

Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for the delay in taking off.

We would ask that you now please direct your attention to the front of the page, where our attendant will point out some of the features of the zine in which you will be travelling today.

We would also ask that you take a few moments at this time to familiarize yourself with the Sopwith sheet located in the pocket of the page just ahead of page 15.

We will be serving an editorial during pages 2 through 4; if you have any special content restrictions, please alert an attendant.

This zine is equipped with a single main exit over the last page of United, page 30. In the event of a strong dislike for the game, the first page of United, page 20, may be used as an emergency exit.

Should a forced landing over a sea of unfamiliar games become necessary, the Diplomacy games located on pages 5 through 9 may be used as a flotation device. Simply grasp the game in which you are most interested and keep it with you as you study its results.

Federal regulations require that you be strapped into the latest hobby event for takeoff. Your zine is equipped with a MaryCon review for this purpose. To operate your MaryCon review, slide your eyes over the opening on page 10, and read the succeeding pages until snug. To release the review, simply stop reading at the end of the article on page 13.

In the event of sudden loss of common sense, the letter column on page 15 will open, exposing a number of letters. To activate the flow of ideas, simply bring the letters in front of your nose and eyes and read normally until advised by a crew member. If you are accompanied by any small children, please read your letter column first, and then help them in reading theirs.

Our attendants will also be happy to supply you with additional reading material, in the form of space fillers placed in various locations throughout the zine.

On behalf of the entire crew, I wish to welcome you aboard, and would like to remind you that if there is anything we may do to make your journey a more pleasant one, please bring it to the attention of a crew member. Thank you for flying

#12 (Vol. 2 No. 1)

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21 June 1986

# IT'S A TRAP!

Zinelines, an amateur carrier devoted to postal games and anything else the pilot feels like; piloted by Capt. Steve Knight, 2732 Grand Ave. S #302, Minneapolis, MN USA 55408. Fare is 50¢ + postage per issue.

## EDITORIAL

Ah, yes, the Editorial's abstract blank page, or rather terminal screen, spreads before me, and I am left to struggle with the question, can I remember any of the number of things I've thought of to write about here over the past few weeks?

Or rather, the question should be, can an otherwise sane editor succeed in deluding himself into believing that he can get out a two-weeks late issue quickly enough that he can get the next one out on time three weeks later?

Er, yes. An explanation is definitely in order, isn't it? Well, were I in a more sedentary profession—an oil-well firefighter, say—I suspect that my schedule might be a little more constant, overtime and vacation being the primary intrusions into the regular and consistent schedule which is most suitable for producing a zine. But no, I'm working with computers, so there are these things called "technical conferences" which crop up from time to time, and which one gets to attend at company expense. All well and good, and I can't say that I dislike the conferences themselves—except that this last one would have me flying to Atlanta in the middle of the Sunday of last deadline weekend. Which plays hob with trying to get the whole zine out, of course, so I feverishly devoted myself to getting the game reports done on flyer and mailed to the participants in the games from Atlanta. Worked feverishly enough, in fact, that not only was I able to do just that, but I believe I fried just enough of the synapses in my brain that I got the idea in my head that I'd return from Atlanta, get this issue out to everyone two weeks late, then get the next one out on time.

If you read of a deranged lunatic attacking a computer with an axe in Minneapolis in two weeks time, you'll know that my optimism was ill-founded.

In any event, Atlanta was a new experience for me, and the overwhelming impression I took away with me was that the whole damn city was under construction! Hey, I live in Minnesota, where we only have two seasons a year (winter and road repairs) but I've never run across construction as omnipresent as I did in Atlanta. I mean, not just the roads, but every other building I went in seemed to have some area or other roped off while they were refinishing or putting in additional rooms or whatever.

Oh, well. On the closer-to-home front, those of you who latch on to small things like volume numbers will notice that the increment in that small region of the front page means that, yes, this turkey has actually reached a full year of existence. Ordinarily, this would call for a bit of a celebration in this issue, a few articles and things I've been saving for such a special occasion. Unfortunately, my ping-pong-ballish schedule these past two months has prevented me from actually writing up anything close to what I envision, so I guess I'll have to wait and celebrate a late anniversary at a later date. Thankfully, I'm using up the last of my vacation next week, and there are no more conferences on the horizon, so July looks a lot less hectic. Of course, I was saying the same thing about June back in May...

Then again, if I really want to reflect on how deeply I'm falling into middle-class purgatory, I should reflect, not on my busy schedule of late, but on the fact that the primary ongoing creative decision in my life is laboring over the design I draw with the icing I put on my Toaster Strudel...

Ah, well. Things are not always bleak. I got to meet Wallace Nicholl, co-editor of the highly recommended Scottish zine Prisoner of War, in Chicago last month, at Eric and Cathy Ozog's. Wallace was in the midst of a month or so of travelling around the U.S., and we basically chatted up the hobbies in the midst of diversions like listening to a few records on Eric's astonishingly fine stereo system. On his way back to the east coast from visiting Bruce McIntyre in Vancouver, Wallace changed his flight plans to come through Minneapolis, which meant I was able to play host in the underwhelming accommodations which are 2732 Grand Ave. S. Of course, his entire visit was hardly as bleak as my apartment; we attended game #6 of the MISL final series between the Strikers (yeah!) and the San Diego Sockers (boo).

Unfortunately, that series was a rather depressing ending to an otherwise fine year for the Strikers. (Okay, indoor soccer is an American bastardization of the real thing, but you take what you can get.) I'd been attending Strikers games off and on over the past several months, and when the Strikers actually made it past Cleveland into the finals, well, the local fans started packing the auditorium. The Strikers were able to snap the Sockers's unbeaten string of playoff games in San Diego in game #2 of the series, and suddenly San Diego was put in the position of having to snap the Strikers's own unbeaten home playoff streak. With the Strikers up 3-1 after two games at each club's home field, things were looking good. Game #6 was to be the capstone, and the Strikers wanted desperately to win it all in front of the loyal fans. Unfortunately, I think their lack of experience in a final series got the better of them, and San Diego's experience in finals (they've taken four straight indoor soccer titles) helped them take advantage of the Strikers being a bit on edge. End result: San Diego came up with a come-from-behind set of victories, winning the title 4-3.

The great thing was that the loss didn't really affect the fan support. In fact, the team seemed almost embarrassed at the fans unreserved support. Hey, they came back from San Diego having failed in their quest to bring a national title back to Minnesota (a long-time state fantasy; the last Minnesota team to win a national professional title was the Minneapolis Lakers, way back in 1954), and they're given a parade anyway. And provided the number of late-coming fans who jumped on the Strikers bandwagon when it looked like they'd take it all (some of us were here before they got trendy, he says with his nose in the air, sniff, sniff) don't turn sour because they weren't quite able to come up with it this year, they'll have some tremendous fan support at home.

So, next year. Strikers are the team to beat in the MISL. It could very well be title time for a Minnesota team. I think I'm going to get season tickets.

Well, folks, I'm plain out of things to blither on about, I've been up all night polishing this off and have to go to work in an hour, and this thing is late enough as it is. Hate to do it; there's something galling about white space; but you can just consider this a 31-page zine...

Later.

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WINTER 1903

ANDY PANDA

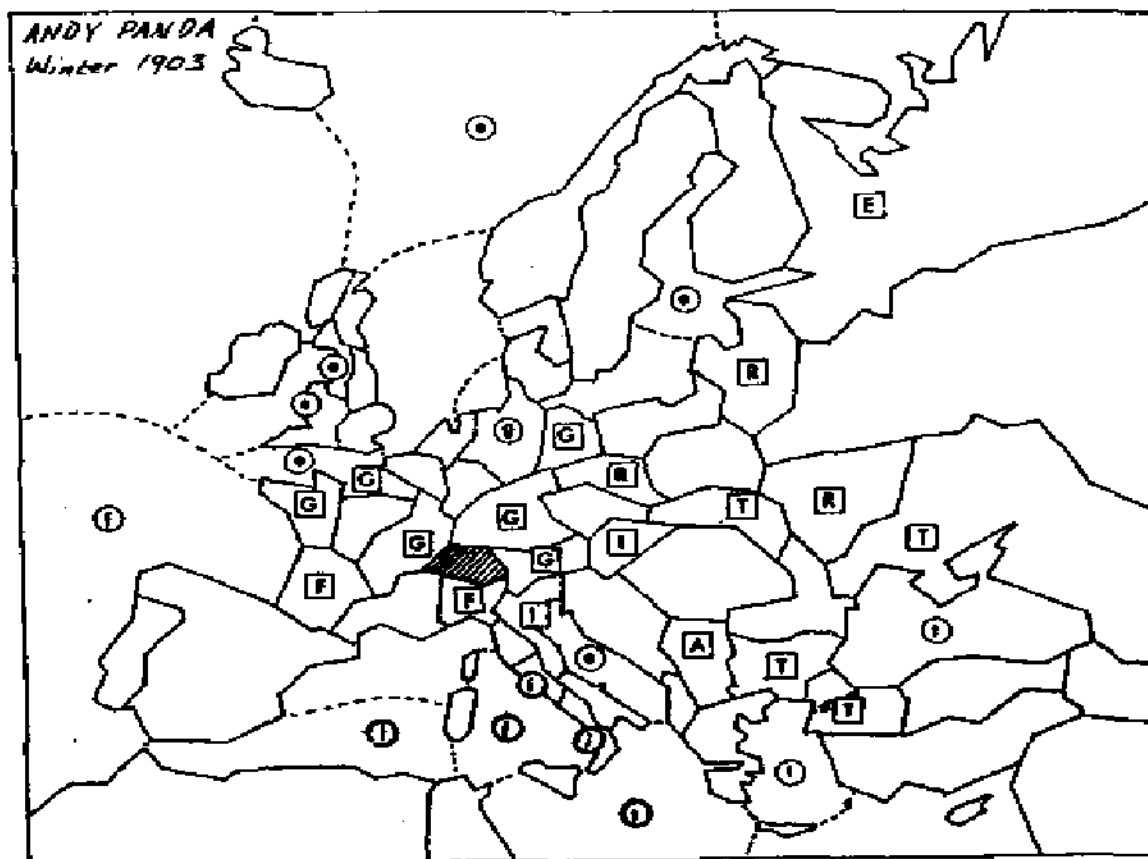
1985AZ

AUSTRIA:	Melinda Holley	Box 2793	Huntington, WV	25727
ENGLAND:	Russ Blau	5005 Domain Pl.	Alexandria, VA	22311
FRANCE:	Edi Birsean	950 Alla Ave.	Concord, CA	94518
GERMANY:	Greg Ellis	700 Rio Grande	Austin, TX	78701
ITALY:	James Wall	114 N Franklin #1	Madison, WI	53703
RUSSIA:	Robert Acheson	P.O. Box 4622, Station 36	Edmonton, Alberta	
		T6E 2A0	CANADA	
TURKEY:	Eric Diamond	7199 NW 48 Ct.	Lauderhill, FL	33319

ANDY PANDA WINTER RESULTS:

AUSTRIA: Even. Has A ser; F adr.  
 ENGLAND: Build F Lpl. Has A stp; F bot; F eng; F lpl; F arg; F wal.  
 FRANCE: Remove A Par. Has A gas; A pie; F mid; F tys.  
 GERMANY: Build A Ber. Has A ber; A bre; A bur; A mun; A pic; A tyo; F kie.  
 ITALY: Even. Has A ven; A vie; F nap; F rom; F wes.  
 RUSSIA: NRR! GM removes A Bud. Has A lvn; A sil; A ukr.  
 TURKEY: Build A Con. Has A bul; A con; A gal; A sev; F aeg; F bla; F ion.

Seasons have been separated at player request. I don't expect Bob to miss again, so no Russian standby after the missed retreat. Orders for Spring 1904 are due Friday, 11 July 1986 at 8:00 p.m. Central Time. (No press submitted.)



WINTER 1903 / SPRING 1904

BULLWINKLE

1985AY

\*AUSTRIA: Randy Ellis 8310 Grandview Ln. Overland Park, KS 66212  
ENGLAND: Marc Peters 1814 Cameron Dr. #3 Madison, WI 53711  
FRANCE: Jake Walters P.O. Box 1064 Brookline, MA 02146  
\*GERMANY: Paul Rauterberg 4158 Monona Dr. Madison, WI 53716  
ITALY: Pete Gaughan 3121 E Park Row #165 Arlington, TX 76010  
\*RUSSIA: Robert Anderson 320 Oceana Oscoda, MI 48750  
\*TURKEY: Chris Trudeau 8926 Erwell Rd. Nokesville, VA 22123

\*Neither Don nor Randy submitted Austrian orders, so Randy gets a stint as Austrian player of record. I am asking Jim Ferguson (112 Old English Ct. Jupiter, FL 33458) to submit standby orders for Austria.

\*I am asking Melinda Holley (Box 2793 Huntington, WV 25727) to submit standby orders for Germany.

\*Please note the COA for Robert Anderson.

\*No orders from Steve Dycus, so Turkey passes to Chris Trudeau. Thank you, Chris, for taking over.

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BULLWINKLE WINTER 1903 RESULTS:

AUSTRIA: NRR! GM retreats A Bud OTB. Even. Has A gal; A war.  
ENGLAND: Build A Lon. Has A fin; A lon; F hol; F nth; F nwy.  
FRANCE: Even. Has A bel; A bur; A gas; A pic; F eng; F mid.  
GERMANY: Even. Has A den; A kie; A mun; A ruh; F swe.  
ITALY: Build A Ven and F Nap. Has A bud; A tri; A tyo; A ven;  
F gre; F lon; F nap; F tys.  
RUSSIA: F Den r Bal. Remove F Sev. Has A mos; A stp; F bal.  
TURKEY: Even. Has A arm; A bul; A rum; F bla; F aeg.

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BULLWINKLE SPRING 1904 RESULTS:

AUSTRIA: NMR! A GAL U; A WAR U.  
ENGLAND: A fin-NWY; A lon-YOR; F hol-HEL; F NTH S FRENCH A bel-hol;  
F nwy-SKA.  
FRANCE: A bel-HOL; A BUR-ruh; A GAS-bur; A pic-BEL; F eng-MID;  
F mid-POR.  
GERMANY: NMR! A DEN U; A KIE U; A MUN U; A RUH U; F SWE U.  
ITALY: A BUD S A tyo-vie; A tri-SER; A tyo-VIE; A ven-TRI;  
F GRE S F lon; F ION S F gre; F nap-TYS; F tys-TUN.  
RUSSIA: A MOS S A stp; A STP H; F bal-BER.  
TURKEY: A arm-SEV; A BUL-gre; A RUM S A arm-sev; F BLA S A arm-sev;  
F AEG S A bul-gre.

I am asking Jim Ferguson to submit standby orders for Austria and Melinda Holley to submit standby orders for Germany.

Orders for Fall 1904, which may be made conditional upon who's playing Austria or Germany or both, are due Friday, 11 July 1986 at 8:00 p.m. Central Time.

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BULLWINKLE SPRING 1904 PRESS (white):

ENGLAND to GM: See what happens in a white press game? Nobody writes nuttin'. In a black press game there's always lots of press--and usually some of it is even real!

IT to ENGLAND: Yeah...just trying to accomodate all tastes. (I hope "Nobody writes nuttin'" refers only to the press...)



FALL 1901

CHILLY WILLY

198677

AUSTRIA: Eric Diamond 7199 NW 48 Ct. Lauderhill, FL 33319  
ENGLAND: Kevin Stone 23 Cherry Place Staten Island, NY 10314  
\*FRANCE: Rob Robinson 300-C Stratford Rd Williamsburg, VA 23185  
GERMANY: Carleton Harris 8686 Coy #97 Baton Rouge, LA 70810  
ITALY: Jim Diehl 10530 W Riverview Dr. Eden Prairie, MN 55344  
RUSSIA: Stuart Lancaster 1212 Louisiana, Apt. #3 Lawrence, KS 66044  
TURKEY: Marc Peters 1814 Cameron Dr. #3 Madison, WI 53711

\*I will call a replacement player for France at Winter 1901 unless I hear from Rob.

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CHILLY WILLY FALL 1901 RESULTS:

AUSTRIA: A GAL-rum; A rum-ser (r-bud,otb); F alb-GRE.  
ENGLAND: A yor-nwy; F nrg-BAR; F NTH C A yor-nwy.  
FRANCE: NMR! A MAR U; A PIC U; F MID U.  
GERMANY: A kie-HOL; A RUH S A kie-hol; F DEN-swe.  
ITALY: A TYO S A ven-tri; A ven-TRI; F ion-TUN.  
RUSSIA: A mos-WAR; A ukr-RUM; F BOT-swe; F SEV S A ukr-rum.  
TURKEY: A BUL-ser; F ank-CON; A arm-ANK.

The Austrian A Rumania is dislodged and must retreat to Budapest or off the board.

Although France has no builds, Rob must write me by the Winter 1901 deadline informing me of his intent to continue with the game. If he has not done so, I will name a replacement player with the next adjudication.

Orders for Winter 1901 are due Friday, 11 July 1986 at 8:00 p.m. Central Time.

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CHILLY WILLY WINTER 1901 SUPPLY CENTER CHART:

AUSTRIA:	bud,vie,GRE	(3)*even
ENGLAND:	edi,lon,lpl,NWY	(4) build one
FRANCE:	bre,mar,par	(3) even
GERMANY:	ber,kie,mun,DEN,HOL	(5) build two
ITALY:	nap,rom,ven,TRI,TUN	(5) build two
RUSSIA:	mos,sev,stp,war,RQM	(5) build one
TURKEY:	ank,con,smy,BUL	(4) build one
NEUTRALS:	bel,por,ser,spa,swe	(5)

\*Note that Austria may build one if A RUM is ordered to retreat off the board.

---

CHILLY WILLY FALL 1901 PRESS (black):

ENGLAND to GERMANY: Do you know why the game is called Diplomacy?

IT to GERMANY: Careful--it sounds like a trick question.

LONDON to PARIS: May I introduce you to the paper and pencil? When used in conjunction with the envelope and postage stamp they can be a fine form of communication. Pretty radical idea, eh?

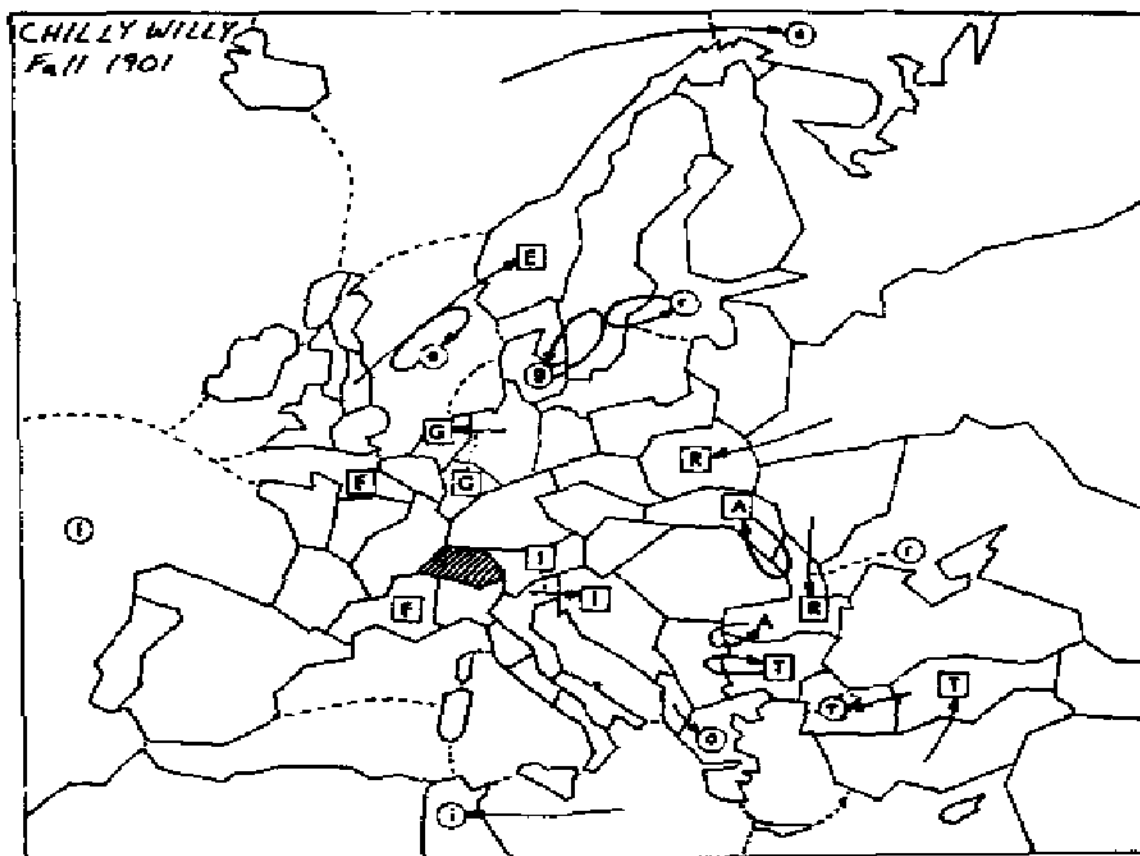
VENICE: Trieste is henceforth under the protection of Rome!

LONDON to MOSCOW: I'd say "I'm sorry," but as George C. Scott said in Patton, "Never apologize because it's a sign of weakness." Besides, I'm not sorry.

PARIS to BERLIN: Shall I ice down the bubbly?



MEXICO CITY: British football fans expressed hope that English forces in the conflict on the continent were faring better than their favorite team at the World Cup here. "I'm worried though," said one athletic supporter, "because the King is a hosehead." Maybe the word wasn't "hosehead."



1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-

SPRING 1901 ???

DONALD DUCK

1988??

*AUSTRIA:	Morgan Griffith	212 E Main St.	Salem, VA	24153
ENGLAND:	Steven Clark	71 W 9th Apt. F	Columbus, OH	43201
FRANCE:	Pat Turner	319 Fox	WMU Kalamazoo, MI	49008
GERMANY:	Michael Burstein	111-28 75th Rd.	Forest Hills, Queens	
		New York, NY	11375	
ITALY:	Carleton Harris	8686 Coy #97	Baton Rouge, LA	70810
RUSSIA:	Tom Nise	3121 E Park Row #165	Arlington, TX	76010
TURKEY:	Dana Blethen	3188 Carousel Ct.	Birmingham, AL	35216

\*Sigh... No orders from Morgan, so technically he's out. I'd really like this game to be played with this lineup, so if Morgan gets orders in within the week I'll adjudicate everything, send out the results, and we'll be on track. Otherwise, I'll get a replacement player and Spring 1901 will be at the next deadline.

I'm very sorry about this delay, as I suspect you're all eager to get started. Things don't always work out as well as I'd like...

## LATE IMPRESSIONS OF MARYCON

By rights, a Con report ought to be written up shortly after the Con, or at least from notes taken during the Con itself. Unfortunately, neither is the case here, so I will doubtless leave out many important details, the loss of which, however, in no way detracts from my enjoyment of the weekend.

It could very easily not have even been a Con weekend for me, however. I had spent the previous week in the D.C. area visiting friends from when I lived there, and I had neglected to bring directions to Mary Washington College. Oh, well--having driven there last year, I was pretty sure I could follow signs or ask directions if need be. If I could only figure out some way to actually get there...

Through the good graces of a friend, though, I was able to avoid making this the shortest Con report in history, arriving just late for dinner on Friday night. A quick scouting trip turned up that we were, in fact, staying in the same hall as last year. A minute taking care of registration, then running into Bruce Linsey while unloading my luggage and toting it to my room, then dropping off some zine samples at the front desk on our way over to the tournament opening, and the Con was on.

This year's MaryCon was run in a manner new to me. There were five rounds, or actually, five times at which games would start. In order to be considered for the tournament scoring (the system for which would be kept secret), you had to play in at least two games, one of which had to be the Sunday morning round. The games would start Friday evening, Saturday morning, afternoon, and evening, and Sunday morning. At the tournament opening ceremonies, though, the order of business was setting up that evening's Diplomacy games. To this end, Dick Warner ran down the roll, calling out names to find out who would and wouldn't be playing. This was partly fun, as you get to find out who's at the Con, but it's also somewhat nerve-wracking for me, as I seem to have forgotten everything from my high school debating days and now find myself rather panicked at the thought of having to say anything--even something as innocuous as calling out "Yes" in response to my name--in front of a large group.

And there's an added dimension this year. Last year at MaryCon I was a new publisher, the first issue of IT! having been out a week, running around trying to foist samples on unsuspecting people. There's a bit of a difference between that and having an established zine. I believe I detected in people's reactions that a zine publisher is a recognizable name, someone to look for when they reveal themselves and contrast their physical appearance with how you imagined they might look...

...I forgot; you lot are already familiar with my paranoia, aren't you?

The first round was held in the pub. Now, I'm a major lightweight when it comes to alcohol, but my Diplomacy seems to get better the less I actually try to concentrate on it--an effect which is helped by that substance found in pubs. It's partly due to that evening's beer, and partly due to the length of time between the Con and this writeup, but I remember very little of that first game. I am unable, for instance, to mention by name anyone with whom I played in that game, with the exception of Alan Stewart, who I believe played France. I do seem to recall, however, that as Italy I jumped a rather inexperienced Austria. I honestly can't say much else about the game itself, except that I somehow found myself with 14 dots. Shades of Detroit three years ago, a cluster of people hovering around the game board, egging me on to try for the solo win. Shades of DipCon three years ago, me succumbing to the pressure and going for it. Shades of DipCon at Detroit, me falling on my face with my spectacular inability to

go over the top. And neither then nor now was I even able to secure enough dots for a best country...

I managed to collapse back to twelve centers and accept part of a draw early enough to get back to the dorm by around 2:00, where I found I was sharing a room with Conrad Minshall. In a futile attempt to relieve myself of any responsibility for people's attendance at the next morning's games, I did not even bring an alarm clock, depending instead on the kindness of strangers. To bed then, to suffer a recurring nightmare about falling perpetually short of the exalted 18...

So it's up for breakfast with too little sleep the next morning, and the big question on everyone's mind is when to play Diplomacy? Putting off the decision until later, I decided to go sightseeing in Fredericksburg with Nancy Irwin and Debby Peters. Debby had to be back at lunch, in time for the DipCon Society meeting where she would submit the bid for MadCon to host the next DipCon. We thus don't have a lot of time, but we do manage to take in James Monroe's law office and Mary Washington's (George's mother's) house. In school, I was never very taken with the rote memorization of dates and places which makes up, I suspect, most grade school history courses. But seeing these houses, the articles in them, the letters to Monroe from people such as Benjamin Franklin--that, I believe, is the stuff of which genuine history consists; realizing that the people we read about were real flesh-and-blood, not just storybook characters who bear no relation to our lives today.

I would have loved to have returned and seen more of the sights after the DipCon Society meeting (wherein MadCon's bid was accepted nearly unanimously), but the thought of another long night of Diplomacy from starting a game in the evening made me decide to stay for the afternoon gamestart.

(The following long game description is indented so you may conveniently skip it if you wish.)

The blow-by-blow description won't convey this game's essence as immediately as will blurting it out: it lasted until 4:00 the next morning, and was the finest face-to-face game in which I've been privileged to play. I drew France. Italy was Donna Balkan, a Diplomacy newcomer; Austria, Frank Jones, who I had met last year at MaryCon; Turkey was Howard Christie, a new face to me; Russia was Dave Lincoln, a name known to me from previous tournament victories; England was Conrad Minshall; Germany was Matt Kelly, a MaryCon organizer and known to me from two games last MaryCon.

In the second of those two games I had stabbed Matt pretty viciously, and I figured that, with Conrad's blessing, the precedent was reason enough to do it again. Italy was under Austria's thumb from the beginning, which was fine as there looked to be an R/T on the other side of the board. Fortunately for me (and somewhat surprisingly), Matt opened against Russia while I supported myself into Burgundy. All well and good, except that the someone managed to convince Donna that this opening was somehow anti-Italian, so she violated our neutrality agreement by moving to Piedmont in the Fall, and then proceeded to get very upset, as if it were something I had done, when I responded to her move in force. A shame, too, because she and I shared an enjoyable time over lunch, she singing along while I played a bunch of old songs in the dorm's piano.

Back at the ranch, Russia was getting pounded from three sides while Turkey hung in the background. Frank was playing a very able and opportunistic Austria, and since no one else was growing very swiftly (I was butting heads with Italy, for instance), he became the front runner

when Conrad decided to jump Matt, a few seasons before Russia would have been wiped out. The emergence of this Austrian/Italian threat (they were sticking together like glue), and the imminent demise of Germany put R/T back together, and Turkey and I helped each other take I/A down a peg.

This had a long-term problem, though. Since more of the dots were on the eastward side of A/I, and I had the empty western Mediterranean to push through before I could get any, R/T were able to grow and push A/I ahead of them. By the time we knocked out Italy and reduced Austria to two Italian centers, it was obvious that I needed those two Austrian units to help maintain a stalemate line. Conrad was jockeying for position up north, managing to stymie the resurrected Russian. Stagnation; and a five- or four-way draw staring us in the face.

Frank's tactical expertise was invaluable in setting up the line...but I have this problem; I get impatiently altruistic when a game gets static. We'd all kept talking throughout this process of forming stalemate lines, and I began to sense that Howard felt the same way as I did. He and I agreed to stab our allies--provided we held each other's orders for the fateful turn. We worked out an elaborate placement of fleets and armies which ensured that although neither of us would hold an actual stalemate line, neither of us would be able to break the other, either. Under great time pressure, we hastily scribbled our orders and double checked them out of the room, then returned to the game holding each other's orders, then gave them back to turn in our correct orders. With my heart pounding at the choice I had made, I turned around and wrote "ALIA IACTA EST" in big letters on the chalk board.

Things worked out well, as they are likely to when you get to see someone else's orders. Frank was neatly eliminated, and I got to build F Brest. A curious thing, however--Howard was to have taken Vienna from Russia, but the Russian bounced him. I chalked it up to Lincoln's suspicion, since Howard and I had spent a hell of a long time with our plans. The upshot, unfortunately, was that Turkey couldn't build the army which was to have been used against Russia--a bit of a setback.

So there were only four of us left, but since all bets were off after the simultaneous stabs, we took a full hour to negotiate the next season. Conrad was understanding about what I'd done, as he had been twice earlier, and Howard and I made plans to disengage; I planned to violate them. I had been looking at all this as a way to try and break up R/T, and as Howard has curiously agreed to leave the Ionian free, I see my opening. I order to the Ionian--and Howard bounces me! In the meantime, the army which was to have taken Vienna the season before but was bounced starts getting used in the following season to loosen my hold on the Italian peninsula. Apparently Dave and Howard have gotten back together, much as Conrad and I smoothed things over. Oh, no...!

By this time it's around 11:00 p.m., and the security guards come around to kick us out and over to the pub. We pack things up and reconvene amidst the evening games, amazing a few people that we've been playing since 2:00.

The pub's beer does little to help my situation as the renewed R/T break our back and put the squeeze on. Conrad and I wrack our brains trying to come up with necessary tactics and guesswork to contain them, but there's just no way. By this time it's 2:00 a.m. Twelve hours we've been playing, and the security guards have come round to the pub now to kick us out and over to the dorm. Seems like a good enough place to stop, so we vote the R/T draw.

But what's this? By the time he comes back from the restroom, Conrad has

reconsidered and refuses to sign the tournament sheet; until he does so the game is not officially finished. The long hours and the alcohol, I believe, have taken their toll and Conrad now believes that his play merits elimination rather than survival. As one who has, at times, taken such odd positions for the sake of adhering to my own private ideals, I understand and sympathize with Conrad's stand. As someone who wants to get a decent night's sleep before the 9:00 a.m. start of the next morning's round, I'm annoyed. On the way over to the dorm, Dave and Howard tell me that they'll keep me at my current supply center count (seven) if I'll help them eliminate Conrad. It is a genuine offer born of our collective frustration and fatigue, and I accept.

We set up everything again and sit down to a few rounds of table-talk gunboat. Conrad starts by being acquiescent and letting us roll over him while Dave and Howard follow me from behind to keep me at my count. When we finally finish the job, they've been a little zealous and I'm only at six. Rather than drag things out, I agree to the draw. It is 3:30 now, and I want to go to bed.

Not, however, before we spend some time chatting about the game--and the truth comes out. The "mutual stab" which I sweated to arrange with Howard was, in reality, the most convincing, carefully-orchestrated, and devastating fake R/T war I have ever seen, let alone been a victim of! We were completely set up and taken in, and when we heard that, Conrad simply turned to me and made the only correct observation: "We don't even belong on the same board as these guys."

We all agreed, however, that this game had been superbly absorbing, and we saved all the moves we could find, hoping that one of us will find time to type them up and we can add endgame statements. It only seems appropriate.

Of course, getting to bed at 4:00 a.m. the night before the 9:00 a.m. mandatory last round poses a dilemma: is it better to get up at 8:00 for breakfast, or to sleep the extra hour? Figuring that a little food would help the lack of sleep better than the reverse, I opted for the former. Fat lot of good it did me--as England in the last round, I got jumped by all three neighbors and went out in 1903. Again, given the lapse, I can only clearly recall that my French neighbor, who so obligingly opened to the Channel in Spring 1901, was my long-time Madison buddy Marc Peters, so I can not honor the other participants as I ought. (On the other hand, I should reward the jackals who did me in?) This was, in some ways, a bit of a blessing, as it gave me some time to relax, play a little more piano, and get packed before my 6:00 flight back. This meant leaving around 4:00, before the awards ceremony, but Russ Blau was kind enough to provide transportation to the airport for myself and a few others.

On the flight back, as I usually do, I spent some time thinking about the Con before I caught up on my sleep. This MaryCon was every bit as well-run as its predecessor, thanks to the efforts of Dick Warner and the other MaryCon organizers who I do not know by name. But it's still the people I met and re-met who made the distance travelled so worthwhile and enjoyable. I can't hope to list everyone, but here are a few of the people with whom I feel fortunate to have acquainted myself at MaryCon '86: Mark Frueh, James Wall, Marc and Debi Peters, Don Scheifler, Nancy Irwin, Donna Balkan, Bruce Linsey, Steve Hutton, Steve Arnawoodian, Russ Blau, Conrad Minshall, Malcolm Smith, Matt Kelly, Frank Jones, Larry Peery, Phil Dancause, Russ Rusanak, Dave Lincoln, Howard Christie, Alan Stewart, Dick and Julie Martin, Ken Peel, Ed Wrobel...

On the other hand, it seems appropriate that to this day I don't even know who won the tournament.

*Aulus Plautius*

SOPWITH +

2

T.S.AERONCART KNIGHT

A A H 5(H 6) 12d16a

GEMMET NICOLL

RS RT RS N 7(M 6) 12d16a

GREEN BARON GAUGHAN

LB A(FL) A(FL) M15(L15) 12d14a

RATATOSK NCHSIS

NMR! Ahead 3 phases P19(Q19) 12d16a

LT. LOUIS WINGNUT BECKER

RB RB Lm P14(G14) 12d16a

THE FLYING DOCTOR OZOG

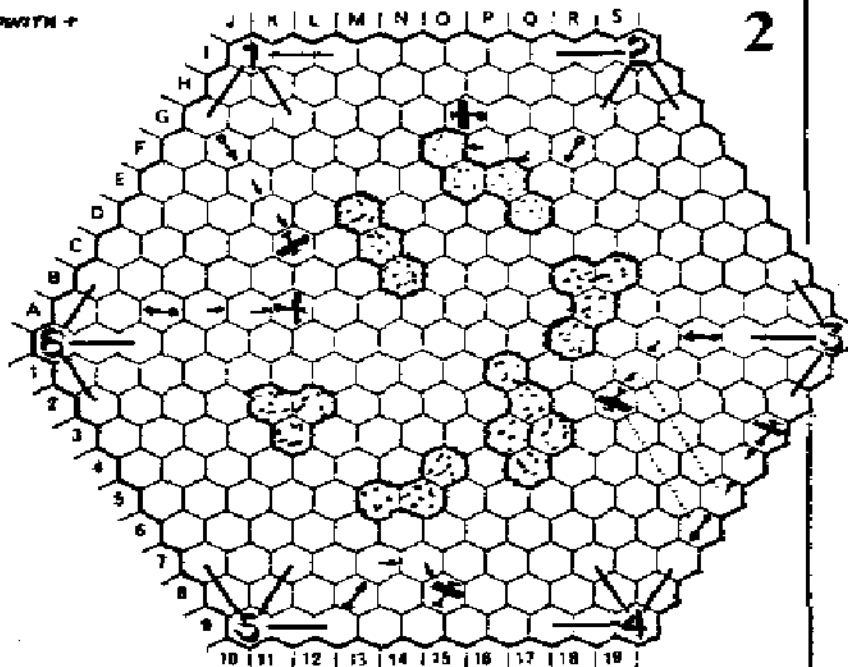
NMR! Ahead 3 phases G 6(H 7) 12d16a

CLOUDS MOVE TOWARDS: 4PRESS:AERONCART - ALL: But - but - but you're all such nice people! I can't decide who to attack first.....GREEN BARON to RATATOSK: I hate kinky names. You'll have to leave 'cause I can't abide a flier whose name is as airheaded as a Long Island housewife.GREEN BARON to GM: Well, I couldn't think of a better reason.GM to GREEN BARON: In this game, you don't need a reason, just shoot. However, it does help if you actually hit your target! As it is, Ratatosk seems to be scarpering anyway!WINGNUT here: I can't fly a kite, and here I am flying a plane. Off in the distance, is that a bit of chatter or just my plane being buffeted by the breeze?GM to WINGNUT: Neither. I think it's the Baron's miss firing!NOTES:

A pity about John and Cathy's NMRs, but I don't think there's any damage done at this early stage.

Thanks to those who noticed the announcement of my engagement to Helen in POW 10 (an excellent Scottish 'zine everyone should subscribe to! - Can I have £5 please now Wallace?), and sent congratulations!

Bill - if you fly into a cloud and destroy yourself (ie. when your plane can only sustain one more point of damage) - under these rules no one else will gain points for shooting you down.



It's a Letter Column!

/\* A bit of a smaller column than usual, but chalk it up to summer fever. Lord knows that I can't be the only one with a vastly busier schedule at this time of year. In any event, the smaller number of letters this issue is more than made up for by the quality of each of them...  
\*/

From Steve Langley (21 May 1986):

RE your worry over Mark Berch's "It's only an assumption" vis-a-vis the possible harm movies, records, tapes et. al. may do to children. Mark is logically weak at that point, although I suspect more for sake of brevity than out of force of position. Some studies with children in the age ranges of 9-11 have shown that exposure to violence in film has an inverse relationship to violence expressed in person. Amusingly, the people doing the research were 'scientifically' attempting to prove that violence in film and television is bad for kids. Despite their bias, the results of their experiment clearly shows that, given that violence to persons is bad, violence in fantasy is good.

/\* I'd love to check out this study, in no small part because it confirms my own sentiments. Could you supply me with a reference? What I think muddies the waters is the fact that there are two extremes--one which views media violence as a means of venting societal steam which would otherwise build and explode into unwanted anti-social action, and one which sees the media as ringleaders inciting violence in a monkey-see-monkey-do fashion--and that given this spectrum, I suspect that there are examples at all points in between the extremes. In other words, there will be people who the one side can point to and say, "See? Violence on TV hasn't warped this person," and there will be other people who the opposing side will hold up and say, "See? This person's sense of reality was warped by excessive and unrealistic violence on TV."

Given that there will probably always be an example or two to serve as supporting evidence for any theory one could concoct, I find it extremely suspect when people try to generalize from specific cases. Mind you, inductive reasoning of this sort is somewhat natural--your bad experience with, say, a Ford automobile, will lead you to avoid Fords in the future and steer your friends away from buying them--but faulty nevertheless. Hence, I'm particularly keen on studies of the sort you mention which are, when well done, able to look at a number of trees and actually see a forest (would you believe it).

\*/

I agree that children are a lot stronger and less impressionable than most of these discussions credit them. My daughter has had a mind of her own since before she could express her thoughts. She was frightened by Poltergeist (I had no idea what to expect) but claims that now that she's seen it four or five times that it is one of her favorite films and that it no longer frightens her. The subject came up recently when I refused to take her to see the sequel. (This time I do know what to expect.)

I was relying on ratings and the T.V. trailers when I took Megan to see Poltergeist. I was misled as to the type of film (I was expecting a supernatural comedy of some sort) and to the intensity of the film by the ratings and trailers. I expect that this is not a unique situation.

Lately, I have been comparing movies and T.V. critics and newspaper critics. I can state that there is very little consensus among critics,

and even less when my own reactions are compared to the criticisms. An excellent case in point is Legend, which got rave reviews or was panned, depending on the critic. I liked the film very much, but it was a bit simple in character development and difficult to follow at times. Worthy of neither pans nor raves. What is a poor movie goer to do?

/\* It sure doesn't help when the studios start mucking about releasing different versions. Legend is a good example, because the European version was some 50 minutes longer than the American one, with a score by Jerry Goldsmith rather than Tangerine Dream. Some of the favorable reviews I read were based on screenings of the European version, which was generally judged superior by those who had seen both. (Me, I thought the script was almost laughably clumsy and the editing was pedestrian, but the production design was generally good--Ridley Scott, after all--and Tim Curry was absolutely magnificent as Darkness.)

\*/

I have a lot more control over what my children get to see now that I have a VCR. I suppose the solution to protecting children from trash is to watch and listen to everything myself. To tell you the truth, though, I don't have the time nor the interest to be that thorough. Besides, for the most part, Megan's taste is as good as my own.

/\* I think one can get a good feel for what is suitable for one's children (regardless of the particular standards you wish to uphold) by simply keeping an ear to the ground, so to speak, and remaining aware of what's out there by skimming reviews and occasional film publications. Without the benefit of any children of my own, it seems to me that whether a specific review or set of reviews is positive or negative about a particular film doesn't necessarily say much about whether I'd want a child of mine to see it.

\*/

From Linda Courtemanche (16 May 1986):

I enjoyed reading the comments you and Bruce McIntyre made about Witness, as Steve and I finally saw the movie (albeit on VCR) a few days ago. Like Bruce, our feeling toward the film was favorably colored by it marking our long-overdue return to movie-watching. But I think I can judge where its strength lay. Not in the script, for the most part; it tended to be predictable and pat when it had the chance to charm and to startle. (Although it did have its moments, like the cow-milking scene, and when the bewildered lady tourist is told by the "Amish" John Book to put her camera away, "Or I'll rip out your brassiere and strangle you with it!") The movie's strength was not particularly in the direction, although it did achieve occasional beauty and suspense. The true strength of Witness lay in the casting. Days later, I find myself remember the remarkable faces and the simple, understated acting of Harrison Ford (who made me utterly forget Indiana Jones!), Kelly McGillis (a joy), Lukas Haas, and whoever played the grandfather and Ford's partner. Their performances made me lose sight of the film's mediocrity until it was over, because we cared about the characters. Steve and I found ourselves debating anxiously afterwards, "Do you think he goes back?" We had become absorbed in watching people who seemed all-too-real to us, and we felt an emotional investment in their joys and sorrows.

/\* I think you hit the nail on the head concern the casting in Witness. I read someone make an apt comparison a bit ago--Harrison Ford is today's Clark Gable. Neither Gable nor Ford are overwhelmingly great actors, but they both have such a strong force of personality that we



can't help but like them and be concerned with their problems on-screen.  
\*/

Steve, with your letter-column's discussion of parenting, you seem to have hit a gold-mine of anxieties and frustrations. And while I am glad that IT readers are concerned about being responsible parents, I am a little disturbed about the number of times they assume, guess, or theorize about how children react to violence, sex, drugs, and so on. It seems to me that the best way to handle all this uncertainty is for parents to foster a climate of understanding and empathy at home--a climate that encourages straight talk on the part of the older and younger generations. That way, if something in society scares, bothers, worries, intrigues, or attracts the child, that child will be more likely to feel the parent can really identify and help. And then the parent won't have to "guess" the child's feelings--he or she will know. Obviously, most children will be less than candid in certain situations (partly because of peer advice and the unspoken rules about what you can and can't talk to parents about), but the less that children feel they will just be lectured or grounded or whatever, the more (I think!) they will be relieved to be able to talk things out with their parents when life gets confusing or scary. I know that helped me!

/\* Yes, but where does the theorizing or guesswork end and the knowing begin? In other words, it seems to me it is pretty easy to decide that it is better to foster a climate of understanding at home. That's the strategy on which we can all agree; it's the tactics that get sticky. How do you go about fostering such an environment? And how do you balance a desire for openness, acceptance and understanding with a belief that there are certain things you just don't want your children to do? I think it's at this point where there isn't much knowing and--no, not guesswork, but intuition--takes over. So, yes, you're right in that until I'm in the situation where I want to forbid my junior-high age child to go to a party where I think there will be alcohol, I'll have to rely on assumptions about how I'll want to deal with it. But I'll be happily surprised if, at that point, I'm very sure of the course of action I'll take.

\*/

In addition, such an atmosphere of encouragement during the growing-up years will hopefully help to prevent one of the saddest phenomena I know of: Children who grow up and let themselves drift out of touch with their parents. Both sides lose such a wonderful rich relationship--the time of life when they can meet as equals, understanding each other's struggles and lifestyles, especially when the grown-up child starts his/her own home and family. I say "hopefully" this will be the case, because of Bruce M.'s comment: "Some of the kids you see out nowadays would not be much 'better' even with (Bill Cosby's TV character of Cliff Huxtable) as a parent." Since none of us will ever be sufficiently objective about our parenting abilities to know and admit all our successes and failures in child-raising, we will probably never know whether kids fail or break family ties because of us, or in spite of us. Is the martyred parent a reality, a copout, or both? Since I think the answer varies from case to case, every person who becomes a parent must face their responsibility with all the love, caring, sensitivity, objectivity and humor at their command. Too many people are simply not ready for that, yet they are having children anyway. That is a large part of the problem society is facing now.

/\* That doesn't seem to square with McBruce's idea that kids today wouldn't be much better even with "ideal" parents. (Not that the Huxtables are ideal; did everyone catch the episode where they try to tell their kids that they can come to them with any problem and they

won't get mad?) If the problem is parents who haven't thought through their responsibilities, then the kids are merely led astray by incompetent parenting. I suspect reality lies somewhere between the two.

\*/

From Scott Hanson (12 May 1986):

When people write to you about bad movies or rating movies, I don't really notice. But when they start talking about allegedly obscene rock music, I gotta sit up and take notice. You're starting to hit close to the heart.

You're being wimpy if you think the would-be censors might have a point. The point is there is a hell of a lot of difference between a kid hearing about drugs, sex or suicide in a song and actually taking drugs, committing rape or killing oneself. Those three things are unfortunately a part of being a kid today (even in a small town where I grew up) and if music that kids relate to didn't mention them it would hardly be realistic. But to think kids take drugs because they hear a song about taking drugs is pretty ridiculous. You need only look as far away as your own classmates to see the dangers of drugs, or see how many of your classmates are pregnant to see that irresponsible sex can ruin one's life.

/\* Ah, but kids need only look as far as their own classmates for a hell of a lot of pressure to overindulge in drugs or sex or both. Kids are far more prone to follow the leads of their peers than to look at them as negative examples. After all, if it were easy for kids to be so perceptive, there wouldn't be any drug or sex "problem" because kids would view the consequences and act accordingly. Unfortunately, kids as a whole are not so sensible--no, scratch that, people as whole are not sensible enough to eschew immediate gratification in favor of long-term benefits. Tobacco, alcohol, cocaine...whatever. Given our society's seeming predilection for pushing short-term gratification, it does seem rather pointless to single out music, let alone one specific genre, as a "cause" of a larger problem.

\*/

The reason I became a fan of rock as a teenager is because it dealt honestly with the issues I worried about at the time. Not all the messages were good, but I could pick those out, and it was a hell of a lot better than the "believe us, it's bad for you" adult attitude. Rock was a form of expression I could call my own, and no one else could touch it. "Rock saved my life," writes the rock writer Dave Marsh. I know for a fact it saved mine. Rock is not some evil force out there that we need to protect kids from. In a sense it protects kids from us.

No, it's not universally good. The complete quote from Dave Marsh finishes, "Rock also broke my heart." Commercialism taints the music business, a lot of music is shallow, little more than a tease for a buck, and I think videos are the worst thing in music today. But the positive, uplifting messages I get from artists like Springsteen or John Cougar Mellencamp or U2 more than makes up for it for me.

/\* Ham...maybe I'm missing something, but could you point out the positive and uplifting messages in, say, "Born in the USA," "Scarecrow," or almost any song off of Nebraska? (Yes, there's always "Reason to Believe...")

I place very little stock in Dave Marsh. I find him to be tiresomely strident in his fist-on-the-table insistence that he is the high priest and final arbiter of what constitutes Real Rock And Roll, and

his narrow sneering at anything which isn't that. (The man has the gall to assert that the music in West Side Story is mediocre. I think one can make valid criticisms of WSS, but mediocrity just isn't one of them.) I think it's a shame, because Marsh does have a good ear and I like his writing style. I'd just have an easier time with him if he wouldn't come across as so closed-minded.

\*/

I'll say it in so many words. "Rock 'n roll" means sex, and it plays a central role in the music. You can say the same of all forms of music, even all forms of art? Since rock is for kids, the sex really stands out (since what do they spend most of their time thinking about?). You're certainly not going to remove sex as the biggest influence in kids' lives by censoring rock. And it's possible for kids to develop healthy sexual attitudes even with it. I knew Penthouse was a pile of shit when I was 16. And what would you have kids turn to otherwise? Country music? Supermarket romances? Movies? Motorcycle magazines? Do any of them have less sex than rock?

Don't think that sex and drugs are all they want to protect us from. Politics plays a role. The group pushing for rock censorship in Washington singled out the Rolling Stones song and video for promoting criticism of US policy in Latin America, and anti-nuclear sentiments in other songs. Do you think they'd stand for the "blood on the plow" in John Cougar Mellencamp's "Scarecrow?" (Note the group is not criticizing country music as the chair of the group is the wife of the Senator from Tennessee, the home of the capital of country music.)

/\* I'm a little hesitant to ascribe such motives to others. After all, the PMRC aren't going after Hardanger fiddle music, but it's not because they're from Norway. I don't think it does much good to respond to these people as if they are intentionally and maliciously trying to commit evil. For what it's worth, I try to remember that the person on the opposite side of the issue from me is, in all likelihood, a decent person trying to respond to a perceived threat. Their position makes as much sense to them as mine does to me. This way, I can try to deal with the person flaming me without flaming them back, which would only serve to close their mind to the substance (if any) of what I have to say. (End of sermon.)

On the other hand, if the PMRC are getting overtly political about the music they're targeting, well, that could easily get my dander up. I find the idea that support for one particular policy, or program, or political figure is some indication of patriotism or moral rectitude (or lack thereof) to be insulting at best and vicious at worst. Where is Voltaire when you need him?

\*/

Even though rock stars are filthy rich, I think rock is quite democratic. After all, Prince didn't get rich because of his father's wealth, or who he knew, or breaking the law. He got rich because he was talented and had the guts to do it. Bruce Springsteen's a bus driver's son. I don't begrudge them their wealth as long as their music stays honest.

I think that certainly those of us in the Dip hobby should be very wary of anything that smacks of censorship. We after all get our enjoyment from the free flow of ideas in our zines. If a parent wanted to isolate his kids from all the bad things in the world, he'd have to lock his kids up and throw away the key. If some parents are so unsure of themselves that they want the government to protect their kids by censoring or labeling my music, I could quote some rather explicit lyrics telling them what they can do with themselves.

## UNITED

Some exciting races as we come into the last season. I hope you all are having as much fun playing as I do watching.

### NEXT SEASON: NOW WE'LL GET THERE

The imminent off-season raises the question, "How long will it be, and just what the heck will happen?" In order to give myself a little break from adjudication and statistic-keeping, as well as to allow enough time to take care of all the things I want to, I think we'll go with a two-issue off-season. Here's what I see happening for the next few sessions/issues:

**NEXT ISSUE (July):** The zine will contain the last session results. All managers and waiting-list members will receive a copy of the next season's Rules, which I have extensively reorganized (we all know how much I love editing rules, don't we?) and will contain the "final" versions of the last few months's various proposals. If you are not a manager or on the waiting list, but would still like to see the rules, let me know; I'll probably charge non-managers \$.50 (payable from your sub credit), depending on my printing/mailling costs. For managers, the cost will be included in the game fee for next season.

Following next issue, you comb through the rules and decide if you wish to return for next season. Let me know as soon as possible whether or not you are returning, either way, paying the game fee as appropriate. Especially try to let me know if you won't be returning, so I may line up a replacement manager in time. If I do not hear from you in time for the August issue, I will assume you do not wish to return and will try to find a replacement manager.

**ISSUE AFTER NEXT (August):** The zine will contain little or nothing about United. I will send each manager their post-aging roster as I have it. I will also send each of you managers an advance copy of your club's Guidebook writeup for your approval--within certain limitations. The writeups will most likely consist of a review of the club's past season, followed by a short generalization about the prognosis for the coming season. I will take pains to not reveal inside information about the various clubs, and will try to limit myself to observations which would be apparent to an outsider. You will get this advance copy of your writeup, however, to try to ensure that I don't inadvertently blab something. You do not, however, have veto power over what goes in your writeup unless you supply me with alternatives to the passages to which you object. In other words, I will ignore requests along the lines of, "Don't say that," but will try to accomodate suggestions like, "How about saying this instead of that." All suggestions which are blatantly misleading will be ignored (i.e., no lying about how strong your forward line is).

After receiving your writeup, you may send me your suggestions and rewrites, if you have any. Silence implies consent; if I do not hear from you by the deadline I set for writeup revisions, I will go ahead and print the writeup as I sent it to you.

**ISSUE FOLLOWING THAT (September):** Again, the zine will contain little or nothing about United. With the September issue, however, all managers will receive their copy of the ITFL Guidebook for the 1986-1987 season. The Guidebook will contain all or some of the following: a recap of the 1985-1986 season for each Division, a recap of the Cup Tournament, the rosters and writeups for each of the clubs, and the schedule for the season. Any non-managers who wish to receive a copy of the Guidebook should let me know between the August and September

issues; again, a small fee (\$.50?) will be charged to cover the printing and mailing.

Following the September issue, you send in your lineups for the first session and prepare for another season of intense competition.

I hope this schedule should give us all a bit of a breather yet still have enough going on from month to month to maintain everyone's enthusiasm.

#### OTHER STUFF

I've apparently given some managers the impression that the various rules and proposals I've printed over the last several issues were definite and unchanging; sorry if I wasn't explicit enough. Nothing is set until it's in the actual rules for next season, and even then I'd change rules to fix a serious enough problem. I always welcome and pay serious attention to suggestions and constructive criticism, even if I'm not always very good about responding to those suggestions, either by letter or in the zine. I'd much rather have your collective help in spotting potential trouble spots, since my perspective doubtless blinds me to the ways in which you managers react to a rule. Better to catch trouble early than late, yes?

1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-1100-

#### ITFL ADMINISTRATION

##### TRANSFERS:

FIRE sold Sergeant (GK) to the non-League for \$320K.  
CHESSMEN sold M'Donnell (DF) to the non-League for \$300K.  
TRADERS sold Rouble (SW) and Dollar (FW) to the non-League for \$780K.  
GEMS sold Aaron (MF) to the non-League for \$60K.  
DOERS sold Doom (MF) to the non-League for \$240K.

##### SUSPENSIONS:

Donne of JUVENTUS is out for match 25 against Breakfast.  
Adidas of VOLKSWIRTSCHAFT is out for match 25 against Heroes.  
Constrictor of DOERS is out for match 25 against Eagles.  
Zloty of TRADERS is out for match 25 against Hollywood.  
Stieglitz of 20\* C is out for match 25 against Gems.  
Powers, Washington, and Robinson of CHIPPEWAS are all out for match 25 against Emerald.  
Dutch of RATS is out for match 25 against Scientists.

##### AUCTION FLUB LAST TIME:

#50 SW II 8 was listed as sold to Chessmen for \$650K (Tigran Petrosian). I had overlooked a bid of \$701K from Chippewas. Chessmen retain Petrosian (not their fault I screwed up), and Central Chippewas get another SW II 8 for \$701K (name of Powers) (not their fault either).

##### AUCTION RESULTS:

#56 SW V 8 to Chessmen of Hastings for \$150K (Robert Fischer)  
#57 FW IV 8 to Literary Giants for \$405K (Don Williams)(!)  
#58 FW III 7 to Evil Doers for \$400K (Pyro)  
#59 DF III 7 to Currency Traders for \$140K (Tugrik)  
#60 MF II 6 to Emerald City for \$284K (Waldo)  
#61 DF I 6 to Hollywood 200 for \$476K (Shelly Winters)

NO AUCTION this session (since the players would age before you used 'em anyway; I hope no one's taken aback).

DEADLINE for Session 10 lineups is Friday, 11 July 1986.

# DIVISION I

STANDINGS	TEAM	PT	PL	HW	HD	HL	AW	AD	AL	GF	GA	VP	SK	FW	DF	MANAGER
431112111	H.M.S.S.	29	21	8	1	1	5	2	4	108-71	3	568	5	26		Kleiman
543433222	Juventus	28	21	9	1	0	4	1	6	74-52	2+	391	5	70		Williams
224324443	Relief	27	21	9	0	1	3	3	5	97-55	3	-76	6	66		Becker
312241334	Heroes	24	21	5	3	3	5	1	4	62-50	2+	-161	14	122		Fuchs
675555655	Enzymatix	22	21	5	3	3	4	1	5	70-65	2	236	17	100		Barno
886768876	Buds	21	22	5	0	6	5	1	5	62-62	4+	499	1	22		Tighe
968887567	Breakfast	20	21	6	2	3	2	2	6	74-61	4	783	2	15		Narciso
157676788	Gormenghast	18	22	5	1	5	3	1	7	54-67	3	38	10	76		Hare
799999999	Volkswirt	3	22	0	2	9	0	1	10	29-147	1+	336	12	136		Hansen

Abbreviation guide on the opposite page.

NOTES: NMR for Gormenghast.

## MATCH 23

F. C. Volkswirtschaft: 0

Gormenghast: 3

Scr: Sourdust(2), Poet

A home side without a manager is a golden opportunity for the visitors, but Volkswirtschaft are, unfortunately, poorly situated to take advantage of it. Gormenghast prevail in a lackadaisical shutout. Half: 0-2  
Shots: 1-5

Humboldt Buds: 7

Endwell Enzymatix: 5

Scr: Astro, Blanc(3), Rubble,  
Sherman, Dino

Scr: Spanky, Kibble(3), Dibble

Endwell are trying hard to keep pace and break into the top four, but the Buds have other ideas. Spanky starts the fireworks, but Buds come up with the next three and end up two ahead by the half. Kibble starts the second half by narrowing the gap, but the visitors stay ahead in a match in which superior goaltending makes the difference. (Of course, Blanc's hat trick doesn't exactly hurt...) Half: 5-3 Shots: 11-27

Redlands Juventus: 1

Komic Relief: 3

Scr: Buckley

Scr: Froggy, Groucho, Chico

Bkd: Buckley, Voltaire

Bkd: Curly

S/O: Dohne

Juventus sense a win when the home side have to play without Alfalfa, but a tough referee and three Relief goals in the first thirty minutes put a damper on their plans. Buckley brings the visitors to within two before the half, and Juve mount a strong comeback attempt afterwards. Relief fall back and keep smothering the attacks, though, in the process managing only one shot of their own in the second half. The final score doesn't exactly do much for Juve's title hopes. Half: 1-3 Shots: 6-7

Jose's Heroes: 3

Breakfast Buddies: 10

Scr: Morgan(3)

Scr: Snap(3), B. Berry(2).

Crackle(4), Chocula

Bkd: B. Berry

With Davis and Sharp out for the visitors, everything starts going the Buddies's way. Tight goaltending shuts down the shots the Heroes manage, while the home town crowd go wild and spur their boys on to a high-scoring performance. Half: 2-6 Shots: 10-13

# MATCH 24

Gormenghast: 0

Humboldt Buds: 6

Scr: Duck(2), Rubble(3), Fress

Buds in good position to take advantage of Gormenghast's situation, running the visitors a bit ragged but only leaving the field up two at the half, owing to some very respectable goaltending by Swelter. Rubble starts right away and makes the second half a more open affair, the Buds putting three in the net in the first ten minutes. Half: 0-2 Shots: 1-18

Komic Relief: 15

Scr: Moe(2), Gummo(5), Chico(2), Harpo(5), Groucho

Bkd: Gummo

F. C. Volkswirtschaft: 1

Scr: Aldi

S/O: Adidas

Relief take control of the match with gusto, leaving Volkswirtschaft still searching for that elusive first win. Looks like time is running out, though... Half: 4-0 Shots: 34-7

Endwell Enzymatix: 2

Scr: Jumble, Dibble

Jose's Heroes: 1

Scr: Ekeler

Jumble and Ekeler trade goals fairly early, and the rest of the half doesn't see any change to the score. Pressure's on the home side with 30 minutes to go when Dibble sneaks one past da Venta; Hitchcock tries gamely, but neither of his shots find the mark. Chalk one up to good management for the visitors. Half: 1-1 Shots: 4-5

Her Majesty's Secret Service: 2

Scr: Fleming, No

Redlands Juventus: 5

Scr: Conrad(2), Donne(2), Voltaire

Bkd: Donaldson

It's do-or-die time for the home side in the match of the session, and they come into the stadium a bit on edge. Conrad soothes their jitters a bit with a goal in minute seven off a missed shot which finds the S.S. out of position. Fleming evens the score, but Donne puts Redlands up by one two minutes before the half, and the crowd are rocking the stadium. Voltaire and Conrad's back-to-back goals 15 minutes into the second half get Juve rolling, and it looks like it'll be tough for the visitors. No argues the point a bit with a goal in minute 64, but the remaining visiting shots are successfully turned aside before Donne's second goal settles the argument. It'll go to the wire in Division I, soccer fans! Half: 1-2 Shots: 12-17

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PT: league points. PL: matches played. HW, HD, HL, AW, AD, AL: home wins, draws, losses; away wins, draws, losses. GF, GA: goals for, goals against. VP: value points; + indicates an extra 1/2 VP. SK: cash on hand (1000s). PM: penalties. DP: Disciplinary points.

In the match descriptions, the home team is always on the right. Scr: goal scorers; a number after a scorer is the number of goals scored (one if there is no number), a P after a number indicating goal(s) from penalty kick(s). Bkd: players booked. S/O: players sent off. Half: score at half time. Shots: total number of shots on goal for each team.

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Ohmigod...he's not going to resort to a...a...a SPACE FILLER, is he?

## DIVISION II

STANDINGS	TEAM	PT	PL	HW	HD	HL	AW	AD	AL	GF	GA	VP	\$K	PN	DP	MANAGER
111111111	Fire	45	24	12	0	1	10	1	0	208-41		3+	148	6	32	Stafford
553222222	Doers	34	24	7	3	1	8	1	4	53-41		4	-231	15	106	Hise
445543333	Chessmen	27	24	7	1	5	5	2	4	56-33		2	-69	9	50	Courtemanche
222434444	Giants	26	24	7	1	4	5	1	6	46-55		2	80	12	46	Gaughan
656666666	Changers	24	24	6	3	3	3	3	6	43-48		3	261	7	32	Langley
334355556	Composers	22	24	7	0	6	4	0	7	32-94		3+	-173	8	58	McIntyre
888788877	Carioca	8	24	2	2	7	0	2	11	26-77		2	423	22	232	Danceuse
777877788	Eagles	6	24	0	2	9	1	2	10	15-90		1+	324	14	90	Brown

Abbreviation guide on page 23.

NOTES: Composers NMRed. The omitted statistics from the Giants-Changers Match 22 last session: Half: 0-1 Shots: 2-7

### MATCH 23

St. Langlois Changers: 0                      Evil Doers: 0  
Bkd: Dayton

The home side have their first, and only, shot block in a closely-played first half. The visitors assert themselves a little more in the second, but neither side can break the impasse. Half: 0-0    Shots: 3-1

Decomposing Composers: 0                      Dublin Fire: 10  
Scr: Mullen, Riepenhoff, Hewson,  
Evans(3), Clayton(4)  
Bkd: Evans

"No visiting manager" is just an invitation to score lotsa goals, innit? Well, then, you can hardly blame Fire for being courteous and accepting the invite... Half: 0-5    Shots: 0-37

Northside Eagles: 0                      Carioca Football Club: 9  
Scr: Rubenito(4), Almira(2),  
Leja(2), Wampler

Both sides have some key players out, but the prospect of a winnable game brings the home fans out, and they give CFC the upper hand over the overwhelmed Eagles defense. Half: 0-6    Shots: 0-24

Chessmen of Hastings: 1                      Literary Giants: 0  
Scr: Zukertort  
Bkd: Adams, Vader

Sterling defensive work keeps the first half without a shot. Zukertort's goal comes off the first shot in minute 66, and the home side's only shot is blocked shortly after, in an extremely well-played match by both sides. Half: 0-0    Shots: 2-1

### MATCH 24

Evil Doers: 3                      Decomposing Composers: 0  
Scr: Bullseye, Dead Shot, Abomination  
Bkd: Mozart, Monteverdi

Doers take after the Fire in accepting the implied invitation of an absent manager, although not quite as readily; they save all of their goals for the second half. Half: 0-0    Shots: 7-0



Carloca Football Club: 0

St. Langlois Changers: 1  
Scr: McGoochan

SLC aim to add two more after the draw with poers, McGoochan starts the scoring with a goal at minute 15. Turns out that that ends the scoring as well, as CFC turn in a respectable defensive performance, forcing the Changers to ease up a bit but never really threatening a comeback of their own. Half: 0-1 Shots: 0-5

Dublin Fire: 1  
Scr: Morrissey

Chessmen of Hastings: 0  
Bkd: Anderson

Stafford neatly outguesses the home manager, as they deny Chessmen what they want while getting just what they need. Home side have to play some tight defense to keep the lid on Dublin in the second half, though. Half: 1-0 Shots: 10-1

Literary Giants: 3  
Scr: Vader, Joris, Jones

Northside Eagles: 0

Giants would dearly love to make up for their last match, and the Eagles are unfortunately still unprepared to put up much of a fight. Some good goal work makes the end result respectable for the home team, at least. Half: 1-0 Shots: 10-0

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#### A FEW MORE CHANGES...

Or possibly so. So that you can voice your opinions before next session, should you wish to, here are a few more items for your consideration.

First, we have not a rules change, but an important stylistic difference of which you should be aware nevertheless. As you may have guessed if you projected forward from the most recent auction, next season will see much less rich auction stocks--fewer players and lower skill levels. There will still be the occasional brilliant protege who stands out from the rest, but they will be just that--occasional.

Now, I am almost certain that starting right away next season, I will limit sales to the non-League to three per club per season. You may drop any number of players without monetary compensation (e.g. to keep the number of players on your roster within legal limits), but the non-League will only be willing to buy three per club. Sales by the Commissioner to rectify an excessive debt will count towards the three non-League sales; if a club has already sold three players, the non-League will still buy from the Commissioner in excessive-debt cases.

Taken together with the leaner auctions, the idea should be clear: to make the players themselves more valuable. This season, the operative model has been that players are an expendable commodity, managers have been generally buying their way up the skill levels at auction and dumping players to afford it. Mind you, I am not criticizing managers who have been doing this, because it's certainly the logical course of action given the sorts of players I was throwing in the auction. In any event, pros? Cons? Any real harm I've overlooked?

Lastly, although I'm not sure here, I'm contemplating eliminating the unlimited saving of VPs--switching to allowing saving an odd 1/2 VP but otherwise each VP must be used in the session for which it is earned. It's probably not a big deal, but what the heck--thought I'd throw it open...

# DIVISION III

STANDINGS	TEAM	PT	PL	HN	HD	HL	AW	AD	AL	GF	GA	VP	\$K	PN	DP	MANAGER
211111	20* C	26	15	6	0	1	7	0	1	111-40	3	-393	7	44		Luedl
332222	Tyrants	21	15	6	1	0	4	0	4	117-71	4	231	4	24		Spitzer
445543	Scientists	20	15	6	1	1	2	3	2	74-46	5+	72	6	34		Kott
123334	Hollywood	18	15	5	0	2	3	2	3	72-49	3	-77	4	70		Roux
564455	Sockheads	17	15	5	1	2	2	2	3	66-46	4+	171	3	42		D Anderson
957666	Gems	16	15	4	2	2	3	0	4	37-37	4+	535	11	60		Ferguson
678877	Chippewas	14	15	4	0	3	3	0	5	51-49	4	754	4	62		R Anderson
786788	Emerald	9	15	3	0	5	1	1	5	63-66	2+	-181	6	64		Stone
8t9999	Traders	5	15	0	3	4	1	0	7	8-95	2	1254	6	42		Goode
t9tttt	Rats	4	15	1	1	6	0	1	6	6-106	17	780	4	44		

Abbreviation guide on page 23.

NOTES: 20\* C were fined \$10K for violating balance in match 24 (against Chips).

## MATCH 23

California Tyrants: 6  
Scr: Mugabe(2), Van Dong, Qaddafi,  
Pot(2)  
Currency Traders: 1  
Scr: Pound  
Bkd: Zloty

Tyrants are hot to narrow the gap with first place, and Mugabe puts the first goal in the net four minutes into the match. Korona is able to save a penalty kick, but Van Dong puts in another before the half. The Traders's defense tire in the second half, letting in three goals in ten minutes, and Mugabe completes the symmetry by adding another with a minute to play. Half: 2-0 Shots: 14-4

Scientists: 3  
Scr: Fermi, Einstein, Galileo  
Emerald City: 2  
Scr: Tinman(2)

Emerald dominate the early match and most of the game, with the last of six straight shots finally going in before the visitors get the ball to the other end of the field. Scientists refuse to give up, though, even when down by one at the half. Good goalkeeping keeps the home side occupied enough that Einstein and Galileo come up with the needed two goals (the second with five minutes to play) in a well-fought match. Half: 1-2 Shots: 9-21

20\* C: 8  
Scr: Nixon(3), Stieglitz, Atget,  
Winnogrand(2), White  
Bkd: Meyerwitz, Winnogrand  
S/O: Stieglitz  
Hollywood 200: 1  
Scr: Welles(1P)

With Hollywood suffering from another unfortunate suspension and an opposing side intensely keen on scoring some goals, the visitors do manage to put an almost-incredible number of balls in the net. The only consolation for the home side is Welles's capitalizing on Stieglitz's response to a perceived slight. Half: 5-0 Shots: 13-0

Sockheads Part II: 0  
Bkd: Gray  
Diamond Gems: 0  
Bkd: Mays, Clemente, Mantle

Both sides spend an entire match jockeying for shots that never quite materialize. Frustrations mount and the yellow cards flow, but the fans still leave rather bored by the sloppy play. Half: 0-0 Shots: 0-0

-----  
River Rats: 0

Central Chippewas: 2

Scr: Saxe(2)

Bkd: Peter

Decent goalkeeping by Buggy is far from enough when the visiting offense can't even muster enough to overcome Saxe's two lone goals. Half: 0-1  
Shots: 0-12

-----  
MATCH 24  
-----

Currency Traders: 0

Scientists: 18

Scr: Darwin(5), Galileo(4),  
Fermi(1,1P), Rutherford,  
Einstein(6)

Traders continue with their usual form while on the road, allowing the Scientists to please the home crowd with a veritable blizzard of shots. Half: 0-7    Shots: 0-28

-----  
Hollywood 200: 2

California Tyrants: 2

Scr: Arbuckle, Ustinov

Scr: Castro, Pot

Bkd: Ustinov

Hollywood figure they can't let Tyrants widen the gap in the standings, so they start strong with a quick goal then fall into a catenaccio, which Castro does manage to crack before the half ends. Pot scores in the second half when Hollywood open their game up again, but a long goal kick finds its way to an unmarked Ustinov with ten minutes to play--and the visitors end up holding their own! Half: 1-1    Shots: 4-12

-----  
Emerald City: 0

Sockheads Part II: 1

Scr: Lavender

The home fans want a win, and the Sockheads respond by playing unspectacular but steady football, controlling the ball and waiting for the clear shots. Lavender succeeds in netting one at minute 56, after which the home side ease off and keep Emerald from getting the ball anywhere near their goal. Half: 0-0    Shots: 0-3

-----  
Central Chippewas: 4

20\* C: 2

Scr: Pearce(1P), Thorpe, Merrill,  
Saxe

Scr: Callahan, Coburn(1P)

Bkd: Thorpe

S/O: Powers

20\* dominate the first half, but stupendous goalkeeping by the visitors only sees them one up. After the teams come back, a penalty kick and Thorpe's goal put the visitors one up, and all of a sudden big Mo has changed sides. Merrill further silences the home crowd, but a returned penalty brings them back to their feet as they cheer for 20\* to continue. Chips will have none of it, however, and Saxe makes his last shot count to secure the upset. Half: 0-1    Shots: 6-28

-----  
Diamond Gems: 8

River Rats: 1

Scr: Musial, McCovey(2), Mantle,  
DiMaggio, Mays(1,1P), Clemente

Scr: Happy(1P)  
S/O: Dutch

Rats just can't seem to get very inspired in front of the few remaining fans who still bother to show up for the home games. Half: 3-0  
Shots: 14-0

## CUP TOURNAMENT

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### ROUND III - QUARTERFINALS

---

Her Majesty's Secret Service: 1  
Scr: Broccoli

Chessmen of Hastings: 0

Fleming misses a shot off the opening kickoff, and although the Chessmen keep them guessing, the first half belongs to the Service; second half doesn't see much change. Nice Chessmen defensive work keeps the Queen's gents from getting an insurance goal past Murphy, but who needs it when you keep the other side from even getting a shot? Half: 1-0 Shots: 13-0

---

Evil Doers: 2  
Scr: Blizzard, Sabertooth(1P)

Dublin Fire: 1  
Scr: Evans  
Bkd: Watson, Butler

S/O: Constrictor

There must be an angel riding on the Doers's shoulder, as Fire stick to their tried-and-true form, which allows manager Hise to trot out a fine-tuned firefighting lineup, relying on his hot goaltending duo to blank Fire in the first half. Blizzard's score comes fairly early in a 3-on-2 attack following a Blob save, and the addition of a penalty goal before the half makes the unthinkable seem possible. Doers get only one shot in the second half, as Fire turn up the heat in the face of the unexpected pressure. Six of nine second half shots are on target but turned aside by Blob and Annihilator before Evans gets one by--but the referee's whistle blows, and Division II's hopes rest on a Cinderella team. Half: 2-0 Shots: 4-18

---

Central Chippewas: 0

Jose's Heroes: 3  
Scr: Elio(1,1P), Davis

Bkd: Washington, Emmons, Robinson

With all of Division III watching them, the Chips come up short as the Heroes control the entire match, managing two on their own and one goal courtesy of CC's exuberant near-tackles. Brooks turns in a good performance at goal, though, stopping fully half the Heroes's shots. Half: 0-3 Shots: 0-12

---

Endwell Enzymatix: 3  
Scr: Liddle, Spanky, Dibble

Humboldt Buds: 7  
Scr: Jetson(3), Astro, Frees,  
Rubble, Duck

The two sides trade early goals, followed by a goal for Astro and Jetson's second. Spanky closes the lead, but Frees leaves the Buds with a two-goal halftime lead. Dibble's score four minutes into the second half is almost the start of a comeback, but three more Enzymatix shots don't find the mark. Rubble and Duck follow with two back-to-back goals, though, and things begin to look really bad for Endwell. Jetson manages to complete his hat trick just three minutes before the match ends. Half: 2-4 Shots: 14-13

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### ROUND IV - SEMIFINALS

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Pairings for the Round IV Semifinals of the Cup Tournament are:

Her Majesty's Secret Service  
Jose's Heroes

vs.  
vs.

Evil Doers  
Humboldt Buds

Don't forget--next session we'll play the Semifinals and the Final, so you should (if you wish) submit an additional lineup or lineups for the final; I expect you'll want to make it conditional upon who you may play.

UNITED PRESS

**NORTHEASTERN CHIPPEWAS to LEAGUE:** Due to a collapse of the roof of the Kelly/Shorts Chippewadome, the team is forced to move to Oscoda (where?) for approximately four months where local fans are petitioning to change the name to NorthEastern Chippewas. The team's office will be at

320 Oceana  
Oscoda, MI 48750

**PREDICTIONS:** 20° C 5 CHIPPEWAS 1; with four Chipe being sent off.

**BROWNIE'S PICKS:** First, some cup games:

H.M.S.S. vs. Chessmen: Take the Chessmen. H.M.S.S. may be first, but they're first in the wimpiest division in the league.

Doers vs. Fire: Doers are overrated, Fire are not. Take the Fire, please.

Mighty Chippewas vs. Heroes: Heroes will have to pay for hard play, and the Chipe just happen to be in the right place at the right time. Take the Mighty Chippewas.

Enzymatix vs. Buds: Enzymatix are on a roll, and the Buds are not the team to stop it. Take the Enzymatix.

No regular season worth speaking of except H.M.S.S.-Juventus, and we all know that the home team always wins in high level D-I games.

**CHIPPEWAS:** The big question isn't who will win the Doers-Fire match but rather, will Wampler, Rubenito, or Zavala get the necessary DP's to put them over the big "30"?

**CHESSMEN to RIIIW:** Did you put me in the winner's circle? No? Spoilsport!

**BUDS:** After two rounds of Cup play Division I has a winning percentage of .667 and claims 4 of the 8 tourney teams. I guess Division I really is the best Division. Seems like the only way to get rid of us is through intra-division matches.

**JUVENTUS MANAGEMENT to TEAM:** Men, it's been a long hard season. We've taken only one backward step all season. H.M.S.S. is the best in the division--maybe the League. We've played 'em twice, a loss and a tie. It's time to even it out. They're mean and they're tough--but you're winners! Now go out there and kick some balls!

**MANAGER to CHESSMEN:** Men, we either will earn our place in Division I this session or end up in Division II. I'm proud of the way that you've played so far but I want to see all of you playing where you belong. Get out there and show the Fire what you're made of.

**SILVERDOME:** As the Sockheads get ready for their match against Emerald City, they nervously watch the score board for the other games, hoping, maybe wishing for a chance to become a 3rd place team and going up to Division I or maybe their cold...

**R.C.A. to BECKER:** Does your team play in Waldo Stadium?

**EAGLES to CHESSMEN:** Yes, I've thought about using conditional orders, but like most people I thought "It could never happen to me."

**SOCKHEADS to G.M.:** Let the River Rats die and let a new team be reborn. But, it's up to you.

**TYRANTS to H.M.S.S.:** James Bond toppled the "Tyrants" again! Curses.

**TYRANTS to JUVENTUS:** You now have my blessing in relieving Kleiman of the burden of 1st place in Division I.

**JUVENTUS to H.M.S.S.:** Well, Dave, I may be misstating the case, but this looks like the showdown for first place. Do me a favor? If you beat me, make it close, huh? And don't make it look too easy.

**TYRANTS to H.M.S.S.:** Us evil people will win some day.

**CHESSMEN to SOCKHEADS:** You did a fine job against Dublin Fire forcing them to play with more abandon than they are used to. They will be stretched to the limit in the next match against the Evil Doers.

**SOCKHEADS to LEAGUE:** I think the Fire is out of control. I hope I don't have to play you in K-ZINE.

**TYRANTS to FIRE:** Looks like you lucked out! Oops, Rise's Evil Doers, a team after my own heart, did it anyway.

CHESSMEN to FIRE: The purse strings have opened and out comes megabucks! I am impressed! Does this mean that you're coming back next season?

SOCKHEADS to MIGHTY CHIPPEWA COLORS: I hired Maroon and Gold in another league.

BUDS to ENDWELL: Hey dude! We have yet to, like, win against you, but this time we, uh, you know, like got our heads together. Be cool.

CHIPPEWAS to HEROES: O.K. da Venta, get ready cause we're stacking our PW line with everyone but the waterboy. (Maybe I should include him. He's probably better than any of my forwards.)

CHESSMEN to GIANTS: I don't know...it's going to take a major collapse of the Evil Doers for any of us to catch him.

ROB to ALL: Luckily, I survived the end of the world!

CHESSMEN to JUVENTUS: I'm still waiting for your next move.

REDLANDS to KLEIMAN: Beware the Revenge of Socrates!

SOCKHEADS to KOMIC RELIEF: Oh great, K-Master of K-MAGICAL KDICE, why did you kfail me so KBADLY?

KOMIC RELIEF: You know the guys were just joking around and talking about winning and stuff, and right when Groucho got to the serious stuff about how we'd sweep into 1st place by winning all our remaining games, Harpo honks, and Curly goes woo, woo, woo; and the place is filled with stooges sound effects, and Dickie and Tommy, to top it all off pull this political gaffe, sorry Ronbo, well gosh you know the guys were just joking around about winning and stuff.

TIGHE to LUEDI: Who's choking now? Hope you didn't buy those two very old 10's for Cup play, hee, hee, hee. Next season they'll be just a couple of ancient 5's, chuckle, chuckle.

TYRANTS to JUVENTUS: Don't say a word, not one.

JUVENTUS to LEAGUE: Time's getting short, fellas. It's about time to start thinking about next season...

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HERE NOW, THERE'S A WORLD CUP GOING ON, ISN'T THERE...

So let's round out a rather odd issue with a bit of chat about the World Cup. Not that I have any great insight, mind you; as a soccer fan I'm still a rank amateur. Still, I'm enjoying trying to learn, which at this point consists mainly of watching every game I can and murmuring penetrating comments like, "Good shot," when the ball goes in the goal or, "Bad pass," when a player momentarily forgets the color of the jersey he's wearing.

Me, I cheer for the underdogs, which means I've generally been favoring European clubs over Latinos with have the home-hemisphere advantage. Biggest disappointment so far has been ultra-underdogs Canada inability to score a goal; next biggest was Denmark getting slaughtered by Spain after they cleaned up in the first round. My pre-tournament hunches had Denmark and Uruguay doing very well, but the Urus fizzled right from the start and, well, you might want to chalk up Denmark's erratic performance to their first World Cup appearance. On the positive side of the underdog coin, it was nice to see Morocco advance to the second round--and South Korea come close. (Now if the U.S. can just overcome such fearsome foes as Costa Rica and Trinidad & Tobago and actually make it to a Cup...)

Semifinals are tomorrow as I write this, so I may as well try my hand at predicting from the slim field of the remaining four. I'll take France over West Germany, and I'll be extremely surprised if Belgium can get lucky a third time in a row and beat Argentina. In a France-Argentina final, then, I'll pick France. Take Maradona away from Argentina and I'd put money on it; with Maradona, it's too close, but I still like the more well-rounded team. (Tune in next week for another edition of "Uninformed Opinions about International Soccer...")

THE LAST PAGE

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DEADLINES

Sopwith:		3 JULY 1986
Hase und Igel:		11 JULY 1986
Diplomacy:	(8:00 p.m. Central Time)	11 JULY 1986
United:		11 JULY 1986
For articles, etc:		6 JULY 1986

Sopwith to Mike Dean; 32 Newlands Ave.; Scarborough, N. Yorks YO12 6PS  
UNITED KINGDOM. Hase und Igel to Scott Hanson & Frauke Peterson,  
3508 4th Ave. S, Minneapolis, MN 55408. Diplomacy and United to Knight,  
address below.

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GAME OPENINGS

Sopwith (2 needed):	\$2.00 game fee	NO NMR fee
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WAITING LISTS

United: Mike Dean, Randy Ellis, Steven Clark, Chris Trudeau,  
Nigel McCabe, Pat Jensen

Sopwith: Doug Rowling, Bill Becker, Phil Dancause, Don Williams

DIPLOMACY STANDBY LIST (standbys are wanted, and receive three free issues  
upon completing a standby position):

Dan Stafford, Conrad Von Metzke, Matt Fleming, Randy Ellis,  
Jim Ferguson, Robert Acheson, Edi Birsan, Melinda Holley, Gary Behnen

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LAST ISSUE for Conrad von Metzke, James Wall, Conrad Minshall, Joe Kott,  
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