

With its own sub'zine, now...

PRAXIS

#18

Circulation: 67

December 16, 1987

"Hail to Bork!" the masses exclaim.

Hail to Bork! Hail to Hanson!

Just recently heard that Scott Hanson has decided to use the Berch Continued-Campaign Rule (I've changed the name again--it's a little shorter and clearer) in his games. He sent me a copy of his 'zine and asked for a sample---it appears he's still mad at me because I refused to trade with Pommes Mit Mayo back in 1985 without giving him a sufficiently clear reason. I actually do keep some 'zines--his "trade offer" was pencilled in at a place on the front cover of the 'zine anyone could overlook. And I understand from his writings that he is the mad zeromonger--gave Pete Gaughan's zine a zero because Pete 'hadn't answered his inquiries'. Not that I care, but--it is funny how if you stay around enough everything gets cleared up.

Now it's time for the question for next time, which I've already typed up. Let me fit in in here...

see the redundancy! For my question this time, I have decided to ask the first of what may be the first of a series, "You Be The Judge". What result do you think the law should come to, and why? If you guess the right way, you can even use your answer to prove that Judge Robert Bork is a bad man with no respect for rights. Admittedly Judge Bork wasn't even on the bench at the time and had nothing whatever to do with this case, but it still has more claim to be used as entered into evidence against Judge Bork than many of the things actually used against him, in that it actually exists.

see the redundancy! A farmer leased his farm to a company to search for coal deposits. In the lease it was specified that the company would do certain things to "fix up" the land once it was finished. The company did their stuff and found nothing and then refused to fix up the land. Both sides agree that the farmer insisted at the time of the lease that he would not agree to it unless these cleaning-up provisions were included.

The cost of the fixing up would be about \$29,000. However the farm itself is worth less than \$5000, and the diminution in value of the farm because of the mess is only \$300.

What relief should the farmers get?

I suppose this should be a "Merry Christmas" issue or something like that, but to be honest I am as far as I could be from having the Christmas spirit. I am working like a dog and still trying to figure out when I will get time to shop for my family and what I could possibly buy them, us all having completely different interests and tastes. I get the Christmas spirit in the afternoon of December 25, when I realize that the thing is over and I have lots of time to relax.

Next issue...already on hand is a fine "Demystification" article on the play of Titan by Mike Barno plus a letter on the same topic from Marc Peters, a letter on the play of Civ from Peter Mateunas, the first big (real big) Runestone Poll forum letter from BRUX Linsey, and other stuff.

And I haven't even mentioned two new Toronto 'zines. Well, Passchendaele isn't new; it's old, and I am delighted to see it revive because I heard nothing but good things about the 'zine and Francois' writing when it was around. I want to know how Andy Lischett amasses \$122.50 worth of sub credit too. Northern Lites from Frank Easton & Cal White, too. ~~Great stuff! See you in 1988. Gary Hart's year, for sure! I like it!~~

PRAXIS is a journal of postal Diplomacy published approximately every five weeks by Alan Stewart, 702-25 St. Mary St., Toronto, Ontario, CANADA M4Y 1R2, (416) 961-8095.
Subscription rates: \$1 Canadian the issue, ten for \$8.50 ; 75¢ American the issue, ten for \$6.50
Diplomacy was invented by Allan B. Calhamer, A Great Canadian.

SOME TENSIONS EMERGE IN FRANCO-GERMAN ENTENTE

the proposed revision of the separation-of-deadlines ordinance was defeated, 1 Y 1 N, 3 NV

ENGLAND (Holley) BUILD F Lon. A Spa S F MAO-Por, A Bur-Bel, F Den S F Nwy-Swe, F StP(nc) H (dis; ret Bar, Nwy, otb), F Lon-Nth, F Eng S A Bur-Bel, F Mid-Por, F Iri-Mid, F Nwy-Swe.

FRANCE (Williams) REMOVE F Lyo, A Por. F Pic-Bre.

GERMANY (Hurwitz) REMOVE A Gal. A Lvn-StP, A War-Pru, A Boh-Mun, A Mun-Bur, A Gas-Par, F Bal-Swe, A Bel S A Mun-Bur (dis; ret Hol, Ruh, otb).

ITALY (Schmisseur) F Mar H, A Ven-Rom, A Bud-Rum (dis; ret Gal, otb), F Adr-Ven, F Nap-Tyr, F Tun S F Nap-Tyr.

TURKEY (Givan) BUILD A Con & F Smy. A Con-Bul, F Smy-Eas, F Gre-Alb, F Aeg H, F Tyr-Tun (dis; ret Wes, Lyo, Tus, Ion, otb), A Vie-Bud, A Ser S A A Ser S A Vie-Bud, A Tri-Ven, A Ukr-Rum, A Mos S GER A Lvn-StP, A Sev S A mos.

 M: The next deadline is FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1988 with the phone deadline 11:59 P.M. Thursday night. One week later than usual because of the Christmas season.

BERLIN TO I STANBUL: Awaiting further instructions, Sahib.

England-Board: Sorry for not writing, gulp. But I didn't know what to write about.

French fleet Picardy: "We, oui we, the tattered remnant of the gloriouse navy Francais will wrest Brest from the chest of that treacherous femme Anglaise, who, even as we speak, attempts to institute changes to the very fabric of our culture by shutting up all the maison de passe en France. We appeal to the German on these grounds 1) no more nookie in Gascony or Burgundy 2) who ever heard of a true German supporting any form of chastity."

France-World: to quote a famous French author C.Dickens, Great Expectations, "She sot down and she got up, and she made a grab at Pickler, and she Ram-paged out. That's what she did, she Ram-paged out." This, of course, written as a cryptic message to the world to warn of the mad Melinda's global aspirations. You have now been warned. I must consult with a **higher** authority about the true meaning of said quote.

France-GeEm: What is the meaning of Ram-page? How might this affect the course of French history in this game? Do you know of anyone who might wish to BUY more vital information such as this, ie.Italy or Germany?

France: It seems to me that France is going through some Hard times largely because of Our Mutual friend. The rest of the board may be singing A Christmas Carol and before long you may be nothing more than the Old Curiosity. Shop early for Christmas.

6 N

C A R L E T O N

Fall '07

PARIS MARKET REGISTERS CONTINUED STEADY GROWTH

AUSTRIA (Weidmark) A Tyo-Pie, A Vie-Boh, F Tri-Ven.

FRANCE (Acheson) A Tyo ret Mun, F Tyr ret Lyo. A Mar-Pie, F MAO-NAF, F Lyo-Tyr, F Wes S F Lyo-Tyr (dis; ret Spa(sc), Lyo, Mid, otb), A Bur-Bel, F Nth-Hol, A Nwy-Swe, A Kie S F Nth-Hol, F Den S A Nwy-Swe, F Bar-Nwy, A Boh-Gal, F Nwg-NAO, A Mun-Tyo.

GERMANY (Brown) F Swe H (dis; ret Bot, Ska, otb), F Fin S F Swe, A StP H, A Mos S A StP

ITALY (Clark) A Hol-Kie (dis; ret Ruh, otb), F Tyr-Wes, F Tun S F Tyr-Wes, A Rom-Nap (dis; ret Tus, otb).

RUSSIA (Coughlan) F Bal S FRE A Nwy-Swe.

TURKEY (Easton) A Gal-Sil, A Ukr-Gal, A Sev-Ukr, F Bla H, A Ven-Rom, A Apu S A Ven-Rom, F Ion-Nap, F Gre-Ion, F Aeg S F Gre-Ion.

AUSTRIA (Weidmark) Home, +VEN (4) BUILD ONE
 FRANCE (Acheson) Home, Bel, Den, Edi, Hol, Lon, Lvp, Mun, Nwy, Por, Spa, +KIE, +SWE
 (15) BUILD TWO
 GERMANY (Brown) Mos, StP, War/-Swe (3) REMOVE ONE
 ITALY (Clark) Nap, Tun/-Kie, -Rom (2) REMOVE TWO
 RUSSIA (Coughlan) Ber (1) EVEN
 TURKEY (Easton) Home, Bul, Gre, Rum, Ser, Sev, +ROM/-Ven (9) EVEN

The proposal for a concession to FRANCE was defeated, 3 Yes, 2 No, 1 Not voting.
 The proposal for a FRANCE-GERMANY-TURKEY draw has been defeated, 1 Yes, 4 No, 1 Not voting
 A concession to FRANCE has been proposed. Vote for next deadline. NVR = YES.

GM: I thought I'd do an adjudication on time for once, just to see what it feeld like.
 I tell you, it's a lot more relaxing. the next deadline, for autumn '07 retreats,
 Winter '07 builds and removals, and Spring '08 moves, is FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1987
 with the phone deadline 11:57 P.M. the night before.

RUSSIA to FRANCE: Ave, Mon Empereur! Morituri te salutamus!

RUSSIA to ITALY: Well, let me answer your question this way....I appreciate your concern,
 as you told me earlier, about not going into who is right and who is wrong on what. I
 hope you'll be saying the same thing to both Germany and Turkey when I'm no longer in
 the game, which will be next season unless my guess is off. Why not write those letters
 now, in the interests of fairness? It will certainly make my endgame statement shorter,
 since I will let nothing of theirs go unchallenged. But, never worry, I'll recoup all
 in my endgame statement. (How's the German Diplomacy set? I'll bet it was bought in
 the very same store in Dortmund where I got mine!)

RUSSIA to GERMANY: Were you thinking of this game when you wrote your mini-commentary
 last season? If so, you have a very selective memory, but fortunately all my copies of
 Praxis are around complete with game moves and press which makes it soooo easy to prove
 you wrong. Let's get started shall we?

You say your country came under attack by both France and Italy and because I was
 moving my forces towards you, I obviously had the intention of joining in their attack
 so you attacked Russia? France and Italy didn't attack you until Fall 1905(Praxis #13)
 whereas Germany was in Livonia, in Fall 1902(Praxis #8), a full 3 years before.

RUSSIA to GERMANY: Your defensive moves must have been very early in the game as
 you moved, or attempted to move to Prussia, Silesia and the Baltic in Spring 1902(Praxis #7).
 Since you hadn't written me, I was able to counter all those moves except for Prussia.
 Here is my press release concerning it, printed in Praxis #8):

"What I can't understand is that when I write you, up front, and tell you what I am
 planning to do and asking for your input, you don't write me back for 2 months until just
 before the deadline and you tell me you are moving defensively against me. The part I don't
 understand, is why, after 2 months of silence during 2 critical seasons, you wouldn't expect
 Russia to take defensive moves as well." That was written in Fall 1902, Ron. After that
 you went on to retreat to Livonia, invade Ukraina, take Sevastopol and hit Warsaw and
 St. Petersburg, all before any French or Italian units attacked you.

During all this time, I protected myself against your attacks and, when you wrote
 suggesting an end to a war I never sought, I removed the Fleet in the Gulf of Bothnia
 that you requested. You moved at the same time into Ukraina. Here is a press release from
 Praxis #14 concerning that time:

Germany: He attacked me, both in the game and personally. However, upon his request
 and promise of non-aggression, I removed my Fleet Gulf of Bothnia. He was, in return,
 to pull out of Russia. Instead Germany retreated to Ukraina, tried to take Sevastopol
 and convoyed into Livonia. I find it rather hard to ally with this type of individual.
 When he continued goading me in the press, I finally decided to hit back. This removal
 and Germany's invasion occurred in Autumn 1903 and Spring 1904 respectively, in Praxis #11."

I could go on, and I will in my endgame statement, but any reader need only set
 this game up from the beginning with the aid of his Praxises and go through it season
 by season, reading the press and they'll see who is telling the truth. Part of that

truth is that you threw away Germany in a kamikaze attack on me, long after I ceased to be even a remote threat to you. You let your emotions get the better of you, both in this game and in the non-game stuff you insulted me with. You speak of your "style" in this game. Pray tell us how personal remarks about Steve Langley, who has nothing to do with Carleton, are part of your "style". You made those remarks 2 years ago and I'm still wondering what it is you are so proud about.

Germany: The cow let out a terrific fart as it disappeared into a gully. "Thus endeth the Tsar," he thought. He felt like weeping for the lost opportunity for a German-Russian steamroller back in 1901, for the history of a once great leader reducing himself to a tiny whining nothing gobbled by a cow, then reduced to a smelly vapour in the breeze. The thought that the Tsar had sat nursing a grievance for over a year, letting it eat at him and destroying all semblance of sanity in his policies and relations with other leaders made him feel ill. "Did I really do such a terrible deed?" he wondered. "Was saying something like 'You play as badly as so-and-so' worth a year of hatred and insults? No," he answered. "The Tsar was in such an emotional state that no matter what I said it would have been interpreted as a great insult. Even if I said nothing he would have been offended. The only way to please the Tsar would have been to invite him unopposed into Germany. Even at that he would have thrown a tantrum if I did not give him active support in dismembering my poor holdings."

Suddenly, his stomach lurched and he fell to his knees. After he had emptied his stomach and washed in a nearby stream, he stood to look to the north, west, and south. "Well," he thought, "my troops are anxious to fight. I'll have to decide which border to concentrate on." And, with that, he smiled.

Italy-Russia: Gary, you're a jerk, and all of your friends are jerks. Now shut up!

Russia to Italy: Przyjdzemy tu jeszcze kiedyś.

Russia to Turkey: Frank, thank you for your generous letter (I hope you have my reply by now) and your invitation to next August's Cancon. I'm planning to be there and looking forward to meeting you.

1986 N

CARLETON

Winter '07

EVENTS MOVE MORE SLOWLY UNDER NEW WIMPISH RULES

The proposal for a concession to FRANCE has been defeated 3 Yes, 2 No, 1 not voting. A concession to FRANCE has been proposed.

AUSTRIA (Weidmark)	BUILD A Bud. Has A Bud, A Tyo, A Vie, F Tri.COA! See gamenotes
FRANCE (Acheson)	RETREAT F Wes-Spa(sc). BUILD A Par, A Bre. Has F Spa(sc), A Par A Bre, A Mar, F Naf, F Tyr, A Bel, F Hol, A Swe, A Kie, F den, F Nwy, A Boh, F NAO, A Mun.
GERMANY (Brown)	RETREAT F Swe-Ska. REMOVE A Mos. Has F Ska, F Fin, A StP.
ITALY (Clark)	NRR! GM ret A Hol+ A Rom, otb. Has F Wes, F Tun.
RUSSIA (Coughlan)	Has F Bal.
TURKEY (Easton)	Has A Sil, A Ukr, A Sev, F Bla, A Rom, A Apu, F Ion, F Gre, F Aeg.

GM: The next deadline is FRIDAY, JANUARY 9, 1988 11:59 P.M. for the phone deadline on Thursday night.

GM: There was a proposal that FRANCE be prevented from making proposals for a concession to FRANCE. This proposal offends against Ordinance VI 2 (a): "Any surviving player may propose a concession or draw." Read and study your Ordinances during the Christmas holiday season!

GM: Coa for Mark Weidmark: P.O. Box 310, MAITLAND, ontario, CANADA K0E 1P0

Russia to GM: Guess what?! As Mark Twain once said, "Rumours of my death have been greatly exaggerated!"

Russia to France: Mon Empereur, you have ruined my great death scene! For that, Italy will never forgive you! He'll probably retreat to the Ruhr in spite!!

Russia to Germany: I'm baaaaaaacccckkkkkk!! Guess you'll have to put a rational game plan on hold for another year (zip up that kamikaze cap!), huh, Gilda? I knew your story wouldn't be over until the fat cow farted. You really should try to build some suspense concerning your endings. I'm sure I'll find your sequel as fascinating as I did your bovine saga or are you left speechless by my "return from the grave"?

aly: Sounds like you could use a good laxative! In regards to your
"jerk" press of last season.....nie wierzę ci. Przesadzasz. Now then, run to Brucie,
That's a good lad.

~~Russia to Turkey~~ ~~Russia to Turkey~~ ~~Russia to Turkey~~ ~~Russia to Turkey~~ ~~Russia to Turkey~~

Russia to Turkey: Whenever I see an Easton baseball bat, I think of you! Now that we're on good terms again, that means it is a pleasant experience. Say, with your army in Silesia and my fleet in the Baltic why don't we take Berlin?! Wait. Berlin is already mine. Never mind.

LOADING BAY 7, AMAZON SPACESHIP -- Sherlock Holmes hauled the naked bodies of the Amazon warriors and dumped them unceremoniously through the cargo hatch of My Lady's Arse. They fell to the salt cod a dozen feet below with heavy thuds, but did not awaken.

In fact, all five of them snored lustily, the sound reverberating through the hold.

Ohnk-ohnk-ohnk-schoooo....

Ohnk-ohnk-ohnk-schoooo....

Holmes slammed down the lid.

"Mmmmm, an interesting concept," Holmes mused. "Using sexual energy to dissipate the enemy. If only I could think of a way to refine it, concentrate sexual drive into a powerful force that could jerk us free of this tractor beam. Hang on a minute! I'vevvvvvvvvve got an idear!"

ORGASMADRIVE POD, AMAZON SPACESHIP -- The burnished steel plates of the pod entrance slid back into place, closing out the 100 curious eyes of the Amazon warriors.

"Trilynda?" said Commander Trio, "Look at you... you're a... woman!"

"Mom," said Trilynda, almost shyly. She lunged forward and threw her arms around Cassandra, burying her face in the long auburn locks of her mother. The stars spun lazily past the viewer port, the brilliant rim of the Earth just visible as the orbit of the Amazon spaceship decayed. There wasn't much time left, but for the moment, time stood still.

BELOW THE CN TOWER, ALTITUDE 147 FEET (AND FALLING) -- Meanwhile, time was quickly running out for Alan, Agent 069 and Mark as they plummeted towards certain death in the watery grave of Lake Ontario.

The reunion of Trilynda and her mother was but a flicker in history... the last visit of an Amazon spaceship to Earth was 84 years ago.

But is time truly quantifiable? You will recall that our heroic and horny trio fell from the highest freestanding structure on Earth in the early morning hours of October 12, 1986. Who could have known that they were falling into the longest slow motion scene since the dawn of time?

In these seconds before death we have known passion, love, drama, and laughter. We have explored a richness of life, here on the edge of utter destruction, that few know during a century of living.

It was with this understanding that our three human torpedoes linked hands and faced destiny with a triple swan dive. Mark, the man who had brought them to their doom with his scandalous reworkings of Arthur Conan Doyle. Agent 069, the beautiful British spy who had been sent to kill -- and discovered love. And Alan, the Diplomacy zine publisher whose strong belief in freedom of speech had made him the Hobby Pornographic Press Custodian.

AKIBIZAR, TURKEY -- Bingoh the shepherd boy lay against the fig tree, his hand working vigourously inside the flap of his loose breeches.

Ever since the day two years ago, when the raven-haired goddess had taken him on that very hillside, his life had been irrevocably changed.

"One day I shall leave this place," he told the starry night. "I shall go to Hollywood, and with my swarthy good looks, become a major stud

and screw many women on celluloid, and then, one day, she will see my picture, and come back to me forever."

A million sperm wriggled to freedom, bursting forth in a milky stream that shot up like fireworks and splatted against the bark of the fig tree, and they screamed: "Yiiiihee! No vagina, where's the vagina? An egg, an ovum, my kingdom for a DNA packed cell! Oh my sacred balls, we're going to die. Yiiiihee, wasted, wasted, genetic codes lost forever. Death, death... inglorious, meaningless death."

As Bingoh's fantasy reached that pinnacle of ecstasy where he and Trilynda would make love once again, he saw in the sky a mysterious black shape glistening in the moonlight as it flew overhead. He recognized it immediately for what it was.

"A sign! A sign!" he shouted, jumping up. "The great goddess Shee-uh-uh-uh-UNH has placed a huge Maltese Prick in the sky to guide me to my destiny!"

Leaping on the woolly back of a ram named Thor, he shouted "Hi ho! Hollywood! Follow that Prick!"

And off they went along the treacherous mountain paths, the sheep stumbling and staggering under weight of the shepherd boy.

AGITPROP (December 16, 1987)--Agent 069, (Alan, as known only to his superiors and to other cognoscenti) was, it may be said, somewhat surprised when finding that he was still possessed of consciousness. Looking around, seeing the imposing auburn-tressed woman with the big tits, he turned to admonishment: "This appears to be Hell. I know there are no people looking like you in Heaven. There has been a bureaucratic mistake...unless...there was that one time I took Communion not respecting the Holy Presence! But still..." He appeared lost in thought.

The auburn-tressed woman was quiet, but clearly in control. Through her brown blouse one could see the delectable but unobtrusive outlines of her features. They appeared as if a cute brown squirrel, very lean, were peering out through a pool--a very large pool, mind you, of like-coloured liquid. "It is you, Alan?" she asked.

"I am what I am" was the completely inapposite reply.

"You know, Alan," she let burst out with a fiery passion, "that it is only you I have always wanted. I have gotten into other things--dope, random sex, intergalacial space travel--but it is you, the Sustainer of my adventures, who has always been the preferred father of my child. Schools--we're going to have to talk about that at length. I don't want to be involved with any Board of Education that has to send out warnings about head lice."

Alan was puzzled at this reference, but made no response.

"There are only four things I care about in this universe," she droned on. "First, capacity for immediate intergalacial space travel even at the complete expense of an otherwise great story line." Alan winced. "Second, automatic, fervent, and unwavering support for Geri Sheedy, the New Democratic candidate in Leeds-Grenville. Third, complete support for the Sexiest One."

Alan attempted to appear knowing.

"You know, Judge Robert Bork."

Nothing more forlorn could be imagined than the expression on Alan's face. He knew only too well how incomplete and unavailing his support had been.

"Finally, raw sex."

The face of Alan lit up, in a smile the heat of ^{which} is verily recorded to this day. "How do I rate," he inquired?

"One out of four ain't bad. And I have always wanted to settle down. You know, I have always felt it was time for the domestic life. Your new carpet I can take, but let's talk about the furniture."

"Later, my Trilynda, later."

"As you wish, editor, publisher, righteous censor, and now, MASTER!"

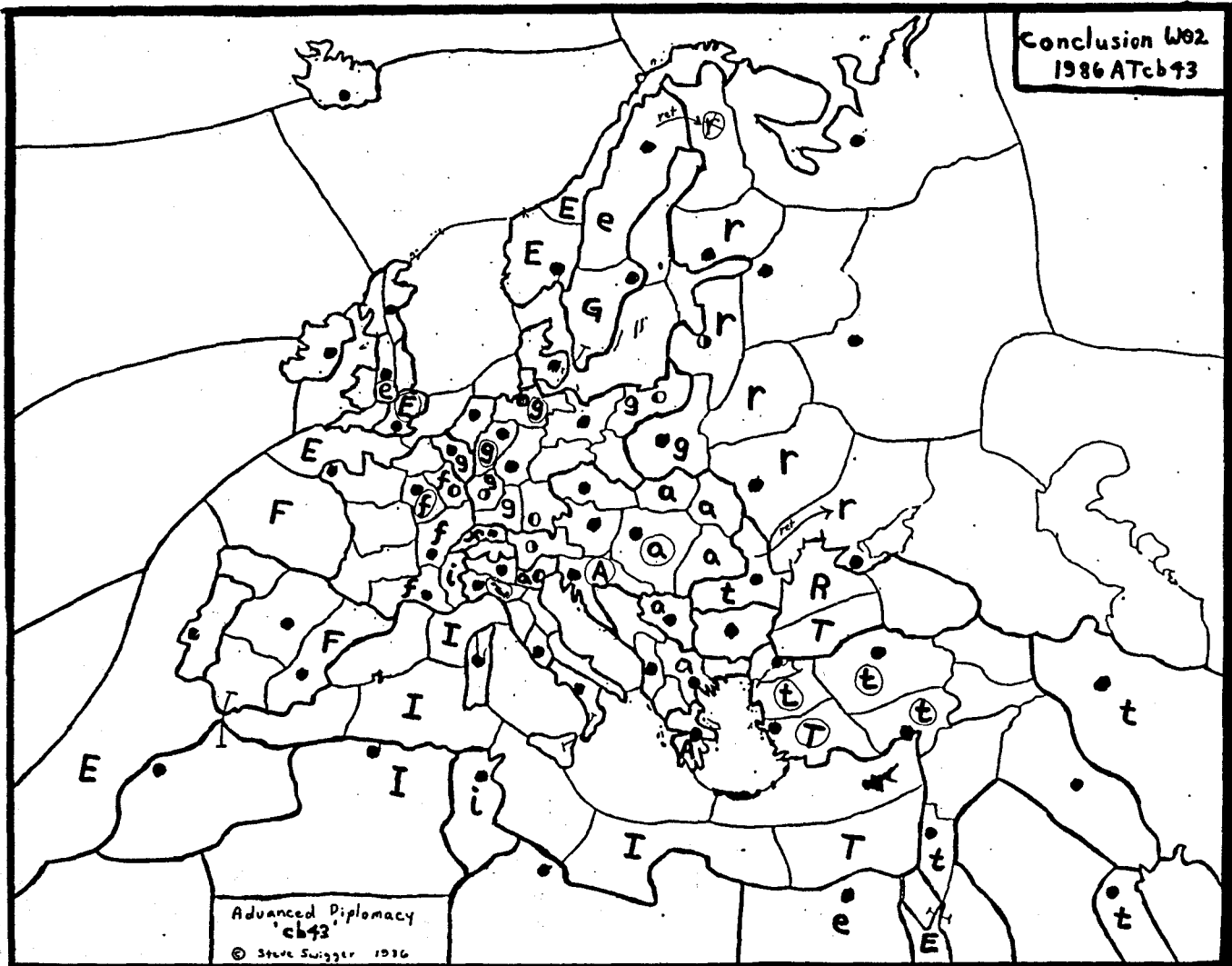
Advanced Diplomacy ⁷

DURHAM EAST - 1986ATcb43

WINTER 1902 ... GENERALS CONTINUE TO DOMINATE THE WAR COUNCILS OF MOST EUROPEAN NATIONS ...
 MILITARY MIGHT GROWS BY 27.6% ... NAVAL BUILDING LIMITED TO JUST THREE GREAT POWERS AS
 FLEET STRENGTH INCREASES BY A MERE 18.8% ... THE STAGE IS SET FOR THE CLASH OF MASSES
 ARMIES ON BOTH FRONTS WHILE THE SHIPS AT SEA JOCKEY FOR POSITION ON THE FLANKS ...

Retreats: RUSSIA: A gal-LAP, A rum-SEV

- | | | | |
|------------------------|------------|---|-----------|
| AUSTRIA (Marc Peters): | armies (7) | <u>BUD</u> , VEN, WGA, EGA, TRA, SER, MAC | |
| | fleets (2) | <u>TRI</u> , GRE | |
| ENGLAND (Bruce Geryk): | armies (3) | <u>LIV</u> , GAL, EGY | * * * * * |
| | fleets (6) | <u>LON</u> , KIO, CHR, ENG, CAD, RED | * * * * * |
| FRANCE (Steve Clark): | armies (5) | <u>PAR</u> , LOR, LYO, MAR, ZUR | * * * * * |
| | fleets (2) | <u>BIS</u> , BRC | * * * * * |
| GERMANY (Paul Clarry): | armies (7) | <u>ESS</u> , <u>HAM</u> , BEL, SAA, WUR, PRU, WAR | * * * * * |
| | fleets (1) | <u>STO</u> | * * * * * |
| ITALY (Kenn Potter): | armies (3) | <u>TUR</u> , SAV, TUN | |
| | fleets (4) | <u>LIG</u> , WMS, ALG, CMS | |
| RUSSIA (Alan Stewart): | armies (5) | HLS, LAT, BYE, KIE, SEV (LAP removed) | |
| | fleets (1) | NBS | |
| TURKEY (Marc Hurwitz): | armies (7) | <u>ADA</u> , <u>ANK</u> , <u>CON</u> , BUL, SYR, PER, GUL | |
| | fleets (3) | <u>SMY</u> , <u>SBS</u> , <u>EMS</u> | |



... continued ...

Press:

Vatican City: The Church is demanding compensation for the damage to many priceless works of Art in the Papal Venetian Palace, where Austrian Troops are quartered and rumored to be engaged in wild orgies with the local trash. The Pope is expected to Return home from Athens via Vienna, where matters will be discussed at length.

Rome: The Minister of State has issued a travel advisory warning to Italian tourists now travelling in Russia. Fierce local disturbances are expected all along the frontier provinces.

The Italian Embassy, St. Petersburg: The Embassy has been closed, with the Ambassador departing for the Consulate in Moscow, and the staff heading for the German Frontier.

Post-Fall 1902 Commentary - Randolph Smyth:

Some major surprises this season. I should note that I don't think the success of my tactical predictions each season really "measures" anything about me, only about the relative influence of diplomacy. If my "hit percentage" runs over 60%, it just means that things are pretty predictable. If I fall below 40% or so, the negotiations are hot and heavy and the players are taking off in new directions. So the worse I do, the more interesting and "better" the game should be. NMRs are the exception, but I'm sure none of you will ever let one of those happen!

Firstly, what is Austria doing in VEN? It might not be as bad as it looks - Italy can't make any use of the half-pair, so there's an incentive to deal it away if it will help out an ally. Certainly the A/I alliance has been the most visible and stable feature of the game so far. But combine the move -VEN with Austria's support of Turkey -RUM, and Kenn has some reason to be nervous even if he approved the move -VEN originally. It seems doubtful that Italy and Turkey can coexist for long - whose side is Austria on, anyhow?

Marc Hurwitz comes off looking like the master diplomat this season. Support from Austria ... apparent cooperation with Italy (F ION-CMS, F CYP-EMS) ... England abandoning PAL ... even Russia concentrating on Austria. Four builds gives him full value for the friendships, too: he hasn't been shy about using his advantage. People that felt comfortable allying with a 6-center Turkey may be less happy about embracing a 10-center one, though. Next year he will show how persuasive he really is.

Russia, on the other hand, looks dead in the water: everyone is attacking him. Once the sharks start to circle like this, it's hard to turn things around - anyone who abandons the attack will probably just be forfeiting his shot at the remaining centers. Odd, considering that Alan has a pretty good reputation as a negotiator in the regular game, but it's probably not too early to write off his chances here.

The most interesting Winter adjustments may be Germany's. He has almost too many allies now, in the sense that his frontiers against enemies are already clogged with units. Fleet builds, even if headed for FIN, will not sit well with England; an army in BAV will make Austria nervous, especially with the TYL/VEN pair now responsible for an Austrian unit. Will Paul build "do-nothing" units (or refuse builds altogether), or risk antagonizing his allies?

English-French cooperation seems to have broken down with FLON-ENG - and that's terrible news for Steve. Even with a build, he can't hold out long if virtually surrounded by enemies. Incidentally, Bruce seems to have abandoned the "balance of power" strategy that I thought I detected last season: with attacks on Russia and a move toward France, he seems to be joining the footrace to get his share of these powers' centers. If we could ignore his presence in EGY (boosted by F MAO-RED), the game would resemble a classic "Europe vs. F/R" at this point.

Post-Fall 1902 Commentary (continued):

Bruce's southeastern adventures seem to have run afoul of an assumption, reasonable enough in the regular game, that Italy and Turkey can always be played off against each other. Indeed, I doubt I/A/T can coexist forever, but the fleet moves in the area suggest that a deal has been struck to squeeze England out of the east. Would he be best to withdraw gracefully, even at the cost of his "extra" unit, and hope for the reappearance of the "usual" tensions? A strong Turkey may chase him right around the Cape, though, and that would leave his western position in trouble, too.

Randolph's Prediction's for Winter 1902:

AUSTRIA: build A VIE, A TRI
ENGLAND: build F LON, F DUB
FRANCE: build A PAR
GERMANY: build A ESS, A FRA
ITALY: build A TUR
RUSSIA: retreat A rum-SEV, A gal-LAP; remove A HLS
TURKEY: build F ANK, A ADA, A CON, F SMY

Prediction Assessment:

== VIE, tri 1/2
== LON, dub 1/2
== PAR 1/1
== ESS, fra 1/2
== TUR 1/1
== RUM, GAL, hls 2/3
== ank, ADA, CON, SMY ... 3/4

Total Score 10/15
Hit Percentage 66.7%

GM's Commentary Comments: Winter season predictions make these guys look pretty dull! The easy (easier) centres are fast running out so the friction that accompanies that event should make for a lively season ahead. Point of clarification, BAV nor any of the other 1/2 supply centres are build candidates.

Game Notes: 0. GM @ Stephen Swigger - 35 Sharrowbay Court, Scarborough, Ontario M1W 3T1

- 1. COA: Marc Peters - 4002 Hanover Street, Madison, WI, USA 53704
- 2. Due to the postal disruptions there were no late penalties assessed, but keep them in mind. I have preliminary orders on file for Russia and Austria.

DEADLINE: SPRING 1903 - Thursday November 26th ((416) 499-8706 - no calls after 10:00pm)



Roger Viollet

Dressed in outmoded uniforms and ill-fitted for 20th-century warfare, French cuirassiers ride out from Paris

Austro-Hungarian dragoons move up toward the border with Russia; like French cavalry, they had no protection against modern firepower

At first, after the Princess Hotsiititts had put the ring on the idol's finger, nothing happened. Then, slowly, to Conanrad the Barbarian's horror, the idol began to change. It began to melt and flow, its limbs and eyes (as well as other appendages) began to multiply horribly (not to mention disgustingly), its color changing to a nasty, pasty white with little black marks all over it. Suddenly, he realized the cosmically terrible Truth: the statue was not merely changing into an ordinary super-loathsome monster; no, far worse, it was changing into an

EREHWON 132

EREHWON IS AN UTTERLY IRREGULAR SUBZINE WHICH READERS OF PRAXIS MUST PUT UP WITH WHETHER THEY DON'T LIKE IT OR NOT. LAPSES INTO TASTEFUL, INFORMATIVE, AND ILLUMINATING PROSE ARE ENTIRELY ACCIDENTAL AND ARE NOT TO BE CONSIDERED ANY PART OF OUR NORMAL POLICY. THIS TAD OF TASTELESS TRASH IS PANDEMONIUM PUBLICATION #900 (!!!), EDITED BY ROD WALKER, 1273 CREST DR., ENCINITAS CA 92024. LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ARE WELCOME (HINT, HINT), AS WELL AS INTERESTING TIDBITS WHICH MIGHT (HAVING BEEN REJECTED BY PENTHOUSE AS BEING TOO RAUNCHY FOR THEM TO HANDLE) BE SUITABLE FOR PUBLICATION IN THESE PAGES.

This will go about 3 pages. I'm going to start with some items which have diverted and/or amused me in the recent past. Maybe some other things will be here, and if there's room, we'll have the beginning of an essay on limericks which is the preface to my uneagerly un-awaited limerick contest. The good news (for those who are waiting to run down to your bookstore and buy it) is that my novel, A Death in Jerusalem, is about 130K words along, and has reached the 2/3 mark approximately. I have a pretty high opinion of it (which obviously proves nothing), but in addition so does a friend of mine who has himself published a couple of hundred books or so. Well, next year we'll see if this turkey can fly.

* * * * *

Our first selection is from Robin Ray, Words on Music, 1984.

"The following is an extract from a synopsis of Carmen, thoughtfully provided some years ago by the Paris Opera for the benefit of its English and American patrons:

"Carmen is a cigar-makeress from a tabago factory who loves with Don Jose of the mounting guard. Carmen takes a flower from her corsets and lances it to Don Jose (Duet: 'Talk me of my mother'). There is a noise inside the tabago factory and the revolting cigar-makeresses bursts into the stage. Carmen is arrested and Don Jose is ordered to mounting guard her but Carmen subduces him and he lets her escape.

"ACT 2 The Tavern. Carmen, Frasquita, Mercedes, Zuniga, Morales. Carmen's aria ('the sistrums are tinkling'). Enger Escamillio, a balls-fighter. Enter two smuglers (Duet: 'We have in mind a business') but Carmen refuses to penetrate because Don Jose has liberated from prison. He just now arrives (Aria: 'Slop, here who comes!') but here are the bugles singing his retreat. Don Jose will leave and draws his sword. Called by Carmen shrieks the two smuglers interfere with her but Don Jose is bound to dessert, he will follow into them (Final chorus: 'Opening sky wandering life'). ...

AXT 4 a place in Seville. Procession of balls-fighters, the roaring of the balls heard in the arena. Escamillio enters, (Aria and chorus: 'Toreador, toreador. All hail the balls of a Toreador.') Enter Don Jose (Aria: 'I do not threaten, I besooch you.') but Carmen repels himwants to join with Escamillio now chaired by the crowd. Don Jose stabbs her (Aria: 'Oh rupture, rupture, you may arrest me, I did kill der') he sings 'Oh my beautiful Carmen, my subductive Carmen. ...'"

[Really, honest to God, the entire passage is sic.]

* * * * *

Next is a bit from Donald MacCampbell, The Writing Business, 1978. MacCampbell, a highly successful New York literary agent, on pp.66-70 quotes from various letters he's received from prospective clients, and comments on them. On p. 70 is this gem:

"Dear Mr. MacCampbell:

I have sold over 50 novels to West Coast publishers. They're all very sexy and deal with sodomy, incest, child-molesting, bestiality and necrophilism. Am I ready for New York publishers?
Sincerely,"

"Comment: I wrote back and told him he was years ahead of the local publishers who were still preoccupied with rape, homosexuality, and simple fornication. I suggested he try again in five years."

* * * * *

Here is another gem from Ray's book, this time quoting from one of his own essays originally published in Preview in 1978. It's about conducting and this section is entitled, "Maximising the Applause".

"Make the orchestra stand immediately a work is over. This is essential to satisfy their democratic instincts, and if you get it over at the outset the applause will appear to be as much for the composer as for them. Then leave the rostrum and wait in the wings for at least a minute before returning to grab the glory of a solo bow. One recall like this is worth half a dozen rapid, greedy rushes to and fro; it adds great dignity and hints at personal exhaustion after the overwhelming experience you have been so generous to provide. 'Bleeding' or 'milking' applause is an exact art and should not be undertaken by a tyro. The finest example on record is that of a famous American conductor and pianist, who is also a composer of serious and lighter music, who was conducting a performance of a concerto played by another conductor and pianist from the USA. At the end there was a big reception, and the conductor turned to the pianist and said: 'Go on to the platform and take a bow alone.' The pianist demurred. 'Go on,' urged the conductor, 'you played the piece, you deserve the appreciation.' The pianist returned to the platform to an even greater storm of clapping. The moment he came off the stage, the conductor gripped him fiercely on the shoulder and hissed intently in his ear: 'Right. Now drag me on!'"

* * * * *

I'm going to put in here a short passage from my novel. However: it is not humorous and it will take a bit of explaining. I'm rather proud of this section because it has good emotional appeal and helps delineate the essentially cruel character of Pontius Pilate. In the novel, events in the life of Jesus appear only when narrated by witnesses, never directly told by the author. This section is part of a narrative by the beloved disciple, John, a priest in the Temple (and, as the Gospel of "John" will tell you, a relative of the then-High Priest, Joseph Caiaphas).

The tragic center of this small episode is not Jesus, but Gamaliel bar-Simon bar-Hillel. I've set the reader up for this bit pages earlier. Gamaliel himself, of course, is a real person (he is the same Gamaliel who appears briefly in Acts, and who is a famous rabbinic figure, along with his grandfather Hillel and his grandson Gamaliel II). In the novel, Gamaliel has a much younger brother, also named Simon, who is often called "Son of the Rabbi" (or Bar-Rabbas). Simon Bar-Rabbas has been arrested as an agitator during recent rioting in Jerusalem over the use of Temple funds to pay for an aqueduct (an event well-documented in Josephus, although its exact date is unclear). He is awaiting condemnation and execution at this point. To complicate matters: Gamaliel's (and Simon's) late sister (she died in childbirth), Sarah, had been the wife of Jesus. [A man cannot be a rabbi without being, or having been married, and Jesus was definitely referred to as "rabbi" and even "master" (rabboni).] There is a further complication. John, the beloved disciple, is a distant cousin of Gamaliel, the brother of Jesus' aunt (by marriage), and was a fosterling to Jesus' family for 5 years. So the narrator of these events is as involved in the tragedy as its victims.

With me so far? OK -- Jesus has appeared before Pilate once, been sent over to Herod Antipas, and now is brought back to Roman jurisdiction. Pilate, puzzled by his refusal to offer a defense, has tried (unsuccessfully) to get him to offer one in a private interview. Now he returns to his judgement-seat to continue the public hearing. In addition to those already mentioned, Joseph Caiaphas, his father-in-law the ex-High Priest Hanan (Annas), and about a dozen representatives of the Sanhedrin are present. Plus soldiers and members of Pilate's staff, including his advisor/interpreter Philo. John, however, is interpreting officially at Caiaphas' request. Pilate announces he's ready to continue and ...

Just then Gamaliel came forward, knelt in front of the Governor, and held his hands out in supplication. "Mercy, Lord Pilate," he said.

Pilate squinted through his eye-piece. "Who ... ?"

"My lord, I am Gamaliel, the son of Simon, the son of Hillel."

"Ah, yes. Gamaliel the son of Simon." His eyes went up and down, and side to side as he pondered something. "So," he finally said. "I have another of old Rabbi Simon's sons to deal with today."

Philo came over and spoke softly into Pilate's ear for several moments. The Governor nodded and smiled several times. Then he looked at Gamaliel again. "You ask mercy. Very well, you will have it. I have two condemned rebels -- ordinary sorts who should be of no interest to this assemblage of Jerusalem's luminaries. And I have two more not yet condemned officially. But, alas, my work crew have only three uprights ready for their crosses this afternoon. Clearly I cannot condemn four men to hang on three crosses."

Pilate sipped at his wine and held the cup in both hands. "Now, my clever Philo has reminded me of an ancient custom, which I have tried to observe each year of my residence in your holy city. Did not the Maccabean Kings release one condemned prisoner as an act of Passover mercy each year? Very symbolic, that, no doubt. Well, then, Gamaliel, I will do my solemn Passover duty, since I now stand in place of your former kings."

He set his wine-cup down and smiled in a way I did not like. "But let the choice be that of him who first begged it. Which shall it be, Gamaliel? Jesus, son of Joseph, called the Nazarene? -- or Simon, son of Simon, called Bar-Rabbas?" He turned and told one of the guards to go fetch the other prisoner he'd named.

Gamaliel stood up and backed away, saying nothing, a horrified expression on his face. Several of the others of the Sanhedrin were already around him, saying, "Bar-Rabbas; choose Simon Bar-Rabbas. How can you reject the claims of blood?"

Caiaphas, however, seemed outraged at Pilate's gesture. "Lord Governor! How can you consider letting this traitor go? He is an enemy of Caesar by word and deed. The man who sets him free is no friend to Caesar."

Pilate laughed. "Do not threaten me, Joseph." He held up his right hand to show a large ring on the index finger. "I am presently, at least, a known Friend of Caesar, and you have never been one."

Caiaphas turned his attention to convincing Gamaliel to claim the mercy-release for Simon. The great rabbi at last covered his ears and pushed his way past the others and away from them. Two Roman soldiers escorted a shabbily-dressed man into the Courtyard -- Simon Bar-Rabbas.

Pilate picked up his staff of office, and smiled in Gamaliel's direction. "Well? Which is it to be? Whom shall I release?"

Gamaliel fell to his knees, tears running down his face. "Oh, my lord Pilate, you pose a harder choice than you know. This man" (indicating Simon) "is my own younger brother ... and this man" (indicating Jesus) "is my late sister's husband, and a man in whom there is no guilt."

Pilate's smile did not change a bit. "Oh, but I do know, Gamaliel. You'll agree, I think, that this adds a bit of drama to the tedium of my office. Now choose. Who will live? Who will die? Will it be Simon Bar-Rabbas?"

Pilate gestured with his staff toward the other man. Several of the priests were saying, "Free him. Free him."

After a moment, Pilate continued, "Or will it be Jesus of Nazareth?"

The Governor pointed his staff at the Master. Caiaphas and some of the priests began saying, "Crucify him. Crucify him."

Gamaliel stood up. He stared coldly at Pilate, then at Caiaphas and Hanan, then back at Pilate. He undid his robe so that it hung loose. Then he reached up to the neck of his tunic with both hands, and with a great effort tore it from top to hem.

"Let it be Simon," he said, his voice broken and sobbing. "Mercy for Simon Bar-Rabbas." Then he turned and walked away, toward the Temple gate.

"So be it," Pilate said, but without enthusiasm. He gestured toward Simon. "Release." The soldiers pushed him toward us, and he ran over. Two of the others untied his hands and escorted him back toward the Temple gate. Then Pilate gestured toward Jesus and the soldiers holding him. "Bring," he said.

When Jesus stood before him, Pilate sighed, and held out his staff of office. He gave his sentence in the old Latin formula:

Condemno:
ibis in crucem.
Lictor, contiga manus.
Verberetur!

("I condemn thee: thou shalt go to the cross. Lictor, bind his hands. Let him be flogged!")

Jesus was bound and led away. We stood and watched, as if there were something more to do. Pilate laid his staff down and then looked at his hands. He clasped and unclasped them a few times. "Sticky," he said simply -- with the spilled wine, I suppose. There was a small basin of water on a table nearby, and he asked Philo to bring it to him. Carefully, he rinsed his hands and dried them on the towel in his lap.

Well, that took more space than I thought it would. I should mention that just before this begins, Pilate has filled his winecup during the private interview, rather too full, and spilled some on his hands while walking back out. He'd wiped them on that towel, but as you may know, Middle Eastern wines tend to be thick, even syrupy sometimes, and spilling wine on your hand is going to make it sticky if you just wipe it off.

I hadn't planned this incident originally, but it occurred to me when I noticed that Gamaliel's father's name was Simon, the same name I chose to give my semi-fictional Bar-Rabbas. There have been a lot of happy accidents like that in this book. I think this incident is especially felicitous because it introduces a wholly unexpected element into a narrative which (although it has other slight departures from the traditional story) is so well-known the reader is scarcely going to be surprised by the main body of it. It also, as I said, makes the character of Pilate more fully realized, and helps to show something I may also rewrite portions of the book to point up more; namely, the inherently sadistic nature of Roman culture in its innermost recesses.

This seems to leave about half a page for limericks. It's been my intention for quite some time to sponsor a hobby limerick competition. I'd like to couple this with an introductory essay on the subject. I'll eventually be sending this to several other Dipzines, but remember, you saw it in EREHWON (oops, in PRAXIS ; sorry, AIAA).

* * * * *

THE LIMERICK

It's sometimes said that the limerick is the only native English verse form. That may be, as various versions of the limerick meter and form can be found in quite ancient English folk-verse. It even appears in various places in Shakespeare -- most notably in a drinking-song in *Othello* ("Clink the cannikin, clink ..."). There is evidence, however, that like the sonnet, the limerick is a transplant -- in this case, from France by way of Ireland. If so, its luxuriant growth in the English-speaking world has eclipsed and blighted its Continental version, so that today a limerick in French sounds, at best, awkward and mannered. As do limericks in most languages, except possibly Dutch (which, in many ways, is closer to English than any other living tongue).

Limericks, in anything like the modern form, first appeared in the early part of the 19th Century as verses of moral instruction for children (the Pious Old Lady of Leeds and all her loath-somely goody-goody kin). That sort of thing quite properly died out with satisfying suddenness, but the form was revived by Edward Lear as namby-pamby nonsense verse -- again for children. He was right to consign such stuff to the nursery. Perhaps his best effort might have been:

There was an Old Man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared: --
Two Owls and a Hen,
Four Larks and a Wren,

Have all built their nests in my beard."

Heady stuff, huh? Actually, this is pretty sophisticated compared to most of his efforts. It is a typical Lear limerick, in that it opts for the weak and now almost unacceptable technique of repeating the first rhyming word in the last line (Lear wrote only 4 -- out of many dozens -- limericks in which a 3rd rhyming word is employed; but, alas, they have little other merit).

[Nextish: More, much more, on the limerick. Beware!]

The Party Line

Jim Robertson:

In PRAXIS #17, you advise Rod Walker not to spend any time worrying about a nuclear winter, and that there are a great many scientists who are worried about a nuclear summer, but they just forgot to send Carl Sagan a press release. Well, on November 2, I got a chance to attend a lecture that Sagan gave at Cornell. What follows has been transcribed from an audio recording I made of the lecture.

STUDENT: "I've heard that after the initial models that you and _____ (?) from Princeton developed, that upon re-doing the models in three dimensions with a computer, that it turned out that it was not a nuclear winter as much as a nuclear fall, or a very short nuclear winter.

SAGAN: "Yes, it is absolutely true that some models have been done, three dimensional air circulation models, that give lower temperature climates than we did. We did 50 different models...different nuclear scenarios...different variations of parameters throughout their plausible range. The recent models that you refer to took one or two cases of our 50 with different boundary ranges and got lower temperatures.

"When we went back to our calculations and asked what we get in the same case, we get temperatures very close to what they have. So, we find that there is no difference... no significant difference. But even if there were, all modern models give, after a major nuclear war, a global temperature climate of 10-20 degrees centigrade.

"In the average temperature of the earth, the difference between the average temperature of today, and of the deepest of the last so-called Wisconsin Ice Age, is 10 degrees. A 10-20 degree temperature change is important! Even people who think it's only a 10 degree change acknowledge it would produce (through destruction of crops), global starvation and that death estimates of this are unfortunately several billion people world-wide. One of the reasons that a nuclear war restricted to the United States and the Soviet Union would kill people all over."

((I'm more concerned not about marginal failings of the model that might have accounted for small variations, but about those conceptual failings that caused Nobel-laureate Freeman Dyson to call it "an absolutely atrocious piece of science", and Nobel-laureate physicist Richard Feynman of Cal Tech to say "You know, I really don't think these guys know what they're talking about" and Professor Michael McElroy of Harvard to say "They stacked the deck." and Professor George Rathjens of MIT to call the nuclear winter PR balloon "the worst example of misrepresentation of science to the public in my memory." Amazing what you can do to lend credibility to silly speculation by calling it the "results of computer modelling".))

Randolph Smyth:

Just received PRAXIS and have an hour to kill, so....

Derwood's endgame statement suggests that I was a lot more clued-out in 86 J than I thought. I had felt our relations were fairly cordial, but he suggests he was trying to shaft me throughout the game! And if Jim was actually negotiating to stab me, I have to give him credit for keeping up appearances in his letters to me.

I note, though, that I'm the target of two rather inconsistent criticisms in the same issue! Derwood runs me down for trusting Jim and letting myself be sucked into Scandinavia (though in fact, I don't believe even a well-executed French stab would have worked out well for Jim--he had the power to screw me, but only at the cost of diminishing his own chances). Then on the last page, you suggest that I've become over-conservative! Which is it? Actually I attribute fewer wins lately to (1) fewer games, and (2) less interest.

Re Soviet law: try Berman, H.J.: "Justice in the USSR: An Interpretation of Soviet Law" (Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1963). The most balanced, scholarly analysis of all the books I found, which is kind of odd considering the date: immediately post-Cuban missile crisis, when the Cold War was at its coldest. yet Berman sounds more

"open" to considering the reasons and merits of their system than more recent works have been--without suggesting that he's a closet Communist, either. Intellectual, but readable; and being 25 years out of date doesn't seem to be a major problem, since my sources from the mid-80s suggest that the Brezhnev/Andropov/Chernenko era was pretty reactionary and the system changed little. Gorbachev, now...but it's too early to assess what his internal reforms might be.

I agree that "totalitarian" regimes are more stable in the modern world than "authoritarian" ones--if I understand your distinction between the two concepts--and are thus more "dangerous" over time. But in a post-WW III world, "modern" ideas may not survive to challenge authoritarianism either. Postwar Communism and Islamic fundamentalism may both be capable of dominating things for the next 1000 years; and given the choice, I think I'd prefer the former.

Re: "Reality Check", I would like to call a reality check on anyone who takes Steve Clark's letter too seriously. I thought it was funny, along the lines of a description of golf as a bunch of grown men hitting a little white ball around. Quite absurd, and absolutely true. Probably 90% of the population of North America would think that everyone in the hobby is a nerd. I'm up there towards the top of the nerd list because I spend more time at it than most people. But so what? I think tennis players and baseball spectators are strange people too. (But golf, now, that's serious stuff!)

Re Bork. I'll accept your assessment of him as a brilliant jurist and deserving of a Supreme Court appointment, but I'm still not sure whether he should have got it. For good reasons or bad, a majority of the people who gave a damn opposed him. How effective could he have been on the court, if his votes and opinions were discounted as the product of an ultra-right winger? Never mind that he might be more moderate/consistent/honest than his opponents have made out--if he "can't get no respect", what good are his actual qualities? If the goal is to move U.S. jurisprudence to the right in the long term, another candidate with a better "image" may do a better job even if he (she?) isn't in the very first rank academically. If you have a case that needs top brainpower, just rely on Rehnquist and Scalia instead...

((Don't believe that "a majority of the people that gave a damn" opposed him at all. The fact that you so confidently assert this is testimony of the degree to which the fate of the nomination depended upon a false public relations campaign. Once you get on the court you are "effective" no matter what people think of your votes, being as you have one vote out of nine. It doesn't matter whether you are any good or not--look at Thurgood Marshall, for example. But in any case no one who took the time to consider his opinions and arguments on the Supreme Court would have considered him an "ultra-right winger", and as for the rest--well, their real interest isn't in jurisprudence at all so I imagine he wouldn't even be following the stuff. The goal isn't to move jurisprudence to the "right"--that's the way the liberals think, that everything must be tied to ideology and politics. the goal is to get capable, dedicated judges, and there was no more suitable candidate in America than Judge Robert Bork.))

((It's bad enough that politics is purely a shallow image game, but I've come to accept that. People who are telegenic, charismatic, personally attractive, etc. do or at least make better leaders because people are more willing to follow them. That's a fact of life. But to choose judges based on "image"! I guess the only thing to hope is that it's the people who are willing to do this who get those judge if they ever end up in Court, as we all hope they do.))

Mike Barno:

You know, I never thought there was anything to this Handwriting Analysis scam until I read your latest issue. (#17)

Am I joking? Were you? Was Nietzsche, or G. Marx?

As long as PRAXIS is going to be the hobby's Supreme Court Nomination Forum, I might as well chuckle over the Douglas Ginsburg fiasco. Ronnie's boys thought they had found someone on whom the liberals couldn't pin anything. Since their probing research had failed to turn up the fact that he'd gotten high a few times 15-20 years ago, they got hit by you boys on the right instead. Now can you tell me that Bill Bennett (SecEd) is a team player? I'll say this, Bennett certainly has the sanctimony to

be part of the Reagan team. Perhaps he's not aware that even the most strongly anti-drug researchers have failed to document any irreversible physical or psychological hazards associated with casual marijuana use. But then, this administration has never been strong on facts, preferring to paint cannabis as the equivalent of heroin.

In the media splash that accompanied the Ginsburg affair, it came out that Al Gore and Bruce Babbitt tried weed in "those days". I don't know how you or the Good People Etc. would respond, but that would make me a half-percentage-point more (not less) likely to vote for a given candidate, all else being equal. ("Why?!?" howls Alan in agony.) See, ganja is a fairly non-specific psychoactive, its effects varying depending on the user's metabolism, mood, and activities, as well as the quality, quantity, and method of the dosage. While the health risks are minor, fairly well-known even back then, and can be minimized with the use of a water pipe, a person can't really judge whether he likes it... can't truly even understand it enough to argue over it... without trying it himself. I'd rather have a President who's open-minded, who gets the available facts before passing judgement. Hmm, by analogy you could claim that I want someone who would launch the nukes just to find out whether nuclear winter (or summer) theories are valid. No, risks must be assessed and weighed against benefits in making ANY decision, and the risk involved in trying marijuana once is effectively nil, unless the user tries to drive while stoned or something.

An amusing thought: Suppose RJR-Nabisco and Philip Morris decide that they can make more money from legalized marijuana than from tobacco as cigarette use declines. Now consider what we'd hear from Jesse Helms. That alone is enough reason to send NORML a contribution.

((It's terrible what those liberals did to Ginsburg. Sure some of the true conservatives were disoriented, but the reason Ginsburg had to withdraw is that the liberals would have been looking for any excuse to vote Doug down, so there was no point in going ahead.))

((I was pretty anti-dope in my university days, but I wouldn't regard use of marijuana as an important factor in deciding for whom to vote. My views were encapsulated by a cartoon in some Oregon newspaper showing a legislative chamber in the year 2000 with three people sitting in it and the Speaker saying "It looks like we've got a quorum." You have to look pretty hard to find someone who's never tried marijuana in college at least at the time I was there. If every mj user is going to be disqualified from high office--well, even I couldn't fill all the positions that would be open.))

((I'll take your word that no major hazards have been documented. Fifteen years ago, say, there hadn't been enough research--there hadn't been enough time for long-term use to be researched--to know one way or the other. Why, Senator James Eastland's committee said it was creating a generation of zombies! Jimmy was a great guy--and I bet he wouldn't have voted against Bork either, unlike that scalawag Stennis.))

((You nailed Jesse but good. His support of tobacco subsidies is the biggest blot on his record. Other than that it's pretty principled, whatever you think of the principles.))

Rod Walker:

I'm reliably informed that the drawing (obviously from life) of you on p. 18 of #17 is perhaps too flattering. Perhaps so. I'd always pictured you as one of the Gumby family which has made so many outstanding intellectual contributions to Monty Python.

Bork's defeat, whatever else it was, was a great victory for the people of this country and for the cause of individual freedom. Nobody can deny Bork's eminent legal scholarship and his consequent qualification to sit on some bench or other. But it is precisely his lack of concern and compassion for people and his disinterest in individual liberty which disqualifies him as a member of the Supreme Court, which is (or should be) the ultimate bastion of liberty, equity, and mercy in this nation. Reagan's nominees on the Court have already set the cause of liberty back a century by declaring that the Constitution does not protect the right to privacy of the citizens of Georgia. Bork approves. That alone is reason enough to keep him (or anyone else so inclined) off the Court.

It is this failure to be concerned with the welfare of ordinary people, to seek equity, to protect individual liberty, to extend mercy, which so often makes the dividing line between conservatism and fascism so thin as to be virtually invisible. The Ginsburg nomination deserved to be defeated on its own demerits -- on these grounds also -- rather than on the totally irrelevant grounds which caused his withdrawal. Who cares whether he used to smoke grass? Conservative blue-noses, of course. He was axed by the very principles which Reagan tried to appoint him to espouse. It is satisfying, I suppose, to see a right-winger hoist on his own petard.

Judicial restraint, by the way, may be wonderful in certain respects. But in our legal system courts inevitably intervene in the law one way or another. The failure to intervene on the side of individual liberty is ipso facto a positive intervention on the side of tyranny. God bless the Senate of the United States!

((I have to hand it to you--you sure have all the cant down pat. String together some catch-phrases--"concern and compassion for people", "liberty", "equity", "mercy". That's good enough for one paragraph. Just to make sure people understand, do it again the next paragraph--"welfare of ordinary people", "equity", "individual liberty", "mercy". All without any real-life referents at all, for the good reason that it's all B.S.))

((In your case, your grievance is clear from the reference to "the right of privacy of the citizens of Georgia". Someone who didn't know what you were talking about might assume that the Supreme court had decided that residents of Georgia, unlike other states, were not entitled to privacy, perhaps because Georgia was not as worthy as other states. Obviously you approach the matter like so many do, considering judicial nominees by the question "So what has he done for my interest group lately?"))

((I see you're still on the kick of accusing people of being fascists. Very foolish. Ever heard of the boy who cried "Wolf"? Your form of fanaticism does remind me of a cartoon...))



Anybody who has your frame of mind would, of course, downplay the notion of Nuclear Winter. Of course it's "only" an hypothesis. But it is an hypothesis with impressive weight behind it. Even though it is "only" an hypothesis, it ought to be one which we should avoid testing. I should have thought you would be concerned -- if there is a major nuclear exchange, and if the hypothesis is correct, Canada will cease to exist.

To a certain extent, however, the hypothesis has been tested. The eruptions of Tambora and Krakatoa (1815 & 1883) were followed by a lowering of global average temperature of at least a degree. These were puny events in comparison with a nuclear conflagration. Other major volcanic events have been followed by similar drops in average global temperature. It's uncertain how much the average global temperature would have to be lowered to trigger a new ice age, but I've seen figures of 4 or 5 degrees suggested, and clearly the number isn't a large one.

At the same time, the destruction of cities would inject massive amounts of hydrocarbon residue into the atmosphere, and we can expect the ozone layer to disappear. Between radiation damage, glacial or sub-glacial climate, and massive increases of ultraviolet light, we can also expect homo sapiens to become extinct.

The Nuclear Winter hypothesis is also based on growing confirmation and understanding of the 26 million year cycle of species extinction. The strongly suspected culprit is cometary bombardment resulting from a regular disturbance (cause presently unknown) of the oölitic belt. One of the comets which helped wipe out the dinosaurs 63-67MY ago was so massive it punched a hole in the crust.

tal plate underneath the Pacific Ocean. Core samples from the Pacific have also associated the 26MY cycle with rapid deteriorations of the climate.

I realize you'd rather shrug off the idea of Nuclear Winter because you'd like to bomb hell out of the Russkies. Well, OK; even in an ice age, southern California would be a nice place to live. But you might find Ontario a trifle uncomfortable under a few hundred feet of ice. And it might come to that. Do you really want to take that risk?

((I suppose if they eventually conclude that the comets did not wipe out the dinosaurs that too will turn out to be evidence for Nuclear Winter.))

((Your comment about my wanting to bomb the Russkies reminded me of Jerry Williams, the popular liberal talk show host I used to listen to on WBZ in Boston. Whenever somebody called to make a conservative argument about foreign affairs, he would listen for a minute and say, "But that's not what you really wanted to talk about is it? I know what you people are like--you'd like to drop the Big One on the Kremlin, wouldn't you. That's what you really want. Come on, you can say it--we don't have your name. Just come out and say it." Strange that these mythical people, looming so large in the liberal imagination, who wish to start a nuclear war never seem to make a public appearance with actual names attached.))

((Well, actually there was that fringe group in the U.S. right-wing youth who went around with buttons saying "First Strike Now!" In fact my friend George Johnson used to start that cheer, big bass drum booming, at Hamilton Tiger-cat games....))

Inherent in a lot of the commentary on your Question #2 is the idea that a Communist (or Socialist or even Soviet Socialist) America would be less "free" than the present one. No doubt that would be marginally true, but perhaps not significantly. A Marxist state is not inherently totalitarian. Indeed, the Marxist state in Russia almost went very much in the other direction. The reason it didn't must be found, not in Marxism, but in Russian history. There has not been a time in Russia, in the last 1500 years, that the State hasn't been autocratic at the very least. Government in Russia has an historical (and therefore inherent) tendency toward the totalitarian. Historical and political tradition in Anglo-America is very different. If it ever came to the point that the two Anglo-Americas were "Sovietized", our liberal political traditions could be expected to reassert themselves within a generation at the most.

((That's very reassuring. Why don't we just keep those traditions without being Sovietized and taking the gamble that they would be able to, bloodily, turbulently, "reassert

I say "liberal" deliberately. It certainly isn't the conservative faction that promoted and nurtured the liberties we now enjoy. Today's conservatives are the direct political heirs of the people who wanted to crown George Washington King, and those who passed the Alien and Sedition Acts.

((I don't know that "liberties" would have been any worse off if George Washington had been crowned King. England and Canada seem to have done quite fine in that regard, thank you. Didn't seem to need a Civil War to abolish slavery, for example. And today's American conservatives are, as I am sure you know, the heirs of the opponents of the Alien and Sedition Act such as Jefferson and Madison, who asserted the value of states' rights and warned against Hamiltonian centralism. Why they feared that the evil influence of unpropertied urban masses could lead to a central government of massive power operating outside the constraints of the Constitution. How right they were! Ronald Reagan is this century's most truly Jeffersonian president.))

Well, at least we agree on something. The Steve Clark person. Everything you said about his rather bizarre diatribe was right on. Steve, of course, makes some valid points, and of course there are some people who take this hobby too seriously or get too involved in it. I submit, however, that Steve looks to me like one of those people. He's spent a page and a half worrying about how other people relate to the hobby, and has apparently gone to the trouble and expense of printing up his worries and mailing them out to God-know-how-many people. He's also given credence to some vicious (and untrue) rumors concerning such people as Conrad von Metzke. His kvetching circular teems with unnecessary bitchiness (of the sort that's all too common in fannish circles, and not just in Diplomacy fandom. The sooner Steve realizes that Fandom Is A Way Of Life, the sooner he'll realize that he's being just as fannish as many of the people he's loaded this verbal abuse on.

((("Reality Check", Steve Clark's article, the most exciting Diplomacy event of 1987, was merely the opening salvo in what appears to be a mighty war waged against the whole Diplomacy Hobby as we know it. 1988 will be interesting. I do think the Bad Boy attack on Conrad von Metzke has gone way too far, however.))

Have you heard that Sen. Joe Biden is working on an autobiography? It's going to be titled, Iacocca.

You should understand that in Chris Carrier you're seeing a sort of ultimate position of iconoclasm for its own sake. He may or may not mean his comments about COSTAGUANA (&c.) seriously (in the sense of truthfully). My impression is that he says things which he calculates will shock his hearers/readers, rather than from any necessary desire to communicate or to discuss something seriously. Over the long run, this approach ceases to shock the reader/listener, and instead causes him/her to disengage her/his attention. Nowadays I normally skip over anything prefaced by his name. Sometimes I skim over to see if it's the same old stuff. Yep.

The press from Mark Weidmark in 1986N is funny as hell! Clearly Golden Age quality, if a bit on the raunchy side (we never needed to use the "no-no" words to get laughs). Keep it up, Mark! I truly enjoy your efforts.

Thanks very much for your kind wishes regarding Death. And for being so interested. The whole novel will be very close to 200K words (hopefully on below it rather than above), although I had originally projected only 120-150K. It's already at about 130K, and is somewhat more than 2/3 finished. I compose the rough draft on this machine, and then transcribe (and recompose) onto our computer. After that I do proofreading and so on, and manipulate the text to correct and/or improve it. I always print out hard copy as the ms. goes on diskette, and work with that. The wonderful thing about writing with a computer is that you never have to retype the text again and once you've corrected a typo you'll never make it again (nor any new ones, of course). I get cold sweats thinking about Hemingway or Mitchell typing and retyping -- or Melville handwriting and rehandwriting.

The actual writing is usually pretty slow. I can go 80-100 wpm, but that's strictly copywork. I have gotten as much as 8-10K words done in one day (something like 1k an hour), but that's really exceptional. Those times I've been, as you say, "hot".

I do have an outline, but that wasn't done until the novel was about $\frac{1}{4}$ done. Before that, I had a very general outline in my head. I didn't attempt an outline until I had a clearer idea how I wanted to develop things in detail and had a better acquaintance with my characters. Even so, the outline has changed in some details (not many, amazingly) and at least two characters have become much more major than originally planned. The best parts of the book are, however, usually those which occur spontaneously and aren't in the outline. The snippet you have in EREHWON 132 is one of those parts.

A more complete question to your question about plotting: Originally, the book was to be a novelized biography of Jesus, in straight chronological order, beginning with the first authentically recorded event, his baptism. Later on, I decided to add a frame, having the bio narrated to a mysterious stranger by the Beloved Disciple (a priest -- to whom I gave the name, following tradition, of John). Obviously I didn't need much of an outline for these approaches; I planned simply to use the order of events (although not truly chronological) given in Mark. Eventually, I changed the frame itself, so that the frame became the true plot of the novel, the bio of Jesus incidental (although centrally important) to it. Now, since there would be multiple witnesses, the need for chronological development of the bio was no longer necessary. As for the actual plot, however, I had only the most general idea how it would develop, and it was modified several times as I began writing. Finally it all fell into place more concretely and I could do an outline.

On the other hand -- the second half of that question -- my characters frequently do things I don't expect them to do. This first happened early on when (for purposes of establishing character and background), I had my main character challenged to a (friendly, sporting) swordfight. My plan was to have him refuse -- after all, I know nothing about fighting with swords and couldn't write an effective narrative about such a duel. To my surprise (and trepidation), he accepted the damn challenge. So there I was, writing what I can't write. It seems to have come off OK, but believe me, it's brief. Several minor characters have written themselves into the ongoing plot, both before and after the outline was done. And so on. I've heard of other writers having characters do this sort of thing, but I couldn't relate to how it might happen and, frankly, I questioned whether it was something that really happened. It happens; does it ever! These inspirations have been among the most delightful (and sometimes moving) things that've happened while writing.

I don't use any style guide. For one thing, I don't believe in such things. I prefer a consistent and not obviously incorrect style to a "correct" style dictated by some academic whose contact with living English ceased a half-century ago. Furthermore, no style manual can ever compensate for a thorough personal working knowledge of how the language is supposed to be put together -- something nearly everyone should have picked up by the end of high school. I also have my own

ideas about how certain things need to be handled, and they don't agree with MLA, Chicago, or any of the others that I know of. Finally, I have a friend reading the ms. who's a walking style manual, spelling expert, and usage/syntax nit-picker. He points out all the things he thinks are wrong. I correct the ones which actually are. (I admit: I am relatively weaker in hyphenation of words than I used to be or would like to be. Luckily, in commercial mss., you never divide any word between one line and the next. The only hyphens are those in actually-hyphenated words; uh, flim-flam, namby-pamby, AC-DC, never-never (land), and so on.

I plan to publish under my own name, but I'll use just my initials (R C Walker). I'm not fond of pseudonyms and prefer to take my own credit for my own work. My limerick collection, The Ravish'd Muse, is also being offered under my own name. There are a few fields where pseudonyms are still necessary, just as male pseudonyms used to be necessary for female sf writers. Women who write for the detective-adventure pulps still use male names. And men who write romance novels must use female names. I'd like to do a couple in that field, perhaps, and I already have a name picked out. I'd tell you what it is, but since I can't trademark it or anything, I'd prefer to keep it a secret until it appears in print. It's reeking, redolent with romanticism.

Boardman? A free copy?? HahahahahahahahahahahahahaHA!

(("lk an hour"--what does that mean in English?))

((I have a severe case of split personality when it comes to quotation marks. The standard usage would say "I want to go home," Emma continued, "before the sun sets." As Fowler notes, it is wholly illogical to have the first comma inside the quotation marks unless it was part of what was being quoted (assume it's not). yet printers apparently concluded that having the comma outside the quotation marks was aesthetically unappealing (why, I don't know) and began to set it inside at all times. I stick with the logical method, as you might expect.))

((Thank you very much for the update--I found it fascinating--and I will be paying you nthe ultimate compliment. Buying your book.))

Andy Lischett:

You said that I complained that the 'Zine Poll's preference matrix punishes warehouse 'zines, but I don't think that I said that. I don't like the preference matrix, but that is because it (1) counts 'grudge' votes not counted in the modified mean, and (2) causes confusion as to how to vote. I voted for eleven 'zines, most of which I prefer over a lot of 'zines which I don't receive because I don't want to. If I had voted so as to have the greatest effect on the preference matrix, I would have given my tenth favorite 'zine a 1 instead of a 5 and it's modified mean score would have suffered against worse 'zines given 2s or 3s by people voting so as to affect the modified mean. I didn't vote 'for' the preference matrix, but others did, and others will.

The two halves of the poll measure different things. The modified mean measures (to me anyway) how good a 'zine is, while the preference matrix measures how popular it is. Voting on its quality I gave my favorite 'zine an 8 because it could be better, but if I'd voted on how much I like it compared to the other 'zines I get I'd have had to give it a 10. When some people vote on quality and others vote on popularity, mixing the results determines nothing.

How to win at Titan? Roll 1s.

((Consider the correction made. However... There is no reason why grudge votes should not be counted in the preference matrix. Say I give a 'zine a grudge zero. It's pretty clear that I would not prefer that 'zine to others to which I had given a nine or ten. If I'd given a non-grudge vote it would probably be a "5" or "6" or "7", and the pref matrix begins by counting only which 'zines are preferred to others on a given ballot, not by how much.))

((You mention the dire results that would follow if you "voted so as to have the greatest effect on the preference matrix". Well you're not supposed to vote in order to have the greatest possible effect on the preference matrix. You're supposed to give an objective assessment of the hobby's zines. If every body voted so as to have the greatest effect on the modified mean, that would cause problems too. If there is a problem caused by people voting so as to have the greatest effect on the pref matrix, the problem is with dishonest people--not with the pref matrix.))

((your penultimate paragraph is all wrong too, but I've gotta go. Wrong, wrong, wrong. Merry christmas to All, and to All a Good Night! And for all you who don't celebrate Christmas--hey, get with it, boobies!))