

Once I said in print that the remaining western wilderness is the geography of hope, and I have written, believing what I wrote, that the West at large is hope's native home, the youngest and freshest of America's regions, magnificently endowed and with the chance to become something unprecedented and unmatched in the world.

I was shaped by the West and have lived most of a long life in it, and nothing would gratify me more than to see it, in all its subregions and subcultures, both prosperous and environmentally healthy, with a civilization to match its scenery. Whenever I return to the Rocky Mountain states where I am most at home or escape into the California backlands from the suburbia where I live, the smell of distance excites me, the largeness and the clarity take the scales from my eyes, and I respond as unthinkingly as a salmon that swims past a rivermouth and tastes the waters of its birth.

But when I am thinking instead of throbbing, I remember what history and experience have taught me about the West's past, and what my senses tell me about the West's present, and I become more cautious about the West's future. Too often, when they have been prosperous, the western states have been prosperous at the expense of their fragile environment, and their civilization has too often mined and degraded the natural scene while drawing most of its quality from it.

So I amend my enthusiasm, I begin to quibble and qualify, I say, yes, the West is hope's native home, but there are varieties and degrees of hope, and the wrong kinds, in excessive amounts, go with human failure and environmental damage as boom goes with bust.

—Wallace Stegner, from the Introduction to *Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs*

PERELANDRA NO. 134

Episode IX: The Curtain Falls

edited by Pete Gaughan

with assistance and inspiration from Cathy and Sally Ann Gaughan

1236 Detroit Avenue #7, Concord California 94520-3651

phone (510) 825-2165 / fax (510) 825-3419 / email gaughan@netcom.com / subscriptions: hah!

Monologue Among the Trees

by Pete Gaughan

I'm peeved about this 'telecommunications' bill. I agree with the American Society of Journalists and Authors, which issued a long and detailed statement denouncing the censorship provisions of this 'reform' (a copy of the statement is available from me). It seems our politicians would like to destroy the Internet as a cultural meetingplace and creative expression, turning it into another suburban mall.

In a recent exchange with Mark Lew I wrote the following: Censoring the Net is technically possible (though very difficult). Compare *preventing* copyright violations with *punishing* them; almost impossible to keep people from breaking the law (easy access to copiers) but as distribution of illegal material grows it becomes easier to punish.

The same is going to happen on the Internet and it's a *bad* thing. The gov can't keep people from putting erotic material (for instance) on computers that others can access (BBSs or the Net). It can punish them for doing so, and that gets easier and easier the larger the distribution (and the Internet is about the widest disseminator of data other than TV and radio).

I think laws against publishing anything on a computer that's not illegal elsewhere—Net, BBS, www site, whatever—should be found unconstitutional. But then I also believe that there should be no restriction on sexual materials through the mail so long as they aren't unsolicited. What people bring into their homes is entirely none of the gov's business, and that's the worst part of a recent *Economist* editorial. The mag says that any locality should be allowed to outlaw any sexual image. Yow! How can a freedom-loving American possibly support this position?!

Great quote in *Macworld* from Jon Carroll, Bay Area writer: "My fondest hope is that by 2001 it is evident that the Net (and, more specifically, the Web) is a lousy place to do business or promote products, and that it will be returned to artists, visionaries, cranks, academics, writers, scientists, and anyone else who wants an imaginary playground and a cool workplace."

Unfortunately, *Perelandra* won't be around in 2001 to see it. And it won't be around in April 1996, either. *I'm folding*. Here's the announcement I put out by email a couple weeks ago:

This is tough, but it has to be done.

I'm folding *Perelandra*. I will continue to GM all games unless the players want me to find them new GMs—each game will go out on flyers to the players only. A final issue, #134, will be mailed very early in March.

I'm asking you fellow GMs to announce this. By now I really should have sent some kind of notice to all my readers, but I haven't for the same reason I'm stopping the zine: I can't afford it. You sure don't have to quote this whole jeremiad, I'm going to print it in the final issue, but I might as well vent some of this while I'm here.

#134 has been ready since the second week in January, but I haven't sat down to print it because we don't have the money for copier toner, or for stamps. This bears noticing: this delay is unrelated to either late orders, OR to our baby. I repeat: I am NOT folding because of burnout, or lack of interest, or lack of time. I simply can't justify spending more than \$100 a month on the zine—in fact, right now I don't have it to spend.

Obviously, that being the case, I can't issue subscription refunds right away. People who subbed since the last issue will get their money back immediately; everyone else will get it over the next couple of months.

I hope this means I'll be able to pay more attention to my games in *TAP*, *S.O.B.* and *RbM*, and in fact I might be able to start a couple more. Time hasn't really been a problem—I've been able to spare two or three days a month for ftf gaming—but every time I started playing in a game it took second chair to the GM and editing work I had ahead of me.

The things that bother me most are letting down some of my best friends—and folks like Steve Emmert, who I don't know real well but now has the misfortune to sub to *Pere* just in time for it

to vanish *twice*—and the fact that now I'll miss out on a lot of the best reading I get, in the zines I traded for. God knows I couldn't afford to pay the British editors what it really costs them to entertain me each month!

When I passed issue #100 a few years ago, I said that I hadn't decided whether my next goal was to publish until #200, or #150, or until the year 2000 (which would have been around #200 anyway). We make it to #134; although there may be some set of game flyers with the name *Perelandra* on them, it won't be the same.

Of course, being late lately will appear to be part of my decision to fold. I did push a bit too hard after the third time I won the Runestone Poll (1994). It wasn't that I was trying to win it again, but the steady encouragement that the Poll provided kind of drowned out the beginnings of a feeling that a smaller zine would be more comfortable and allow me to shift into new interests. I had been trying for a year to make a habit of creative writing, with little success despite a couple of costly workshops invested in the process. My dad was in the midst of his cardiac troubles; Cathy had been laid off her job; we moved. I had all the signals that I might need to reprioritize, but I was having too much fun publishing.

Then last summer the baby came. Dad finally had open-heart surgery which seems to have put him back on track. We adjusted to Cathy staying home. I felt as though I had *less* to worry about than before and could keep the big-zine thing going.

Well, feelings are deceptive. I knew the baby was a big change that would affect the zine but forgot about everything else that had really happened. Our income had dropped drastically with Cathy not working—and it dropped again since New Year's because I am now relying on the monthly commissions exactly and not on a flat-rate draw as before. Our debts are larger than they were two years ago. Yes, I have finally managed to start writing on a regular basis, and am more interested in doing that with my precious spare time than in typing or running the copier. But if I had the money to do the zine I'd still do it.

Well, on with this final issue. I'll see you again in the back of these pages...

The Roar of the Greasepaint I

(letters from before January 1)

Mark Lew (Oakland, California)

Well, whattaya know? The Tampa Bay Bucs DID make it to the playoffs. I saw them play in Philadelphia yesterday, but for some reason they were wearing blue Lions uniforms...

I got a Christmas package from JB—the TimJim game, Fast Food Franchise. Neither of us had played it before so we weren't sure what to expect, but I played a few games with Mom and it was pretty fun.

It's quick to learn, quick to set up and fairly quick to play (about 1 hour with 2 players, probably longer with more). But still more interesting than a skittles game. Vaguely resembles a blend of Monopoly and Acquire, but without the trading. Since trading isn't involved, two-player works OK, but I think it'll be more fun if the board is more crowded—like Merchant in that respect.

[[We'll be trying this one soon, I'm sure—any other locals want in on it? Sorry the football stuff is so stale, but for that you shoulda seen the letter from Doug Brown!]]

[[Mark also forwarded an editorial from the Economist, which he agreed with, that said censorship of the Internet was unavoidable and in some ways shouldn't be opposed. I can't reproduce the 'argument' here—no space for the whole thing but paraphrasing doesn't do it justice—however I will say that any text or picture I decide to bring into my home, in any medium, should be entirely my business and not illegal. The whole flap over Compuserve editing some USENET groups out is government goodthink at its worst.]]

John Galt (Hayward, California)

Sorry this is so late but things are chaotic around here; I have a job again, with a horrendous commute (Hayward to Cupertino, an hour and a half each way on good days), AND am trying to pack for my move to San Jose in mid-February to deal with it.

I plan to hold a mini-games-con once I'm moved in, say mid to late March; I'll send details on that next time too.

PS. Re. the Super Bowl: Yaaaaaawn. Maybe baseball goes too far with three rounds of seven-game playoffs, but three rounds of one-game playoffs sure don't work; even a rotten team can get lucky and win one game. (Otherwise, why were this Super Bowl AND the last such blowouts?) It should have been Dallas vs. Kansas City, or maybe SF vs. KC. Maybe next year.

Brendan Whyte (Los Angeles, ex-Auckland)

It is now 11:30 am Christmas morning, and I have a new place to live, new friends and a renewed Christmas spirit.

Yesterday, Christmas Eve, even though Sunday, the shoppers were out in force, although the streets were remarkably quiet in most places. I did my Christmas shopping, and headed to a friend's place for dinner with her and her family. The weather here has been cold, and even rained on Sat 23, so for once, the air was clear, crisp and clean, and we could see for miles. From my flat in Mar Vista I could see the Santa Monica mtns, and beyond. I caught a church Service at nearby St Bede's in the a.m., and being on Grand View Rd, it certainly had this, the road rises steeply, giving lovely views W,S and E.

Christmas dinner was beef, vege, wine etc, with pecan pie, cheesecake and apple pie and ice cream for dessert, pretty much like home, as were the decorations: tree, presents, red and green things festooned everywhere.

It was lovely to be amongst a big happy family eating, drinking and watching the younger ones (and the fogies too! :-)) unwrapping gifts and stuff. The family thing at Christ-

mas is very important to me, so it was lovely to have a proxy family to share with. I rang my own folks that morning, being Christmas day at home, which thrilled them. My sister is looking after a campsite on Great Barrier for a month, and has been rained on solid. My brother has a job at Canterbury U. (he just got hons on his BSc from Orago) and Mum and Dad are off to Thailand for a month. Cool! But I think winter in LA is better weather than summer in Auckland at present.

I got home about 10 last night, and helped my flaties clean the furniture we've bought, begged & borrowed, then we shared some NZ Christmas cake my mother posted me, and a US pumpkin cake my old landlord gave me.

Today, I've just caught the Christmas service at St Alban's, here by campus. The kids were all at last night's pageant service, so the church wasn't filled up as I expected, but it was a nice service, with the place decked out in wreaths, red and green. St Alban's has fabulous music, and despite the absence of the choir this morning (probably all hoarse from the midnight Mass), we had some lovely carols, and finished with The First Nowell. A lady in the congregation launched into the descant on the final chorus which brought tears to my eyes, it was so beautiful (and just as I remember from my school-choir days). I am now in the dept across the road, to pass on my best wishes to all of you, for Christmas and the New Year. I am off to Death Valley, Joshua Tree, Palm Springs and/or Arizona for 10 days or so, tomorrow.

I am now living in the married student's quarters, sharing with a fellow geography student and her husband, both from China. Most of the residents in these apts seem to be Chinese. We have one of the brand new blocks, just opened, so all the appliances need to be broken in, and the carpet is sending up enormous amounts of fluff, but it is a nice place, with trees and grass, unlike the older blocks down the road, which do not even come with carpet or whitewear. We have stove, fridge, microwave, dishwasher provided.

Well, must go try to buy bread for lunch. Have a Merry Christmas, those of you for whom there is still some of it left, and a Happy New Year. I await my first quarter grades, and the return of the pros here so I can choose classes for next quarter.

[[Brendan, I'm sorry we missed you while we were in El Lay—for those wanting a sharp outside view of America you could do worse than subscribe to Brendan's Damn the Consequences, the latest issue of which carried a travelogue of his southwestern holiday.]]

Greg Ellis (Houston, Texas)

Mobile home rent control????!!!! So, let me see, you have a bunch of slum lords renting out mobile homes to poor stupid people and charging gouging rates. So to protect the stupid people you force the slum lords to hold (or lower?) their rent. The slum lord now no longer desires to invest money in this enterprise (as the only thing that can possibly offset the headaches associated with being a slum lord is an exorbitant profit), but can't sell the trailer to either the tenant or another slum lord (because they all know it no longer pays to be a slum lord). So the slum lord now has to make the exorbitant profits by not spending any money on upkeep, and the community is soon littered with decrepit mobile homes and the courts are full of lawsuits trying to force the slum lord to put even MORE money into this losing proposition. Yet another tribute to Judge Skelly Wright!

I hope there aren't any mobile home parks near you! Take care, and love to Cathy and Sam!

[[IMmobile homes, actually. The rent control is on the LOT lease; these folks own the home but, as you may know, there are very few vacancies among the very few parks (and all five parks in Concord are owned by two people).]]

[[So yes, it's typical control-of-market-forces interfer-

ence. But the buildings are not getting run down.]]

If there are so few spaces, and a monopoly to boot, why doesn't someone else see the potential for profit and open 5 more parks? *[[They couldn't possibly get zoning permission, and can make more money building expensive single-family homes.]]* And more importantly, who would even THINK about doing so now that there are rent controls? The monopoly probably supported the rent control ordinance because it will maintain their monopoly.

[[Still, thanks for the comment. It'll add some variety to what is an otherwise boring lettercol these days!]] Boring? Hardly. No gulf war to talk about, but we do have the new Battle of Bull Run: Newt vs. Clinton!

Rich Irving (Salinas, California)

I had an exciting week. Actually more exciting than I probably ever wanted! I was working the day shift at the Central Coast storm room after the major storm. *[[Anybody else reminded of Dragnet here!]]* It was reported there were 119 mph gusts over the passes in Santa Cruz County. (Those are hurricane force winds!) there were over 700 crew work requests in Santa Cruz & Monterey Counties alone filed during the week for things like line down or poles knocked over or broken cross arms. Much of the damage was in remote and hard to get to areas. The damage was far worse than the storms of January or March 1995 (which dumped more rain but had lower winds) or the Loma Prieta Earthquake. In addition, the damage was wide spread hitting all localized, crews from other regions are available for the repair effort. But in this case they weren't available. (In fact, the Bay Area was asking for crews from Central Coast area, which was equally devastated.) In fact there were 2,000,000 calls to PG&E on 12/12. (That's 1400 per minute! No we don't have that many operators.)

A lot of talk in the media about the layoffs affecting the response. Unfortunately, it's not true in this case. Most of the jobs lost were in the Power Generation business unit. I was one of those that lost their jobs in that unit. (My entire department got eliminated.) I now work for (electric & gas) Distribution business unit (which handles this part of the system) where few jobs were eliminated. Even if no jobs were cut, the same number of people would have lost power and those that lost it for a week maybe would have had it back in 6 days. (In other words, no major difference.) I feel sorry for those that lost their power for a week, but that's how long it takes to basically rebuild much of the system.

(Not that I think the layoffs were good for the company or the public. Even in my new department there is a large bubble of work created by the layoffs requiring the hiring of additional workers. We also lost a lot of experience when they left.)

I'd better get off my rant here!

After I was released on the 17th, I went up to Sacramento. (That's why this letter is on paper, not electrons.) Since my parents are in the process of moving to Arizona (A lloong process—I'm not sure when they'll get it finished!), I had to go through my old closet (which actually had more of my brothers stuff than mine) I found some old *Games* magazines, one of which has this "fake ad." *[[for a crib computer]]* You really should buy one of these for Sally Ann!

I also got the PC version of Advanced Civilization. It's just like the AH board game. It's good but not as successful as their PC version of 1830. The AI is not as good. I've played 3 full games and have the most difficulty with calamity resolution (It takes full cities instead of reducing them.), movement (It seems to sometimes leave pieces where they can't be efficiently used.) and tool (i.e. Civ Card) acquisition (It tends to spend most of its trade cards each time spending sets before they are worth a lot). The controls are decent but it can some-

times be difficult to select the right piece to move. The stroke of genius in the board game is the trade round and that is changed substantially for the worse (But I'm not sure how it could have been handled better for computer play.) And it has only a few variants: double trade cards (for 3 or 4 players only), buy any trade card, stoic (more than 2 calamities may hit 1 player) and 2 minor trade variants that would only apply to the computer version. No Imperial Civ. No trade city variant. No Minoan Empire variant. No non-"hot potato" calamities. No regular Civ. All of which (except maybe the last) could have easily been added.

But the program does have a PBEM option. And that's the only part I've been unable to test. If any else has the program and is interested, please send me and E-mail and I'll get a game set up. If the program makes PBEM feasible and convenient for this great game, it will overcome the program's other shortcomings.

Jim Burgess (Providence, Rhode Island)

[[I wrote: Stay well, and enjoy all this free time you're getting (seriously, wishing you no hardship from all this gov't crap).]]

What free time?? Like most people at my level, I worked illegally during the furlough and I've been working twice as hard to catch up with everything else since. The zine getting mailed became horribly late.

Thanks for the support anyway. I'm just glad they did decide to pay us for the time and that we don't have to go out again. It's worse than a strike (though I've never been through one) since you aren't even doing it for anything. I've not been *seriously* badgering Ken *[[Peel]]* yet, but the real problem here was the Republican inexperience and slowness in putting a budget together. The Clinton people have been laughing at them all year about that (though it has been deemed impolitic to say so in public). Of course, the ultimate proof will be in the pudding of what is in the budget that is ultimately passed. Take this as good or bad (I'm not even sure which it is), but the administration and people like me who try to advise people on how to spend the budget will have an extraordinary amount of freedom in deciding how to implement the budget. The Democratic Congresses did a whole lot of budget micro-management that is not in the Republican bills. On the other hand, there are a whole lot of extraneous rules that are being attached instead that are really holding things up and should have been in other bills, not the budget.

[[I was highly amused to hear that Repo inexperience was in any way at fault—it just goes to show what self-satisfied jerks most politicians are. They sit on their duffs for a decade, content to let the Demos run things and simply criticize the way they do, and then they're slow and clumsy when suddenly they have to lead in this waltz.]]

[[second letter]]

But what kind of economist would I be if I didn't have another hand...

so, on the other hand, some of the Republican delay in putting a budget together can be seen as a ploy to increase the pressure on Clinton to cave in. They are proposing some large changes that are fairly controversial, so delaying the debate on them lessens the time needed to bring up a backlash (e.g. some of the whipping up that has been done to get the elderly to complain about Medicare cuts). I still say that they were wasting lots of time with the Contract for/on America while they should have been working on the budget.

Dumping big budget changes on the system ¼ of the way into the year really handicaps the planning to deal with the changes, even the ones that are helpful and needed. When gov't is not given sufficient time to plan (and I see it every day from experience) expedient decisions are made at the expense of intelligent ones. In VA Hospitals, who I work for, that means cutting spending

by starving everything a little bit (where they've already been pretty starved) instead of deciding what we shouldn't be doing and cutting it out completely and building up the services that will be needed to be strong in the future. Nevertheless, we're still trying to do the latter in the absence of a final budget figure and an intelligent allocation plan for the cuts. I just don't have much hope of success at this point. We're starting to think about 97 now.

Nathan Trent (Manassas, Virginia)

For the letter column I send you and yours best wishes regarding the holidays. Best of luck with your business now also, although I am sure as you receive this the season's rush is over and it is already too late. Are you not affected by the consumer shopping seasons? Oh ah. Attached are some thoughts on a zine I enjoyed.

[[No, my season predates the consumer season. My big selling periods are March/April (stores stocking up for summer vacations and Father's Day, the #2 binocular gift event of the year) and September/October (stocking up for Christmas). After Thanksgiving I have very little to do until New Year's, and really not much until March except the annual industry convention.]]

Akrasia died a slow death, and I mourn its passing. It was the zine that I started with in the hobby, so it has some sentimental value even though it wasn't a 15+ page superzine. In its early days Phil's zine carried a very interesting and engaging letter column. The contributors themselves were thoughtful, and sober debate was published. Phil added spice to the zine by including cerebral puzzles and contests. I was glad to be a part of it even though I participated in a quiet manner. I enjoyed the general theme of thought and reflection that Phil instilled in the zine. Phil's condition made it difficult for him to publish, and the first to go was the letter column and then the puzzles. Finally all we had was the editor's page and game results. I feared the worst, and here we are. I am grateful to have had the opportunity to be a part of Phil's zine, and I wish Phil all the best.

I haven't been in the hobby very long, but now I have experienced a zine fold. I now wonder what would make a difference to a zine editor/publisher in the decision to scale down/fold a zine. In terms of involvement of the subscribers, what makes a difference. I am generally reluctant to contribute to the letter columns of zines because I keep relatively private, but in terms of providing support or appreciation to an editor I'd be interested to know the kind of things that feel rewarding for an editor. Oh yeah, by the way, I truly enjoy your publication, and I hope you keep it up for a long time to come.

[[Well, we'll see. Some of my players are getting restless with the delays, so maybe the best thing I could do is finish up the current games and get out.]]

[[I've published for a long time and mostly it's been self-motivated. However, there are things that help, and for some editors these are crucial to a zine's continuation:]]

[[1. Players who care about their games—getting orders in on time, adding footnotes on the behind-the-scenes of the game for the GM's sake, and actually negotiating. In some zines, a regular flow of new players is also important, though plenty of zines get by fine with the same cadre for years.]]

[[2. Pats on the back. Whether playing, participating in the letter column, or merely lurking in the background (a welcome role we affectionately call 'deadwood'), tell your editor you like the zine and you're glad he's putting the effort into it. At least every few months!]]

[[3. Contribute in the way the zine needs it. If the letter column is the long, main feature, write in something every month, and a long letter when possible. If games are the main focus, sign up to play something that's taking a while to fill, and write interesting press so non-players will have something to read. If your editor clearly wants articles

and essays, take what would have been a lettercol response and expand on it a little so it can be printed in its own column.

[[One editor's opinion, of course—your mileage may vary.]]

Jim Bailey (Sacramento, California)

Whew!! The rush is finally over. Things at the store are settling down into a more relaxed routine, although we still need a week or two to get everything squared away from the Xmas madness.

We pulled in \$100K in just the last week before, compared to \$700K for the entire year. Sales for our store were actually up (10% for Dec.), which seemed to buck the national trend.

It would take 2 or 3 hours every night after closing just to pick up everything and put it back where it belongs. You would think that kids would be the worst, but it's actually the parents who usually do the most damage. Honestly, I enjoy helping the vast majority of people, even during the crush of holiday shopping. There are just those few, though, that seem to enjoy being jerks.

There was one old crabapple who had to dig at anything I or one of the other employees tried to tell him. When he put his item on the counter and uttered one last sarcastic remark, I took the toy, tossed it onto the floor behind me and told him to get out. There's only so much I'll put up with. Sometimes I wished I owned my own store just so I could tell more of these idiots to go to hell.

I've come up with my own addendum to an old saying. "The squeaky wheel may get the grease, but the shiny one gets the polish." If you want excellent (not just good) customer service, you are much more likely to get it if you make the clerk WANT to give it to you.

Other than that, the last few weeks from Thanksgiving through now have been one long blur of working and sleeping. 6 days, 50-60 hours a week of endless lines and hundreds of boxes of freight to try to keep up with the frenzy of buying. In order to get out part of our last-week shipment, I ended up pulling a 20 hour shift — first working a normal closing shift during business hours, then staying ALL night until opening the next morning putting things out.

The big items this year were the TalkBoy Pens (a spinoff toy from the *Home Alone* movies), the Holiday Barbie (which Mattel ran out of 4 weeks before Christmas), and anything from the movie *Toy Story* (of which, the video game for the Super Nintendo hit a production snag and won't be available 'till AFTER Christmas, even though we and other stores listed it in our sale ads).

The big thing that is difficult for people to understand is if an item becomes suddenly popular during the last month of the shopping season, the manufacturer isn't able to hire any new factories to meet the demand because every one in the world is booked. That's what happened the first year of the Power Ranger boom. Bandai booked one little factory because advanced orders for the products from their stupid little show were mediocre at best. When every kid in the world started screaming at Mommy and Daddy to get them a Magazord, there weren't any to get.

I know that I promised you a Christmas toy buyer's guide earlier, but I think I can distill it to these points.

Do yourself a BIG favor and inoculate Sally Ann against the pressures of media blitzes and childhood peers. Choose items that encourage imagination and multiple uses. A doll that takes batteries and does one fancy trick quickly becomes boring, while a plain baby doll becomes a confidante for Sally Ann's secrets, and a companion for the adventures of her imagination. A set of generic blocks/legos/tinker

toys can be built, unbuilt and rebuilt into a thousand different things, while a set of something designed to build an elaborate doodad can only build that doodad.

Point out at every opportunity, how lucky she is to have toys that she can do anything she wants with, while the poor little boys and girls with the stuff on TV can only play with it one way. As soon as she is able to handle them, play games with her that challenge her mind. Almost every game made for children today is centered around a gimmick or tie-in—there's no thought given to whether the game will be as fun to play the tenth time as the first.

Having an educational toy, per se, isn't as important as the lessons you teach about HOW they are played with. Creativity, fair play, and companionship are the true paths to having fun and enjoying life. If you start early, you'll be raising your daughter to resist the pressures and temptations of her later years that carry far heavier consequences than whether she's the only one in second grade without a Betsy-Wetsy.

I'm getting a little heavy here myself, but I'm really saddened when I see parents who have already lost control of a child who's no more than 7 or 8 (and I mean things that go far deeper than an occasional tantrum). Fortunately, Pete, I can say from all of my experience observing parents, that I can give you and Cathy extremely high marks for attitude, commitment, and caring. I have absolutely no doubt that you'll raise Sally Ann into a daughter you'll be very proud of.

[[At this point I'll be proud of her if she survives to reach kindergarten... But yes, as toys go I don't think I'm going to have a big problem. First, I'll never make enough money to be able to spoil her with overpriced, underimaginative stuff. And second, I already have a large library of stories, including fairy tales, and a book on 'storytelling by the seat of your pants'—a major part of this little girl's play is going to be reading and talking.

[[Thanks for the tips—another parameter you might keep in mind for the future is low cost!

[[I can empathize with your retail woes—I did it for enough years, and have sworn never again. The last year I worked for Montgomery Ward, December was a 300-hour month and I was on salary. And that doesn't even count having to go out to the store at 3 a.m. on ice-covered freeways because the burglar alarm went off. (This is not my 'when-I-was-a-kid' story; that one involves six-foot snow drifts on the way to an elementary school two miles away, and the day I rode my bike through them!)]

Robert Greene (Santa Clara, California)

It was reported in the Wall Street Journal that 80% of late-term abortions were strictly therapeutic. While I am sure both sides exaggerate statistics to put their spin on things, the claim that in each and every late-term abortion the mother's life was endangered or the baby was inviable is harder to believe. Yes, very few of the 1.5 million abortions last year were late-term. But these cases form the "assault rifle" of the abortion debate. While very few crimes are committed with these weapons, it is where the NRA has the hardest time explaining their case. The hardest abortions to justify are when the baby is perfectly viable if the doctor didn't suck out his (or her) brains with a surgical instrument. I see you side-stepped that issue. Question for you, Pete. If there was a bill banning aborting perfectly healthy, perfectly viable, late-term pregnancies, would you support it?

[[No.

[[Three levels of discussion. First: When I said in every case, I was getting my data from chiefs of hospitals in LA and NY (who were also the source for the 'fewer than 1000' figure). They were giving their professional opinion—nobody actually keeps statistics on how many partial-birth abortions are of viable fetuses in healthy mothers. The two chiefs I saw quoted had

never, in their professional careers, seen one under those circumstances.

[[Second level: Most anti-abortion efforts are attempts to lead society into a "Handmaid's Tale"-type world, where a minority religion enslaves the majority. The partial-birth abortion ban you propose would be abhorrent to me on the basis that it would most likely be a slippery-slope proposal.

[[Third level: Even if such a ban were as far as Congress wanted to go, ever, I would oppose it. When deciding on whose rights to defend I believe you should always go with the live, present person over the potential or dead one. Fetuses, while exhibiting many human characteristics, are not persons. Abortion bans constitute political imposition of medical procedure, bad policy and a violation of the rights of citizens.]]

And Now, the Brad Wilson Baby Talk Section...

Eric Ozog (Granite Falls, Washington)

Got *Perelandra* and it looks like the baby is fine-cut too from the pictures. It's funny but when I read about Sally Ann teething, that evening Ryan started crying a lot. Cathy wondered what it was, as the crying hadn't been this intense in a long time—he wasn't wet or hungry. Then I remembered reading *Perelandra* and thought, I bet Ryan is teething too! Sure enough—the Baby Orajel worked. Cathy and I had to laugh—"we get our parental advice from reading *Perelandra*."

[[Oh, man, what a laugh that is. Most of the time dealing with Sally Ann I feel like a blind man piloting a 747 without a radio.

[[Everything is a 'decision'—for instance, we haven't bought any Orajel, because we read in several places not to. Now, I don't have any idea why they say this—they just do. But the entry of the wee one's top two teeth was much more stressful than the first two, and she appears to be getting more way ahead of schedule, so she may finally convince me to use the stuff.

[[Every Baby is Unique Dept.: ours couldn't care less whether you change her diaper or not. If we waited for her to cry, we wouldn't have a clean outfit left to dress her in (and let me tell you, this girl has a whole closet full of clothes!)]

Steve Emmert (Virginia Beach, Virginia)

I was delighted to see the pictures of Sally Ann. Congratulations to you both. Sondra and I have a little girl named Caroline, who was born in September 1994. Unfortunately she is now completely rotten, spoiled for life by her father. (I try to stop him, but he won't listen.) Sondra has been in New York since Caroline's first birthday, and will be getting home on December 10. Three months of kid duty is fun but exhausting.

By the way, Sondra is in New York because she got the break of her career—so far—by getting a Metropolitan Opera contract. She is far more prominent as an opera singer than I will ever be as a lawyer.

[[Good for her, and bully for you in supporting that. But three months! Cathy goes away for three days with Sweet Adelines and I'm ready to speed up the growth of my bald spot manually.]]

Richard Weiss (Tamuning, Guam)

I don't really know enough about demolition derby to come up with all the weird situations that made it spicy, but, I am thinking about it. Don't count on it though. It could be a fun variant, but you have enough of those for now.

Hope the Holidays were great. Sally Ann Marie is a tad young to notice the wrapping, etc. but this was good training for next year and all of the wonderful years, hereafter. I had to import a 2 year old for some fun decorating cookies, etc. On Christmas Eve she asked everybody a couple of times, "Are you excited about Santa?"

[[Aren't there export restrictions on American 2-year-

olds? Or did you bring yours back from Manila with you?]]

Mark Kinney (Louisville, Kentucky)

First of all, all of the baby talk in *Perelandra* combined with my cousins' kids at Thanksgiving to really do something weird to my brain. :-)) All is explained in my zine's intro, and it's not bad or anything, don't get me wrong; It's just that the thought of kids in reference to me scares me to death.

I also noted with interest the ease of getting away from everything out west there. My long-range plans currently include a move to Oregon in several years, and I've tended toward rural surroundings myself (although the city isn't bad, either).

[[I could probably live in Oregon (and would probably blow entirely too much money on the Shakespeare Festival every year). But it's not just that it's easy to get away from it all out here; remember also that I have traded a lot of income and security for freedom and leisure.

[[The thought of having kids shouldn't scare anyone to death—but if it scares you into not having them that's a good thing!]]

Chuff Afferbach (London, ex-Oakland)

[[Chuff has been sending postcards—Belfast, Bosnia—but here at last is a letter!]]

Another dusting of snow last night—this place is starting to look like a winter wonderland! It's been falling off and on for two days *[[Dec. 6/7]]* and all the Londoners are excited and surprised. Carolina and I celebrated our first "white" Christmas last night, opening gifts in front of our fake fireplace with the flickering orange light bulb. She surprised me with a tape of *It's a Wonderful Life*, and we watched it again for auld lang syne. We celebrated early this year because I am leaving for Bosnia today. I'll be with the US troops in Tuzla for Christmas and New Year's, and she is flying back to the States to be with family while I'm gone.

Of course I still rip *Perelandra* open as soon as I get it, because it is one of my few links with folks back home. I found the letter from Brendan Whyte quite amusing, describing his relocation from New Zealand to Los Angeles. It was a perfect mirror of my own experiences moving to London. I'm still not used to the traffic here. I'm constantly stepping off the curb into the path of a car going the wrong way down the street with nobody in the driver's seat. Personally, I haven't been behind the wheel of an automobile for two months. I don't miss that, but there are a few things I yearn for. A good game of Merchant of Venus. A genuine Cafe Mocha. A Zachary's pizza. And a hot bath—all we have is a shower!

But hardest of all is being away from the grandkids. Just last night I spoke on the phone to Athena, who is the youngest. She's almost three and lived with us until we moved here. There were tears in her voice when she begged to see us in London; it really choked me up. I'm glad to read that you are enjoying every previous minute with Sally Ann. She'll be grown before you know it! And by the way, that *Hands, Fingers, Toes, Thumb* book is one of Athena's favorites. She loved for me to carry her around the house in the laundry basket like she was the Queen of Sheba, while I chanted verses from that book. I would also throw in a few lines from *The Congo* just for good measure... boom-a-lay-boom!

[[I can't imagine being away from a little one—child or grandchild—before they've gone off to school and gotten old enough to relate to the world without their primary people. Good luck to your whole family!]]

WAHF (We Also Heard From): Paul Gardner, Helga Gardner (who sent a marvelous caterpillar-type beast which simply won't reproduce here), Brent McKee; also, several of you sent in the O.J. Simpson/Dr. Seuss parody. Thanks all.

VEXVELT / 1992R

zine: *Perelandra* (begun issue #97, May 1992; ended issue #133, December 1995)
GM: Pete Gaughan

Austria: Michael Moran Alterio.
England: Lance Anderson (drop Sp14); John Schultz (draw W15).
France: Terry Tallman (drop F02); Mike Magnuson (drop W05); Tom Hurst (draw W15).
Germany: Richard Weiss.
Italy: Steve Nicewarner.
Russia: Russ Rusnak.
Turkey: Steve McKinnon (draw W15).

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10.	11	12	13	14	15
Austria	6	8	9	8	7	4	2	1	0						
England	4	4	4	4	3	3	5	6	7	9	9	11	11	11	11
France	5	5	6	6*	6	6	6	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Germany	4	4	2	2	2	2	0								
Italy	5	4	3	1	1	1	1	0							
Russia	3	4	4	3	4	5	7*	6	6	3	2	0			
Turkey	5	5	6	10*	11	13	13	14	14	15	16	16	16	16	16

* indicates one unit short the following year

End-Game Statements:

Michael Alterio (Austria) (*actually written in Winter 1903, when an A/T draw was already being discussed—before he was stabbed and eliminated*)

As I started to negotiate with the other Vexveltians, Steve McKinnon and I hit it off right from the start. We both went to the same college, though a couple years apart (RPI in Troy, NY). Our ideas chimed, and we decided on a solid A/T from day one.

From there, the game has practically fallen into our laps. We duped Russia in Spring 1901 and outguessed him in the Fall, ending up with War and Sev. And Germany helped us out quite a bit by denying Russ Sweden! From there, I planned well in taking Ven and guessed well in taking Ber. Meanwhile, I more or less forced a puppet deal on Russ, which is why I felt free to look south and west.

And to be frank, the Western powers helped us all the way. Terry's NMRs in France and nobody seeming to have an idea what they were doing worked out well for Steve and I. And I understand no one wrote to either Russ in Russia or Steve in Italy for a long time—except us! Which no doubt helped prepare our victims for the kill.

My goal was to keep Russia to Mos and St.Pete, allow him to keep Rum so long as he cooperated, and encourage him to build fleets and attack Scandinavia and England. But this succeeded too well. Russ became as big as Steve (who was/is bogged down vs Italy), and threatened to grow even more. I started hearing a lot from Steve about how we should take on Russia while we still could, before he built armies. And I listened to him.

I had promised Russ (on the phone) to take Rum and give him War. That's why I left War open in Spring 1903. But then I saw that he could possibly pick up all of Scandinavia, and I was afraid. So I wrote to him, saying that although I knew it was a scummy thing to do, I was going back on my word. I said I was moving A Sev to Mos, so if he took War, I would take Mos. I figured this would make him stay in Moscow. He wrote back calling me a stabber. He said he was going to War anyway as per the original deal, and if I went to Moscow it would mean war.

Well, you know how it turned out. He took Warsaw; I took Moscow. And I guess we're at war. I wonder if I haven't made a mistake. Even with Steve as a loyal ally (and I believe he is, but I also think he's a good Dip player, and you know what that means!), it's shaping up like A/T vs R/G/F/I. And Mike Magnuson is not playing foolishly, which bodes well for the game, I guess, but poorly for us. Still, Turkey and I have 15 centers between us right now, and I think we'll take Rome, Naples, and Warsaw pretty easily. However, I am not sure I can hold both Mun and Ber.

Still, I am optimistic, since there are hopeful signs out there. For example, why did Russia move out of England? Russ is too good a player to make a stupid mistake, especially since if he had kept it he would have gotten a build, instead of staying even. I figure it can only be the cement on an Anglo-Russian alliance. What other reason is there? But I am trying to turn this to the good.

Germany lost Bel to France and Den to Russia last year. You can be sure I've stressed this in my latest letter to him, as well as pointing out the obvious E/R alliance. Frankly, I can't hold Ber and Mun against a determined F/G/R. So I have offered Berlin back to Germany. I'm hoping he'll support my army to Ruh this turn, or at the very least, not support France or Russia into Ber or Mun. We'll have to see.

Of course, I have also written to England, pointing out our common neighbors and offering support into St. Pete. Maybe something will come of that.

It's funny, I am almost as nervous and uncomfortable as the nine center leader of the pack here as I was as a two center Turkey struggling to survive in Witch of Endor. It is certainly exciting, anyway.

One more bit of irony. Wouldn't it be funny if the A/T proposal passes (or we win the game in some other way very soon). Especially since I have a Life of Game Subscription! Ah well, the price of success! ; -) *[[irony indeed!]]*

Lance Anderson (England, written Winter 1912)

What a tough game! The many Frances and the stubbornness of Germany contributed to the huge growth of Turkey, almost to the point where the game was irredeemable. Enjoyed the rest though and hope to play Dip with each of you again. Thanks for a memorable game.

John Schultz (England)

It's over? Yes. By God, it is. So, what's to say. If I'd turned on France, Turkey wins. He didn't ask but I wouldn't have done it any way. I get a piece of the draw. Alllllllll-right! Nice to been in a game with Tom again.

Tom Hurst (France)

I just came along for the ride on this one. When I took up the standby position I had a choice of either keeping the Med locked down or handing the game to the Turk by attacking England. I thought I'd just let the original players decide the game by opting for the former. Hey guys! This is your one (and possibly only) chance to see ethical behavior in a Dip player. Savor it! It probably will never happen again. Congrats to Lance & Steve for the good work. All I did was watch.

Richard Weiss (Germany)

As Germany I have only twice let Russia get Sweden in 1901. It never pays. Here, I tried to negotiate with Eng and especially with France, the legendary Toad-Father to one of my favorite Dipsters—Jim-Boob. Alas, neither of these two old stalwarts wanted to communicate much with me, I could not get Italy to do a frontal on France and Russia is rarely able to be my friend. So, it was a short game, given over to England helping France get Bel and then England helping itself to SWE.

The West was fairly obvious and typical without surprise even with change of rulers. The East was not much different and the game got what the communication deserved—a big, fat, ho-hum draw.

Thank you Pete for the chance to play, your usual great GM'ing and tart comments, and the outstanding print quality of Pere.

Steven McKinnon (Turkey)

Vexvelt demonstrated to me once and for all that I'm in the hobby for press. To write it and to read it. When Vexvelt became an exercise in sitting around waiting I lost interest in it. That's unfortunate, because a stalemate on the board doesn't mean you can't write press.

I was glad to see Michael Alterio draw Austria to my Turkey. We had done good work together in *Hoodwink's* "Pique," and I picked up a standby in "Ruffian." So I proposed a set of first-year moves on Russia that netted us five '01 builds, and removed Russia as a threat for basically all time.

The wide effect of that is that Russ Rusnak wouldn't deal with me the rest of the game. Despite the fact that Austria occupied Moscow and Warsaw apparently I was to blame.

So, on into 1903, and now Austria is up 6 dots and I only three. I asked Michael how we would address this and never got what I considered a satisfactory answer. Austria owned Moscow, Warsaw, Italy and half the Balkans. My only route to other countries was through Tunis and the Tyrrhenian.

I contacted France, and Mike Magnuson, a fellow rugby player, was keen on working together over Italy. So with a new ally (France) and no threat from Russia, whom Michael had allowed to exist as a toad fleet in the north, I stabbed Austria for four dots in 1904.

The stab almost wasn't enough. Michael only lost one unit that year, and by Fall 1905, Magnuson was vapour, replaced by Tom Hurst.

Here started the problems. Hurst is a solid and dependable player, but he's not much fun. The joke inherent in my press, going back a full calendar year, fell upon Hurst's ears as egotistical bravado. And he took all the fun out of the game.

I considered ceding centers for a few more years just to write press, but found myself uninterested in even my own press, and therefore the game. Hey, Tom, lighten up, and write something fun.

As for John Schultz, I always look forward to playing against him, but all we got to do was stare at one another across trenches—although he had the GALL to insult the one and only Janeway; in the perfect Universe such an insult would earn another three to five.

I didn't deal with Steve (Italy) Nicewarner much. Michael pretty much crushed him before I even knew who he was.

Michael also crushed Richard Weiss up in Germany, so other than my sub to *Zero Sum* I didn't talk to him much.

Lance Anderson sent in some good press verse early on, but seemed to lose interest once the game headed for stalemate. Nice babe choice, too,

Ashley Judd.

Russ(ia) Rusnak seemed to hate me once the initial blitz into Russia succeeded. Knowing Michael Alterio's persuasive ways I suspect Austria put thoughts of Turkish atrocities in his head.

Michael seems to have dropped out of the hobby altogether. When, in summer of '91, I reentered the hobby, it was Michael, a fellow RPI sufferer whose letters in "Pique" allowed me a seamless readmission to postal Dip. Although he and David Polley administered a cruel and brutal trick on me in "Ruffian" and beat me into submission, I very much wanted to make our A/T work in "Vexvelt."

But he had me in a position where I felt he could do away with me the moment he no longer needed me. So I stabbed him. In case he gets a chance to read this: Michael, my stab could never have been as bad as the average 'Tute Screw'!

I enjoyed "Vexvelt" a great deal for the first two years, but when the game bogged down, and the new players were rightfully interested only in ending it, it became a chore to even write the orders. Thanks for running it, Pete, I'll see you elsewhere.

Pete Gaughan (GM)

This game would've been the last I'd ever run with a 'subscription for life of game' included. It led to several players vetoing draws they would otherwise approve, just to keep their subs alive, and it kept real deadwood like Terry Tallman on my roster long after they had lost interest in postal Diplomacy.

Nonetheless, it was good to have Russ, Terry and Lance in a game—all had been staples of *Perelandra* at various previous times. Michael Alterio came to me out of the blue, and turned out to be the most communicative of these players, though he dropped out of the hobby about the time Vexvelt wound down. And the Steves and Richard all became friends—I shared a room with Steve Nicewarner (and others) at Origins '94, Richard has been a ftf gaming buddy for years now, and Steven McKinnon was the press master of this zine until his return to college.

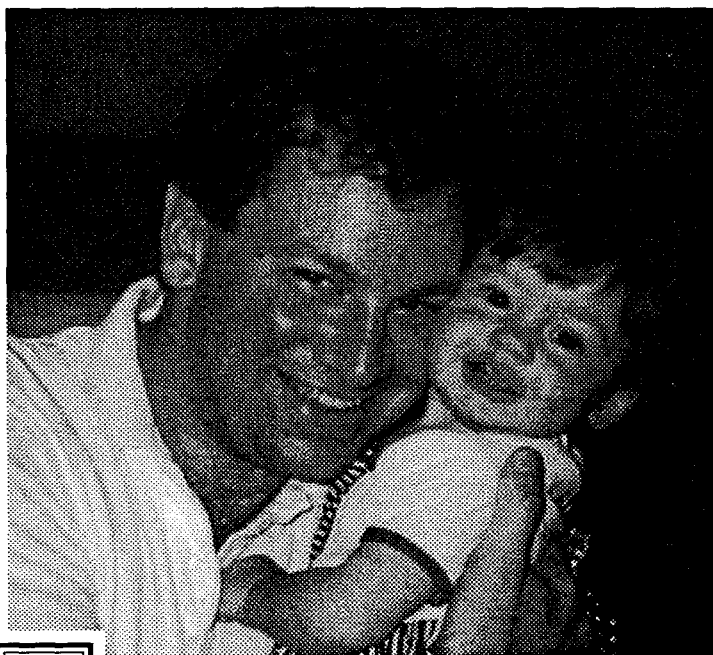
Lance wisely jumped Terry in Spring 1901, but Russ moved north. Russ moved north, but Steve M moved into the Black, and Michael moved to Galicia. So several players got surprises delivered that turn, but not all of them followed up. The A/T alliance was pretty solid; given that Russ is an 'evil chaotic' player (viz: he plays only for his own goals, often just to frustrate another player, and will always play *against* anyone he sees as lying or playing stupid) it was inevitable that he would turn and fight them.

Terry had nmr'ed twice by Fall 1902, yet the uncoordinated play of England and Germany meant he still had five centers while they each had four—Richard pushed his fleet into the North Sea at the same time he was losing Munich and Berlin to Italy and Austria respectively!

Once Turkey took four in 1904—three of those from Austria—he was guaranteed a chunk of the draw. However, there were four fleets (two F and two I) plugging him up at that point, so a stalemate line was certainly the best he could expect.

A Spring 1907 comment: In the preliminary orders sent during the Winter, France had ordered mar-pie, tyn-nap; Turkey had countered with ven-tus. After a Winter turn in which nothing affected the situation in Italy, both changed their orders: France convoyed mar-tus, ordered tyn-rom. Turkey ordered ven-rom.

Thanks to all the great standbys who played this out.



Steve and Caroline Emmert

PLATEAU / 1994HJ

Autumn Retreats: Austrian a tri-vie; French a war-gal; Turkish a bul-con.

Winter 1906: England builds f lon, a lvp, a edi; France disbands f apu. Turkey disbands f ion.

E/F draw: AEFT yes.

Thanks and two more free issues to John McLaurin for playing out a standby position.

zine: *Perelandra* (began #119, May-June 1994; ended #133, December 1995)

Austria: Matthew Lahtinen.

England: Tim Goodwin (two-way W06).

France: Don Williams (two-way W06).

Germany: James Battle.

Italy: Victor Thomas (drop F02); Phil Reynolds.

Russia: Jeff August.

Turkey: Dave Golias (drop Sp05); John McLaurin.

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

* indicates one unit short the following year

We do have three final press items from our writers, but what I'm hoping is that these stories move on to another game here, or to the ZR Invitational game in Jim Burgess' *The Abyssinian Prince*, where Don and I are both participating.

I stopped the stage a short piece out of town through the simple expedient of waving money at the driver. The driver, a wiry little man who looked older than the hills, indicated that I would have to ride up beside him. The stage was full; it sounded like a party was going on. I caught a glimpse of frock coats and petticoats as I laboriously climbed to the top of the stage.

"What's that all about?" I snarled.

"They been going on like that since I picked them up in Deadwood. Peers as how Deadwood Daf and Flat Evil are taking over the town of Pere. This lot of gambling lowlife and loose women are heading to Pere to get in on the boom," the driver replied tersely, laying out the plot synopsis as he whipped the horses back up to speed.

"Flat Evil," I snarled. "I'd heard he was in Pere. I figured I had better go see for myself." I adjusted the feather duster that was prodding me in the back. It was going to be a long ride.

The stage rolled into Pere only a few hours behind schedule. It was but the work of a moment for me to swoop down from the high seat and take a place in the crowd. We watched and laughed at the sight of the high rollers and their women untangling themselves as they climbed down out of the coach. I drifted further into the crowd, disappearing from sight, as the barwing doors of the Oriental Saloon opened up, and Deadwood Daf stepped out. There was a long mean-looking drink of water at her side. "Flat Evil," the crowd murmured. I took a look at the man I'd come so far to find.

His eyes were deep set, narrow, and had a hooded look to them. His face was long and lean. He wore a low-slung gun with the holster tied down. He looked dangerous.

Just then a young heroic-looking duck, wearing a deputy badge stepped out onto the saloon stoop. He was a handsome fellow, noble of brow, if somewhat odorous. The crowd stepped back, still murmuring. This time they were saying things like, "Phew, gah, don't light a match."

The group at the doors of the Oriental Saloon greeted the bunch from the stage with broad smiles and welcoming shouts. The stranger known as Flat Evil stepped to one side, treading heavily on Deputy Duck's foot.

"Wauugggh!" Deputy Duck screamed, quieting the crowd. The stranger laughed, and ground his heel. Deputy Duck hated to admit it, but in physiological fact, he was a tender foot. He screamed again.

"Back off, stranger," I snarled, stepping up to defend the young duck. The stranger turned suddenly, his hand dropping to his gun. His eyes opened in surprise, giving him a bug-eyed look for a moment.

"You," he wailed, stepping back.

"That's right," I snarled. "It is I, Socrates."

Endgame Statements

Tim Goodwin (England): Don and I forged an alliance from the early going. This was

BARSOOM / 1993HI

as much a result of ineffective talks with Germany as anything else. Don's primary means of diplomacy was the phone. This initially turned me off. (Although I did not tell him this. Talks with Germany were going nowhere and Don was offering an alliance. But, this game should be played by MAIL, right?) How different is the phone from e-mail, though? And, I like to negotiate by e-mail. Anyway, I have a bias against phone negotiation, but shortly followed suit with a call to Russia. So, who am I to complain?

I don't remember the year, but there was a turn when I fully intended to turn on France. I fed the French naval moves to Italy and offered them to Turkey. Turkey never asked for them, he probably did not believe I would tell the truth. I sent a couple of good offers to Germany with no reply. Then, I unintentionally sent my moves to Germany (sometimes e-mail is not so great—especially AOL). My moves made obvious the French moves. What this all meant was that if Italy and Germany had acted on the information, France would have been dealt a serious blow. Instead Italy did not believe me (or did not act as though he did) and Germany NMRed. Instead of keeping France in check he gained three supply centers! Well done, Don.

From there on out, I had little choice but to go along with the E/F alliance and march towards a two-way. The apparent stab near the end of the game was not made with the intention of getting a win—I did not think that possible. I merely wanted the upper hand in the E/F. It basically protected me against any stab from France and involved mostly idle pieces. A no-cost insurance policy of sorts.

Pete Gaughan (GM)

I was bitterly disappointed in the outcome of this one. Plateau is a classic endgame case, where either England or France should have won outright (probably France) and they let each other off the hook.

Don called me a couple of times on the first turn, quite excited about the volume of negotiations. As France, he had at one point before Spring 1901 received about 20 letters, including two from Austria! Everyone else was moaning about how *little* negotiation was going on, but they must have been spoiled—as far as I could tell, everyone heard from everyone else except a couple of combinations like A/E. A Western Triple was a possibility early, as EFG went out of their way to be nice to each other and conflict (besides a Turkish F Bla) was minimal around the board. *Nobody* reacted strongly to Don's gaining three builds—*either* time that he did it, despite my headline "Holy Jumpin' Juggernauts!"—and in fact Germany (whom I perceived as a pbm Dip novice) made some very chaotic moves in the direction of Russia, leaving E/F no choice but to soak up his centers as he went east.

With Italy nmr'ing and Germany outraged that Russia wouldn't let him have Sweden in 1902 (!), France had a free ride. Don wrote long commentary to me about how the other players were bungling, and by Winter 1902 his only real entertainment in the game came from trying to build "Mutant Nuclear Croissant Warriors" and writing pages of Continuity Police press (which I love!). In 1903 he had three builds and England was even; Germany and Italy between them had five, so his first chance to stab came... and went.

England wisely starting proposing an E/F draw as soon as it was allowed, knowing Don would either have to vote 'yes' and hope someone else killed it; vote 'no' and tip his go-for-the-win hand; or fail to vote and plant a suspicion in Tim's mind. He tried each in various seasons, and Tim managed *not* to turn and confront him completely.

Finally, in Spring 1906, Don had the chance for the Mother of All Stabs handed to him. He had just built F Bre, A Par, F Mar—three times in one game building in every home center!—and England ordered his new A Lon convoyed to Denmark. With just one fleet to defend the island, Albion was toast. Don's comment to me was: "As you've no doubt noticed, this game so far has been something of a cakewalk. The early Italian NMRs combined with vengeful German attacks and weak Austrian play are the real reasons this game has gone this path. My main decision at this point is about whether to wimp out and belly up to a two-way (assuming England is on board for it), or to throw caution to the wind and move for a solo win. I know you can't answer so I won't ask, but I think I know what you'd say anyhow: you'd tell me to go for the win. Well, whatever, the decision will come soon enough—once I'm sure I've got the Turk completely bottled up and the Austrian neutralized, the moment of truth will arrive. (Actually, if Tim goes nuts and follows up F Nwg-NAO with something more vicious, I won't have to *make* a decision, and battle will be joined. My position vis-a-vis him is a bit weak just now, so the next turn or two may be interesting."

Pathetic. Blather. Drivel. The ultimate wimp-out. Don fretted over whether he had Turkey bottled up at a time when he had *five Med fleets to Turkey's three!* Instead of overwhelming Tim, Don moved south (or tried to: he misordered his F Mid, probably intentionally, and it wound up holding). In the Fall, Tim finally slapped his face—trying to move into Mid himself, and moving Nth-Eng—and in the next turn, everyone approved the two-way draw.

The shortest game in *Pere* history, and certainly a marvelous effort by Don (at negotiating the lesser-skilled players his way) and Tim (at hedging his bets the right way when his neighbor was getting all the breaks). But this should have been a French win, and that at least would have provided another six months of the great press we were getting. Thanks to all the players for their chatter and their enthusiasm!

Oops: England, not France, owns Portugal and Berlin, making England +3 and France -1. (Don't know what my problem was with Portugal changing hands this month—I made the same error in Belt 17.)

Autumn Retreats: Russia's a war nrr, to the box; Turkey's a ser-gre, a tri-alb.

Winter 1908: England builds a lon, a edi, f lvp; France disbands f tun; Turkey disbands f adr, a vic.

Spring 1909: Dead But Not Buried

England (Jim Grose—note COA in Cast List): a edi h, f lvp-nat, a lon-bel (f nts s, f eng c [f iri s eng]), f por-spa/sc, a war-sil, a mos-lvn, f ber-kie (a den s).

France (Paul Rauterberg): f mar-spa/sc, f bre-eng (f mid s [f wes s mid]), a boh-mun, a kie h (a hol s [a bel s hol /dislodged/]) a sil-pru, a tri-vie (a tyo s).

Italy (civil disorder): f nap, a rom.

Russia (Nelson Heintzman???): nmr. a ser u /dislodged/, a rum u.

Turkey (Rich Shipley): a gal-rum, a alb-ser (a gre s), a con-bul, f eas-smly, f ion-aeg, f aeg-con.

Summer Retreats: French a bel; Russian a ser.

Will John McLaurin please standby for Russia? Thanks.

Deadline for Fall 1909 is April 10.

England to Russia/Turkey: Let's make a deal. I will not move to Sev or Ukr and will leave you two to sort out your differences. I keep Mos and War.

Turkey to France: I guess I had no choice due to my Russian "guests".

England to France: Who's on your side now? Italy?

France to England: You're more a wiener than a hot dog...

Turkey to Russia: What did I do to deserve your presence?

England to All: Note my new address (same phone number).

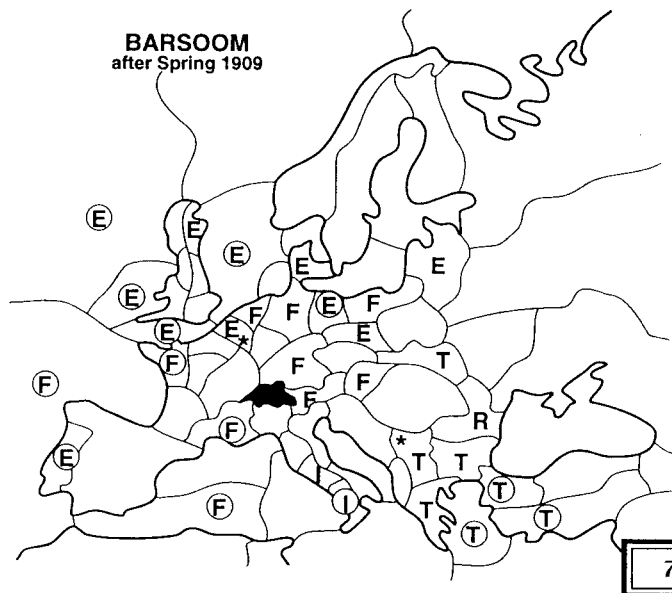
Paris to GM: It looks like you're "pulling a Peters" (not pulling your peter) here: each season is delayed longer than the last. More players are bored/alienated each turn. By the time you finally fade away, no one really cares any more...

GM to Paris: You may be right. The zine was going through a slow patch, no doubt—though I believe this is understandable and not in itself life-threatening. After 13 years of publishing, with only three years of real slow publication (1987—got married, 1991—moved to California and became self-employed, and 1995—had a baby), I didn't panic when things bogged down. I know players lose interest in slow games (and in poorly GMed games—I've never been a good GM but I'd like to cut the errors to at least 'average' level!). There was no danger I'd fade away but thanks for hanging out a warning flag nonetheless.

BARSOOM / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1908

England	lvp	lon	edi	nwy	swe	den	mos	
	stp	war	por	ber	.	.	.	11
France	par	mar	bel	hol	bre	mun	kie	
	tun	spa	ven	tri	.	.	.	11
Italy	nap	rom	2
Russia	ser	sev	rum	3
Turkey	con	ank	smly	gre	bul	bud	vie	7

BARSOOM after Spring 1909



DURLA / 1994Wrb32 Gunboat Diplomacy

Autumn Retreat: Austrian a sev-rum.

Winter 1905: England builds a lon; France builds a mar; Italy disbands f rom; Turkey builds f ank.

AEFT draw: A yes, E no, FGIRT nvr. Hey, guys, wake up!

Austria proposes AEFT and EF draws.

Spring 1906: Old Grudges

Austria: a boh-sil (a gal s), a bul ms f gre /gre dislodged/ (a rum s bul), a tyo s german a mun, a ven-rom, f adr-gre /impossible/.

England: a lon-kie (f nts c, f hel c), a ruh s german a mun (a hol s), a kie-ber (f bal s, a pru s), f stp/nc continues to run around chasing arctic wildlife (and perhaps even catching some).

France: a mar-bur (a bel s), a pic-ven, a bur-pic, f tus-rom (f tyn s), f ion s turkish f aeg-gre.

Germany: a mun ms a ber.

Italy: a apu-ven.

Russia: a mos-ukr (a war s).

Turkey: f ank-bla, a sev-rum, f aeg-gre, f con-bul/sc, f nap s french f tyn-rom /nsol/.

Summer Retreat: Austrian f gre.

Deadline for Fall 1906 is April 10.

Italy to Smothers Brothers (EF or AT?): Good night Dick.

E to GM: "The Eiger Sanction," "The French Connection" and now "The Munich Temptation," perhaps you have stumbled on a made-for-TV movie starring Charles Bronson and, I don't know, perhaps Anna Nicole Smith (as Munich?).

GM to E: I'd cast Katarina Witt as Munich and stage the whole thing on an ice rink...

F to T: It looks like you have chosen to be my friend simultaneous to Austria's declaring war on me. A very powerful inducement... I think that makes us allies. May you get every ounce of retribution against him you feel you deserve. Assuming continued smoothness, cordiality, and mutual regard between myself and England, that makes the map look like Austria is literally in the Nutcracker... 'tis still the season, I guess!

Germany to France: You are servile; you are an insecure whining lapdog, slobbering for attention and drooling to be reassured by the hand of your master. You all but worshipped England in your press last turn. I thought I would retch. Your only hope is to get a backbone, and to work with or use Austria to help stop England. England has half of both Germany and Russia in his pocket. It is only time before both are his and you are in his sights as well. Russia is England's puppet and will never turn on him. Italy will serve to distract your attention away from England and cause a row between you and Austria, which can only help England. Turkey will throw his part of the game to England as fast as he can by attacking Austria. With so many foes Austria can pose no real competition to a strong England. England in turn will not allow you to be competition either. Put simply, you are being bullied and used, Russia is being abused, Germany is all but gone, Italy is all but gone, and Austria and Turkey are no competition without allies and heart.

Italy to Laugh-in: Good night Dick.

E to F: Your flattery notwithstanding, you have much work to do in the Mediterranean and apparently a hostile Austrian. I have no desire to see a French collapse. I have decided, as always in good faith, to raise another Army (sooner or later I'll probably have to build another Fleet, though, so don't hold it against me, ok?). It would seem that Austrian presence in Munich would be highly undesirable to both of us. Thus, I am supporting Munich with Ruhr, obviously with the hope that you do not attack Ruhr and cut that support.

F to E: You are right... we've BOTH got plenty of things to do in the Eastern sphere, not the least of which is to work together to "crack" the Austrian nut. It looks like a potentially devastating pinchers situation for the Austrian, assuming we are working in concert with the Turks, as seems to be the case.

Germany to England: Having no leverage with which to bargain I reserve the right to issue insults and empty threats. You sir are a cowardly (if not shrewd) bloodsucker who attacks the weak and uses his equals. You can take this as a Diplomacy compliment but a diplomatic insult. You will win because France is a fear-monger who is too stupid to solidify any alliance other than the servile one it suffers now and because Turkey is willing to throw his part of the game in a childish outburst.

Italy to Groucho: Did the Dick, eh, Duck come down yet?

E to AH: Thank you for the nice words (and ditto!) but in England we spell winning with two N's and no H!

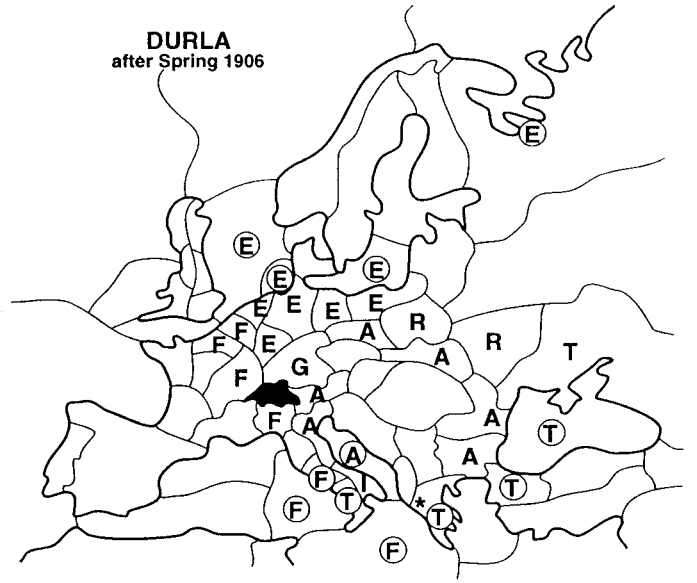
AH to T: My, my, aren't we getting a little touchy!

E to GM: Apparently is was stroke England month last time and nobody told me, so I was unable to stroke myself... er... never mind.

Turkey to Russia: Your assistance in Sev was appreciated. Once my army is secure in the Balkans, I will return the dot to you.

London to Moscow: I like your style, damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead! As the immediate threat is gone, I would really appreciate Russian

DURLA
after Spring 1906



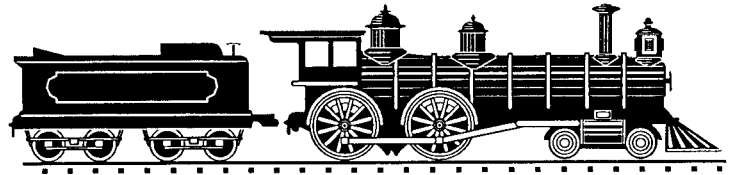
support for a Prussian move into Silesia in the Fall.

Germany to Austria: Don't give up! Patch it up with the "Frog", as you put it, and give the old Witch some Hell.

Italy (for the GM) to Italy: Good night Dick!

DURLA / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1905

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	rum	gre	bul	ven	.	8
England	lvp	lon	edi	nwy	stp	den	swe	hol	kie	9
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	bel	tun	.	.	7
Germany	mun	ber	2
Italy	rom	1
Russia	mos	war	2
Turkey	con	ank	sm	nap	sev	5



MAJIPOOR / Railway Rivals 1069TX

Start

Note that Paul Gardner has issued a reference number for this game, above.

JGL (John Galt): start Dallas.

EAR (Doug Brown): start Altus.

KBTC (Robert Stimmel): start Richmond.

RANGER (Eric Brosius): start El Paso.

RUBY (Richard Weiss): start Dallas.

WAFL (Bill Wordelmann): start Fort Worth.

JGL—John Galt Line (green)

EAR—Earl and Reba (brown)

KBTC—Killer Bee and Tornado Country RR (purple)

RANGER—Really Awful Name Given Eric's Railroad (blue)

RUBY—Railroad—Union Bustin' Yahoos (ruby red)

WAFL—Wichita Falls, Abilene, Fort Worth, and Lufkin RR (yellow)

Deadline for Round One is April 10.

Dice for Round One are: 6-2-5

WAFL to Rivals: Good luck to all.

RUBY: Majipoor: Still sounds like this should be the Indian map.

GM to Majipoorians: Please cast a vote: with the zine folding, do you still want to begin this game? Three 'no' means I'll throw this hand in, but with no other word from y'all I'm assuming you still want me to run this by flyer. Sorry to disrupt things this way.

SILVERRUN/Snowball Fighting ASF31

Turn Nine: Neck and Neck (and in the Ear, and up the Nose, and...)

WARRIOR	Player	loc	segment 1	segment 2	segment 3	new loc	vp	hp	sb-di
Atog	Wang	S9	Di at FR (70,50)	collect Di	Di at IS* (60,81)	S9	15	4	0-0
Fearless Reaper	Narhi	W9	Di at GG (75,58)	collect Di	Di at GG (75,88)	W9	14	7	0-0
Glacial Gladiator	Brown	V6	nmr	nmr	nmr	V6	14	6	1-0
Haggis Hound	Andruschak	H6	collect Di	Di at RD (35,34)	collect Di	H6	13	2	0-1
Ice Sickle	Hurst	V10	RR at PF (50,98)	collect 2 Sb	collect Di	V10	12	4	1-0
Puff&Fresh Snowboy	Schultz	S3	RR at GG (95,11)	run for cover	run indoors	kit	18	0	0-0
Rude 'Dolf	Gardner	L10	CS at S5 (75,54;70,32)	RR at HH (75,49)	run indoors	kit	14	0	0-0
El Zorro de Plata	Kohman	kit	move -N8	RR at RD (85,85)	RR at RD (fails!)	N8	10	10	0-0

Weather roll = 47. * marks conditional orders. 3 Sb in L10 Snow Fort. Both PF and RD will be allowed out on Turn Eleven, Segment One.

Deadline for Turn Ten is April 10.

Segment One: Puff & Fresh Snowboy is ahead of the pack, and pulls further in front with a Rattler down the neck of the immobile Glacial Gladiator. Fearless Reaper makes up some ground, though, by heaving a Dolton Dirigible at the Glad-iola; it costs him, though, as while he's busy attacking GG, Atog nails FR with his own Di. El Zorro de Plata runs out into the yard pre-armed; Ice Sickle must be distracted by the passing gay blade, because his Rattler at PF is way wide of the mark. In the Forts, Haggis Hound packs snow; Rude 'Dolf hurls his weapon at the tree above Puffy, bringing down a cascade of snow. Two points worth of damage on Puffy and he's forced inside to sit on his lead.

Segment Two: With Atog, Ice and Fearless re-arming, and Puffboy headed for cover, the action centers on the Snow Forts. Rudy pounds Haggis for a point, but Haggis smears Rudy on the return shot with a three-pointer, while Zorro nicks 'Dolf also. Rudy wets his pants (how can he tell, as wet as he is already?) and runs for the kitchen.

Segment Three: A truly clumsy turn. Zorro tries to re-enact his damage on Rude 'Dolf but is frustrated by the kitchen door. Atog and Fearless Weeper each toss their cookies at a neighbor and each misses badly. Considering the leader is out for a whole turn, this game is tighter than any other—everyone in the yard is within 5 VP!

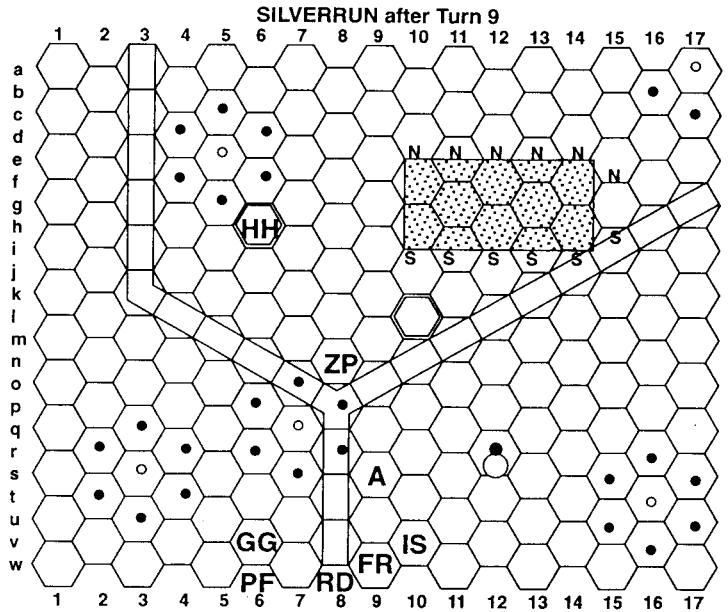
FR declaims: I am indefatigable. All will yield to my obvious superiority!

Puff & Fresh to Sickie: Great little 'piece' of press. Sexless and hexless! Ha!

SnowMaster to Yard: Damned precious little press this time. You're all sexless cowards!

Puffy to SM: If anybody can pull defeat from the jowls of victory, it be I!

SnowMaster to Puffy: I believe you now—but I'm shocked (*shocked*) that more players didn't go after you.



AKI / 1991Y Diplomacy

AEFI draw: AEF yes. Mike Stewart never responded, so I'm declaring this game over.

That was a long drawn-out process just to end a dead game, but thanks for your patience.

zine: *Upstart* GM: Garret Schenck

Austria: Robert Drew (drop Sp11), Tom Howell (draw F11).

England: Michael Quirk (draw F11).

France: Drew James (draw F11).

Germany: Karl Hoffman.

Italy: Mike Stewart (survive).

Russia: William Port.

Turkey: Tim McCowan.

(It's unknown whether Hoffman, Port and McCowan played out their positions. No supply center charts are available for years prior to 1910.)

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11
Austria										16†	14
England										6	6
France										9	10
Germany										0	
Italy										3	4
Russia										0	
Turkey										0	

† indicates three units short the following year (no builds received)

AVEROFF / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1903							
Austria	vie	tri	bud	gre	ser	bul	6
England	lvp	lon	edi	bre	nwy	por	6
Germany	mun	kie	ber	bel	hol	den par	7
Italy	nap	ven	rom	tun	spa	mar	6
Russia	stp	mos	war	swe	rum		5
Turkey	con	ank	smv	sev			4

AVEROFF / 1992JHrb32 Gunboat Diplomacy

AEGIRT draw: At least one no was received. (In fact, at least one "Vote AGAINST AEGIRT draw and scoff at GM for proposing it." was received...) So we play on, and from now on out all draw proposals and votes are public.

Summer 1904

Austria: a bul, f ion, f gre, a tyo, a tri, a vie.

England: a nwy, f nts, f nwg, f mid, f por, f bre.

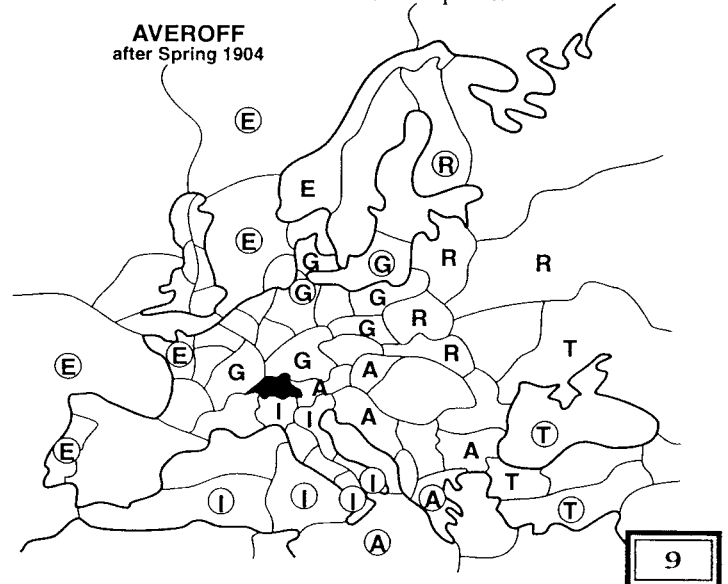
Germany: a den, f bal, f kie, a pru, a sil, a mun, a bur. *Standby called.*

Italy: a ven, a pie, f tyn, f nap, f apu, f wes.

Russia: a mos, f fin, a lvn, a gal, a war.

Turkey: a sev, f bla, a con, f smy. *Standby called.*

Deadline for Fall 1904 is April 10.



TRALFAMADORE / 1994Xxm22, Youngstown XV

Autumn Retreats: Australian f jakarta–palembang; Austrian a serbia–trieste, a budapest–vienna; English f johore & f cambodia off the board; Italian f ionian–tyrrhenian.

Winter 1904: Australia builds f sydney, f melbourne; Austria disbands a ubangi, a basoko; Brazil builds f rio de janeiro (plays one short for lack of space); Egypt builds f suetz; Ethiopia disbands a wabi, a bara; France builds a paris, f brest; Germany disbands a uganda; India builds f madras, f calcutta; Italy disbands f western med, f algiers; Japan builds f tokyo; Mexico disbands a panama; Morocco disbands a senegal; NEI disbands a hollandia; Russia builds a omsk, waives one build; Transvaal builds a katanga; Turkey builds a constantinople.

Austria proposes an ABCEFGHIJLMNOPRTVYZ draw. Really.

Spring 1905

Australia Z (Doug Brown): f sydney–coral sea, f melbourne–tasman sea, f fiji–micronesia, a perth h, f arafura sea–hollandia (f new guinea s), f palembang–jakarta, f south cape h.

Austria A (Rich Shipley): a silesia–prussia, a trieste ms a vienna (a venice s trieste, a tyrolia s vienna).

Brazil B (Charles Goetz): f kameroun–gulf of guinea, f hispaniola floats, a Recife–maritania (f azores c, f cape verde c), a saõ paolo h, f rio de janeiro–horse latitudes.

Canada C (Jamie McQuinn): a norfolk h, a vancouver h, f labrador sea–grand banks, f north atlantic–clyde (f norwegian sea s), f grand banks–mid-atlantic, f iceland–north atlantic.

Chile L (John Bryden): nmr. f south pacific, f antofagasta, f south atlantic, a peru, a colombia all unordered and stand.

Egypt Y (Daniel Wartko): f suetz–red sea, f ionian h (f cyrenaica s), f asmara–somaliland, a adis ababa–junglei (a anglo-egyptian sudan s, a kenya s). suetz canal closed to all traffic for cleaning.

England E (Matthew Lahtinen): f liverpool–north atlantic (f clyde s /dislodged/, f mid-atlantic s, f irish sea s), f london–north sea (f edinburgh s), a bié–luanda.

Ethiopia P (Michael Quist): a junglei h /dislodged/.

France F (~~J.R. Baker~~ Nathan Trent): f abidjan–gulf of guinea, a gold coast h, f saigon–annam, a gascony–burgundy (a paris s, a marseilles s), f brest s a gascony /otm/, f spain/sc–portugal.

Germany G (Ward Narhi): a equatorial africa–junglei, a burgundy–picardy, f picardy–english (f belgium s), a berlin ms a munich.

India H (David Schlosser): f madras–east indian, f calcutta h, f timor sea s australian f palembang–jakarta, f east indian–palembang, a burma–thailand (a cambodia s, a laos s), a hankow letting it all hankow, f mogadiscio h, f somali sea h.

Italy I (Doug Kent): f rome–naples (f tyrrhenian s), a tuscan–rome, f casablanca h, a tripolitania–tunisia.

Japan J (Jim Bailey): f tokyo–northwest pacific (f hawaii s), f northwest pacific–bering sea, f micronesia–mid-pacific, f south china sea s indian a cambodia–saigon /nso/ (f canton s, f celebes sea s [f philippines sea s celebes]). hawaii closed to mexican fleets.

Mexico M (Vince Springer): f northeast pacific–alaska, f baja california–northeast pacific, f alaska–bering sea, f bahamas–caribbean, f sargasso sea–mid-atlantic, f caribbean–mid-pacific (f yucatan/wc s), a texas h, a oregon–los angeles.

Morocco O (Rich Irving): f gulf of lyon–tyrrhenian, f marrakech–casablanca, a sahara–tunisia.

Netherlands East Indies N (Jim Grose—note COA in Cast List): f johore–gulf of siam (f brunei s [a borneo s brunei]), f andaman sea s indian f eio–pal, f jakarta s indian f timor–banda /nso, dislodged/.

Russia R (Alex Simmons): a omsk u, f barents s canadian f norwegian sea, f norway–north sea (f skaggerak s), a sweden–norway, a turkestan h, a irkutsk–siberia, a galicia–vienna (a budapest s [a rumania s budapest [f black sea s rumania]]), a warsaw s austria a silesia in early retirement /otm/, a sinking h, f yellow sea s japanese f canton, a peking hold, eating christmas goose.

Transvaal V (Eben Kurtzman): a leopoldville–congo (f cape fria s), f cape of good hope h, a katanga–leopoldville (a zaire s [a dar es salaam s zaire {mozambique channel s dar es salaam}]).

Turkey T (Matt Heppie): a iran h, a asir–hejal, a yemen h, a serbia–albania, a constantinople–bulgaria, a bulgaria–serbia, f greece–ionian (f adriatic s), f aegean–eastern med, a smyrna h.

Summer Retreats: English f clyde; Ethiopian a junglei; NEI f jakarta.

Many thanks, and two free issues (hah! I'll have to start finding some other form of recompense), to Rich Shipley and Nathan Trent for standing by. Now, would Mark Kinney please standby for Chile?

NEI to Australia: Hopefully you realized that my proposals were to our mutual long-term advantage. How about writing?

GM to NEI: Yes, that would probably also be to your mutual long-term advantage.

Australia to NEI: You mean I didn't *HAVE* to attack you to support my Fatherland England. Aw well.

Australia to GM: Didn't you tell me when I joined as a standby that I was to be England's toady?

GM to Australia: Yes, I didn't. (Gee, you should be perfect for this game—you're so eager to shift blame you sound like a politician.)

Australia to anyone: Won't you let me be your toady? How 'bout you, Ethiopia... quick!

Egypt to Ethiopia: Die already!

GM to zine: Die already!

Germany notes: Is there an echo in here?

NEI to India: Did you get my missive in time to adjust your moves?

Brazil to World: How about we save ourselves the hassle and time and just call Russia the winner. I am pretty sure I can put together a block of thirty or so builds to complement his mass. One or two other large players and we can end this fiasco.

Brazil to Mexico: So what does the Canadian's Bacon taste like anyway?

India to Mexico: A worthy goal, but too many cooks would spoil the broth.

GM to Mexico: Hey, if you're pouring broth on your Canadian bacon you better watch out for Greece fires!

NEI to Mexico: I'm not blind to what's happening but I can't help until Australia, no doubt egged on by Japan, stops annoying India and me.

GM to Mexico: You certainly have a complete breakfast ahead of you...

Daily Variety—*PIX ON RICK'S NIXED*. Weiner Bros. Studio today pulled the plug on their troubled "Casablanca V: It Just Doesn't Matter." "After three previous films that failed to meet expectations, it was time to cut our losses." The studio also announced their newest project, "Capablanca: King of Hearts," based on the Cuban chess champion of the '30s.

Australia to Board: Fiji is so beautiful this time of year, who ever would want to leave? Who could leave?!

GM to Board: For your ten point bonus question, name the time of year Fiji is *not* beautiful.

Japan to all: I really like the presents I got for Christmas! Mexico sent me a ream of paper, India gave me a gross of pens, and NEI a book of stamps. Now all I need is a clue.

GM to Japan: I see Clues for sale in the used section of every game store I go into. Or are you not allowed to patronize the opposition? (I suspect not, you're patronizing them here...)

NEI to Japan: In my last letter to you I asked more than one question but the only answer I rated, by press, was "yes"? Since you insist on communicating by press, tell the whole world why you broke our deal by moving to Celebes Sea and threatening Brunei.

Brazil to NEI: I've been out of town so I'll respond here. All is as you suggested it should be. It has never been otherwise.

GM to Letter Readers: Hey, don't tease me!

Egypt to Germany & Austria: Too bad you're going to need all those armies back in the "civilized" world.

GM to G&A: It was him that slung those quotes around civilized. Maybe he's jealous.

Brazil to Egypt: Is it true that Russia invited you and India for a Turkey dinner?

Egypt to Germany, Transvaal & Russia: I don't think the e-mail connection is working too well, please send a test message ASAP (e-mail: Daniel_J._Wartko@csg.com). Thanks.

India to Russia and Japan: Perhaps our four units around China should cut the cards for deal?

GM to India: It's customary to have four players—unless perhaps Alex would volunteer to be dummy? From the volume of his press I'm guessing he won't object.

G to R: So now I hope you are in North. If not, the 3rd time is the charm.

GM to G: Not. So which of you charms the other?

India to Japan: By the way, I understand they have a very nice race track in the province your fleet is occupying.

Morocco to Tralfamadore: Heck, it's my only choice! BTW, can anyone anagram a name for *this* draw?

GM to Morocco: Just call it the CAMPBELL'S draw: alphabet soup.

NEI to England: Did your F Joh R OTB? Please, please, please?

Australia to Chile: You have my blessing to head for Africa and help Brazil. I won't even enter the South Pacific.

Deep Thought: "Never die of another's bad luck. Notice those who stick in the mud, and observe how they call others to their aid so as to console themselves with a companion in misfortune. There is great caution needed to help the drowning without endangering oneself." —Balthasar Gracian [ruminating on Austria]

GM to (How?) Deep: A rumination we should all heed in the Balkans!

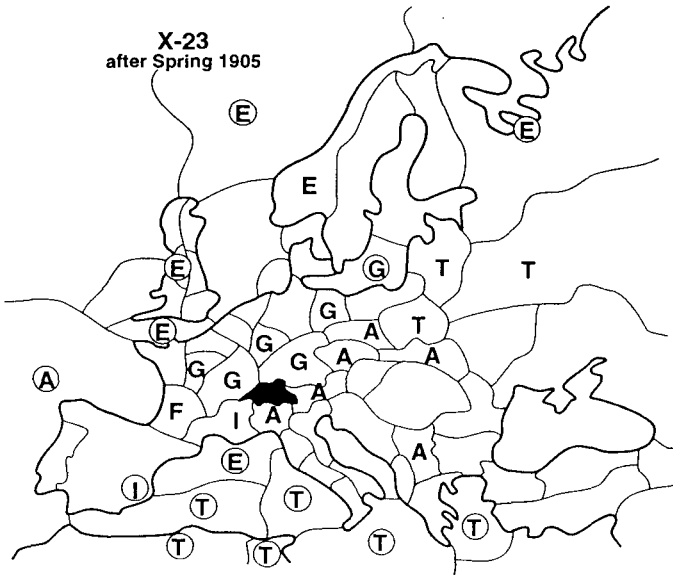
India to world: A happy 1905 and 1996 to all!

Autumn 1904: Germany retreats a sil-ber.
 Winter 1904: Austria disbands a rom; England builds f lon; France disbands f nat;
 Turkey builds f con, a arm /impossible/.

Spring 1905: What's Next On The Agenda?
 Austria (Vince Springer): a tyo-mun, a gal-sil (a boh s), a pic-mar, a sil-pru,
 f mid-nar, a ser-rum.
 England (Ward Nathi): f nwy-nwg, f stp/nc h, a swe-nwy, f wes-lyo, f lon-eng,
 f lvp-nar.
 France (civil disorder): a par /annihilated/, a gas.
 Germany (Jim Bailey): a pic-par (a bur s), f bot-bal, a mun ms a ber, a ruh s mun.
 Italy (Jim Robertson): f spa/sc s english f wes-lyo, a mar-pic.
 Turkey (Doug Brown): a war-pru, a mos-lvn, a ukr-mos, f tyn-wes, f nap-tyn,
 f tun-naf, f ion-tun, f con-aeg, f aeg-ion, a arm-ank /nsu/.

Deadline for Fall 1905 is April 10.

AH to E: Now feel the wrath of the mighty Hungarian navy!!
 GM to AH: Are you sure that isn't "Now feel the hunger of the mighty navel wrap"?
 England says: Kill the wabbit, kill the wabbit, Kill the Wabbit! (In reference to that
 Austrian fleet in the Atlantic)
 GM to X-players: Wrath? Wrabbit? I'm confused.
 Turkey to All: I'm glad you see the Austrian "giving" me the game. The way I see it, I
 am "giving" him the game because he and I will share victory. I will not stab an
 ally—unlike you scum-sucking whiners!
 GM to Scum-Sucking Whiners: Yah! Use a fork to get every drop!
 Marseilles (AP): The Monaco gaming tables are receiving heavy action on a Turkish stab
 of AH within the next year.
 GM to Marseilles: With Turkey playing "Lou Holtz" are you really sure he'll go for the
 kill?
 Turkey to Germany: If you have any honor you will not take Paris this year. Remember
 the Great Western Triple Alliance (with cheese)!
 Germany to Italy: Hold on there little fella. As soon as Congress commissions a study,
 the EPA completes an environmental impact report, the Courts rule on the lawsuits
 from the NIMBY's, the Voters approve a 1% property tax surcharge, and the Army
 Corps of Engineers award the sub-contract for repairs to the lowest bidder (with
 adjustments for hiring or being owned by whatever group is in at the moment), you
 can remove your finger from the dike (provided you don't dislodge the natural habit-
 at of the earthen-dike alabaster salamander in the process.)
 GM to Italy: I can get you pretty good imitation alabaster salamanders in SF's China-
 town if that'll help.
 Turkey to Australia: Take Warsaw, or Naples, or something. And let's hear about your
 real life move.



X-23 / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1904

Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	ven	gre	rom	7
England	lvp	lon	edi	nwy	swe	stp	6
France	par	bre	2
Germany	mun	kie	ber	den	hol	bel	6
Italy	por	mar	spa	3
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	rum	sev	nap	mos	tun	war	10

From Last Time

181B: This satire on the Gothic romance was sold to a publisher in 1803 for £10. It went unpublished, was bought back by the author's family, and was not actually published until 1818, one year after the author's death. Identify the satire and the satirist.
 Steve Emmert: "I'll try Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey*," and he's right. Doug Brown: "*Bedding Wanda* (see "It's A Raid") by Dubba Bubba." Chuff Afferbach goes for Emily Brönte's *Pride and Prejudice*.

39B: Cynicism about the ineffectualness and callousness of government bureaucracies is not a new phenomenon, by any means. In what 19th-century British novel, by whom, does "The Circumlocution Office" play a part?
 Steve says, correctly, "Sounds like Dickens. I'll guess *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*," which Chuff also gets. Doug guesses *Oliver Twist*.

51A: A famous scholar of Oriental and Greek literature is remembered today not for his linguistic studies but for a delightful poem he penned:
 He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
 Who wrote these lines and what was his immortal poem? Clement Clark Moore wrote "A Visit From St. Nicholas" (popularly known as "'Twas the Night Before Christmas"). Rich Irving and Chuff were correct, as was Steve (who had the correct title and added, "I'd like to know how many people submit guesses of "'Twas the Night Before Christmas."). Well, Doug Brown did (submit a TTNBC guess, that is).

Would Have Been For Next Issue—a Death Theme

BD128: This poet was buried, in 1939, under the epitaph he composed for himself: "Cast a cold eye / On life, on death / Horseman, pass by." —William Butler Yeats
 BD110: This novelist died in 1928, and though his head was buried in the grave of his first wife, his ashes were honored with internment next to Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey. —Thomas Hardy
 BD205: This historian and essayist died in 1881 in London at the age of 85, having once said, "A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." His was certainly both! —Thomas Carlyle

Robert Greene's Bridge Puzzle

Many thanks to Robert for contributing to the zine's variety with this feature! Here's the answer to the puzzle two issues ago:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
♠QJT975	♠K2	♠63	♠A84
♥T2	♥A963	♥K874	♥QJ5
♦5	♦QJ96	♦T875	♦AK42
♣T853	♣AQ6	♣972	♣KJ4

Against your six diamond contract at IMPs, you win the queen of spades lead on the board, East following with the three. Then cash the queen and ace of diamonds on which West plays the five of diamonds and the nine of spades, and run the queen of hearts. What suit do you now play?

A) Ace of spades, ruff a spade—"This is what I did at the table. East ruffs and later gets his king of hearts. My opponents at the other table made 6NT, having no choice but to hope the hearts behave."

B) Hearts (which?)—"Queen followed by either. The point is we can safely find out if either opponent has doubleton 10 of hearts before committing ourselves to the spade ruff."

C) Draw trumps—"This line works at the table but fails if the hearts misbehave and the spade ruff holds. You should test both lines."

D) Strip the clubs—"Works at the table. Strips the clubs, cash the jack of trump, play ace of spaces, ruff a spade. East overruffs but has nothing left but hearts. Oh, you have to run the queen of hearts first and east has to duck."

Puzzle to Leave You Hanging

NORTH:	♠QT63	SOUTH:	♠A9
	♥KJ963		♥AQ
	♦K8		♦AJT92
	♣94		♣QT85

West leads the two of hearts (standard leads) against your 3NT contract. Now what?

REYNOLDZKAY / Railway Rivals 1070??

Note that Paul Gardner has issued a reference number for this game, above. Paul, this is being run on the "Waikato" map (Auckland, New Zealand, and SE), a new one designed by Brendan Whyte (not in any files, I'm sure).

Rich Irving sez: "In Reynoldskay, you credit me with the following Start turn with \$26 + \$18 (for 3 cities) = \$54! at end. (I really like the extra \$10, but I think the other players will mind ;-)" Quite right, and thanks also to Eric Brosius who spotted this, as well as the fact that NECK should be at 36, not 32. Stay on top of it, folks, there's no GM improvement in sight!

Brendan sez: "(spelling: ANZSAR ran to Putaruru, not Futaruru. There is no F in Maori, that sound being made by the 'wh' combination in some tribes.)"

Round Three: Dice were 3-3-5.

ANZSAR (Rich Irving, orange): a) (H85)-L84.

b) (L84)-N83-N82.

c) (N82)-P81-P80-Te Puke; (C85)-C86.

BRW (Brendan Whyte, blue): a) (P25)-N25; (Morrinsville)-Y23.

b) (N25)-Ngaruawahia.

c) (Y23)-Te Aroha.

CRAZY (Doug Brown, brown): a) (Z20)-A71; (G70)-G72.

b) (A71)-Te Aroha.

c) (G72)-Kari Kari-G74; (Z20)-Y21-X20.

NECK (Eric Brosius, green): a) (Pukekohe)-F10-E11-D10.

b) (R18)-R21.

c) (R21)-T22-Morrinsville.

SHEEP (Richard Weiss, black): a) (K21)-K24.

b) (K24)-K27.

c) (K27)-M28-M31.

YES (Andy York, red): a) (L82)-L85.

b) (L85)-L87-K87.

c) (K87)-E90.

Rich's orders made sense only if I shifted the whole board 5 hexes downward, so I changed his hex-numbers. Doug built one pip short. Richard tried to build one pip too long.

line	balance	cities	track	racas	rentals	balance
ANZSAR	44+	6-	+1-1	=		50
BRW	38+	6-		=		44
CRAZY	32+	12-		=		44
NECK	36+	-		=		36
SHEEP	28+	-		=		28
YES	20+	-	+1-1	=		20

Die Rolls for Round Four: 6-5-2

Deadline for Round Four is April 10.

ANZSAR to SHEEP: I think I'll name my Guam subsidiary the Amarillo, Arizona, Illinois and Northern Guam RR (AMAZING).

GM to A-TEAM: That *would* be an amazing line...

SHEEP to ANZSAR: Romanoff? Nah, not the anszar. Parmesan!

SHEEP to YES: Yes, finally beyond the mountain range. Welcome to New Zealand.

ANZSAR to YES: NO! NO! NO!

CRAZY to YES: Are you playing "It's A Raid"? 'Cause your line sure looks like you're on drugs!

ANZSAR to SHEEP: Sure, we can go into the wind. But we have to tack.

Doug to Richard: I promptly lost (or temporarily can't find) your fabulous Guam map.

Sorry. If no word from me is there a chance at another? I'll gladly reimburse.

SHEEP to GM: Thanks for the free advertising. I have a found a few more true Chamorros to name a game after. Phwew.

SHEEP to BRW: New Zealand is a favorite destination for Haolies on Guam who don't want to see another Pacific Island Paradise on their next vacation. Sounds gorgeous and extremely hospitable (hint, hint).

ANZSAR to BRW: Which way to the prevailing winds blow down here, anyway?

ANZSAR to RM: Two 3s and a 5, again!

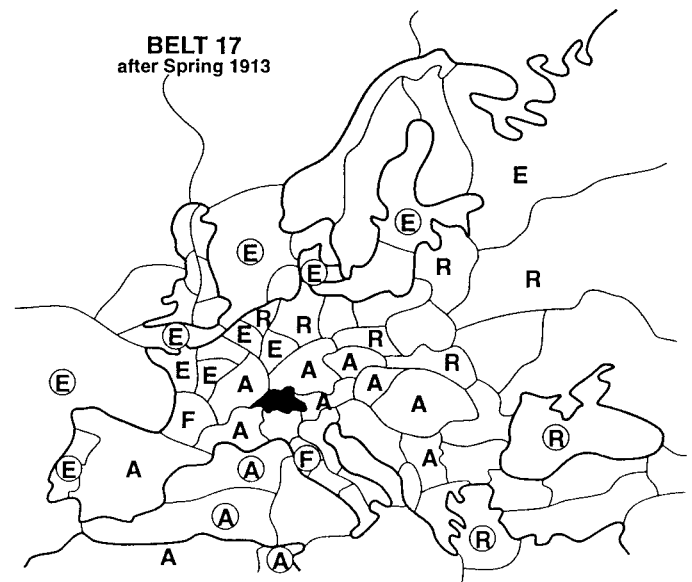
GM to ANZSAR: I remember where the spots formerly were...

Mt Maunganui: (Maunga= hill/mountain, nui-big) This volcano, now extinct, forms a tombolo on the end of a long peninsula, creating the southern end of Tauranga Harbour, the 2nd largest in NZ after Kaipara Harbour. "The Mount" is a familiar landmark to the region, and was once a Maori pah (fortress) with commanding views and good food supplies on the fertile local soils, and from the sea. Today, the Mount is a park, with a dirt road up it, that gives tourists a nice overview of Matakana Island, a private forest, Tauranga city and port, right up to Bowentown, another tombolo at the northern end of the harbour developing as a beach resort, and as far south as the Maketu peninsula. The inside side of the

peninsula is wharf facilities, and the outside a famous surf beach stretching south for miles along the aptly named Bay of Plenty. The Mount was an independent borough for years until the mid-1980s reorganisation of local govt, when it was amalgamated with Tauranga city. Today, many residents want to split away again, citing planning conflicts and spending biases. The railway crosses an estuary to run up the centre of the peninsula amongst light industry, while holiday homes and apartments line the shores. A new harbour bridge for foot and motor traffic, the only toll bridge in NZ, was opened 5 years ago, saving a long drive around the mangrove harbour fringes. The Mount is also famous for its New Year revelries, which in recent years have been spoiled by influxes of drinking hoons who leave the beach littered with glass and cans. Recent alcohol bans over Christmas have helped calm this down. But usually The Mount is a very pleasant, sunny, residential area, away from the bustle and industry of Tauranga proper.

SHEEP to NECK: Which falls faster, a kilogram of sheep or a kilogram of neck?

SHEEP to Bad Puns: The GM got to one first last time, beat me to the pun-ch. But, here's a new one. I'm on my way to "Otorohanga" which to this Ear-Nose&Throat Doc sounds like Kiwi for "booger." Of course, it could be where all the lawn mowers are serviced. Bunnikins, how about a slight discourse on the languages involved in the names of the towns we are building to, through and around.



BELT 17 / 1993F

A player points out: "In Belt-17, you credit Por as a French supply center, although it looks like there's a British fleet there. That would mean one more burn for France & a build for England." Yup, sure enough.

AER draw: A yes, EFR nvr.

AEFR draw: A no, EFR nvr.

Austria repropose the AER draw.

Winter 1912: Austria builds a tri; England builds a lon; France disbands f spa, a bre; Russia builds a mos, f sev.

Spring 1913: Survival Skills

Austria (Rich Irving): a bur-gas, a mar-spa, a mun ms a boh (a vie s boh [a bud s vie]), a tri-tyo, a naf h, a pic-mar, f tyr-lyo (f wes s [f tun s wes]), a ser awaits NATO peacekeepers to end this nonsense.

England (Les Casey): a lon-bel (a ruh s, f nts c), a pic-bre (f eng s, a par s, f mid s [f por s mid]), a stp h (f bot s), f den h.

France (Randy Havens): f lyo-tus, a gas austrian a naf-spa/nso/.

Russia (Nathan Trent): a mos-stp (a lvn s), f sev-bla, a gal ms a sil, f con-aeg, a kie-hol, a ber-kie.

Deadline for Fall 1913 is April 10.

Austria to England and Russia: Should we meet in Dayton to discuss ways out of this mess? Maybe Clinton will give us 50,000 troops as peacekeepers?

BELT 17 / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1912

Austria	tri, bud, ser, gre, bul, smy, nap, ven, vie, rom, tun, mun, mar	13
England	lvp, edi, lon, hol, den, swe, nwy, stp, bel, par	10
France	bre, spa, por	3
Russia	mos, war, sev, rum, ank, con, ber, kie	8

KAIDER III / 1995HF Diplomacy

Spring 1902: Hit The Beach!

Austria (Kevin Wilson): a vie h, a bud-ser, a tri h, f gre-aeg, a ser-gre.
 England (Paul Gardner): f eng h (f nts s), a yor-lvp.
 France (Gerry Paulson): f bre-mid, f mar-spa/sc, a bel h, a spa-por?, f iri-mid.
 Germany (Greg Ellis): a ber-kie, a mun h, f hol s french a bel, a kie-den, f den s french a bel /nsu/.
 Italy (Robert Greene): f nap-ty n, a tun-apu (a ven s, f ion c).
 Russia (Tim Goodwin): f swe-ska, a fin-swe, f stp/nc-nwy, a ukr-gal, a sev-rum, f rum-bla.
 Turkey (Nelson Heintzman??): nmr. f smy, a bul, a arm, f con all unordered.

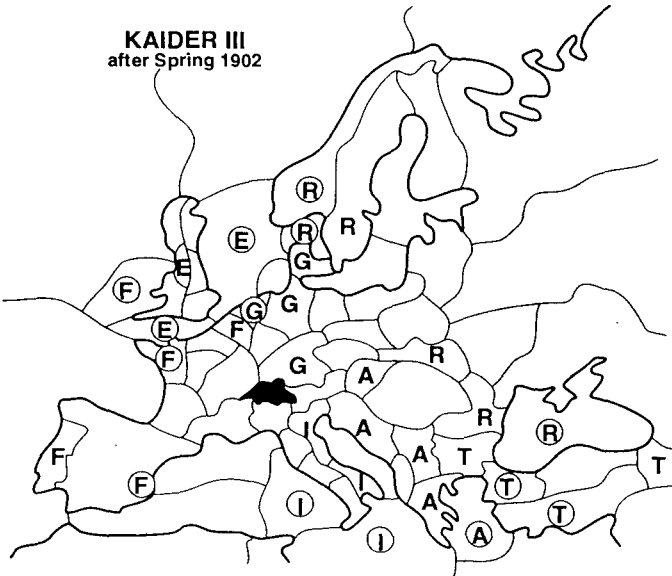
Will Jack Garrett please standby for Turkey? Thanks.

Deadline for Fall 1902 is April 10.

Pilot Billy to Froggies: Me mum told me not to trust you—now I see why.
 GM to Pilot Billy: Did your mum also tell you to keep mum on whom you'll trust? Have you been advising Turkey that's mum's the word? Are you mumming obscene gestures across the Channel? Would you care to swap mothers with Chris Anthy? (How much lower can I stoop here in the effort to fill out this column? Apparently I can't stoop all the way to the SC chart below, or else I wouldn't have to sit here stooped over a keyboard for an extra five minutes on your behalf. I'm more than behalv way there, I guess, so I can stoop to conquer this white space after all!)

KAIDER III / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1901						
Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	gre	5
England	lvp	lon	edi	.	.	3
France	par	mar	bre	bel	spa	5
Germany	mun	kie	ber	hol	.	4
Italy	nap	ven	rom	tun	.	4
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	swe rum	6
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	.	4

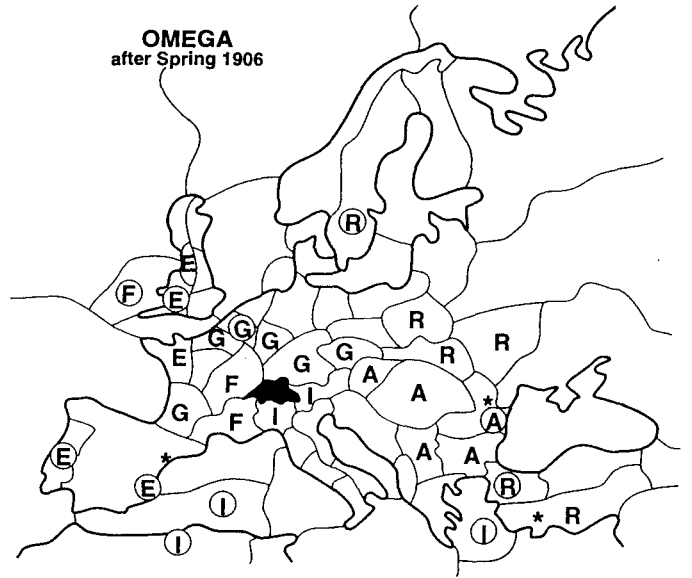
KAIDER III after Spring 1902



Baby Blues/Kirkman & Scott



OMEGA after Spring 1906



OMEGA / 1994D

Map Error: German a kie-den actually failed, as printed in the moves.
 Autumn Retreats: Austrian a gal off the board, f ank-bla; German a bur-pic.
 Winter 1905: Austria builds a vie, a tri; England builds a edi; Russia builds a war; Turkey disbands f aeg.
 Germany proposes EGR draw.

Spring 1906: Troubled Frenchmen

Austria (Michael Gonsalves): a vie-gal (a boh s /annihilated/), a tri-ser, f bla-rum (a bul s, a bud s).
 England (Bob Acheson): a edi-lvp, a bre s german a gas /otm/, f mid-spa/sc (f por s), f eng-wal.
 France (Jack Garrett): a bur-par, a mar-gas, f iri-mid (f spa/sc s /dislodged/).
 Germany (Andy York): a sil-boh (a mun s), a kie-ruh, a gas-par (a pic s), f bel h.
 Italy (Stan Johnson): a ven-tyo (a pic s), f gre-aeg, f wes-mid, f tun-naf.
 Russia (Doug Kent): a ank-smy (f con s), f rum-bla /dislodged/, a ukr-rum (a gal s [a war s gal]), f swe h.
 Turkey (Eben Kurtzman): f smy-con /dislodged/.

Summer Retreats: French f spa/sc; Russian f rum; Turkish f smy.

Deadline for Fall 1906 is April 10.

GM to Omegans: In case I haven't told you lately, I still don't have a supply center chart for 1901 (I wasn't a subscriber to *The Home Office*). If you have a copy could you send me the information?

OMEGA / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1905							
Austria	vie	tri	bud	ser	con	bul	6
England	lon	edi	nwy	bre	por	.	5
France	par	mar	spa	lvp	.	.	4
Germany	ber	mun	kie	hol	den	bel	6
Italy	nap	ven	rom	tun	gre	.	5
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	rum	swe ank	7
Turkey	smy	1



Rules for SNOWBALL FIGHTING

Snowball Fighting is a game for two or more players, ages 10 and up. It recreates a hectic Snowball Fight in a suburban backyard, with each player a combatant in the "Snow Wars," starting the game with a name, two Snowballs and ten hit points. These rules were created by Dom Elias and Trevor Mendham. Major additions to the rules, and revised maps, have been added by P.J. Gaughan and J.R. Baker, with suggestions from Kelly Bagley, Greg Ellis, Rich Irving and Tom Hurst.

1) NAMES: If desired, players may invent a *nom de guerre* under which to play. Some appropriate if unoriginal choices are: Jack Frost, Snow Queen, or Winter Wolf.

2) OBJECTIVE: To win, by inflicting a total of 15 points of damage on any combination of foes. One VP (Victory Point) is typically awarded to the attacker for each point of damage done and one HP (Hit Point) is deducted from the wounded victim. The amount of damage a player absorbs does not affect his chances at victory, except that he may be doomed to spend valuable time in the Kitchen recuperating. If two or more players reach or exceed 15 VP on the same Segment and tie, there is a joint victory.

3) PROCEDURE: The game is played in Turns, each consisting of three Segments. Players write orders for all three Segments of one Turn at one time. Conditional orders are allowed on the third Segment only; these may be conditional on anything that has happened in the first two Segments. Conditional attacks have a lower probability of success ("hit prob").

Two players may not end a Segment on the same hex: a stationary player retains his hex until he moves, and if two or more players try to move to the same hex, the player who started the Segment closest reaches it (the others finishing one hex short). If two such players are the same distance away one is chosen at random to reach the contested hex.

Although all players write their orders simultaneously, movement takes place first and *then* attacks, unless otherwise specified elsewhere in the rules. Attacks which roll a number equal to or lower than their hit probability succeed.

Attack range is calculated by the shortest route. "Range" is merely a guideline; you may attack players "out of range" but at a loss of hit prob.

4) THE BOARD: The board is hex-based but the co-ordinate system is not the usual triangular one. Read across for letter-rows and up-and-down for number columns; thus on the medium-size map the trees are at G5, KI, S3, Q7, A17, and V16, and the Snowman is at R12. Half hexes along buildings may be used just like full hexes but may players may not use other building hexes without entering the building through a door (see Rule 8, Buildings and Hit Points). Players may not move off the board except to go into a building.

The trees and Snowman provide some defense against attacks (see Table II), but standing under a tree or next to the shed can hurt you if someone else orders a Conifer Storm or Shed Avalanche! Paths, sidewalks and streets have been shovelled or plowed clear of snow—ammo may not be collected there, but movement is easier.

5) WEAPONS: Once collected Snowballs and Dirigibles last indefinitely (the weather's very cold). Players may collect as much as they wish so long as they remain stationary; dropped or abandoned ammunition gets trampled and disappears unless it is in a Snow Fort. Thrown weapons are also useless.

The Snowman's head may be used as a Dirigible (once per head, obviously) without using a Segment to collect it. If a player collects a Dirigible while on a Snowman hex, or carries one into that space, he may order that it be put atop a headless Snowman; it then becomes available for anybody who moves into that hex. Because of the weather the supplies of snow on the ground and in the

trees are unlimited. (Funny, the path still manages to stay clear of snow all the time!)

6) SET-UP: Players may draw starting locations at random, or by common agreement choose their own hex. However, no player may begin the game under a tree, or next to or on a Snowman hex! Each player begins the game with two Snowballs, whether on or off the path.

Each Segment a player may perform *one* of the following.

7.1) MOVEMENT: A player may move up to four hexes per Segment. When moving a player may carry one or two Snowballs, OR one Dirigible. If a player has only this much ammo, he is assumed to be carrying it all; if a player has more than this, he must specify what he is carrying with him or else he drops it all. To avoid GM confusion, it's safest for the player to list the reference number of all hexes he passes through.

When moving onto or along a cleared area (path, drive or plowed street), movement is doubled—count each path hex as half a hex for movement.

Any player moving at maximum speed (that is, four hexes) has a 10% chance of slipping and falling over. If this happens, he takes two hit points of damage, loses all his Snowballs, and misses the next Segment. The street is icy: any player moving on a plowed street hex has a 10% chance of falling each Segment, regardless of speed, and such a fall does five HPs of damage.

7.2) COLLECTING: Players may collect two Snowballs per Segment. Collecting a massive, football-sized weapon called a Dirigible uses a whole Segment. Ammunition may not be collected on any path, driveway or plowed street. A player may collect as many weapons as he likes, but when he moves off his hex anything he doesn't carry along disappears.

7.3) MOVING AND COLLECTING: Players may combine these by collecting one Snowball and moving one or two hexes. They may not move and collect two Snowballs, or move and collect a Dirigible.

7.4) DODGING: A player may order only 'Dodge' for a Segment. He does not move, collect or attack but direct attacks against him lose 25% hit prob.

7.5) ATTACKING: Attacks require an entire Segment, and players may not collect or move that Segment unless the attack chosen specifically permits this. If an attacker hurts himself or a teammate, the victim takes the relevant HP damage but no VPs are scored!

RAVENS CROFT RATTLESNAKE The basic combat throw: a straight, fast, and fairly certain throw of a simple Snowball to the glass jaw of a foe. The attacker may either state a specific target by name or attack the 'nearest player' (hit prob is reduced by 10%).

range: 6 hexes base hit prob: 80%
damage done: 1 point ammo required: one Snowball

DOLTON DEMON A more defensive maneuver, combining a less accurate but still effective attack with mobility. Attacker must name a specific target, then either 'Move' (attacker may move one hex *after* the attack) or 'Dodge' (15% is deducted from the hit prob of any direct attack against the player this Segment).

range: 4 hexes base hit prob: 60%
damage done: 1 point ammo required: one Snowball

BARNARD BOLERO A terrifically sneaky move, attempting to hit two people at once. The player names two DIFFERENT targets and throws one Snowball at each. However, while doing this he is more open to attack by others; any direct shots against him are at +10%.

range: 4 hexes base hit prob: 50% per target
damage: 1 point each ammo required: two Snowballs

MENDHAM MANIAC The desperate last-ditch defence of an unarmed snow warrior who scoops up handfuls of unmoulded snow and throws them wildly at his foes. The action incorporates an element of dodging so 10% is deducted from any direct attack on the Maniac. This attack is not targeted—any player within two hexes has a 50% chance of being hit and taking one point of damage. NO VPs are awarded when using this attack. (Any ammo the Maniac had is wiped out.)

range: 2 hexes base hit prob: 50% per target
 damage: 1 point each ammo required: none

DOLTON DIRIGIBLE The lobbing of a wholly gross and excessive football-sized snowball up, up, and away and then down, down out of the sun and down the neck of the unfortunate victim. The Dirigible must be aimed at a particular opponent.

range: 3 hexes base hit prob: 55%
 damage done: 3 points ammo required: one Dirigible

CONIFER STORM An attempt to hit a tree with a snowball or Dirigible and thus cause it to drop snow on its own and surrounding spaces. Following a successful hit (probability=90%), there is a 70% chance that the tree will drop sufficient snow to do damage to anyone in the central hex or under the surrounding branches. If the attack is made with a Dirigible, the damage is three points to anyone in the 'trunk' hex and two points to anyone under the surrounding branches. The attacker names the grid reference of the tree he is aiming for. (This is an indirect attack.)

range: 4 hexes base hit prob: 90, then 70%
 damage: 1-3 points ammo required: one Sb or Di

HISE HAMMER If a player needs a quick VP but has no ammunition, he may collect a Snowball and hurl it in the same Segment. This is a very low probability shot with a defensive penalty: direct attacks against the Hammer-hurler are at +10%.

range: 6 hexes base hit prob: 50%
 damage done: 1 point ammo required: none

8) BUILDINGS AND HIT POINTS: The house runs along the bottom edge of the board on most maps. Any dark shaded area is a building and may only be entered by a door:

Small map: Kitchen door is at V8; shed door is at L6.

Medium map: Kitchen door is at V8; shed doors at G9 and G15.

Large map: House doors are at H2 and P24.

Streets: streets begin as normal snow hexes. At the end of each turn there is a 50% chance of a snow plow clearing the street. When this happens, the street becomes a cleared area (no collecting ammo, etc) and the sidewalks become normal snow hexes. Thereafter, any player entering the street has a 5% chance of being hit by a car. That player loses all HPs and is immediately retired to the nearest kitchen for six Segments to recover them.

A player may, at any time, choose to run into any building to recuperate HPs or to hide. Entering a door costs the same as moving one half hex. Once inside, the player must stay inside at least one Segment. For each Segment indoors players recover 2 HPs. However a player's HPs may never go below zero nor above ten. Note: if a player is inside a building with more than one door he may exit through any of them, not just the one he entered through.

When entering a building all ammo is lost (melts). Any player exiting a building may pick up one Snowball from the windowsill on the way out.

When a player is reduced to zero HP, he moves directly into the kitchen on the next Segment (ignoring distance). While running for cover in this way players are immune to attack and any attempt to hit them fails. After spending three Segments in the kitchen drying his

socks, the player's HP are restored to 10 and he may return to the fray (possibly in the middle of a Turn).

9) ADJUDICATION: Two ten-sided dice may be used to roll against hit probabilities, marking one as the 'tens' digit and one as the 'ones' to find percentages.

One player should be designated the gamemaster to keep notes on the progress of the game. Even better, a non-player may participate as GM. When every player has revealed his orders for a given Turn, the GM rolls to find out what the weather's like. Then he checks the players' first-Segment orders. If anyone has ordered movement, the GM moves their marker to the hex specified noting whether they are carrying any ammunition. Then he reads the orders of those who are collecting Snowballs or Dirigibles without moving.

Once the location and ammunition of each player is known, then any attack which involved movement, then all other attacks in any order. Each attacker calls off the type of attack and the target, then computes the hit probability. The GM should make sure the attacker is using all the adjustments which apply, both positive and negative. The attacker then rolls the dice to see whether the attack is successful. (Sometimes the attacker will have to figure more than one hit prob or roll more than once, as in Maniac or Bolero attacks.) The GM subtracts the ammo used from the attacker's notes, and if the roll was low enough he awards VPs and deducts HPs as needed.

10) OPTIONAL RULES

LONG GAME The total number of VPs needed to win can be increased. 20 VP games have been very successful.

WEATHER Light snow is falling all the time, but on any Turn there is an 10% chance of Heavy Snow, which reduces the probability of all attacks by 10%. Also, on any Turn there is a 5% chance of Blizzard—hit probs of all attacks are reduced by 20% and any player who is out of doors two or three Segments during that Turn takes one HP of damage.

SNOW FORTS A player may use one full Turn to construct a Snow Fort. Once built, a Fort may not be destroyed. Forts may not be built on tree or Snowman hexes. Partially constructed Snow Forts disappear if not completed (for instance, if the maker is forced indoors before a full Turn is up). Once a Fort is finished it has a defensive effect of 20% and this DOES apply to Maniac attacks. Ammunition may be stockpiled in a Snow Fort; if a player collects weapons, then leaves them behind on a Fort hex, they last until someone uses them or until the Fort is destroyed! Any player entering the Snow Fort may use this ammo the Segment after he arrives, without 'collecting' it.

NEW SNOWMEN A player may use one full Turn to build a Snowman (though not on a current Snowman, tree or Fort hex). Like other Snowmen, the new Snowman gives a defensive bonus of 10% and may not be destroyed.

TEAM PLAY Victory criterion is 15 times the number of players on a team; the winning team is the one who reaches this score first. No player may score VPs by damaging his own teammate, though a teammate so damaged loses HPs. Also, if all the members of one team are indoors for the same Segment, the remaining team is declared the winner.

Table I: Attack List

ATTACK	RANGE	DAMAGE	AMMO	BASE HIT %
Rattlesnake	6	1 HP	1 Sb	80%
Demon	4	1 HP	1 Sb	60%
Bolero	4	1 each	2 Sbs	50%
Hammer	6	1 HP	none	50%
Maniac	2	1 each	none	50%
Dirigible	3	3 HP	1 Di	55%
Conifer Storm	4	1, 2 or 3	Sb or Di	90%, 70%

Table II: Hit Probability Adjustment Chart

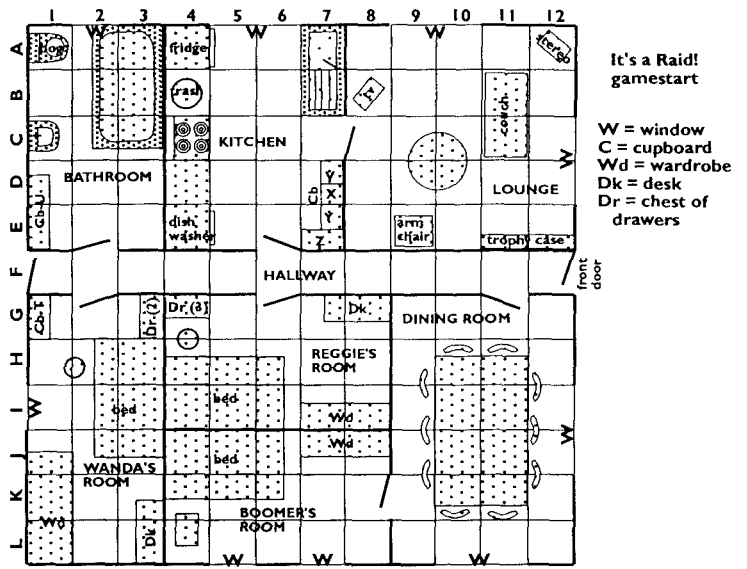
1. target within normal range.....+5% per hex
2. target outside normal range-5% per hex
3. target collected 2 sb or 1 di this Segment+10%
4. target collected 1 sb this Segment.....+5%
5. target ordered only 'Dodge' this Segment-25%
6. target moved 1 or 2 hexes this Segment-5%
7. target moved more than 2 hexes this Segment-10%
8. target on Conifer (tree) hex.....-25%
9. target adjacent to Conifer hex, or on Snowman hex-10%
10. target on Fort hex.....-20%
11. target did not play this Segment (nmr, or lost a Turn).....+10%
12. target did Hammer or Bolero this Segment.....+10%
13. target did Mendham Maniac this Segment.....-10%
14. target did Dolton Demon and 'Dodge' this Segment.....-15%
15. attack is Rattlesnake and 'nearest player' is chosen-10%
16. attack is conditional.....-10%
17. Heavy Snow this Turn.....-10%
18. Blizzard this Turn.....-20%
19. attack must pass over any portion of a buildingdivide by 2

There is always at least a 5% chance of failure and at least a 5% chance of success. When rolling percentile dice for attacks 01-05 always hits and 96-00 always misses (00 being 100). The only adjustments in affect for Conifer Storm are 1, 2, and 16-19.

TIPS: In most cases a player may only perform one action per Segment, so read carefully. If they are combining different actions, players should specify in what order they are performing each; for example, "move to J4, collect a Snowball, then move through L4 to M5 carrying the sb."

Any number may play the game, but it is a good idea to keep players spaced apart at the start and out from under trees. Best results are with six or seven players on the small map, nine or ten on the medium-size, and more than a dozen (especially team play) on the largest.

rules updated through 1 February 1996



above: map for It's a Raid!

rules were printed in issue #133—

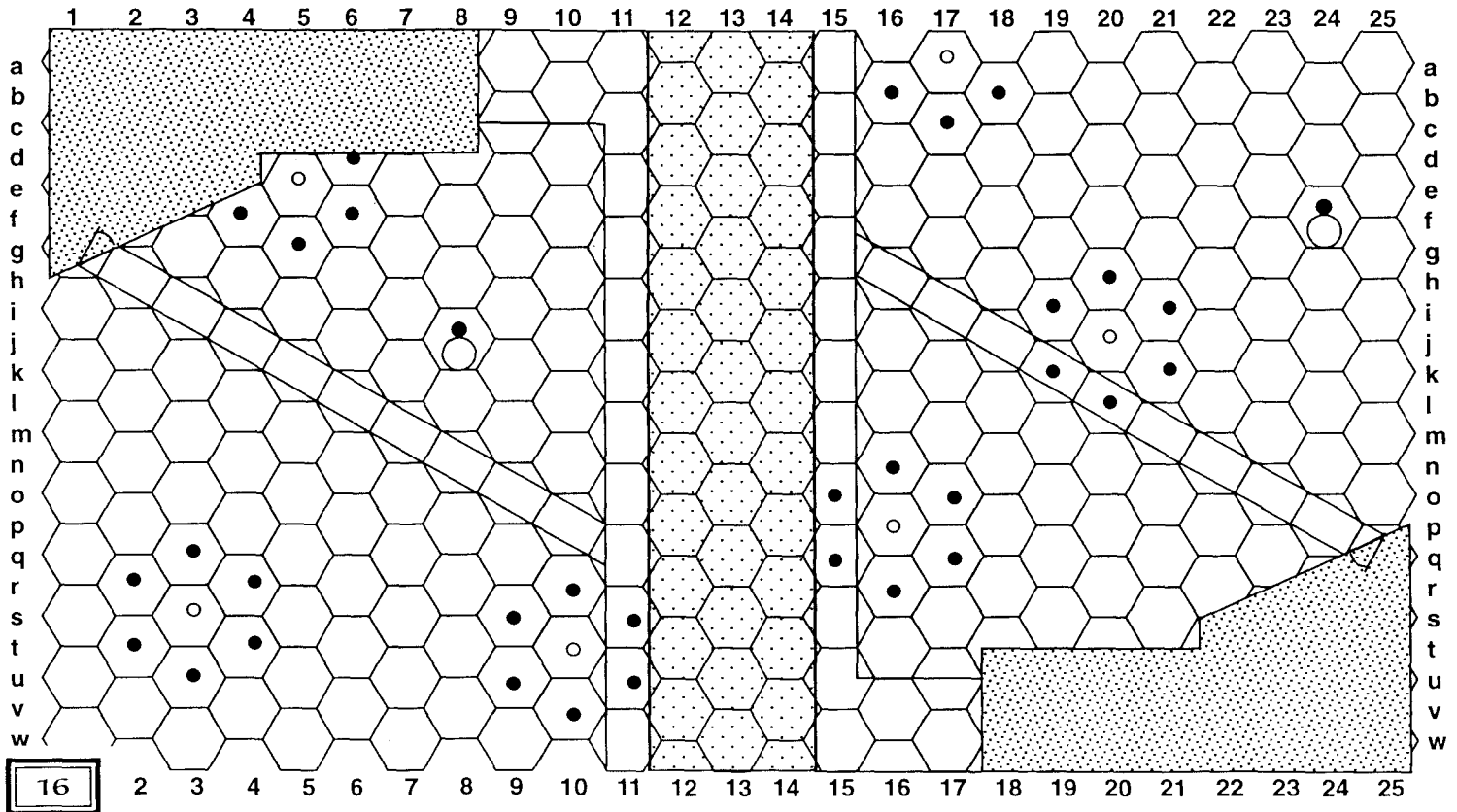
rules and full-size map available from me for a SASE

below: new map for Snowball Fighting

copies of rules and all three maps

(original, ten-player and the two-yard map below)

are all available from me for a SASE



Fear and Loathing: On the Campaign Trail with Saddam Hussein

A Brief Journal by Chuff Afflerbach

Well, there's getting your feet wet, and then there's getting in over your head. I had left San Francisco for a year of living...well, not dangerously, I hoped, but perhaps more excitingly. However, I had second thoughts just as soon as I arrived at my new assignment in my new bureau. "Welcome to London," the Bureau Chief said, "take some time and get settled in." "Don't bother to unpack," the Assistant Bureau Chief said, "you're going to Baghdad."

They did give a few days to prepare. There were inoculations to update, and a visa to obtain. There was a crash course in operating the portable International Marine Satellite Telephone (INMARSAT) which would be our lifeline to the outside world. They even issued me a pixillator, an ingenious contraption for sending moving pictures over a phone line at a speed of one hour of transmission per minute of footage. It comes in handy if there is no TV satellite uplink available. And of course, it never works. But they assured me I wouldn't need it anyway, because there would be uplinks all over Baghdad. All the other networks were sending in their own portable dishes and teams of engineers. Our network was sending me, a simple sound technician and tape editor...the Button-Pushing Hack.

No, I wasn't going alone, and I was grateful for that. I flew from London to Amman, Jordan, with our correspondent from the Rome bureau. He's and old Middle East hand who covered the bombing of Iraq for another network before we hired him away. I figured as long as I followed his orders I would be alright. I hadn't been with him more than an hour before I began thinking of him as "The Colonel". It wasn't until I got back from the trip that I learned that everyone else calls him "The General".

The rest of our crew consisted of a producer and a cameraman from the Amman bureau. The producer's easy-going attitude was a perfect complement (and antidote) to the brusque manner of the Colonel. He was a fairly new hire, but his one trip to Baghdad was one time more than I could claim; and he spoke Arabic quite well, having grown up in the Middle East with a father who was an American diplomat. The cameraman spoke Arabic like a native, mainly because he was one. He had been the Colonel's shooter during the Gulf War and had made numerous trips to Iraq in the past five years. He may have been Palestinian by birth, but he was all Cowboy by nature. In fact, his admitted ambition was to settle down some day and start his own goat ranch over on the West Bank.

Because Iraq is an outcast nation, with U.N. sanctions prohibiting airplane flights into the country, and wars smoldering on three of its borders, there is only one way into the country. We had to drive, east from Amman, across 600 miles of Jordanian and Iraqi desert. Luckily, we were traveling in October, and temperatures would only be in the nineties. Camels and caravans had traveled that route for a thousand years, so surely we had nothing to worry about. Except boredom.

We started the drive at four in the morning; the four of us and our four drivers in four GMC four-wheel-drive wagons. We rode one passenger to a vehicle with an entire back seat to stretch out in, and in the back we carried our cargo of luggage, TV equipment, packaged food, bottled water, soft drinks and beer. (Before the war, Iraq had been one of the more liberal of Arabic nations in many things including the consumption of alcohol. Since then, it had adopted an Islamic outlook much like the Baptists in those dry counties of rural Texas; you can bring in as much as you like, but you can't buy it or sell it and you can't drink it in public.) We had provisions for a week, the estimated length of our visit. Of course there would be meals available at the hotel in Baghdad--the country wasn't entirely starved. But it was certainly cheaper (and safer) to bring our own snacks and drinks. Also, when we're on the road we often work 16 to 18 hours a day, and the only food we have time for are the emergency rations we bring with us.

The novelty and excitement of going to Baghdad lasted for about an hour. The sun came up in a red haze to reveal...absolutely nothing. No moun-

tains, no trees, not even any cactus, absolutely no relief whatsoever. An empty plain of gray dust covered with a layer of gray rocks. These rocks were a curiosity, though. Where did they come from? They were the size of bowling balls and bigger, packed thick together for miles in all directions. They looked like they had been spewed from a volcano, but the world was completely flat as far as the eye could see. Well, not entirely flat: at regular intervals, the rocks had been piled up into cairns four and five feet tall. Done deliberately by human hands, but with no apparent purpose or pattern. Looking on these feeble works only added to a sense of despair.

Riding alone with my Jordanian chauffeur, I had little opportunity to discuss such wonders. It was during a rest stop along the road, looking out at this moonscape, that I had my only conversation with him.

"Jordan is very beautiful, yes?" he asked me in strained English.

"Yes," I answered, an ambassador of good will, "Jordan is very beautiful." He pressed on.

"America is very jealous of Jordan," he added. I wasn't sure I had heard him right.

"Jealous?" I asked.

"Yes, America is jealous of Jordan," he insisted.

"Jordan is very beautiful," I repeated tactfully, and looked out again at the piles of rocks. He lit a cigarette, and then wandered away to talk to the other drivers. I'm sure they were discussing the ugly American, green with envy.

The monotony of the drive was broken near the midpoint by the border crossing. Here in the empty desert was a great concentration of humanity and activity. Long convoys of tankers filled with crude oil rolled into Jordan, and caravans of trailer trucks waited to carry grain back into Iraq. Our cars skirted the line and drove directly to the gate. Our producer and cameraman collected all our passports and began negotiating with the Jordanian customs agents. It was out of my hands, so I stood around and waited. It is pretty much routine: after much arguing, gesticulating and slamming of car doors, our guys and the inspectors invariably adjourn to a private office. I am told this is where the money changes hands. Eventually they emerge with stamps in our passport and permission to depart. An hour after we arrived, we drove past the fifteen-foot-high mural of King Hussein and were greeted by the twenty-foot mural of Saddam Hussein.

Iraqi customs took another hour, but it was highly civilized compared to the other side of the border. We were ushered into a VIP guest house and served hot tea. Our reporter was greeted like a long-lost friend. The Iraqis were on their best behavior. They had invited the world press to come and observe their first-ever referendum on the popularity of their Great Leader, and they certainly didn't want any bad publicity on such a happy occasion. We didn't even have to take an AIDS test. This had been standard procedure for any decadent Western journalists entering the country following the Gulf War. We had even brought our own hypodermic needles, just in case. The Iraqis, being unclear on the concept of AIDS infection, use the same needle to test everyone. But on this great day, all was forgiven and forgotten...except the customary transaction fee.

The next few hours were as uneventful as the first few. The Iraqis have built an excellent freeway from the border to Baghdad, and the only interruptions were the occasional military checkpoints along the way. I dozed most of the drive, and when I woke we had entered the Tigris River Valley, the Cradle of Civilization. It's just as flat as the surrounding desert, so it's more of a flood plain than a valley. But there is water standing in green marshes, and trees including palms, willows, and eucalyptus growing up out of the sand. A virtual paradise compared to the terrain we had crossed.

And there was no evidence of the destruction inflicted on the city less than five years before. The roads and bridges were in good shape. Along the way our reporter pointed out the buildings that had been hit with bombs and cruise missiles; they all were completely rebuilt or repaired. Nevertheless, the place had the look of a city under siege. Soldiers with automatic rifles stood on street corners and guarded the entrances to building. Heavy concrete barricades, steel gates, and sharpened spikes in the pavement surrounded government ministries, banks and hotels. Ironically, the threat was not missiles from above, but car bombs from below. There had been no report of terrorist acts in Baghdad, but in spite of the love the people felt

for their leader, the potential for violence was clearly a concern.

By now it's an old cliché, but true just the same: the portrait of Saddam was everywhere. Murals and posters decorated the walls of buildings on every street, showing him in hundred of different poses. Traffic circles revolved around statues of Saddam. His image hung in the windows of shops and automobiles. And it greeted us when we arrived at the Ministry of Information to set up shop. In our cubicle we found a special poster taped to the wall—a smiling King of Jordan offering a rifle to a smiling Saddam.

Our first order of business was to get our equipment operating. While the producer and cameraman set up the editing decks inside, I wrestled with the phone out on the patio. This clever device fits neatly into a suitcase-size travel case; an "E.T.-phone-home" mesh satellite dish opens up like an umbrella on a telescoping mast, attached to a fifty-pound power unit that anchors it firmly to the ground. Plug it in, aim it at the right coordinates in the sky, and you can call anywhere in the world—for ten bucks per minute.

We were the last network to arrive, and the building was crowded with reporters, camera crews, and satellite dishes. Our reporter remarked that there weren't that many journalists in Baghdad during the war. The kinder, gentler Ministry of Information issued an announcement that we were welcome to visit any part of Baghdad or Iraq we wished without any restriction. In fact, to help facilitate our travel, an agent from the Ministry had been assigned to accompany us wherever we wanted to go. Our "minder" Achmed turned out to be a nice enough guy. During the week he was with us he got us in where we wanted, he never said no, and only once did he ever complain to us about the "balance" of our reporting. Of course, there's no telling what he reported back to his superiors.

From the Ministry of Information we had only to drive around the huge fortress that was the Foreign Ministry to arrive at the famous (and infamous) Al Rasheed Hotel. Den of spies, home of the godless media, and target of at least one cruise missile. We entered through a side door because they were gluing down carpet on the floor of the main entrance, covering up the portrait of that Great Satan, George Bush. No longer would every visitor be required to step on his face—kinder and gentler indeed! Wouldn't it be ironic if, after the victory of Desert Storm, Bush couldn't get re-elected and Saddam could? We would wait in suspense for four days....

Our coverage began the following morning with a visit to the Saddam Museum. No Pharaoh had such a magnificent tribute! A timeline of photos and documents trace his humble roots and heroic rise as the leader of his people. Gifts of gold, silver and jewels testify to the honor bestowed upon him by the rest of the world. Even the Senate of the State of California once awarded him a bronze plaque. And it will surprise no one that Saddam Hussein has the longest pendulum in the world! From the clock tower it hangs down fifty yards to the museum floor, swinging slowly across the massive marble fountain that forms yet another giant clock. The huge weight of the pendulum is adorned with the emblem of Saddam's reign: four gold-plated Kalishnakov rifles. The sight sent shivers up my spine.

From there we visited an elementary school. In dilapidated classrooms with peeling paint, Iraqi children learned about the glory of their leader. Reading lessons told of his exploits while his benevolent visage smiled down from every wall. As we were leaving, our camera sparked a spontaneous outpouring of love and support. "Nam, Nam, Saddam!" they chanted. "Yes, Yes, Saddam Hussein!" cried dozens of malnourished kids.

Indeed, everywhere we went we encountered—perhaps provoked—public outbursts of "Nam, Nam, Saddam!" Not all of it was staged, most of it was fervent, some of it sincere. The country has suffered greatly over the past decade; while we on the outside lay the blame on their own leader, there is a strong sentiment within Iraq that they are being persecuted by the western world, particularly America. Whatever their private feelings about Saddam, publicly they rally around him as a symbol of resistance. No doubt such political correctness is a matter of personal safety. But in much of the chanting I detected more exuberance than passion, the same hamming for the camera that crowds fall into everywhere. They could just as well have been shouting "Hi, Mom!" or "We're Number One!" We asked people on the streets, in English and in Arabic, how they were going to vote. We found one fellow who had been educated in Cleveland. "I'm voting 'Yes', of course," he told us. Why? A wry smile crossed his lips. "Why do

you think?" he asked us. Aware of our escort, he added, "Saddam is our leader, so I'll vote for him."

The tables were turned on us one afternoon while we were attending a soccer match. The Iraqi team was competing with Qatar for a trip to the '96 Olympics. We were shooting from right behind the goal when Iraq went up two-to-nothing, and we all found ourselves rooting for the home team. Just then a reporter from Iraqi TV put a camera and mic in my face and asked what I thought of the game. "Iraq has a very good team," I congratulated them. And what did I think of the upcoming election? By then I was on the defensive. "The Iraqi people seem to feel very strongly about their leader," I allowed. The reporter translated my response, and the only words I understood were "Saddam Hussein." Next they interviewed our producer in Arabic. He told them the election was very well organized, which they took for a compliment. Then they came to our cameraman. For days The Cowboy had been privately cursing and ridiculing the Iraqis and their leader. So when he began expounding at length in Arabic, I noticed our producer beginning to cringe, and I started looking around for the armed guards that were surely on their way. But no, I was entirely mistaken; he was extolling the virtues of Saddam and the wonders of Iraq! Afterward, our producer demanded an explanation. "I wanted to be on TV," he shrugged.

He certainly knew what would sell. While the streets of Baghdad were a visit to "1984", Iraqi television made the Orwellian metaphor complete. The only two stations on the air carried nonstop tributes to Big Brother. We saw him leading his troops. We saw him rebuilding his cities. He danced, he fired guns, and he was constantly seen kissing small children. He had as many Looks as any fashion model: everyone has seen him as the Sheik, the Military Strongman, and the Three-Piece Suit. But there is also the Farmer in straw hat and vest, the Mafioso in dark shades and leather jacket, even an Alpine Saddam in fur coat and improbable Tyrolean cap complete with jaunty feather in the brim. Ironically, with endless footage of him on TV, seldom did he speak, and not once during the frenzy of election coverage did he ever make a live appearance. His image is too tightly controlled to take that kind of chance.

Of course watching Big Brother is a two-way street. Never mind the minder, the guards at every gate, the "floor managers" prowling the halls of our hotel. We were cautioned to be careful of what we said even locked safely inside our own rooms. Saddam has a thousand ears and infinite curiosity. Even thinking it could be a crime.

I made an innocent but foolish slip that still worries me. One morning in the lobby a stranger wearing a press pass struck up a conversation, complaining about the cost of hiring taxis for the day. I told him we had hired our own drivers who were on call day and night. He asked if fifty dollars a day was a fair price. I didn't know, I told him, but I thought it sounded reasonable. He shrugged and walked away. I hadn't given him any compromising information... except that we were paying our drivers in dollars—potentially an illegal act! The names on all the press passes were written in Arabic, so I have no idea who he was. He could have been a visiting journalist, or a spy. If he did report me, then Alan Cooperman of *U.S. News and World Report* is in big trouble. My press pass had been lost by the Ministry of Information, and that was the badge they gave me as a replacement.

The arcane world of Iraqi finances were handled by our cameraman. He was known by every manager, bellman, elevator operator and maid in the hotel, and thanks to his largesse the workers catered to all our needs. When his supply of the local currency drew low, he would disappear for half an hour, then return with another bundle of Iraqi dinars. We didn't ask where he got them, as long as he kept us supplied with enough pocket money of our own.

"Pocket money" is a relative term. You couldn't carry enough dinars in your pocket to buy lunch. Sanctions had sent inflation soaring, and citizens were forced to carry bags or satchels of cash to do their daily shopping. The counting of money had become a national preoccupation. Iraqi men on the street thumbed their way through stacks of cash the way they had once fingered their worry beads. And to make matters worse, Saddam won't allow the printing of any bill larger than 250 dinars. That's enough to tip a porter in the hotel, but it isn't enough to buy a cup of coffee or a loaf of bread. About the only thing you can buy for 250 dinars is gasoline—an entire tankful!

Because Iraqi oil has been blockaded since the Gulf War, the country is awash in cheap leaded gas. And like Iraqi money, Iraqi gas cannot leave the country. Jordan has arrangements to buy crude oil through some loophole in the sanctions, but refined gasoline is banned. Of course, this hasn't prevent resourceful Jordanian truckers from putting extra gas tanks on their rigs so they can full up while they're across the border in Iraq.

In denial of the damage caused by U.N. sanctions, Saddam still officially values his dinar at three to the U.S. dollar. In our hotel, they were kind enough to offer us 600 for a dollar. But out on the street, they were trading at 2500 to one! Despite the discrepancies, there was one constant: everyone wanted good old Yankee greenbacks. It's a rule that goes beyond the country of Iraq. As much as they may hate America, they love the money more. And they force themselves to learn English, the language that brings those dollars in. Personally, I was intimidated by the whole business and grateful to have someone else saddled with the job of doing our banking. Until I got home to London, when someone explained to me how the cash scam works. Legally, the exchange of money on the street does not exist. Therefore the company considers all our expenses to be paid at the higher hotel rate. When our cameraman checks us out of the hotel, he pays our bill in the local currency. Then he submits his receipt for a million dians, and the company pays him back \$1,666 in U.S. currency. But he paid only \$400 for the dinars on the black market—which means he pockets over \$1200 profit!

At last the big day came: the National Referendum on Sunday, October 15th. We had arranged to follow a family to the polls and film them voting. This just happened to be a family of Kurds, from the rebellious territory to the north, and they just happened to be voting for Saddam. The elderly father spoke only Kurdish; mother and son also spoke Arabic; the two grown daughters spoke excellent English. They told us in three languages that Saddam was their leader, so they were voting "yes." If they were asked any sort of difficult question like "why?," their eyes would turn vacant and they would offer the rote explanation that Saddam was good for Iraq. Clearly, they understood what was good for them. So we walked with them to the polling place, a few short blocks just long enough for us to become a parade of onlookers and urchins. The voter turnout was impressive, the line was long, but thanks to our camera the family breezed to the front of the line. First, the five of them had to sign the registry. We learned that the father had already been to vote early in the morning before we arrived, a slight complication, but it was all right, he could vote again. Everyone was issued ballots which had been photocopied and cut four to a standard-size page. Voting booths did not exist, so they just stood around a large table to mark their ballots "Yes" or (perish the thought!) "No." Then it was off to the ballot box, to deposit their slips under the ever-watchful eye of Saddam Hussein. All of this was done not in an atmosphere of solemn decorum, but in a noisy, jostling crowd on holiday at the circus. Part of this is the camera, of course, and part is culture. We draw a crowd of gawkers wherever we go, but even after we're gone they will be living elbow to elbow and communicating at close range.

After that came the long wait for the election returns. Yes, they actually counted the votes. Our cameraman and producer were even allowed to record some of the tabulation at one precinct. They returned with blank ballots as mementos, and they also brought back footage of the tedious process: half a dozen people sitting around a table piled high with paper, counting thousands of ballots by hand, and writing the results on a chalkboard. And to everyone's amazement, they found seven ballots marked "No"! Seven needles in a haystack of three thousand—it's a wonder they even found them.

After dark the celebration began. There was dancing street; we heard sporadic gunfire and saw tracers in the sky. Sometime around midnight, the official word came down: Saddam had won, but there would be no final count until the next morning. Monday had been declared a national holiday. We filed our last report for the day and went to bed to grab a few hours of sleep. But I wasn't that lucky. Maybe it was bad water, or maybe it was four days of Colonel Saddam's Iraqi Fried Chicken. Whatever the cause, I woke up in the middle of the night with an uneasy feeling—for want of a better name, I'll call it "Hammurabi's Revenge." By daybreak I was in no shape to share any enthusiasm for Saddam's big day.

Crackers and soda got me through the morning's three-hour press conference. That afternoon there was more gunfire, this time from the apartment

building across the street from the media center. The entire press corps dashed over to take pictures and watch. It was amazing to see these middle-class, middle-aged men appear on their balconies with AK-47 in hand to rip off a few dozen rounds of automatic fire. I might expect such a shootout at home in Oakland, but not in Baghdad! Judging from the firepower exhibited that day, Saddam is in big trouble if the city ever decides to vote "No."

That thought encouraged me, and so did the final vote tally. The Great Leader received only 99.96% of the vote! So what if eight million Iraqis voted for him? Under those conditions, who wouldn't? I prefer to see a glass 0.04% full. It restores my faith in democracy and humanity when three thousand people are willing to stand up and say the Emperor has no clothes.

Naked or not, he still had to take the oath of office. In front of his chamber of deputies, he swore on the Koran to faithfully execute his office (and Allah only knows who else!). Of course we weren't invited, and of course it wasn't on live TV. The concept of "prime time" has not reached Iraq. Again we were up past midnight, waiting for Iraqi TV to get the tape edited and put it on the air, so we could get it edited and put it on the air. In the case of this swearing-in ceremony, and virtually anything else on Iraqi TV, no copyrights are observed. We steal whatever we want off their air, and they steal whatever they want off our satellite. They clearly got the best of that deal, but they do have a monopoly on footage of Saddam.

With the Great Leader safely inaugurated for another seven years, our job was just about done. Our correspondent had one more item on the agenda: an exclusive interview with one of the big fish in the Iraqi government. Saddam himself was clearly out fo the question, though every network in town was vainly pursuing him. Our reporter had his sights set on Saddam's son, Uday. He figured to inherit Saddam's power, now that Saddam's daughters and sons-in-law had recently defected from Iraq. Ah, but there was the rub! Just a month earlier, our reporter had aired an exclusive interview with one of those defectors, much to the embarrassment of Saddam. Our reporter's contacts with Uday's contacts led him along and kept us waiting in Baghdad for two more days before he was forced to give up the chase. In the end, he couldn't even get an interview with the Minister of Information—and that's an insult!

On the afternoon before we departed, while we were waiting for yet another answer about another meeting with another intermediary, we had a couple of hours to go shopping at the souk (which is what the Arab world calls a bazaar). We had already been to one big open-air flea market to shoot footage; that story was about formerly middle-class Iraqis who were selling off their valuables to make ends meet. Even in the hotel lobby there were bargains to be had—if you knew what to look for. There were rip-offs, too, for the uninitiated. I had been warned that the biggest rip-off was at the border; more than one Western journalist had seen his newly acquired Persian rugs and sterling silver service confiscated by customs agents as he left the country. Being totally ignorant of the market, I settled for a simple trinket for the wife—a silver bracelet of hammered seashells. For my own souvenirs I had Iraqi dinars with Saddam's picture on them, postage stamps issued to commemorate his great referendum victory, two new visas in my passport, and Alan Cooperman's press pass.

We finally departs about ten o'clock on Wednesday night, stopping on our way out of town for fried chicken to go. We were only ten hours behind schedule, which is right on time in the Middle East. It mean that, fortunately, we would be crossing the desert at night. But unfortunately, I had a plane to catch in Amman at noon the next day. In my eagerness to get home, I had gone ahead and booked a flight, not anticipating that we would spend one more day waiting for yet another nonexistent interview. If the trip only took twelve hours, I could still make the plane. So instead of sleeping, I lay in the back of the van worrying about our drivers' frequent rest stops.

We breezed through the Iraqi side of the border at 4:30 in the morning. We had to wake up the customs official, and he wasn't interested in inspecting anything. Not that he would have round any contraband; we were legal right down to the government stamp on every one of our videotapes. (The Ministry of Information must approved every tape that leaves the country, which they did without looking at them. But they do reserve the right.)

It was dawn on the Jordanian side, where we ran into an angry, snarling line of traffic with an even angrier guard holding it

up. When we drove around the other vehicles to go through the gate, he snarled at us, too. The pooled persuasive powers of our producer and cameraman could not convince this soldier that we were journalists and therefore special and did not have to wait our turn with the rest of the travellers trying to enter his country. Finally someone did the sensible thing and went over his head, and that got results. I spent the ensuing half-hour of formalities watching the customs agents serach other weary pilgrims. They thoroughly inspected every personal item in each piece of luggage from an entire busload of passengers!

The race to the airport was followed by the usual race through the airport. The reporter took off to make his flight home to Rome; I was left alone with my 200 kilos of baggage to find my way back to London. My hopes sank when I saw the queue for my airline snaking all the way around the lobby. Just then a Japanese camera crew rolled past with carts of TV gear; their own local "fixer" was taking them directly to the head of the line. What the heck, I figured, my packing cases looked just like their packing cases, so I rolled up right behind them. "Tokyo?" the guard at the gate asked me. "London," I told him, and he waved me through.

I was through the security checkpoint, but that was just the first hurdle. I still had to check my baggage and have it weighed. From that line it was a trip to the cashier (another line) to pay the excess weight charge. Back to the ticket counter for the boarding pass, then back to the same cashier (and same line) to pay the airport tax. I was almost on the plane—just one more line through the passport checkpoint. These "lines" at so-called Third World airports are less of a line than a congregation. The first thing you learn is to stand your ground, but that's not enough; the rest of the crowd will pass you by. You quickly learn to elbow your way through. The first time through I had not filled out my exit card. What exit card?! The necessary form was back on the counter where the line began. Next time through the customs agent looked at my visa and saw I had only been in the country for six hours. I was in transit, he explained, and not expected to pay the airport tax. He instructed me to return to the cashier for my refund. I thought about the twelve dollars... I thought about the plane... and I thought about the lines.

"You can keep the money," I shrugged. "I don't care."

"But we care!" he told me. "You must go back." So instead of a receipt for an airport tax, which the company would reimburse, I went home with ten Jordanian dinars in cash—another souvenir of my trip. I certainly wouldn't be getting another chance to spend it any time soon.

But you never know about this business, or the Middle East. Less than three weeks later, Yitzak Rabin would be dead from an assassin's bullet, and I would be in Gaza for an interview with Yassir Arafat. It was already shaping up to be one hell of a year...

[[Thanks, Chuff! I'd award you several free issues, but in this case it just doesn't seem appropriate. How 'bout I buy you a pizza when you get home? As the famous line goes, "Be careful out there."]]

The Roar of the Greasepaint II

[[These letters were received after the first 'letter column' was all typed up.]]

Chuff Afferbach

This is just a brief note to let you know that everything is okay here... so far! I had just walked in the door on last Friday evening, greeted Carolina's brother and sister who had arrived from San Diego, and was sitting down to a taco dinner (with tortillas flown in from California!) when the first bomb went off. I went straight back to work, until 2 in the morning. Then back again after a few hours' sleep, and worked 12 hours Saturday. Off on Sunday, then at the bombed-out building Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. It was just like being in Oklahoma City.

Yesterday (Thursday) we didn't have to go to the building. The second bomb was a lot closer to us! The cops sealed off a section of town just half a mile from our bureau. Streets were roped off, buildings evacuated, three tube stations were closed. This one was found in a phone booth. The bomb squad defused it while we filmed from a couple streets away (we were around the corner safely and out of sight, of course.) It was apparently intended to disrupt business and scare tourists, and it didn't have to explode to do that. Carolina and I, along with most of the people here, have realized that this business is serious and is going to change a lot of things here in London.

Seems to me it's a lot like living with earthquakes. When they happen, they wreck things and disrupt our lives. But if you are prepared for them, you don't have to live in constant fear of them. And you always hope that there won't be any more for a long time.

Gotta love those Irish!

[[Thanks for the note. Boy, you really work in your job, don't you?

[[This change of direction has soured me on the IRA (and I thought nothing could do that). They had the high ground, they could stand up and expose Major as nothing more than an imperialist, gain sympathy and praise all over the world for their suffering and patience... and then they do this. Fuck 'em now, I say. When these bombs help re-elect Major (who was going to go down in flames otherwise) the IRA will have gotten its due for a stupid move.]]

Les Casey

I have a web site that I would be willing to house *Perelandra* for you. This will save you the cost of postage. But, your players must have either email or access to the internet, first.

Actually, I am just in the midst of setting up a small business catering to zines of all kinds. Why don't you consider it on a trial basis. Because you would be my first acco, I am willing to do it for free for one year to work out the bugs. After which, you can start paying. (the fee will be low, in the order of \$3.00US - \$5.00US per month.)

You can store your zine online in either ascii format, or in the same format as your word processor (ie. MSWord, Wordperfect, or whatever.) Think about it and let me know.

[[Thanks a lot Les. Obviously with no zine I don't need your service. Pere was published in QuarkXPress, and therefore can only be read on computer by those who have a copy of the Quark program (though I was on the verge of using Adobe Acrobat to make the zine accessible in electronic format, probably on my own fip site—I never use even 10% of the disk allotment Netcom gives me).

[[It's that "readers must have email" feature that kept me from doing a net- or web-zine before. Read further down the column for comments on an e-zine potential.]]

Rich Irving (18 Jan 96)

I heard that Baseball is considering interleague play in 1997. I am ready for those classic Padre-A's game coming up! :-P

[[Padres-A's? That won't be the worst of it, since the Pads are likely to move up a notch this year. No, most of the crosstown 'rivalries' will stink. Mets-Yanks looks like a real disaster. Cubs-Sox will be boring as hell, with the Sox winning all the games. Dodgers-Angels will be lopsided, but the scores might be 25-10. And Giants-A's will be the Battle of the Bay-ement, despite the 'high-powered' SF offense.

[[And what about Florida-Toronto? Snow one week, hurricanes the next, and nobody scores any earned runs at all.]]

[second letter]

It won't snow too much in SkyDome! :-) (Why do they insist in not calling it "THE SkyDome"?)

What I heard from CNN is that it won't take effect until 1997. So you never know what could happen by then. George could destroy the Yanks by then or the Cubs might get goo... Whoops! What AM I thinking!

Remember that theory that all the "large market" teams will always win?

Even worse CNN reported the plan would be each team would play 3 or 4 games in the matching division in the other league. So that means either 1 game "series" or all of the games in that "rivalry" that season will be in 1 park. Either way that could screw up schedules. Not a lot of benefit for so few games most of which won't be big deal at all.



Brian Alden (20 Jan 96)

Subject: 1st Ohio Provisional Battalion rescues Hoosier Archives!

Today Jamie and I 'liberated' the Hoosier Archives and relocated them to a "secret hiding place" (Jamie's basement in Dayton). While taking longer than expected, the move went off without a hitch.

We will keep everyone informed as we get a chance to cull through the Archives, first project is to finish the UK search for Stephen [Agar].

Jamie McQuinn

Anyway, the truck rental was \$280.18. However, that includes a second day and some local moving of my own (had a couple of fridges and freezers to move here and there), so let's just split it in half (even though, of course, most of the miles were to Indy). \$140 for the truck, plus \$30 in gas I spent on the Hoosier portion of the trip, for a total of \$170.00.

(This doesn't include the cost of a last minute baby-sitter that Saturday morning because Halina (my wife) got so sick she couldn't crawl out of bed. But that's another story.)

I don't recall how much donations you said you had collected but I assume this is significantly less. You are sending the balance back to the donors? Should there be some thought towards setting up maintenance fund? I'm not sure what that might entail. Supplement cost of reproductions of articles? Supplement cost of producing and mailing an index or list of contents for interested parties? I don't know. Just tossing out ideas.

You should have received, or will soon receive your copy of *Crossing the Rubicon*. What do you think? I know, there's not much to it yet.

[[I was very glad to see the archive move come off so smoothly. Thanks to Brian, and especially to Jamie, for their volunteerism. (Jamie was far too modest in his financial accounting—I felt he should've taken all the donations, putting any excess to use as an endowment.) Thanks to all who contributed (there's a list in the Callboard section).

[[And I liked the initial issue of Jamie's zine, I recommend it to all my readers for both look and content.]]

[[The rest of this section is responses to the email announcement that I'd be folding.]]

Jim Burgess <burgess@world.std.com>

I am, of course, most sorry to hear of what is happening. My initial reaction is to volunteer to let you become a subzine to my szine, but it could sink me too. I still want to make a tentative offer in that direction. If there are some of your games that would be interesting to keep following or anything else you really wanted to say, you could just E-Mail things to me to print. You know that Peter actually sends me binary print files that I print directly on my printer. Could you format what you are doing so I could just pop it out on my HP LaserJet?? These are things I hope you will find worth thinking about.

Working for the Federal government so far is a relatively stable source of income so that my \$100 or so a month in losses is still affordable, but I am HIGHLY aware of how tenuous that is. I really meant what I said to Peel about furloughs and their effect on the zine. I would not have been able/willing to publish my January issue until I got paid again. Luckily for me, that was not a zine breaker. As I've said before, without this kind of job, publishing is not possible. I work a constant 40 hours a week, without overtime, and that is exactly what you need to fund a szine and keep it on schedule. If I went back to academia (I probably should say when, since I really hope to do it), the szine would fold immediately. I don't like to think about the possibility that the

szine contributed to my failing to make tenure, even though I did want to leave the school I was teaching at, the timing was not necessarily the best for me.

Anyway, you don't need to read more of my rambling. What I am saying is "I feel your pain" and I want to help if and to the extent that I can.

Tom Howell <thowell@olympus.net>

I thought you were overdue...

I'm real sorry to see you fold. If you have games that need new homes, I can take one.

I'm having great difficulty in finding anything appropriate to say! Which is only a small part of why I dislike responding to messages like yours. (Well, that's not meant to be a reflection on you. But, I thought I'd say what I'm thinking.)

Best wishes to you and your family. I hope you stay in the hobby.

Douglas Kent <73567.1414@compuserve.com>

Pete, sorry to hear this (although I certainly understand it—God knows I barely get away with spending the money I don't have on *MP* as it is... at least *DW* doesn't lose money).

Remember you can use me as a standby for Dip games as needed. I'll miss *Pere*... I had a sinking feeling this was coming when you said last month that you couldn't afford to get it out yet.

Now go earn some money and spend it on the wife and kid instead! And, of course, you are welcome to play in *MP* or *GH* if you suddenly find the inclination!

As for getting a new GM, I won't let you off that easy! Mooohahaha!

PS—Maybe you'll win the lottery, then you can publish full time! Imagine, making *Perelandra* a career!

PPS—Go win the Tighe contest, then you'll have \$100 to spend on Limey zines!

Andy York <WANDREW@aol.com>

So noted (and deleted from *Pontevedria*). I will sincerely miss *PL*. It is (was) one of the best zines around; but I completely understand. I've thought about the same thing many a time; but so far I've said the h*ll with it. Of course, I don't have a family to be concerned about; nor do I worry about my maxed out credit cards (though one of these days it'll catch up to me).

An offer, don't feel obligated to take it; but I'm looking for columnists. You receive the zine for free (and have free game starts, within reason <grin>). All I expect is that you keep two, one-page articles/columns in the hopper. As they are used, you replenish them. Or, if you want a permanent position, that can be arranged as well.

In any case, I'll keep your trade going for two more issues, unless you wish an immediate break. Best of luck for you, and your family, in the future. And, if all goes well, I'll be in Frisco next February and need a tour guide...

[[We'd be happy to host any readers who travel this way—but Andy, check your calendar. I'll be out of town Feb. 19–23 next year.]]

Stephen Agar <stephen@spoff.demon.co.uk>

That's sad.

Hope things don't get you down.

Eric Ozog <ElfEric@aol.com>

I don't blame you—I know how tough it is too.

Charles Goetz <cgoetz@kentlaw.edu>

I'm sorry to hear this. Your love for the sport was apparent in every issue. I'm sorry that things are such at this point that you have to close down the 'zine. For what it is worth, may I offer an alternative.

First, keep whatever I had left remaining on my

subscription as (a minimal) payment for the extra costs, including your prodigious time and effort, you did not charge us for. Really, it is the least I can do.

Second, trash the game I am involved in presently. Not only has this round of play testing suggested that the game's design has to be radically altered, if not abandoned, but, so too are these large games too cumbersome, I think, on all involved. If anything, the cost in your time, space in the magazine, and extra maps illustrates this.

Last, I suggest as the alternative, a *purely email version* of the of your 'zine. Think of yourself not as closing *Perelandra*, but as being on the cutting edge of electronic communication. This email makes it clear that at least 24 people are out there and probably interested. Depending on your software, cutting and pasting press and mailing out results should be fairly easy. And cheap. You get to stay involved, get to send out your columns, and your friends don't scatter to the winds. Check around, there might even be someone out there to help you set up a WWW page. I shudder to think what you would do with that sort of forum, what with its color, ability to link, etc. [shudder] And, did I mention that it would be cheap? Before you ixnay the idea, I ask that you at least poll everyone here (and maybe other players in other 'zines). I think you would be surprised at the results. Think about it.

[[Charles' suggestion was broadcast and some of the following was in response to that—I'll comment after all the Internet ideas...]]

Michael Quist <qst@rivercity.com>

I was wondering where the critter was, and was just about to ask lest my copy was lost in the mail.

Very bad news. *Pere* will be much missed, I do hope you can find other outlets for you interest in the hobby. I do understand as I have some of the same problems with *TRCRG* though I have more money than I can get rid of <g>. BTW are you interested in swamp land in Arkansas?

I for one don't require a refund if I have some coming you may keep it.

As far as the cost go, I fully understand, *TRCRG* is a big cash drain and the subs don't come near covering the postage. I fully intend to migrate my zine in to Internet eventually—by then most of the players will be on line. The ideal format is WWW but then you start getting costs again. My web site service is rock bottom cheap being one of the owners of the ISP firm is a friend. The cost is still \$300 per year with another \$50 to pay InterNIC fees for the rivercity.com domain name. This could be best paid for by game fees. Ofcourse as my new business gathers steam the business will pay all of the web site costs. I am currently reworking the rivercity web site from the ground up including full color maps for the 18xx games now that I am starting to learn nor about the technology and capabilities. So I am clearly aimed at folding the postal version of *TRCRG* in a couple or three years, though I will likely continue to serve the technology impaired like Stimmell by post.

Here is an interesting formula which just might apply to you: house + baby = \$0

Daniel Wartko <Daniel_J_Wartko@csgi.com>

Ditto what Charles said about keeping whatever subscription \$\$ I had left. You've more than earned it. I'll wait until I hear from the others as to whether I'll continue in Tralfamadore.

As far as the e-mail 'zine... or the web page... hmmm...

Chris Hassler <70514.37@compuserve.com>

Sorry to hear about the fold, I enjoyed *Pere* immensely. I understand

about the financial drain, though. Tom Howell and I recently had an email discussion about the cost of publishing, and I estimated that since I went to color, I lose about \$50 each mailing. Fortunately, the last couple of years have been very good for me financially, so I will not be faced with the problems you are currently faced with. I sincerely hope that you can ride this rough period out and that we will see you return to publishing in the near future.

I can certainly sympathize with your sentiments on self-employment. Since I and my partners started our company nearly six years ago, we have gone through similar times, but quitting was never an option in any of our minds. I wish you all the luck with your business. The world can always use more entrepreneurs.

Tom Howell <thowell@olympus.net>
[[quoting Charles Goetz's idea of an e-zine]]
Hear! Hear! I second the motion!

Matthew Hepe <mheppe@mciunix.mciu.k12.pa.us>

That was a sad piece of email I found in my box this morning. I've had a great time in the short period that I've been gaming with you.

I really like Charles Goetz' plan and I hope it is feasible. I'm sure many people would agree with me that you are a professional and edit a great zine. Some form of electronic *Perelandra* would be great. Please keep the remainder of my sub fee. It is only a small reimbursement for the hours of effort you have dedicated to the hobby. Thanks for the great work you have done.

[[Okay, here's the deal. If I ever publish again, there will be an e-version, and I appreciate your offers to help. But I'm not willing to throw overboard the 60% of my readers who don't have email. I, like Jamie (below) also like the intangible experience of opening a paper zine. And ultimately, I'm not willing to run games on weekly deadlines—and if the turns are going to be weeks apart, why not allow postal players to participate?]]

[[As for refunds—since I made the original announcement I've decided we should pay refunds now, instead of spreading them over time. And I would feel much better to get them cleared up right away. Anyone who's owed just an issue or two, I'm keeping your money—sorry, but I can't see anyone being upset over a couple bucks. Many thanks to those who offered to let me keep your balance, I'm doing just that. Except for Matt—you apparently didn't realize you'd just sent me a re-sub and your balance is \$25.00!! I'd feel like a heel to keep that much, so you're going to have to accept a refund. Checks will be out by the end of the month; there should be a note on the back of the zine regarding each subber's balance. Those of you who paid with Magic cards should have a note about replacements.]]

Dave McCrumb <dmcrcrumb@bev.net>

i'm sorry to see *perelandra* go. i have not been a part of it for a while now (i don't know what happened. i thought i sent in a sub check, but i never wrote you about it and i never went back and checked my old checks. who knows. and i was lazy), but i certainly enjoyed it very much. your games had more of a british feel to them, and really got me started in the british hobby.

if you can continue via e-mail, i would certainly be interested in participating. i assume you conduct business via electronics, so that medium will not be cut. (that is the main reason i have e-mail, sharyn confers with her publishers in the us and europe, saving time, hassle, and money. i just got a ragon account.) good luck in whatever you decide. keep it fun. that's the important thing.

i still enjoy gming and writing, but the deadlines after almost 200 issues is getting to me. plus they keep piling more on me at work. i

used to do environmental work exclusively at one plant, now i do three plus writing a new safety training program and implementing a hazard communication program a t another (that let theirs fall apart seven years ago).

Jamie McQuinn <JMCQUINN@delphi.com>

I can't tell you how saddened I was to read your message. Not only that we will be losing the PREMIER zine in the hobby, but that you appeared so heartbroken to have to make this choice.

> I will continue to GM all games...

I am glad to hear that. I am enjoying Tralfamadore and I do not feel the same way that Goetz does when he says the gametest has failed. It still needs more time. However, if as he suggests, the game just takes too damn much time and expense to run, I would not be upset to see it folded. [[Tralf takes about the same time to GM as three regular Dip games—not an impossible load, though redrawing the map is tough on my scroll-happy monitor.]]

If you do decide to farm out any of your games, I would be willing to take one or two standard type games (or even a variant if it is not too weird like Vulcan was).

If you don't go for Goetz's idea of electronic publishing (not for me, I still like to feel that paper zine in my hands) then have you considered simply a hiatus? Finish out existing games by flyer, and then publish an occasional zine as funds permit, until you feel you can justify the expense.

I know, you probably feel like you may never get out of this hole. I've been there myself. Just a year and 1/2 ago I got us (Halina and I) into a real debt hole through bad management of our money. She assumed that I had it all under control, and I couldn't bring myself to tell her how bad I had let things get. After the hard part was over (showing her the books and the ensuing arguments and hurt feelings) we did some careful budgeting and after a year, saw enough light at the end of the tunnel to feel like we had made some progress. I came very close to severing my hobby activity all together so as not to spend the money on zines and postage.

But I hung on to enough, so that when we got to the point that we thought we could spare the expense of starting up my own zine I was still participating (with my subzine, etc.).

> Obviously, that being the case, I can't issue subscription refunds right away.

I don't care about a refund. Your zine has always been worth more than its cover price.

> I hope this means I'll be able to pay more attention to my games in TAP, S.O.B. and RbM...

Ahhh. As the reality of folding becomes real to you, do you actually feel relieved? Many times, when I have reluctantly given up a responsibility, I felt a surprising amount of relief once the decision was made.

Perhaps as a way of keeping your finger in the publishing arena, you might like to do a subzine? You get to do the fun part of GMing, but not the administrative (or expensive) stuff.

> The things that bother me most are letting down some of my best friends...

I don't feel like you're letting anyone down as long as you have warned us in advance (unlike *Cogniscenti*)

> I'll be in Las Vegas the rest of this week—trying to pump some more income into this business!—but will get right to the copier when I return.

As long as you are not trying to raise capital at the blackjack tables. ;-)

Good luck Pete, in whatever you decide to do. Thanks for some of the best gaming and reading.

[[Thanks, Jamie. Whoops, I missed the implication inherent in that Vegas comment. I was there for the annual photo trade show. We didn't add on any new vendors, or get any new orders from dealers; on the other hand, we man-

aged to defuse a big argument between our biggest vendor and second-biggest account, so even if we weren't way up at least we avoided a large drop in our income.

[[Besides, when I do gamble my game of choice is craps...]]

Dave Modjallal <YeOldeDave@aol.com>

Hey Pete, are you really delayed in getting *Perelandra* published? It's been like a month since I sent you my check.

P.S. Since you know what's what in the hobby, Do you know when the *Zine Register* is coming out?

[[Oops again. Dave becomes the last person to subscribe to Pete, sending me a check during the January delay.

[[Dave, expect ZR (from Michael Lowrey) any time in the month of March. He says he's very near completion.]]

Greg Ellis <GregE625@aol.com>

I can't tell you how sorry I am that you are considering folding. (That's the denial, I can't bring myself to actually say it). I know that I must owe you a bundle for the freebies, and I will send some of that bundle shortly. I realize it won't resurrect the zine, but it may help you refund some of the subs (which were subsidizing me for so long).

I agree that you should consider moving to E-mail, but that is selfishness talking. Believe me, I know what it is like to have a newborn and how that changes all the priorities. I am mostly worried that we will lose touch without the monthly reminder. I only talk to Wilcox about four times a year, and without E-mail it might not even be that good. Please drop me a note now and then and let me know how Cathy and Sam are doing.

P.S. If I got stabbed in my game, go ahead and let it slip through the cracks! >

[[Trust me when I say that free issues were not the reason I'm short of money. That's my worry, too, that I'll lose touch with many of you. I hope I return to my old letter-writing habits—and would appreciate anyone writing to poke and prod me into doing so!]]

Tim Goodwin <timg@mainlink.net>

Just a message in the way of encouragement, not complaining. I have a baby on the way and know that just having a pregnant wife is time consuming—having a baby around must be incredibly time (and resource) consuming (and incredibly rewarding I'm sure). I publish a newsletter for the local bridge unit three times a year and the last issue was a month late. The next issue is due out just a week before the baby. What are the chances that happens?

But, there are a lot of us out here who look forward to getting our issue of *Perelandra*. When I come home and ask if there was any good mail, what I am really asking is "Did the *Perelandra* come?"

[[That's about the best testimonial a publisher can ask for. Thanks.

[[We'll make the shortest reader reaction the last:]]

Steven Jonathan Mckinnon <mckins@rpi.edu>

Pete,

Bummer.

See you elsewhere!!!

—

Steven Mckinnon

Janeway is GOD

Torres is Her ARCHANGEL

[[Editing the letter column was always one of the most fun portions of publishing; some of the most thoughtful times of my recent life have been sitting before a keyboard deciding how I felt and would respond to the issues of the day. Thanks to everyone who prompted talk here.]]

Among the Last Old-Growth

by Pete Gaughan

My my, hey, hey
Rock and roll is here to stay
It's better to burn out than to fade away
My my, hey, hey

Well, it's not burn out but it's the next best thing. This issue has been really difficult to do. The bulk of the 'work' has been completed for months—but getting myself to sit down and write this bit and then copy the whole thing, that part of the whole process is butting up against my unwillingness to give it up.

I've been publishing this zine since 1982. That's a year before I graduated from college. In the early days of *Perelandra* I was still planning on working in a linguistics-related field: the foreign service, or missionary work, or international business. Of the people I knew in 1982, only my family and a few Dip-hobby members are still connected to my life. This whole long trip has left me with some precious friendships, but it has outlasted twenty times more.

In 1982 I was still a fundamentalist Christian—a holier-than-thou pain in the neck on the outside, a self-doubting neurotic on the inside. The zine has seen me through disillusionment and deep depression, to a far better life-balance and the love of a woman I don't deserve. Of the things I believed when I began as an editor, only these remain:

- The world is best when people know the whole truth.
- Love cannot be created in full bloom, but it can be nurtured from the tiniest seed.
- We are each far more important than we imagine.

This zine began in the depths of the Reagan Era; we aren't entirely out of that hole, and I fully expect to live the rest of my life in a Republican dystopia of greed, selfishness and abuse. But there have been moments of hope, and even now it seems that a mediocre Democrat will be re-elected, thereby delaying the rape of our country for another four years.

In the time I've been editing, I've had eleven residences, eight jobs and four new cousins. I've gone from owning used cars to new to used again, and from being able to pack every item I owned in the back of a Datsun pickup, even having to *rent* a bed, to having too many possessions to fit in our home (I never thought I'd have a storage space before I'd have a garage, but it makes sense...).

And in all that time, I never *really* pictured what it would be like not to have to sit down and do another issue. Even in the years when *Pete* was slow and slower, I always knew I'd get around to it, and then after a few issues there I was again, measuring months by Days-From-Last-Issue and Days-To-Deadline, gauging how long it would be to the next issue by the volume of mail we received. (I still remember the stunned expression on the face of the mail clerk while I was in graduate school, the first time I came in to pick up two dozen zines and thirty sets of orders—which had accumulated in just four days.)

So I'll miss this, and the idea of it being the last time has maybe cost me a few days as I resisted. But I hope that gives you some sense of how strange it feels.

So much for pretendin'
'Cause bad luck's neverendin'...

That is more than enough reminiscence. I will be spending this year trying to support my family on whatever commission checks come in. Right now it doesn't look good—about once a week I decide to go out and start job hunting—but the fact is we have no idea whether we can make ends meet until we let the sales process proceed for a while. Sometimes you call and visit and demonstrate and get really down because you

Foreign Language Funnies

The following were winners in a *New York Magazine* contest in which contestants were to take a well-known expression in a foreign language, change a single letter, and provide a definition for the new expression.

- HARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS? — Can you drive a French motorcycle?
EX POST FUCTO — Lost in the mail
IDIOS AMIGOS — We're wild and crazy guys!
VENI, VIPI, VICI — I came, I'm a very important person, I conquered.
COGITO EGGO SUM — I think; therefore I am a waffle.
RIGOR MORRIS — The cat is dead.
RESPONDEZ S'IL VOUS PLAID — Honk if you're Scottish.
QUE SERA SERF — Life is feudal.
LE ROI EST MORT. JIVE LE ROI — The king is dead. No kidding.
POSH MORTEM — Death styles of the rich and famous
PRO BOZO PUBLICO — Support your local clown.
MONAGE A TROIS — I am three years old.
FELIX NAVIDAD — Our cat has a boat.
HASTE CUISINE — Fast French food
VENI, VIDI, VICE — I came, I saw, I partied.
QUIP PRO QUO — A fast retort
ALOHA OY — Love; greetings; farewell; from such a pain you should never know.
MAZEL TON — tons of luck
APRES MOE LE DELUGE — Larry and Curly got wet.
PORTE-KOCHERE — Sacramental wine
ICH LIEBE RICH — I'm really crazy about having dough.
FUI GENERIS — What's mine is mine.
VISA LA FRANCE — Don't leave your chateau without it.
CA VA SANS DIRT — And that's not gossip.
MERCRIEN — Thanks for nothin'!
AMICUS PURIAE — Platonic friend
LETAT, C'EST MOO — I'm bossy around here.

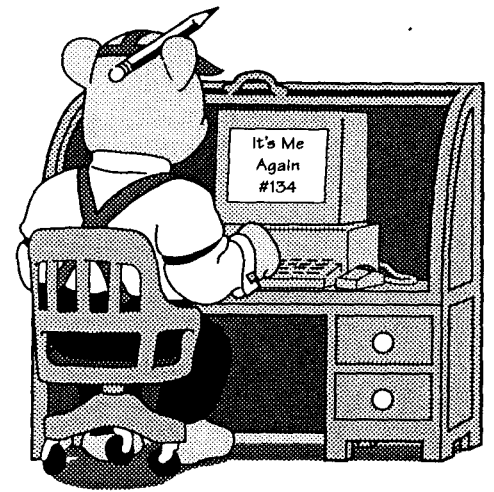
haven't made any money, and six weeks later the orders start and they don't stop.

I will push myself to do the things I like as well as what's needed. Last year I didn't birdwatch or hike nearly as much as previously, probably because I was so wrapped up in the pregnancy and infancy. I've written more in the past year than in the ten previous—now I have a novel in the works that puts the same kind of "Do me!" pressure on that *Perelandra* always has. After taking last year off, I'll go back to the hawk-banding program as a volunteer again—nothing like handling predators with your bare hands to give you a sense of perspective.

It's time to move on, time to get goin'
What's lies ahead I have no way of knowin'

Today my mom and I put the baby in a backpack and went off walking around a local lake (Lagunitas). There was no particular event to celebrate, no bird to see that I haven't seen a dozen times before. The weather was mixed cloudy, the trails were peopled but not crowded. The most notable sight was not the woodpecker, or the couple sharing a massage, or the creeks rushing over smooth stones, but a dachshund worrying a stick. When we were done Sally Ann had a bottle and a nap on a blanket spread over dirt and bark and branches, with a waterfall nearby.

I hope you all have such a day from time to time. Peace and love.



It's Me Again! by Cathy Gaughan

Well, Pete asked me if I was going to put anything in the last issue. I really didn't think I was, but decided I would. It's kind of depressing realizing that you really can't afford something that you have really gotten accustomed to. I figured we would always be doing *Perelandra*. There have been months that I didn't feel up to writing my column, but Pete has always been pretty good about getting to the zine. He really has had the zine ready since January. I just wasn't going to have an article. I figured I'd better for the last one.

I guess I'll give you your last update on Sally Ann. She isn't crawling yet. But she loves to stand up with support from someone or something. She can sit up all by herself. If she gets too excited she loses her balance and falls over. She has an exersaucer that she can sit/stand in. It's a safer version of a baby's walker—instead of wheels it is just a saucer shape on the bottom. She loves it cause she can dance and jump. She loves being tickled. She likes to play *Patty Cake*, *This Little Piggy Went To Market*, and *So-o-o Big*. She likes to be sung to. Pete or I will put something on the stereo and sing along and Sally Ann will just look up and smile at us.

Pete is leaving for Las Vegas tomorrow for the annual photographic trade show. I'm not comfortable in the house without him around so I'm going to Marin to see his Mom and my good friend Sally. I hope to have a good visit with both. I miss living closer to them.

I'm not quite sure how to end. I hope you all have enjoyed my ramblings—I've enjoyed writing them. Thanks for all your support to me and Pete. Hope to catch you at a Con somewhere.
"Sing"cerely,

Cathy : -)

Pete

Cathy Gaughan

CALLBOARD

Game Openings

Obviously there aren't any now. I was going to assign folks to teams in the Snowball Fights, but now I guess you'll have to sign up in David Wang's *Metamorphosis* to fill the SF fix.

Enough of you were interested in the new SF rules and the "It's a Raid!" game map that I'm printing both in this issue in case you want to save a copy. If anyone GMs these games please let me know as I wouldn't mind playing in them myself.

EAGLESON / Blind Diplomacy 1901: Each of you that was signed up (Doug Brown, Hugh Magen, Ward Narhi, Eben Kurtzman, Berry Renken, Vince Springer) has had the \$5 gamefee added back to your subscription.

circulation of this issue: 104

Understudies! (the standbys list)

Bounty for standbys has been increased. Standbys now receive two free issues for each game they are called into, plus two if they play the position to the end.

We needed more standbys, and we got 'em! Thanks to those who signed up this month: Steve, Paul, Rich, Mark, Vince, Robert and Richard!

The understudies are, for Diplomacy: Jeff August, Doug Brown, Steve Emmert, Jack Garrett, Jim Grose, Randy Havens, Tom Hurst, Rich Irving, Stan Johnson, Doug Kent, Mark Kinney, Eben Kurtzman, John McLaurin, Ward Narhi, John Schultz, Vince Springer, Robert Stimmel, Nathan Trent, Richard Weiss, Andrew York.

For Diplomacy variant games (some for certain variants only): Doug Brown, Steve Emmert, Jim Grose, Randy Havens, Rich Irving, Tom Hurst, Mark Kinney, Nathan Trent, Richard Weiss, Andrew York.

For Railway Rivals: Paul Gardner, Rich Irving, Robert Stimmel, Richard Weiss.

CALLED THIS MONTH: Two of you for Averoff (Gunboat Dip); John McLaurin for Baroom/Russia; Jack Garret for Kaider III/Turkey; Mark Kinney for Trafaladore/Chile (Mark, I hope I remember to send you a set of Trafal rules and maps—phone me collect if I forget).

Calendar

Yeah, these are birthdays unless otherwise noted!

March: 16 Claire Brosius, 29 Casey Elaine Ellis, 31 Daf Langley

April: 30 Cathy Gaughan

May: 12 Richard Weiss, 19 Steve Langley, 25 Pete & Cathy's anniversary, 26 Walter Devin Ellis

June: 1 Fred Davis Jr., 20 Sally Ann Marie Gaughan

August: 15 Brent McKee & Tom Hurst, 16 Brendan Whyte, 29 Don Williams

September: 29 Jim Burgess

October: 28 Andy York

November: 5 Doug Brown

December: 1 Bruce McIntyre, 6 Brad Wilson

January: 8 Lance Anderson, 15 Rich Irving, 19 Pete Gaughan, 25 Chuff Afferbach

February: 9 David Hood

Picks and Pans

My apologies for some of this being out of date (typed back in December).

24

World DipCon VI / 4-7 July 1996

Larry Peery (6103 Malcolm Dr., San Diego, CA 92115, USA; email <peeriblah@aol.com>) is chairman of the "World" portion of the event and for more info, contact him to get on the mailing list. Preregister by 1 June 1996 for a lower rate and to ensure housing availability.

WDC V Results (1-3 December 1995)

Francois Rivasseau reports (via Larry P.) that the winner of the 1995 WDC V Diplomacy Tournament was Bruno-Andre Giraudon, second place went to Toni Ribeiro da Silva, born in Portugal and domiciled in France, and third place to Thomas Scebeyran.

Larry: "Bruno is one of the best known and most popular French Diplomacy players and his win was, no doubt, a popular one. His outgoing personality, fractured English, and passion for American football should make him a popular ambassador for the French Diplomacy hobby next year in Columbus. And yes, those attending WDC VI will be able to meet this year's champion since one of his prizes is a trip to Columbus, courtesy of the French manufacturers of Diplomacy!"

Dip World on the Web!

from Doug Kent

I'm happy to announce that Diplomacy World is now available on the World Wide Web! Okay, I'll admit I'm still getting the hang of this HTML stuff, so it is pretty simple and boring at present. But, that's better than nothing!

The web site now contains most of the contents of Diplomacy World #76. If the demand is there, I'll put up each new issue as it is released, and maybe even add an older article here and there.

You can check it out at: <http://ourworld.com/pservice.com/homepages/DiplomacyWorld>

Let me know what you think.

Hobby Archive Project AND New Zine!

I'm done collecting donations toward the cost of moving Walt Buchanan's files from his old home in Indiana. Jamie McQuinn has the Archives, and he lives in Dayton, Ohio, so it cost much less than expected (see letter column for details)! Nonetheless, thanks very much to the folks who have contributed a total of \$265: Fred Davis (\$200!), Robert Stimmel, Lee Kendter Jr, Brent McKee, Per Westling, and Paul McCarty. Brian Alden writes:

"Unless anyone else comes up with a better plan PDQ, Jamie (McQuinn) and I will be moving the HA to Jamie's place in Dayton, Ohio on Saturday, January 20. I am aware other names have been floated about for the caretaker's role, but I have not seen anything further on this topic, so I guess it's up to the 'Ohio Brigade' to take the bull by the horns and do the deed! Once we get the files to Jamie's place, I plan on doing the back search for the rest of the UK stuff, per Stephen (Agar)'s note to me. Anything else I find for the UK will be packaged and shipped to him."

Jamie then writes: "I am ready to begin publishing my own pbm Dip zine. Its title will be *Crossing the Rubicon* and I plan to start with a six week publishing cycle. There will be no game fees and I will start with an "introductory" subscription rate of \$.75 per issue. Also, issue #1 will go free to any one who requests one. Send inquiries to: James McQuinn, 236 Rubicon Road, Dayton, OH 45409-2242; email <jmcquinn@delphi.com>. I plan to run Dip, Gunboat and Colonial Dip, as well as Scrabble and who knows what else."

Zines of the Month

Paul Kenny's *Absolute!* #45 has a brief letter from John Boardman, making the point again that the Dip rules are DIAS (Draws Include All Survivors) and most

of the hobby (which is nonDIAS) is a variant. And with this tiny bit of preaching, Paul is converted! He instantly switches his regular Dip games to DIAS... any bets on whether he gets flak from his players? (Also: Harry Andruschak plays Scrooge, and Sandy Styles plays Shelby Foote. Paul K., 75 Maple Avenue, Collingswood NJ 08108-1008)

Winner of the Samizdat Award (for the Editor who writes the most of his own zine, not counting games) goes to Brent McKee this month; his *Making Love in a Canoe* #25 had five pages on the Canadian referendum, a page of naval history, and three pages of assorted current events—but then, how current is talk of calendars in medieval Europe? (BMck, 901 Avenue T North, Saskatoon Saskatchewan S7L 3B9, Canada)

Speaking of which, this household will operate on the commonly-held view that a decade begins with a year ending in '0' (thus the "'80s" are 1980-1989), and thus a century or millenium also begins with a year ending in 0. We'll have our party on 31 December 1999, thank you very much, and picky historians can delay their gratification an extra year.

David Oya's *Where is my mind?* continues to carry the best letter column in Dipdom. #9 carries the only hobby mention of Crispian St. Peters this year and a promise to legalise cannabis, as well as the ongoing Preposterous Prose game (Tom Howell, take note) and the start of the Whine game. (D. Oya, 24 Kingsway, Banbury Oxon, OX16 9NY, U.K.)

Now, Stephen Agar is constantly complaining about the lack of in-depth zine reviews in North American Dipzines. (Hey, Stephen, can you say *Zine Register*? I knew you could...) He dislikes the "three line review max" that Douggie K and I print (which we learned from the Brits in the first place, mind you). So here's a little more in-depth:

Northern Flame Vol. 2, Robert Lesco (49 Parkside Drive, Brampton, Ontario, Canada L6Y 2H1; \$1 per six-weekly issue). Rob has his very own style, ranging from naming games after country singers to reviewing classical CDs. For a small (16-page digest) zine with nine games he packs a lot of reading in. Rob always spouts for a page to start, usually on how things Canadian are far preferable to things American ("If you need 4 downs to make 10 yards you aren't playing football!") No doubt our British friends would agree... Rob considers himself fortunate to be computer-free so letters to the editor and Doug Acheson's regular rantings stand a good chance of actually being cut-and-pasted in, a blast from the hobby past indeed. Every issue has selections from the wargaming world (new games and game magazines reviewed), a brief hobby note (often on CDO doings), and a page or more of music. Brad Wilson and Conrad von Metzke (the NorthAm hobby's noted classical fans) check in often but usually it's "Robert S. Chopin-Liszt's take on quality bargain CDs. In the latest *NF* Rob expands on the difficulty of finding a good intro to Frank Zappa, his placement in the 'classical' tradition, and says, "Of the music written in my lifetime, that of the Beatles and Frank Zappa stands the best chance of being remembered by future generations (though I might concede that FZ will for the most part be championed by the same types who try to force Charles Ives on us)."

News in Briefs

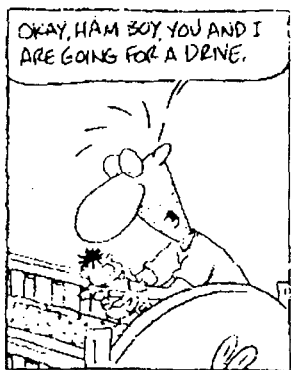
Bob Acheson finally turns up with *The Canadian Diplomat* #50—normally I'd say congratulations, but it contains a mention that Bob's half-page one-timer in *Maniac's Paradise* counted as #49 against our *TCD* subscriptions! Boo, hiss, Bob. ... Speaking of *MP*, the Whining Kent Pig should really start editing Robert Stimmel's letters. Personally, I don't believe in letting any subber say the same unsubstantiated thing more than

Cast List (the Perelandra Players)

nb: everyone now has NMR insurance again; if a phone or email isn't listed it might be because I don't have it, or because the player requested no listing when the games move to flyers, all player addresses will be printed on the appropriate game report sheets

name	address	phone	email
Robert Acheson	15715—92 Avenue, Edmonton Alberta T5R 5C5, CANADA		
James Bailey	8337 La Riviera Drive, Sacramento CA 95826-1654, USA		JamesAB5@aol.com
Eric Brosius	41 Hayward Street, Milford MA 01757-3554, USA		
Doug Brown	2517 Indian Wells Road, Placerville CA 95667, USA	(916) 644-4781	
Les Casey	10 Wrenwood Court, Nepean Ontario K2G 5V3, CANADA		c234@arch.org
Greg Ellis	2005 Dublin Drive, League City TX 77573, USA	(713) 332-8160	GregE625@aol.com
John Galt	701 Welch Road #323, Palo Alto CA 94304-1705, USA	(510) 278-8392	john_david_galt@cup.portal.com
Paul Gardner	5 Timber Lane, Brattleboro VT 05301-2616, USA		
Jack Garrett	481 West Lincoln Drive, Greenville OH 45331, USA		
Charles Goetz, c/o S. Kartoffels	625 W. Madison; Tower 4, Apt. 402, Chicago IL 60661, USA		cgoetz@kentlaw.edu
Mike Gonsalves	530 Treasure Lake, DuBois PA 15801-9011, USA		Mikegon59@aol.com
Tim Goodwin	49 Williams Street #2, Portland ME 04103, USA		timg@mainlink.net
Robert Greene	2473 Mosswood Way, Santa Clara CA 95051, USA		
Jim Grose	435 Tillbury Avenue, Ottawa Ontario K2A 0Y5, CANADA	(613) 728-8493	
Randy Havens	2626 West Olive Avenue, Fullerton CA 92633, USA		
Nelson Heintzman	P. O. Box 603, East Amherst NY 14051, USA		
Matt Heppe	26 Meadowbrook Lane, Chalfont PA 18914, USA	(215) 822-8394	mheppe@mcunix.mci.k12.pa.us
Tom Hurst	5628 Byrneland Street, Madison WI 53711, USA	(608) 273-2476	
Rich Irving	1505 Caceras Circle, Salinas CA 93906, USA		RR11@pge.com
Stan Johnson	1254 East Broadway Road #56, Mesa AZ 85204, USA		
Doug Kent	10214 Black Hickory Road, Dallas TX 75243, USA		73567.1414@compuserve.com
Rick Kohman	414 W. Hanford/Armona Road, E10, Lemoore CA 93245, USA		
Eben Kurtzman	1099 Indian Summer Court, San Jose CA 95122, USA	(408) 288-6956	Brocc4@aol.com
Matthew Lahtinen	P.O. Box 7424, Reno NV 89510-7424, USA		
Jamie McQuinn	236 Rubicon Road, Dayton OH 45409-2242, USA		jmcquinn@delphi.com
Ward Narhi	2241 Front Street #2, Cuyahoga Falls OH 44221, USA	(216) 923-0748	R2WEN@vm1.cc.uakron.edu
Gerry Paulson	10236 Fulton Road, Edmonton Alberta T6A 3T6, CANADA		70530.2601@compuserve.com
Michael Quist	2875 Irving Avenue #24, Minneapolis MN 55408, USA		73312.1677@compuserve.com
Paul Rauterberg	3116 West American Drive, Greenfield WI 53221, USA		
Jim Robertson	841 Willow Avenue #2, Hoboken NJ 07030-2955, USA	(201) 222-1531	robertson@tesla.njit.edu
David Schlosser	2041 N Street, Eureka CA 95501-3023, USA		
John Schultz	Box 41—19390, E-E14, Michigan City IN 46361, USA		
Rich Shipley	1001 Mariner Court, Joppatowne MD 21085, USA		
Alex Simmons	918 Colina Vista, Ventura CA 93003, USA	(805) 644-8938	afs@qad.com
Vincent Springer	5744 South Walnut Avenue #2A, Downers Grove IL 60516, USA		
Robert Stimmel	6350 East Calle Herculo, Tucson AZ 85710-5311, USA		
Nathan Trent	10234—P Manassas Mill Road, Manassas VA 22111, USA		DQWE24E@prodigy.com
David Wang	P.O. Box 1325, Summit NJ 07902-1325, USA		
Dan Wartko	1325 18th St, NW #311, Washington DC 20036-6505, USA		Daniel_J_Wartko@csgi.com
Richard Weiss, M.D.	241 Condo Lane #523, Tamuning 96911, GUAM		rcweiss@kuentos.guam.net
Brendan Whyte	Grad. Student, Geography, UCLA, 405 Hilgard, Los Angeles CA 90095-1524, USA		whyte@geog.sscnet.ucla.edu
Don Williams	25252 Via Sistine, Valencia CA 91355-3235, USA		
Kevin Wilson	373 Gateford Drive, Ballwin MO 63021, USA		CKevinW@aol.com
Bill Wordelmann	541 Canyon Trail, Carol Stream IL 60188-1364, USA		vulch@ix.netcom.com
Andrew York	Box 2307, Universal City TX 78148-1307, USA		WAndrew@aol.com

three times. ... Mark Kinney gives up his classy magazine-style covers for *League of Nations* on the instructions of his printer, Kinko's! C'mon, Mark, show some spine! Take a bullwhip in with you next month. (Folks, Mark needs players for Global Dip and I'm signed up—here's your chance to get me back for screwing you with my GM errors and bailing out as your editor.) ... Stephen Agar ran the Dip tournament at MidCon (the U.K. "National Championsh") and in his report in *Spring Offensive* I learned how to keep a tourney moving along: have two assistants, one to play Good Cop and another Bad Cop! ... David Wang is reviving "Brotisserie Baseball", which ran here back in '92 and '93. Managers draft real players at four deadlines through the season, trying to predict who will have the best stats by year's end. First deadline is April 1 so hurry if you want to play: David



Wang, PO Box 1325, Summit NJ 07902-1325 ... Eric Brosius's *ark* is carrying arguments over whether "F Mid-Spa(sc), A Mar s F Mid-Spa" is legal (due to the missing coast in the support). Strange, very strange: it never occurred to me that might be ruled against. ... I strongly recommend the *Santa Cruz Comic News*, a twice-monthly collection of the best editorial cartoons.

A definite left leaning, but worth it no matter what your politics—for Tom Tomorrow's "This Modern World" even if there weren't anything else at all! \$22 for a year (24 issues) to Comic News Subs, PO Box 8543, Santa Cruz CA 95061. ... Michael Lowrey (6503—D Fourwinds Drive, Charlotte NC 28212) has gotten *Zine Register* 25 out this week.

The Final Standings

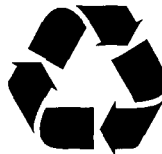
Dear Larry,

<u>page</u>	<u>feature</u>
1	Among the Trees I / stage one of the editorial
2	The Roar of the Greasepaint (letters) Part I
5	VEXVELT / 1992R Diplomacy endgame statements
6	PLATEAU / 1994HJ Diplomacy endgame statements
7	BARSOOM / 1993HI Diplomacy
8	DURLA / 1994Wrb32 Gunboat Diplomacy
8	MAJIPOOR / Railway Rivals #1069TX
9	SILVERRUN / Snowball Fighting ASF31
9	AKI / 1991Y Diplomacy game-end data
9	AVEROFF / 1992JHrb32 Gunboat Diplomacy
10	TRALFAMADORE / 1994Xxm22 Youngstown XV Diplomacy
11	X-23 / 1994IC Diplomacy
11	Literary Quiz / the last time
12	REYNOLDZKAY / Railway Rivals #1070
12	BELT 17 / 1993F Diplomacy
13	KAIDER III / 1995HF Diplomacy
13	OMEGA / 1994D Diplomacy
14	Snowball Fighting / the latest revised rules
16	It's a Raid! and Snowball Fighting maps
17	Journalist's Journal / guest column by Chuff Afflerbach
20	The Roar of the Greasepaint (letters) Part II
23	Among the Trees II / the final editorial
23	It's Me Again / Cathy's column
24	Callboard / hobby news
25	Cast List / player addresses
26	this last page right'here

Many many years ago when I began you were a tremendous help to me. I'm sorry we lost touch for so long but I still appreciate having had you, early on and lately.

I hope you're still *enjoying* the hobby, and that you enjoyed the issue of *Pere* that you did see. Thanks for being a part of it.

Sincere best wishes,
Pete



**printed on
recycled paper**

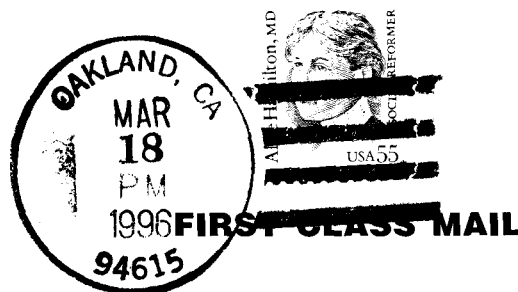
the final

perelandra

pete gaughan

1236 detroit avenue #7

concord, calif. 94520-3651



Postman: please deliver forthwith to...

Larry Peery
6103 Malcolm Drive
San Diego CA 92115
USA