

CONTACT

by Carl Sagan

She wondered about the others. Were they now in some outlandish testing facility avidly checking away on the multiple-choice questions? Or was it an oral examination? And who were the examiners? She felt the uneasiness well up once again. Another intelligent being—Independently evolved on some distant world under unearthly physical conditions and with an entirely different sequence of random genetic mutations—such a being would not resemble anyone she knew. Or even imagined. If this was a Test station, then there were Stationmasters, and the Stationmasters would be thoroughly, devastatingly nonhuman. There something deep within her that was bothered by insects, snakes, star-nosed moles. She was someone who felt a little shudder—to speak plainly, a tremor of loathing—when confronted with even slightly malformed human beings. Cripples, children with Down's syndrome, even the appearance of Parkinsonism evoked in her, against her intellectual resolve, a feeling of disgust, a wish to flee. Generally she had been able to contain her fear, although she wondered if she had ever hurt someone because of it. It wasn't something she thought about much; she would sense her own embarrassment and move on to another topic.

But now she worried that she would be unable even to confront—much less to win over for the human species—an extraterrestrial being. They hadn't thought to screen the five for that. There had been no effort to determine whether they were afraid of mice or dwarfs or Martians. It had simply not occurred to the examining committees. She wondered why they hadn't thought of it; it seemed an obvious enough point now.

It had been a mistake to send her. Perhaps when confronted with some serpent-haired galactic Stationmaster she would disgrace herself—or far worse, tip the grade on to the human species, in whatever unfathomable test was being administered—from pass to fail. She looked with apprehension and longing at the enigmatic door, its lower boundary now under water. The tide was coming in.

There was a figure on the beach a few hundred meters away. At first she thought it was Vaygay, perhaps out of the examining room early and come to tell her the good news. But whoever it was wasn't wearing a Machine Project jump suit. Also, it seemed to be someone younger, more vigorous. She reached for the long lens, and for some reason hesitated. Standing up, she shielded her eyes from the Sun. Just for a moment, it had seemed... It was clearly impossible. They would not take such shameless advantage of her.

But she could not help herself. She was racing toward him on the hard sand near the water's edge, her hair streaming behind her. He looked as he had in the most recent picture of him she had seen, vigorous, happy. He had a day's growth of beard. She flew into his arms, sobbing.

"Hello, Presh," he said, his right hand stroking the back of her head.

His voice was right. She instantly remembered it. And his smell, his gait, his laugh. The way his beard abraded her cheek. All of it combined to shatter her self-possession. She could feel a massive stone seal being pried open and

the first rays of light entering an ancient, almost forgotten tomb.

She swallowed and tried to gain control of herself, but seemingly inexhaustible waves of anguish poured out of her and she would weep again. He stood there patiently, reassuring her with the same look she now remembered he had given her from his post at the bottom of the staircase during her first solo journey down the big steps. More than anything else she had longed to see him again, but she had suppressed the feeling, been impatient with it, because it was so clearly impossible to fulfill. She cried for all the years between herself and him.

In her girlhood and as a young woman she would dream that he had come to her to tell her that his death had been a mistake. He was really fine. He would sweep her up into his arms. But she would pay for those brief respites with poignant reawakenings into a world in which he no longer was. Still, she had cherished those dreams and willingly paid their exorbitant tariff when the next morning she was forced to rediscover her loss and experience the agony again. Those phantom moments were all she had left of him.

And now here he was—not a dream or a ghost, but flesh and blood. Or close enough. He had called to her from the stars, and she had come.

She hugged him with all her might. She knew it was a trick, a reconstruction, a simulation, but it was flawless. For a moment she held him by the shoulders at arm's length. He was perfect. It was as if her father had these many years ago died and gone to Heaven, and finally—by this unorthodox route—she had managed to rejoin him. She sobbed and embraced him again.

It took her another minute to compose herself. If it had been Ken, say, she would have at least toyed with the idea that another dodecahedron—maybe a repaired Soviet Machine—had made a later relay from the Earth to the center of the Galaxy. But not for a moment could such a possibility be entertained for him. His remains were decaying in a cemetery by a lake.

...From the intonation of his voice, from the nuances of his speech, she tried to gain some glimpse of who it was here disguised as her father. She had an enormous amount of direct experience with human beings; the Stationmasters had less than a day's. Could she not discern something of their true nature beneath this amiable and informative facade? But she couldn't. In the content of his speech he was, of course, not her father, nor did he pretend to be. But in every other respect he was uncannily close to Theodore F. Arroway, 1924-1960, vendor of hardware, loving husband and father. If not for a continuous effort of will, she knew she would be slobbering over this, this...copy. Part of her kept wanting to ask him how things had been since he had gone to Heaven. What were his views on Advent and Rapture? Was anything special in the works for the Millennium? There were human cultures that taught an afterlife of the blessed on mountaintops or in clouds, in caverns or oases, but she could not recall any in which if you were very, very good when you died you went to the beach.

This is the eightyfourth issue of *Perelandra*, a monthly amateur magazine of postal games, fantasy fiction, and extraordinary nonsense. The editor around here is Pete Gaughan (1521 South Novato Blvd. #46, Novato CA 94947-4147; 415-897-3629) and don't you forget it. **Subscriptions** cost \$1.50 per issue, but that doesn't mean you have to pay for this thing. You can get *Pere* for free by several means:

1. Standby in a game; you get a free issue when you take over and another when you finish.
2. Send me maps for my collection. Specifically, send a city map with your home clearly marked, and/or a county map showing as much detail of the rural roads as possible. One free issue for each. (Sorry, I don't need any more maps of the L.A. or S.F. areas.)
3. Answer the Literary Quiz.
4. Submit the name of a fictional planet which we'll use as the name of a game (1/2 issue, limit one).

You may choose to use your free issues at any time, but they aren't refundable. If your subscription drops below 50¢ you'll automatically start using up your freebies. Once your cash balance is negative you won't get the next issue and I'll call a standby for your games.

Perfectly ordinary nonsense is hereby banned from this zine.

FARPOINT Woolworth IID Dip

Spring 02: Oops

Austria (Tom Nash): f tri-alb (a ser s /gre mac otb/), a boh-vie.
 Balkans (Pete Clark): a bud-ser (a bul s), f ion-adr.
 England (???): nmr. f wal, f nts, f edi all h.
 France (???): a mar-pie, a swi s german a mun-tyo /nso/, a bel h, f eng-iri, f bre-eng.
 Germany (???): f ber-bal, f hol s french f eng-nts /nso/ (a kie s), a mun-boh.
 Italy (???): a ven-pie, a rom-apu, f nap-ion.
 Russia (Phil Reynolds): a mos-sev, f sev-bla (f run s (a ukr & a gal s f rum), a stp-fin.
 Scandanavia (???): f osl-nwg, a sto-cop (f bal s).
 Spain (Richard Weiss): f por-mid, f wes-tyl (f tun s), a mad-bas.
 Turkey (Tim Stark): nmr. f aeg, f bla /arm ank otb/, a con all h.
 Will Rick Kohman please standby for E/T?

Next Deadline: Fall 02

Russia to GM: You want my credentials? How about this: I've got a Masters in Diplomacy from Fuck U!
 GM to Russia: I can't let you use that word again, Iain Bowen might see you.
 Spain to Russia: Out here in San Francisco we have a different interpretation of "play with" someone that you Southerners. Maybe while masturbating you "attack yourself?" Sounds gnarly, dude. And how about issuing your zine, dude, or did you "play with" that, too?

Russia to Europe: You guys have gotta write some more press if you want me to write more press!

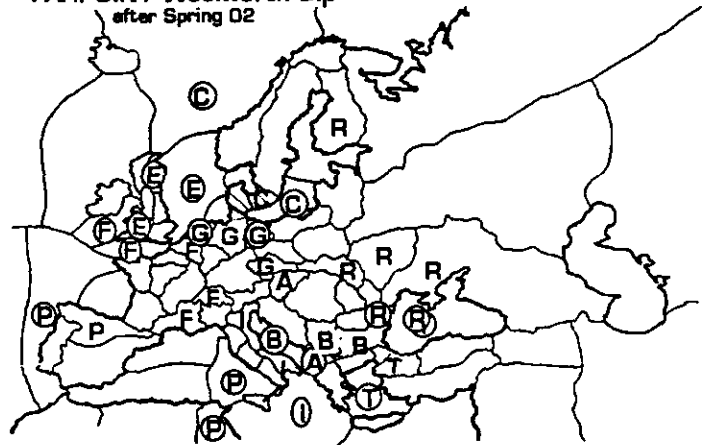
GM to Russia: What do you think we are, masochists?

Russia to GM: Well, maybe instead I'll just go ahead and submit two whole pages of press next time! Let's see how smart you feel when you go to retype it all!

Germany to England: F/R—capiche?

Spain to France: How about taking that mask off now?

FARPOINT Woolworth Dip
after Spring 02



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
Scandanavia	cop	swe	osl	3
Spain	por	mad	mor	tun	4
Turkey	ank	smy	con	3
neutrals	cre	ice	

A few plugs

Hoodwink. 50¢ an issue from Stven Carlberg (1939 Windmere Drive, Atlanta GA 30324). A neat, nicely organized little zine with a fetish for C.S. Forester books and an *anonymous* lettercol (!). He'll have regular Dip openings soon, and has Gunboat available now.

Gonzo Football. Bruce Linsey is starting up a league (address in player roster) but since he comments that he's "attempting to start up a small business running sports leagues by mail," I suggest you inquire about just what the price and profits will be. I've played Gonzo Baseball and very much enjoyed it.

Pontuedria. Free if you send a Self-Addressed Stamped Envelope to Phil Reynolds (address in player roster). A two-page listing of every game opening in Dipdom, updated each month.

RAILWAY RIVALS

YOU SHOULD ALL NOW HAVE THE IRELAND MAP. If you don't it is your own responsibility to get one for \$1 from Ken Hill (6199 Rockland, Dublin OH). I need starting city and Rail Line name from each of you. We'll run three-week deadlines in Terminus unless more than one of you wants them monthly; Lethe will run monthly, along with the rest of the zine.

Missives on rules and operation...

Tom: One of the problems a novice RR GM has is fitting the appropriate number of players to the right map. I made this error in one of my first games, trying to squeeze 7 players onto the Spain map, which is ideal for 5. You have a worse problem. Ireland is a 4-player map. Even 3 would make a good game with liberal build allowances. But six!! Gonna get awfully crowded. Almost unplayable. My suggestion: use Cain and get one more (why, I'll even volunteer! I love that map), and run two 4-player games. It'll be easier for you. Six-player games are a bear to adjudicate in the race rounds!

Wallace: As for Railway Rivals, the experience of the Ireland map indicates that four or five is best for it.

[[Well, people, I certainly didn't expect the response I got; I might have started with only four of you if there had been only four of you! Thanks for helping me avoid a disaster.]]

Eric: A few comments on your RR rules. Rule 6 says one thing, but no RR game I've ever seen actually runs that way. In practice, if we divide each segment into 1 to 6 'pips,' depending on the die roll, then each pip is simultaneous. However, if Player A just builds a section of track one 'pip' ahead of Player B, then B pays. Similarly for parallels. I suggest you either (1) Change the way the rule is written or (2) if you wish to use it as it is, state very plainly that this game is different from any others. Otherwise great confusion will ensue. I recommend (1), but either is fine with me.

Also, you should state a position on 'sectoring,' i.e. ensuring an even race distribution—at least one race from the 20s to the 30s, one from the 20s to the 40s [sic], and so forth. Some GMs do it, others don't. Will you or won't you?

[[Sectoring: Won't.]]

Tom again: The interpretation by

100% of both Brit and US gms is that each line builds simultaneously point-by-point throughout the segment. *[[He goes into more detail. Here's the interpretation: change the way the rule is written. Builds within the same segment will be adjudicated pip-by-pip, but nobody else protested running the way I had written the rule.]]*

John: Will you be using the 'clarification' from David Watts, recently echoed in *Tennessee Rails*, which says that when racing through mountains, only the first of consecutive mountain hexes counts two? I have never played this way, but will accept either method; I just want a ruling from you, because it will affect builds.

[[Yes, I will rule with David.]]

[[Hey guys, everybody keeps referring me to Paul Gardner for maps but he says he doesn't handle that. Get a clue!]]

TERMINUS

Eric Brosius: Emerald Isle Rail Express/EIRE (green)

John Kirk

Chuck Mercer: Chuchachucha/CHU (red)

Phil Reynolds: Faith and Begorra/FAB
Ed Wrobel.

LETHE

John Cain

John Galt

Tom Nash

Wallace Nicoll: Erin Railways Integrated Now / ERIN (green)

The gamename is from Theodore Sturgeon's "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let Your Sister Marry One?" In the story, characters discuss Lethe...

"It has a reputation."

"Do you know?"

The old man showed a twinge of

irritation. Along with respect and obedience, he had become accustomed to catechizing and not to being catechized. "Everyone knows about Lethe."

Bux shook his head. "They don't, Master."

The old man lifted his hands and put them down. "That kind of thing has its function. Humanity will always—"

"You approve of Lethe and what goes on there."

"One neither approves nor disapproves," said the Archive Master stiffly. "One knows about it, recognizes that for some segments of the species such an outlet is necessary, realizes that Lethe makes no pretensions to being anything but what it is, and then—one accepts, one goes on to other things. How did you get to Vexvelt?"

"On Lethe," said Charli Bux implacably, "you can do anything you want to or with any kind of human being, or any number or combination of them, as long as you can pay for it."

"I wouldn't doubt it. Now, the next leg of your trip—"

"There are men," said Charli Bux, suddenly and shockingly quiet, "who can be attracted by disease—by sores, Archive Master, by the stumps of amputated limbs. There are people on Lethe who cultivate diseases to attract such men. Cronos, Master, with dirty leather skin, and boys and little—"

"You will cease this nauseating—"

"In just a minute. One of the unwritten and unbreakable traditions of Lethe is that, what anyone pays to do, anyone else may pay to watch."

"Are you finished?" It was not Bux who shouted now.

"You accept Lethe. You condone Lethe."

"I have not said I approve."

"You trade with Lethe."

"Well, of course we do. That doesn't mean we—"

LITERARY QUIZ

HEY! Nobody got any of these; in fact, only Stuart Lange tried and his answers were in jest. Let's up the ante and see whether anybody gets out their references. You can now earn one free issue for one correct answer; two for two right; four for three right; and six free issues for getting all four. That's a half a year of *Perelandra* if you can complete this...

87. Poet Felicia Hemans (1793-1835) wrote about "the stately homes" and "the cottage homes of England." The following may be one or the other or something in between. Name their best-known inhabitants.

- a. The Pines b. Greenway c. Dove Cottage d. Gad's Hill Place

FREE PARKING	\$220 Kentucky		\$220 Indiana	\$240 Illinois	\$200 B & O	\$260 Atlantic	\$260 Ventnor	\$150 Water Works	\$280 Marvin Gdn	GO TO JAIL																																			
		CHANCE																																											
\$200 New York	MONOPOLY ALTHAR after Round One									Pacific \$300																																			
\$180 Tennessee	<p>Rules should be enclosed for all players. I'm going to take the liberty of actually running a turn this time, but I want you to let me know whether you're willing to play two die rolls each turn, as mentioned in the comments section of the postal rules. (Note that the map will not appear again until the board(s) begin to fill with houses and hotels.)</p> <p>So, with no further ado, here are...</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Monopoly</p> <p>Order of play will rotate; each round will start with the second player in the current round, with #1 dropping to last (Round Two will go Mark/Claire/David/Vince and Melinda/Jason/Ed/Andi). First player to tell me where I got the names Tupile & Althar wins a free issue. For Round Two, all you need send is your 'vote' on speeding up the game (two die rolls per round), whether you want to purchase whatever you're eligible for, and auction bids on others' eligibilities if you wish.</p>									N. Carolina \$300																																			
COMM. CHEST										COMM. CHEST																																			
\$180 St. James	<p style="text-align: center;">ALTHAR Round One</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>player</th> <th>dice</th> <th>position</th> <th>owed</th> <th>debts</th> <th>eligible to purchase</th> <th>possessions</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Vince Lutterbie</td> <td>6</td> <td>Oriental</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>Oriental</td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Mark Lew</td> <td>5</td> <td>Reading</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>Reading</td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Claire Brosius</td> <td>9</td> <td>Connecticut</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>Connecticut</td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>David Hood</td> <td>11</td> <td>St. Charles</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>St. Charles</td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>									player	dice	position	owed	debts	eligible to purchase	possessions	Vince Lutterbie	6	Oriental			Oriental	\$1500	Mark Lew	5	Reading			Reading	\$1500	Claire Brosius	9	Connecticut			Connecticut	\$1500	David Hood	11	St. Charles			St. Charles	\$1500	Penn. Ave. \$320
player										dice	position	owed	debts	eligible to purchase	possessions																														
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\$200 Penns'nia Railroad	<p style="text-align: center;">TUPILE Round One</p> <table border="1"> <thead> <tr> <th>player</th> <th>dice</th> <th>position</th> <th>owed</th> <th>debts</th> <th>eligible to purchase</th> <th>possessions</th> </tr> </thead> <tbody> <tr> <td>Andreas Gomolka</td> <td>11</td> <td>St. Charles</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>St. Charles</td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Melinda Holley</td> <td>4</td> <td>Income Tax</td> <td></td> <td>\$150</td> <td></td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Jason Bergmann</td> <td>10</td> <td>Just Visiting</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Ed Wrobel</td> <td>7</td> <td>Chance1</td> <td>\$150</td> <td></td> <td></td> <td>\$1500</td> </tr> </tbody> </table>									player	dice	position	owed	debts	eligible to purchase	possessions	Andreas Gomolka	11	St. Charles			St. Charles	\$1500	Melinda Holley	4	Income Tax		\$150		\$1500	Jason Bergmann	10	Just Visiting				\$1500	Ed Wrobel	7	Chance1	\$150			\$1500	Short Line \$200
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Ed Wrobel	7	Chance1	\$150			\$1500																																							
\$160 Virginia	<p>Ed's Chance card is Building & Loan Matures, he gets \$150.</p>									CHANCE																																			
\$140 States										Park Ave. \$350																																			
\$150 Electric Company	<p style="text-align: center;">GO</p>									LUXURY TAX																																			
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VISITING	Claire \$120	\$100		Vince \$100	Mark \$200		\$60		\$60																																				

The Roar of the Greasepaint (part one)

Randy Davis

Not sure if you're into the Niners, but here's a joke you may relate to: Did you hear that McDonald's has a new promotional scheme? Roger Craig will be making various appearances to give away turnovers. (Ho, ho, ho.)

[[Even though I'm not a big football fan, I can appreciate a good insult any day. Keep 'em coming.]]

I hope Melanie and I can make it out in May, I'm marking my calendar. Are you planning to have people spend the night? How many people are you expecting?

[[More every day. Yes, we expect folks to spend the night if they need to. The RSVP list is on the back cover; I'd be surprised if we don't make it up to two dozen.]]

[[More letters later on.]]

GRAMARYE / British Rails
ROUND #33: MUCH TWIDDLING OF THUMBS

Railroad: Wrobel's Wrailway
Owner: Ed Wrobel

33: May not move due to Gale.
 (receives £4M from CCC)

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:	£ 8	order this time: 3 next: 5 GOs? 34
Income:	+ 4	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 12	

Railroad: Lost Buchanan Road
Owner: Craig Mills

33: Dump cards. Draws cards #12 (128 56 107) 106 & 11.

card 11: barrow/lead/£20;
 brighton/cotton/£24;
 exeter/conmat/£27.
 card 12: stranraer/oil/£21;
 swansea/imports/£22;
 barnstaple/fish/£22.
 card 106: plym'th/coal/£27;
 ipswich/textiles/£14;
 nottingham/beer/£5.

Freight carrying fish & textiles.

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

Railroad: Puppytail Rail
Owner: Bruce Linsey

33: Loses turn due to Derailment.

card 19: hull/beer/£15;
 ipswich/fruit/£19;
 berwick/pottery/£28.
 card 54: dundee/cattle/£13;
 birmingham/rubber/£11;
 brighton/coal/£17.
 card 111: leeds/cattle/£3;
 aberystwyth/machinery/£12;
 stoke/fish/£19.

Fast Freight carrying no loads.

Opening Bal:	£ 29	color: green order this time: 5 next: 3 GOs? no
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 29	

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

33: Move 4mp into Nottingham (pay WW), sell machinery for £4M (card 39). Move 8mp SW. Draws cards #(121) & 100.

card 61: norwich/beer/£10;
 cardiff/coal/£10;
 lincoln/steel/£10.
 card 92: stoke/oil/£15;
 birmingham/lead/£11;
 dolgellau/tourists/£12.
 card 100: sheffield/steel/£6;
 barnstaple/rubber/£17;
 dumfries/imports/£14.

Fast Freight carrying beer.

Opening Bal:	£ 16	color: blue order this time: 6 next: 2 GOs? no
Income:	+ 4	
Expenses:	- 4	
Balance:	£ 16	

Railroad: Silkworth's Sober Steamers
Owner: Geoff Richard

33: Move 9mp 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	color: purple order this time: 7 next: 1 GOs? 36
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 26	

Railroad: Bergmann's Boxcars
Owner: Jason Bergmann

33: No action.

card 21: ayr/machinery/£8;
 plymouth/textiles/£25;
 cambridge/coal/£13.
 card 55: london/cars/£9;
 lancaster/oats/£9;
 barnstaple/clay/£6.
 card 109: barrow/barley/£35;
 glasgow/machinery/£9;
 bristol/imports/£10.

Freight carrying cars & hops.

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

Railroad: Birmingham & Hereford Rail Road
Owner: Eric Brosius

33: May not move due to Gale. Dumps cards. Draws cards #45 28 & 41.

card 28: glasgow/jute/£9;
 cardiff/lead/£14;
 swansea/chemicals/£44.
 card 41: york/imports/£17;
 birmingham/pottery/£3;
 pembroke/sheep/£9.
 card 45: bristol/oil/£10;
 Carlisle/textiles/£10;
 york/jute/£25.

Fast Freight carrying no loads.

Opening Bal:	£ 36	color: red order this time: 2 next: 6 GOs? no
Income:	+	
Expenses:	-	
Balance:	£ 36	

Round 33 Event Cards

132—GALE! No train within five mileposts of the North Sea may move (**B&H, WW**). No rail building is allowed in this area.

126—DERAILMENT. All trains within three mileposts of London, Cardigan, Edinburgh, Middlesbrough, Lancaster (**PR**), and Southampton lose one turn and all loads.

I hasten to point out that I will allow a restart. Track vanishes, cards are dumped (any events drawn do count), cash goes to £60M, train becomes a Freight.

for Round 34, events #128—DERAILMENT. Superfreights only, no effect; #121—RAIL TAX. No effect.

Deadline for Round 34 is March 5.

GRAMARYE STUFF after Round 33

Cards Remaining: 9 14 15 25 29 33 36 50 67 69 72 75 88 89 101 104 113 116 119 121 131 139.
 Discard Pile: 1 2 3 4 6 7 8 10 13 16 17 18 20 22 23 24 26 27 30 31 32 37 38 39 40 42 43 46 47 48 49 51 52 53 56 57 59 60
 62 63 64 65 66 68 70 71 73 74 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 90 91 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 102 103 107 108 110 112
 115 117 118 120 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 140.

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	○○○		

No building, only two trains moving means no map this time.

RYLOS / 1989IF

Fall 1905: Vulnerable Backsides
 ENGLAND (Steve Nicewarner): f nts-nwy, f edi-nts, a city-edi.
 FRANCE (Tom Nash): f nat-lvp, f bel-hol, f eng s english f edi-nts, f nwg s english f nts-nwy, a spa-gas, a bur s a mun, a ber-kie (a mun s).
 GERMANY (J.R. Baker): a boh h.
 ITALY (John Crosby): f tun-ion, f ion-gre, a ven-tri (f adr s), a tri-bud (a vie s).
 RUSSIA (Melinda Holley): a sev-rum (a gal & a bud s (a ser s)), f ank ms f bla, a syr-smv, f bal-ber (a sil s), f den-nts (f nwy s) /f nwy retreats to stp/nc/.
 TURKEY (Lance Anderson): a con h (f bul/sc & a smy s), a rum-ukr.

Winter 1905: France builds a par, a mar; Germany is gone; Italy builds a nap; Turkey blows up f bul.

Next Deadline: Spring 1906
Don't forget retreats.

London to Paris: Oh nooooo! Not the fireplace!
 GM to London: Well, the woodshed anyway.

London to World: If this works, I'll only be four years behind the times.

GM to London: It worked, but you're further behind than when you started.

England to Sultan-in-Retreat: The "Red Menace" died last year. If I remember right, Lenin was in Germany during 1905... Wonder what the French are doing to/with him???

Turkey to GM: As far as I know, [[toi]] means 'you' in French, tense unknown.

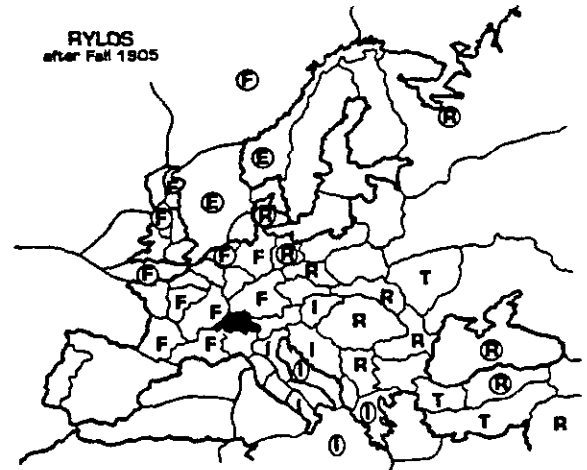
GM to Turkey: Tense? As in, 'you might have been doing at some point?' I thought French for you was 'vous.'

Turkey to Russia: I think I have one more surprise up my sleeve and you are seeing it now. *Celer et Audax*. 'Swift and Bold.'

GM to Rylos: Interesting that *all* the press is written by the two players in foreign countries and the one about to be squished.

Germany to GM: O! I get it. This is one of those European games where you have to guess what you did wrong and where you can retreat to before you can see who lied to you!

GM to Germany: Well, I told you that when you came in, but it doesn't much matter now, does it?



RYLOS / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1905														
England	edi	lon	lvp	NWY								3/3	even	
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	bel	hol	kie	MUN	LVP		8/10	+a mar, a par	
Germany	mun	ber										2/0	out	
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	vie	tri	GRE					6/7	+ a nap	
Russia	mos	stp	war	sev	swe	rum	nwy	bud	ser	den	ank	BER	11/11	even
Turkey	con	smy	bul	gre									4/3	- f bul

LAKKDAROL / Downfall of the Lord of the Rings

Until Steve Nicewarner returns from the Gulf, any time he nmrs Saruman will sit and support his army, voting yes to all draws.

Dwarf A Withered Heath retreats to Eastern Waste; Elves build A Lorien, A Imladris; Gondor builds A Minas Tirith; Saruman removes A Forochel.

Wedmath I: Go Stand In A Corner

DWARVES (Larry Botimer): A Iron Hills ms A Eastern Waste.

ELVES (Jason Bergmann): A Withered Heath-Iron Hills (A Carmen & A North Rhûn s), A Esgaroth-Withered Heath, A Anduin-Gladden Fields, A Dol Guldor-Anduin, A Lorien s A Wold-Azanulbizar /nsu/, A Imladris-Rhudaur, F Grey Havens-Gulf of Lune, A Bree-South Downs (A Brandywine s), A North Downs-Carn Dûm.

GANDALF (Rob Wittmond):

2A Anfalas-Druwaith Iaur,
Gandalf
Fellowship

GONDOR (Lance Anderson): A Minas

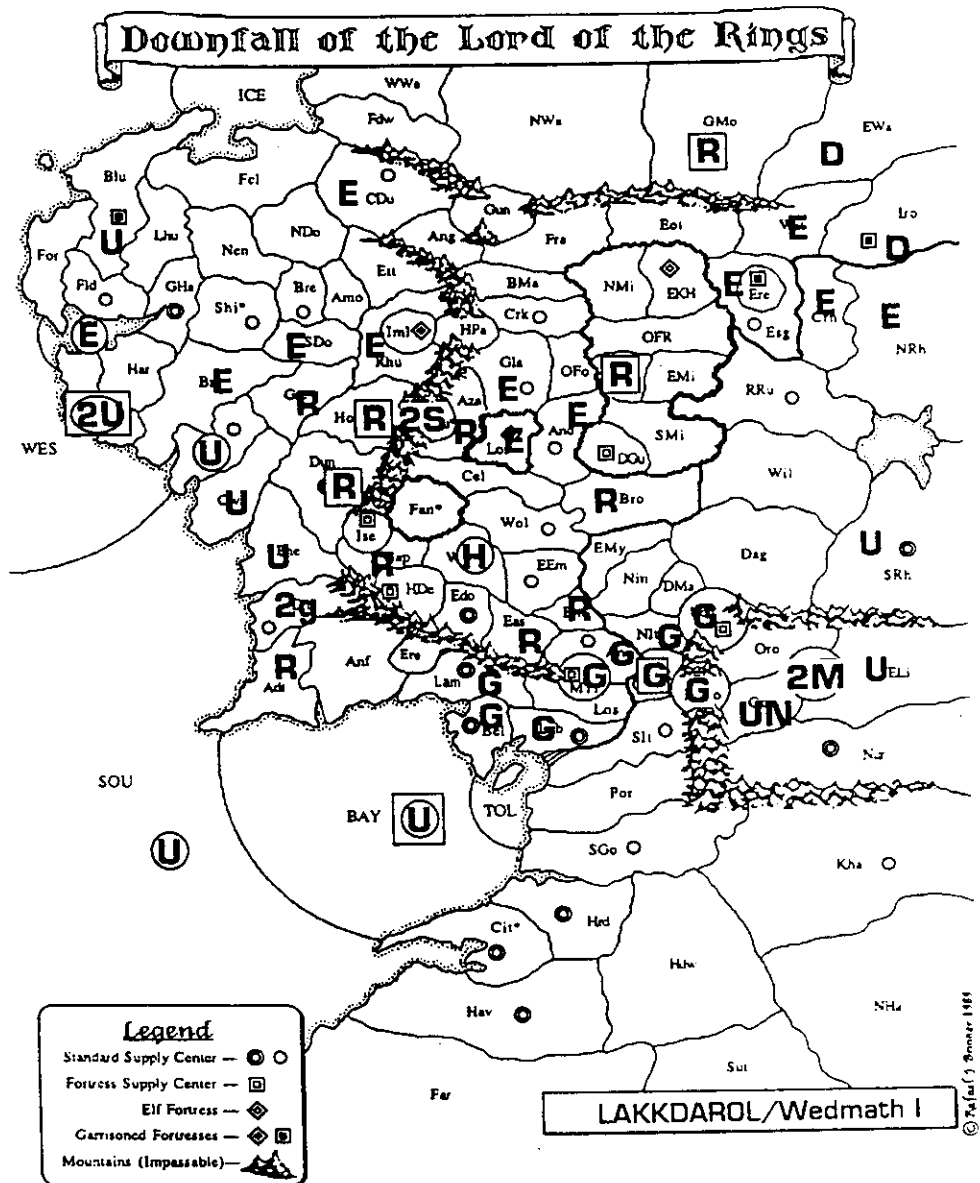
Morgul h, A Orodruin-Udûn [??], A South Ithilien-Lebennin, A Lamedon-Erech /imp/, A Lebennin-Belfalas, C Anorien-Osgiliath, A Lossarnach-Anorien (A Minas Tirith s), A Udûn-North-Ithilien, Faramir

MORDOR (Craig Mills): Sauron & A Barad-dûr h.

ROHAN (Brian Hogan): C Hollin ms A Greenway, C Carrock-Old Ford-Central Mirkwood, C Forodwaith-Northern Waste-Grey Mountains, A Andrast-Druwaith Iaur, A Brown Lands h, A Celebrant-Azanulbizar, A Gap of Rohan-Enedwaith (C Dunland s), A Eastfold ms A Entwash, Herd West Emnet h.

SARUMAN (Steve Nicewarner): Saruman + A Khazad-dûm h.

UMBAR (Geoff Richard): 2A/F Gulf of Lune-Harlindon, A Blue Mountains h, A Gwathlo-Enedwaith (F Southern Sea s), A Minhiriath-Gwathlo, F Western Sea-Minhiriath, A/F Bay of Belfalas s Gondor A Lamedon-Anfalas /nso/, Nazgul+A Gorgoroth-Barad-dûr (A Ered Lithui s), A



South Rhûn s A Ered Lithui.
notes: Only Ranger units may enter Erech;
Barad-dûr is a Fortress.

Next Deadline: Wedmath II

Dain to Slippery Elves: Listen, you descendant of rodents, I call down a curse on everything you touch, so that what was bright turns tarnished and what was fair turns to rot. The axes may be notched and the arms weary but not till the world's ending will dwarves rest from

slaying the treacherous Elves.
GM to Dain: Careful; he's fondling your fortresses at this point.
Dain to Gandalf: Not much use being a wizard, I see.
Denethor to Theoden: You created this threat due to your own folly, so deal with it!
Dain to Barad-dûr: Looks pretty bleak all over for besieged powers.
Saruman to Dain: Hey, I've become very good at twiddling my thumbs.

LAKKDAROL / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Afterlith II 3019													
Dwarves	ere	lro											2
Elves	ekh	gha	iml	lor	gla	rru	esg	cdm	shl	and	bre	dgu	12
Gandalf													0
Gondor	bel	lam	leb	mtl	sit	osg	ano	udu	mno				9
Mordor	bar												1
Rohan	herd	edo	hde	dru	dun	eem	ise	wo!	hol	crk			10
Saruman	kdm												1
Umbar	cit	hrd	hav	sgo	kha	min	nur	fld	blu	srh			10

GIFFARD / Gunboat Titan

Round Nineteen: Anticipation

BLUE LEGIONS (rolled a 4): Egg Marsh M103—Desert D7; Candle Desert D139—Jungle J135; Tornado Marsh M41—Brush B3; Moon holds in Hills H37; Hermes Hills H37—Marsh M41; Raincloud Jungle J135—Marsh M131 and splits with Octopus; Lightning holds in Marsh M136; God Plains P101—Plains P1.

BROWN LEGIONS (rolled a 1): Rack Marsh M108—Tower T200 and splits with Stein.

GREEN LEGIONS (rolled a 6): Dead Fish holds in Plains P20; Harp Desert D118, engaged with Red Sai; Dagger Brush B10—Woods W16; Wreath Marsh M13—Jungle J19; Boiling Pot Brush B116—Plains P110, splits with Scales; Frog holds in Marsh M22.

RED LEGIONS (rolled a 4): Salamander Desert D118, engaged with Green Harp; Double Eagle Brush B31—Plains P29; Star holds in Swamp S28.

Engagement 15: Red Salamander attacks Green Harp in Desert D118.

Musters, Turn 19: Behemoth, Griffon, Lion, Ranger, Warlock. Point Count: Brown 209, Blue 207, Red 178, Green 75.

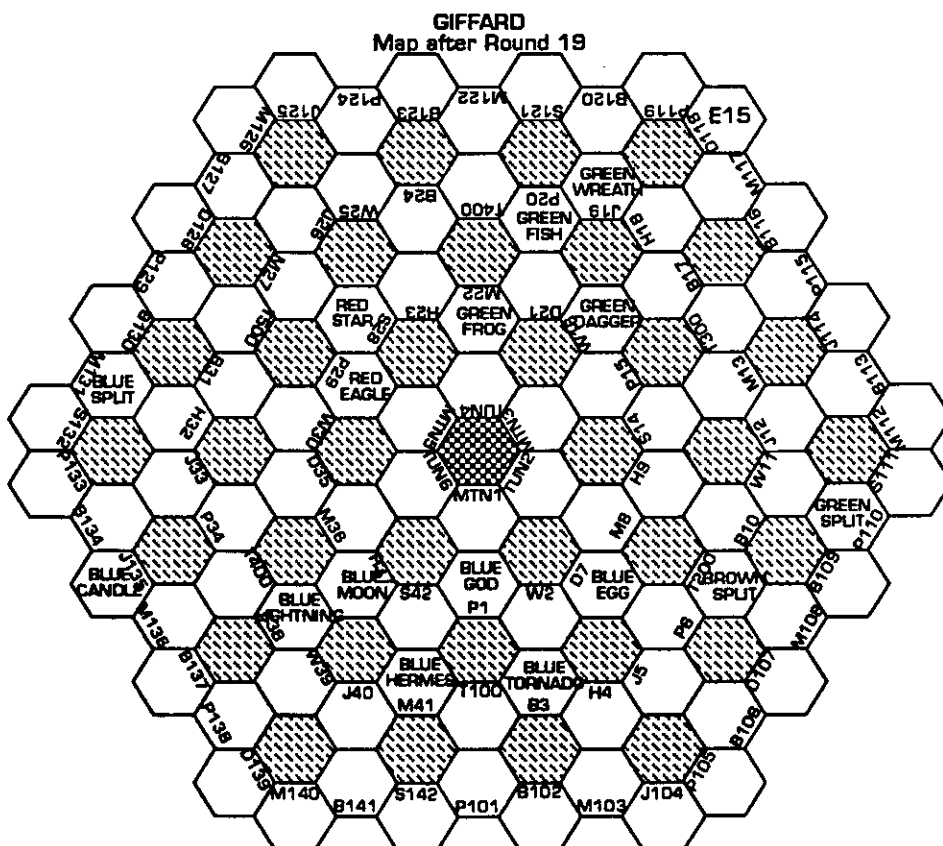
Deadline for Round 20 is March 5.

Blue to Green: Me, lucky? Nah. It's better to be good than lucky but it's best to be better than you.

Brown to Blue: Soon you'll not muster at all.

"Brown" to Blue: Oh, so you're above mustering Trolls, eh? Some day you'll wish you had a couple more. *[[grey press]]*

Greenie to Red: I'll leave you alone if you stay out of my territory. Otherwise, we are just weakening ourselves for the big bad Blue-Boy.



Among the Trees by Pete Gaughan

Wow. What a month. For my 30th birthday I was taken to hear the King's Singers and to see "Hamlet;" Cathy's quartet had their first public performance since finding a new tenor; we've been to the San Francisco Symphony thrice; and I joined my first protest march.

Bush has it backwards. Abortion is surgery. War is murder.

Some wars are just. I believe we should defend ourselves and those we share democracy with. I would support sending troops to retake occupied Italy...Japan...Mexico...etc.

But Kuwait refused to defend itself when it had the opportunity, and has never been our ally or a democracy. (You think the oil states won't be wringing us dry in a couple of years? Or that they won't jump Israel, a friendly democracy even for all its sins?) And we cannot logically separate our support of Kuwait from our failed foreign policy elsewhere. We send matériel to dictators all over the world, and then get indignant when one of them attacks another? Puh—leeeze.

Finally, we cannot afford this. Let us pull out now, maintain a blockade, let Hussein declare 'victory' (he will regardless of the outcome)—and get back to the business we were about back home, converting guns to butter.

This is a section from Herb Caen's column of February 8:

Dr. Robert Faulkner of San Mateo forwards a Triple-A map of Arizona that shows clearly that Bagdad is next to Nothing ... Which is exactly where Bagdad must be now after the ceaseless allied pounding. Still no report on casualties, but they have to be staggering. In an attempt to envision the numbers, Ron Hirsch uses the criteria laid out by the allied command for the bombing of Baghdad and applies it to San Francisco. Imagine round-the-clock attacks by a major air force on the Presidio, Golden Gate and Bay bridges, S.F. International Airport, highways 101, I-80, 280 and 580, all armories, ports, corporate headquarters of international oil companies, any military-related manufacturers, City Hall and the Federal Building.

Figure this out for your city...it's frightening.

HRT / Snowball Fighting ASF12 / Round Two

PLAYER	loc	Segment 1 / Segment 2 / Segment 3	new loc	vp	hp	sb-di
Absolute Zero (AZ)	B12	SH at MF (45,39) / HH at T (55,47) / collect 2 Sb	B12	6	8	2-0
Bambo (B)	P4	Di at I (60,89) / collect Di / Di at I (60,40)	P4	4	1	1-0
Grinch (G)	H10	collect 2 Sb / BB at WW (25,12) & T (60,10) / collect 2 Sb	H10	4	6	2-0
Influenza (I)	Q3	SH at B (70,36) / collect Di / Di at B (70,62)	Q3	8	5	0-0
Mr. Freeze (MF)	A9	-B8-C7, collect Sb / BB at G (65,35) & WW (40,01) / collect Di	C7	4	6	0-1
Snow Blower (SB)	G3	RR at WW (80,98) / -H4-G5-H6-I7 / DeD at MF (80,85)	I7	1	4	0-0
Snow Queen (SQ)	S9	-Q9-P8-O7, collect Sb / RR at B (95,51) / RR at I (85,77)	O7	2	8	1-0
Twitchy (T)	H12	-J12-L12-N12-P12 / HH at SQ (60,27) / collect 2 Sb	P12	3	7	2-0
Winter Warlock (WW)	E5	DeD at SB (75,41) / DeD at SB (60,11) / HH at SB (35,85)	E5	5	8	0-0

* - conditional attack or "RR at nearest target" Corrections to the vp/hp count are reflected above. Note on typos in the rules: Rattlesnake range is 6, not 8; Shed Avalanche range is 4, not 2. 'DeD' stands for Demon/Dodge

Segment One: Absolute Zero grabs the Snowman's Head and hurls it at a fleeing Mr. Freeze, painting Freeze's back white and temporarily taking the lead (Twitchy is running off at the same time). Influenza has caught a ferocious cold and is doubly ferocious—he snatches the Snowman's Head off and 'tucks' it deep inside Bambo's jacket. When Bambo returns the favor with a Dirigible of his own making, 'Flu manages to escape behind the Snowman. Snow Blower and Winter Warlock face each other at close range also—Warlock chooses a Demon and hits, but his dodging about enables him to sidestep the Blow's Rattler. Grinch, MF and Snow Queen are all packing ammunition.

Segment Two: Influenza is still bent over (reloading!), so B grumbles over his failure last time and packs another weapon; while the Rednecked Raindeer is thus preoccupied, Snow Queen tries out his new Snowball and hits Bambo from behind. Twitchy is out of ammo but he scoops up a Hise Hammer to his SQ from behind! Grinch and Zero see that T is finally standing still; Zero keeps the chain alive with a HH of his own hitting the Twitch; Grinch has plenty of weaponry on hand, so he uses a Barnard Bolero to nail both T and WW. Mr. Freeze uses a Bolero of his own, preferring to attack (and hit) Grinch and that Winter guy, in spite of the fact that WW continues to try out new dance steps to avoid attacks. Winter, victimized twice, is still targetting the Blower, hitting him like a duck in an arcade.

Segment Three: AZ, G, MF and T are re-arming. WW, though, has seen how effective you can be when unarmed; he scoops up a Hammer and throws it...past the Snow Blower (SB is doing the dodging this time!). Blower's Demon just misses Mr. Freeze. Down South, SQ and B are both beating on poor, sick Influenza—the Queen with a Rattlesnake and Bambo with a hefty Dirigible. Poor, sick Influenza never looked better...he pounds Bambo yet *again* with a Di, and now the resident Redneck is near extinction!!

AZ to T: Okay, you had your fun. Now go back South where you belong.

Twitchy to AZ and WW: Are youse guys wid me? Let's grind da Grinch into da ground!

Influenza to Twitchy: You got a deal.

WW to Twitchy: Hey, dude! I'll be in your gang. Let's nail Grinch as soon as I'm done with Scuz Bag. I'm afraid I might catch something if he stays out here!

SnowMaster to Warlock: Catch something cold and white, why don't you?

Twitchy to Snow Queen: Ya missed me, ya missed me! Now I'm gonna shove some wet stuff down ya throat!

Snow Queen to Twitchy: Yeah, and your mommy wears combat boots.

Twitchy to Bambo: You're my kinda guy. Let's bury dese losers!

'Flu to Bambo: So glad that we could be friends. Here—a gift. And another.

Bambo to SM: What luck! I get beat to the Snowman by a germ.

SnowMaster to Bambo: Well, you know how the flu gets around...

WW to SB: Eat snow, Scuz Bag!

Influenza to Snow Queen: The trees are easy—they stand still.

AZ to MF: Oh, Wise Guy, eh? Tryin' to sneak up on me, eh? I already got enough problems, you Hoser!

WW to Mr. Freeze: I suggest you leave me to finish Scuz Bag off. Otherwise, you may make me mad.

WW to all: Any of you clowns Iraqis? If so, you're next!

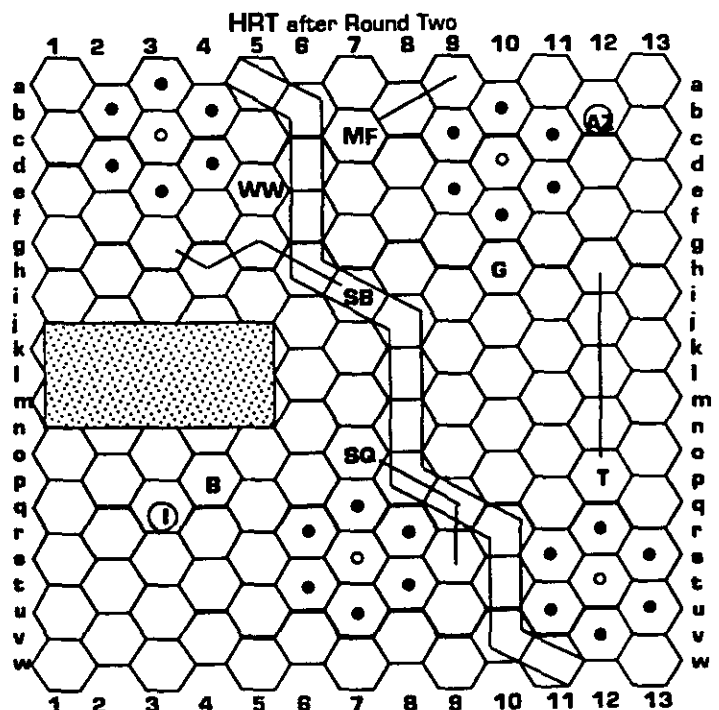
Twitchy to Grinch: Once I'm dun widda Queen, I'm gonna crown you!

Grinch to Zero: The Snowman is all yours, if you promise not to give me (the) head!

Twitchy to SM: Da colder it is, da bigger it gets!

AZ to G: You're my best friend. You didn't try to steal my Snowman, so I didn't attack you no more. We got each other's tushies used to the cold now, so let's go get the "warmies."

AZ to Yard: Absolute Zero is roughly 460 degrees below, Fahrenheit. That's ALMOST as cold as Kathy Caruso's heart! So ya better watch it, you bleeding-heart temperate-zone wimps!



YZAZYS / Snowball Fighting ASF11 (The Champions' Game) / Round Two

PLAYER	NAME	loc	Segment 1 / Segment 2 / Segment 3	new loc	vp	hp	sb-di
Tom Hurst	Ball-Bearing (BB).....	J16	RR at P (95,09) / RR at FR (90,01) / collect 2 Sb.....	J16	2	9	2-0
Daf Langley	Daf Langley (DL).....	Q3	move G3-H2 / collect di / Di at IH (75,19).....	H2	5	7	0-0
J.R. Baker	D.Q. Dude (DQ).....	P6	-O7-P8-O9-P10-Q11 / Di at FR (65,08) / MM#.....	Q11	4	7	0-0
Glenn Petroski	Flying Finn (FL).....	S11	-T10-S9-R8-Q7 / collect 2 Sb / BB at FR & IH\$.....	S11	3	8	0-0
Lance Anderson	Frozen Fighter (FR).....	R12	-Q11-R10-Q9 / Di at FL (45,01) / HH at DQ* (55,85).....	Q9	3	3	0-0
Mark Weseman	Ice Hunk (IH).....	I4	RR at DL (95,04) / collect 2 Sb / BB at DL & DQ†.....	I4	3	4	0-0
John Schultz	Probo (P).....	N12	Di at FL (101,98) / collect 2 Sb / BB at FL & BB\$.....	N12	3	9	0-0

* = conditional attack #(FR 50,53; P 50,92). †(DL 65,30; DQ 30,44) \$(FL 25,05; BB 65,19) \$(FR75,52; IH60,80)

Segment One: Incredible accuracy by the Champions this Round, as no fewer than six attacks roll less than 10 on percentile dice. Ball-Bearing is standing off lobbing Rattlers into the mob (but he misses Probo this time). Frozen Fighter is stepping away from the Snowman now that the head is gone, not a risky move since Flying Finn is backpedalling under the conifer at Q7 (but D.Q. Dude is running over to join the party, so look out!). Usually it would be a good thing Finn is running under that tree, but Probo's Di attack wasn't anywhere near him. Daf steps off the path, and Ice Hunk grabs the chance to smear her.

Segment Two: Ball-Bearing is still calling long-distance, Rattling Frozen, who has better things to worry about. While Finn collects munitions and in spite of the tree trunk in the way, FR slams him with a Di! P, DL, and IH are gearing up for Segment Three. D.Q. Dude can't handle all that calm and spins around to splat his Dirigible down the neck of FR.

Segment Three: And now that BB stoops to collect two Simple Snowballs, everyone else is on the attack. Daf has a gleam in her eye and a Dirigible in her palm, a fatal combination for Ice Hunk. The Hunk as two weapons, though, and he throws em both—he hits Daf but D.Q. has moved too far off. Probo uses a Bolero also, and has more success than Hunk (unless you're looking at him from Ball's or Finn's perspectives). Frozen Fighter is unarmed and reeling from a Dirigible but he needs revenge against D.Q.—so why does FR miss with a Hise Hammer?? Because in the midst of the maelstrom D.Q. Dude is attacking with a Mendham Maniac! The fury of his whirling, chaotic attack helps him avoid the Hammer, but the Maniac is indiscriminate and passes harmlessly by everyone in the area. Surveying the scene is Flying Finn; he's still woozy from Fighter's Di attack but throws his Bolero out from under the conifer to knock down Froz', but as he spins around to complete the two-parter he passes out from the effects of last Segment's damage and misses Ice Hunk.

Probo to Daf: Nice to greet ya'. I've been taking a lot of flak/use/abuse from hobby 'old farts' lately. But you seem so much sweeter than those others, ma'am. Right?

Glenn to Daf: I got Magus for a while; wrote to Steve; was a standby in a game; but never contacted you. My pleasure.

Daf to SnowMASTER: Oooh ahh—I love that name. What kind of surprises do you have in the house for me this time?

SM to Daf: As usual, anything your whimsy can request.

Daf to Cathy: Don't worry—we're just ~~feeling playing messing around~~ good friends!

Lance to Daf: I will only say that it is for me to know and for you to find out.

Daf to Ice Hunk: I don't know what it is about you...but you do look good in white.

SM to Daf: Oh! My aching heart!

BB to Daf: Best you stay over on the other side of the shed. If we got together, all the snow would melt and the game would be over—or would it?

Probo to Shedmonster: Ssschultzssy-Wultzssy? Wow! Grade-school *deja vu!*

Daf to DQ: How about a Piña Colada blizzard? Or a vodka and cherry Kool Aid blizzard. Or a Boone's Farm Strawberry Hill blizzard—

DQ to DL: How would you like yours?

DQ to SM: Terrorist attack!

Daf to DQ: I had no brains as a kid. These days I stick to iced tea.

Psycho to SM: How many psychologists does it take to change a light bulb?

Probo to DQ Dude: Surf's up! Radical! Gag me with a Snowball, dude! So it was you that left the banana peel last time, huh? Prepare to meet thy doom.

Daf to Greg Ellis: Don't be afraid—it's only snow.

DQ to FR: Incoming!!!

FL to FR: You won that one, but I'll be back.

Psycho II to SM: Only one but it has to want to change.

DQ to Yard Apes: Eat snow and die!

Psycho III to SM: Laugh or you're next!

SM to Psycho-path: No way, better dead than red-faced.

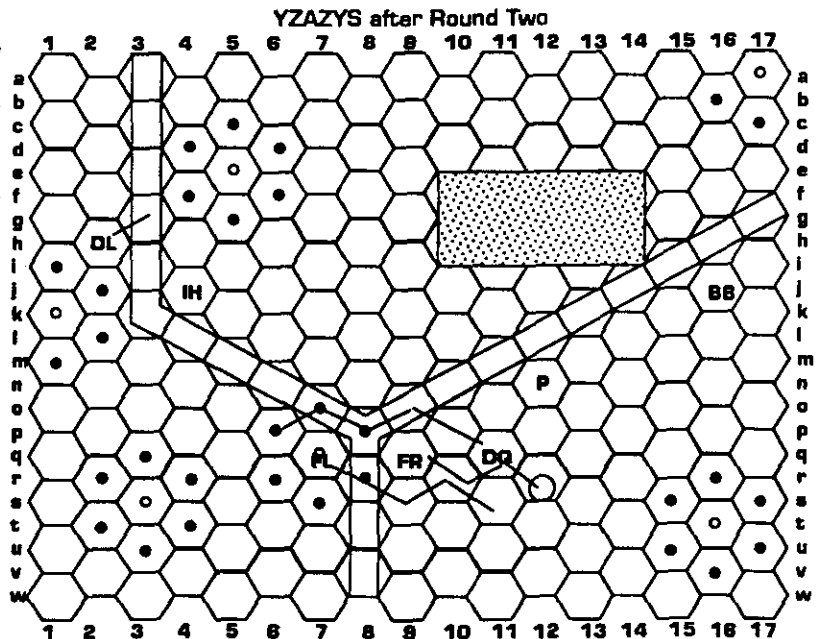
Psycho IV to SM: Lord forbend we ever see this!

BB to Probo: I don't remember if I ever beat up on you before, but I'm volunteering. Here, catch this.

Probo to GM: Surrounded and in the open again. Will I ever learn?

BB to FR: Just so you don't feel left out.

DQ to Flying Finn: Warthog attack!



SESEFRAS MAGNA 1988CH

I received a set of orders from Jim on January 17, dated 12/15/90, postmarked 12/13/90. He sent them to the Corte Madera P.O. box, which mistakenly held a dozen or more items and delivered them in a bundle with an apology.

I can't replay the turn for several reasons. Jim knew my address (he sent other items before and after this one to Novato) so the error is his. They *did* arrive after the deadline. And I was receiving some things forwarded so I had reason to believe all was well.

Error #2: England's a rum was not annihilated, and in fact it retreated to gal. Nearby players were notified.

F win: E & F yes, R & T no, I & G nvr.

E/F: E, F, R yes, T no, I & G nvr.

E/F/R: E & R yes, F & T no, I & G nvr.

E/F/I/R: E yes, F, R & T no, I & G nvr.

France proposes F win and E/F/I draw.

Fall 1908: Home Sweet Home

ENGLAND (Jim Diehl): a gal-rum; a lvp, f iri, f eng, f bel, f hol, f nao all hold.

FRANCE (Larry Botimer): a bur-ruh, a mun-ber, a tyo-vie, a den-swe, f gre-bul/sc (a ser s), f mid-wes, f wes-tun, f ion-gre (a alb s), f tun-ion.

GERMANY (Lance Anderson): no units.

ITALY (Stuart Lange—note COA in roster): a tri s french a tyo-vie (f ven s), a nap-tus (f tyn c).

RUSSIA (Kathy Caruso): a ukr s a sev, a vie ms a boh, a sev & a bud s english a gal-rum, a sil-ber.

TURKEY (John Crosby): feas-ion, a rum-bul (f aeg & f bla s).

Next Deadline: Winter '08/Spring '09

Bo(t) to GM: Sneak!? Sneak!? What sneak!? I *boldly* tried to put that mystery double order by you.

Lange to GM: You don't **REALLY** think what's happening in the Gulf is an effort to trade blood for oil, do you? I think some pretty good arguments could be made that we are trying to stop a latter-day Hitler from spilling any more of his neighbors' blood to get the oil of his neighbors.

GM to Lange: No, I don't think this is an

PLANET BLUE / Fictionary Dictionary

Round Two: conure

9. one of several species of American parrots, genus *Conurus*, so named from their tapering tails.

player	Round Two				Overall		
	Own Def	Voted For	Votes For	Points	Correct	Total Pts	DCs
Lance Anderson	3	10			0	0	0
J.R. Baker	5	ndr			0	0	0
Jason Bergmann	2	ndr	3	3	0	3	0
Jim Burgess	12	ndr	1	1	1	2	0
Brian Hogan	ndr	1			0	3	0
Tom Hurst	8	12	2	2	1	4	0
Rick Kohman	6	8			0	0	0
David McCrumb	dq	dq			1	2	1
Craig Mills	4	2			1	3	0
Tom Nash	10	8	1	1	0	2	0
John Schultz	1	7	1	1	0	1	0
Richard Weiss	7	2	1	1	0	1	0
Ed Wrobel	11	2			0	0	0

Jason did well with 'exhibit apathy' last time, but this time he ndr's along with J.R. and Jim-Boob.

Round Three: fnese

- a boundary line drawn through water
- to snort; also, to sneeze.
- salted codfish, preserved in lye. a Finnish staple food.
- to clear one's throat; originally associated with plague symptoms.
- a Norwegian sauce, used with leftse.
- the major tendon of a clam, mussel, or other bivalve.
- a ring containing some device for pricking or scraping the skin, for the administering of poison.
- a thin, spindly water fauna found primarily in and around shallow, gravelly waters.
- to knead or palpate gently while cooking; Italian, obsolete.
- the opposite of fnord.
- a species of nonmigratory goose native to Lapland.

The next word to be defined is: wurley.

effort, nobody intends to swap blood for oil—but that's the result. I guess if I had to get into Bush's motives, he's using a latter-day Nasser to boost his ratings. We're trading blood for presidential ego.

Katie to Bo(t): The removal of my useless fleet was not a green light for you to attack Sweden!

Laro to Lance: I'm sorry, the wicked woman outguessed me.

Katie to Jimbo: See what happens; give Bo(t) an inch and he takes all the acres in Sweden!

Bo(t) to Katie: The bumps were on my German ally's skull. A fact which no

amount of regrets will cure.

Laro to GM: All depends on whose home dots I'm feasting on. I feel quite smug that the only home dots I'm in are Germany's and mine.

Katie to Bo(t): I think Jimbo deserves a piece of the victory, after all, he's had to put up with you for 8 years!

Russia to Turkey: Why don't you go join a new game—new people to annoy, or better yet why don't you get involved in midget-tossing? I can only hope that you are the midget!

GM to S/M: I'll have to fit your map in on the next page!

SESEFRAS MAGNA / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1908

England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	bel	hol	rum					8/8	build two
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	den	kie	mun	ser	gre	tun	11/12	build one
Germany	vie											1/0	out
Italy	con	ven	rom	tri	nap							5/5	build one
Russia	stp	mos	war	ewe	ber	bud	VIE					6/6	even
Turkey	ank	smy	bul	eev								4/3	remove one

FREIBUR / 1990AQ

Autumn 1902: Turkey retreats a bul & a sev to the big blue box, where they join the German a hol & a bel, which the GM had to pluck.

Winter 1902: Austria builds a vie; England builds a edi; France builds f bre; Germany fails to show up, 'plays' short; Italy builds f rom; Turkey builds f con.

Spring 1903: DMV Counter

AUSTRIA (Larry Botimer): a vie-tyo, a bud-ser, a ber-kie, a mun-ruh, a bul-con, f gre-aeg.

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

FRANCE (Chuck Mercer): f bre-mid, f mid-spa/sc, a bel-ruh, a pic-bur, a mar-tus (f lyo c).

GERMANY (civil disorder): f den h.

ITALY (Melinda Holley): f tyo-tyo, f ion s austrian f gre-aeg, f tun-naf, f rom-tus (a ven s), a ser-alb.

RUSSIA (Don Williams): nmr. a stp, f swe, a sev, a mos, f rum all h.

TURKEY (John Schultz): f con-bul (f aeg & f bla s) /no coast ordered!/.
Will Art Shulman please standby for Russia?

Next Deadline: Fall 03

England to GM: Stripes, eh?

Toady to GM: Obviously, Turkey's never been threatened with the caress of Millie's implements of torture, or had one of her evil spells cast on him. He wouldn't be so truculent about me following the commands I've been given.

GM to Toady: I can relate, brother, I've been married longer than you. (grin)

England to France: Well, hitch up your horses and circle the wagons—A/R is coming our way.

France to England: All in all it's just another brick in the wall.

Austria to France: I hope bright lights are

burning for you and that the truth is known to you. Beware of false prophets preaching Greedyism rather than the true faith.

Turkey to World: Farewell, cruel world. Does anybody out there feel bad enough for a weak Turkish nation facing R/A/I to lend a hand? I have no nukes. I have no chemical weapons. No biological weapons. I don't even have a stinkin' little Scud.

France to Turkey: At a state dinner in Paris, a reliable source heard the Russian Ambassador talking to the Austrian about the Turkish situation. "No problem. We will just cut it off and kill it." Those Russians sure have a way with words.

Austria to Turkey: Must have wished upon the wrong star, I guess.

Turkey to Old Timers' Convention: Remind me never to buy a used car from you guys. I'll bet you all wear plaid sport coats and striped ties.

Rome to Paris: You say you want an alliance but you attack me? I'm having a problem getting the concept here.

France to Italy: How big is your share? But of course we are cutting our defense budget.

Austria to England: Russia's calling the tune and Millie tells me how to dance. Like always, it seems

England to Italy: I thought you put rings in his nose!

France to Austria: What you say may be true, and I may regret it.

Austria to Russia: Your continued attention would be appreciated. Watch carefully and guard against isidious influences creeping in.

England to Russia: I believe that's Austrian units that stabbed Germany with Russian help. I offer my hand in peace and once again you slap it. Slowly, I'm getting the picture that you really don't want peace—I know Turkey felt your knife!

Turkey to France: A free tip. If you receive a long communiqué from Russia full of sugar and sweets...have that sucker sent to the lab!

The Resident Curmudgeon

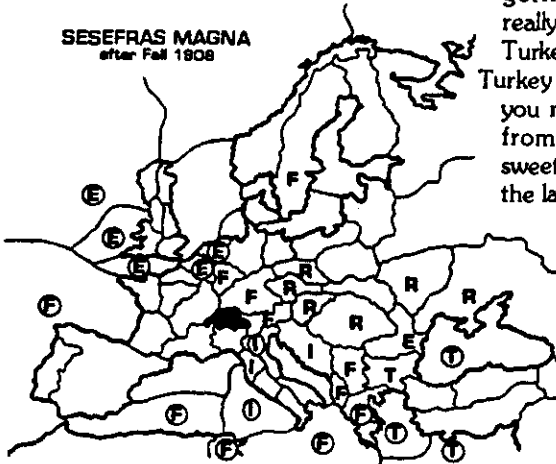
The story which is excerpted on page 16, *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz*, is Fitzgerald's only true fantasy story. It has been collected and reprinted many times, and is regarded as one of the best Fitzgerald ever wrote; I recommend you read this and his other works in *The Short Stories of F. Scott Fitzgerald* edited by Matthew J. Brucoli.

Diamond is actually a novelette, with more plot rises and falls than the standard short story but with short-story length. John T. Ungar is from Hades—"a small town on the Mississippi river"—and meets Percy Washington at prep school. Percy is standoffish, but after becoming friends Percy invites John to visit his home in the Great Plains.

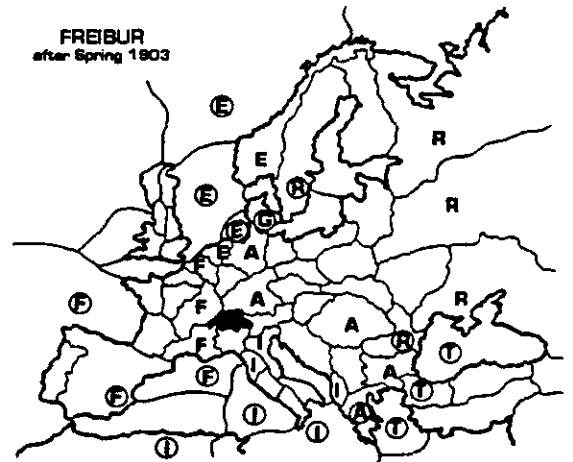
Most of Fitzgerald's characters are prep school or Ivy League students and this leads many readers to criticize his work as out of touch or elitist. But within the class he depicts Fitzgerald does an excellent job of painting human emotion. The rich are not only different (Fitzgerald's line, from *The Great Gatsby*), they are also remarkably like the rest of us—loving, proud, unlucky, or foolish.

I read more short stories than anything else, I suppose; John O'Hara, John O'Connor, Hemingway, Twain all appeal to me as dramatic capsules—the closest you can get to a literary snapshot.

SESEFRAS MAGNA
after Fall 1908



FREIBUR
after Spring 1903



FREIBUR / SUPPLY CENTERS held as of Winter 1902

Austria	vie	bud	mun	gre	bul	ber	.	.	.	6
England	lvp	edi	lon	nwy	hol	5
France	par	mar	bre	spa	por	bel	.	.	.	6
Germany	kie	den	2
Italy	ven	rom	nap	tun	tri	ser	.	.	.	6
Russia	stp	mos	war	sev	swe	rum	.	.	.	6
Turkey	con	ank	smy	3

The Roar of the Greasepaint

(the letter column—part two)

Richard Weiss

Cathy, it's in my appt. book, May 3, 4, 5: "I'm going to Pete and Cathy's for Dafcon South." Keep the dude liberal and laid-back, like, "disengaged/sloppy—who cares?" *[[Huh??]]*

John Galt

Re: Tax on paper. As a true believer in the free market, I support making polluters pay the actual costs of the damage they do, and letting the price mechanism create alternatives (both for pollution costs and for scarce resources). Since trees are renewable, there is no shortage coming, but producing paper does use landfill space and does produce some chemical waste (from processing).

A tax that simply makes each producer pay these costs in proportion to his/her share in creating them would be great. Unfortunately, taxes are never imposed that fairly. A better way to handle the whole problem of trash generation would be to privatize the system of garbage collection and dumps—and make the owners liable for leaks and similar hazards (and require them to insure these risks). Then each home or business ends up paying proportion to the landfill space he/she/it uses—plus premiums if the trash is hazardous, or the dump site is far away.

The beauty of this is that those who cause the problem by buying lots of disposables wind up paying for the results, literally. Of course, we might need to eliminate public trash cans, or charge for their use...

Re: The war. The Iraqis are certainly wrong. The US/UN intervention may or may not have been necessary; only Bush and his spy staff are in a position to know. Certainly if the US (I refuse to refer to those responsible as 'we') is going to fight them, I'm glad the US is doing a good job. I'll say more when I know more.

[[later...]] Sauron ≠ Morgoth [[Oops, yes, I knew that; Sauron was Morgoth's chief servant. I was in a rush lastish to insert a quote about evil bound.]]

[[Only one comment on trees/costs. Do you really believe that a 200-year old naturally-grown tree is worth the same as a 50-year old man-planted tree? Trees may be something that we can plant and harvest, like corn—and I don't mind setting aside land to do so!—but 'wild trees' are a different commodity entirely and cannot be replaced as fast as we are destroying them.]]

[[Re: The war—see Among the Trees.]]

John Schultz

Keep your fingers crossed for the grunts in Saudi, Pete. Things are going to get real nasty in a couple weeks. A lot of partial men are going to be coming home. My heart aches for them.

J.R. Baker

Everyone here in "Oil Country" seems to be pro-freedom (pro-war). We have big rallies in the high school stadiums, flags flying in every yard and up and down Main Street. There are a lot of Arab students and engineers in the area but most of the 'fault' has been attached to 'So Damn Insane.' Hardly any concern here about the oil spills!

We're still getting 4 to 6 page coverage in both local newspapers but the radio/tv updates have dropped off. Some of the reporters covering military press releases seem to be real jerks—I feel like we need a big flapping gooney bird to drop down from the ceiling when they ask such stupid questions. Do you

remember the bird on "You Bet Your Life?"

[[Yes, I sure do. I agree with you on the press-conference questions. Reporters are either repeating someone else's question for the fifth time, or making a statement disguised as a query.]]

Steve Nicewarner (postmarked Jan. 11 / received Feb. 4)

Well, today is January 8, 1991, one week from the UN deadline for the Iraqis to pull out of Kuwait. All we get to do here is sit and wait. What I find really concerning is that nobody has even talked peace for over two weeks now. The Baker trip to Geneva is certainly a good sign, but the response from Baghdad is hardly promising. I still think Saddam would be a fool to get into a war with the multi-national forces here in Saudi. A meeting with Baker would be the perfect cover for a pull-out. Well, by the time you read this (probably right around the 15th), everything should be settled, either for war or peace. I'm still rooting for peace.

[[That's actually the first ¶ of Heroes of Olympus #7.3, a flyer Steve sent to keep his subscribers up to date.]]

second letter (postmarked "Army Postal Service" Jan. 31 / received Feb. 8)

Since I've mumbled about the Kuwaiti situation for sometime, let me state my views. I think we are right in being here, even for going to war, but we came for the wrong reasons. We are here for oil, period. If this were the Central African Republic being invaded by Zaire, the Army would never have deployed. The resources of the Middle East, and our excessive dependence on them, demand that we guarantee a continued supply.

That being said, let me go into why we should be here. As has been noted by many, the collapse of the Soviet Union as a superpower has forced a reconfiguration of the international political system. The actions we take during this transitional period will probably be used as precedents for years to come, just like the Korean War was the precedent for the containment strategy of the early cold-war period. U.S., indeed, U.N. policies have set the precedent that gobbling up smaller neighbors will not be tolerated. It remains to be seen whether the U.S. will stand by its morals in Africa or Southeast Asia when the situation arises again.

The weather here is still pretty cold at night. Things will probably warm up in the next few weeks, though (in more ways than one).

[[The U.S. has no morals. As you say, we wouldn't defend the C.A.R.]]

Bruce Reiff

I don't know whether you're irked at me for not telling you, or you're irked at the reviewers who didn't mention my right-wing politics *[[the reviewers]]*, but I didn't hide the fact. In issue #1 I came out and let that be known. Sorry 'bout that. I really was hoping to not be so political, but that is apparently what everyone wants. Maybe baseball season will change that.

Your idea of a tax on virgin paper has some merit, but I think the gov't stepping in and subsidizing the recycled paper industry to really get it moving and a viable alternative is a much better idea, however.

My problem with most environmentalists is their "no compromise" attitudes. It's the same problem I have with groups like the NRA. Nobody's ideas are 100% right, hard to believe I know. It's that attitude, along with what Brad pointed out, that alienates me from helping more. Your article on Yellowstone is a good example—it doesn't appear to me to have room for compromise—am I wrong?

What's the deal with wanting maps of people's homes and

areas? I mean I can get you one really easy if you'd like. I'm just curious as to why.

[[I just like and collect maps. Nothing sinister.]]

[[You and I are on the same wavelength; take money from those who make paper out of trees and give it those who make paper out of paper.]]

[[“No compromise” is a problem in many opposition or protest movements. Some people fear that any ‘giving in’ will erode into complete defeat; some take a stand that says it’s immoral to settle for less than everything. But I’m in that group that says protect what we can while we can. I’m worried about your reaction to my Yellowstone bulletin; look and see whether it’s really dogmatic or you’re just reading it that way. The proposed Yellowstone plan is faulty but we can work with it; we’re trying to negotiate a stronger plan, not impose one. I think it’s morally right to fight for wilderness, but it’s counterproductive to refuse 20,000 acres because you wanted 40,000!]]

Rick Kohman

“Sentimental Old Fart,” indeed! I take umbrage at the sobriquet! (Well...at least I take out an umbrella, since lately I’ve been BOMBARDED with such comments...) Actually, I take pride in being eligible to qualify for the “Old Farts League” at MY sweet young tender age. Brittany is my “badge” of eligibility.

I got pics and a vid-tape of her last week. She’s the cutest, sweetest, most adorable little Munchkin in the World, and don’t NOBODY try to tell me different! OK, so I’m “sentimental” as well; I guess I ought to re-sheathe my umbrage. (But let’s just make sure we try to show a little proper respect for our Senior Citizens here, shall we?) *[[Hey, Old Fartdom is a State of Mind.]]*

So, ya finally did somethin’ RIGHT for a change, didn’t ya Gaughan? You scheduled DafCon South AROUND my personal itinerary! So I guess I ain’t got no legitimate excuse to NOT be there, do I? (Or is that “don’t I?” ?? I got lost in the triple negative...) You can put me down as 95+% “FER SURE” the first weekend in May.

NAKED PUNCH

Confessions of a Dark French coffee drinker, by Joan Frank

Dark French—that’s my pleasure. Strongest of them all, as far as I can gauge, though I know others will brag about the powers of their preferred jag du jour. Some swear by a blend called Major Dickason, brewed the consistency of crankcase oil. Others insist that brands with names like Sumatra Horse Hair will achieve liftoff like no other. But for me it’s Peet’s Dark French; the black beans obscenely oily, the taste something I call divine, even if my sister calls it burnt rubber. Guaranteed to send you humming and jiggling along the street like a fast-forward Gene Kelly. All things are possible then; the world is your pearl. For a writer, it’s more essential than food. Great American Novel? Coming right up. We’re talking second only to cocaine here, and hoarded as covetously.

But all was not humming and jiggling at Peet’s Laurel Village outlet the morning I stepped in to fetch my customary pound. I found myself face-to-face with a long line of people resembling extras off the set of *Night of the Living Dead*: shuffling along, pale and twitching, empty cups in hand—murderous. Miserable. No matter that the air was rich with vapors of fresh-ground beans and warm muffins; no matter that the soft piped-in Vivaldi ladled over us like steamed milk. These angry zombies were rushing to work, and their eyes flashed fair warning: Don’t mess with us. We haven’t had our coffee.

It dawned on me that I was looking at a strata of the populace with a serious habit, a habit demanding a level of care and feeding comparable to the hardest drug—but more curiously, a habit completely sanctioned by formal systems, even if that habit turned otherwise model citizens into a quivering bunch of quasi-homicidal crackpots. Coffee: We can get it anywhere, and get as loaded as we like on it, until such teeth-chattering, eye-bulging, nonsense-gibbering time as we may be classified unable to operate heavy machinery.

And why not? The ‘90s don’t give much of a break. No cholesterol. No sugar. No smokes, no alcohol, no sex, no children, no pets. But coffee? Wholesome as Disneyland—give or take a few front-page findings. Never mind: Across the land, coffee still reigns—symbol of clarity and sobriety. Like oatmeal: the right thing to do. Coffee’s the vital juice that flows through the nation’s veins, and on which floats its fragile morale.

But the freaky truth behind the mom-and-pop matching mugs is, we’re hooked, and hooked bad. Look around: Cozy franchises and coffee bars are shelved from top to bottom with every existing prop, device and accessory for cranking up—exotic as hookahs, high-tech as syringes. It’s deadly serious business, the getting of perfect coffee and tea, with little dens like Peet’s the cheerful suppliers. Drug Barns with Vivaldi.

For me the obsession started years ago in Europe, when a traveling companion and I discovered that if you downed a couple stiff espressos in a Paris coffee bar, you could walk and walk and walk in that wondrous city.

I’m still walking—a walking case history, a profile in pathology, not content unless I know that wherever I lay me down, I will lift me up the next morning with some killer coffee. Once the first cup is down, life takes off like the Concorde. The “Hallelujah Chorus” strikes up, and I’m at one with the wheeling cosmos—a geyser of goodwill, a fury of productivity. At just six bucks a pound.

Not that we’re onto anything new here. Carted from Africa by Arab traders a thousand years ago, then to Europe by Venetian merchants in the late 1500s, coffee proved hot in more ways than one. Priests and kings have questioned its moral correctness; 17th-century British writers compared local coffeehouses to opium dens. People slurped on. Today, while other recreational drugs are snuffed out with Robocop relentlessness, caffeine still somehow slips through the dragnet—and pro or con, people are still passionate about it. Reformers who regale you with the drink’s most gruesome dangers often wind up the hardest-core addicts—barging around the kitchen in that peculiar controlled frenzy, fumbling with the apparatus to prepare their first fix of the day. Hey, no problem: True java jivers understand.

And there’s the wonder of it: *It’s really still OK*. Not only is this powerful addiction tolerated kindly by the laws of the land, but in cities like our own it is properly revered as the art form, the currency, the nourishment, the *raison d’être* and the damnable Muse it truly is. Consider its fruit and flowers—works composed, loves wrought and overwrought, dreams dreamed, heights scaled. So what’s a few zombies now and again? Bless every drop and granule of the stuff, every sugar shack and greasy spoon, every latte, cappuccino, mocha, espresso, *con Vou*. Take away all the rest—let us have at least this one, itty-bitty golden calf of ours.

The Diamond As Big As The Ritz by F. Scott Fitzgerald

... "There's only one thing my father's afraid of," he concluded, "only one thing in the world that could be used to find us out."

"What's that?"

Percy sank his voice to a whisper.

"Aeroplanes," he breathed. "We've got half a dozen anti-aircraft guns and we've arranged it so far—but there've been a few deaths and a great many prisoners. Not that we mind that, you know, father and I, but it upsets mother and the girls, and there's always the chance that some time we won't be able to arrange it."

Shreds and tatters of chinchilla, courtesy clouds in the green moon's heaven, were passing the green moon like precious Eastern stuffs paraded for the inspection of some Tartar Khan. It seemed to John that it was day, and that he was looking at some lads sailing above him in the air, showering down tracts and patent medicine circulars, with their messages of hope for despairing, rockbound hamlets. It seemed to him that he could see them look down out of the clouds and stare—and stare at whatever there was to stare at in this place whither he was bound—What then? Were they induced to land by some insidious device there to be immured far from patent medicines and from tracts until the judgment day—or, should they fail to fall into the trap, did a quick puff of smoke and the sharp round of a splitting shell bring them drooping to earth—and "upset" Percy's mother and sisters. John shook his head and the wraith of a hollow laugh issued silently from his parted lips. What desperate transaction lay hidden here? What a moral expedient of a bizarre Croesus? What terrible and golden mystery? . . .

The chinchilla clouds had drifted past now and outside the Montana night was bright as day. The tapestry brick of the road was smooth to the tread of the great tires as they rounded a still, moonlit lake; they passed into darkness for a moment, a pine grove, pungent and cool, then they came out into a broad avenue of lawn and John's exclamation of pleasure was simultaneous with Percy's taciturn "We're home."

Full in the light of the stars, an exquisite chateau rose from the borders of the lake, climbed in marble radiance half the height of an adjoining mountain, then melted in grace, in perfect symmetry, in translucent feminine languor, into the massed darkness of a forest of pine. The many towers, the slender tracery of the sloping parapets, the chiselled wonder of a thousand yellow windows with their oblongs and hexagons and triangles of golden light, the shattered softness of the intersecting planes of star-shine and blue shade, all trembled on John's spirit like a chord of music. On one of the towers, the tallest, the blackest at its base, an arrangement of exterior lights at the top made a sort of floating fairyland—and as John gazed up in warm enchantment the faint acciaccare sound of violins drifted down in a rococo harmony that was like nothing he had ever heard before. Then in a moment the car stopped before wide, high marble steps around which the night air was fragrant with a host of flowers. At the top of the steps two great doors swung silently open and amber light flooded out upon the darkness, silhouetting the figure of an exquisite lady with black, high-piled hair, who held out her arms toward them.

"Mother," Percy was saying, "this is my friend, John Unger, from Hades."

Afterward John remembered that first night as a daze of many colors, of quick sensory impressions, of music soft as a voice in love, and of the beauty of things, lights and shadows, and motions

and faces. There was a white-haired man who stood drinking a many-hued cordial from a crystal thimble set on a golden stem. There was a girl with a flowery face, dressed like Titania with braided sapphires in her hair. There was a room where the solid, soft gold of the walls yielded to the pressure of his hand, and a room that was like a platonic conception of the ultimate prism—ceiling, floor, and all, it was lined with an unbroken mass of diamonds, diamonds of every size and shape, until, lit with tall violet lamps in the corners, it dazzled the eyes with a whiteness that could be compared only with itself, beyond human wish or dream.

Through a maze of these rooms the two boys wandered. Sometimes the floor under their feet would flame in brilliant patterns from lighting below, patterns of barbaric clashing colors, of pastel delicacy, of sheer whiteness, or of subtle and intricate mosaic, surely from some mosque on the Adriatic Sea. Sometimes beneath layers of thick crystal he would see blue or green water swirling, inhabited by vivid fish and growths of rainbow foliage. Then they would be treading on furs of every texture and color or along corridors of palest ivory, unbroken as though carved complete from the gigantic tusks of dinosaurs extinct before the age of man...

Then a hazily-remembered transition, and they were at dinner—where each plate was of two almost imperceptible layers of solid diamond between which was curiously worked a filigree of emerald design, a shaving sliced from green air. Music, plangent and unobtrusive, drifted down through far corridors—his chair, feathered and curved insidiously to his back, seemed to engulf and overpower him as he drank his first glass of port. He tried drowsily to answer a question that had been asked him, but the honeyed luxury that clasped his body added to the illusion of sleep—jewels, fabrics, wines, and metals blurred before his eyes into a sweet mist...

"Yes," he replied with a polite effort, "it certainly is hot enough for me down there."

He managed to add a ghostly laugh; then, without movement, without resistance, he seemed to float off and away, leaving an iced dessert that was pink as a dream.... He fell asleep.

When he awoke he knew that several hours had passed. He was in a great quiet room with ebony walls and a dull illumination that was too faint, too subtle, to be called a light. His young host was standing over him.

"You fell asleep at dinner," Percy was saying. "I nearly did, too—it was such a treat to be comfortable again after this year of school. Servants undressed and bathed you while you were sleeping."

"Is this a bed or a cloud?" sighed John. "Percy, Percy—before you go, I want to apologize."

"For what?"

"For doubting you when you said you had a diamond as big as the Ritz Carlton Hotel."

Percy smiled.

"I thought you didn't believe me. It's that mountain, you know."

"What mountain?"

"The mountain the chateau rests on. It's not very big, for a mountain. But except about fifty feet of sod and gravel on top it's solid diamond. One diamond, one cubic mile without a flaw. Aren't you listening? Say—"

But John T. Unger had again fallen asleep.

PLAYER ROSTER

bold = new address; * = no nmr insurance; does not necessarily show players for GIF or HRT

Lance Anderson *	HHB 5/5 ADA	APO San Francisco 96251
J.R. Baker	609 West Castle Harbor	Friendswood TX 77546
Gary Behnen	13101 South Trenton	Olathe KS 66062
Jason Bergmann *	Box 1937	Decatur GA 30031
Larry Botimer	1900 SW Campus Drive #38-104	Federal Way WA 98023
Eric & Claire Brosius	41 Hayward Street	Milford MA 01757
Jim Burgess	100 Holden Street	Providence RI 02908-5731
John Cain	76 Banool Road	Balwyn 3103, Australia
Kathy Caruso	636 Astor Street	Norristown PA 19401
Pete Clark	7095 North Fruit #143	Fresno CA 93711
John Crosby *	9031 Cardiff Road	Richmond VA 23236
Randy Davis	3019 Bertram Court	Concord CA 94520
Jim Diehl *	10530 West Riverview Drive	Eden Prairie MN 55347
Greg Ellis *	1709 San Antonio #211	Austin TX 78701
Steve Emmert	1752 Grey Friars Chase	Virginia Beach VA 23456
John Galt	701 Welch Road #323	Palo Alto CA 94304-1705
Andreas Gomolka	Vordere Bleiweißstraße 22	W-8500 Nürnberg 40, Germany
Brian Hogan	Box 7003	Los Osos CA 93412
Melinda Holley *	Box 2793	Huntington WV 25727-2793
David Hood	104-F Terrace Drive	Cary NC 27511
Tom Hurst *	5628 Byrneland Street	Madison WI 53711
John Kirk	PO Box 1284	Searcy AR 72143-1284
Rick Kohman	13517 Agua Dulce	Castroville CA 95012
Stuart Lange	1055 28th Street	Gulfport MS 39501
Daf Langley	14609 203rd Avenue SE	Renton WA 98056
Mark Lew	1717 Bay Street	Alameda CA 94501
Bruce Linsey	Box 1334	Albany NY 12201
Vince Lutterbie	1021 Stonehaven	Marshall MO 65340-2837
Dave McCrumb	3636 Old Town Road	Shawsville VA 24162
Chuck Mercer	Box 305	Forestville CA 95436
Craig Mills	3024 Pascal Street North	Roseville MN 55113
Tom Nash *	202 Settler's Road	St. Simon's Island GA 31522
Steve Nicewarner *	220-76-2329, 18 Corps Finance Gp (Abn),	APO New York 09616
Wallace Nicoll	48 Broughton Road	Edinburgh, Scotland EH7 4EE
Glenn Petroski *	210 West Hunt	Twin Lakes WI 53181-9786
Phil Reynolds	2896 Oak Street	Sarasota FL 34237
Geoff Richard	5906 Marvin Loving Drive #206	Garland TX 75043
John Schultz *	Box 41-19390, Indiana St. Prison	Michigan City IN 46360
Arthur Shulman	54-1107 River Drive South	Jersey City NJ 07310
Tim Stark *	605 West Doyle	Granbury TX 76048
Richard Weiss	432 Cole	San Francisco CA 94117
Mark Weseman	124 Burleigh Drive	Ithaca NY 14850
Don Williams *	28162-F West Sloan Canyon Road	Castaic CA 91384
Rob Wightford *	6663 Michelson Street	Lakewood CA 90713
Ed Wrobel	6204 Bardu Avenue	Springfield VA 22152

GAME OPENINGS / ZINE BUSINESS

PYRRUS/Monopoly: Shulman, Shapero & Davis signed up, will take ONE more. For another game, check with Mark Larzelere (Massacre by Treachery, 7607 Fontainebleau #2352, New Carrollton MD 20784).

DAGOBAH/Metropolis (no gamefee): E. Brosius, Hood.

RAMA/Titan (\$20 gamefee): Claire Brosius, David Hood, and Arthur Shulman are paid; Vince Lutterbie, Marc Peters expressed interest. FAST game; and we will use Spectrum (the Cosmic power where you select your die rolls in advance). Will start when six players have paid.

NORSTRILIA/Snowball Fighting (no gamefee): Taking signups for a game to start when one ends. Five (!) signed up so far.

ARRAKIS/Diplomacy (\$5 gamefee): Taking signups for a game to start in April.

Postal rules for all games mentioned here are available for a SASE.

Free issues awarded this month: Clark 1 (standby); Reynolds 1, Lew 1/2 (gamenames); McCrumb 1 (map).

Diplomacy standbys: Petroski, Weseman, Shulman, Emmert, Caruso, Galt, Clark, Crosby, Mercer, Weiss, Diehl, Hurst, Baker.

Variant standbys: Galt, Kohman (ww only), McCrumb (ww only), Weiss, Baker, Stark (dnf only), Hurst.

Special Assignments: Burgess, Mills.

Thanks and a free issue to each standby when he picks up a game and when he plays it out.

News of the Realm

Dipcon XXIV / Toronto / CanCon IV
 ...will be held August 2-4, 1991, on the campus of the University of Toronto in Scarborough, Ontario, and now Cathy and I will be there. 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; 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.

The reason we can attend is we've decided to fly to Florida in July to visit Cathy's parents. Once we made the decision to fly East, the additional air fare to Toronto was only \$200 each!

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. No votes for Dick or Julie Martin, or for me, or for any of our zines.

Dafcon South I

Once again, I want to invite everybody to come over, May 3-5. I already have reservations from Jason Bergmann, Richard Weiss, Chuff Afflerbach (and son?), Melandy Davters, John Galt, Chuck Mercer, Rick Kohman; we're hoping to see Mark Lew, Brian Hogan, and a slew of other locals. BE HERE!

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE NMR'ED IN AT LEAST ONE GAME THIS MONTH:
Tim Stark, Don Williams, Greg Ellis

WILL THESE READERS PLEASE
 STANDBY FOR THEM?

Rick Kohman (Farpoint), Art Shulman (Freibur), Richard Weiss (Magrathea), Steve Emmert (Zelpst)

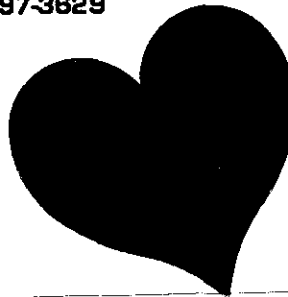
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9	Giffard / Gunboat Titan	March 5	○
5	Gramarye / British Rails	March 5	○
10	Hrt / Snowball Fighting	March 22	○
7	Lakkarol / Downfall of the LotR	March 22	○
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4	Monopoly / Althar & Tupile	March 22	○
12	Planet Blue / Fictionary Dictionary	March 22	○
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-	Rama / Titan	waiting list	○
6	Rylos / 1989IF	March 22	○
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1	Guest of Honor / Carl Sagan		
2	Colophon / subscription info		
2	plugs (plug for Eric Ozog nextish since I've misplaced his address!)		
9	Among the Trees / editorial		
13	The Resident Curmudgeon / literary reviews		
14	The Roar of the Greasepaint / letter column		
15	Guest of Honor / Joan Frank		
17	Records / player roster, game openings (if any), etc.		
←18	News of the Realm / conventions and polls, news and notes		

Herelandra

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84 — Bye Bye!

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