). You're quite right on the standard interp of a nominative like 'feuder', I guess (the old rule that 'being parked in a garage doesn't make you a car'), but I don't personally distinguish between feuding and promoting feuding!

I was very interested to read in the current issue of *TAP* that the Hobby Sex Ghod™ thinks that Jim was guilty of promoting feuding > over the internet. I was interested in this statement because I am eager to see if you will denounce him in your next issue in the same way that you denounced me and if not why not? After all surely the pronouncements of Terry Tallman are more important than those of Mark Nelson...

Let's put it this way: I'm going to have to reexamine. My view has always been very close to Jim's: you *can* discuss feuds without creating them. Your comment [[in rec.games.diplomacy]] that, since the pbm hobby hasn't learned from the past we shouldn't expect the pbm hobby to learn either, is also highly persuasive in this regard.

Don Del Grande

OK, I'll ask: what's with the three-hole punched paper in *Perelandra* #120? And where do you get it photocopied? (Why don't you try CopyMat in the Park & Shop, right next to Emil Villa's? That's where I do ;Gooooooooooooooooooooo (which I can do during my lunch break at work; Lemon Curry, taking longer, has to wait until weekends, usually at Copy Central International (formerly a CopyMat) in Berkeley).

[[Several people asked: the short answer is, I got a deal on several reams of paper, and only when I got to the office did I discover that the deal was because they were three-hole punched. As for copying, I get it done at 116 Sandpiper Circle, Corvise Madera—my father's home and location of our shared office! I would rather spend \$20 on paper, spend four hours slaving over a hot copier, and four more hours collating and stapling, than pay some stunky \$100 to do it for me. Boy am I cheap!]]

Stephen Glasgow

So, how did the name of your zine come about? Some mythical place from a work of fiction, or a made-up name straight from your subconscious mind?

[[Back In The Golden Days, Dipzines were named for fictional countries (Graumark, Ruristania). As a young Dipster, I wanted a name that would be traditional, but with a hint that I wasn't completely immersed in the old ways, so I picked a name of a fictional planet: *Perelandra* is C.S. Lewis' name for Venus, in his "Space Trilogy" (I read a lot of Lewis in those days, and still read a lot of sf and fantasy).

[[Every game begun in *Perelandra* has been named for a fictional planet, with a few exceptions (mostly SnowFighters like Forochel) which have been fictional lands.

[[But enough about me—let's talk about you. What do you like about my zine...?]]

David Kovar

By the by, since I have you here, your 'zine is a wonderful read. Nice game balance, interesting prose and letters, good format, etc. etc. I really enjoyed reading it. If more people new to the hobby saw it, I think more people would get hooked on postal play.

[[You're kind to say so. I have spent years in a pendulum cycle, going from small-fry to big fish and back again. These past three years have been the longest big-fish period so far, and I haven't lost any interest or excitement, but I always hesitate to go out and recruit because within six months I may have decided to scale back to 8 pages again!

[[I always work on intermediate goals and rights now the next one is 'keep publishing until issue #150'. So maybe a few well-placed ads wouldn't be a bad idea... Thanks for the encouragement, at any rate, it's (obviously) a big part of why I do this!]]

Phone is 415-345-0397. I think I better check. Yes! I may finally have it memorized. I've moved once already and I've only been out here a month. I have a work phone, a cellular phone, a beeper, and am on my second home phone. Second home address plus one post office box. No wonder I am impressed when I remember my phone number.

John Schultz

*Pere* continues to be a fine piece of work. You amaze me with your consistency. Now that I've stroked you, I've got a bone to pick. If you are going to have the audacity to claim that someone wrote a song that's better than anything... any one of the hundreds of songs written by the 20th century's greatest poet, and my son's namesake, Bob Dylan—Mr. Robert Zimmerman—has ever written, ya damn sure should offer up the evidence. Where are the lyrics? By the way, did you know Bob Dylan took his name from an old-time state-police officer who was a legendary Harley trick-rider? Most real

[[continued on page 5]]

# Among the Trees

Oh, Oh, Oh, It's Magic!

Well, The one big thing Origins did to me was infect me with the "Magic: The Gathering" Virus. Now, whatever you may have heard about this game, I am bound and determined *not* to become a collector, but merely a player, and there are others like me out there, such as this guy who was debating 'card hoarding' and 'speculating' on the infobahn:

I really don't care what value collectors or chisellers claim for the cards and the boxes and the sets and the bells and whistles: it's just a game I enjoy playing.

I like it because it is to be a game where everyone is playing with a slightly (or greatly!) different deck, meaning you *don't* know what type of challenges you'll be up against in any given game. Sure, this means some blowouts (as folks with massive power decks tromp my little non-collector deck), but since a game only lasts half an hour what have I really lost if I lose badly??

The hardware is simple: a deck of playing cards. Most players also use 'mana' stones (near colored pebbles) to represent their 'lives' as they gain or lose in a match, but this can be done with pencil and paper (20 lives, object is to reduce your opponent to zero). The really anal-retentive Magic player (anal-retentive is the favorite Anti-Magic insult for Magicians) will have three-ring notebooks with poly-sleeve pages for most of his cards.

The cards have five colors, each representing a type of magic, not exactly parallel to suits but close. Each color has a set of informal strengths and weaknesses (white has huge healing and protective characteristics, but very few creatures to attack with; red has a surfeit of creatures, but takes a lot of strength to utilize, and so forth), and each color does well against two of the others (black is stronger against white and green). The art is generally top-notch, some of it being standard fantasy work and much of it being involved character or landscape studies. In addition, most cards have a short bit of text that describes the character or place or thing in the context of the fantasy world you're playing in.

When you buy a deck, you get 60 cards. That's the end of the simple aspects of the game. If every deck were the same, that's not enough cards to account for the complex combinations of spells, creatures, artifacts and lands a Magician can command. No, there are over 300 different cards in the Revised Edition (another 35 cards from the first edition are now 'out of print', and new series like Legends and Antiquities are introducing more and more variety).

Also, most cards are 'common'—some, like lands (which provide the basic power you need to cast spells etc), can be counted on to show up three or four to a deck. A starter deck only has 13 uncommon and 2 rare cards. Obviously, the more cards you buy, the better a deck you can compose. But the rules say you must have a minimum of 40 cards in your deck to play, and having too large a deck simply means lowering the odds that your mega-monster will turn up early enough to be of use. So I did as I was advised—set up a deck you'll enjoy playing with, and don't worry about the other guy. Enjoy the game, even if you're playing the Padres against the other guy's Braves! More often than not, your decks will be close enough that either side can win with the right combination of luck (Hey! My Serra Angel got dealt to me on the third draw!) and skill.

The card-collectable aspect is, of course, a great marketing idea. Ron Spitzer has completely left the Diplomacy hobby to trade Magic cards now (by his own admission; Ron said to me, "Yeah, I'm a goober."). But the game mechanism itself (what programmers would call the 'engine') is excellent. Assuming you're limited (as I was) to a small card selection, or have your deck construction completed, then sitting down for battle involves very little. Each player cuts the other's deck, and the card revealed is set aside. For some people, this 'ante' is the prize for winning the match—so you gain and lose cards as you gain and lose matches. However, I'm taking the advice that says don't play for ante, in which case the card that's set aside is merely a handicap—the chances are that the guy with the stronger deck is going to lose the use of a stronger card for that match.

You start with seven cards in your hand, drawing one new card each turn, and play whatever you can or want onto the table in front of you, either to attack your opponent or to defend against his coming attacks. The main phase of your turn consists of laying down a 'land' (one per turn), then tapping the 'mana' or energy of the lands you have in play to cast spells such as summoning elves, regenerating life, or hurling lightning bolts at your opponent or his creatures. The cards are pretty effective at clearly describing what they can (or must) do. But you're not limited to playing cards on your turn. You can cast spells to interrupt your opponent's spells, and he can counter, and you can and so on—the only limit is the number of cards you have in play or in your hand. The ability to counterspell is a game-balance feature, making defense just as important as offense.

Another balancing act is 'little cheap cards vs. big expensive cards.' If your opponent has a Shivan Dragon, he could conceivably wipe you out all at once. However, the Dragon requires mana from six lands (two Mountains and four others of any kind) to summon. Unless the Dragon's owner has a special spell to increase the mana from a land, he *can't* summon the Dragon until his sixth turn. By then, you might have wiped

him out with weenie little creatures like Ogres and Unicorns! Speed kills. (A major topic on the MTG Internet group is 'kill decks'—plotting which cards you'd have to have, in what order, to kill an opponent on the first or second turn. However, *that* kind of speed usually requires big, expensive cards again, so you have to collect lots of cards (or trade for good ones) and hope they all turn up in the first eight or nine cards out of 40!)

The most fascinating aspect for me is the sociology. A whole language, of course, has grown up around Magic ("So I Hacked his Wild Growth and then finished him off with my Craw Worm"), but even body language is involved. Several people were, in fact, trying to play Magic in the open-gaming area, but one guy was having a hard time getting a game... and Richard and Jason pointed out to him that he'd be luckier at finding opponents if he would stop carrying around the briefcase-sized card box (a clear signal that his deck is undoubtedly better than yours!)

Here's a game less than a year old which has one of the most active Usenet groups on the net (rec.games.deckmaster)—soon to be two groups, since things got so thick that the trading, selling and auctions are being moved to r.g.d.marketplace. There are a lot of rules and interpretation questions, and even a few sections comprehensible to me. NonMagicians won't get this, but there are many threads on r.g.deckmaster devoted to deck construction...

clayons@utkvtx.utk.edu University of Tennessee

Here is a deck that I have always been able to win with. ... It has several nicknames ranging from the 'weenie deck' to the '2-minute sc\*\*w' to 'Death by a Thousand Pinpricks.' It contains a few rares that I just happen to have traded for or gotten, but they aren't necessary. It is tourney-legal.

- |                  |  |
|------------------|--|
| Deck:            | Sidebar:                                 |
| 9 Mountains      | 1 Sunlasses of Urza (Conversion defense) |
| 9 Forests        | 4 Flashfires                             |
| 4 Taiga          | 2 Shatterstorm                           |
| 3 Hurricane      | 2 Red Elemental Blast                    |
| 4 Tranquility    | 1 Tsunami                                |
| 1 Regrowth       | 3 Lifeforce                              |
| 4 Disintegrate   | 2 Shanodin Dryads                        |
| 1 Earthquake     |  |
| 4 Fireball       |  |
| 4 Lightning Bolt |  |
| 4 Grizzly Bears  |  |
| 4 Llanover Elves |  |
| 4 Scryb Sprites  |  |
| 1 Elvish Archers |  |
| 4 Kird Apes      |  |

I use to have 3 Orcish Artillery in here and they may need to be substituted for a tranquility, hurricane and something else. After seeing Legends, it is clear to me that I will be adding 4 Fire Sprites into this mix (another Conversion defense mechanism) and maybe a Whirling Dervish or two (if I can ever get a pack from a R/B box...).

Then there is the long discussion about the artwork characters on each card; someone mentioned he has a 'boobs' deck, comprised of all the good-looking female creatures and spells (which has led to talk about 'hunk' decks by the women), which led to a looong discussion after this post:

GN619V@UNIVSCVM.CSD.SCAROLINA.EDU writes:

Ok, here is my suggestion for the Magic: The Swinwear Calender. These gorgous ladies should appear in no particular order.

- |                              |                 |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| -----                        |                 |
| Bird Maiden                  | Sorcerous Queen |
| Earthbind (Bondage Faeries!) | Fire Elemental  |
| Air Elemental                | Shanodin Dryads |
| Primal Clay                  | Lost Soul       |
| Cuombajj Witches             | Dark Pact       |
| Creature Bond                |                 |

The great sport at Origins was developing new insults to hurl at MTG, including: Magic: The Marketing (mine); Magic: The Blathering (a guy that was printing T-shirts); Magic: The Crackcocaine (Iain Bowen, in his DipCon review); or even "Strato-Marie D&D" (honestly, I don't remember who coined this). There *is* going to be a schism between boardgame players ('real gamers') and Magic collectors; I think this is going to be a lot like the boardgame/wargame split, where it's amiable and there's a lot of crossover and the ribbing is good-natured. I *hope* it doesn't turn out like the boardgame/roleplaying split, where real animosity exists and there is little overlap between the two groups any more. I know I'd like to be a player of both.

serious Dylan fans don't even know that... so now you're one up.

*[[I, too, am a Dylan fan—he was the only 'rocker' I would listen to in my early teen years—but not a serious one, since my tastes run more toward jazz. I will send a copy of the Mariposa tape in question if you tell me it will get through and you have something to play it on... here are the lyrics to that ballad, 'And From Now On', but they don't do the song justice on their own:]]*

*The earth will turn from light to shadow  
Nights will fall, the moon  
will rise, stars will shine  
The clouds will lift,  
the leaves will tremble  
The wind will sigh,  
now you are here  
in my heart you are here*

#### CHORUS

*And from now on,  
until forever  
Until forever comes and goes  
I know where I will  
always find you  
In my heart you are here  
In my heart you are here*

*The earth will turn from  
night to morning  
The moon and stars  
will fade away,  
fade away  
All things must change.  
It will not grieve me  
As long as I know  
you are here  
In my heart you are here*

#### CHORUS

Martin Johnson

Going to Giants v. Dodgers Tuesday ([July 26])...see you there? That'll be me on top of the Jumbotron (yuch).

*[[None, I wasn't back from Maine yet. Aren't you glad you saw that game rather than Monday's Dodger bash?]]*

Mark Weseman

I was glad to hear that you and Cathy are getting settled in your new abode. Good luck on saving for a down payment for your house. How long will it be before you think that you will be in the market again? Do you plan to look in the area that you are now living in?

*[[In spite of the prices (again, we're only able to afford about \$120,000, which will get us two bedrooms an hour out of San Francisco), we are going to try to stay nearby. Realistically, we won't be househunting again until about a year after Cathy starts working again—the lenders are pretty tight about this.]]*

As you can tell from the media, events in Korea continue to play out as if on a roller coaster. The tensions goes up to a summit, and then something or other intervenes to plunge the whole process into an abyss. Until Kim Jong Il or whomever ascends to power in North Korea, the tension level should not get too high. However, the South Koreans and their government are finding it very difficult to separate the business of diplomacy between countries from the personalities involved. The South Korean government refused to send even a note of condolence to the North with regard to the death of Kim Il Sung. The South considers him a war criminal and an enemy. Even if this is true, my opinion is that that is something to leave to the historians. The South needs to seize the opportunity to have meaningful

dialogue with the North. However, I note that people in what used to be the Confederacy still fight the American Civil War today, so it is understandable that the Koreans are still fighting theirs also.

In any event, I agreed to remain with my firm here for another two years. We will be here at least until September 1996. We are not sure how long we will ultimately stay here. After 1996, it will probably be a year to year thing.

*[[Many thanks for the notes. I fully support the South in the keeping of their grudge against Kim personally, but like you I think they should be jumping at the opening toward peace (if such really exists).]]*

Vince Springer

Richard Irving mentioned that he bumped into you at some con and that Tralfamadore is ready to start up. I am anxious to get started—not so anxious to write twenty letters every season! It sounds like you and Cathy have settled in to your new apartment. I have moved three times this summer and it has become quite tiresome. I am still a graduate student so I really don't have a lot of "stuff" to move but I am sympathetic to you and Cathy because it can be such a huge undertaking.

*[[I hate moving as well! I've just about sworn that we'll have someone else do it from now on, but when we reach that point my cheap instincts will probably win out again.]]*

I am not one who gets heavily involved in letter columns. I guess I am the player who is always looking for that perfect game (I may have found it in *o-t-s*). However, there has been a lot of commotion lately concerning the space program due to Jupiter and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the moon landing. It has come up in discussion with my inner circle of "think they know it all pseudo intellectuals" and I have discovered that I am in the overwhelming minority of people who favor continued space exploration. I realize that the costs would be overwhelming but we are dealing with a basic human need. Being a student of history, I have perused relevant literature regarding the exploration of the planet (Stephen Goldblatt's *Marvelous Possessions* comes to mind) and I have trouble seeing a society that is not actively engaged in some sort of exploration. Continued exploration will be impossible for one country to entertain but a confederation of states (U.S., Western Europe except France, and Russia) working together can achieve wonderful things—if we don't bicker about budgets and who gets the credit. I guess what I am asking you is if you can put this question in your letter column so people who don't favor continued exploration can convince me that my opinion is wrong.

*[[Let me remind everyone, including Vince, that non-corresponding players, even complete 'deadwood', are welcome here. The only requirement is that you enjoy what's being printed—if the critical mass of chat-types drops too low then let me worry about recruiting more.*

*[[I think you put the case very well for exploration and I agree with you, but I wouldn't go so far as to say that something is wrong with a society that doesn't explore. Most aboriginal cultures don't—it's only civilization that has produced the need to expand. That said, as long as we are a civilized society, and so long as we are under pressure to expand (not a good thing in itself, but unavoidable for the next century at least), we should be out poking around in new places.*

*[[I would support a manned probe to Mars. I am not in favor of the space station as an end in itself, but support it as a stepping stone to the planets. I don't think any space landing will be long-term until we learn more about adapting habitats to space, so I support more funding for low-grav and low-atmosphere research. I think these things are a much higher priority than foreign military aid or mining subsidies.]]*

Brendan Whyte

Have you heard of the Great Maltese Circumglobal Trophy Dash? No? I played it in 1988 and have had flyers about it each year since, but as it happens during uni exams, I can't afford the time. Basically you get a set of maps of various parts of the world, and instructions for how to travel across them (travel to Kuala Lumpur on unpaved roads, for example, cross the Malacca Strait where it's narrowest), and you are asked questions about what you see and do along the way, all answerable from the information given (no general knowledge required) to check that you're on the right course... it is very crafty, and a lot of fun. If you are interested, write to The Great etc, PO Box 53, La Canada, Ca 91012, USA. It starts Sept 7 and ends oct 24, cost \$33. Top players get trophies. These people also run the Almanac, answering questions all contained in the World Almanac, and the St Valentine's Day Massacre, in Feb each year, like the Trophy Dash, but across the US using the latest Rand McNally road Atlas of your beautiful country (worth it in itself). I did this one year too. You can also get T-shirts to show you done it. So, it is a lot of fun, and worth an enquiry. Tell me if you do decide to try it.

NZ is to implement a law making it illegal to advertise or promote or to even go on child sex tours abroad. Basically, if a NZer commits what would in NZ be a sexual offence against a child, even if in Thailand etc, he will still have committed it as if he were in NZ. I believe the Australians have enacted a similar law. It's about time. The amount of child sex in countries like Thailand, and now in Indochina, to state only a couple of instances is appalling, and it is good to see NZ doing something about it. If only the Japanese would too. Now, why don't we extend it to include prostitution as a whole, so any use of a professional in the sex industry would result in jail upon return here. What do you think? I was disgusted with the many westerners, often loud and boorish in Bali, just for sex and drugs. In fact just walking with local friends I was offered condoms by local men, inferring that my friend was only a bonk for the night. No wonder there is such antiwestern feeling easily stirred up in such countries when one sees the slime that oozes to foreign shores for such activities. I do try to hold the end up for us western males. We aren't all sleazes, but I'm up against a whole industry. Like the Wanganui teenager who was beaten up last month. He claims to have invented a waterpowered engine, and that the attack was a plot by the oil companies and the Arab World. Naturally the police have played this down, but if it were true... Sort of like United Fruit and Guatemala in '52, eh?

*[[Careful, some of these Yanks will think you're some kind of Red agitator.*

*[[While I was in Japan—and at the time not only was a sexual novice but also a Baptist missionary—I was stunned at the sex scene. One of my most vivid memories is of a little man trying to convince me to come into his 'shop'. I was trying to comprehend his Japanese instead of looking around, he was trying to take my arm; when I finally looked past him, I saw lifelike pinup girls all over the walls and recognized the word for 'massage'. I wish I could say I laughed it off, but as uptight as I was I said, "No thanks!" in English and hurried on.*

*[[Which is to say that it isn't just Japanese in Indochina. Later in my stay in Japan (and this was 1983), there were news stories about sex-slave girls being shipped both ways (Koreans and Thai to Japan, Japanese runaways being shipped to Thailand, I think). This all falls under the rubrics of abuse, kidnapping, rape and slavery to me.*

*[[But I can't agree about the whole sex industry. I think some professional sex workers should be legalized and licensed. I would like to see prostitution treated that way in most of the US (I realize it would have to continue to be*

*[[continued on page 6]]*



barred in most big cities for a long time). From what I hear out of Nevada, it's one of the most civilized service industries ever, and the example from Europe is even more so.

[[I'm in a small minority on this one—I don't (now) see anything wrong with a thrill on the street trying to sell you a strip show (which we have in S.F.), so long as it's regulated to a town or neighborhood everyone agrees on and parents keep their kids out of it until they're mature enough.

[[And your kid who claimed to have invented a water engine? Dream on, I say...]]

### Rich Irving

First, a little cleanup from last month. My argument was not pro- or con-DH. It was an argument against the current system of having one league use it and the other not. I really don't care one way or the other. The main gripe I have is the effect the schism has on the World Series. (The other times when the leagues meet: All-Star Game & pre-season games, aren't nearly so important.)

I am disturbed about the coverage of the O.J. Simpson case. Is it really necessary to have the entire preliminary hearing on ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN, ESPN (1 & 2) and Court TV? I admit it's a compelling and popular story about a well-liked celebrity, but the coverage of it has definitely been excessive. If O.J. Thompson (whoever he is) was accused of brutally killing his wife and her acquaintance, there would not be this sort of coverage.

A lot of the support for O.J. comes from people who believe a football "hero" or "role model" could never do such a thing. (To say that he may be innocent because the entire body of evidence doesn't implicate him is one thing, but saying that he was set up by the mob, the media, racist cops or prosecutors, etc. is another.) The problem is that sports stars are neither heroes nor role models at all for what they accomplish on the field or court. Being a superstar athlete is no guarantee of superior moral character.

Real Heroes do things that improve or save the lives of others, often at the risk of their life or well being. Hitting lots of home runs scoring a lot of points or rushing a lot of yards requires talent and perseverance but doesn't really help anyone. A role model gives someone inspiration to pattern their life on. But the most important quality that great athletes have that most people could emulate is their perseverance, their drive. Most of us could never equal their talent or physical gifts. For every Charles Barkley or Michael Jordan there are thousands of other players who tried just hard to excel at basketball, but were not as talented (or as tall or as lucky in avoiding injury, etc.)

I think better role models are people who maybe aren't the best in their field (whether sports, professions, hobbies, etc.), but people who do the best they can even though they aren't "talented."

[[I certainly don't think of Barkley or Jordan as epitomes of effort—their very appeal comes from the fact that their 'work' seems effortless, natural.

[[O.J. was never a hero of any kind for me—he was just another jock-turned-actor-and-announcer. Maybe if I'd been a big football fan it would've been different, but when he was finally accused of the killings I thought, "Yeah, I know, so?"

[[I guess I wish that the media would back off of coverage, but then don't watch so much TV that any of 'my shows' were preempted. Since we moved (out of range of a Santa Rosa station) and the Star Trek season ended, I don't think I've watched anything but news, the Late Show and sports.]]

### Harry Andruschak

I must admit that I am uncomfortable with all the talk about "Prozac," and of Cathy taking the stuff. As a recovered alcoholic with ten years sobriety, I stay away

religiously from that sort of mind-altering stuff, no matter how much it is being touted as "safe" and "non-addictive". So was Miltown non-addictive, and Valium. At least that was the initial story. After a lot of people got addicted to the drugs, the story changed. A lot of people in AA and NA can tell you stories about those safe and non-addictive drugs. I HOPE VERY MUCH that I am worried about something that will not happen.

Weather here [[L.A., early July]] is still hot, humid, and smoggy, plus the tourists are all over the place and we have brush fires in the hills. If I were to receive a job offer from a company in Singapore, I'd accept.

[[I have the same reservations about Prozac you do. As I said, it used to be impossible to get me to take a pill (and still, I don't take anything harder than aspirin and cold remedies without a prescription). There is a marvelous (but serious) article in the Summer 1994 issue of The American Scholar. Jay Neugeboren describes his brother's thirty-year battle with mental illness, and with the people who try to fix it. A new miracle cure comes along every couple of years and the diagnosis changes every time a new drug is tried:

[[“He was schizophrenic when enormous doses of Thorazine and Seralazine calmed him; he was manic-depressive (bipolar) when lithium worked; he was manic-depressive-with-psychotic-symptoms, or hypomanic, when Tegretol or Depakote (anti-convulsants), or some new anti-psychotic or anti-depressant—Trilafon, Adapin, Mellaril, Haldol—promised to make him cooperative, and he was schizophrenic again when various doctors promised cures through insulin coma therapy or megadose vitamin therapy or gas therapy.”

[[There's a point at which someone is treated with the latest stuff because it's the latest stuff. Cathy is taking Prozac because her doctor believed it would help her get through a period of very high anxiety in her life. She's been in counselling for the same reason. When the period is over she should, in my opinion, drop both. But once you've built up the commitment it takes to actually do these things, it's hard to say "now I shouldn't". (What is entered into strongly is not left behind lightly.)

[[I'm truly afraid of the counselling side more than the drugs. I saw the change in Cathy's personality on Prozac, and I can see that the change has held even though she now doesn't take it so often. And I can see how counselling has helped her. But counselling holds the possibility of taking on new beliefs, and I want to know what those might be.

[[Among the things I've found lately are a great many messages by the child-abuse-survivor cult, which says, "Just because you don't remember it doesn't mean it didn't happen," and has concocted new strategies for punishing others like False Innocence Belief Syndrome. "FIBS is characterized by extreme obsession and compulsive behavior to prove one's (false) innocence, and is most often displayed by perpetrators of child abuse." You think that's a put-on, because of the acronym? Write to the Recovered Memory Task Group in Ottawa and they'll tell you they're serious. All these kinds of religion frighten me, and to have my wife in the hands of modern psychological thought when it's going through this frightens me.]]

### Jim Bailey

The week in Seattle was great. Me and another friend arrived there Tuesday for the Saturday wedding, so we were able to spend some time with the groom before his time was completely consumed by the wedding plans. We did a little sightseeing, played some basketball, and basically caught up on news and such.

Our friend had to meet his parents Wednesday night, so we went to a Mariners game. The bus outside of our friend's apt both goes directly to within one block of his work downtown, and one block from the Kingdome. (Gee, an effective transit sure is nice.

Sacramento screwed theirs up several years ago by making sure that none of the bus routes actually go anywhere useful.)

It was very unusual seeing a baseball game in a glorified parking garage. The game itself was an interesting back-and-forth affair that lasted 4 hours! We did get to see Pinella throw a tantrum, though. The only thing Junior did was hit a double after we had to leave to catch our bus.

Rich Irving joined us Thursday night. We did some more sightseeing Friday. The wedding Saturday was a nice little ceremony. The reception, though, Wow! It was at her parent's house, a beautiful three decker right on the Sound! The dinner was served on the deck constructed right on top of the seawall. The house wasn't really huge, but it was constructed so that nearly every room had a view (long, tall and narrow). Now we know why our friend married her. :)

Sunday we did more sightseeing, including the obligatory visit to the Space Needle. Not quite as impressive as I imagined (structurally), but the view from the top is great!

The highlight of the trip, though, was sailboat ride around the harbor. This wasn't one of those canned tours. A couple of guys with a slightly obsolete racing yacht (very similar to an America's Cup twelve meter job, but a little bigger) run the operation. They just cruise around the harbor wherever the wind takes them, answering whatever questions the passengers ask, whether it's about the sights, the boat, their lives, etc.

Very relaxed atmosphere. There were about 20 people aboard, and we were allowed to wander about the deck as long as we were careful with the lines and booms. They kept to simple maneuvers, nothing like you would see in a race. I was surprised at how fast the other ships in the harbor move. The big boys have the right of way, so we had to keep dodging ferries, barges, and cargo ships all the time. We usually started our maneuvers several minutes and at least a mile away from the arrival of a ship. You have to, though. Look away from a distant ship for a bit, turn around and suddenly it's right on top of you!

I finished the latest rewrite of TOT and sent it to Analog. I also sent a thousand word humorous fantasy piece to Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine, a semi-pro outfit with a pro writer as editor working out of Oakland. With another story sitting at Asimov's, that means I have three pieces floating at once out there in the market. I'll just have to keep throwing darts until one hits a bullseye.

[[Keep flogging those editors until they get it right, Jim! Good luck! I spent as much time on boats this month than I have put together in my whole life (just 7 hours) and it turns out I love it.]]

### Steven McKinnon

Thank you for all your help with the baseball. Here's my two cents on the All-Star Game selection.

You can't pick up a paper or watch a sports programme but that someone laments the fact that so-and-so wasn't picked for the squad. Correct me if I'm wrong but the fans pick the players by position and ballot once each team has nominated its own players, right? Pitchers are selected by the League Managers of the teams, right?

So, let's see, the sportswriters, etc, complain because the fans, who pay the salaries of all involved by buying tickets, merchandise, newspapers and who watch t.v. shows and ballgames on t.v., get to pick who they want to see. The players are well-recognized through Gold Glove and Cy Young awards. Anyone stupid enough to key a substantial money bonus to the favouritism of us, the general public, is asking to be left off the team.

The All-Star Game is an entertainment spectacle. Who cares if it's a popularity contest?

*[[I do. I realize the fans may pick whomever they want; I just wish they would want the players who are performing the best to that point in the season, instead of players who are personally popular or who have performed well the past few seasons.]]*

Bob Costas, who for once was just plain irritating with his game commentary, had voiced a rather good idea with respect to baseball free agency when he was on Dennis Miller's HBO show. He felt that arbitration ballooned the salary of a lot of the middle-quality players. He had no bone to pick with the likes of Bonds, Thomas and Maddux, people who consistently rank very high starwise and who can be counted on to perform exceptionally at all times. Rather, it's the 8-13 (W-L) pitcher who gets \$2.1 million through arbitration that pisses everyone off. His idea was to allow a player complete free agency after only four or five years and get rid of arbitration and instead allow free-market economics to determine a player's worth.

*[[Arbitration is not currently a problem (though it was some time ago). Owner are overpaying players who are past being arbitration risks; the trend of salaries for mediocre players is downward but very very slowly.]]*

One more thing on money. I saw where Bobby Bonilla makes \$6.8M this year. Are the Mets management personnel idiots? Even if Bonilla were worth that he has no support, even from players who are fit every day (hey, McReynolds, are you listening?). Surely, come September, they must look to trade him to a contender.

*[[Bonilla's salary makes sense fiscally, if not starwise. Look, if Bonilla—the only player of any quality—wasn't with the team, they'd lose what? a million ticket sales this year (seriously, it wouldn't surprise me if it was a million)? How much is that worth to the Mets? Remember, it's just like movie stars, they're not paid on skill (hey, Bridget Fonda, are you listening?), they're paid based on how many people will come out to watch.*

*[[Bonilla was on This Week with David Brinkley today and sounded fairly intelligens. Union head Fehr made the best comment; owner's negotiator Ravitch said that the players were just like movie stars, and should get paid based on a percentage of the profits (the owners are trying to reduce that percentage from 58% to 50%). Fehr quickly pointed out the fallacy, which is that movie stars have an unlimited free market, while baseball players' potential employers are small in number and all members of a money-sharing monopolistic cartel! Ravitch kept talking about baseball owners as if they were independent businesses and Fehr wouldn't let him get away with it.]]*

The put-up-or-shut-up Palmeiro Comparison Board:

Player	avg	OB%	R	H	xB	HR	RBI	SO	SB	CS	E
Palmeiro	.332	.411	61	109	25	15	52	47	4	2	4
Clark	.353	.449	63	107	25	13	78	43	4	1	7

Well, we'll call it a tie for now. Clark's extra errors we can put down to having to field throws by the goons in the Ranger infield. Palmeiro also get to hit off Ranger pitching every time Clark must face the superior Oriole pitchers, whose ERA is more than a full run better and have given up 150 fewer hits.

*[[Well, you have Clark ahead in every category except HRs and errors, so where's the tie? (Remember, hits are only relevant in batting average, not overall total.) He'll fall behind now, though, he hit another foul ball off his leg and his performance is way down.]]*

Don Del Grande

Bad news—you sent a 'zine with a baseball rules discussion to the wrong guy. I probably have more rule-books on more sports than the rest of the hobby put together.

*[[Well, I only own one rulebook, and it's the one for baseball. No other sport matters.]]*

First off, there is a third way of getting a save, albeit rare: if a pitcher comes into a game with his team

ahead by 3 runs, pitches at least one full inning, and finishes the game without giving up the lead, he gets a save. (Actually, the rule says "no more than three runs", but if the lead is 1 or 2, then the tying run is on base, at bat, or on deck (just where did the phrase "in the hole" originate?), so that's already covered.)

Next, there is no DH in Little League (so it's not at "all levels"), but there is in high school. (Also, in high school, some states—California did when I was in school, and I think still does—allow a "designated runner" for the pitcher and catcher when they get on base.) The NCAA DH rules are different than the others: first, if a DH is used, he must bat for the pitcher (in most of the high school games I've seen, the DH bats for someone other than the pitcher); second, if there is no DH listed in the lineup at the start of a game, the pitcher is considered a "Pitcher/DH" and may have a DH inserted into his spot in the batting order later in the game, or, if another pitcher takes over, continue to bat as the DH (or be replaced by another DH). The only the batting order later in the game, or, if another pitcher takes over, continue to bat as the DH (or be replaced by another DH). The only other "NCAA-only" rule I can think of is the one about a runner trying to break up a double play with an illegal slide causing the batter to be called out even if there was no chance of getting the batter out with a clean throw.

Third, you left out another way of getting a balk (this happened to my brother once while he was catching—and let the winning run in...): if the pitcher pitches when the catcher is not in the catcher's box (determined by the catcher having both feet in the box when the pitcher releases the ball).

I'm undecided on the DH myself, but leaning toward keeping it, at least in non-professional levels. But what do you mean by the pitchers "having to face retaliation for hit batsmen"? This is a problem with umpires not enforcing the rules—if a pitcher intentionally pitches directly at a batter, he is out of the game with none of this "warning" garbage, and in NCAA, the "fighting penalty" is enforced (one game suspension for the first offense, two for the second, and the rest of the season for the third)

I don't think "Little League" when I see teams in non-white/gray uniforms; the LL I was in changed after (and most likely because of, because colored uniform prices would have gone down) a lot of Major League teams.

Anybody who complains about the new "wild-card" playoff system (other than complaining about how long it will take) should be asked what they thought of introducing the "old" playoffs in the first place in the late '60s. Of course, back then, the schedule wasn't "balanced"; a team played each team in its division 18 times and each team in the other division 12 times.

You can tell Brendan Whyte that UCLA and Berkeley are more than happy to let him in—if he's willing to pay the exorbitant non-resident budget-balancing fees. And I thought it was bad when I had to pay \$1200 a year in 1984...

*[[Oh, you public-school kids and your girly-man tuition bills. Why don't you go to a real school?]]*

Just as I thought at ORIGINS—everybody (except me) lining up early to get into the Dealer's Room headed straight for the Wizards of the Coast booth to stock up on the latest Magic: the Gathering expansions at non-inflated prices. (That booth is the only place in Northern California selling packs of 15 "Legends" cards for \$2.50 each; every store that still has them sells them for \$5 a pack, and there was another booth with about 20 boxes of 36 packs each, asking \$190 per box—if you bought 10 boxes at a time! (Yet another booth wanted \$12 per pack of 15 "Arabian Nights" cards, something very few stores around here ever saw.) Still no new PC version of Diplomacy, but there is a fix for the PC

Kingmaker problems I noted before (the biggest one being that if you lose all of your nobles, you can't quit the game until (and unless) you draw another one).

Love that alt.folklore.urban! Were you reading AFU when it spread the rumor that gangs were driving around (choose one: Detroit, Chicago, San Jose, insert your city here) with their lights off, and when someone flashed their headlights (to tell them their lights were off), the gang followed them home and killed them? Unfortunately for me, I read so many newsgroups that I never have time for AFU, but how can I say no (or, in nn-speak, "U") to any of:

- alt.tv.simpsons
- alt.tv.duckman
- alt.tv.ren-stimpy
- alt.tv.game-shows
- alt.magic (not to be confused with alt.magick)
- rec.gambling
- rec.sport.cricket
- rec.sport.football.australian
- rec.sport.cricket
- rec.sport.football.australian
- rec.sport.pro-wrestling
- rec.pinball

*[[Right now I'm subscribed to rec.games.diplomacy, rec.games.deckmaster, rec.birds, alt.folklore.urban, alt.tasteless.jokes, alt.usenet.kooks, and several nescom groups (where I try to learn what is it I'm doing!). I have been off and on of alt.sex (juvenile, alt.sex.stories is better), alt.sport.baseball (really juvenile), and comp.sys.mac (way over my head). With 9000 to choose from, I'm going to feel I'm missing the parade no matter what I read, so I keep it to a minimum!]]*

I might just show up at Chuff-Con for a day... but if I do show up, (you guessed it) I'm bringing my WDC/British vacation photos. I just hope there aren't any rail strikes to screw things up. (There's a one-day strike scheduled for the day before I land. I think it's got something to do about the signal workers wanting an 11% pay raise.)

*[[Don did this on his return from Australia—he visited our house on the following week just long enough to show photos, then split! Let's hope he's had enough time to rest up before Chuffcon.]]*

Why shouldn't we speak of the "Tonya Harding Olympics"... or the "Israeli Massacre Olympics"... or the "Most of the Warsaw Pact Boycotted Olympics"? At least we talk of those Olympics! Meanwhile, the 1980 Summer Olympics is never mentioned in this country, which is a good thing in part, because there was a "controversial" judging decision at the end of the Women's All-Around Gymnastics competition that cost Nadia Comaneci a gold medal, and there is no doubt that it would have put the Nancy Kerrigan and Torvill & Dean "robberies" to shame.

Speaking of which, how many people (a) understand that are rather stringent rules as to what the pair can and cannot do in ice dancing—I for one consider that flip near the end a blatant violation—and (b) unlike gymnastics, where each mistake carries a specific penalty, nowhere in the ice dancing rules, or pretty much anywhere else in figure skating rules for that matter, does it say how much a judge should deduct for a mistake or violation. As for Kerrigan and Bajul, everybody mentions that "Nancy's numbers were higher" (they were), but nobody mentions that Brian Boitano's numbers were lower than Brian Orser's in 1988 (four judges had Orser ahead, three had Boitano, and two tied, but both tied judges had Boitano ahead in the technical merit marks, and that was the tiebreaker in 1988 (now it's the composition/style marks), so Boitano got five judges' top marks to Orser's four.

Oh, and if you want to mention a sport where I don't have the rules, try NFL Football. Nobody I know

*[[continued on page 8]]*

has an actual copy of the rulebook. You can't buy them in stores. The NFL even turned down Andy Rooney's request for a copy. (Maybe they saw that Fox bid coming?)

Two final questions... first, how many Diplomacy tournaments were actually held at ORIGINS, and second, who was running them, anyway?

*[[see my Origins write-up!]]*

### Marcello Triunfo

I can appreciate your efforts in tinkering with the look of *Perelandra*; the layout for your most recent issue (#120) is the best yet. Actually, there aren't many holes in it, except for the ones along the side of the page.

*[[Nyuck nyuck.]]*

Last week's All Star Game must have been a sight, with those American League players wearing their practice uniforms in the game. I look at major league teams in their solid-color uniforms, especially if they're pullovers, and I think "softball"—but you hardly ever see softball teams at any level that wear anything that closely resembles a major-league look.

How do you feel about teams that "turn back the clock" by reverting to uniform styles that reflect bygone days, whether for one day or a more permanent basis? Figure the clock has to move forward (double-knit pullovers and light blue road uniforms, among other innovations) before you can turn it back, but I don't think some teams have turned it back far enough, such as the Reds and Phillies.

I wonder if there are any plans for the Seattle Pilots to make a special appearance on this, the 25th anniversary of major league baseball's first year in Seattle. If the ~~Beavers~~ Pilots do come to the Kingdome in their home uniforms, would the home-team Mariners then be forced to wear their practice uniforms? In any event, if such a game ever does come about they should "turn back the clock" all the way and suspend the DH rule for the day.

*[[Great idea. Personally I like TBTC days—I got to see the Giants and A's play in old Seals and Oaks uniforms here—and I also approve of teams like the Reds going a little retro in their everyday uniform design. I don't want a return to flannels, but I do appreciate teams trying to tone down the uniform excesses of the 70s and 80s.]]*

### Brent McKee

Three-Pete! Three-Pete! Three-Pete! (Note the spelling. This will probably save you from having to pay Pat Riley money since he owns the copyright to the word that sounds like Three-Pete! but is spelled differently.) Anyway, Pete, congratulations on winning the Runestone Poll a third time.

*[[Yes, it's a pretty bleak day for the hobby when this little ol' zine can be top dog for three years. Thanks for the compliments!]]*

Mark Lew made a good point (as always) when he mentioned that he would rather watch the World Cup on TV than live. I've always felt that there are some sports that are better to 'do' than to watch. Sailing comes to mind immediately. I can't think of anything more boring to watch on TV or in person than the America's Cup. On the other hand, being part of the crew would probably be the greatest experience of a lifetime, even for the losers.

Similarly there are sports that I'd much rather watch live than on TV. A high school football coach once told me that he would rather watch the game on TV than live, because television focuses its attention on the line, which is where the game is won and lost, and in person you don't get as good a view. I've seen NHL hockey (Oilers in their heyday), baseball (at Tigers Stadium), and minor pro basketball live and on television. I'd rather see basketball and hockey live, and probably baseball on television.

As to soccer, I am of two minds. I would have

loved to have attended a World Cup game live simply because of the experience of the thing, as well as because there is a different perspective to watching the game live. On the other hand there are advantages to seeing the game on TV. You get a better view of the development of the play because TV gives you multiple viewpoints. For someone who doesn't understand the game terribly well (like most North Americans including me) expert commentary can provide information about what we are seeing. That said, I wouldn't have watched the games on ESPN if I had a choice. In Canada we saw the British ITV broadcasts. I briefly looked at the coverage on ABC, and when compared with the British broadcasters, I found that the Americans talked way too much.

*[[And said way too little, in my opinion. The US coverage was terrible, failing to inform about any point of play finer than the name of the guy with the ball. The final was the most atrocious, as if they saved the worst for last. No drama (or rather, drama in all the wrong places), no expertise, and those 'multiple viewpoints' were useless (end-line, field-level shots of a goal kick??).]]*

Interesting point by Rich Irving on computer games. I used to play the game Harpoon, which is about modern naval combat. The great advantage to playing it on the computer is that the computer handles the positioning and movement of one set of units, as well as all of the calculations. But my goodness, the way that the computer opponent plays (I refuse to dignify it with the phrase "artificial intelligence")! It does not behave in a manner which I would call logical in the use of its units. As a result, in surface scenarios at least, I can defeat it all of the time.

As I type this, I am listening to a discussion of violence on Television, and someone who wants to restrict violent programming (banning, by any other name), starting with "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles." The whole thing reminds me of the 1950s when Dr. Frederic Wertham tried to ban comic books because they created juvenile delinquents. There was one guy who said that he hadn't watched television in ten years, which is fine, but then went on to say that everything on television is crap (how does he know if he doesn't watch it?). One woman is trying to ban the O.J. Simpson movie marathon that a Toronto TV station is putting on (presumably because Simpson is a "violent man", even though the three movies that are to be shown are not particularly violent—*Towering Inferno* and *Capricorn One* are two of the three). The question comes down to who has the responsibility for my children (if I had any). Those who advocate banning violent programming obviously think that government is responsible. I think that the responsibility must fall to the parents. Control of the remote control is the best censor, but they must take that responsibility seriously.

*[[The most interesting part of that is that someone is doing an O.J. Simpson film festival! hork...]]*

*[[I agree with you and oppose banning TV programs, but I have begun to believe there is another motivation at work. People who want to censor kid's viewing usually do want to usurp the parenting role. However, many of them really wish that parents would take charge—but since (they believe) many parents won't, they are trying to prevent the kids from growing up 'badly'... the arguments, I think, goes "If parents won't raise their kids, then for the sake of society we'll have to do it."]]*

The most moving part of the D-Day ceremonies that I saw was something that Americans probably missed because of their single-minded focus on the US ceremonies. The event took place near Arramanches. Ten thousand British D-Day veterans, led by Major John Howard who led the British glider unit that took Pegasus Bridge, marched in front of the Queen. It was a stunning and moving event.

*[[Thanks to everyone who wrote—if you keep this up I'll have to buy toner in 55-gallon drums.]]*

## Monologues

### editorial tidbits

I'd love to talk about our trip to Maine. It was wonderful, both from a scenery standpoint and as a family experience. But I haven't had a chance to get the tale down on paper, so I feel I should run with what I've got, cram the zine out now while it's still on time, and talk about Maine nextish. I've started keeping a journal again (after five years off!) and it has a load of memories from the trip that I'll try to organize for you.

Also, if I wait I'll have our photos back... :-)

### Baseball in the Boondocks

I've had some business trips lately where I got very little done and made very little money; in fact, one day before my vacation I drove 157 miles around the Bay to call on three stores and had two owners (with whom I had appointments!) not show up to see me.

But, sometimes business has nonmonetary rewards. On a drive through the Central Valley last month, I listened to the Stockton Ports playing the Bakersfield Dodgers on my way down (a Sunday afternoon). Well, that's nice, but it's the minors and the it would take a lot more to make Valley driving tolerable. I was on my way from Fresno to Modesto late on a Monday evening. As I got on Hwy 99 in Fresno, I punched up the radio and discovered I could hear *Vin Scully* broadcasting the real Dodgers from L.A. (probably a Bakersfield station)! My hero—the radio voice of my adolescence!

It faded after two innings, and as I searched for another station to pick it up I came upon another game. Took me several minutes to figure out it was Seattle and Detroit... and this was not a network game. I was hearing a *Seattle* station! Normally I would've made a note of it (it was AM 870) and moved on, but Tim Belcher had a perfect game, so I hung in there long enough to hear him lose it in the sixth before switching to Hank Greenwald doing the Giants' game from San Francisco.

(Hank has moved to near the top of my personal radio-rank list. Scully, Buck, and Harwell are the guys I've personally heard that I would have to rank as the best—I've never heard Barber or Allen—but Greenwald is right behind them in quality of play-by-play, anecdote, emotion, and voice.)

Interesting feature of driving in the rural areas of California—towns are just dense enough that the 'seek' feature of my radio is useless. Every frequency has enough signal on it to make the radio stop!

### Jon Carroll Watch

The Bay Area's best columnist got into the gay-bashing topic last month (though his piece on 'horizontal' was so funny as to nearly make this column instead). Seems a friend of his got a form letter from the Family Research Institute, asking her to send money to fight the homosexual conspiracy.

Carroll summarizes the letter's depiction of homosexuals on the march, quoting some truly laughable prose, but then present this sentence and his response:

"HOW LONG CAN OUR COUNTRY SURVIVE THIS MASSIVE SURRENDER TO AN AGGRESSIVE AND HATE-DRIVEN MINORITY?"

'Funny, the same question had occurred to me.'

...  
'Many ethnic groups are discriminated against; many ethnic groups have more severe economic problems overall than gay men and women. But it's only gays that it's still OK to hate openly. Turn on your television and open your mail—this stuff is going on right now.'



# ARKON/Gunboat Snowball Fighting ASF27

## Turn Four: A Squadron of Dirigibles

WARRIOR	init	loc	segment 1	segment 2	segment 3	new loc	vp	hp	rb-di
Frost Queen	FQ	N2	collect 2 Sb	RR at OMW (85,100)	RR at TT (95,54)	N2	5	5	0-0
George Costanza	GC	J2	K3-L4-M5-N6-O7-N8	collect Di	Di at MF (60,43)	N8	7	3	0-0
Icedance	ID	18	RR at OMW (75,49)	collect Di	Di at GC* (55,50)	18	7	8	0-0
Mr. Freeze	MF	kit	V8-W9, collect Sb	RR at YS (95,75)	collect 2 Sb	W9	8	2	2-0
Old Man Winter	OMW	K5	-L4-N4-P4	-R4-T4-V4	collect 2 Sb	V4	4	4	2-0
Ramtop Chuckers	RC	K15	Di at SH (17,04)	RR at SH (47,74)	collect Di	K15	7	8	1-1
Splat to the Head	SH	F16	move to C13	collect 2 Sb	RR at RC (47,60)	C13	3	5	1-0
Tatter D. Mallion	TDM	R10	Di at YS (70,58)	collect Di	Di at GC* (50,29)	R10	10	6	0-0
Tigger of the Tundra	TT	V6	collect Di	Di at YS (65,26)0	-W5-V4, collect 1 Sb	W5	8	5	1-0
Yosemite Sam	YS	U9	nmr	nmr	run for cover	kit	3	0	0-0

Weather roll = 32. † = dodge. \* marks conditional orders and "RR at nearest." Sam sits indoors for all of next Turn.

Deadline for Turn Five is August 26.

Segment One: Ramtop Chuckers and Splat to the Head continue their own private skirmish on the east side, with Splat ducking behind a corner of the shed but Ramtop scoring off him with a Dirigible anyway! George Costanza runs into the center of the fight, passing Old Man Winter who is walking haltingly across the path. Icedance lobs a Rattler after the receding Winter for a VP. Mr. Freeze steps out of the kitchen right up next to Yosemite Sam, who is oblivious to all that's going on. That's good, actually—maybe he won't feel the pain from Tatter D. Mallion's Dirigible.

Segment Two: Frost Queen turns to nail the Old Man tottering by but her throw can't even stay in the same yard. Tigger sees that Di at Yosemite is a pretty good idea and shoots his own at Sam; Mr. Freeze pounds a standard Snowball down atop Sam and between them they drive Sam into the house for a good dryin' off. Chuckers takes another shot over the shed at Splat, but misses this time even though now his target is standing still!

Segment Three: Fighters go a total of 6 for 6 with Dirigibles! George C. lobs his a pretty hefty distance to hit Mr. Freeze, but George is the victim of two conditional attacks, taking six points of sogginess from Tatter and Icedance. Rattlers continue to have mixed success; Frost Queen's hits tigger solidly in the chest, but Splat has the same problems tossing over the shed that Ramtop had.

Tatter's Tater to Yoose-Mite: Wrn down wascally wabbits, not me.  
George C. to Frost Queen: Kick my can, will you? Who do you think I am, Price

Albert? And what's that supposed to mean anyway, "Prince Albert in a can"?

OMW to FQ (in passing): Phphththt!  
OMW to SM: Indeed.

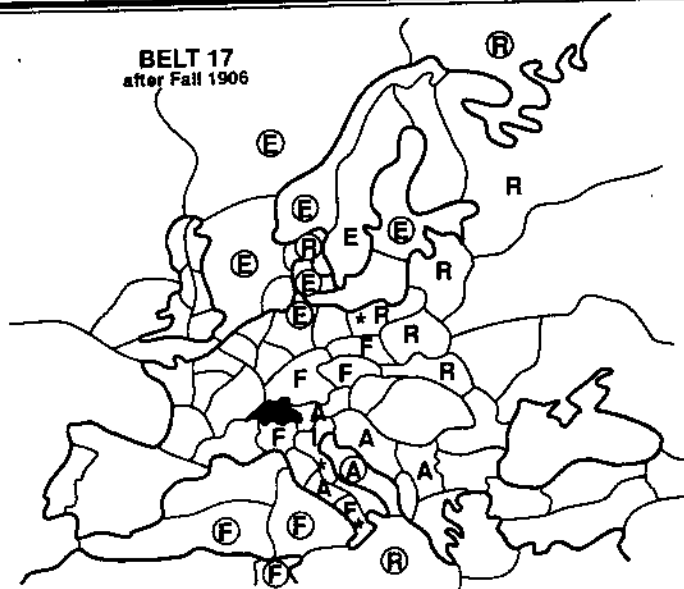
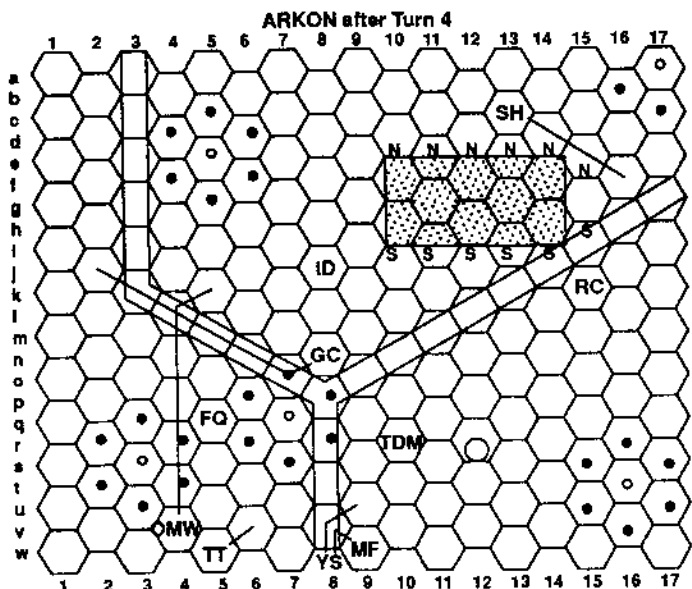
Tedium to Gang: After Queenie takes off your head, who's she going to give it to?  
RC to SH: I guess this means war?

Splat to Chuckers: You started it. I'll go either way. Too bad we can't send a few RRs across the page to Lusitania!

George C. to Mr. Freeze: Boo! Hiss! Hiss!  
GC to MF: Thank you—NEXT!

OMW to ID and GC: Ha! I KNEW someone would try that!  
Icedance to OMW: Even? Naw, let's call it odd—besides, you're such a tempting target. (grin)

Icedance to OMW: Shucks, you moved!  
OMW to ID, GC, and FQ: Well, I'm flattered by all this, but I'm just not the type to constantly occupy the center of attention.



### BELT 17 / 1993F

Error: Although I had the French f nap listed correctly as /annihilated/, I still left it in the Retreats section.  
Summer 1906 Retreats: Russian f nwy-bar.

### Fall 1906: Poke and Prod

Austria (Rich Irving): a vie-tyo, a ven-tyo /dislodged/, a bud-tri (a ser s), f adr s russian f aeg-ion, a apu-rom (f nap s /dislodged/).  
England (Les Casey): f edi-nts (f nwy s, f nwg s), f bor-stp/sc, a swe s nwy (f den s swe [f kie s den]).  
France (Randy Havens): f mid-wes, a pie s italian a tyo-ven, f run-ion, a rom-nap (f tyn s), a sil s a pru (a boh s, a pru s /dislodged/, a mun s).  
Italy (Victor Thomas): a tyo-ven.  
Russia (Nathan Trent): a lvn-pru (a war s), f ska-nts, f bar-nwy (a stp s), a mos-lvn, a gal-sil, f aeg-ion.

Autumn Retreats: Austrian a ven, f nap, French a pru. Your SC chart is on page 10.

### Deadline for Winter 1906/Spring 1907 is August 26.

Russia to England: Can't I have Sweden back now that the weather is turning cold? As it is, the resorts are all closing up for the Fall and Winter!  
GM to Russia: Oh, great, an off-season traveller. Don't you know all the locals want is for you tourists to leave them alone for a few months?  
Russia to France: Ninety some-odd years ago a young Frenchman had similar ideas, and look where that got him. But then he didn't have the cooperation of those pesky Brits. Oh—forget I said anything at all.  
Archduke to New Czar: Austria welcomes your ascension to the throne! The old guy had slipped his country into a coma. Sounds like a great party!  
GM to Archduke: Fiddling while Moscow burns?  
Russia to Austria: Were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse supposed to come from the East or the West?  
Archduke to The Silent Majority: HEY GUYS! This isn't No-Press Gunboat.  
Russia to England: Mother Russia will be cold enough without the sexually frigid Brits trudging about her soil.

# CALADAN / Merchant of Venus

## Turn Fifteen

**Millenium Falcon—Chuff Afferbach, Human**

Dice are 223. Move: B-Y-B-R-B-Comfort Station/o-Comfort Station/s.  
Trade: none. Accounting: \$190.

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

Dice are 125. Move: Neutron Port (pn=2)-R-Y-R-Space Station-TeleGate 5-TeleGate2/w-R-Jewelport.  
Trade: none. Accounting: \$258.

**Intergalactic Dead Heads—Richard Weiss, Qossuth**

Dice are 256. Move: Desolation Landing/s-Desolation Landing/o-R-B-Y-B-R-B-Y-R-B-Rainfall/o-B. Trade: none. Accounting: \$138.

**Microsoft Big Deal 5.22—Rich Irving, Eepeecep**

Dice are 345. Move: Ice Station/s-Ice Station Zebra/o.  
Trade: Sells Immortal Grease [[Cupping out is Dribble Glass]] with Double Demand [[Cupping out is Demand for Pelts at 6]]; barbers Scout and \$90 for Clipper; buys Eepeecep Factory, Pedigree Bolts and Red Drive.  
Accounting: \$110 + 200 - 90 - 80 - 100 - 120 + 115c = \$35.

**Mr. Ed—Ed Wrobel, Whynom**

Dice are 4566. Move: Airhome-Y-B-R-Open Port.  
Trade: sells Bionic Perfume [[Cupping out is Demand for Spice at 3]] and Bionic Perfume [[Cupping out is Bionice Perfume]]; buys Glorious Junk.  
Accounting: \$178 + 140 + 140 - 100 + 50c = \$408.

**Intergalactic Towel Traders—Clark Millikan, Nik**

Dice are 5556. Move: Asteroid City West-R20-R20-(Y)-Aerie-R-B-(Y)-B-R10, ne-B10-(Y)-B-R-Goliath/o, n-B, nw-R-B-(Y)-B-R-B-(Y)-R-Cobbleport/o-Cobbleport/s. Trade: buys Cobbleport.  
Accounting: \$288 - 160 = \$128.

## Turn Sixteen

**Millenium Falcon—Chuff Afferbach, Human**

Dice are 233. Move: none. Trade: sells Voll Silk [[Cupping out is Demand for Dust at 7a]] with Demand [[Cupping out is Demand for Grease at 9a]]; buys two Mulch Wine and a Shield.  
Accounting: \$190 + 280 - 120 - 60 = \$290.

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

Dice are 236. Move: -B-Jellybeast Landing-A-Y-R-B-Y-R-A-Ice Station.  
Trade: sells Finest Dust [[Cupping out is Fare to 4a from Base (\$140)]] with Demand [[Cupping out is Rock Videos]] and Finest Dust [[Cupping out is Space Spice]]; buys two ServoMechanisms.  
Accounting: \$258 + 100 + 50 - 200 - 200 = \$8.

**Intergalactic Dead Heads—Richard Weiss, Qossuth**

Dice are 256. Move: -B-Rumbleport/o-Rumbleport/s.  
Trade: sells Shining Slime [[Cupping out is Demand for Dust at 7a]]; buys Impossible Furniture. Accounting: \$138 + 200 - 180 = \$158.

**Microsoft Big Deal 5.22—Rich Irving, Eepeecep**

Dice are 235 and new die is 6. Move: -A-(R)-Y-B-(R)-Y-A-TeleGate 1 (pn=2)-TeleGate 2-(R)-B-Y-B-(R)-B-Y-B-(R)-Rumble Port/o-Rumble Port/s.  
Trade: Sells Pedigree Bolts [[Cupping out is Demand for Genes at 10]]; buys Impossible Furniture.  
Accounting: \$535 + 200 - 110 + 55c = \$180.

**Mr. Ed—Ed Wrobel, Whynom**

Dice are 2236. Move: -Y10-R-A-A-R20-Y-B-R-B-Y-B-R-Open Port.  
Trade: buys Canned Traits.  
Accounting: \$408 - 120 + 60c = \$348.

**Intergalactic Towel Traders—Clark Millikan, Nik**

Dice are 3455. Move: -Cobbleport/o.  
Trade: sells Bionic Perfume [[Cupping out is Demand for Spice at 4b]] with Demand [[Cupping out is Voll Silk]] and Psychotic Sculpture [[Cupping out is Demand for Grease at 7b]]; buys Comfort Station, Nik Factory, Living Toys and one Mulch Wine.  
Accounting: \$128 + 200 + 250 - 160 - 160 - 80 - 20 + 127c = \$285.

The Dell orders arrived late, please make the following changes to the map. We're Dell, Men are at Ice Station/o and the two ServoMechs there are in WDM holds (his Dust and its Demand are in the Cup, bring out the chits mentioned in WDM's trade orders). WDM cash is \$8, Microsoft cash is \$180.

Deadline for Turns Seventeen and Eighteen is August 26.

Order of play and dice for Turns 17 & 18, net worth and assets:

- Intergalactic Towel Traders .....2666 / 4556 .....\$1485  
Equipment: Shield \$60, Relic Yellow Drive \$80  
Deeds: Neutron Port \$200, Jellybeast Landing \$200, Qossuth Factory \$200, Cobbleport \$200, Comfort Station \$200, Nik Factory \$200
- Millenium Falcon .....234 / 245 .....\$490  
Equipment: Shield \$60  
Deeds: Shuttlestop \$200
- We're Dell, Men! .....144 / 125 .....\$608  
Deeds: Terror Station \$200, Whaleport \$200, Dell Factory \$200
- Intergalactic Dead Heads .....156 / 135 .....\$358  
Equipment: Shield \$60  
Deeds: Yxklyx Factory \$200
- Microsoft Big Deal 5.22 .....223 / 236 .....\$480  
Equipment: Shield \$60, Red Drive \$120  
Deeds: Ice Station \$200, Eepeecep Factory \$100.
- Mr. Ed .....4456 / 3445 .....\$1248  
Equipment: Gate Lock \$100, Shield \$60  
Deeds: Volois Factory \$200, Airhome \$200, Nillis Factory \$100, Graw Factory \$200, Aerie \$200

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.

Aboard the MilFal: I got a bad feeling about this Nik neighborhood, Chewie. I'll grab a couple jugs of wine, you get us a shield, and let's get out of here.

MBD 5.22 to All: Damn! I wish I could have could have been "Greasier" when I pulled into Ice Station Zebra!

Merchant Master to Microbrain: As long as you've been flying around with a home station to shower at, and you don't recognize how greasy you were??

Dead to Eepees: Drats on the commission from your port. Just remember the Qossuth curse on those with two Psychotic Sculptures.

Merchant Master to Dead: I thought the Curse of the Dead was like the Flying Dutchman, you're forced to wander aimlessly forever...

Microsoft has just released MBD 5.22. Due to a court settlement, we are no longer able to provide DOUBLEFLAME(TM), which provides twice the surliness using the same amount of computer power! We apologize to BIG DEAL users for the inconvenience and DOUBLEFLAME(TM) customers for those comments about some people's race, religion, intelligence body parts etc. (Upgrade disk available for \$9.99 at finer computer sellers.) (Legal Dept: Acceptance of this settlement by Microsoft Inc. does not in any way imply responsibility by the company and frees Microsoft Inc. of all claims, financial or otherwise. This... (Next 25 pages of legalese has been deleted for brevity!))

MM to Microsoft: If you hadn't done it, I woulda.

Mr. Ed: Well, even though my Special Day was duly noted in *Pere*, I don't seem to have received any gifts from my fellow merchants. Sniff, snuffle, whinny. I thought maybe a little geld in a card would be nice...

Merchant Master to Tanta Ed: Wor, you want for the trouble you give that you should get *gratitude*? Oy.

MBD to Horny Ed: Counselor Troi, unfortunately, is NOT silicon based. (Silicone based, maybe!) (Don't know if she has thing for horses, but she does for Klingons!) Too bad, it is so difficult for a computer to interface with Carbon-based lifeforms. About Minuer, I don't care about the name when she provides optical-sensor candy like that! New Babe o' the moment: Diana, the holographic babe in Robocop, the Series. Nothing else in this show is even close to worth watching!

Merchant Master to MBD: Ain't seen it. From what I know of holographic babes (that credit-card chick in Time Trax, the flowing-fountain dead wife in Seaquest), you can keep 'em all as far as I'm concerned.

Peregrine Falcon to Dellbert: We didn't lasso that hobby horse, but we did scare him off. While he's off smelling the roses, we'll make tracks.

Merchant Master to PeFa: [[PeFa being the official American Birding Assn. abbreviation for Peregrine Falcon.]] Shall I trap and band you, as retaliation for all that press horse pucky?

## BELT 17 / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1906

Austria	tri	bud	ser	gre	bul	smv	<del>rom</del>	ROM				7/7	builds one or two or even
England	ivp	edi	lon	hol	kie	den	swe	NWY				7/8	may build one
France	par	bre	mar	spa	por	bel	ber	mun	nap	<del>rom</del>	TUN	10/10	may build one or two
Italy	<del>rom</del>	vie	VEN									2/2	plays short
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	rum	<del>rom</del>	ank	con				8/7	must remove one

Why did the dinosaur cross the road?



LAMETH / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1908

England	lvp	edi	lon	hol	nwy	den	stp	bel	swe	kie	BER	10/10	even or build one
France	par	mar	spa	mun	por	bre	ber	tun	BEL			8/8	even or build one
Italy	rom											1/0	out
Russia	mos	war	sev	vie	bud	rum	ANK					6/7	may build one
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	gre	nap	tri	ser	ven	ROM		9/9	even

LAMETH / 1992AJ

Summer Retreats: English f kie-den, Italian a rom no retreat received, GM removes it.  
 Fall 1908: He Started It! No, HE Started It!

England (Stan Johnson—note COA): a stp h, f nwg-nts, f nat-mid, a pru-sil, f den-kie (f ber s, f bal s, f hol s), f bel s hol /annihilated/ (f eng s bel).

France (Martin Johnson): f tyn-wes, f wes-mid, f mid-eng, a ber-hol /nsu/, a kie u /dislodged/, a ruh-bel (a pic s), a tyo-mun, a pic h.

Italy (Kathy Cariso): no units.

Russia (James Bailey): a war ms a mos, a vie-tyo (a boh s), a rum-bul, f ank h.

Turkey (Tim Goodwin): a con-bul (f aeg s), a ser-tri, a rom h (f nap s), a ven h (f apu s, f adr s), f smy-eas.

Autumn Retreat: French a kie.

Deadline for Winter 1908/Spring 1909 is August 26.

Russia to France: Hey, the Russians are for the French also. We're for French food, French ladies, the French Riviera, French occupation, and French fries.

England to France: You may be right about it not winding down, but you may not like how it winds up!

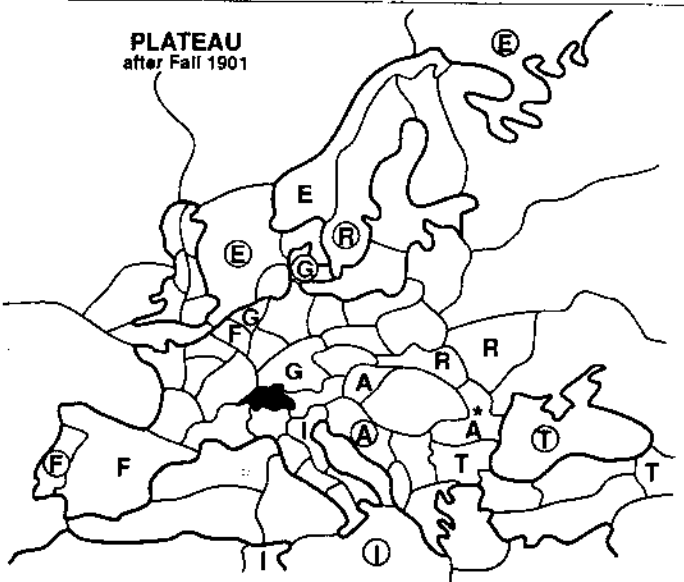
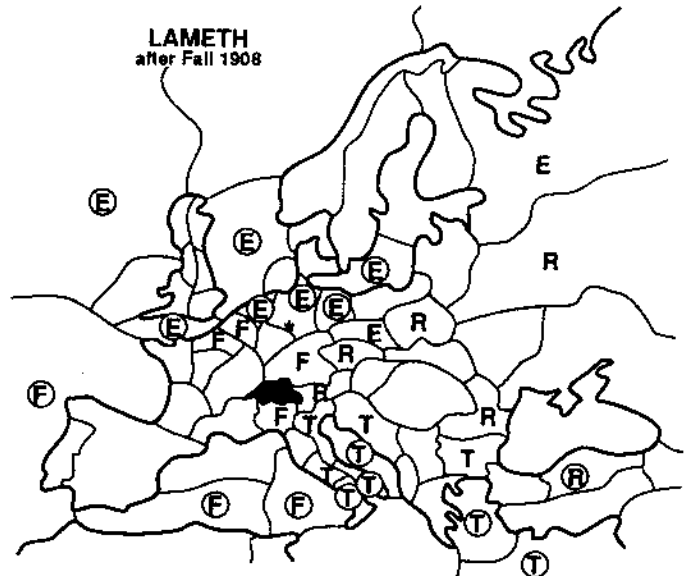
Tsar Jim to King Stan: Thank you for the use of your fine psychologists, I do indeed feel much better. I remain confused on one point, however. Why were they wearing fatigues and carrying rifles? Oh well, I suppose one shouldn't argue with results.

England to GM: Hardly arbitrary I'd say; more specific actually!

Vexvelt Turk to Russia: Obscure?! Obscure doesn't begin to describe just how unknown they are. I might as well put my next door neighbor on a list.

GM to Vexvelt Turk: Why not? Many times when quizzed on 'most attractive women' I've included some completely unfamous people. Celebrity is not a prerequisite for beauty or skill, you know.

Russia to Turkey: Hope you don't mind if I borrow Ankara for a bit. You weren't using it all that much anyway.



PLATEAU / 1994??

Fall 1901: Oh—Were You Serious??

Austria (Matthew Lahtinen): a vie-gal, a ser-rum, f tri h.

England (Tim Goodwin): f nwg-bar, a yor-nwy (f nts c).

France (Don Williams): a bur-bel, a mar-spa, f mid-por.

Germany (James Battle): a ruh-mun, f den h, a kie-hol.

Italy (Victor Thomas): a ven h, a nap-tun (f ion c).

Russia (Jeff August): f bot-swe, a war-gal (a ukr s), f rum-sev /annihilated/.

Turkey (Dave Golias): f bla & a bul s austrian a ser-rum, a arm-sev.

Dave does not have another COA but he does report that I left off his apt number!

You asked: No, we're not using predictive retreats, nor builds. I took so much flak that I backed off of the idea. Your SC chart is on page 15 (trust me, go look).

Deadline for Winter 1901 is August 26.

France to Germany: I sincerely apologize for the scare I gave you, but when you court Italy to come west, you've got to expect a few jitters from the French High Command. Besides, Burgundy is for Burgundians. And we all here are good Burgundians. No harm, no foul!

Germany to World: For those of you who have not yet been informed, the Kaiser finds French bathing habits deplorable and more dangerous than second-hand smoke. He has therefore decided to chase the entire French populace into the Mid-Atlantic for a proper scrubbing. Would anyone care to assist the Kaiser in eliminating a public health hazard?

The Lyon King to A/I: Nice to see all that trust in the border lands. You two will obviously go far together.

Gascony to Ukraine: It would appear you guessed correctly—good for you in one respect, not so good in another. So, tell us, why does the Sultan cover your women dots?

St. Petersburg Gazette: "Single Russian Admiral seeking Swedish Bikini Team."

France to England: Hail Britannia, Britannia rules the waves... and Norway (Scandinavia?), too, by the look of things.

The Lyon King to Golden Toady II: Mom Daf always liked you best! (Such poor taste—go figure...)

Golden Toady to Lyin' King: You know she does like me best, but maybe it's because she's never been a mother figure to me!

A/H to Turkey: OK, I'll help attack the U.S.A. but I get to run the Major Leagues and the Red Sox win the World Series for the next five years.

France to Turkey: Apart from the fact that they have nukes coming out their ears, the USA is a silly place. Forget it! I say we all unite and conquer Switzerland!

Valencia to Concord: Complaining in other venues about the lack of drivel? Calling me an academician? Peter, Peter, Peter... sigh, why do you counsel against me? I suppose, after all these years, that it is my duty, my fate... my Kharmic burden, as it were, to disappoint you. I guess that means that I've left you drivelless. Hey, drivel is as drivel does.

France to Plateau: uh, excuse me guys, but we got a macho pride thing going here. You see the Vexvelt press? Lots of talk about "Babes o'the Moment". I suggest that we in Plateau (ok, ok, you guys, not me) are younger and hipper than the Vexvelt group, and can come up with Better Babes of the Moment. I'll start, but you guys gotta help out. I pick Dana Delaney as one helluva Better Babe of the Moment. (Hey, Peter, she was reared Catholic—ya gotta love her!)

Peter to France: I almost said "rude buzzer noise!" on the grounds that Delaney isn't a Babe of the Moment. However, she turned up in Playboy's Interview pushing a new movie so I guess she counts.

# LUSITANIA/Gunboat Snowball Fighting ASF30

## Turn One: Some Insects Crawling on the Planet's Face

WARRIOR	loc	segment 1	segment 2	segment 3	new loc	up	hp	sb	di
Butthead (BH)	B8	-D8-F8-H8-I9	RR at SB (95,09)	-K9-L10-N10-P10	N10	1	9	1-0	
Droopy (DR)	V14	RR at Z (95,37)	-U13-T12, collect Sb	RR at KC* (95,15)	T12	2	6	1-0	
Duke of Xeimasia (DX)	S5	create	Snow Fort	'Apache'	S5	0	9	2-0	
Ice Root Beer (IRB)	N2	RR at DX (95,72)	-O3-N4, collect Sb	CS at Q7 (so?)	N4	1	9	1-0	
Kid Charlemange (KC; X2)	U9	-T10-S11-R12	collect Di	Di at DR* (60,25)	R12	3	8	2-0	
Polywog (PW)	B14	-C15-E15-G15-I15	-J14-K13-L12-M11-N10-P10	RR at KC* (95,89)	P10	1	10	1-0	
Señor Beavis (SB)	L10	-K9, collect Sb	RR at T (95,44)	RR at T (95,35)	K9	2	8	1-0	
Slushball (SL; X3)	D2	RR at IRB (90,82)	-E1-G1	RR at T (94,49)	G1	2	10	0-0	
Thing (T)	H6	RR at BH (85,90)	RR at BH (95,52)	collect 2 Sb	H6	1	7	2-0	
Vapor Trail (V; X1)	K15	RR at Z (95,86)	RR at SB (85,75)	collect Di	K15	2	10	0-1	
Zonk (Z)	Q15	collect Di	Di at DR (55,80)	RR at DR* (95,07)	Q15	1	8	2-0	

Weather roll = 13. + = dodge. \* marks conditional orders.

Deadline for Turn Two is August 26.

Rules note: You may *not* make orders in Segments One or Two conditional on anything. You writes your orders and takes your chances. In Segment Three (only), you may make your orders conditional on events and outcomes of prior Segments.

Segment One: We're off with a bang, as everyone scores except Duke of Xeimasia, who's constructing a Snow Fort! Droopy and Vapor Trail both shoot off Zonk early. Slushball hurls his first namesake at Ice Root Beer, who is beating the Duke with his shot. Butthead and Polywog both run in toward the action while Kid Charlemange ducks behind the Snowman.

Segment Two: Vapor Trail and Butthead let fly at Señor Beavis, hitting for a point apiece; Beavis, in turn is busy shooting at Thing (and hitting) while Thing completes the circle by hitting Butthead. Zonk hurls his Dirigible at Droopy and misses.

Segment Three: Butthead runs further into the scene, but bumps up against Polywog, who has joined Droopy in Rattling Kid Charlemange (Zonk Rattles Droopy). The Kid isn't perturbed, though, as he slams Droopy with his Dirigible. Beavis and Slushball both attack the silent Thing; Ice Root Beer takes a guess shot at the Q7 tree but nobody's home there. The Duke finishes off his Fort—will it be close enough for real success??

Beavis to Butthead: Heh, heh. Hm. Hey, Butthead, remember the time we, like, hm, went to that place? Heh, heh, and, like, there was that guy with that stuff. And he was, like, doing stuff? That was, like, cool 'n' stuff. Heh, heh.

SnowMaster to Yard: We may have finally found something that could make me stop running SnowFights.

Beavis' Wisdom: Deh! Deh-Deh-Deh! Deh-Deh-Deh! Deh-Deh-Deh-Deh-Deh-Deh-Deh!!

SM to B: Butthead, can you name that tune in four, erm, notes?

IRB to X2: Yo, let's ice the Duke together, Joe, take his dough, take his blow, just like so, then hit the road and go, go, go!

Wog to Duke X-what's-his-face: We don't like them for-in-ers (especially them that write funny!) 'round here!

Duke to X2: I've heard of T2, but what is X2? Exterminator 2? I have some roaches in my apartment you can take care of. Just no explosives, O.K.?

Beavis to IRB: Heh, heh. Mm. Hey, like, your name is Root. You'll have to like, go outside and, like, pull on your root. Heh, heh. Root! A-Root!!

IRB to Duke: If I hit the Duke, it ain't no fluke, he stood right there, got snow in his hair!

Duke to IRB: Your name makes me thirsty. Banal, I know. But it's true.

SnowMaster to Duke: No problem, take your time, warm up slowly... we know it's been a long time for you...

Vapor Trail to Duke of Xeimasia: Oooh, scary name! Now let's see what kind of punch you can pack.

PW to B&B: Hey, I thought nobody knew each other in the yard, now I see the both you with what's left of a cat coming out of the same apartment. What gives?

Beavis' Wisdom: Deh, Deh, Deh-Deh-Deh! Deh, Deh, Deh-Deh-Deh!

Droopy to Yard: Hello all you happy people.

Beavis to Butthead: Heh, heh. Like, there's a guy over there and, like, one over there, and there's like, one over there and another guy is, like, over near that thing and, like, hey, there's a guy there, too, and a guy is, like, right there, and another guy with, like, balls over there and, heh, a guy near him, so, like, there's... uh, like, a hundred guys there.

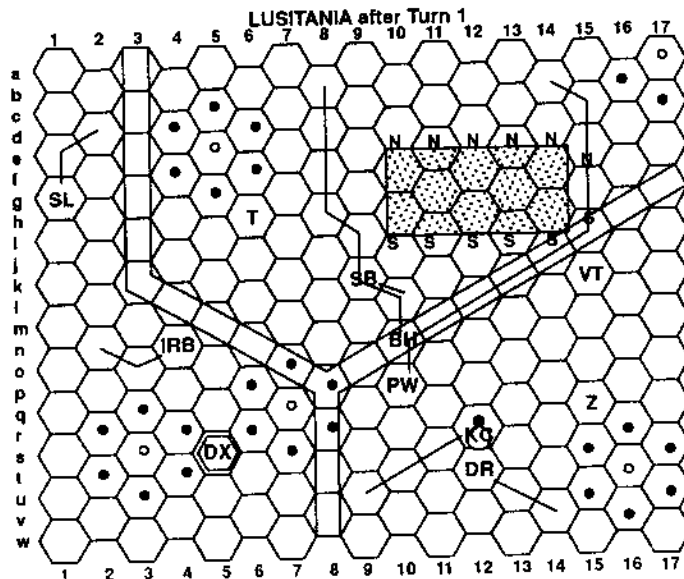
Vapor Trail to Beavis and Butthead: Can we count on you two geeks to wail on each other until you're both unconscious? You'd be doing all of us a favor.

Beavis to Thing: Heh, like, uh... mm, heh, heh. How do you do, sir, like, how do you, like, strike a match? Like, heh, heh, where do you keep your, like, heh?

Polywog to Thing: I can't see you from behind the shed. Are ya the hand from the *Addams Family* or that alien from the South Pole!

Thing to Backyard:  
IRB to Thing: Ain't no big thing, uh huh.

SM to IRB: Ain't no big-mouthed thing, anyway.



Droopy to Zonk: Excuse me sir, but would you let me hit you with this snowball? The Snowmaster has promised me a nice thick juicy steak for every player I hit with a snowball.

SnowMaster to Droopy: Actually, what I promised was you'd have to buy me a nice, juicy steak every time you took my name in vain. That's *one*.

Vapor Trail to Zonk and Beavis: You guys were closest—it's as simple as that.

Beavis' Wisdom: Deh-Deh-DEEH, Deh, Deh, Deh! Deh, Deh, Deh, DEH!

Droopy to Butthead and Señor Beavis: You fellas give us Toons a bad name. In my day you two fellas would be hit by a nice big heavy anvil.

Vapor Trail to SB, Z, DR and X2: Did you gang-bang the snowman? tsk tsk.

Beavis to R12: Heh, heh, like, you need, like, a tan, or something. Heh, heh.

IRB to Señor Beavis: 'Whatcha doin' behind the shed with that magazine, honey?

SnowMaster to Yard: I think I like this Root Beer fellow... What follows is all the rest of the Beavis press. As you suggested, Beavis, I *do* request that you back off, or I will hack stuff to eliminate anything consisting only of 'deh', and a great many other things that make no sense as well. I just don't have time to screw with all these commas and 'like's.

Beavis' Wisdom: Deh, Deh, DEH, DEH, DEH! Deh-Deh-Deh-Deh, DEH, DEH, Deh, Deh, Deh!

Beavis to, like, DX n stuff: How do you, like heh, mm... uh yeah! Like, your name is, uh... Kemosabe, or, like, something.

Beavis' Wisdom: Uh, Bones, Bones, we got an injured crewman... heh, heh.

Beavis to Butthead: Yeah, like, like... like that time when we, um, did that stuff and your mom was, like, pissed, and uh...

Beavis' Wisdom: Deh-DEH! Deh, Deh, Deh-Deh-Deh, Deh, Deh, Deh! DEH! DEH!!

Beavis to Droopy: Hm, heh, heh, I bet, like, you don't get any women, 'cause like, you're droopy n stuff.

Beavis' Wisdom: Deh. Deh. DEEH. Deh. Deh. De-DEH!

Beavis to Butthead: Heh, we sould, like, make a video about this stuff, like, n call it, "Snowball Fighting: Volume One, Hunting and Escaping." Heh, heh.

Beavis' Wisdom: Deh, Deh... um, uh... hey, how does it go? Uh, ...deh...uh...  
Beavis' Wisdom: Oh, yeah. Deh-deh-deh-deh, DEH! deh-deh-deh.

Beavis to Butthead: Heh, heh, heh. Uh... yeah, like, it would be cool if, like, Daria was here and, like, we could, uh, uh... uh... yeah, like, we could throw this white stuff at her uh... uh, her... uh, her head, n stuff. Heh, heh, hm.





# It's Me Again!

by Cathy Gaughan

Goshi, I'm not sure where to begin. Pete and I had a wonderful time on our vacation. We left our house July 13th after I finished my Sweet Adelines rehearsal and drove to Pete's folks house in Marin County to spend the night. A limousine picked us up at 7:30am to take us to the airport. I had never ridden in a limo before and I was very impressed. I guess Pete's Dad figured that there was no way in hell for us all to fit with our luggage in a taxi. We got to the San Francisco Airport with plenty of time before our 10:30ish flight. At SFO we met up with Peg, Pete's sister who had flown up from Bakersfield. I enjoyed getting to see her again. Mom wanted to video tape us all finding one another. We had to do several takes before we got it right. Way too many hams in this here family.

We flew from SFO to Chicago, where we had about a 45 minute lay over. Mom, Peg and I went through an underground tunnel that was lit up with rainbow colors. Pretty neat for an airport. If we had been there longer I was going to have Pete call Russ Ruesnak. Pete didn't figure Russ could meet us at the airport, but I did think of you my Russ"ie" Boy. Then we flew from Chicago to Portland, Maine. And from this point on I am totally lost as to the time. Anyway, we drove (in a rented seven-passenger van) from Portland to Yarmouth, where we spent our first night.

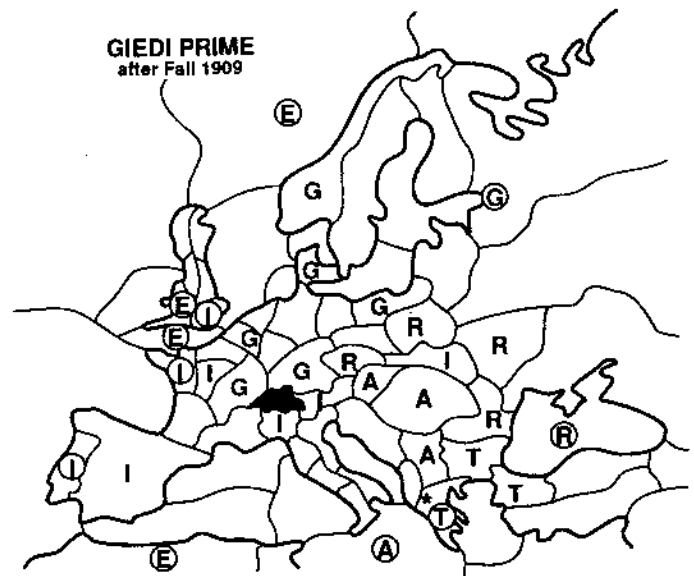
In Yarmouth we met up with Betty's (Pete's Mom) twin sister Barbara for dinner. We ate at a restaurant called the Muddy Rudder where I had some great seafood quiche. We went back to the Down East Motel for the night. Peg and Barb had a room, Pete and I had a room and Pete's folks, Jack and Betty, had a room. The next morning we all had breakfast together at the hotel restaurant. Aunt Barbara had her own plans for the day so didn't come with us to the OUTLET town of the USA, Freeport. We first stopped at the L.L. Bean Factory Outlet. Dad found a great green hat which he needed as he had left his hat on the counter at the car rental place in the airport. Mom found clothes, Peg found pj's that she wants for X-mas and so on. Pete and I thought the prices were still pretty expensive, but we like prices at K-mart or Target. Freeport was a very cute town—all the buildings have to meet certain building codes, so even the McDonald's is a two-story colonial-style building.

Before leaving Freeport we found the Audubon Sanctuary and went on a bird walk. Peg was first to spot and identify a Cedar Waxwing. We watched as one Cedar Waxwing fed red berries to another one. We saw some other birds that I can't remember, but am sure Pete will let you know when he writes about our trip in the next issue. There were lots of mosquitoes, butterflies, dragonflies, and bees. I liked all the different buzzing sounds mixed with birds singing and wind rustling through the trees. Very relaxing until the mosquitoes get close to your ear.

From Freeport we headed to Thomaston to Aunt Judy's house, she is Pete's Mom's younger sister (the sister that looks more like her than her twin does). When we got there we were met by Jennifer (Judy's daughter); Grandma and Grandpa; and Mike (Pete's brother), and Sandy (Mike's wife). Grandpa, who is 89 years old, got out his bag pipes and played us a tune. He just recently began this hobby and plays in a band every week. They give concerts which Mike and Sandy had the privilege of going to the week before in Rochester, NY.

Several days before we left San Francisco, Mike and Sandy flew from LA to Rochester, NY to see Grandma and Grandpa's place. Sandy had never been there before and that way they could drive Grandma and Grandpa to Thomaston, Maine since neither of them will fly on an airplane.

Now back to Judy's house... We had been told before we arrived that



this evening was going to be the Barstow Seafood Restaurant. Judy is married to Jimmie Barstow, and Uncle Jimmie was going to be the chef that night. Dinner would be later in the evening as he had been out on the Laura B all day. (I'll tell you about the Laura B later). Karen, the other Barstow daughter, arrived at the house, then came Jimmie. He went to run another errand which was collecting fresh mussels, clams and live lobsters (pronounced Lahb-stahs). When he got back with the cooler full of these creatures, Karen gave us the run-down on Lahbstahs. I know which is the pincher and crusher claws, I can even tell a male from a female if I'm able to turn them over. We also found out that some lobsters are left-handed. After our lesson about lobsters, I noticed that Jimmie was covering the table with newspaper. I didn't realize why he did that until after we ate. Somewhere during all this commotion, Aunt Judy got home from work.

Jimmie boiled the clams in salt water and the muscles in a wine sauce. These were the appetizers. There were enough for an army... But I guess we were getting close to having an army there. Jimmie instructed us on how to get the clams and mussels out of the shell. You had to dip the clams in some warm water to get the sand off of them, and then dip them into the melted butter. They just melted in your mouth. After at least a dozen each of the clams and mussels, Jimmie opens the pot to the lahbstahs. Barbara, Betty's sister, leaves the room immediately as she can't stand the sight of lobsters. Jimmie then brings Pete, Sandy, Mike, Betty, Grandma, Judy and Karen a lobster. I just kind of looked at it, not sure where to start.

Finally, Sandy and I just ask Jimmie to give us a lesson in how to eat one of these guys. So, now Pete's Mom grabs her video camera and is taping Mike, Sandy, Pete and me learning to eat lahbstahs. These were the freshest, most "wicked" sweet tasting lahbstahs in the world. You didn't have to dip it in the butter sauce to get flavor. I just thought the meal was magnificent and was so impressed that Jimmie had done it all. There were several folks that didn't like lobster, so he had grilled up some chicken on the barbeque. There was food everywhere and it was all delicious. But, he wasn't finished yet. For dessert he had a fresh strawberry and blue-berry mixture to put over ice cream. What a meal. I thought I wouldn't have to eat for the rest of the trip. (too bad I did)

After a while of chatting, Peg, Pete, Dad, Mom and I headed for our motel rooms at the Trade Winds in Rockland. All stuffed to the gills and pretty tired, getting to sleep was no problem. The next morning we went in hunt for breakfast. Yes, somehow during the night we got our hunger back. Dad decided we should walk to get our breakfast. We thought that was a good idea until we realized he wanted to speed walk. Pete kept up with him but us three ladies decided window shopping was much more excited than trying to keep up with them. We ate breakfast at the Brown Bag. Mine was nothing to write home about, but Dad had cinnamon swirl french toast that was just awesome.

After breakfast and a much more leisurely stroll back to the motel,

PLATEAU / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1901						
Austria	vie	tri	bud	RUM	.	3/4 +1
England	lvp	lon	edi	NWY	.	3/4 +1
France	par	mar	bre	POR SPA BEL	3/6	+3
Germany	mun	kie	ber	HOL DEN	.	3/5 +2
Italy	nap	ven	rom	TUN	.	3/4 +1
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev SWE	.	4/5 +2
Turkey	con	ank	smv	BUL	.	3/4 +1

Mike, Sandy, Grandma and Grandpa met up with us in Rockland. We checked out of the motel and headed for Camden. We rented a two story house on Harden Lane that was just a couple blocks from the downtown tourist "summer folk" shops, restaurants and water. When we first arrived at the house the cleaning lady was still there so we couldn't go in. Grandma and Grandpa were hungry for lunch, the rest of us had basically just finished breakfast. The solution was to take the grandfolks down to some restaurant while the rest of us explored the downtown area. While driving through Camden to get to our house we had all noticed an Arts and Crafts Fair as well as a Book Sale close to the Camden Library.

So, Mike and Sandy drove Gr & Gr to some restaurant while the rest of us began our walk to the library. I liked the inside of the library because one side was a large plate glass window that looked out on the water front and the other side was a beautiful fireplace with a mantel. Looked perfect to cozy up next to with a book. Down some stairs in the back was the children's section. There was a giant stuffed caterpillar that I really wanted to take home, but wasn't sure how to accomplish the task so I left it alone. Peg enjoyed playing around on the computer to see what kind of titles they had compared to her branch in Delano. Peg is a librarian, so is Barbara and Judy is just beginning some classes to become one—so libraries are a big interest in this family. Let alone Pete loving to READ. Pete found several books at the book sale to purchase. We didn't buy anything at the art and craft show but I really liked many of the paintings and pictures. Many of them were boats on the ocean or waves crashing against rocks. Pete really liked the close up of different birds or fish. Probably the most unique booth was the guy that carved large tree trunks with a chain-saw. He was working on an Eagle when we were watching. Another booth had metal that was shaped into different things, like a monkey that was as tall as me was playing a trumpet.

We started on our way back to the house when Pete showed me that in front of the library was a sundial in the middle of a bunch of flowers. I loved all the houses that we walked by. Many of them were Bed and Breakfasts. The grass and trees were so green. There were different shades of green unlike California that has the evergreens and brown, oops I mean golden grass. The only thing that was somewhat unbearable was the humidity. You could take a shower, but you never felt like you could completely dry off.

Anyway, when we got back to the house the cleaning ladies were just beginning to leave. They made some comment about make sure you're out of here by 10am on Saturday so that they would have time to clean before the next tenants arrived. Well, Mom and I were somewhat perturbed as we had been waiting for over an hour before we were allowed to get in. So I made some wise crack about we had to wait so the next folks could too. I thought we were supposed to be let in by noon and it was going on 2pm. I guess Dad got a call from the real estate place that the cleaning lady was given a very bad time and we refused to leave at the designated time. Dad got it all straightened out. I felt pretty stupid for having opened my trap at all. But, oh well, what can I say.

Oh dear, I can't remember if this was the evening we celebrated Grandma's birthday or not. I'll tell you about the party anyway. Pete's Grandma enjoys crossword puzzles and jigsaw puzzles. So Mom had found the worlds most difficult puzzle. It was printed with the same picture on both sides. Mom split up the puzzle pieces into four gifts. One from her and Dad, one from Mike and Sandy, one from Peg, and one from Pete and me. It was great to hear Grandma laugh as she figured out what had happen. But she was very worried that she didn't have the box to know what the puzzle looked like. Mom gave that to her later. She also got a couple of crossword puzzle books. One you had to read a story before you could get the answers to the crossword. She looked over at Grandpa and said you can read the stories and I'll do the puzzle. Jennifer, Judy' daughter brought home an ice cream cake from where she works as a waitress. It was very good.

After Grandma had finished her gift opening the attention turned to the other end of the table, and we celebrated Jimmie and Judy's 29th anniversary. They mostly got cards from everyone except from each other. Jimmie got Judy a printer for her computer, and Judy got Jimmie a rare

book on the ancestry of the Barstow family. You could tell they were both very impressed by the gifts and cards. They had not expected to celebrate their anniversary with everyone.

Again, I'm starting to lose track of which day I did what. But I think we went to Monhegan Island on Sunday. Mike, Sandy, Pete and I got up early to catch the 7:30am boat to Monhegan. We got to Port Clyde probably around 7am. It was a beautiful morning. Jimmie was busy getting the Laura B. ready to go. The Laura B. is a tug boat that Jimmie has owned for quite a few years. He makes 3 or 4 runs to Monhegan daily in the summer. He only goes 3 times a week in the winter mostly to deliver mail and supplies for the islanders. We boarded the boat and it took about an hour and a half to get to the island. The boat doesn't go very fast. The ocean was very calm which I was happy about. I'm not sure how well my stomach would have handled rough waves, but I did fine on the calm seas. We saw some seals on some rocks that we passed. A whale swam off the port side of the boat several yards ahead of us. Someone thought they saw a shark, but it never moved so I think it was just something sticking out of the water. We saw lots of Gulls and Guillemots.

When we arrived at Monhegan we were hungry, so we went to the Monhegan House restaurant. I can't remember what anyone else had but I had lox and bagels and home fries. Both were extremely good. Pete and Mike both wanted to pay the bill, I think Pete won this time. After breakfast we began a hike. We walked to where a large boat had crashed and was now totally rusted on the rocky shore. We saw very steep drop offs from the edge of the island. It was quite a hike, we stopped and took some water breaks. We had to carry our own water as there was none to drink on the island.

After the hike, we all headed back into town. We needed to use the bathroom. We looked at the map and went to where it showed the public restrooms were. There was a big sign posted: Closed due to NO WATER. Well, we weren't sure what to do. We asked some people if they knew where any more restrooms were. They indicated we should go to a restaurant a little ways down the road. Note the roads are dirt and only wide enough for one vehicle. We went to this place and the owner or person working was quite a sour puss. He didn't seem to want us to use his restroom. We explained that the other one was out of order. He already knew that. It was out of order because of Summer people. Anyway, we decided to buy some sodas to make ourselves patrons of the restaurant and then used the bathrooms. Geez, he was such a grouch. I don't know how he managed to make a living if he didn't like tourists.

Anyway after that it was time to meet the next boat that had more of the gang aboard. The late crew consisted of Mom, Dad, Grandpa, Peg, Barbara, and Karen. Karen was supposed to be our tour guide, but quickly figured out that she was amongst a group that did their own thing at their own time. We did all head up to the lighthouse together with the exception of Barb. She headed to Ice Pond. There was an exquisite view of the town from up on the hill were the lighthouse was. I laid down on a perfectly placed rock and enjoyed the view. Everyone else toured the museum next to the light house. We had brought our lunches so I decided to eat my lobster salad sandwich (made from the left over lahbstah we had had at Jimmie and Judy's earlier). As people came straggling out of the museum they began eating their lunches too. Karen was trying to figure out where to take us next when Peg decided she wanted to take a hike by herself. Dad wanted to stay on the hill by the lighthouse and take more pictures. Pete wanted to see Ice Pond and walk through some woods. Mom wanted to try to find Barbara. Mike and Sandy wanted to do something and Grandpa was ready to head down the hill. So Karen decided to forget trying to be tour guide and to go meet up with one of her friends and go swimming.

Pete, Mom and I headed for the Ice Pond, to meet up with Barb (we thought). Of course she had already given up that anyone would meet her there and had moved on to something else. Mom had some crackers that she began feeding the ducks. To our surprise the little minnows were eating more of the crackers than the ducks were. I enjoyed the different types of dragonflies darting from place to place.

[[to be concluded next month.]]

## Tonight's Cast

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.

Bold indicates a new address.

PLAYER	ADDRESS	EMAIL	NMR INSURANCE?
Chuff Afflerbach	5632 Oakgrove Avenue, Oakland CA 94618		yes
Michael Alerio	P.O. Box 713, Millbrook NY 12545		yes
Lance Anderson	1200 Dallas Drive #824, Denton TX 76205	LancerA@aol.com	yes
Teresa Armstrong	P.O. Box 3124, Radford VA 24141		no
Jeff August	5057 South 12th Street, Arlington VA 22204		yes
James Bailey	8337 La Riviera Drive, Sacramento CA 95826-1654	JamesAB5@aol.com	yes
J.R. Baker	2709 Colonial Drive, Dickinson TX 77539		yes
James Battle	290 Massachusetts Avenue #435, Cambridge MA 02139-4196		yes
Jason Bergmann	10740 Lathrop, Dallas TX 75229	72163.3104@compuserve.com	email
John Bryden	Dept. of Math., U. of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta T3C 2M2, CANADA	bryden@acs.ucalgary.ca	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 19401-3745		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
Greg Ellis	2005 Dublin Drive, League City TX 77573	GregE625@aol.com	yes
Peter Evert	4819 D Swiss, Dallas TX 75204		yes
John Galt	701 Welch Road #323, Palo Alto CA 94304-1705	john_david_galt@cup.portal.com	email
Charles Goetz	3831 N. Fremont #404, Chicago, IL 60613-3062	cgoetz@kentlaw.edu	yes
Dave Golias	509 South Brian #14, Fort Collins CO 80521		yes
Tim Goodwin	49 Williams Street #2, Portland ME 04103		yes
Joel Grönberg	Sjohagsvagen 51, 141 71 Huddinge SWEDEN		no
Randy Havens	2626 West Olive Avenue, Fullerton CA 92633		yes
Matt Heppe	26 Meadowbrook Lane, Chalfont PA 18914		yes
Tom Hurst	5628 Byrneland Street, Madison WI 53711		yes
Rich Irving	1505 Caceras Circle, Salinas CA 93906	RR11@pge.com	yes
Martin Johnson	113 Carey Court, Windsor CA 95492		yes
Stan Johnson	2225 East Marilyn Road, Phoenix AZ 85022		no
Tom Johnston	11112 Second Street, Mokena IL 60448		yes
David Kovar	5 Town and Country Village, San Jose CA 95128-2026	kovar@nda.com	yes
Eben Kurtzman	550 Mansion Park Drive #201, Santa Clara CA 95054		yes
Matthew Lahtinen	P.O. Box 10786, Zephyr Cove NV 89448		no
Daf Langley	14609 203rd Avenue SE, Renton WA 98059		yes
Mark Lew	5390 Broadway #2, Oakland CA 94618		yes
Hugh Magen	P.O. Box 131, Redondo Beach CA 90277		no
Jack McHugh	280 Sanford Road, Upper Darby PA 19082-4708	76646.334@compuserve.com	yes
Steve McKinnon	240 Sheridan, Albany NY 12210		yes
Jamie McQuinn	214 E. Church Street, Adrian MI 49221-2902	jmcquinn@delphi.com	yes
Clark Millikan	778 Center Avenue, Martinez CA 94553		yes
Conrad Minshall	6295 Shadygrove Court, Cupertino CA 95014	conrad@apple.com	email
Ward Nahi	46 S. Adolph #4, Akron OH 44304	R2WEN@vm1.cc.edu	email
Mark Nelson	21 Cecil Mount, Armley, LEEDS, West Yorkshire LS12 2AP, U.K.	amt5man@amsta.leeds.ac.uk	email
Steve Nicewarner	3602 Abercromby Drive, Durham NC 27713	steve@plume.ics.ncsu.edu	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 Scheiffer	16122 Affirmed Way, Friendswood TX 77546	Donnno@aol.com	yes
David Schlosser	2041 N Street, Eureka CA 95501		no
Alex Simmons	918 Colina Vista, Ventura CA 93003	afs@qad.com	yes
Vincent Springer	(after 8/5) 2550 Yeager Road #21-10, West Lafayette IN 47906		yes?
Mick Taylor	311 1/2 W. Roosevelt Street, DeKalb IL 60115-3647	t20mgt1@corn.cso.niu.edu	yes
Bob Theriault	156 Lyman Street Ext., Westbrook ME 04092		yes
Victor Thomas	22782 Via Santa Rosa, Mission Viejo CA 92691		yes
Nathan Trent	1200 Kenmore Avenue #4, Fredericksburg VA 22401		yes
David Wang	P.O. Box 1564, Piscataway NJ 08854		no
Chris Warren	2425 Purdue #104, Los Angeles CA 90064	cwarren@annex.com	email
Richard Weiss	1480 Creekside Drive #A316, Walnut Creek CA 94596		yes
Brendan Whyte	96 Waitarua Road, Remuera, Auckland 5 NEW ZEALAND	B.R.Whyte@massey.ac.nz	email
Don Williams	25252 Via Sistine, Valencia CA 91355		yes
Brad Wilson	Box 532, Paoli PA 19301-0532		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	wandrew@aol.com	yes

## CALLBOARD Game Openings

**X-23/Regular Diplomacy** (\$5 gamefee): Peter Evert (pd), Lance Anderson (pd), Jim Bailey (notpd), Ward Narhi (pd), Vince Spring (notpd) signed up, can take two more.

**DURLA/Gunboat Diplomacy** (\$5 gamefee): Seven signed up, gamestart on a separate sheet. Will allow grey press. If you don't get a separate sheet from me, you aren't signed up.

**'INVASION'/Regular Diplomacy** by Guest GM Russ Ruznak (\$5 gamefee): Russ will GM and will mail reports separately to players. He'll run the game with Immediate Return Mail retreats and adjustments—that means, if you have a retreat, build or removal to make, you must make it within ten days of the previous deadline. That way, a Spring or Fall turn can be produced every month. Can take seven, sign up with Pete—last chance for someone to start the signups here.

**TRALFAMADORE/Youngstown Diplomacy XV:** ready to go! See gamestart inside.

**SILVERRUN/Snowball Fighting ASF30** (free): Baker, Golais, Hurst (Ice Sickle), Narhi, Schultz signed up, can take five more.

**OTHER GAMES:** What does everyone have in mind? John Bryden asks if I've thought about running Dune, well now that I've played it I just might. Your input is requested.

circulation of this issue: 112.

You may use your subscription balance and free issues to pay gamefees, to purchase copies of *Zine Register*, to order samples from the Zine Bank, or to purchase *Diplomacy A-Z*, *ZR* and *Dip AZ* cost \$2 in North America and \$4 elsewhere. Zine Bank costs \$3 in the US, \$4 in Canada, and \$6 overseas.

## Conventions

### Another 48 Hours

is now set for August 19-21! If you like to play games then be at Chuff Afflerbach's place that weekend: 5632 Oakgrove Avenue, Berkeley 94618 (phone 510-655-7393). I don't know what made me say "1632" lastish. Daf Langley will grace us with her presence, Don Williams will be in attendance from L.A. and Jason Bergmann will have become a naturalized Californian by then. Dip game scheduled to start 1pm Saturday but come any time between 5 on Friday and 5 on Sunday for lots of fun.

### Vertigo Games

Brad Wilson's annual Labor Day game party on the Jersey shore. Phone: (610) 296-9474.

### World DipCon IV

Reported by Peter Sullivan on the Internet:

The top seven finishers in the 1994 World Diplomacy Championships, held at World Dip Con from 21st to 25th July were as follows:

1. Pascal Montagna (fr) 128.91% Best Germany
2. Stephane Gentric (fr) 121.46% Best Italy
3. Bruno-Andre Giraudon (fr) 91.93%
4. Bjorn von Knorring (sv) 88.03% Best Russia
5. Thomas Franke (de) 86.12% Best France
6. Vick Hall (uk) 82.04%
7. Xavier Blanchot (fr) 80.93%

Best Austria: Roland Isaksson (sv)

Best England: Jonathan Pollock (uk)

Best Turkey: Emmanuel Langer (fr)

A total of 94 players played the two or more rounds needed to qualify.

The team tournament, with 17 teams of seven players each, was won by:

TEAM SWEDEN	174.46%
A. Roland Isaksson	45.16%
E. Dan Horning	38.62%
F. Bjorn von Knorring	32.40%
G. Paul Nilsson	37.82%
I. Thomas Andersson	0.07%
R. Johannes Nesser	4.09%
T. Per Westling (captain)	16.31%

{! believe there's an error here: Thomas Franke is listed as "de" (Denmark) but is actually from Germany. I have some early email comments from Jim Burgess on the WDC Charter meeting—verrrrry interesting! No Charter at all! World DipCon next year in France as expected—what will the French do to the WDC process? Is Pete responsible for the collapse of negotiations? (seriously!) Details next time!!}

## Calendar

Aug: 15 B. McKee, 16 B. Whyte, 29 D. Williams!

Nextish: Pete's story of the Maine trip! Everyone should get a postcard from us from Maine—sorry if they weren't all mailed from there... :-)

## Picks and Pans

No zine notes this month, I don't really have time to cover all the zines that arrived while I was on vacation! I am cramming stuff in at this late date but I do have a couple of hobby notes.

At Origins I discovered a new magazine, the *Train Gamer's Gazette*. It's a twelve-page glossy newsletter of game-con news and plenty of advertising. No subscription data is provided but you can apparently get it by joining the Train Gamer's Association for \$30/year (includes T-shirt). TGG is at P.O. Box 461072, Aurora CO 80046-1072 (phone 303-680-7824).

Don Del Grande is conducting a different type of poll. Called the "Publishers' Poll", it is an attempt to find out just how many people reach out to receive each zine. IF YOU PUBLISH A ZINE, you are asked to send to Don:

- a count of your paid subscribers (count multiple people at one address as one, don't count trades or samples but do count mutual subs); and
- a list of the zines you trade for, which you would pay for if you didn't trade. (This info will be kept secret.)

Send to Don at: 142 Eliseo, Greenbrae CA 94904.

And finally, Doug Kent is running the PDO auction again to raise money for hobby services like the BNC and (possibly) *Zine Register*. A bid sheet is enclosed.

## MODERAN / Snowball Fighting Champions' Game ASF26

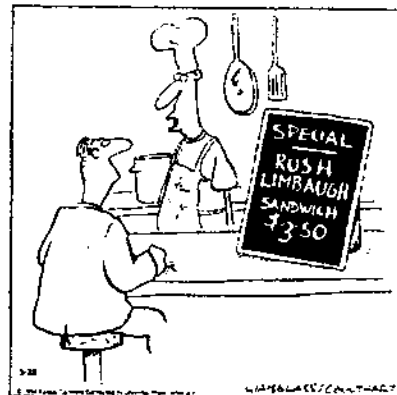
### The Wearer of the Belt

WARRIOR (PLAYER)	.....wp.....hp.....sb.....di
Comer Chucker (Clark Millikan)	.....15.....0.....0-0
Pheckless Phool (Tom Hurst)	.....13.....7.....2-0
PeD Mang (David Wang)	.....11.....5.....0-0
Lasher (Daf Langley)	.....9.....10.....0-0
Desperado (Teresa Armstrong)	.....7.....9.....0-0
Hoi Polloi (J.R. Baker)	.....6.....5.....0-0
Ice Man (Andy York)	.....6.....8.....2-0

Pheckless Phool: This game was fun! Kudos to the Komet, and thanks to all the gang for the press—especially Dizzy & the Whiplady (sounds like a new sitcom, doesn't it?). I can hardly wait for the next episode!!!

Hoi Polloi: Early in the game I set a new record for high-percentage misses... It must be because I'm a Lefty!

## Farcus



"It's just a lot of bologna with a slice of ham."

## I Want to Thank the Academy...

I have worked on this issue off and on for a week now, trying to gather last-minute orders (Vulcan is not in here and is held over a few days because too many of you nm'ed!), trying to find time to spend with Cathy, spending an evening with Don Williams (thanks again for dinner, buddy!), and trying to make some money. And in the back of my head has been bubbling the fact that I should say something about the insert page that carries the Runestone Poll results.

Thank you, very much, but remember that you bear most of the credit.

That's a really feeble response to winning the Poll (though even that is probably too much for the folks like Jim-Bob, who think the Poll in itself is feeble!). I don't want to gush—maybe I should, but it's not my style.

This zine has been recognized (as Brent McKee so enthusiastically pointed out) as the most popular three years running. Each year I've just barely edged out Doug Kent's fine product. And *Perelandra* wouldn't have won, even once, if it didn't have the finest, most literate, friendly, funny, and wise readership in Dipdom.

Thank you.

*Pete*



Cathy & Pete at Lapracon (thanks, Joan!!)