



Opening Shot

First off, thanks to everyone who sent cards and well-wishes for the holiday season. Trust you understand that it would be impossible to send cards to the over 90 subbers to this zine, but last issue was my season's greetings. Since early December, when last issue was prepared, things have been very busy and hectic for us. Besides visiting, visitors, winter colds, long midnight shifts at work, a short trip to southern Ontario, I was also busy studying manuals in preparation for examinations. More on that later. In the meantime, we are all well and happy and the little one is kicking up a storm, though neither Christopher nor I have felt the kicks yet. If Snafu! is late around the end of May, beginning of June, I know you'll understand.

Christopher enjoyed Christmas. It took a while to convince him it was okay to rip open packages, but once he got the idea, there was no stopping him. Now he wants to open everything. Sigh! He's like that with speech too. I tell people

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he can say "Bye-bye," but he never says it until they're out of earshot. His speaking vocabulary is growing by leaps and bounds, but it takes a special ear to understand him, as he leaves off any consonants, or entire syllables, which give him problems. "Elephant" comes out as "fut," "mouse" as "oos." He also thinks the word "shit" is a necessary part of driving and repeats it often when in the car. (Don't look to me! I don't swear when I drive! Ann?) Needless-to-say, that's one word he pronounces quite distinctly.

We are moving to a decent house on April 1st. It's a "garden home," relatively new, in a residential area not too far from where we are now. It costs the same as this place, but has about twice the floor space, a fenced yard, and a fireplace. It isn't even on a street, making it even better for kids. We had planned to stay where we are until we had

a downpayment for our own place, but were overwhelmed by the logistics of trying to fit another baby into this place. Once you have to start thinking in terms of bunkcribs, it's time to move.

Our address, on April 1st, will be: 70 F, Chesterton Drive, Nepean, Ontario, K2E 5S9. Do not send mail there yet, as it will probably be returned. In any case, I won't get it. And don't believe Dave Carter if he tries to tell you that Nepean and Napanee are the same place. 'Tain't so! Nepean is a city which wraps about the southern and western end of Ottawa. We're looking forward to not having a parking lot for a backyard and not having street fights at three am right outside our bedroom window. Cities are not meant for children, and it'll be a few years before we'll be able to afford to get back into the country again, so Nepean's a compromise.

SNAFU! is a zine devoted to the postal play of **DIPLOMACY** and its variants. The original board game, invented by Allan Calhamer, is produced in Canada by Waddington's House of Games in Bramalea, Ontario.

SNAFU! is published by Ronald J. Brown, 1200 Summerville Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1Z 8G4. Telephone: 613: 722-5059 (Before 10 pm Eastern Time.)

Subscriptions: 10 for \$8.00 in Canada or the USA, \$US10.00 overseas.

NO GAME OPENINGS. NO SUBSCRIPTIONS PAST NUMBER 50.

As for me, I spent the holidays studying for a "board" (a written exam) at work. It was gruelling trying to master, in a few short weeks, what some of my competitors for the job had been working with for ten years. I never studied for anything so hard in my life, and was never so sure, absolutely, that I had failed. In fact, in the few letters I managed to write in the past while, I told people that I had failed. However, some deity must have interceded on my behalf, because I passed by the skin of my teeth.

That, unfortunately, was not the end. I now had an oral board to pass, akin to a master's thesis defense. Horrors! I don't know how Ann managed to put up with my nervousness and psychological reactions to stress. Somehow, I just made it, and, on Monday, 23 January, begin a new career as a technical consultant for the Computer Science Centre at Energy, Mines, and Resources. What that means is that when customers of the computer have problems with their programs, I'm the guy they'll phone. Guess I'll have to learn to say, "Let me get back to you on that."

Before all the congratulations pour in from around the world, this is a temporary position while the current tech consultant is away taking courses. That should be for about six months. How I do will determine whether a place will be found for me when he returns, or if I get sent back to the purgatory of cleaning printers and tape drives. In addition, because I was borderline on the exams, I am on probation for the first two months. In other words, I'll have to work my butt off, putting in evenings studying. It's a chance in a lifetime, so I'm going to give it everything I've got. (For those familiar with the Canadian civil service, it's a C.S. 1, entry-level position--what normal people, outside of government circles, would call a programmer. My pay is double what I was making as an operator.)

What of Snafu!? THE NEXT SEVERAL ISSUES WILL BE WAREHOUSE (GAME REPORTS ONLY).

I had already told several people I intended to fold at No. 50 because of the increased demands of family, now that it's growing. That is still my intention. It is very hard on the people I live with and love when I put in forty hours at work, then forty hours locked up in my study. (And that has happened, as I've been keeping a log the past few months.) However, no matter what happens, I will continue to GM my games until the end.

Complications: I don't feel that warehouse issues are worth my current rates, so prices will be halved for those issues. I do anticipate a few normal issues before No. 50. So, I'm going to have to do a lot of re-calculation of expiry dates on address labels. At issue No. 50 refunds will be made, though players in still-active games will be charged postage until their games end.

One thing to note: I have played in zines where the GM has continued games by flyer after the fold of the zine and I felt pressure from the GM to hurry up and get the damned thing over with, with the result that I voted for draws that I may not have otherwise. I do not want anyone to feel that way. I enjoy GMing and following the games. And, once I'm no longer putting out a zine, I expect I'll be able to pay closer attention to them. So, in that sense, folding is a blessing for players.

By the way, if anyone wants their sub money back now, ask and you shall receive, with thanks for past support (as long as you're not a current player). If any traders or mutual-subbers want to make adjustments or cancel, let me know. And, if you're wondering why I haven't answered your urgent letters lately, now you know why. If you don't hear from me, that means everything's okay. And, when I do dash off notes in the rare spare moment, I usually forget half of what it was you asked. Well, maybe some day I'll have time on my hands again.

Otherwise, keep sending variant rules to me. I'll just file them away for now so that someday I can organize the North American Variant Bank-North. 'Twill be done, someday. I'm still answering letters from newcomers via the Waddington's flyer, and rules questions sent to Waddington's. Still playing in a few games; still trying to sort out for stats keepers which games belong to my Californian name-sake. (Every issue of Everything seems to have us reversed somewhere--for which I blame the GMs who don't make the distinction clear when they send game stats to the BNC.) So, all's well, and hopefully will end that way. Enjoy.

Hobby News

In the "I don't believe it department," Dave Carter has agreed to act as Orphans' Placement Officer for the CDO. Seeing as Dave hates organizations, this comes as something of a surprise. Hopefully, he'll never have anything to do, but it's nice to know he's there, ready to act.

Reactions to the proposed new constitution of the CDO have been overwhelmingly silent. Guess everyone was thunderstruck by the brilliance of its conception and are content to let it be.

Re. the CDO census, Fred Davis sent corrections and many comments. I would like to clarify that it wasn't, technically, a census, but rather a gathering of names of members to give us a basis for preparing for any referendums. Fred doesn't think that people with pseudonyms should be listed, but as long as there's no attempt to *defraud*, a person can use any name he wishes as far as I'm concerned. I don't know if anyone out there is real. He also sent a list of some ten Canadians who appear on the American list but not the Canadian one. According to the CDO constitution one must be a subscriber to a Canadian zine to be a member which means that none of them are members at this time. (That includes François Guerrier, a sometimes on-again, off-again pubber, who does not sub to any other Canadian zines.)

Speaking of the census, the American one is sort of ready. Apparently it contains numerous errors and omissions, but lists about 800 people. You'll be delighted to learn that Dick Martin has decided, in his infinite wisdom, that Snafu! does not exist, even though he got a couple of free samples and a list of CDO members from me. Anyhow, the Americans need someone capable of compiling a list of names and addresses for next year, preferably one with access to a home computer to make the job easier.

In the silly department, I have heard second hand that Robert Sacks is claiming in his zine that the reason the CDO changed co-ordinators is because of his objections to me. He also claims we have re-written the constitution to meet his specifications and have removed the sections which he took exception to. Nice to know that God is alive and well and living in New York City. He may be upset, though, to learn that the offending items were not removed from the constitution. The co-ordinator is still responsible for the smooth-running of the hobby in Canada without the need to seek Sacks' approval for any actions.

Seems there are many poll results these days. Nothing new though. Europa Express continues to be voted the best zine in North America and Snafu! and Sleepless Knights bounce around in the top ten. I keep telling you to get these zines.

As a suggestion for dealing with the problem of raising funds for various hobby custodians and activities, Larry Peery recently proposed that GMs pay a "DipTax" on the games they run. In what appears to be a hobby tradition, those who disagreed with this, instead of arguing with the idea, took to attacking Larry. Makes one wonder if it's worth making suggestions and proposing solutions to problems, when you have to put up with this nonsense. Anyhow, I had discussed this idea myself with a few friends a while back, as a means of raising funds for the CDO, and we discarded the idea as unworkable: you'd have those who contribute and those who don't and then what would you do? Despite all the wonderful promises and intentions regarding "feuding" it seems as though some never learn.

Other Zines

A couple of different items for you this month. Our own Paula Dodge is organizing a game (of her own invention?) called Alien Conquest. As I understand it, when you sign up you are assigned an alien race and a hex map. You must develop the resources of your planet, discover space technology, and go off to trade with, or conquer, other planets. Meanwhile, you have to look after your own planet's resources. It sounds fascinating; just the kind of game I'd love to try out if it weren't for so many other demands on my time.

Paula will send rules and information if you write her at: Redgod Enterprises, c/o Paula Dodge, P.O. Box 35, Warren Center, Pennsylvania, 18851.

Recently I heard from a group who have been playing a game of their own design postally since 1978 and just discovered the existence of the larger postal Dip hobby. Called World Diplomacy, it is similar to other Dip variants played on a world map. A new game is being organized, to be GMed by one of the group, and reprinted in Ed Wrobel's Politesse. If interested, write Kenneth Peel, 8708 First Ave., 7-2, Silver Springs, Maryland, 20910.

Bob Albrecht is going to fly out here, to the land of pinko liberals, to "straighten me out" if I don't plug his zine, Battle Stations. Seeing as I hope he will remain at: 1001, 1239, 12 Ave. SW, Calgary, Alta. T3C 3R8, please write and ask him for a sample. He's lots of game openings—and you don't find too many of those these days. Besides, he's a Westerner—and they never make GM errors like us Eastern wimps.

1982 I - Mensa 16

THE WAR TO END ALL WARS EMBRACES ALL EUROPE IN ITS DESPERATE HOURS.
FRANCE, ITALY, TURKEY HAVE A VERY LARGE BEAR BY THE TAIL.

WINTER, 1907

FRA: B A Bre.
ITA: D F Spa(sc), A Bur, A Ruh.
RUS: B A StP, A War, A Mos. (1 short)
TUR: B F Smy.

SPRING, 1908

FRA (Robert Young): A Bre - Gas*; A Par - Bur*; A Hol - Ruh*; F MAO* §
F Por* - Spa(sc).
GER (Windy Windblad, CD): A Bud*.
ITA (Bob Olsen): F Tyr* S A Pie - Tus*.
RUS (Dave Lincoln): F Gly* S A Yor - Edi*; F NAO* - MAO; F Nth* S F Lon -
Eng*; A StP - Nwy*; A Kie* S A Sil - Mun*; A War - Sil*; A Ven* S
F Rom*; A Tri - Alb*; A Tyr - Tri*; A Ukr - Gal*; A Mos - Ukr*; F Sev*
- Bla.
TUR (Paula Dodge): F Con* - Bla; A Lvp* - Lon (IMP); F Smy - Aeg*; F Nap* -
Rom; F WMed* - Spa (sc); F Iri* - Eng; A Bul* S A Ser*.

Fall, 1908 due Friday, 2 March, 1984.

PRESS

Moscow to Budapest: But for a moment of your time this game would have been history.

Italy to Turkey: You're the only female toady I've ever run into. Pathetic!

Russia to Italy: An Olson by any other name is still an Olsen. Or is it the other way around?

Bourse (82 I)

FRANC MAKES DRAMATIC LEAP IN VALUE AS INVESTORS TAKE CHARGE OF THE MARKET AT LAST. ROUBLE AND PIASTRE SLIP SLIGHTLY.

SPRING, 1908	US\$	Fr	DM	f.	R	Tp
OIC (Briggs)	.81	0	0	2731	500	2750
MI (Cusack)	.51	1350	0	759	724	4195
JILT (Gaughan)	1346.34	0	0	0	4236	0
BOT (Gautron)	29.00	7100	0	0	2100	300
VIC (Jensen)	191.62	0	1500	1500	2400	1200
OIL (Loves)	22.67	0	0	0	5150	1910
YUK (Presber)	5.00	8700	0	0	1900	0
Purchases:		14800	0	0	440	868
Sales:		0	0	100	2400	1500
Net Change:		+14800	0	-100	-1560	-632
OLD CMP:		.33	.20	.71	2.69	1.55
Change:		+1.48	.00	-.01	-.15	-.06
New CMP:		1.81	.20	.70	2.54	1.49

Fall, 1908 due Tuesday, 28 February, 1984.

NOTES

Darryl Phillips' MINE was removed from the listings as Darryl has NMRed out in his other games here. Darryl was one of the few remaining who received the first issue of Snafu!

If you guys are looking for another Bourse, I recommend Emhain Macha by Mike Mills, 26 Laurel Road, Sloatsburg, NY 10974. Subs are on a cost basis. His Barbarossa Bourse is free and uses the same rules as I do, except in the amounts the parent game affect the Bourse. (I need some opposition in that game!)

PRESS

BOT to OIL: Someone is buying something besides Roubles.

OIL to JILT: Congratulations on a very nice try. One more centre and you would have had the game.

OIL to JILT: Too late for buying pounds. That CMP of \$8.42 is now just a pipe dream. (Plus, you would have lost all.)



Jeff Albrecht and family



Larry Peery and Mike Maston

1981 W - North 1

RUSSIAN, BRITISH DIFFERENCES CONTINUE. TURK TAKES A BREAK TO ALLOW ITALIAN DEVELOPMENT. AUSTRIA HOLDS KEY POSITION.

WINTER, 1911

ENG: D F Iri.

ITA: B A Rom.

TUR: NBR. (Will be one short.)

SPRING, 1912

AUS (Bob Olsen): A War* S RUS A Mos - Ukr.

ENG (Errol Platt): F Kie § A Bel - Hol* (F Kie /d/, R: Ber, Bal, Den, Hel, OTB); A Par* S A Pic - Bur*; F MAO* § A Gas* - Mar; F Eng* S & F NAO* S F MAO.

ITA (Bill Young): F Tyr* C & F Ion* C & A Tri* S A Rom - Alb*; A Tyr - Mun*; A Ven - Tyr*; F Naf* - MAO; F Spa (sc) - Por*; F WMed* S A Mar - Spa*.

RUS (Garvin Boyle): A Nwy - Swe*; A Fin - Nwy*; A Mos - Ukr*; A Bur - Mar /d/ (R: Bel, OTB); A Ruh* S A Hol - Kie*.

TUR (Steve Hutton): NMR! F Gre*, F Aeg*, A Gal*, A Bud*, A Sev*, F Bla*, A Bul*, A Ser*.

Summer Retreats and Fall, 1912 due Friday, 2 March, 1984.

NOTES

Bill Young's new address is: 2000 Westpoint, Apt 307, Pittsburg, PA 15205. I do not know Steve Hutton's current address, so use: 704 Brant St., London, Ontario, N5Y 3N1. (That's his parents' address and he picks up mail there.)

Speaking of Steve, will Paul Rauterberg, 4922 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53208 please submit standby orders for Turkey? Thanks, Paul. I'll include the other addresses.

1981 KA - North 2

GERMANY MAKES MORE GAINS, BUT TURKEY AND FRANCE ARE STILL TO BE DEALT WITH. AUSTRIA DOWN TO ONE.

SUMMER, 1909

TUR: A Tri R Ser.

FALL, 1909

AUS (Nelson Millar): A Tri § A Vie* - Bud (A Tri /d/, R: Tyr, OTB).

FRA (Jack Jung): F MAO* - Bre; A Bur - Mun /d/ (R: Pic, Par, OTB); A Mar - Gas*; A Pic - Mar*; A Tus* - Ven; F Lyo - Spa(sc)*; F Tyr* S F Nap*; F Tun* H.

GER (Blair Cusack): F Hel - Nth*; A Bel* S & A Ruh* S A Mun - Bur*; F Bre* - MAO; A Mos* S A War - Ukr*; A Pru - Sil*; F Nwy - Nwg*; A Boh* - Vie; A Lvn - War*.

TUR (Paul Rauterberg): F Bla* C A Con - Sev*; A Bul - Gre*; A Ser* S A Bud*; A Ukr - Gal*; F Adr* S & A Bud* § F Ven - Tri*; F Apu* - Ven; F Ion* H.

SUPPLY CENTRES, 1909

AUS (2 - 1, disband 1): Vienna, Moscow.

FRA (9 - 8, disband 1): Paris, Marseille, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, London, Tunis, Rome, Naples.

GER (12 - 14, build 3, as short 1): home, Denmark, Holland, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Sweden, Norway, Warsaw, Brest, St. Petersburg, MOSCOW, BELGIUM.

TUR (11 - 11, even): home, Bulgaria, Greece, Sevastopol, Rumania, Budapest, Trieste, Serbia, Venice.

Autumn Rereats, Winter, 1909 AND Spring, 1910 due Fri., 2 March, 1984.

PRESS

Austria to Instant Bull: Told you, Turkey, that the stab would cost you the game.

1982 J - North 3

TURKEY, ENGLAND RACE TOWARDS EACH OTHER AS NEW LEADERS TRY TO MAINTAIN POSITIONS IN THE MIDDLE.

AUTUMN, 1907

GER: F Bal R Swe; A StP R Lvn.

WINTER, 1907

ENG: B A Lon, F Lvp.

GER: D A Vie.

TUR: B F Con, F Smy, A Ank.

SPRING, 1908

ENG (Doug Millstone): F Lvp - Iri*; F Eng* C A Lon - Bel*; A Par* S A Bre* - Gas; F Hel* S F Kie*; F Kie S F Bal - Ber*; A Fin* S F Nwy - Swe*; F StP (nc)* H.

FRA (Darryl Phillips, Paula Dodge): F MAO* S A Gas*; A Gas S & A Mar S (NSU) A Bur*.

GER (Martin Taylor, Blair Cusack): F Swe - Bal*; A Lvn - Pru*; A Mun* S A Ber - Kie /d/ (R: Sil, OTB).

TUR (Dennis Duncan): F Bla* C A Ank - Rum*; F Con - Aeg*; F Smy - EMed*; F Tun - WMed*; F Rom - Tyr*; F Ion* C A Gre - Tun*; A Ven - Tyr*; A Bud* S A Tri - Vie*; A War* S A Ukr - Gal*; A Mos* S A War.

Summer Retreats and Fall, 1908 due Friday, 2 March, 1984.

NOTES

The concession to Turkey was defeated.

Trust you understand I do not use slashing out any more, and that under-scoring does for all failed items, including player replacement. Paula and Blair are now the players of record.

PRESS

Turkey: All Turkish monkeys move indoors, fearing the sound of falling brass.

1983 Q - North 4

STABS, CUT SUPPORTS, AND OTHER COMPLICATIONS IN BLOODBATH.

SPRING, 1904

AUS (Bob Acheson): F Gre* S TUR F Smy - Aeg; A Gal* S A Vie - Boh*; A Sev S TUR A Rum - Ukr (NSO) /d/ (R: Ukr, OTB); A Tyr - Tri (NSU); A Bud* S A Gal; A Tri* U.

ENG (Paul Watson): F Eng* C & A Hol* S & F Nth* S A Lon - Bel*; F Bre* H; A Den* S F Hel - Kie*.

FRA (Jan Jensen): NMRI A Par*.

GER (Mark Keller): F Bal* S A Ruh* - Kie; A Sil - Ber*.

ITA (Dennis Duncan): F Ion* - Aeg; F Nap* - Ion; F Rom - Tyr*; A Veg* H; A Mar - Pie*; A Mun - Bur*; A Spa - Gas*; F Por - Spa(sc)*.

RUS (Steve Berrigan): A Mos* - Sev; A War* S A Boh - Gal (A Boh /d/, R: Sil, Mun, OTB); F Swe* - Bal.

TUR (James Keeley): A Arm* S A Rum - Sev*; F Con - Bla*; A Ank - Con*; F Smy - Aeg*.

Summer Retreat and Fall, 1904 due Friday, 2 March, 1984.

NOTES

If Jan misses again, France will be in Civil Disorder.

Steve Berrigan will be moving on January 27 to: 36 Stokes Cres., Kanata, Ontario, K2L 2Z4.

1983 HT - North 5

SLEEPING BRITS GATHER NO CENTRES. TURKISH AND AUSTRIAN FORCES CLASH, BUT THE REST CONTENT WITH UNGUARDED NEUTRALS.

FALL, 1901

AUS (Jan Jensen): A Ser* S F Alb - Gre*; A Bud* H.
 ENG (Dan Adam): NMR! F Nth*, F Eng*, A Yor*.
 FRA (Jerry Paulson): A Pic - Bre*; F MAO - Por*; A Spa* H.
 GER (Dale Bakken): F Den* H; A Kie - Hol*; A Ruh - Bur*.
 ITA (Rob Lowes): A Ven* H; F Ion* C A Apu - Tun*.
 RUS (Rob Peart): A Gal* S & A Ukr* S F Bla - Rum*; F Bot - Swe*.
 TUR (Claude Gautron): A Smy - Con*; F Con - Aeg*; A Bul* - Gre.

SUPPLY CENTRES, 1901

AUS (3 - 5, build 2): home, GREECE, SERBIA.
 ENG (3 - 3, even): home.
 FRA (3 - 5, build 2): home, PORTUGAL, SPAIN.
 GER (3 - 5, build 2): home, DENMARK, HOLLAND.
 ITA (3 - 4, build 1): home, TUNIS.
 RUS (4 - 6, build 2): home, RUMANIA, SWEDEN.
 TUR (3 - 4, build 1): home, BULGARIA.

Winter, 1901 ONLY due Friday, 2 March, 1984.

NOTES

Rob Peart has moved to: 1 Herman Cr., Palgrave, Ontario, LON 1PO.

Will Gary Ferguson, P.O. Box 142, Messines, Québec, JOX 2J0 please submit standby orders for England. I know England now has nothing to do next deadline, but if I don't hear from Dan by then, Gary will take over, so you'll know who's in charge before 1902 negotiations.

PRESS

Austria to Russia: The Army Budapest is for your support in Rumania. Nothing to worry about.

1983 Brn16 - Variant 2 (Blowup)

ARMENIA EXPLODES! RUSSIAN ARMY ANNIHILATED IN ICY BATTLE! ENGLAND AND FRANCE DISCOVER NEW TECHNIQUE FOR AVOIDING MINE FIELDS.

WINTER, 1904

AUS: B A Vie, A Bud.	ITA: B A Vie.
ENG: NBR: 2 short.	RUS: D F Bla.
FRA: D A Gas (by GM).	TUR: B A Ank.
GER: B A Kie.	

SPRING, 1905

AUS (Bruce Poppe): A Bul* - Con; A Sev - Arm /A/; A Ukr - Sev*; A Ser* S
 A Bud - Rum*; A Gal - Ukr*; A Vie - Gal*.
 ENG (Steve Hutton): NMR! F Eng*, F Pic*, A Wal*.
 FRA (Mark Keller): NMR! F Por*, A Par*, F Spa (sc) /d/ (R: MAO, OTB).
 GER (Keith Sesler): A Kie* H; A Den* S F Bal - Swe*; F Nth - Nwy*; A War* H;
A Lvn* S A Mos* - StP.
 ITA (Dave Lincoln): A Mar* S F WMed - Spa(sc)*; F Lyo* S A Mar; A Ven* H;
 F Ion* S F Gre - Aeg*.
 RUS (Nelson Millar): A Fin* S A StP*; A Nor - Den (???); A Swe U /A/.
 TUR (Dave Carter): F Con - Bla*; F Aeg - Ion /d/ (R: Smy, EMed, OTB);
A Ank* - Con.

Summer Retreat and Fall, 1905 due Friday, 2 March, 1984.

NOTES

There was only one request for separated seasons. As usual, there is no reason that spring orders cannot be made conditional on winter orders.

For Steve Hutton, use: 704 Brant St., London, Ontario, N5Y 3N1.

Will Bob Albrecht, 1001, 1239, 12 Ave, SW, Calgary, Alta. T3C 3R8 please submit standby orders for England?

Will Gerry Paulson, Box 6, Amisk, Alta., TOB OBO do likewise for France?

Thanks, you two. Rules, maps, and addresses will be forwarded.

PRESS

Italy to Turkey: You built nothing but fleets and now you're suddenly concerned about Austria?

Germany to Russia: Actually, we're doing you a favor, since you'll soon have more free time to spend on 1982 IF.

Austria: The kingdom of Austria-Hungary gleefully announces to the world that the genie has been successfully shoved back into the bottle. And thanks for noticing in the first place.

Russia to World: So I lied, cheated, blew-up your loved ones, and trusted Carter. Is that any reason to pick on me?

Germany to England: F Den - Nth was a serious mistake. I mean you no harm. (Not yet, anyhow.)

Italy to France: How did you manage to put two mine fields in the MAO last year? I didn't know you had any friends.

1983 Ecb19 - Variant 3

(Woolworth II-D)

ENGLAND DECIDES TO PLAY SHORT AS SCANDINAVIA FADES AWAY.

WINTER, 1903

- AUS (???): even. Has: A Tri, A Vie, A Ven.
- BAL (???): even. Has: A Bud, A Ser, A Bul, F Adr.
- ENG (Steve Hutton): NBR. (2 short). Has: F Nwg, A Nwy, F Den, F Nth, A Hol.
- FRA (Keith Sesler): even. Has: A Bas, F Eng, A Bel.
- GER (???): even. Has: A Ber, F Bal, A Kie.
- ITA (???): B A Rom & has: F Alg, A Mor, F Nap.
- RUS (???): even. Has: A Gal, A Lap, A StP, A Ukr, F Sev.
- SCA (Dave Carter): F Kie R Hel; D F Hel. Has: A Sil.
- SPA (Bob Albrecht): even. Has: A Mar, F Mad, A Swi, F MAO.
- TUR (Nelson Millar): B F Con & has: F Rum, A Arm, F Bla, F Ion.

Spring, 1904 due Friday, 2 March, 1984.

NOTES

Fall, 1903 was mailed December 21st and seasons separated because of the shortened deadline.

For Steve Hutton, best use his parents' address until informed otherwise. It's 704 Brant St., London, Ontario, N5Y 3N1.

Will Mark Keller, 9536 Shumway Dr., Orangevale, CA, 95662 please submit standby orders for England and "???"? Thanks Mark, I'll send the necessary information.

I have Spring orders on hand for Scandinavia and ???, and Turkey and ???.

PRESS

Spain to France: The loss of Morocco hurt, but not as much as your losses have hurt you!

Spain to Scandinavia: Tsk, tsk. One small error, then ploocy!

1983 HW - International

AGGRESSIVE OPENINGS HERALD AN EXCITING MATCH. THE GM WOULD MOVE TOO IF HE HAD MURDER IN MIND. ENGLAND TRIES THE OLD A LVP - LON TRICK--AND IT DOESN'T WORK ANY BETTER THAN THE LAST TIME THE GM TRIED IT.

SPRING, 1901

AUS (Gerry Van Alkemade): F Tri - Alb*; A Bud - Ser*; A Vie - Gal*.
 ENG (Walter Compton): F Lon - Eng*; F Edi - Nth*; A Lvp* - Lon (IMP).
 FRA (Bucheron Frank): A Mar - Spa*; A Par* - Bur; F Bre - Pic*.
 GER (Sellick Davis): A Mun* - Bur; A Ber - Kie*; F Kie - Den*.
 ITA (Pierre Touchette): A Ven - Tyr*; A Rom - Ven*; F Nap - Ion*.
 RUS (Bill Young): F StP (sc) - Bot*; A Mos - StP*; A War - Ukr*; F Sev - Rum*.
 TUR (Paul Watson): F Ank* H; A Smy - Con*; A Con - Bul*.

Fall, 1901, and retreats AND Winter, 1901 due Thursday, 19 April, 1984.

NOTES

As you read in the Opening Shot, we are moving April 1st, so the deadlines are moved to give us a bit of time to unpack. I suggest you mail early to the Summerville address. If it misses us, the post office will forward your mail, though it takes time, so don't wait until the last minute. Don't send mail to the new address until we've moved, as it will likely be returned.

Seeing as three of you have COA's, here's all the addresses. (Settle down, you guys!)

Gerry Van Alkemade, P.O. Box 65036, GR 154.10, Athens, Greece.

Walter Compton, Apartado 70774, Caracas 1017A, Venezuela.

Bucheron Frank, GQSO 10: Compagnie, 1e section, Ecole d'Application de l'Infanterie, Quartier Guillaunt, 34057 Montpellier, CEDEX France.

Sellick Davis, ZADCO, LM, P.O. Box 6808, Abu Dhabi, Union of Arab Emirates.

Pierre Touchette, 1, rue Georges, Masson, Québec, JOX 2H0, Canada.

Bill Young, 2000 Westpoint, No. 307, Pittsburg, PA 15205, USA.

Paul Watson, RR 5, Stony Plain, Alberta, TOE 2G0, Canada.

Don't forget we're using European rules, so send Winter builds with your fall orders. Yes, builds can be conditional on the fall.

PRESS

Berlin: Happy Xmas, and may 1902 be unquiet.

Vienna: Annoyed and upset by the rebuff from St. Petersburg (whence he had sent a message of goodwill and peace on earth), Kaiser Gerhardt Peter Joseph III ordered the First Viennese Tortenarmee into Galicia for extended war games and maneuvers. The next destination of this crack force remains a well-kept secret and the topic of much wild speculation throughout the Reich.

((GM: Sorry I couldn't print all of Gerry's press, but I couldn't make out his handwriting.))

1983 R - Seven Nations

Fall, 1902 and Winter, 1902 were mailed to players and standby on January 6th. Spring, 1903 is due March 9th. The delay caused by the mail strike in Holland hardly seems justified now, as I still have not heard from Roland. Well, everyone gets a fair chance.

1982 IF - Millar 1

AUSTRIA GETS A.I.D.S. (ATTACKED INDISCRIMINATELY FROM DIFFERENT SIDES)

GM: Nelson Millar
327 Wilfred Leblanc
Maniwaki, PQ
J9E 1X7

SUMMER, 1905

TUR: A War R Ukr.

FALL, 1905

AUS (Rauterberg): A Ruh* S GER A Sil - Mun; F WMed - MAO /d/ (R: NAF, OTB); A Tri - Ven*; A Rom* S F Nap; F Nap* H; A Bul § A Bud* - Rum (A Bul /d/ R: Con, Ser, OTB); A Gal - Ukr*.
 ENG (Touchette): F MAO* S F Spa(sc) - WMed*; F Nth* - Bel; F Hol* - Bel; F Bal* S A Kie - Ber*; A Den - Kie*; A StP* - Mos; F Bar* - StP(nc); F Nwy - Nwg*.
 FRA (MacLellan): F Lyo* S F Spa(sc) - WMed*; A Mun § A Pie - Tyr* (A Mun /d/, R: Boh, Bur, OTB); A Mar - Pie*.
 GER (Sesler): A War* S AUS A Gal - Ukr; A Sil - Mun*.
 TUR (Ferguson): A Sev* S A Ukr - Rum*; F Bla* S F Rum - Bul(ec)*; F Aeg - Gre*; F Ion - Adr*; F Tun* - WMed; F Tyr* - Nap; A Mos* H.

SUPPLY CENTRES, 1905

AUS (8 - 8 or 7, even or disband 1): home, Serbia, Venice, Rome, NAPLES, Greece, Munich, (Constantinople?).
 ENG (10 - 11, build 1): home, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Kiel, St. Petersburg, BERLIN.
 FRA (5 - 5, even): home, Portugal, Spain.
 GER (2 - 2, even): MUNICH, WARSAW, Berlin, Moscow.
 TUR (9 - 9 or 8, depending on Austrian retreat, even or disband 1): Ankara, Smyrna, (Constantinople?), Bulgaria, Sevastopol, Tunis, GREECE, MOSCOW, Naples, Warsaw.

Retreats, Winter, 1905 and Spring, 1906 due Monday, 27 February, 1984.

NOTES (By Nelson)

Thanks to Dave Carter for unneeded standby orders.
 New Address: Gary Ferguson, P.O. Box 142, Messines, Québec, J0X 2J0.

NOTES (By Ron)

Just in case there's any confusion regarding my intentions with Snafu! your game will continue as before, with deadlines a few days before the others in Snafu! to give Nelson time to get the adjudication to me.



Kevin Davis (10½)



Sinikka Wasastjerna (5 months)

Rules

VII. 4: Mechanics of Writing Orders

Each player writes his "orders" on a slip of paper, usually keeping them secret, and these orders to the armies and fleets are all exposed at once. Each player reads his orders while the others check to be sure that he is reading what he actually wrote.

Note the "usually keeping them secret." One is not required to keep orders secret until the deadline. One can freely show other players his orders, even countersigning them if he wishes. But, who's to say that he must submit the orders he has shown others? One can "accidentally on purpose" allow others to see what he has written, then submit something else.

"Exposed at once" can't be taken literally. But once the deadline has been decided upon no orders may be submitted after it, and so anything read can be assumed to be "at once." The same applies to movement which, though simultaneous, can't be followed literally.

The last sentence is rarely followed literally either. Usually one person is assigned to read orders while others look over his shoulder to check. If no one reads his own orders, then you've an automatic check, as the player who wrote them can immediately protest if something is read which he did not write.

An illegal order is not followed, and the unit so ordered simply stands in place. A mistaken order, if legal, must be followed. An order which admits of two meanings is not followed. A badly written order, which nevertheless can have only one meaning, must be followed.

This doesn't seem to cause many problems in face to face play because of the immediacy of the situation. If someone protests, "But I didn't mean that!" everyone else will likely gang up on him and say, "Look what you wrote, dummy!"

In postal play, we have no such immediate feedback. The GM has to make decisions on his own regarding mistaken and badly written orders. Does he allow a fleet to move to St. Petersburg (north coast) when the player wrote: "F Bar - StP(sc)"? Does he allow the movement of an army when the player has called it a fleet? What does he do with "A Vie - Tro"?

How he decides is what makes his reputation as a GM. The best, and fairest, when in doubt, go with what the player actually wrote, and, if it's ambiguous or illegal, he follows the rules. The inconsistent GM creates an aura of uncertainty and unfairness when he decides "A Vie - Tro" must be Tyrolia one time and Trieste another.

"An order which admits of two meanings is not followed" more than adequately describes "double orders" and what to do with them, despite all the argument and controversy over this subject since a GM, known for his "strictness" (in other words, he applies the rules even if players don't like it), disallowed "A Mun Holds, A Munich Supports A Berlin."

In my case, I call "F Lon - Nor" a badly written order and follow that rule, but "F Edi - Nor" ambiguous and follow the rule for that. Why? Look at the map. Some would disallow both, some would try to guess what the second case means. But, as said before, and this bears repeating, most GM-player problems would disappear if players wrote their orders out in full, including army and fleet designations. However, I feel I'm a voice in the wilderness on this point, as the arguments over the precise meaning of various and sundry abbreviations go on, distracting from the purpose of the game.

Me«Ann»derings

by Ann Potnergill-Brown

My thanks to all who wrote notes of condolence following my column last month concerning my grandmother's death. I appreciated all your kind words. It remains hard for me to believe that she isn't still sitting in her Montreal apartment waiting for us to visit — I guess that it takes a long time to get used to hard facts. However, on to happier topics . . .

Due to the change in direction of **SNAFU!**, I plan to devote any future columns to travel vignettes rather than continue my brief series on "cyber-mythology." This idea harks back to my first-ever column, where I volunteered to set down some impressions from my first trip to Europe. I couldn't start at the time, as Ron was still monopolizing the subject in his "travel" column. However, Ron's series ended some time ago, and I can now follow up on my idea. I regret that comments from subbers about past columns will have to go unpublished due to this change. But thanks to everyone who sent stories of personal encounters with the "dreaded computer."

Meanwhile, herewith follows installment #1 of **Europe'77:**

* * *

Europe'77: PARIS

I must have seen more than a dozen cities during my European tour in the fall of 1977, but Paris was certainly one of the most memorable. I had my first look at the "City of Light" while still suffering from jet lag, less than forty-eight hours after landing at London's Heathrow airport.

Paris will always remain in my mind as a curious mix of the sublime and the disgusting. I was on a commercial tour, but a tour with a difference: all members of the group ranged in age between 18 and 30, and we camped out rather than staying in hotels. My first encounter with the disgusting (at least to my North American mind) was when I visited the washrooms provided at our Bois de Boulogne campground. The majority of the facilities were what might be called "squats" — little holes in the floor bracketed by slightly raised footpads (see illustration below).



There were a few china fixtures in one of the three toilet blocks, but not one had a seat. To make matters worse, all the facilities were filthy. I couldn't believe that such things could exist in the land of the bidet, and I will swear to this day that some of the girls on the tour spent their entire three days in Paris with their legs crossed.

But the city had its compensations. I remember a terrific late summer picnic under full-foliaged trees in the Champ de Mars (a soldiers' drill field in Napoleonic times), and my trip up the Eiffel tower earlier that same day. That unwanted symbol of Paris (Parisians called it "Eiffel's Folly" at the time of its construction for the Paris Exposition of 1889) is surprisingly small and fragile-looking in real life. It sits near the bank of the Seine, overlooking the Champ de Mars and the Trocadero fountain, a wildly extravagant fantasy of sculpture and cascading water.

A friend of mine once told me that some movie star had written a book about her French husband called "Every Frenchman Has One". The "one" every Frenchman has is his liver, I was told. Apparently, the French fear that holding an urge to urinate is bad for this delicate organ and so will use any convenient corner rather than risk their

health. It must be true, for one of the most vivid images of my stay involves walking about the Montmartre (literally "Martyr's Hill" -- one of the prime area for viewing street artists' work), munching on a crepe aux marrons glacées avec crème fraîche (pancake with candied chestnuts and cultured cream), and being assaulted by the rock of urine in the streets.

Unfortunately, it wasn't only smells which assaulted me in the streets of Paris. During our group's trip to the Louvre, I wandered off alone to visit the outdoor sculpture garden. A rather dirty little man in a beret walked up to me and asked if he could join me. Ever naive, I said "sure, why not?" in French and kept on strolling. The disreputable little character walked alongside and kept up a steady stream of elementary French conversation, praising me all the while for my comprehension and accent. It took me a long time to realize he had less than honourable, if reasonably gracious, intentions. (In Paris, even dirty old men are dirty old gentlemen). It took me what seemed an eternity after that to shake him off, and when I finally did so, another of his ilk latched on almost at once. I dove headfirst through the main door of the Louvre to escape the second proposition, and was immediately accosted by a third man calling "Mam'selle, Mam'selle" inside the building.

heedless of the fact that the third character could well have been alerting me to a dropped passport or other valuable, I took Art Buchwald's advice and embarked on an attempt to beat the "four minute Louvre." I certainly saw the winged Victory (impressively huge), the Venus de Milo (lovely, yet cold) and the Mona Lisa in record time, but I didn't set a new standard of excellence because I couldn't make a significant comment upon seeing the Mona Lisa. To tell you the truth, words just aren't possible in front of that painting. There was, to me, an almost magical aura radiating from the work which I'll never forget. I'll never forget the three dirty old men either!

Seeing Paris at night, it's easy to understand why it is called the "City of Light." We saw most of the bigger monuments in the city only from the outside and at night, but even those brief views were spectacular. The Arc de Triomphe, Cleopatra's Needle, Notre Dame and others are splendidly floodlit. Neon street signs blaze ads for movies, shops and cafes, and the traffic converts the roads into flowing rivers of light. (On the three-lane Champs-Élysées, the Parisians were driving five abreast.)

The same evening we toured the city, we went to the famed Folies Bergère. What remains in my mind of that evening is not the bare breasted showgirls, the astonishingly intricate "tableaux," or the magnificently-costumed production numbers, although I can visualize fragments of all of those. What most impressed me most that night was one man on stage, alone, with a few multi-purpose clothes for props. He was a comedian, doing outrageous spoofs of various national "types" while carrying on a running patter in about five different languages. With sheer talent, he kept the audience in stitches.

That happened to be our last night in Paris. On the way back to the campground, we encountered one other sight which remains in my mind until this day. As we drove into the Bois, our bus driver pointed out prostitutes waiting for clients beneath the trees. Most were clad in little else than bikini-like outfits (whether underwear or bathing suit, it was impossible to tell in the dark at that distance), but at least one girl I saw was wearing leather and carrying a whip (!). When we paused at a traffic light, we saw the police trying to break up a catfight between two of these women. Presumably, one had impinged on another's regular "territory." I think that the intervening police were getting the worst of it.

After breakfast early the next morning, as we pulled up tent pegs

and packed the bus, I kept thinking how glad I was to be leaving the "squats" and this very contradictory city. I also wondered whether the other stops on the tour were going to be as eventful. Certainly today, six years later, Paris has remained more powerfully evocative in my mind than I could have believed possible.

«RON»dache

I bought my first car ten years ago. It was a '65 Chevy II which I paid \$300 for. I loved it and the freedom of movement it gave me. I was studying education at McGill University at the time, living in a small apartment in Montréal's east end. School was going well and I had a girlfriend who lived in the west end, so life was good.

In January we had our first real snow storm of the year. Snow storms in Montréal are like nowhere else in the world. The entire city shuts up for days at a time; cars are buried in the middle of streets; and the bank robbers get out their snowmobiles. I had spent the day at my girlfriend's, working lovingly on my car in their heated garage: changing oil, cleaning plugs, that sort of thing. We were planning to visit some friends that evening. I was coated with grease and oil, but my girlfriend lived with her mother who had some rather strict rules. The idea of my taking a shower there was out of the question. So, I had to drive home to shower and change, then back to pick her up. It was about a 50 mile round trip and I was rather annoyed at being so inconvenienced by someone else's hangups.

It had been snowing all day, but I never thought about it. I had been driving for only six months and had no experience in snow, so I was unaware of the dangers. The first few blocks I skidded round corners, rather enjoying the experience. It didn't twig that mine was the only car on the main streets at five o'clock in the evening. To approach the expressway across town I had to descend a steep hill with a few curves ending on a bridge. There were no other tracks on the hill, but I started down. Before I got to the first curve, I began to get the feeling that perhaps I had made a mistake. The car was sliding, going where it chose rather than where I wanted it to. I negotiated the first curve with a cold feeling growing over me. On the second curve, the car slid towards a bus shelter as I fought with the wheel. I recall the feeling of immense relief was the bus shelter slid away behind me, but I was now headed straight for the bridge railing on the opposite side of the road. It didn't matter what I did, the car continued on that path. I thought, well, I'll hit the curb and that'll slow me down. It didn't.

It's hard to describe. I was headed towards the curb, there was a stunning pain across my face, and I was sitting there, dazed. I turned off the ignition, wondering why the car lights were aimed at the sky. I had the presence to reach over and unlock the passenger door. People opened it and kept saying, don't worry, you've just broken your nose, the police are coming, etc. A policeman got into the back seat, wrapped his arm across my chest and held me tight, telling me not to move. My hip hurt, so I reached inside my pants. My hand came away coated in blood. I couldn't breathe properly and my entire face hurt.

In the ambulance, the policeman wouldn't let me lie down, though I just wanted to curl up in a ball. My face was completely covered by a loose bandage, so I was blind. They took me into a hospital on a stretcher. Doctors removed the gauze bandage and cursed and looked worried. Phone calls were made and I was put into another ambulance. Nurses and doctors were waiting as they wheeled me into the Montréal General. They asked questions, stuck needles in me, and peered at my face. Why they weren't concerned with all that blood in my pants irritated me.

For days I drifted in and out of consciousness. I couldn't speak when people asked questions, so I didn't try to answer. There was a tube to my throat through which I breathed. It had to be cleaned and maintained. I choked once on the water which kept building up in the tube when a nurse was late to clean it out. I panicked and a team of doctors and nurses rushed to my room with tables of equipment. One leapt on the bed and squeezed my chest so hard I'm sure I had bruises. They moved me to another room next to the nurses' station. After some two weeks, I was more lucid, and able to write notes.

I was some six weeks in the hospital, and for a long time afterwards was weak and slow in my movements. Apparently I had hit the steering wheel with the bridge of my nose, not only completely destroying my nose, but breaking my upper jaw in two places, my cheek bones, and a hairline skull fracture. They had rebuilt the nose and wired my jaws shut. All the blood I had been worried about was from minor scrapes. I still have scars from the operations and my jaw aches in humid weather. But it could have been much worse.

I could have hit the steering wheel an inch higher and been blinded. I could have hit it lower and choked. There was a forty foot drop over that bridge railing and I had hit a steel pole imbedded in cement, pushing the engine back about two feet. I could have missed the pole.

I thought a lot about death then and how sudden and unexpected it was, knowing how absolutely helpless I felt as that bridge railing rushed at me. For years afterwards, a cold feeling embraced me whenever a car I was driving started to slide on ice or snow. I became a more cautious driver and always wear a seatbelt--as I would have walked away from that accident with a bruised shoulder if I had been wearing one. But, mainly I felt I had a guardian angel that night who knew my time hadn't yet come, but, perhaps, felt I needed a lesson. It gave me a certain distance from the world, a view that all our minor problems really don't mean a thing, that much of what we take so seriously is trivial in the grand scheme of things. It gives one a feeling that destiny plays a far greater role than we imagine, but yet we are far more responsible for our actions than we often acknowledge. All one can do is flow with life, accept it for what it is, and work at what we can. And maybe, just maybe, we might make a small difference somewhere: like planting a steel pole in exactly the right spot to save the life of another foolish kid.

Letters

Well, weather's always a good neutral conversation opener. KATHY BYRNE tells us what it's been like in New York City lately: *Tell Christopher he'd rather have your snow than all the rain we've had this year! In the past two days we've had 5½". We have broken every record for rain in the past year. Most ever was 68" (and that's excessive). We've had over 80" and Friday and Saturday they are promising 2 - 4" more! Yuk! Not only that but everything is flooded! You should see Rush Hour--it should be declared a disaster!*

You have my sympathies. Is this going to be the first winter in which I don't get letters from California boasting about how hot it is, or from Alberta boasting about how cold it is? The snowbanks here are as high as they were when I was a kid--I was beginning to think I had imagined that they were over my head. What New York gets as rain, we get as snow, except you have to figure 1 inch of rain equals 10 inches of snow and convert it to metric. I estimate there's about 60 - 70 centimeters on our front lawn (roughly two feet). Makes up for last winter when we hardly had any.

ROB LOWES (Peterborough, Ontario) is probably snowed under too. He writes: *Here's hoping you had a good Christmas and all the best to the four of you in the New Year. And remember: Christopher will soon be a Big Brother.*

Groan! Okay, that's it for the Big Brother jokes!

ERROL PLATT (Mississauga, Ontario): I read with interest your comments on Orwell's Nineteen Eighty-Four. I have just finished re-reading it so as to have a current remembrance of its contents.

I concur with you about "Goldstein's Book." In it I sense why I am so discontented at work. A management reorganization of a year ago elevated some of the Middles (they used to be my slightly higher peers) to the top group. They have acted as Goldstein indicated they would. They have grasped to themselves the effective control of the organization and have reduced the power of the rest of us left in the Middle. They have seemed to forget what it was like in the lower levels and seem not to recognize a problem. For them there isn't one. Ah well, the corporate wars continue as I claw my way to the middle!

Having seen myself some of the power struggles that go on in private industry it amazes me that the companies manage to produce anything at all. In fact, the first company I worked for, when I was 17, went under because of all the political in-fighting distracting everyone from their business. Oh well. That's reality, as they say. Big Brother is alive and well, thriving in the minds of those who place personal power above all other ethics. May the force be with you!

KEITH SESLER (Fraser, Michigan): So, you've got cable television, huh? I wouldn't have expected such decadence from you. I tried cable for a few months, but didn't feel it was worth \$20 a month for their basic service and one movie channel. You'll probably find that after a few months you'll notice an awful lot of repetition of the movies. Also, because there's so few high quality films available for cable, they'll show a lot of old movies and cheapo hack 'n slash teenage murder movies.

I did enjoy some of the movies though, especially since they were free of moronic commercials. I agree with you that the censors have no right to "protect" us by cutting out scenes that they feel offensive. For that reason I watch very little TV aside from 60 Minutes, Hill Street Blues, and sports shows. In Detroit, most movie theatres charge only one-two dollars for movies that start before 6 pm weekdays (and weekends too, sometimes). So I find it cheaper to go see a few films at the movies than to pay for cable. To each his own though, I guess.

I thought we might run into a conflict of terms here. "Cable TV" in Canada means simply that you are sharing the services of a large antenna, enabling one to pick up distant stations. We get about 20 channels here on that service, from Kingston, Montréal, Pembroke, and all the U.S. networks from Rochester, NY. "Pay TV" is extra, and that's the commercial-free movie channels. There are four in this region: two in French and two in English.

Yes, the movies are repetitive, but how many movies can one watch in a week? We both love movies, but when you have children it's not that easy to arrange to get out when one wants to. We figure what we're paying for pay TV is about equal to the cost of going out to see two movies a month--and we watch far more movies than that on TV, so we're ahead of the game.

Sure there's lots of garbage, but we've also seen many first rate movies we otherwise couldn't have, like Sophie's Choice, Heaven's Gate (uncut), Das Boot, On Golden Pond, to name a few that come readily to mind. I finally understood what Blade Runner was about after viewing it four times--and I couldn't have afforded to do that if I had to go to a theatre.

Received a long letter from RICHARD DEVEREUX (Surrey, England) on that subject I'm trying to get away from. To print his whole letter would just reintroduce the whole subject again. Suffice to say he disagrees with virtually everything political that I have said. However, parts of it are important for all pubbers to bear in mind once they approach that Pandora's Box:

I wish you and other editors of gaming zines would concentrate on gaming and leave politics alone. However, as you've introduced it, I feel so strongly that I cannot allow some remarks of your to pass unchallenged.

To say that Reagan is looking for a war is not just stupid, it's ludicrous. You drop yourself into the same class as Commie "provocateurs" who said that Mrs. Thatcher engineered the Falklands conflict for political ends. It's like saying President Roosevelt arranged the attack on Pearl Harbour!

Like it or not, Reagan is the leader undisputed of the Free World....

Anyways, I don't want to fall out with you personally; all I joined Snafu! for was the games. If you want to argue about politics in your zine, just remember it is the Reagan's and Thatcher's of this world who have the guts to keep a nuclear deterrent, who keep you free to write and print what you want. You wouldn't be allowed to criticize the government under a Commie regime, or a fascist one, come to that.

I agree that Dip zines should be about Diplomacy and that politics should be relegated to a very small part, if any. Very few zines manage that though. Seems I cannot read a zine these days without reading comments on how wonderful the American invasion of Grenada was and how nasty those dirty "commies" are. To hell with it! Obviously you and I will never agree as our world views are too different. You appear to see the world as a battle between the good and bad guys and regard with suspicion any slur on the good guys. I see it as a conflict between two emotionally disturbed children armed with weapons that they will use against the entire world in a fit of temper. It's not the "commies" or "Americans" who are the enemy, but the conflict between them and the weapons they have stock-piled which threaten everyone. As for Reagan, I doubt that most of the "free world" (including most Americans) regard him as their leader. He's certainly not mine, though I guess Canada doesn't qualify as it has voluntarily disarmed itself and is regarded as "socialist" by much of the world. Whatever, let's drop it. (Well, we will anyhow, as there isn't going to be a Letter Section again for a while.)

Just received at the last minute this testament from MIKE BARNO, whose Shogun's Sword faded away some time ago. *I'm finally doing something I should have done long ago. I'm getting out.*

The hobby has been very important to me for years. It's brought me a lot of great times and valuable friendships. I've traveled all over the country (in some improbably automobiles) to see dippers and play games....Dipdom has been the biggest single influence in my life, and I celebrate much of what has happened.

But it's cost me, too. 1982 saw hatred and pain dominant among most of my closest friends in Dipdom. It got to me, tearing me up until I exploded, causing great hurt....In the aftermath of that, I went to pieces. I was forced to question everything I thought of as Barno. I turned to drug abuse and found no escape. The Shogun's Sword was simply lost in the fray, as I was.

...I'm still very much open to any communication from anybody in the hobby. I value the many people I've come to care for through Dip. And anyone is free to print or discuss any of this. There'll just be less Blarfo in your lives for a while. I hope and expect that you'll carry on and enjoy things. I owe many of you letters; most of you will have to be satisfied by this. Sorry. Also sorry for the problems I've left. Enjoy yourselves and don't forget to laugh and love.

Well, Mike, I, and I'm sure many of us, know where you're coming from. There are times when the world just seems to fall apart and we lose track of where we are. But, there are times when everything comes together again. It just takes time. You all know enough of my story to guess at some of the hell I went through in my teens and twenties--and to see how great things have been working out for me the past few years. It's worth it. Things happen when they're meant to, though it's sometimes hard to see that. I don't want to sound like Ann Landers, so, accept that the friends you made through Dippie were not in vain. Lots will be rooting for you. God bless.

Battle Stations

THOSE VALIANT AND BRAVE STANDBYS

Bob Acheson, Bob Albrecht*, Dale Bakken, Steve Berrigan, Jim Briggs, Dave Carter, Blair Cusack, John Davies, Paula Dodge, Dennis Duncan, Gary Ferguson, Claude Gautron, Scott Hanson, Jan Jensen, Jack Jung, James Keeley, Mark Keller*, Mike Mazzer, Bob Olsen, Gerry Paulson*, Paul Rautenberg, Pierre Touchette.

For international games: Gerry Van Alkemade, Bill Young, Richard Devereux, Sellick Davis, Ake Jonsson, John Marsden.

Ones marked with * are for variant games. Obviously, I need more standbys for those games. I had to call for three this month and that exhausted the list.

Any corrections, let me know, as the last published list is the one I use when searching for standbys. It's the only record I keep. In fact, ATF (After The Fold), I intend to send active standbys (ie., those who submit orders when called upon) game reports for free. So, let's get the list up, as I'll probably need you.

THOSE WHO (SOB) ARE ABOUT TO LOSE SUBSCRIPTIONS

Expiring with this issue (ie., you don't get any more unless you send money pronto. Make it about \$5.00 to get you to the end. I'll work it out.)

Gary Ferguson, Errol Platt, Richard Young, Gerry Van Alkemade, Ake Jonsson.

Those with a "41" on their labels (ie., send some money so I won't have to list your name next month. Make it about \$4.00 to get you to the end, more or less.)

Dan Adam, Blair Cusack, Keith Sherwood, Richard Gee.

Parting Shot

Well, it came to pass. I am a week late in getting this finally together. Once in four years isn't impossible. Fortunately, I had already extended deadlines by a week for next time in anticipation of avoiding having a deadline fall close to our moving date.

When this does happen, that I am late, the original deadlines still hold, as I'm sure you understand. I did receive one set of late orders in the past week, but, tough. Nothing is accepted after the deadline.

Anyhow, while I was trying to get everything done, Christopher had a cold and was miserable, driving Ann out of her skull with his miserableness. So, in the name of family well-being, I put everything aside Sunday afternoon to give Ann a break. Normally I could have finished up Monday evening, but, this first week on a new job, I just didn't have the time. I had manuals to look over every night and went back after supper one night, working till nearly midnight.

It's a fun job though. A large part of the job is helping people debug programs, and most of them, being a scientific centre, are in Fortran. So, guess who's trying to master Fortran IV and V instantly? I have my own account number which gives me freer access to the system than I had. Ten million dollars worth of equipment to play with! And, learning all sorts of neat tricks from the other consultants. I'm going to enjoy this immensely.

The hardest part of the job is having to wear a tie and jacket. Never understood why men have to wear horribly uncomfortable remnants of 17th century garments to look "respectable." Women don't have to choke themselves to go to work. Christopher thought my suit and tie very funny the first morning and had a good laugh. Laugh kid! When he's 18 people will still insist that men wear phallic symbols around their necks. And we're supposed to be "civilized"! Tribal rites and customs die hard.

Speaking of "tribal customs," sort of, watched "Indian Love Song" (AKA "Rosemarie") tonight. Fascinating in the ignorance of Canada it reveals. The whole premise, of a Mounty chasing an escaped convict through northern Québec, is absurd to begin with. Québec (and Ontario) has its own provincial police and Mounties would not be allowed to infringe upon provincial jurisdictions like that. In the movie, the premier of Québec is an English gentleman, with a very British accent. So, why were there no scenes of the riots this state of affairs would have caused, if true? The epitome of absurdity is in a scene where Jeanette MacDonald is watching an "Indian ritual." You'd have thought that Hollywood writers and directors would have had enough experience with things Indian to realize that the Algonquin, Cree, and Iroquois, the main tribal groups in Québec, did not wear plains Indian-style head-dresses, live in tepees, nor dance about west coast totem poles. Let's not even mention the gigantic tom-tom and what appeared to be ostrich feathers being waved about by Indian maidens. Other points I noticed were the American western style saloons and the fact that none of the habitants appeared to be able to speak French. Where they picked up New York accents, living in the backwoods, was never explained.

Things really haven't improved much since that movie was made either. I was outraged at a "made-for-television" movie which showed about a year ago. Called, "A Whale for the Killing" it showed the inhabitants of Newfoundland to be ignorant salistic savages against whom a clean-cut New Englander and his typical nice American family fought single-handedly to save the life of a stranded whale. The saddest part of this exercise in stereotyping was that the movie was based on a book by a Canadian, Farley Mowat, which chronicled the efforts of the villagers to save the stranded whale, all without any help from a self-righteous American.

Seems Hollywood cannot mention anything Canadian without retreating into a fantasy world of Mounties, bad guys called Pierre, and American gun fighters. Oh well. One thing that changes to Canada's tax laws a few years ago accomplished is that many producers are finding it cheaper to shoot their movies in Canada. A result is that an amazing number of movies show aerial views of Montréal or Toronto when establishing a city setting. It was a bit disconcerting to see an American flag waving in front of the Ottawa General Hospital in "Threshold." Montréal is great for scenes involving helicopters, as the crew can shoot the scene from Mount Royal--and I've seen that used in big budget Hollywood movies a few times now. I guess that pretending that Vancouver is Los Angeles is not as bad as the outright misrepresentation that would occur if a Hollywood producer were to decide to shoot a movie set in Vancouver and populate it with Mounties on horseback, Indians in tepees, and bank robbers named Pierre.

What can one do, eh?

Well, I'm looking forward to a break from full-scale zine production. There will be another one, two, or three regular issues before Number 50, but not until I'm settled into this new job and we're moved, settled, and baby is part of the world.

Till then, love,