

THE TINDERBOX

(A Danish tale retold by Hans Christian Andersen)

A Soldier came marching along the high road—left, right! left, right! He had his knapsack on his back and a sword by his side, for he had been to the wars and was now returning home.

An old Witch met him on the road. She was very ugly to look at: her underlip hung down to her breast.

"Good evening, Soldier!" she said. "What a fine sword and knapsack you have! You are something like a soldier! You ought to have as much money as you would like to carry!"

"Thank you, old Witch," said the Soldier.

"Do you see that great tree there?" said the Witch, pointing to a tree beside them. "It is hollow within. You must climb up to the top, and then you will see a hole through which you can let yourself down into the tree. I will tie a rope round your waist, so that I may be able to pull you up again when you call."

"What shall I do down there?" asked the Soldier.

"Get money!" answered the Witch. "Listen! When you reach the bottom of the tree you will find yourself in a large hall; it is light there, for there are more than three hundred lamps burning. Then you will see three doors, which you can open—the keys are in the locks. If you go into the first room, you will see a great chest in the middle of the floor with a dog sitting upon it; he has eyes as large as saucers, but you needn't trouble about him. I will give you my blue-check apron, which you must spread out on the floor, and then go back quickly and fetch the dog and set him upon it; open the chest and take as much money as you like. It is copper there. If you would rather have silver, you must go into the next room, where there is a dog with eyes as large as mill wheels. But don't take any notice of him; just set him upon my apron, and help yourself to the money. If you prefer gold, you can get that too, if you go into the third room, and as much as you like to carry. But the dog that guards the chest there has eyes as large as the Round Tower at Copenhagen! He is a savage dog, I can tell you; but you needn't be afraid of him either. Only, put him on my apron and he won't touch you, and you can take out of the chest as much gold as you like!"

"Come, this is not bad!" said the Soldier. "But what am I to give you, old Witch; for surely you are not going to do this for nothing?"

"Yes, I am!" replied the Witch. "Not a single farthing will I take! For me you shall bring nothing but an old tinderbox which my grandmother forgot last time she was down there."

"Well, tie the rope round my waist!" said the Soldier.

"Here it is," said the Witch, "and here is my blue-check apron."

Then the Soldier climbed up the tree, let himself down through the hole, and found himself standing, as the Witch had said, underground in the large hall, where the three hundred lamps were burning.

Well, he opened the first door. Ugh! there sat the dog with eyes as big as saucers glaring at him.

"You are a fine fellow!" said the Soldier, and put him on the Witch's apron, took as much copper as his pockets could hold; then he shut the chest, put the dog on it again, and went into the second room. Sure enough there sat the dog with eyes as large as mill wheels.

"You had better not look at me so hard!" said the Soldier. "Your eyes will come out of their sockets!"

And then he set the dog on the apron. When he saw all the silver in the chest, he threw away the copper he had taken, and filled his pockets and knapsack with nothing but silver.

Then he went into the third room. Horrors! the dog there had two eyes, each as large as the Round Tower at Copenhagen, spinning round in his head like wheels.

"Good evening!" said the Soldier and saluted, for he had never seen a dog like this before. But when he had examined him more closely, he thought to himself: "Now then, I've had enough of this!" and put him down on the floor, and opened the chest. Heavens! what a heap of gold there was! With all that he could buy up the whole town, and all the sugar pigs, all the tin soldiers, whips and rocking horses in the whole world. Now he threw away all the silver with which he had filled his pockets and knapsack, and filled them with gold instead—yes, all his pockets, his knapsack, cap and boots even, so that he could hardly walk. Now he was rich indeed. He put the dog back upon the chest, shut the door, and then called up through the tree:

"Now pull me up again, old Witch!"

"Have you got the tinderbox also?" asked the Witch.

"Botheration!" said the Soldier, "I had clean forgotten it!" And then he went back and fetched it.

The Witch pulled him up, and there he stood again on the high road, with pockets, knapsack, cap and boots filled with gold.

"What do you want to do with the tinderbox?" asked the Soldier.

"That doesn't matter to you," replied the Witch. "You have got your money, give me my tinderbox."

"We'll see!" said the Soldier. "Tell me at once what you want to do with it, or I will draw my sword, and cut off your head!"

"No!" screamed the Witch.

The Soldier immediately cut off her head. That was the end of her! But he tied up all his gold in her apron, slung it like a bundle over his shoulder, put the tinderbox in his pocket, and set out toward the town.

It was a splendid town! He turned into the finest inn, ordered the best chamber and his favorite dinner; for now that he had so much money he was really rich.

It certainly occurred to the servant who had to clean his boots that they were astonishingly old boots for such a rich lord. But that was because he had not yet bought new ones; next day he appeared in respectable boots and fine clothes. Now, instead of a common soldier he had become a noble lord, and the people told him about all the grand doings of the town and the King, and what a beautiful Princess his daughter was.

"How can one get to see her?" asked the Soldier.

"She is never to be seen at all!" they told him; "she lives in a great copper castle, surrounded by many walls and towers! No one except the King may go in or out, for it is prophesied that she will marry a common soldier, and the King cannot submit to that."

"I should very much like to see her," thought the Soldier; but he could not get permission.

Now he lived very gaily, went to the theater, drove in the King's garden, and gave the poor a great deal of money, which was very nice of him; he had experienced in former times how hard it is not to have a farthing in the world. Now he was rich,

continued on page 2

wore fine clothes, and made many friends, who all said that he was an excellent man, a real nobleman. And the Soldier liked that. But as he was always spending money, and never made any more, at last the day came when he had nothing left but two shillings, and he had to leave the beautiful rooms in which he had been living, and go into a little attic under the roof, and clean his own boots, and mend them with a darning needle. None of his friends came to visit him there, for there were too many stairs to climb.

It was a dark evening, and he could not even buy a light. But all at once it flashed across him that there was a little end of tinder in the tinderbox, which he had taken from the hollow tree into which the Witch had helped him down. He found the box with the tinder in it; but just as he was kindling a light, and had struck a spark out of the tinderbox, the door burst open, and the dog with eyes as large as saucers, which he had seen down in the tree, stood before him and said:

"What does my lord command?"

"What's the meaning of this?" exclaimed the Soldier. "This is a pretty kind of tinderbox, if I can get whatever I want like this. Get me money!" he cried to the dog, and hey, presto! he was off and back again, holding a great purse full of money in his mouth.

Now the Soldier knew what a capital tinderbox this was. If he rubbed once the dog that sat on the chest of copper appeared; if he rubbed twice, there came the dog that watched over the silver chest; and if he rubbed three times, the one that guarded the gold appeared. Now, the Soldier went down again to his beautiful rooms, and appeared once more in splendid clothes. All his friends immediately recognized him again, and paid him great court.

One day he thought to himself: "It is very strange that no one can get to see the Princess. They all say she is very pretty, but what's the use of that if she has to sit forever in the great copper castle with all the towers? Can I not manage to see her somehow? Where is my tinderbox?" and so he struck a spark, and, presto! there came the dog with eyes as large as saucers.

"It is the middle of the night, I know," said the Soldier; "but I should very much like to see the Princess for a moment."

The dog was already outside the door, and before the Soldier could look; round, in he came with the Princess. She was lying asleep on the dog's back, and was so beautiful that anyone could see she was a real Princess. The Soldier really could not refrain from kissing her—he was such a thorough Soldier. Then the dog ran back with the Princess. But when it was morning, and the King and Queen were drinking tea, the Princess said that the night before she had had such a strange dream about a dog and a Soldier: she had ridden on the dog's back, and the Soldier had kissed her.

"That is certainly a fine story," said the Queen. But the next night one of the ladies-in-waiting was to watch at the Princess' bed, to see if it was only a dream, or if it had actually happened.

The Soldier had an overpowering longing to see the Princess again, and so the dog came in the middle of the night and fetched her, running as fast as he could. But the lady-in-waiting slipped on india-rubber shoes and followed them. When she saw them disappear into a large house, she thought to herself: "Now I know where it is;" and made a great cross on the door with a piece of chalk. Then she went home and lay down, and the dog came back also, with the Princess. But when he saw that a cross had been made on the door of the house where the Soldier lived, he took a piece of chalk also, and made crosses on all the doors in the town; and that was very clever, for now the lady-in-waiting could not find the right house, as there were crosses on all the doors.

Early next morning the King, Queen, ladies-in-waiting, and officers came out to see where the Princess had been.

"There it is!" said the King, when he saw the first door with a cross on it.

"No, there it is, my dear!" said the Queen, when she likewise saw a door with a cross.

"But here is one, and there is another!" they all exclaimed; wherever they looked there was a cross on the door. Then they realized that the sign would not help them at all.

But the Queen was an extremely clever woman, who could do a great deal more than just drive in a coach. She took her great golden scissors, cut up a piece of silk, and made a pretty little bag of it. This she filled with the finest buckwheat grains, and tied it round the Princess' neck; this done, she cut a little hole in the bag, so that the grains would strew the whole road wherever the Princess went.

In the night the dog came again, took the Princess on his back and ran away with her to the Soldier, who was very much in love with her, and would have liked to have been a Prince, so that he might have had her for his wife.

The dog did not notice how the grains were strewn right from the castle to the Soldier's window, where he ran up the wall with the Princess.

In the morning the King and the Queen saw plainly where their daughter had been, and they took the Soldier and put him into prison. There he sat. Oh, how dark and dull it was there! And they told him: "Tomorrow you are to be hanged." Hearing that did not exactly cheer him, and he had left his tinderbox in the inn.

Next morning he could see through the iron grating in front of his little window how the people were hurrying out of the town to see him hanged. He heard the drums and saw the soldiers marching; all the people were running to and fro. Just below his window was a shoemaker's apprentice, with leather apron and shoes; he was skipping along so merrily that one of his shoes flew off and fell against the wall, just where the Soldier was sitting peeping through the iron grating.

"Oh, shoemaker's boy, you needn't be in such a hurry," said the Soldier to him. "There's nothing going on till I arrive. But if you will run back to the house where I lived, and fetch me my tinderbox, I will give you four shillings. But you must put your best foot foremost."

The shoemaker's boy was very willing to earn four shillings, and fetched the tinderbox, gave it to the Soldier, and—yes—now you shall hear.

Outside the town a great scaffold had been erected, and all round were standing the soldiers, and hundreds of thousands of people. The King and Queen were sitting on a magnificent throne opposite the judges and the whole council.

The Soldier was already standing on the top of the ladder; but when they wanted to put the rope round his neck, he said that the fulfillment of one innocent request was always granted to a poor criminal before he underwent his punishment. He would so much like to smoke a small pipe of tobacco; it would be his last pipe in this world.

The King could not refuse him this, and so he took out his tinderbox, and rubbed it once, twice, three times. And lo, and behold! there stood all three dogs—the one with eyes as large as saucers, the second with eyes as large as mill wheels, and the third with eyes each as large as the Round Tower of Copenhagen.

"Help me now, so that I may not be hanged!" cried the Soldier. And thereupon the dogs fell upon the judges and the whole council, seized some by the legs, others by the nose, and threw them so high into the air that they fell and were smashed into pieces.

continued on page 3

LAKKDAROL / Downfall of the Lord of the Rings

E/Ga/Go/R/U draw: Gandalf, Mordor, Rohan & Saruman yes, Dwarves, Elves Gondor & Umbar nvr.

Afterlith II: Beyond the Pale

DWARVES (Larry Botimer): A Iron Hills h, A Withered Heath-Esgaroth /retreat to Eastern Waste or oth/.

ELVES (Jason Bergmann): A North Rhûn-Iron Hills (A Carnen s), A Eotheod-Withered Heath (A Esgaroth s), A Brown Lands-Anduin (A Dol Guldur s), F Grey Havens h, A Bree h, A Shire-Brandywine, A North Downs s Rohan C Ett-CDu.

GANDALF (Rob Wittmond): 2A Anfalas h, Gandalf Fellowship

GONDOR (Lance Anderson): Faramir+A Osgiliath-Minas Morgul (A Orodruin & A S. Ithilien s), A Lamedon h (A Lebennin s), C Anorien h (A Lossarnach s), A Udûn s A Orodruin.

MORDOR (Craig Mills): Sauron & A Barad-dûr h, A Minas Morgul h /ann/.

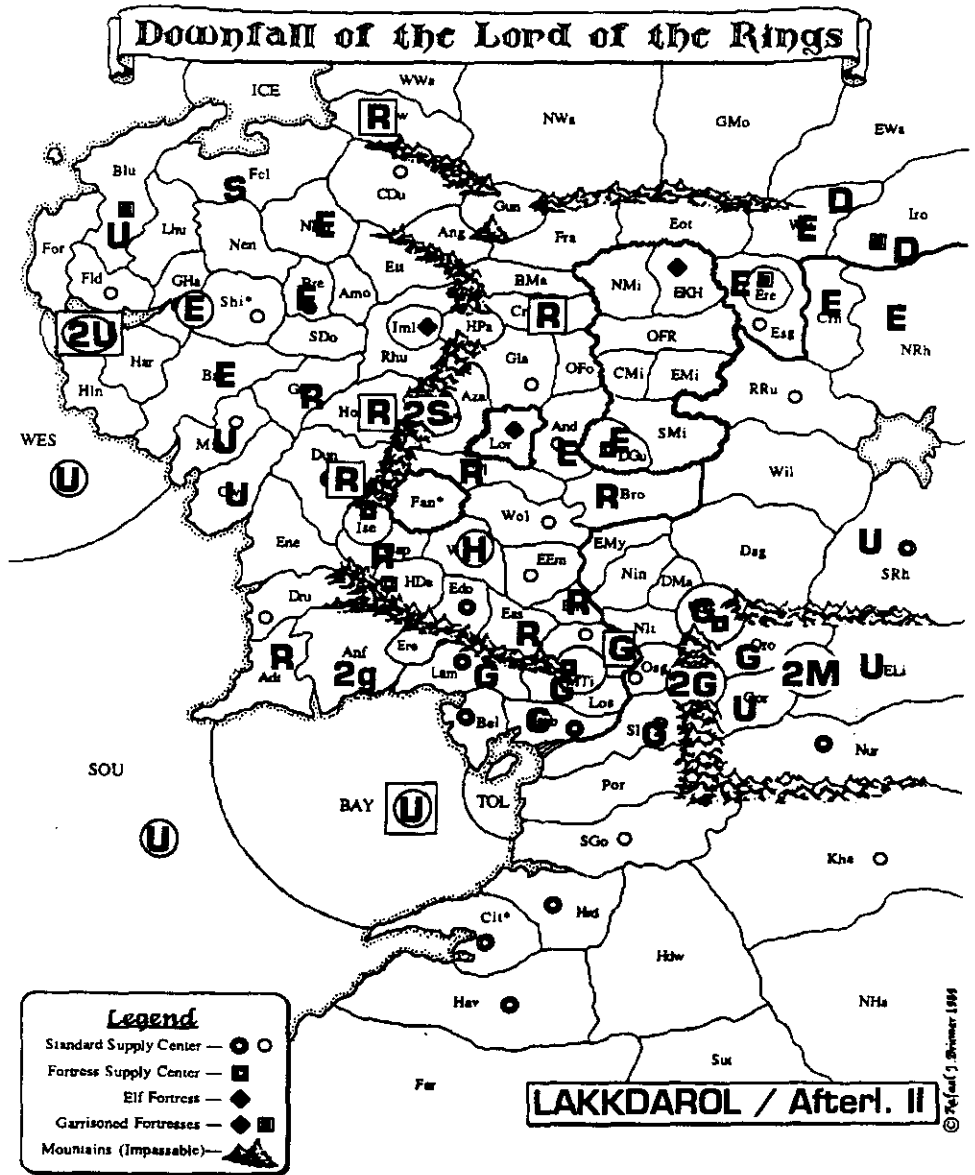
ROHAN (Brian Hogan): C Hollin h, A Greenway h, C Azanulbizar-Gladden Fields-Carrook, C Ettenmoors-Carn Dûm (Elves s) then-Forodwaith, A Druwaith Iaur-Andrast, A Wold-Brown Lands, A Fangorn-Celebrant, A Gap of Rohan-Enedwaith (C Dunland s), A Eastfold ms A Entwash, Herd West Ernet h.

SARUMAN (Steve Nicewarner): Saruman + A Khazad-dûm h, A Forochel-Carn Dûm.

UMBAR (Geoff Richard): 2A/F Gulf of Lune-Western Sea, A Forlond-Blue Mountains, A Gwathlo-Enedwaith (F Southern Sea s), A Minhiriath-Gwathlo, F Western Sea-Minhiriath, A/F South Gondor-Bay of Belfalas, A Num-Gorgoroth (A Ered Lithui s (A South Rhûn s ELI)), Nazgul

Next Deadline: Wedmath I

Dain to Denethor: Took an awful long time for Gandalf to show up with the usurper to your throne. Wonder what's next? *[more press on page 5]*



But Manwë put forth Morgoth [Sauron] and shut him beyond the World in the Void that is without; and he cannot himself return again into the World, present and visible, while the Lords of the West are still enthroned. Yet the seeds that he had planted still grew and sprouted, bearing evil fruit, if any would tend them. For his will remained and guided his servants, moving them ever to thwart the will of the Valar and to destroy those that obeyed them. This the

Lords of the West knew full well. When therefore Morgoth had been thrust forth, they held council concerning the ages that should come after. The Eldar they summoned to return into the West, and those that hearkened to the summons dwelt in the Isle of Eressëa; and there is in that land a haven that is named Avallónë; ... the tower of Avallónë is the first sight that the mariner beholds when at last he draws nigh to the Undying Lands over the leagues of the Sea.

LAKKDAROL / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Afterlith II 3019

Dwarves	ere	iro													2/2	even or +one
Elves	ekh	gha	iml	lor	gla	erk	rru	esg	cdm	shi	AND	BRE	DGU		10/12	build two
Gandalf															0/0	even
Gondor	bel	lam	leb	mti	sit	osg	ano	udu	MMO						8/9	build one
Mordor	bar	mm													2/1	remove one
Rohan	herd	edo	hde	dru	dun	eem	egu	ise	wol	end	hol	CRK			11/10	remove one
Saruman	kdm	bre													2/1	remove one
Umbar	cit	hrd	hav	sgo	kha	min	nur	fld	blu	srh					10/10	even

HRT / Snowball Fighting ASF12

Round 1: Destination Earth

PLAYERS:	loc	Segment 1 / Segment 2 / Segment 3	new loc	vp	hp	sb-di
Absolute Zero (AZ)	I13	-G13-E13-C13-B12 / RR at G / RR at G	B12	1	9	0-0
Bambo** (B)	P6	-Q5-P4-Q3 / RR at I / collect Di	P4	1	8	1-1
Grinch (G)	H10	BB at AZ and WW / collect 2sb / BB at T* and AZ*	H10	2	8	0-0
Influenza (I)	V4	U3-S3-Q3 / RR at B / RR at B*	Q3	2	9	0-0
Mr. Freeze (MF)	C7	-B8-A9, collect sb / RR at SB / RR at G*	A9	2	9	1-0
Snow Blower (SB)	G3	RR at MF / RR at WW* / collect 2sb	G3	1	6	2-0
Snow Queen (SQ)	S9	collect 2sb / CS at T12 / CS at S7	S9	0	9	2-0
Twitchy (T)	P12	RR at SQ / -N12-L12-J12-H12 / RR at AZ*	H12	1	9	0-0
Winter Warlock (WW)	M9	L8-J8-I7-H6-F6-E5 / collect di / DI at SB	E5	3	10	2-0

* = conditional attack or "RR at nearest target" ** The Rednecked Raindeer

Segment One: Grinch decides to toss both his weapons, missing both Absolute Zero (needs 30%/rolls 32), who is heading for the Snowman, and Winter Warlock (40/98), who is scrambling up the path. Mister Freeze doesn't like WW's visit and cautiously backs across the path to pick up another Snowball. Snow Blower successfully reaches out to touch the retreating MF (80/26) with a Rattlesnake. In the South Snow Queen packs ammo (2 Sb) but has no chance to watch Bambo and Influenza run for the Snowman (on a last-second die roll, 'Flu gets there first). SQ can't follow the action because he's being harrassed by Twitchy with a Rattler (95/27).

Segment Two: Grinch (2 Sb) and Winter Warlock (Di) build guns. Snow Queen whirls to Storm the Conifer at T12, thinking Twitchy might be taking shelter thereunder, but no luck. Everybody else, then, chooses a target and uses the RR attack. Zero sees Grinch stoop and—zing!—shoots him with a Snowball (95/57). Snow Blower can't resist WW, who has run up close and stooped over to pack snow—SB, incredibly, misses (95/00!). Mr. Freeze is more accurate, tossing his Ravenscroft R over the Warlock to hit Blower (85/45). Which leaves Influenza and Bambo facing each other on adjacent hexes—they're so close that even the Snowman can't keep them from mutual smearing! (I at B: 95/36; B at I: 95/04)

Segment Three: Bambo growls at being plastered and bends over to pack a Dirigible, so I's Rattlesnake attack almost misses (95/92), skipping off the back of Bambo's stiff neck. Snow Queen whirls about to slam the other tree (S7), again with no effect—Twitchy's run north, not south! Up North, Grinch sizes up the distances involved and decides to Bolero Absolute Zero (45/44) and the Twitch (95/17), slamming twice. Zero returns the 'favor' with another smooth Rattlesnake at G (95/21) while Twitchy, in turn, slips a Rattler past the Snowman to freeze Zero (90/73). Mr. Freeze is facing Grinch straight on to launch his own Rattler (95/91), which leaves G with egg snow on his face. And roles are reversed between SB and WW—SB picks up 2 Sb and the Warlock pushes the game's first Dolton Dirigible (75/48) into Snow Blower's gut!

A player asks: "Are we using the optional rules?" Yes, all of them. Please save the rules printed in this issue if possible, since they will take precedence. I don't foresee any conflict between them, the only substantive change is... "What's the ruling on two players running for one hex?" I've flipped this one over. It's not who moves the most hexes during the Segment; now, the player who started the Segment closest to the destination hex gets there first. Common sense but we never changed it. Also, I don't care how complicated your conditionals are, so long as they make sense and every case is covered (I took Elem. Logic in college...).

Bambo to The Rest: I'm the meanest raindeer N/S/E/W of this shed. I carry an M-50 with a full sling of winter-wear piercing snowballs. Surrender.

Anon to SM: Hey, which way is the kitchen?

SnowMaster to Anon: No need to overreact—it's at W11.

Snow Blower to All: You are NEVER to hit me, understand? NEVER, NEVER, gag, cough, splutter. I have Emphysema and I can't go around running away from you younguns, so STAY AWAY.

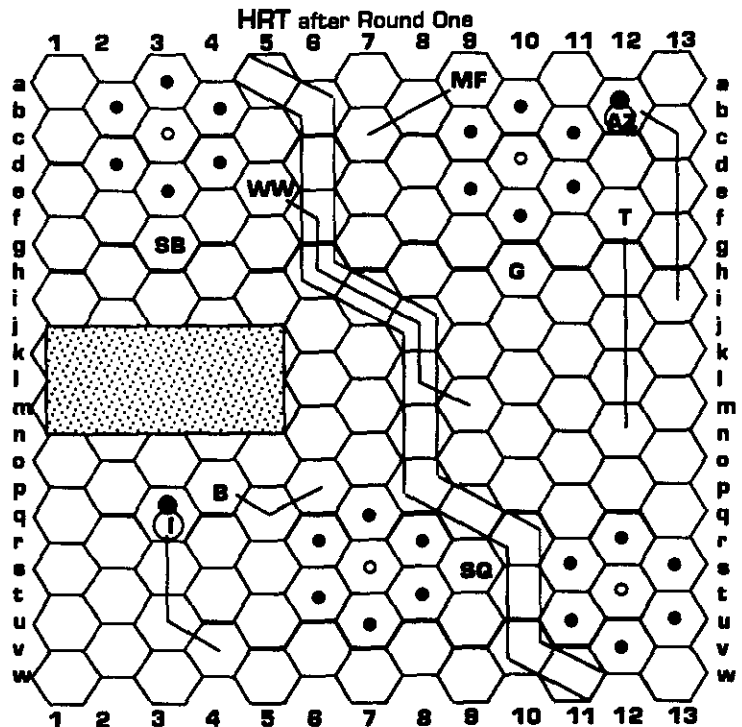
Twitchy to All: Anybody wants to form a gang against da rest of dese Losers? I figure with a little coordination and a lotta luck wese can bury someone! You can join me if ya 'aven't tossed on at me. Let me know in da press.

Twitchy to Snow Queen: No offense, but I didn't like da looks of ya.

AZ to SB: Yo, Blo! Who are all these X-Clones? Let's take 'em out by the numbers. You snuff X2 [Mr. Freeze] while I work on X3.

Snow Blower to Mr. Freeze: Would you stand still, please? If you threw something at me, it'll be a war to the finish.

AZ to X3 [Grinch]: Get your grubby little carcass away from my Snowman! Mine, y'hear? MINE!



YZAZYS / Snowball Fighting ASF11 / The Champions' Game

Round 1: Magnetic Attraction

PLAYERS:	NAME	loc	Segment 1 / Segment 2 / Segment 3	new loc	vp	hp	sb-di
Daf Langley	Daf Langley (DL).....	M3	-K3-I3-G3 / RR at IH / RR at IH.....	Q3	2	9	0-0
J.R. Baker	D.Q. Dude (DQ).....	Q5	De at DL, move to P6 / collect Di / RR at IH*.....	P6	1	10	0-1
Glenn Petroski	Flying Finn (FL).....	U9	-T10-S11-R12 / RR at FR / RR at FR*.....	S11	2	9	0-0
Lance Anderson	Frozen Fighter (FR)...	O15	-P14-Q13-R12 / SH at FL / collect 2 Sb.....	R12	0	8	0-1
Greg Ellis	Greg Ellis (GE).....	C7	NMR / NMR / NMR.....	C7	0	10	2-0
Mark Weseman	Ice Hunk (IH).....	F2	-Q3-I3-J4, collect Sb / RR at D / RR at D.....	I4	1	8	1-0
John Schultz	Probo (P).....	K9	-L10-M11-N12 / BB at FL and FR / collect Di.....	N12	1	10	0-1
Tom Hurst	Tom Hurst (TH).....	C15	-E15-F16-H16-J16 / collect Di / DI at P*.....	J16	0	10	2-0

Segment One: EVERYBODY—except the Houston Halfling—is running! Frozen Fighter beats out Flying Finn for the Snowman, as Probo closes in on both of them. Tom Hurst runs out from behind the shed; Daf and Ice Hunk are so aggressive they skid past each other on the path! DQ Dude couldn't resist aiming for Daf's beautiful backside, but underestimated how fast and far she's moved (40/70).

Segment Two: So Daf and Hunk spin back around to hurl Ravenscroft Rattlesnakes at each other, but Daf's hits (95/21) while Hunk's misses (95/98!). Down around the Snowman, just as in Hrt, the two snow warriors trade shots—here, Flying Finn uses a Rattler to smash Frozen Fighter (95/82). Fighter has bigger artillery in his box, though, and snatches the Snowman's head off, only to miss the Finn (70/73)! Probo is aiming at these two and has to rock back and laugh, but laughs a bit less loudly when only half of his Barnard Bolero works; he caught the Finn on the ear (60/40) but struck out on the Fighter (55/89). Hurst and DQ survey the flurry before them while picking up Dirigibles.

Segment Three: While Probo replaces his spent snowballs with a Dirigible, and Frozen F packs his own balls, each is being attacked! Finn is fighting mad and pastes his last weapon in FR's face (95/18), while Hurst directs his Dirigible at P (55/71) to no avail. Up North we're hearing echoes of last Segment: Daf hits Hunk (95/86) but this time Hunk manages to score also (95/38), and while he's still distracted DQ lets him have it from behind (95/89).

I incorrectly listed Greg's starting hex—it should have been C7, as on the map, not E7—and moving 3.5 hexes (as TH did this Turn) cannot cause you to fall. Please read my rules comments over in Hrt.

Flying Finn to SnowMaster: Whatever happened to Zaphette Beeblebrox?

SnowMaster to FF: She's somewhere in an improbable universe, I'm sure.

Probo to Crew: I wanted revenge so bad and now I can't even remember against who. Which one of you guys beat up on me last time?

DQ to Probo: Oh, no, dat wasn't me who left da banana peel on da floor...really.

Daf to Markey Poo: Sorry about that, sweetie. I was going to throw at J.R., but one look at those huge snow-filled paws of his changed my mind.

Daf to J.R.: First one to the house gets top.

DQ to Daf: We're having a special today, what would you like in your Blizzard?

Daf to Tom: Long time no see you big hunk of man you. Come on down and let me get a good look at you.

SnowMaster to Tom: Yeah, right, just a look...

Daf to Greg: How many Republicans does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Daf to Lance: They say a name describes the object. Do you prove or disprove this notion?

Lance to Glenn: Race you for the easy Di!

Daf to Glenn and John: I'm a hobby old fart and I haven't had the pleasure of meeting you. Prepare for frostbite, gentlemen!

Shedmonster to SM: Time for to play "Lure Kiddlingsess into Sshed" again? Wondrouss Day! O, we thanksss you, my preciousss...yesss...for all the essssoundsss...Lansssy Anderssson and Elisssess...yesss. Petrossski-kins and Wesssemanss...Hursssty-Wursssty and Ssschultzssy-Wultzssy! Are we a masssochissst, or what?

SM to Shedmonster: Sssadissst, I'd sssay.

Daf to Greg: It takes none. They have aides for that.

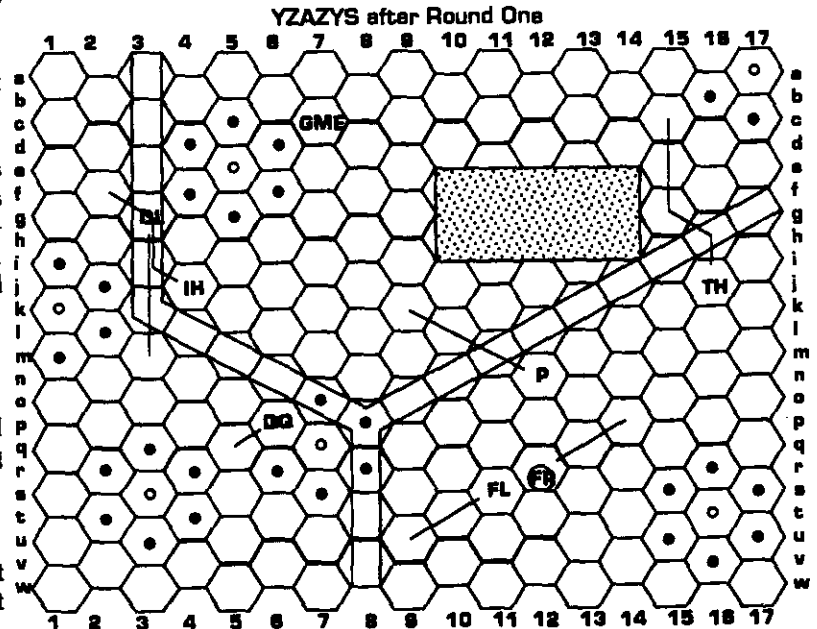
Pete to Daf: That was not worthy of you.

Daf to Pete: I know, it was a terrible joke. I'm rusty; I haven't written press in a long time. Thanks for having me.

Pete to Daf: Oh, if only I could have you...

Cathy to Pete: Watch it, sucker!

Dude to GM: Remember the difference between a bright light and a pregnant woman...you can unscrew a light bulb!



GRAMARYE / British Rails

ROUNDS #30/31: HEADLINE

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway
Owner: Ed Wrobel

30: Move 9mp S.
 31: Move 9mp S into Nottingham. Build bridge over Trent (£3M) and £8M SE.

card 5: edinburgh/hops/£33; holyhead/tobacco/£21; glasgow/pigs/£15.
 card 105: gloucester/coal/£9; leeds/machinery/£3; berwick/imports/£22.
 card 114: norwich/coal/£16; lancaster/textiles/£6;
 penzance/tourists/£34.

Freight carrying oats & coal.

Opening Bal:	£ 29	order this time: 7/2 next: 6/3 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	- 11	
Balance:	£ 18	

Railroad: Lost Buchanan Road
Owner: Craig Mills

30: Move 8mp S into Nottingham and stop.
 31: No action.

card 17: berwick/sugar/£20; barnstaple/textiles/£22; pembroke/hops/£14.
 card 18: pembroke/oil/£25; penzance/sugar/£38; brighton/machinery/£10.
 card 96: ipswich/oil/£15; cardiff/rubber/£15; dundee/clay/£52.

Freight carrying fish & textiles.

Opening Bal:	£ 0	order this time: 6/3 next: 5/4 GOs? no
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 0	

Railroad: Puppytail Rail
Owner: Bruce Linsey

30: Move 9mp SW. Upgrade to Fast Freight.
 31: Dump cards; draws cards #10, 37, and 99.

card 10: dover/steel/£13; penzance/machinery/£27; nottingham/lead/£13.
 card 37: dover/beer/£13; middlesbrough/pigs/£12; aberystwyth/hops/£10.
 card 99: york/steel/£10; plymouth/cattle/£26; lancaster/oil/£12.

Fast Freight carrying two coal.

Opening Bal:	£ 49	order this time: 5/4 next: 4/5 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	- 20	
Balance:	£ 29	

Railroad: Connie's Cousin's Caboose
Owner: Tom Nash

30: Move 12mp NE.
 31: Move 5mp into Gloucester (pay B&H), pick up machinery, move 7mp back to own line and NE.

card 39: carlisle/steel/£6; portsmouth/tourists/£4; nottingham/machinery/£4.
 card 61: norwich/beer/£10; cardiff/coal/£10; lincoln/steel/£10.
 card 92: stoke/oil/£15; birmingham/lead/£11; dolgellau/tourists/£12.

Fast Freight carrying machinery and beer.

Opening Bal:	£ 20	order this time: 4/5 next: 3/6 GOs? yes
Income:	+	
Expenses:	- 4	
Balance:	£ 16	

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers
Owner: Geoff Richard

30/31: Move 18mp S.

card 34: perth/coal/£6; norwich/machinery/£5; portsmouth/jute/£45.
 card 35: leeds/fruit/£15; pembroke/coal/£9; dumfries/lead/£28.
 card 58: coventry/lead/£11; glasgow/cattle/£10; york/textiles/£3.

Freight carrying jute & textiles.

Opening Bal:	£ 26	order this time: 3/6 next: 2/7 GOs? ???
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 26	

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars
Owner: Jason Bergmann

30: Move 1mp into Sheffield and stop.
 31: No action.

card 43: barrow/fruit/£23; birmingham/pigs/£12; cardigan/textiles/£18.
 card 53: sh'ffield/textiles/£4; aberystwyth/jute/£45; newcastle/cars/£24.
 card 57: ayr/cotton/£19; birmingham/fish/£17; newcastle/sugar/£17.

Freight carrying cars & hops.

Opening Bal:	£ 0	order this time: 2/7 next: 1/1 GOs? no
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 0	

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road
Owner: Eric Brosius

30: Move 12mp N.
 31: Move 12mp into Hull, sell conmat for £15M (card 73) and tourists for £16M (card 98). Build 1mp (£5M) into Nottingham from the east. Draws cards #62 & 90.

card 62: leeds/steel/£7; brighton/tobacco/£16; ayr/coal/£6.
 card 79: reading/barley/£14; liverpool/cattle/£7; stoke/textiles/£4.
 card 90: barnstaple/oil/£19; portsmouth/hops/£11; middlesbrough/oats/£15.

Fast Freight carrying no loads.

Opening Bal:	£ 6	order this time: 1/1 next: 7/2 GOs? no
Income:	+ 35	
Expenses:	- 5	
Balance:	£ 36	

Rounds 30/31

OOPS: I placed PR's and BB's trains on the wrong mp's on the last map. Also, PR's starting balance is corrected as one of his sales was only £12M.

Event #140 Floods: No train may cross the Tay, Tweed, Tees, Trent, Welland, or Thames. All rail lines over these rivers are destroyed, but may be rebuilt during round 31. Bridges lost: SSS (Tay, Tweed, Trent, Thames); B&H (Tweed, Tees); and LBR, BB, and WW (Tees & Trent).
 ??? means your GO's need tweaking due to the floods.

Deadline for Rounds 32/33 is January 26.
 Remember that any player may request a separation, and some types of events will force one also.

GRAMARYE STUFF after Round 31

Cards Remaining: 9 11 12 14 15 19 21 24 25 28 29 33 36 41 45 50 54 55 56 60 63 67 69 72 75 88 89 100 101 104 106 107 108 109 110 111 113 116 119 121 126 128 131 132 135 139.
 Discard Pile: 1 2 3 4 6 7 8 13 16 20 22 23 26 27 30 31 32 38 40 42 46 47 48 49 51 52 59 64 65 66 68 70 71 73 74 76 77 78 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 91 93 94 95 97 98 102 103 112 115 117 118 120 122 123 124 125 127 129 130 133 134 136 137 138 140.

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

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

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

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

<u>Order of play:</u>	<u>30</u>	<u>31</u>	<u>32</u>	<u>33</u>	<u>34</u>	<u>35</u>	<u>36</u>	<u>37</u>	<u>38</u>	<u>39</u>	<u>40</u>	<u>41</u>	<u>42</u>	<u>43</u>	<u>44</u>
Wrobel's Wrailway	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7
Lost Buchanan Road	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6
Puppytail Rail	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5
Connie's Cousin's Caboose	4	5	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4
Silkworth's Sober Steamers	3	6	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3
Bergmann's Boxcars	2	7	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2
Birmingham & Hereford	1	1	7	2	6	3	5	4	4	5	3	6	2	7	1

TERMINUS / Railway Rivals

Since this is my first game, please bear with me. There are a set of house rules enclosed, but no map. I don't know which of you has the Ireland map, and it'll cost a dollar if you don't have one (\$6 for a laminated map). I want you to spend this turn reviewing my HRs and making suggestions, and that will give us the time needed to get a map sent to everyone. You can order maps from me or from Ken Hill (6199 Rockland Drive, Dublin OH 43017). You might also give me your line's name, color, and (if possible) start city (Dublin or Belfast). I know you'd rather see the map first, though

Here are the players: **Eric Brosius, Chuck Mercer, Ed Wrobel, John Galt, Wallace Nicoll, and Phil Reynolds.** **John Cain** is the first standby—I need each of you to confirm that you do want to play or else I will put John in the gamestart. I plan on running three-week deadlines unless more than one of you wants them monthly.

I felt the name "Terminus" was only too appropriate for a rail game!; I took it from Azimov's Foundation series, where it's the Imperial headquarters planet at the center of the galaxy.

I don't see much hope of including a map in game reports, but I'm still working on it. If I can come up with a neat system that takes no more than half a page, I'll include the map in the zine; if a full page is the smallest map that looks good then I'll send it to players only once or twice during the game. Your suggestions will be welcome, in two areas. If you know Macintosh, then I need ideas on how to reproduce the terrain and rail lines in FreeHand, SuperPaint, or some such (I can gain access to almost any draw/paint program); if not, I need ideas on which features are most important and what to omit, or how to leave everything in without confusion.

The Ireland map itself looks good, with the proper distribution of mountains and lakes. Cork is the only city (other than Belfast and Dublin) which comes up more than once, and the only special is a set of three 'ferry' ports on the east coast.

FARPOINT

Woolworth IID Dip

Balkans retreats a rum-bud.

Winter 01: The Guess Who

Austria (Tom Nash): has f tri, a ser, a boh.

Balkans (Pete Clark): has a bud, a bul, f ion.

England (???): has f wal, f nts, f edi.

France (???): builds f bre, a mar; also has a swi, a bel, f eng.

Germany (???): builds f ber; also has f hol, a kie, a mun.

Italy (???): has a ven, a rom, f nap.

Russia (Phil Reynolds): builds a mos, f sev; also has a stp, f rum, a ukr, a gal.

Scandinavia (???): has f osl, a sto, f bal.

Spain (Richard Weiss): builds f por; also has f tun, f wes, a mad.

Turkey (Tim Stark): has f aeg, f bla, a con.

Next Deadline: Spring 1902

Russia to Austria: Are you ready to deal?

You know what to do and what to leave alone.

USA to Alb [Editor: handwriting unsure here]: I'm not falling for that "mailed that letter to the wrong person, dude" trick. I've seen you use it before.

GM to USA: Ah, yes, the good old days of Dipdom. I haven't seen that stunt since about 1985.

Russia to Turkey: If that's the way you want to play, so be it.

Russia to Balkans: Don't lose sight of the forest for the trees. *Capiche?*

Russia to Spain: When I said, "Go play with France," I meant *attack* him, not *ally* with him.

Russia to France: I'm not afraid of you. I just don't like you.

GM to Russia: So? I don't like brussels sprouts, but I don't go around ordering their annihilation.

Russia to England and Germany: You guys

The Resident Curmudgeon

Correction on that recommended reading lastish: *Tourist Season* by Carl Hiasen, mystery writer.

The following is a Jon Carroll review of Bret Easton Ellis' *American Psycho*:

Hundreds of slimy, misogynistic books are published each month; this is a sad fact. Most of them are paperback originals and are usually called "thrillers"; sometimes they are even called "mysteries."

If you travel much, you probably already know that. You pick up a book off the airport rack, hoping for another "elderly Nazis have planted a bomb under Carnegie Hall" to get you through to Kansas City, and by page 7 you've hit the first loving description of mutilated genitalia.

Not wonderful but necessary, if you believe in the social and personal value of literature. As soon as "taste" enters the picture, as soon as authorities are granted the power to censor, you lose *Ulysses* and *Lolita* and *Catcher in the Rye*. You also lose a lot of crap; it is the assumption of the First Amendment that the crap is the price you pay for the good stuff.

So it does no good to complain Ellis wrote this book "just to make money." Writers write for money; publishers publish for money. You are free to believe that this taints the entire process; I don't. Look at it this way: Would you like *American Psycho* any more if they were giving it away?

⇔

Now, I still haven't mentioned *The Black Dahlia* or *Talking God*. These represent the last mysteries I'll review here for a while, since the seven or eight items still on my reading list are fantasy or general fiction.

But I definitely needed to read *The Black Dahlia*. This is Elroy's masterpiece, and it has a much better feel than *The Big Nowhere*, where I believe the author may have been trying too hard to follow up on *Dahlia*. *Dahlia* is low-key; even the graphic corpse has a 'brooding' quality, and many of the characters are still lifes more than actors.

It's a long book, and the only fault I can find with it is that there is one too many false climaxes. But this at least means that everyone is still a suspect up to the last page, and every guess you, the reader, will make can be defeated if need be.

Talking God, by Tony Hillerman, is equally as entertaining a mystery, but is quite different in style. It's a medium-length book where you know whodunit fairly early; the questions of why and of who will catch him before he can do it again are fascinating. The *Talking God* is a god of the Navajo, and the author has been meticulous in his research. The book is worth reading as an introduction to reservation culture, but you have to be a mystery fan to spend money for it.

need to get your act together. Start writing.

Ger to "C": I kind of, sorta, maybe, wanted to pretend "Sca" and my "G" spot could be friends, but now I "C" we can't. Here's a pledge to your demise.

Russia to Scandinavia: Buds?

Russia to GM: It's not 'entry-level power-whining.' It's 'expert power-whining.' So there!

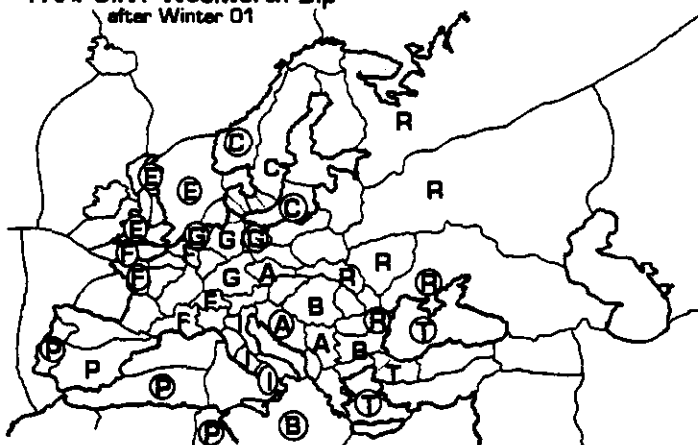
GM to Russia: "Wait just a minute, there, Professor! We need your credentials!"

Russia to Italy: Going nowhere fast, huh? Try harder. There's plenty to do if you can find some breathing space.

GM to Italy: GASP! GASP! Gasp?

FARPOINT Woolworth Dip

after Winter 01



FARPOINT / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 01

Austria	vie	tri	ser	3
Balkans	gre	bul	bud	3
England	lvp	edi	lon	3
France	par	mar	bre	bel	swi	.	.	.	5
Germany	mun	kie	ber	hol	4
Italy	ven	rom	nap	3
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	rum	gal	.	.	6
Scandinavia	cop	swe	osl	3
Spain	por	mad	mor	tun	4
Turkey	ank	smv	con	3
neutrals	cre	ice	

FREIBUR / 1990AQ

Fall 1902: Dial "M" for Murder

AUSTRIA (Larry Botimer): a tyo-mun, a bud s russian f rum, a mun-ber, a ser-bul (f gre s).

ENGLAND (Gary Behnen): a nwy h (f nwg s), f hel-hol (f nts s).

FRANCE (Chuck Mercer): f mid-wes, a bur-bel (a pic s), a mar-pie, f spa/sc-lyo.

GERMANY (Richard Pinelli): nmr. f den, a hol /kie ruh otb/, a bel /ruh otb/ all h.

ITALY (Melinda Holley): f nap-tyl, f ion-aeg, f tun-wes, a ven-pie, a tri-ser.

RUSSIA (Don Williams): a stp-nwy (f swe s), a ukr-sev (a mos s), f rum s austrian a ser-bul.

TURKEY (John Schultz): a bul-gre /con otb/ (f aeg s), a sev-bul /arm otb/ (f bla c).

No standby for Germany. If Richard doesn't show up, G goes into CD.

Next Deadline: Winter 02 / Spring 03

Turkey to GM: Toady Mistress, definitely, seeing how she has what it takes to make Larry dance her step.

Russia to England: "Peace is nice." What kind of wimpy thing is that to say?

Turkey to England: I'm with you. I think A/I are practicing a sophisticated, choreographed dance routine. But who's leading? Why did you lay off Russia? Geez!

Russia to GM: "Peace is nice."?! Peter, have I grown cantankerous or has Gary grown soft?

GM to Russia: You were cantankerous out of the womb...as for Gary, does a tiger change its stripes?

Laro to Dead Duck: Hmm, first I find out your SSN by tracking your residence, then I fiddle with your tax mod and then modify your en mod. There, that should do it.

Russia to Austria: Yeah, yeah...I'm here, and I'm home. And if you don't wake up soon to what's happening, you won't have a home.

Turkey to Austria: I have never before wished for an NMR. Now I'm wishing. I need all the help I can get. Getting Italy to cut your support for my army into

Thoreau The Noncrusader

Thoreau went to Walden Pond, he said, to conduct an experiment. "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived." He was quite explicit about the nature of his experiment. It was not, he said, a model for the ideal life, not an experiment he meant anybody else to copy. "I would not have anyone adopt my mode of living on any account; for, beside that before he has fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself; I desire that there may be as many different persons in the world as possible; but I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue his own way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead." And what his experiment taught him did not, in fact, have anything to do with living "cheaply or meanly." The lesson was in values, not in prices. "I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in

Rum was a nice touch but please ... give me a little more respect. I'm not the best player around but I'm not stupid. s-F-Smy-Eas. Ha, haw, ho, ah hah ha hah ha haw.

Turkey to France: Loved your maneuvers. Friend to the end if you take some of the pressure off.

France to Turkey: Where is the exit sign?

Austria to England: Must you always make other people paranoid. It looks like France is a partial believer.

Austria to France: But are you a true believer.

France to Austria: You must have been reading my mind.

Moscow to Paris: Care to take on the real ogre in this game—the one in London? Look what he's done to the Kaiser.

Tsar to Kaiser: Although, truth be told, the wounds look self-inflicted.

Austria to Italy: Ho, ho, ho?

Austria to Russia: You're about as far from Cameron as Pete could get.

GM to Austria: Hey, anything to annoy my players.

Russia to Austria: I say we nail 'em both.

Austria to GM: Thanks for the reassurance about the Chocolate Lady.

Russia to Turkey: Had enough, or do I slap you around some more?

Austria to Turkey: This is an Old Timer's Convention.

GM to Austria: He doesn't count, see Daf's comment in Yzazys.

Russia to GM: Famous Last Words Dept.—"Sure, we can fight a two-front war."

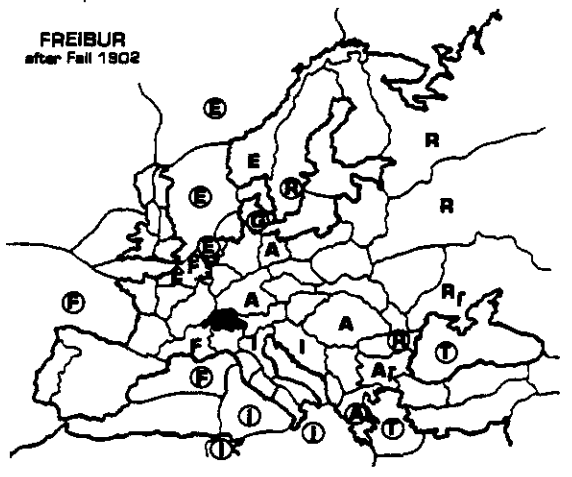
common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness.... Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul."

Thoreau's experiment has raised a nervous defensiveness in a long line of critics, beginning with Thoreau's own best friend, Emerson, who admired him and helped to establish his reputation, but who also dismissed him at his funeral, in a memorable phrase, as "the captain of a huckleberry party."

We have a public conception of moral responsibility. Despite the long thread of individualism running through our culture, we tend to believe that whatever is good is good in the collective sense. We may

continued on page 20

FREIBUR / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1902						
Austria	vie	bud	mun	gre	eer	BUL BER 5/6build one
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	HOL	4/5build one
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	BEL . 5/6build one
Germany	ber	kie	den	.	.	3/2???
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	tri	SER . 5/6build one
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	swe	rum . 6/6even
Turkey	con	ank	smy	bul	.	4/3???
??? = remove one or even or build one!						



ZELPST / 1989AJ

Fall 1906: Kick Save!

AUSTRIA (J.R. Baker): a apu-rom (a ven s, f nap s), f ion-tun, a tvo-pie, a boh-gal, a vie-bud, a bud-rum.
 ENGLAND (John Schultz): f nwg-bar, a yor sings battle hymns and years for combat while guzzling 3/2 beer, f bar-stp/nc (f nwy s, f bot s).
 FRANCE (Lance Anderson): a bur s german a mun, f wes-tyn, f mid-spa/sc, f tyn-tun, f bre-mid, a mar-pie, a gas h.
 GERMANY (Tom Hurst): f swe-fin, a ruh & a ber s a mun, a kie & a mun s a ber.
 RUSSIA (Greg Ellis): a gal-rum, a sil-mun, a war-sil, a pru-ber, a fin-nwy (a stp s (a lvn s)), f con-aeg, a rom s ital a ven-pie /tus otb/.

Next Deadline: Winter 06/Spring 07

GM to Zelpst: You'll get the headline if you're a hockey fan. That doesn't mean I'm a fan, though I used to be.
 France to England: Lost touch w/civilization but am better now. Let us resume negotiations.
 England to France: Just in case you didn't get my letter, Lance. Stay away from the kimche (sp?) till you get used to milder foods. Like me you might forget how to spell it but you'll never stop smelling it. Good luck.
 GM to England: What the hell is 3/2 beer? And I think it's 'kimchi' in our alphabet.
 Austria to England: I told the troops not to cross the lines, really I did! But they couldn't find them. Do you suppose they've been stolen?
 E to A: Post Awful! How dare you talk about that wonderful government agency that way. Don't you know they are just protecting us from the soft living that lower rates and better service caused by free market competition would inflict upon us poor grovelling citizens? Pashaw! Hope you're settled in.
 Austria to England: Grabbing the bear by the tail is easy. The trick is figuring out how to let go.
 Toad to Frog: Sure hope you supported Munich!
 Herr Toady to Tsar: Why attack me, what never done you no harm?
 Austria to Russia: 'Da Devil made me do it.
 Russia to France: So this is the thanks I get! I save your butt from Italy, and you turn on me like a mangy cur! Got news for you, bud: if you are put out of the game, it won't be by Russia. I don't think it will take long for Austria and England to decide they don't really want a five-

The Roar of the Greasepaint

(the letter column)

Larry Peery

[[Portions of a letter date 14 September, mailed 12 December:]]

Believe it or not this is a reply to your letter of 23 July. See how up to date everything is in Sandy Ego? ...

I think I've gotten every Perelandra so far. I can't believe you're up to 78+. Why, I remember when you were just a little snotted nosed kid...

[[Yeah, and you were already an Old Fart then.]]

Rick Kohman

Hope y'all had a great Holiday Season. Mine was dyno-mite, if somewhat hectic. My Novato sister (Ginny) and her 3-yr-old son hit my place Tuesday, Dec 18 (a.m.). About an hour later we hit the road. Fresno>Fountain Valley>Santa Ana>Riverside>Santa Ana>Capistrano>Santa Ana (two locations)>Fountain Valley. 1 or 2 days at each location. Whew! Saw all 7 of my siblings, both parents, my only surviving grandmother, my two uncles, and 12 of my 13 nephews/nieces (I left out Cerritos and Long Beach—those were only 1/2 day excursions). I repeat...Whew!! And if that isn't hectic enough, my granddaughter was born on Christmas Day! Brittany Elizabeth Kohman, 8lb. 10oz.

Enough of the important things in life...let's play games!

continued on page 15

Christmas time brings out the sentimental Old Farts...

Bob Olsen

I'm still with the same environmental consulting firm, working my way up the hierarchical ladder, having just gotten word of an (unsolicited!) promotion yesterday. You remember all the time I used to have when I was a gentleman of leisure back in Kansas—i.e. when I was a minor light on the postal Dip scene and part-time scapegrace? Well, those days, and all of that time, is gone. Work is very demanding of my time...plus, just living in the LA area where a trip to the grocery store, with the attendant traffic, is a major expedition that has to be planned out in advance, consumes more time. Plus close proximity to family...and friends...and so on...leaves precious little. And since I was in Dip for a goodly number of years, well, something's gotta give and that's it.

Right now I'm typing this in a motel room in Coalinga, a small town in central California that was the site of a celebrated 1983 earthquake. We're working on a Superfund project which involves the disposal of 26,000 cubic yards of asbestos-contaminated soil into a landfill, with appropriate safeguards for air quality and so on. The locals, inevitably, think we are idiots. But we are well-paid idiots...so it's OK.

[[Is that a typo, Pudge? Gentleman of leisure? Or gentleman of leisure suits?]]

way, and you and I are the logical first targets!

Austria to Germany: Lead, follow, or get out of the way!

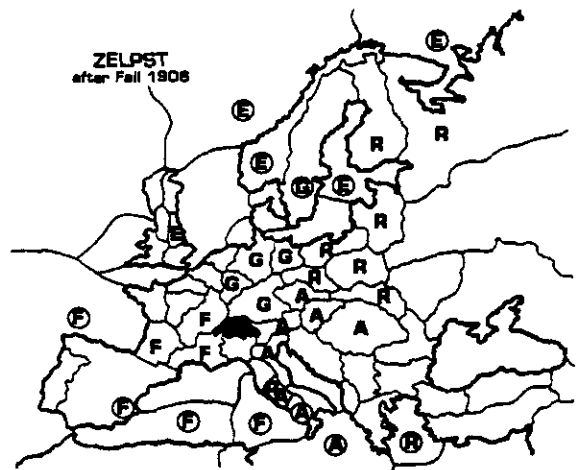
France to Austria: Do you think that Russian fleet will sail by you without a shore leave? Only time and trust will tell.

England to Germany: Hang in there, bud. Things are coming our way.

England to Austria: Stab! Stab! Make it interesting.

England to Russia: Ditto!

Toad to Frog: Mire the Muggers in the Munich Marshes!!!!



ZELPST / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1906

Austria	tri	bud	ser	gre	bul	vie	ven	nap	ROM	8/9	+one
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	den	5/5	even
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	bel	tun	.	.	7/7	even
Germany	kie	mun	ber	hol	swe	5/5	even
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	rum	con	ank	smy	rom	9/8	-1?

Claire Brosius

[[This is after I wrote a note on my orders to Eric about the Japanese characters for Tōkaidō...]]

I assume if you can write Japanese that you can also speak it? I am really interested in Japanese since we have a Japanese family that go to our church and we have other Japanese contacts. Eric and I do western-style square dancing. There are square-dance clubs all over the world including a large population in Japan. We get to dance with these folks in the summer at the National Challenge Convention. The only English these folks speak is square-dance calls. It would sure be nice to be able to converse normally.

[[I took Japanese as an elective while getting my humanities degree, then I spent a summer in Nagasaki teaching English. Actually, it's very easy to learn to speak Japanese. Since 75% of one's time is spent apologizing or putting oneself down, all you have to learn are the two forms of 'Excuse me.']]

John Galt

I have decided to 'follow your lead' and start putting political commentary in my zine. Hopefully it will get me some letters to print, as well as letting me avoid writing them.

Railway Rivals preferences: I would run the game monthly. (If it's faster I have trouble keeping up.) I would want to have everyone start in different cities. And if you combine several FTF turns into one PBM turn, as Goode and some others do, then you shouldn't have to pay rivals for joining or duplicating their track if yours is build in the same (whole) PBM turn. Oh, and don't use "average dice" for races; the chance of rolling a 1 is an incentive to build around mountains.

[[That certainly is one of the reasons editors edit—so they won't have to write as many letters. But it can backfire; I'm expecting the readership to get tired of my political screeds pretty soon.]]

[[RR: I agree, but it seems the RR hobby has decided that's how it's to be done. I will probably charge for the former but not use the latter. See HRs enclosed.]]

John Schultz

A couple of questions for you. Is it a problem for you when orders are combined with personal notes to you and typed on both sides of the paper? **[[YES!!!]]** The concept of the Woolworth Variant intrigues me and I'm going to watch it closely. Does letting the secret power be known hurt the integrity of the game? It seems to me it would be much more interesting if no one

ever knew the other's secret.

I'm a very patient sort of fella. I'll be watching and waiting for you to change the world. I wish you better luck than anyone before you. I think I could die a happy man if I knew my descendants wouldn't have to wear gas masks to walk outside, could drink straight from a running stream, watch the eagle fly and never have to die in a conflict between nations. The hell with patience...get the job done quick, would you?

Proximity: to 250,000+ well-trained, dug-in troops with sophisticated weaponry and a religious zeal for war. Proximity to a horde of potential hostile nations not noted for their steadfastness regarding temporary alliances of convenience and a common religious bond...very dangerous. Proximity to Israel, a real live wild card in this scenario. Proximity to the life-blood of the present economies of the world. Nothing like that relative to Vietnam.

[[I have said before: Orders with letters, or with orders for other games, run the risk of being misfiled or discarded. If you want to reduce the amount of paper, send me cut-up slips as Gary does!]]

Cal White

About your map fetish. Each year I buy a new map from Perly's Inc. These leather-bound digest-sized books are the definitive maps of Toronto. I've promised my '90 book to Eric von Metzke (if his father ever gets back to me), but you can have my '91 copy when I'm finished with it (next December). Just remind me, ok?

[[Gee, thanks. Actually, the map search is off to a slow start, but I do have maps from Mark Weseman (Ithaca, NY), Mark Stewart (L.A.—he's a cartographer with the Automobile Assn.!) and Andreas Gomolka (Nürnberg, Germany!). I have to tell Mark S. that I already have lots of maps of L.A. but he needs to send me a map of La Habra, the suburb he lives in. Again, folks, the point is to get a street map of the city; and a county map which shows backroads outside of city limits.]]

Brad Wilson

Well, see, Pete you won't find too many review that say *Perelandra* is published by a left-wing ideologue, you know. Bruce [Reiff] is what I call a 'kick-ass' conservative. I like kick-ass conservatives and occasionally act like one myself.

Your proposition on recycled paper taxes are theft, money stolen from productive people by the gluttonous State backed by State coercion. Therefore no tax is moral, including your recycled paper one.

My major problem with environ-

mentalists is their sanctimoniousness. I hate being nagged by people, and greenies love to nag. "Don't you recycle?", "Why isn't that paper made of recyclable fiber?" and on and on. My sister—a sophomore at Penn State—has contracted Greenie disease, and has announced she doesn't want any gifts next year at Xmas [sic] that aren't wrapped in recyclable paper. Nice, but this comes from someone who uses the car to go to the store one block away, uses enough water in one day to enliven the Mojave Desert, and enough electricity for all her gadgets to power Montana. Hypocrisy? No, just typical greenieism.

I'm all for saving endangered animals—my favorite "green" bit—and their habitats, but I'm not for strangling the economy so greenies can each have their own tree to hug. Environmentalism is expensive, and, naturally, it's a cause of the upper-middle class and its youth corps, college students. Everyone's in favor of clean air until factories close and thousands are laid off. You tell the guy with three kids that "too bad, but we have to preserve the environment." People are environmentalists until it hits the pocketbook.

[[Any honest review of Perelandra would mention my politics. I like Bruce's zine, but I'm disappointed by a 'review' that says nothing about such an important feature of the zine.]]

[[You were the only person to even attempt the question on taxing paper from virgin wood. Your argument stands on one very shaky idea: that the only costs associated with anything are the costs included in the price. "Productive people" are busy making life more and more difficult, whether by driving cars or cutting trees or pouring sludge, and if their plants close I cheer. It is moral (the question has been settled in this country) to collect taxes or fees (you do register your car, right?) to make up for the damage—and nobody can rationally say that the money collected these days even begins to compensate! To paraphrase Mark Lew, if someone's job is to pollute, I want him to lose his job.]]

[[As for hypocrisy, well, you're right mostly. It's not typical of environmentalists (most of us never offend a soul, which may be a failing on our part). It is typical of people in general; when I was in Baptist churches we used to say that the failure of sinful humans to live up to their standards doesn't invalidate those standards. I do what I can, but I don't make any claim that it makes me better than someone who chooses not to help.]]

Wildness or Industry: Whose "Vision" Will Guide Yellowstone?

The area surrounding Yellowstone National Park, known as the Greater Yellowstone ecosystem, is famous throughout the world for its spectacular scenery, abundant wildlife, and unique geological and thermal wonders. Sadly, commercial interests see Yellowstone as only another opportunity for increased profits.

You can help save this incomparable wilderness from the destruction and fragmentation caused by massive logging, roadbuilding, mining, and oil and gas drilling.

For the first time, the U.S. Forest Service and the U.S. National Park Service, working together, have developed a plan to protect an entire ecosystem. Their recently released draft "Vision for the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem" is supposed to provide a plan for preserving the beauty of Yellowstone for years to come.

The draft's goals for managing Greater Yellowstone are good, but the document lacks the definite strength to truly protect this fragile ecosystem. For Yellowstone to have a future, its natural wonders and values must take clear precedence over industrial development.

The Plan

The document's stated goal is to maintain the ecosystem's sense of wildness and natural integrity.

If swiftly and properly implemented, the plan could result in cleaner air and water, protection for fragile geothermal features such as Old Faithful, and maintenance or restoration of biological diversity, including large fish and wildlife populations.

Developers, however, are putting up a strong fight against any attempt to slow the explosive growth of industry in Greater Yellowstone. We must fight back to protect Yellowstone's beauty for future generations.

What The Plan Needs

The permanent protection of the rare, natural wonders of Greater Yellowstone must take precedence over industry profits. The proposed "Vision" plan must be strengthened in the following respects:

- Clear priorities. The plan should explicitly deter such destructive activities as mining, roadbuilding, logging, oil, and gas development in Greater Yellowstone.

- Strict enforcement. The plan lacks teeth. The stated goals are admirable, but focus only on education, monitoring, and research; they won't effectively change how the ecosystem is managed. The Park Service and Forest Service must develop specific guidelines to guarantee that the plan's goals are achieved.

- Immediate implementation. The "Vision" document must include a definite implementation schedule.

Management changes must occur now if Yellowstone's wilderness and wildlife are to be protected.

What You Can Do

Written comments on the proposed plan are being accepted through January 30, 1991. Let the Park Service and Forest Service know that you think there should be an unspoiled Greater Yellowstone for our children to enjoy. Write to: Greater Yellowstone Coordinating Committee, Box 2566 Billings, MT 59103. Write today for a natural Yellowstone tomorrow.

For more information, contact: Sierra Club Northern Plains Office, 23 North Scott, Sheridan, WY 82801, (307) 672-0425.

Other Environmental Issues

The President: The White House, 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington DC (202-456-1111)

Representatives: Hon. Blank, U.S. House of Representatives, Washington DC 20515 (202-224-3121)

Senators: Hon. Blank, U.S. Senate, Washington DC 20510 (202-224-3121)

National Park Service Director James Ridenour, Dept. of the Interior, 18th and C Sts NW, Washington DC 20240

Corps of Engineers Projects: Robert W. Page, Asst. Sec'y of the Army, Civil Works, Room 2E570, Pentagon, Washington DC 20310-0103

YOSEMITE The following points need to be stressed:

- enforce 1980 General Plan

- move traffic and buildings out of the valley

- allow non-profit groups free expression regarding Park policy (park mgmt. has pressured groups to stop criticism)

- heed advice of local rangers (who tend to be more conservation-minded but have new ideas stifled by bureaucracy)

letters to: your local Representative, Rep. Morris Udall (chair, House Interior Cmte.), and NPR Director Ridenour.

FOREST SERVICE REFORM The NFS has a great controversy going on, as its field Supervisors and Rangers begin to insist that current practice is wrong. The President and NFS Chief Dale Robertson are fighting the following ideas:

- budget reform - spend more on trails, recreation, wilderness management, fish and wildlife, less on road-building and timber harvest (which costs the public money)

- reduce and eventually eliminate clearcuts

- decentralize and localize decision-making - public input is largely ignored by national bureaucrats

letters on budget reform to: Rep. Sidney Yates (chair, House Appropriations Cmte.), Sen. Robert Byrd (ditto in the Senate)

letters on management to: Chief Dale Robertson

Plugs

Dipcon XXIV / Toronto / CanCon IV

...will be held August 2-4, 1991, on the campus of the University of Toronto in Scarborough, Ontario. The traditional features (Dip tourney, variant tourney, prizes) can be expected. A scoring system has already been chosen, and a program will be out in July with directions to the site, schedules, and a tour guide of Toronto.

Prereg is \$20 Cdn; accommodations will be \$30 per night, going up March 31st. You should contact Doug Acheson or Cal White; however, neither one has his address in the promotional flyer I received, so all I have is Cal's address: 1 Turnberry Avenue, Toronto ON, Canada M6N 1P6. In Europe contact James Nelson, 112 Huntley Avenue, Spondon, Derby DE2 7DU, United Kingdom.

1991 Marco Poll

Vote for what you believe to be the five best zines (ordered first to fifth) and the five best players (likewise), no ties. Send your ballot to me by April Fool's Day, but don't vote for Dick or Julie Martin or for me.

1991 Miller, Walker, Koning, and Holley Awards

"Greetings and the best of Happy New Years!!

"It is my pleasure to announce the opening of nominations for the hobby's 1991 awards. I hope you will consider nominating someone yourself and will encourage other hobby people to do so as well. Nominations must be submitted by 15 March 1991.

"Nominations are solicited for four awards:

"DON MILLER MEMORIAL AWARD for hobby service during the year 1990. This is the hobby's most prestigious award and past recipients include some of the hobby's most distinguished members. Anyone who has made a major contribution to the improvement of the hobby in the past year is eligible.

"ROD WALKER AWARD for literary excellence is given to an individual or individuals who have written about the game or hobby with exceptional achievement in the past year. A copy of the item for which the individual is being nominated should be included with the nomination.

"JOHN KONING MEMORIAL AWARD for outstanding play of Diplomacy in any form (e.g. PBM, PBEM, TOURNAMENT, etc.) during 1990. The reason for the nomination should also be included.

"MELINDA ANN HOLLEY AWARD for quantity participation in the hobby. The person's activity/affiliation should be mentioned with the nomination

"Nominations will be screened by a committee in the event more than five (5) are received in any particular category—I certainly hope there are. Ballots will be distributed after March 20th to as many publishers and hobby members as possible. Award recipients will be announced at DIPCON XXIV in Toronto, Canada, and presented with a personal plaque, as well as their names engraved on the various perpetual plaques. Donations to cover expenses are requested and checks or cash should be enclosed with your nomination. Make checks payable to Ron Cameron or Fred Davis, Jr.

"Your cooperation, participation, and financial help is very, very much appreciated!!" Please respond by March 15.

RON CAMERON, Hobby Awards Custodian, 7821 Bouma Circle, La Palma, Calif. 90623

Among the Trees / by Pete Gaughan

Once again, I want to invite everybody to **Dafcon South I**, May 3-5. I already have reservations from Jason Bergmann, Richard Weiss, Chuff Afflerbach, Chuck Mercer, and Mark Lew, and expect we'll see a slew of other locals. **BE HERE!**

We assembled last Friday for **Green Games II** and had a great time. John Galt, Mark Lew, Doug Smith, Scott Beckett, Jim and Esther Boivin, Melanie Winter and Randy Davis all attended, and the women wisely sat out of the Diplomacy game. I taught several folks to play *Survive!*, and Mark Lew won a game (I won the other). We had enough for Dip only if we could teach Jim Boivin.

He learned quickly but made a decision in Fall 1901 that left me trying to catch up throughout the game. Jim was France, I was Italy, and in Fall '01 he decided not to support me into Munich for a second build, as promised. E (Randy) and G (Doug) pounced—Jim put up a good defense but he was barely holding them off when he was saved by Mark (Turkey). Mark and Scott had beat up John's Russia until he was weak enough that they could find another enemy; Mark then stabbed Austria, which forced everyone else on the board to gang up and stop him (he was at 8 centers in 1903). I was caught in the middle, not wanting to help Mark overtly when everyone was paranoid of him, but distrusting everyone else because of my *own* previous attacks!

C-SPAN DEPT.: I want to commend the following heroes of the Iraqi-American War (there are many, but these are notable for their pro-peace speeches in Congress): Leahy of Vermont, Obey of Wisconsin, and Gebhart of Missouri. Good-Speech-Bad-Idea prize goes to Rep. Fred Grandy of Iowa—yes, the actor—who was eloquent in support of war.

Several members were undecided or undeclared until the actual debate, and when they rose to support one resolution or another the other members voting that way applauded. A viewer could tell which members were especially surprising or important to the cause by the reaction; when Mike Grey (sp?) of Mississippi said he'd vote for the Gebhart-Hamilton peace resolution he got sudden whoops and cheers.

Ideas we can do without: allowing members of Congress to 'revise and extend' their remarks in the *Congressional Record*. If they want to claim they said something in Congress, let them say it, rather than wasting paper merely for the members' own political cause back home.



LAKE WOBEGON DAYS / FALL

And the phone lines to the Cities were busy all evening. He tried twice and Elizabeth at the exchange said, "I got you on the list, Clarence. I'll ring you. You're still tenth."

"What's taking them so long?"

"Oh, you know."

People at this end were calling the people at that end, and the other end didn't know any more than they did—he tried a third time, and there was Art Diener on the party line with his son-in-law in St. Paul, saying, "How does it look down there?"

"Looks pretty bad." "So what do you think?" "Hard to say." "I guess we'll have to wait and see." "I think that's all we can do."

"Well, let us know." "Okay." It's in critical situations such as this that the telephone is supposed to be such an advance in communications, but what's there to say? "What's it doing down there?" "Snowing." "Yeah, same here."

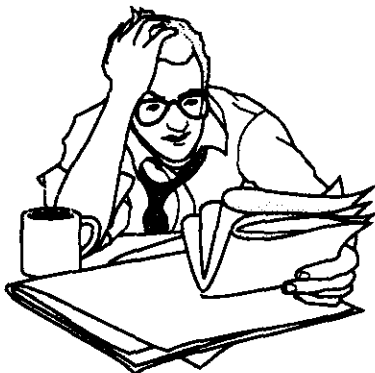
"You'd think these people weren't from here!" Clarence said to Arlene. "You'd think they never saw winter before!"

Hjalmar and Virginia Ingqvist's oldest, Mrs. Keith (Christine) St. Clair, called them from Los Angeles at noon (ten a.m., P.S.T.) to say, "I can't believe it! I'm so excited! We'll be there in just a few hours! I can't wait! No, there's nothing wrong. Why? No, I just called to say hi. Good-bye," and then she and her orthodontist husband and the three children flew to Minnesota in three hours. Amazing. You leave California, have two glasses of champagne and eat lunch, and the next thing you know you're back in the old North Star State. Except they weren't. They were in Sioux Falls, S.D. Traffic at Minneapolis-St. Paul was backed up with only one runway open. A few hours later, they were still in Sioux Falls, on their sixth cup of vending-machine coffee apiece, and the children were sick of Space Invaders and were draped on their parents and aiming sharp kicks at each other. A few hours after that, they were in Minnesota (though, from the look of the airline terminal, it could've been anywhere in America), and a few hours after that they left the airport on a bus heading for downtown Minneapolis. An hour later, they were almost downtown. Up in the air it was the twentieth century but in the blizzard on the ground it was the Middle Ages. Peasants trudged along the road, their heads down, or struggled to free their oxcarts from the mire, lacking only oxen to do it. Their sheer bulk in the heavy clothing made the people look like beasts. A bearded man got on the bus. He was immense. His feet were like clubfeet in two moon boots, and his giant leather paws hung at his side. In the dimness, his fur cap appeared to be his own matted hair, on a head shaped like a gorilla's. His breath and

spit were frozen on his hairy face. He smelled of wet fur. Christine turned away. He looked as if he had emerged from a cave where he had spent the Ages since Bronze eating half-cooked mastodon and grunting to his women. Christine was cold. She wore a thin London Fog raincoat over her pink shirt and blue jeans. Her feet were wet, in brown loafers. "Put your arm around me," she told Keith. He grunted and put his arm around her. "If I had known it was going to be like this—" she said.

In 1887, her great-grandfather Sveeggen, a boy of twelve, was lost in a blizzard between the barn and the house where he'd gone to do chores. His family had gone to town; he was the oldest of six children. He looked out the barn door into the wind and was sure he saw a ghostly mass of house and black roof ahead so he plunged into the blizzard and was blinded by white light and everything disappeared, house and barn behind him—he counted twenty, thirty, forty, fifty steps, trying to walk straight into the wind, then turned left, took thirty steps. Then right. And turned back, and knew he was lost and would die—and then the house caught fire. He saw the dull orange glow and walked toward it and stood by the back steps as flames shot out the roof and it all collapsed—he was cold on one side, burning hot on the other—and got his bearings straight and ran into the blizzard and ran smack into the side of the barn, where he spent the night, lying next to the cow, Tina, holding his broken nose. It was the great experience of his life, which he never forgot. "*Hvor er Gud Fader mild, vi alle var fordervet i synd.*" ("How kind is God the Father, we were all lost in sin.") Having lost his life, he entered the new one with a sweet disposition. He planted trees, raised cattle, married, and had seven children, and seldom spoke a harsh word. His nose was never set. He pitched ten tons of hay the day he was married; in their wedding picture, he sits, smiling, his eyes bright beside his ruined beak, a man who took a hard wallop and now everything is easy for him.

"Short memory makes everything more entertaining, even weather. Four definite seasons every year, four big surprises. People talk about weather most of the time, usually like children. 'Smell that! It's spring!' Then, 'Jeez, it's a hot one.' Then, 'Looka those leaves, wouldja.' Each change wipes the slate clean, so when it snows, they look out the window and say, 'Well, heaven's sake. Look at that, wilyta.' People are easily amused here." (Up from Minnesota, Whyte; Spartan, 1964.)



THE GROWING FEDERAL DEFICIT

	Fiscal years (amounts in billions)					
	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995
Deficit excluding S&L bailout	\$162	162	155	143	100	58
S&L bailout	58	91	107	28	-44	-29
Deficit including S&L bailout	220	253	262	171	56	29
Social Security surplus	58	66	74	83	98	114
Real deficit	278	319	336	254	154	143

PLAYER ROSTER

Please check carefully for errors! **bold** = new address; s = standby; lowercase = called as standby; ??? = nmr'ed
does not necessarily show players for Giffard or Hrt

Lance Anderson	HBB 5/5 ADA	APO San Francisco 96251	RYL LAK S/M PLA YZA ZEL
J.R. Baker	609 West Castle Harbor	Friendswood TX 77546	RYL-s PLA YZA ZEL
Gary Behnen	13101 South Trenton	Olathe KS 66062	FRE MAG
Jason Bergmann	Box 1937	Decatur GA 30031	GRA LAK PLA
Larry Botimer	1900 SW Campus Drive #38-104	Federal Way WA 98023	FRE LAK-s S/M
Eric and Claire Brosius	41 Hayward Street	Millford MA 01757	GRA TER
Jim Burgess	100 Holden Street	Providence RI 02908-5731	PLA
Kathy Caruso	636 Astor Street	Norristown PA 19401	S/M-s
Pete Clark	7095 North Fruit #143	Fresno CA 93711	FAR MAG-s
John Crosby	9031 Cardiff Road	Richmond VA 23236	MAG RYL S/M
Jim Diehl	10530 West Riverview Drive	Eden Prairie MN 55347	MAG S/M
Greg Ellis	1709 San Antonio #211	Austin TX 78701	YZA ZEL
Steve Emmert	1752 Grey Friars Chase	Virginia Beach VA 23456	S/M-s
John Galt	701 Welch Road #323	Palo Alto CA 94304-1705	TER
Brian Hogan	Box 7003	Los Osos CA 93412	LAK PLA
Melinda Holley	Box 2793	Huntington WV 25727-2793	FRE RYL ZEL
David Hood	104-F Terrace Drive	Cary NC 27511	
Tom Hurst	5628 Byrneland Street	Madison WI 53711	PLA YZA ZEL-s
Rick Kohman	13517 Agua Dulce	Castroville CA 95012	PLA
Stuart Lange	904 Fox Chase Lane	Riverdale GA 30296	S/M
Daf Langley	14609 203rd Avenue SE	Renton WA 98056	YZA
Bruce Linsey	Box 1334	Albany NY 12201	GRA
Dave McCrumb	3636 Old Town Road	Shawsville VA 24162	PLA
Chuck Mercer	Box 305	Forestville CA 95436	FRE TER
Craig Mills	3024 Pascal Street North	Roseville MN 55113	GRA LAK-s PLA
Tom Nash	202 Settler's Road	St. Simon's Island GA 31522	FAR GRA PLA RYL
Steve Nicewarner	220-76-2329, 18 Corps Finance Gp	(Abn), APO, NY 09657	LAK-s RYL
Wallace Nicoll	48 Broughton Road	Edinburgh, Scotland EH7 4EE	TER
Glenn Petroski	210 West Hunt	Twin Lakes WI 53181-9786	YZA
Richard Pinelli ???	2045 West Fargo	Chicago IL 60645	FRE
Phil Reynolds	2896 Oak Street	Sarasota FL 34237	FAR TER
Geoff Richard	5906 Marvin Loving Drive #206	Garland TX 75043	LAK MAG-s GRA-s
John Schultz	Box 41-19390, Indiana State Prison	Mishigan City IN 46360	FRE PLA YZA ZEL-s
Tim Stark	605 West Doyle	Granbury TX 76048	FAR MAG
Richard Weiss	432 Cole	San Francisco CA 94117	FAR PLA
Mark Weseman	124 Burleigh Drive	Ithaca NY 14850	YZA
Don Williams	28162-F West Sloan Canyon Road	Castaic CA 91384	FRE
Rob Wittmond	6663 Nicholson Street	Lakewood CA 90713	LAK
Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue	Springfield VA 22152	GRA PLA TER

GAME OPENINGS / ZINE BUSINESS

"Terminus"/Railway Rivals: E. Brosius, Mercer, Wrobel, Galt, Nicoll, Reynolds and Cain, please see gamestart and houserules inside.

Help! I need gamenames for the following three games.

Fictional planets, please, and give me the author and title of your source. One-half free issue if I pick yours.

Metropolis (free): E. Brosius, Hood. Rules were published in #82, ask for 'em if you need a copy.

Monopoly (free): Bergmann, C. Brosius, Wrobel, Lew, Lutterbie, Holley, Hood. Hmm. Wow. Most of these arrived on the same day, and I don't think I want to play with seven on one board. If we can get **one more** I'll start two games next time.

Titan (\$20 gamefee): I know, you can't believe I'd do this again. Preference will be given to the people who asked for me to offer it again (Al Tabor, Gary Behnen, Greg Ellis); otherwise, Claire Brosius and David Hood are signed up and paid, can take six max. Conditions: *not* anonymous; speed game (as fast as possible, maybe three deadlines a month); and Spectrum (the Cosmic power where you select your die rolls in advance, as discussed lastish).

Snowball Fighting: Rules reprinted in thish are the last revision I will do. Save them to play in *Perelandra* at some future date!

Sopwith+: Sorry folks, cancel; I've done enough damage to the gameload as it is! **Scottie Scriptl:** Cancel, likewise.

STANDBYS: J.R. Baker, dip var; Gary Behnen, dip; Jim Burgess*; Kathy Caruso, dip; Pete Clark, dip; John Crosby, dip; Jim Diehl, dip; Steve Emmert, dip; John Galt, dip var dnf; Tom Hurst, dip asf var; Rick Kohman, ww asf; Chuck Mercer, dip; Dave McCrumb, rail ww; Craig Mills*; Glenn Petroski, dip; Geoff Richard, dip; John Schultz, dip; Tim Stark, dip dnf; Richard Weiss, dip var; Mark Weseman, dip. Thanks and a free issue to each standby when he picks up a game and when he plays it out.

NMR LOCKOUT (no nmr insurance for the following, due to past track record or because I can't call the player collect): Anderson, Bergmann, Diehl, Ellis, Hoffman, Holley, Pinelli, Schultz, Williams, Wittmond.

[[Thoreau continued from page 12]]
 admire Thoreau and his descendants, Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., for the highmindedness of their sentiments, but we are at the same time suspicious of a philosophy that seems so personal, so intensely directed at the individual life. To seek by public means to change the evil in our lives—that we can honor and respect. But simply to refuse, as one human being, acting alone, to participate in evil—that seems to us somehow dangerous, selfish, too piddling to make much practical difference. How could Thoreau, we want to know, busy himself, in good conscience, as the “selfappointed inspector of snowstorms” when the much greater turbulence of slavery was raging all around? It is true that he championed John Brown, spoke passionately in Concord and elsewhere in favor of abolition, and perhaps assisted a traveler or two on the Underground Railroad to freedom in Canada, but it is also true that Thoreau was no reformer. His heart wasn't in it. He would sooner have gone walking in the woods. How dare such a man pretend to any moral superiority?

There are two classes of moralists: those who seek to improve the quality of other people's lives, and those who are content to improve their own lives. There are professors of morality, and there are practitioners of it; the categories tend to be exclusive. Nothing is so terrifying as a demonstration of principle. Emerson preached Nature; Thoreau embraced nature; it is Thoreau, of course, who ultimately strikes us as dangerous. It is one thing to decry the rat race, to utter ringing declarations against it, to write clever stories exposing its follies—that is the good and honorable work of moralists. It is quite another thing to quit the rat race, to drop out, to refuse to run any further—that is the work of the individualist. It is offensive because it is impolite; it makes the rebuke personal; the individualist calls not his or her behavior into question, but mine. The moralist believes in the necessity of enemies, the individualist in their irrelevance.

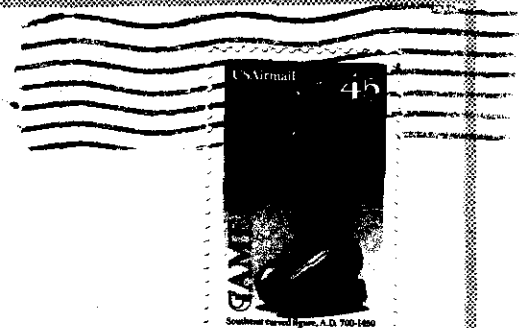
from an article by Paul Gruchow in January's Sierra magazine

Table of Contents

page	game or feature	deadline
11	Farpoint / Woolworth IID Dip	February 15
12	Freibur / 1990AQ	February 15
5	Giffard / Gunboat Titan	January 26
8	Gramarye / British Rails	January 26
6	Hrt / Snowball Fighting	February 15
4	Lakkarol / Downfall of the LotR	February 15
3	Literary Quiz	February 15
3	Magrathea / 1989B	February 15
10	Planet Blue / Fictionary Dictionary	February 15
10	Rylos / 1989IF	February 15
13	Sesefras Magna / 1988CH	February 15
9	Terminus / Railway Rivals	February 15
7	Yzazys / Snowball Fighting	February 15
14	Zelpst / 1989AJ	February 15
1	Folklore / Denmark	
18	Guest of Honor / Garrison Keillor	
12-20	Guest of Honor / Paul Gruchow	
11	The Resident Curmudgeon / literary commentary	
17	Among the Trees / editorial	
14-15	The Roar of the Greasepaint / letter column	
13	It's Me Again / Cathy's column	
17	PLUGS	
16	Green Trash	
19	Records / player roster, game openings, etc.	

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Larry Peery
 Box 620399
 San Diego
 CA 92162

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 SEE DETAILS ON
 PAGE 17

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 FREE is the number of free issues included in your subscription.