

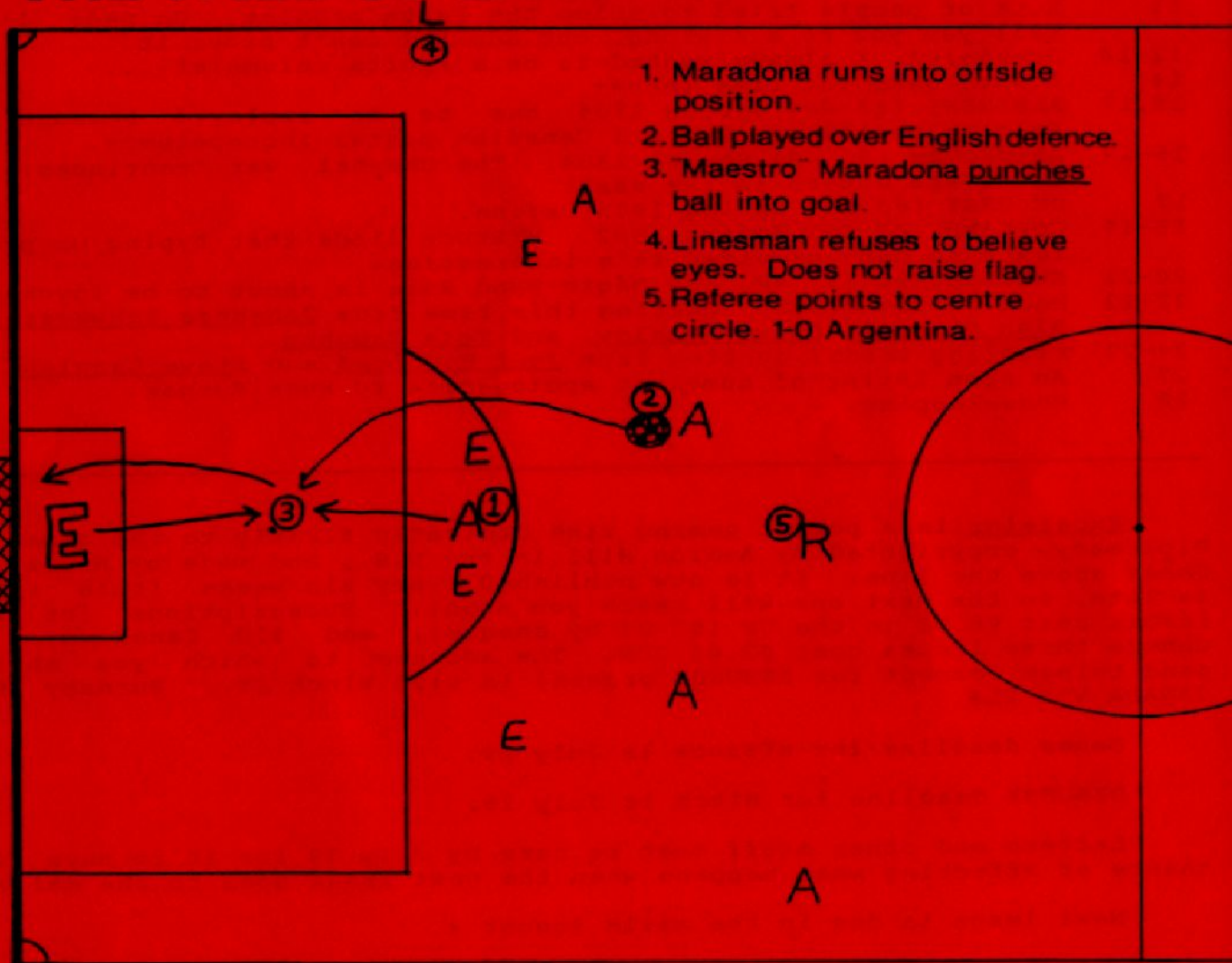
ENGLAND BEATEN by ARGENTINE SPIKER

# excelgior

JULY 1986

ISSUE No. 13 by BRUCE MCINTYRE

## THE FALL OF ENGLAND





## DIRECTORY

EXCELSIOR #13 by Bruce McIntyre with a whole heaven of a lot of support from Nancy Hurrell, printed July 5-6, 1986 by Xerox 9800 virtuoso Chris Buck, in Vancouver, BC, Canada.

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Excelsior is a postal gaming zine dedicated firstly to the game of Diplomacy, copyrighted by Avalon Hill in the U.S., and made by House of Games above the line. It is now published every six weeks (this issue is late, so the next one will reach you soon). Subscriptions for ten issues cost \$6 US in the US (\$7 US by cheque), and \$10 Canadian. In Canada three issues cost \$2.00 CDN. The address to which you should send things (except for DEBUSSY orders) is 6191 Winch St., Burnaby BC, CANADA V5B 2L4.

Games deadline for M<sup>c</sup>Bruce is July 29.

DEBUSSY deadline for Mitch is July 25.

Letters and other stuff must be here by July 28 for it to have any chance of affecting what happens when the next issue goes to the mails.

Next issue is due in the mails August 4.



## DipGab

I warned you last time that I was thinking quite seriously about putting XL games on six-week deadlines, along with assorted other methods of reducing the weight of my responsibilities. Then the computer problems I was struggling with at the time XL number 12 was being printed decided to make their attack. In short, the computer was down for nearly three weeks, mostly because I was certain it was the disk drive that was at fault, when the problem turned out to be with one of the computer's microchips. Then things were changed around at work, a welcome change for me since I'm not on as many busy shifts any more. The drawback is that my leisure time has been switched around so much that my body clock is just getting used to the new timetable.

The new schedule has me on duty from four to midnight Tuesday and Wednesday nights, and also from midnight to eight on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday (which means I make my way to work Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights). After some experimentation, I've decided to run XL on the following schedule:

Deadline for letters, other features, contests, and subscription changes affecting the next issue: Monday.

Deadline for all games (Diplomacy, Superbourse, Clue, etc.): Tuesday noon.

Diplomacy and variants game reports mailed out to all players separately: Wednesday morning.

Zine printed: Saturday (reductions), and Sunday (copying). The night shift should give me time to prepare most of the stuff.

Zine mailed: Monday.

As you see game reports (duplicated by my printer) will be sent out separately, but if I were you I'd check the zine to see if I've discovered any errors before printing it all up. The separate reports will not contain maps, but the positions of all units will be shown in boldface in the reports. Note however, that there will be six weeks between deadlines for all (even international) games, and I'm not phoning for orders any longer. Period.

Let me of course apologize profusely to all those who've been waiting patiently for me to get the game results out, especially under what can only be considered an uncertain deadline, which in any case was shot all to hell when the computer died and I began lapsing into unfamiliar unconsciousness after coming home from work.

It'll take me a hell of a long time to catch up on all the hobby news of the past little while, but I do want to say a few things, now that it's rather too late for them to make any difference. (Or at least it will be by the time you get this issue.)

First is the Runestone Poll. Specifically, how well is XL going to do, in light of the fact that only two zines still in print beat us last year? I can only guess based on evidence I've seen. XL tied with It's a Trap! for third in the Texas Bull Diplomacy Players Survey, recently reprinted in Europa Express, which not too surprisingly won the best other (than Texas) zine category. The third North American Diplomacy Players survey, results taken from Diplomacy World #42, shows more interesting evidence: under the question, name your five favorite active dipzines, XL finished third again, behind DW, and EE.

I am not trying to blow my own horn here. If I follow this up by finishing third, or anywhere near third, in the Runestone Poll, it shall be a tragedy. I think last year's result was realistic, but since then things have gone downhill. Do you voters really like a zine that is late almost every goddam time, often very late? One that has been



plagued by GMing problems of nearly every type? One that has given far more space to writings on topics unconcerned with Diplomacy, than even game reports? Think about it.

I think XL will be beaten by at least fifteen zines this year in the Runestone, and ten in the Freshman Zine Poll. I won't be too surprised if I'm overestimating things here either.

But -- I vow to be back....

The other thing I wanted to make a comment on earlier, but decided to stifle myself, was the nomination of Masculine Attribute for the Rod Walker hobby writing Award. I don't really see that it's eligible, but seeing as it lost anyhow, I don't feel too bad about it. I'm honoured to be nominated, of course, but I think the award should be meant for Diplomacy articles--the winner, Daf Langley's The Making of a Major Con, was a good choice. Other winners were Bill Quinn (Don Miller Memorial Award for hobby service), and Dan Stafford (John Koning Memorial Award for best player). All, of course, are excellent choices. Congratulations!

Wallace Nicoll, co-publisher of PoW, a popular British zine, was here for the Victoria Day weekend, as advertised in last issue's letter column. Since Nan and I were unfortunately working for most of that weekend, we didn't see much of him until the Monday holiday. It was my brilliant idea to go to Expo on the Monday. After all, Victoria Day is not an American holiday, and therefore Expo wouldn't be as crowded. Also, the weekend had seen the weather slowly go from mildly bad to mildly worse, which promised to lower the Monday attendance.

These brilliant notions were one by one shot to hell. The Victoria Day attendance was the best to date, because of unexpectedly good weather for most of the day. It was my brilliant idea to not get off the SkyTrain at Main St. station (which is the stop closest to Expo's main entrance, East Gate), and instead go through the site on the SkyTrain, through downtown, and enter the site at Canada Place, which is part of Expo but apart from the main site. You can go from Canada Place to Expo via a few special links, including ferry, SkyTrain, and bus. The announced wait for Canada Place was ninety minutes! We glumly got back on the SkyTrain and headed for the crowds at Main St. station.

The first compulsory lineup is for buying your ticket. I was amazed at the large amounts of money being flashed around, American fifties and hundreds, Canadian bills of unusual colours. Still, it's \$20 to get in, so I guess a family would be kind of expensive. But I'm surprised they've not had a serious problem with pickpockets.

Finally we were in, and decided that the thing to do would be to take the monorail around the site once and get an overview of everything. This got us into a lineup that went into 180 degree turns every 150 yards. Every so often we'd pass a sign saying "From this point-30 minutes." Since it was obvious that it would take more than thirty minutes to fight our way out, we waited impatiently. A ten minute ride took us to the west side of the site. Here Nancy met some friends--I forgot to mention that Nan now has a ticket-taking job at the West Gate--and basically we didn't get out of the yellow zone, the westernmost of the six zones on site. We saw about ten of the eighty-odd pavilions, most of which required lineups longer than we were prepared to wait in. At about five it began to rain like hell, and we got soaked making our way to B.C. Place Stadium to watch Canada lose 3-0 to Wales.

I don't want to give you the idea it was a bad time, but the lineups were frustrating. However it's clear that Expo is a hit. Attendances have averaged over 90,000 per day, and the site is awesome (using that word in its traditional meaning, as I abhor the casual use of it by today's youth). In fact, you really have to have a purpose when you go, because without one you spend more time deciding (or



fighting) over what to do next. There'll be more on Expo in the coming issues, you can be sure.

The big ride at Expo is the Scream Machine, a largish (though not by any means record setting) roller coaster. We did not try it. Nan and I did try the Space Tower, which is a 300-foot tower from which open cabins are suspended by cables from all sides. You get in, and go up to the top, and then are dropped to the bottom. Yes, I mean dropped! Anyhow, Nan and I discovered that our--this is somewhat embarrassing--our combined weight was just over the 400-pound limit for one cabin, so Nan went up first. You go up and down twice, just in case you pass out the first time around. Nan's cabin went up, then came down empty! I looked up in terror, then realized that Nan is deathly afraid of heights, and had ducked down.

Then it was my turn. Going up was fun. The view was marvelous. Then I felt as though I was being thrown up and out of the car. I held on tightly to the cables until I sensed my weight equal to my mass once more. It was then that the drop began. The first lift was just the car stopping at the top. Needless to say, the second time around I made sure to hold on until I actually saw the ground coming up towards me. Nan and I held each other up as we straggled to the exits....

I played a short game of Titan the other day (short because the other two guys in the game attacked one another, and the survivor quickly wiped me out), and was unimpressed. Quite possibly the reason I don't play FRP games is not because I don't like the concept, but because I am out of touch with the fantasy bit. I don't know a Gorgon from a Warlock, and quite frankly I'm afraid I just don't care enough to find out. Titan is more of a board game than an FRP game, but the combination of fantasy creatures and hexagons (sure signs of FRP games and wargames respectively), along with an unreadable rulebook, repelled me quickly. I do normally enjoy board games and avoid FRP ones, but Titan bored me. I'm sure a FRP game without the Tolkien stuff might interest me, if I was familiar with the fantasy part of it. No offense to Titan players, just making a point.

The best recording orchestra in North America now is L'Orchestre Symphonique de Montreal, directed by Charles Dutoit. I am admittedly biased in that Dutoit's "natural habitat" is my personal favorite: the post Romantic Nationalistic period 1890-1920. For example, if it's Beethoven you're after, you'd want to get the Berlin/ von Karajan recordings, but if you're into Ravel, Rimsky-Korsakov, or Respighi, check out the Montreal/ Dutoit recordings. They are wonderfully *clean* and precise, with brilliant interpretations by Dutoit, and fantastic solo efforts. Worth paying for.

Dolchstoss, Richard Sharp's excellent zine, has just celebrated a milestone: 100 issues. Inside issue 100 are many insights on Dolchstoss' (which apparently means "a stab of the knife", but doubles as the name of a fictitious German general) history, which contain flashbacks on the history of the British hobby in general, with memories of some eventful cons of the past. Also included is something which I may eventually steal for XL, the start of a Who's Who of Dolchstoss readers. All in all, a superb issue!

Thinking of Dolchstoss somehow reminds me that I went down to the Dover Arms neighbourhood pub last Friday. The place is not in my neighbourhood at all, but I was lured by the radio commercial ("He dribbles down the wing...there's the cross...a beautiful header....and we have to wait three hours to see if he scores.") advertising live World Cup soccer matches via satellite dish. (The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation does not believe in live telecasts: if a game starts at 2PM



Toronto time--remember, to the CBC, Toronto is the centre of the known universe--then Vancouver will see it at 2PM Vancouver time, three hours later. It is this kind of logic that brought Westerners the Prime Minister's speech on free trade hours after it actually happened, although the East saw it live.) Thus, last Friday I went down, expecting to see West Germany against Denmark. I'd forgotten that Scotland was simultaneously playing Uruguay--and quickly came to the realization that any stated interest in the other game in the midst of such a crowd might bring about personal injury. So I sat with a group of young gents who had a rather limited vocabulary. It was limited to a few phrases, shouted in a thick Scottish accent, translated below:

"C'mon, then, 'ave a craeck at it, man!" (Fer Chrissake, take a shot!)  
 "Goo tyer pookit, referee!" (Give him a card, ref!)  
 "Ye pulled t' wrong woon!" (Don't give him a yellow card, send him off with a red one!)  
 "Gee up, 'e dinna got ye!" (Get back on your feet, you're not injured, you lousy actor!)

And, towards the end of a 0-0 draw, in a game the Scots had to win:  
 "'Nuther bluidy four years, 'n." (Wait till next World Cup, we'll show 'em.)

It was quite a good time, though--definitely worth the drink money just for the atmosphere, to say nothing of the live coverage versus the three hour delays we get on CBC. I'll be back. Hmm, there's a strong possibility of an England-Argentina quarter final: the Falklands war all over again on the soccer pitch. Might be interesting...

[June 26] It could have been, but some Argentine volleyball player spoiled it.

I don't know as I want to watch the Cup final now. It really doesn't interest me. The finalists, West Germany and Argentina, don't deserve to be there. About all they deserve is each other.

West Germany seems to me to be a team more concerned with playing the system than playing entertaining or good soccer. In 1982 there was the anti-Algeria treaty, in which Germany beat Austria 1-0, guaranteeing the Germans (who had lost to the Algerians earlier) and the Austrians a place in the second round, while the Algerians were sent home on goal difference. In 1986, the German team played Denmark in the deciding game of Group E. The other groups had finished, and the winner of Group E would play Spain, while second place would play Morocco. The Germans decided they wanted to play Morocco. They lost 2-0, and from all the accounts I read of the game, it appears that the Germans had done what they wanted to do. Franz Beckenbauer, the coach, could hardly contain a smile when he told reporters how good a team Denmark was. Germany then beat Morocco 1-0 on a free kick with five minutes left which can only be described as a defensive error by the Moroccans, capitalized upon. They then beat Mexico in a penalty kick contest, after playing defensively for 120 minutes. The first game that they really looked good was the semi-final win over France, who had just beaten Brazil in the most exciting game of the tournament.

In 1982, I jumped on the Italian bandwagon after they beat Brazil convincingly in the second round. I've always felt that the Brazilian style--skillful, artistic, and relaxed--is the best soccer in the world. It is also self-destructive. Brazil has been two wins away from the championship twice running now, and both times they have been eliminated by their refusal to raise their game when necessary. The Brazilian attitude is "we have the best offensive team in the world, thus there is no need to hurry things, as we are destined to score more goals than they can." One could say that the Brazilians were beaten in 1982 by Paolo Rossi, and in 1986 by Joel Bats, the brilliant French goalkeeper. Wrong. Compare instead the reaction of Uli Stielike of West Germany, after missing a penalty in the 1982 semi-final (which Germany eventually won), to that of Brazil's Zico, after missing the penalty in the second



half of their 1986 quarter-final against France that would have broken the game wide open. Stielike would quite likely have committed hara-kiri if there had been a dagger nearby; Zico looked for a moment, then jogged back to his midfield position. Brazil is the best team in the world: but they must learn to respect their opposition before another Cup will be theirs.

Having discussed Brazil, we now turn to Argentina, their great South American rivals. Argentinian soccer differs from Brazilian soccer in that there is more hard and dirty play, and that where Brazil stresses teamwork, Argentina's success will be built around Diego Maradona, their superstar. He is a good one on one player, and an excellent actor. I accused Germany's team two paragraphs ago of playing the system rather than the game. Argentina has played the system also, but in different styles. Their players are as good at hard tackling with the referee looking elsewhere, as they are at helping the player up when the referee is watching. The game plan is to get the lead in the first half, then deprive the other team of any chance of tying the game. Their number one tactic to this end is time wasting. They know all too well that FIFA (presumably with the heat and altitude of Mexico in mind) has idiotically told it's officials to keep the games close to time if possible. Many halves have been called within a minute of the start of extra time, although it has been obvious that more than five minutes were lost during the half. Maradona, after Argentina has the lead, is a different player altogether. He spends a lot of time getting to know the grass blade by blade. He doesn't try to beat five men for a shot; instead he will trip over the first one, fall on the ball, and wait until the free kick is awarded--then he will feign injury.

But it's not Maradona alone who wastes time. Against Uruguay, it took Argentina fully three minutes to make a substitution. They were leading, of course. Against England, Argentina was held scoreless for one half, then scored the most illegal goal I have ever seen. Maradona recieved a breakaway pass in an obvious offside position, first of all. Then he punched it into the net. Neither the referee nor the linesman (who, the replay showed, had a clear view of the entire incident), saw anything wrong. 1-0 Argentina. That Diego scored a brilliant goal five minutes later is irrelevant: on his second goal, he saw far less of the English defence than he would have were the score still 0-0. Futhermore the game ended 2-1 Argentina. Without that first goal....

In short, I'll be watching Sunday. I'll be rooting for Maradona to get a hat trick. Three own goals.

## POSTAL CLUE 5

No fiction this month, players: I'm not in the mood. Sorry about that.

I thought I'd better go over what's happened so far, including Janet Cooley's guess this time. Nobody's complained yet about my turning this into a soap opera, but I thought I'd better clarify things that have taken place up until now.

The players, in order of guessing turns, are Conrad Minshall, Ron Krukowski, Steve Dycus, Janet Cooley, Bill Becker, and James Early. On the first turn Conrad Minshall's guess was Janet Cooley with the lead Pipe in the Billiard Room. Ron Krukowski showed him proof that this was impossible.

Ron then tried his luck with Steve Dycus with the Rope in the Billiard Room, but Steve had proof that this was incorrect.

Steve Dycus was then scheduled to guess, but didn't. So, on this turn, Janet Cooley has guessed Ron Krukowski in the Kitchen with the Revolver. Bill Becker and James Early saw nothing wrong with that theory, but Conrad Minshall showed Janet that this could not have been the case.

Next guess: Bill Becker. Deadline: Monday 28 July. Good luck. By the way, Mitch tells me he's enjoying being dead.



## Golf without balls

Every so often, I get the urge to go out and actually do something that, if done daily for a few months, might pave the way to a new quantum level of personal fitness. I nearly always enjoy myself while doing one of these things, often enough to resolve to spend the summer at this particular activity. It's not until the day after, when the muscle stiffness sets in, that I decide upon a course of restraint.

A little less frequently, I'll do some activity that you wouldn't believe to be at all strenuous, and wind up stiff just the same. This sort of experience is just the type that makes me angry enough to spill my guts in the next issue.

Can you believe that I'm still stiff (muscularly--another Masculine Attribute piece this ain't!) 37 hours after playing 27 holes of Frisbee Golf?

I can't.

But the evidence is there. The major stiffness is directly above my right armpit, extending all the way to the inside of the elbow, and the other problem is a quite unexpected case of minor facial sunburn, probably my first ever May sunburn (at least in Vancouver). The sunburn comes from sitting in the otherwise-empty box seats that we didn't pay for at the baseball game beforehand so we could escape the shade, or at least its chilling effect. The stiffness: I don't know. Surely I couldn't have used that much strength just to fling a Frisbee around for two hours.

Whatever. I guess I'd better explain the game for those of you who are still awaiting Spring: I hear Calgary's just gotten two feet of snow, and they're only an hour away by plane. Frisbee Golf--or Disc Golf as it is known officially, probably because your (or my) normal Frisbee is quite useless for it--is played in an area that for some reason doesn't get much use as anything else. This for Vancouver means Queen Elizabeth Park on Little Mountain, a small hill in the centre of the city overlooking Nat Bailey stadium, where outdoor baseball is played. The Little Mountain course appears to have only nine holes, but it is slowly discovered that it actually has a back nine, and quite a few other nines, which I'll get into later. The only unnatural thing that need to be added to the landscape are small concrete circles about two yards wide, which are the tees, and the basket-like holes. This consists of a pole about four feet high, with a basket going around it about two feet off the ground. Going from the outer edges of the basket to the top of the pole on all sides are somewhat thick chains held in place somewhat loosely. Their job is to keep your Frisbee from bouncing off the pole, by slowing it down before it hits the pole. If you hit the chain head on, chances are your Frisbee will drop into the basket. Not only that, there's a nice chain-rattling sound that corresponds to the *plink* of the ball going into the cup in regular golf.

The distance from hole to tee ranges from 50-80 yards. There are quite a few hazards on the course, the major one that day being the wind, which was blowing in mean gusts. It took me two rounds (by the way, there aren't any green fees--by far the best reason to play that instead of the par-3 real course up the hill) to realize that I was going to have to keep my Frisbee low to do at all well. As you'll see later, though, the wind did have a positive outcome on the afternoon.

Another major obstacle is roadways. Throwing your frisbee onto a road (even if it rolls there) is stroke-and-distance. We weren't certain how to rule when my Frisbee landed on the grass on the other side of the street though. I took one look at the cars I'd have to throw over, and the head wind I'd be facing, and said authoritatively, "stroke-and-distance."

I did say the course is on what is affectionately known as Little



Mountain, and thus hills are a major factor. Especially since Frisbees roll. And roll. And roll. Grant Fraser, the twit who introduced me to Frisbee Golf, was about to tee off on the third hole. My shot had just gone sailing behind a tree. Grant was winding up to shoot, and then started laughing like hell: he had just spied my Frisbee gaily rolling down the hill. The hole, of course was at the top of the hill. The thing to remember, I found out later, is that Frisbees roll unless thrown level with a hell of a spin. With a hell of a spin they stay straight, because they don't tilt, and land cleanly. Of course, it takes a hell of a flick of the wrist (don't get your hopes up, I told you this was not a Masculine Attribute piece) to put lots of spin on it. I'm beginning to realize why my arm hurts so much.

Then there's trees. There are trees all over the course, most of the time blocking the view of the hole from the tee. Since Frisbees are easier to curve than golf balls, this is not much of an obstacle, but when the wind is blowing, attempting to curve a Frisbee around a tree is asking for trouble. To curve a Frisbee, you have to get it to tilt in mid-air, which is like throwing yourself on the mercy of any gust that should happen to come up at that moment. There's a stroke penalty (by the way, the official word is "throw", not stroke, but then I suppose the pros also call the hole the basket, which I'd never get used to) for throwing the Frisbee into a tree if it sticks on the tree higher than two metres (the average persons reach.)

Another serious obstacle is other players. Not because they're particularly bad; on the contrary, we were by far the worst ones on the course that day. There is a space about ten yards square in the middle that is not out of bounds, but is simply not used because the course kind of goes around it. Three players had decided to get a suntan there, but packed up and left when they saw Grant and I approaching. But what the good players do is practice for the tournament, which includes the "back nine." The so-called back nine uses the same holes and tees as the front nine, but in a different order. Add to that the fact that those guys can throw the damn thing a mile, and you get scenarios in which we're making our final approach, and out of the trees off to the side comes a flying saucer right at us. Lotsa fun.

Finally, the last hole contains the worst of obstacles: water. The hole is about 70 yards long, but only 50 if you've enough courage to shoot over the lake. To do this you need a professional golf disk, which is heavier and thinner than your standard Frisbee, goes much further, and refuses to acknowledge the presence of wind. Also, you need a hell of a lot of guts, because the pin is situated so that if you throw it 10 yards too far you're in the water on the other side. In short: we went around. Or at least we tried to. My first shot came to earth with a splash. Luckily, I could dig it out, because it was near the edge. I shot away from the lake on the second shot, then tried a long shot for the green (there aren't actually any greens, but within five metres you're not allowed to take a run-up, so that's what is meant by "green"). This one got friendly with a timely gust of wind, and landed right in the middle of the goddamn lake.

Remember I said that there was a positive side to the wind? Well, this was where it came into effect. Having helped my Frisbee get into the lake, it now blew hard enough to help it drift out in reasonable time, about ten minutes. If the wind hadn't been there, we'd have been able to get dinner and come back. Rumour has it that in the summertime, a group of kids have a rubber raft, and they charge a buck to get Frisbees out of the water, provided they're still floating when they get there. Must be rich enough for a houseboat by now, because before the day was out, I'd hit water four times, twice requiring a longish wait. Grant wasn't immune either: he hit it once, trying to gamble in the skins game I'd already won. (\$3.50, by the way, is no compensation for a stiff right side and an itchy face.)

Our scores weren't too bad. The course is Par 30 or so (for nine



## MORALS TEST

Many of you, I'm sure, have played Scuples, the game in which you attempt to elicit certain answers to moral dilemmas from other players, with the option of debate if you think the answer given was a strategic lie. What happened to me not half an hour ago would make an ideal question for that game if it didn't require a whole article to explain. Therefore, I propose to explain it here, with as little bias as possible, and I'd like to hear whether you think my reaction was justified or not. I had no time to think rationally about my action, but given that time, I doubt I'd do anything different. I just want to see if you view what I did as blatantly hostile, or completely justified.

Here then is the situation. M<sup>c</sup>Bruce has just finished work, it's Saturday morning, and through a miracle of BC Transit I'm going to get to take the early bus home, something I've not yet done. I get in the bus, and put a tape in my Walkman, and begin to listen as the bus pulls out of the loop. We go two blocks before I notice that the driver is making gestures at me. I take off the headphones to find that he is demanding that I turn the thing down, and is saying that he's warned me twice already.

Now I've been riding buses with the Walkman on the same volume setting for eighteen months, and have never been asked to lower the volume. There is a Transit rule against music in buses, but since their own propaganda has been asking people to keep their Walkman volume down (which I had assumed I was doing), it seems obvious that there is no Transit rule prohibiting Walkmans. But, as we shall see, that turned out to be irrelevant.

I turned it down, so much so that the sound of the engine was significantly louder than the sound of the music. I now had to keep my ears focused on the music, because of the lower volume. We went another three blocks, and the bus stopped again, for a few minutes before I realized that the driver was again telling me to lower the volume!

Some little voice inside said at about that point, "this man is a total asshole, and you are being made a fool in front of the other passengers." I turned the thing off. I said nothing. Inside I was seething with rage. Then I hit upon a plan.

I do not enjoy being made to look the fool. And revenge is sweet.

The bus travelled along the road. I made some quiet adjustments to my Walkman, then put the headphones back on. I closed my eyes, and tapped on the empty seat in front of me to the rhythm.

It took about two minutes. I felt the bus glide into the stop, and stay there. I could hear the driver's footsteps coming closer. I kept my eyes closed and kept tapping. When he got to me, I opened my eyes, took the headphones off.

"That's enough of that," he said. "Get off my bus."

I looked right at him. "Why?"

"How many times do I have to tell you, kid? Now get out."

"Still too loud, huh? Let me show you something."

"I don't care--get off my bus. Now."

I unzipped the Adidas bag and retrieved the Walkman. Turned it over. Detached the little slot on the back. He looked.

I had taken the batteries out.

"See? No batteries. I took 'em out after the last time you stopped the bus. Is there a rule against wearing earphones?" Nothing from the jerk. "You know, I don't think you mind the noise as much as the fact that some people enjoy listening to music. Do you know offhand the BC Transit complaint line number?"

He just stood there, stunned. So were the other passengers. I looked right into his eyes and said, "Do your job. Drive the goddam



MORALS TEST continued

bus." (It wasn't quite "Go ahead. Make my day.", but it had the same effect.)

When I got off, I held the door open for a split second longer than normal, just to see if he'd try an angry screech of the tires as a last word. He didn't.

There's the story. Let me know what you think. Am I a heroic bus rider's answer to Rambo, or am I a vengeful jerk? Don't be shy--I wanna know. Really.

GOLF WITHOUT BALLS continued

holes), and our scores were averaging in the lower fiftys, although I improved about a throw a hole with money on the line. However, I vow that there will be no further attempt at improvement until this stiffness goes away.

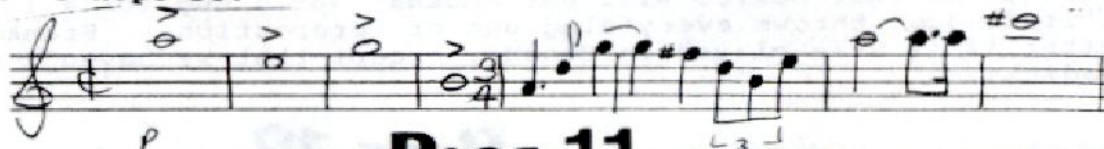
[As an afterthought to this article, which was the last thing successfully saved before the machine broke down--you could say it was this very article which caused all the trouble--I should say that I've played once since. The lightweight white Frisbee I had has now been replaced by a professional golf disc three shades lighter than the colour of last issue's colour. All right, all right: it's pink. What happened was that I threw my white one into the lake, and there was on this occasion no wind to blow it back to the shore, so I took off shoes and socks, rolled up the pants, and went in after it. The water in the lake is about a foot deep, but the sand is quite gunky, and you can sink an extra foot if you're not careful. Being the first person this season to be courageous enough to go in after a Frisbee, I staked claim on the other one that was visible near mine. It didn't turn pink until it got out of the water: immersed, it had appeared orange. Anyhow, I played a fantastic round with the pink one, and I was just learning that the white one was best for straight long downhill holes where you want the Frisbee to fly, and the pink one was designed to roll three miles once it hit the ground, when I threw the white one so far out in the lake that there was no question about the chances of getting it back within three hours.]

## PENTE

The Pente problem on page 29 of last issue prompted a lot of response. Unfortunately, nobody got the correct answer, so I'll hold it over until next time.

The problem for me is that I'm sitting here typing far too close to the deadline to explain why all the answers I've received were wrong. In fact, some of them may be right, because I forgot to give you the moves limitation. In order that you can all try again with all the information necessary, this is meant as a hint: The solution I'm looking for forces the Black player to make certain moves, and wins spectacularly for White after five moves. I say spectacularly, and I mean it: if you think you've found the answer and you don't have a big grin on your face you probably haven't got it.

To those who did guess: if your sequence clearly leads to a White victory I'll award you one or two issues, depending on how many total issues I have to give out. However, if when I get enough time to set up my board, I find problems with your move, I'll point them out next issue. Fair? I hope so.





## JOCKTALK

JOCKTALK! this time will consist of three parts: a collection of things we've heard in the sports reporting media since last time, a little bit on the World Cup of soccer so far--as of this writing, 26 of 36 first round games are complete, and a book review of Bill James' Baseball Abstract, undoubtedly the most interesting book on sports of any kind I've missed out on for the past nine years.

### Part 1--The Best of the Quotes

Well, there haven't been too many, but those we have are reasonably good:

I heard the following on Vancouver radio station CFUN, the speaker is Tom Lucas: "The baseball Canadians were rained out yesterday, for obvious reasons." What a beautifully redundant statement!

Wallace Nicoll, while watching a golf tournament on CBS, heard the following from a reporter whose name I can't make out from the note he left: "Both players were tied before going to the sudden-death playoff." I should hope so.

Grant Fraser reports that Tony Ventrella of KING-TV in Seattle said the following about the Montreal Canadiens OT win in New York in the Stanley Cup semi-finals: "The Canadiens won tonight by scoring the winning goal." Brilliant. Three free, Grant.

### Part 2--The Cup So Far

I am not the least bit surprised that Canada is out, having lost three straight against France (1-0), Hungary (2-0), and the Soviet Union (2-0). Had things gone right for Canada, we'd have gotten a win against the Hungarians, and perhaps a tie in one of the other games. If Canada's team was not the most difficult one in the world to get together for the tournament, we'd have been more competitive. FIFA is going to have to take a closer look at the rest of the world outside Europe, because by the time the next Mundial rolls along in 1990, there may well be cause for more than 25% of the entrants to be outside of South America and Europe. Four outside teams (South Korea, Mexico, Morocco, and Algeria) have done well in the first round, the other two, Canada and Iraq, have been competitive, Canada so in a very difficult group, and it doesn't take much to see that given four more years, for example, two African representatives will be a travesty of justice.

In 26 games, 55 goals have been scored, 27 of these in the first half. Canada allowed one of it's five goals against in the first half. The strategy against Canada was "make them run, and get them later." The French and the Russians were quite capable of doing this, the Hungarians got a quick goal and sat on it, then scored on a counterattack with 15 minutes left. Had Canada been fortunate enough to have been in a group with less disciplined opponents, there's no telling what might have happened.

Some random notes on the rest of the tournament so far. Ghod, it's been boring. Most teams are afraid more of the heat and altitude than the other side. Take away four blowouts: (ARG 3-1 SKO, URS 6-0 HUN, DEN 6-1 URU, and FRA 3-0 HUN), and you're left with 1.59 goals per game. I don't think that Mexico will get another World Cup for a long time--the altitude just throws everything out of proportion. Frankly, it'd be better if it were played in Canada: except that we haven't enough grass stadiums.



When is FIFA going to come to the realization that the offside rule is impossible to call from field level? The offside rule in soccer is that when the ball is played forward by the attacking side, any player ahead of the ball cannot be behind two defenders (usually one of these is the goalkeeper). Two things need to be known to the officials. One is the position of the second defender, the line which attacking players must stay behind to remain onside. This is the job of the linesman. The second important factor is the exact instant that the ball is played. This is the job of the referee, and this is the problem. The linesman sees a player go offside, and raises his flag. The player is in an offside position, but wasn't when the ball was played. But the ref sees the flag raised, and calls offside. It's easy to see on the replay whether any given player is offside, but it is nearly impossible to accurately call it from field level. Why not play out all offside situations, and have an official high up that can better decide the issue?

Two things are happening routinely in the tournament that I believe is only because of the altitude. One is that players are being thrown small plastic bags of ice water while on the pitch. This started in the Russian 6-0 win over Hungary: whether Hungary might have played better had they had the benefit of a water supply remains unseen. Three days later, all the teams were using the plastic bags. The field is one hell of a mess late in the game, but the players don't die of thirst I guess.

The other thing that is happening (and this I don't like at all) is that the officials have been asked to keep the games to time, with the result that every half ends sometime in the 46th minute, despite the fact that the ball may have been lost in the stands for two minutes, the goalkeeper may have delayed the taking of a free kick for a minute or two, the trainers may have administered the "magic aerosol can" treatment (This miraculous can makes it's appearance every four years. I've yet to see a player treated with it come off.) for upwards of five minutes, or what have you. Perhaps it's time soccer became an accurately timed game, like hockey or basketball.

So who's going to win, now that I've seen all the teams in action? I dunno. Of my four favorites, Brazil is in the top half of the knockout format, and Denmark, Russia, and Argentina are on the bottom, assuming they win their groups, which seems likely. Mexico will win its group but is bound to come up against the Germans in the quarterfinals. So it now looks like Brazil over Denmark, Germany over Argentina for third, with Russia and Mexico the dark horses. We'll see how close I am.

Parting shot: With one game to go against group-leader Poland, England has scored as many goals as has Canada. So there.

### Part 3-Book Review

Bill James Baseball Abstract 1986 is not an easy book to do a review on. It's too good. About all I can do is feebly thank Alan Stewart for recommending it to me, then do my best to try to describe it.

The Baseball Abstract is not, repeat not, a book of numbers. To be sure, there are lots of numbers in it: breakdowns of each team's run-scoring and run-allowing patterns, and detailed statistics for each player, including the new stats that Bill James has devised to better measure achievement.

About his annual masterpiece, Bill James writes "We have imitators, but they essentially fail to understand--they think what we're writing about is *statistics* rather than *questions*." What quickly becomes apparent when you get time to sit down and read the book is that Bill James not only seems to be a tireless sabermetrician (translation: baseball mathematician), he also has the knack of being able to tell us the significance of the stats in plain English. Thus under the



catch-all title "California Angels", there is a 2000-word dissertation on Gene Mauch, the one-run strategy that he is known for, and his successes and failures with it, which is then followed by two pages of Angels stats. Under the catch-all title "Montreal Expos", is an article about the historical effect of artificial turf on career lengths, followed by Expos stats.

The big bonus for 1986 is the Kansas City report, a thirty-page piece on Kansas City teams, from the hapless Athletics of James' childhood, to the expansion Royals, followed by an in-depth examination of the World Series run (including the reason the Jays blew it: everyone in Canada knows that Bobby Cox was outmanaged by Dick Howser, now get the Abstract and read why.) I suspect the appearance of such an essay is largely due to the fact that Bill James lives just outside Kansas City, but even with the slight bias, it is the best bit of baseball writing I've ever read. The stereotype of the person called That Dreadful Woman, whom James met in the right field bleachers at Game One, will remain with me forever!

Go out and buy it, if there are any left. Don't be afraid of the stats: everything will become perfectly clear by the time you're hooked.



## Quiz

The following is a spacefiller worth five free issues to the best score received by next time. As with most XL quizzes, each question is worth its number in the scoring. The guidelines are simple: I give you the last three letters of a word; you tell me the word, or a word that fits the category. The category is languages.

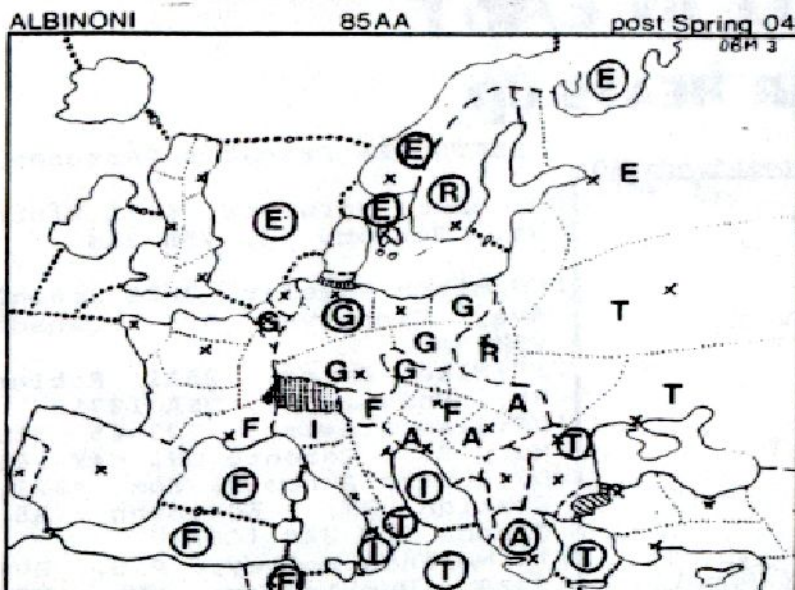
- |                        |                     |
|------------------------|---------------------|
| 1) _____ CHIN E S E    | 2) _____ ITAL I A N |
| 3) _____ SPAN I S H    | 4) _____ FRE N C H  |
| 5) _____ GER M A N     | 6) _____ LA T I N   |
| 7) _____ GR E E K      | 8) _____ I L I      |
| 9) _____ HEB R E W     | 10) _____ ARA B I C |
| 11) _____ ESPERA N T O | 12) _____ AL N D I  |
| 13) _____ MANDA R I N  | 14) _____ A I C     |
| 15) _____ GAR L I C    | 16) _____ T C H     |
| 17) _____ A B I        | 18) _____ BAS Q U E |
| 19) _____ I N U I T    | 20) _____ L L E     |

I'll be somewhat surprised if you all find this rather simple: some of these stumped the family for agonizing minutes.



## ALBINONI

ALBINONI Dramatis Personae



GM: Bruce McIntyre, 6191 Winch St., Burnaby B.C., V5B 2L4

ENG: Bill Shirley, 618 Main St., Yarmouth NS, B5A 1J9

GER: Charles Arsenaunt, Voie Du Car D'Or 2/102, 1348 Louvain-La-Neuve, BELGIUM

RUS: Kevin Brown, 100 Patton Dr., Warner Robins GA, USA 31093

TUR: Melinda Holley, P.O. Box 2793, Huntington WV, USA 25727

AUS: Michael Ditz, 5785 Danube Way#C, Orlando FL, USA 32807

ITA: Lynn Torkelson, 992 Rose-dale Rd NE, Atlanta GA, USA 30306.

FRA: Ron Krukowski, 5339 W.Ed-dy, Chicago IL, USA 60641

We have two problems this season. I have orders on file from six of the seven countries--I'm not saying anything on the stand-by situation--but I think you'll agree that the season should be held over. Firstly, Charles phoned me from Belgium to get orders in, mentioning that the Belgian post office was on strike, and he'd had no chance to get any negotiating done. Secondly, the player who hasn't gotten orders in cannot be faulted: the post office delivered only a mailing cover to him. (See? The one time I break down and mail from Canada Post--look what happens!!) He phoned me about it quickly enough, but I apparently forgot to send another one, with the general confusion around here the last few weeks. So we'll have a new deadline, five and a half weeks away, and I'll dig out the overused apologies.

Autumn 1903 Retreats: AUS: A Gal r OTB ITA: A Tun r OTB (NRR)

Winter 1903 Adjustments: GER: +A Mun TUR: +F Smy

AUS: +A Bud FRA: +F Mar

NEXT DEADLINE (Summer 04-Fall 04) is Tuesday, July 29, 1986--one day earlier if phoned in.

ALBINONI 1985AA Spring 1904 Orders

ENGLAND F Bar S A StP, A StP H, F Nwy-Swe, F Nth-Ska, F Edi-Nth

GERMANY A Mun-Sil, F Bal-Kie, A Lva-Pru, A Boh S Frs A Gal-Vie,  
A Ruh-Bel, A Sil-Gal

RUSSIA NMR! F Swe, A War stand unordered.

TURKEY F Smy-Aeg, A Mos H, A Sev S A Mos, F Bla-Rum, F Ion-TyS,  
F Apu-Ion (self dislodgement prohibited)

AUSTRIA A Bud S A Ukr-Gal, F Gre S Tur F Apu-Ion, A Ukr-Gal, A Tri-Tyr,  
A Vie\* \$ A Ukr-Gal (BOOM!)

ITALY NMR! F Adr, A Pie, F Nap stand unordered.

FRANCE F Mar-GoL, A Gal-Vie, A Tyr \$ A Gal-Vie, F Tun-Ion, F WMe-TyS,  
A Bur-Mar

### PRESS:

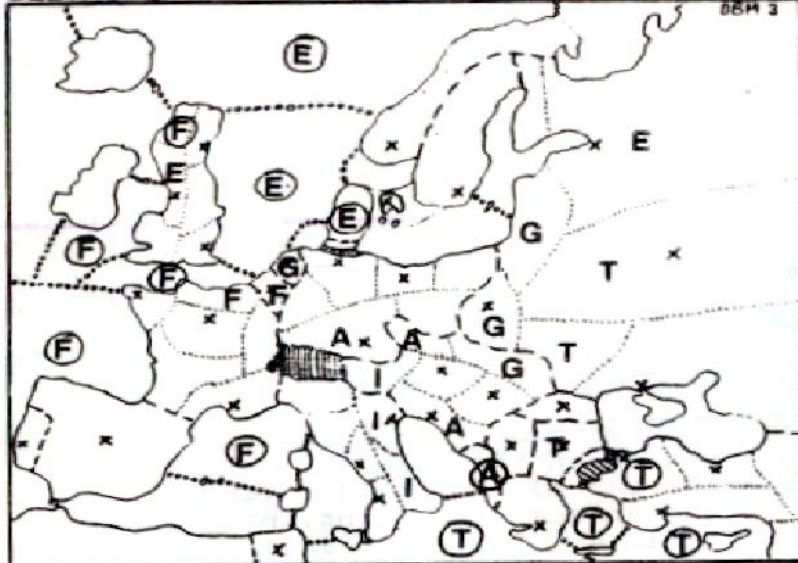
GM: The stand-by for Russia this time is Claude Gautron (150 rue Masson, Winnipeg MB, Canada R2H 0H2), and the stand-by for Italy is Bob Acheson (Box 4622, Station SE, Edmonton AB, T6E 2A0). The French move A Bur-Mar was incorrectly underlined in the XL#12 report, and succeeds, as shown on the map.



## LINES DECLARED IN EAST FRENCH/ENGLISH WAR HEATS UP

BEETHOVEN Dramatis Personae

BEETHOVEN 1985 AB post Spring 1904



GM: Bruce McIntyre, 6191 Winch St., Burnaby BC, V5B 2L4

ENG: Mitch Wageler, 3623 School Ave, Vancouver BC, Canada V5R 5N6

GER: Mike Barno, 2811 Robins St., Endwell NY, USA 13760

TUR: Alan Stewart, 702-25 St. Mary St., Toronto ON, M4Y 1R2

AUS: Robert Acheson, Box 4622, Station SE, Edmonton AB, Canada T6E 2A0 [COA]

ITA: Melinda Holley, P.O. Box 2793, Huntington WV, USA 25727

FRA: Steve Cooley, 3551 Casamia Ave, Palmsdale CA, USA 93550

NEXT DEADLINE (Summer/Fall 04), is Tuesday, July 29, 1986--one day earlier if phoned in.

Autumn 1903 Retreats: GER: F Den x OTB RUS: F StP x OTB  
Winter 1903 Builds: GER: +A Mun TUR: +F Smy FRA: +F Bre, F Mar

### BEETHOVEN 1985AB Spring 1904 Orders

ENGLAND A StP S Tur A Mos, F Eng\*-MAO, F Nth S F Bar-Nrg, A Wal-Lpl,  
F Den-Kie, F Bar-Nrg  
GERMANY A Hol-Kie, A War S A Sil-Gal, A Mun\* \$ Ita A Pie-Tyr,  
A Lva S A War, A Sil-Gal  
TURKEY A Rum-Bul, A Ukr S A Mos, A Mos S, F Aeg-Ion, F Bla-Con,  
F EMe S F Aeg-Ion, F Smy-Aeg  
AUSTRIA A Gal\*-Sil, A Tyr-Mun, A Boh S A Tyr-Mun, A Tri-Ven, F Alb-Gre  
ITALY A Pie-Tyr, A Apu S A Ven, A Ven S A Pie-Tyr, F Ion\*-Gre  
FRANCE A Pic S A Bel, A Bel S Ger A Hol (moving), F Cly-Nrg,  
F MAO S F Bre-Eng, F Lpl-IrS, F Bre-Eng, F Mar-GoL

### PRESS:

GM: Everyone concerned agreed with my ruling about the Turkish orders last time. Thank for the support!

Con: Your ruling was, unfortunately, correct.

Maestro: See? What'd I tell ya!

Par-Lon, Ber: This is a western triple?

Dieppe-Vienna: It's a beautiful day in the neighbourhood. Turkey is so friendly and it's so nice to have friends, boys and girls. Can you say scimitar? I knew you could!

Austria-Turkey: I've been told by two different players that the knife is imminent. For our sake I hope not.



Austrian Press: ARCHDUKE ATTACKED BY BUSH: Last week, while strolling through the lovely rose garden from Germany the illustrious Duke noticed one of the roses had fallen off. As he examined the rose he was dismayed to find the thorns on the bushes had grown quite large. Furthermore, the thorns were growing larger by the minute. As he stepped backwards from this horrid sight he did trip over a sign and fall into another bush with equally long thorns. The Duke is currently in the hospital. The secret police believe it may be a French plot. The belief is based on the sign the Duke tripped over. It read "*un jardin de roses.*"

Munich-Paris: You see that the Germans and the Englishmen can be really good friends.

Munich-Constantinople: Don't try to make a fool of me!



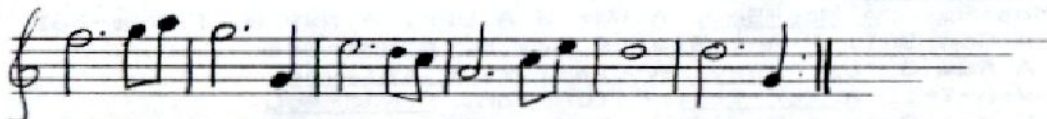
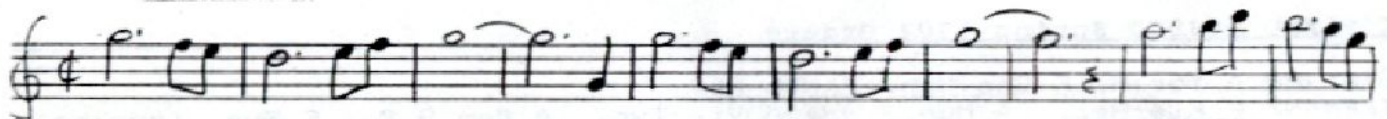
BEETHOVEN--1985 AB continued

Maestro: Two people's orders this time included a request for a T-shirt. Hate to say this, but those plans fizzled out long ago. It was after all a year ago when I first proposed the idea, and since then there have been about five requests, when I needed about three times that number to have any chance of breaking even.

Maestro's retreats for next time: ENG: F Eng r (Lon, Wal, OTB)

GER: A Mun r (Bur, Ruh, Ber, OTB)

ITA: F Ion r (Tun, Tys, Nap, Adr, OTB)



## DEBUSSY HELDOVER

Talking to Mitch last night, I was told that Mitch used the wrong orders for Dennis Quine's England in DEBUSSY last time, and so the season shall have to be replayed. (Must be a contagious disease....)

The changed orders for England because of all this are: A Nwy S F Den-Swe, and F Den-Swe. All the rest of the orders are as they were in the last report. The result is that England is safe in Norway, and is declared safe under the tag in Sweden, not because of their support, which was cut by the Russian order A StP-Nwy, but by the German support from the Baltic. The Russian fleet in Sweden is thus dislodged and must retreat to either Skagerrak, Finland, Gulf of Bothnia, or off the board. Obviously the Russian order F Swe S A StP-Nwy fails, as the unit is dislodged.

Mitch's deadline is the Friday before the new Tuesday deadlines for the XL games I'm GMing. You'll have the reports mailed to you as well, which means I'll have to figure a way to get them copied, or retype them. But I guess that's our problem, eh?

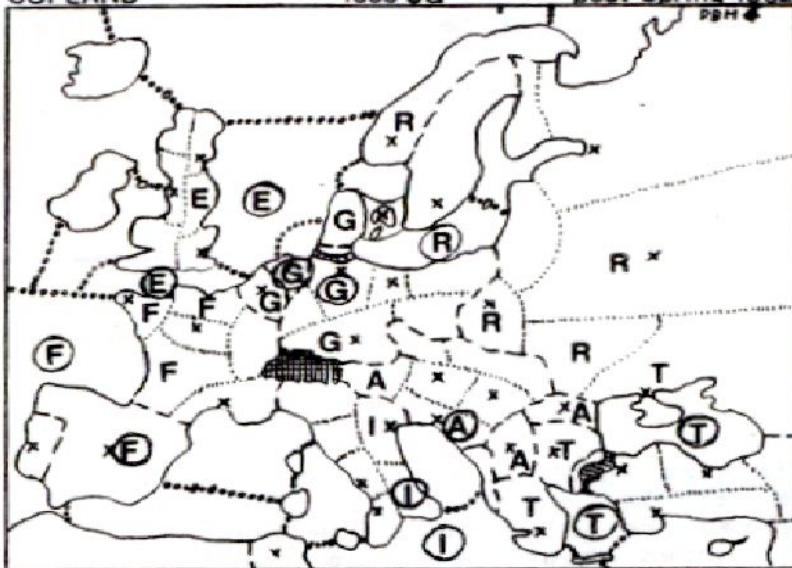


COPLAND

## THE PRESS BATTLE BEGINS

COPLAND 1985 CG post Spring 1902

COPLAND Dramatis Personae



ENG: Charles Arsenault, Voie Du Car D'Or 2/102, 1348 Louvain-La-Neuve, BELGIUM  
 GER: Alan Stewart, 702-25 St Mary St. Toronto ON Canada M4Y 1R2  
 RUS: Sean McGonigle, 44B Kelvin Rd., Papakura NEW ZEALAND  
 TUR: Travis Laster, 125 Garden Court, Winchester VA, USA 22601  
 AUS: Melinda Holley, P.O. Box 2793, Huntington WV, USA 25727  
 ITA: Jeff Albrecht, P.O. Box 295, Doland SD, USA 57436-0295  
 FRA: Ben Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt Ct., Apt 315, Farmington Hills MI, USA 48018

Deadline for Spring 1902 is Tuesday, July 29, 1995, but see below. One day earlier for phoned in orders, as usual. This game report will see print in XL#13.

### COPLAND 1985CG Spring 1902 Orders

ENGLAND A Yor H, F Eng-Nth, F Nth-Hel  
 GERMANY F Kie-Hel, A Mun S Aus A Vie-Tyr, A Den S Rus F Swe (moving),  
 A Ruh-Bel, F Hol-Nth  
 RUSSIA A Ukr S A Mos-Sev, A Mos-Sev, A War S A Ukr, A Nwy H, F Swe-Bal  
 TURKEY F Smy-Aeg, A Con-Bul, F Ank-Bla, A Sev H, A Bul-Gre  
 AUSTRIA A Bud-Ser, A Rum S Tur A Sev, A Vie-Tyr, F Tri-Ven  
 ITALY A Tyr S A Ven-Tri, A Ven-Tri, F Tun-Ion, F Nap-Apu  
 FRANCE A Par-Pic, F Mar-Spa, A Spa-Gas, F Por-MAO, A Bre S A Par-Pic

### PRESS:

St. Petersburg-Vienna: I told you that this would happen.  
The King: "Wouuu...this game is fun!"  
The Queen: "Idiot, you don't know how to manage a country"  
Maqqie: "You're right, England needs a woman like me."  
St. Petersburg-Berlin: Hello-is anyone there?  
Mun: The experiment with Gunboat Diplomacy is over! It was not unsuccessful militarily, but not a whole lot of fun.  
Munich: May 1, 1996. The Kaiser was depressed--all that he had yearned for beyond his grasp. Such a promising start--then disaster--and now able to supply only three units in Fall 1903!  
Turkish Army of southern Russia-The Peasantfolk: Just here for a brief vacation. Those deserts can be so boring. Anyone care for a game of backgammon?  
St. Petersburg-Istanbul: Which is all very well, but I thought letters



were confidential.

Sultan Laster to World: The Golden Crusade against the infidel Christians has begun! Since some denominations/ nations pose no threat to Islam, those leaders have nothing to fear. For the rest of you, convert or beware; already Turkish coffee has been turned into a powerful chemical weapon - drink it and die! More will follow. Already I have hordes of fanatical terrorists planted in your countries, armed and ready to maximize the pain and death inflicted on your citizens. Now if only the commercial airline would be invented.....

Maestro: I like to keep game reports to two pages, but if this type of creativity keeps up, you can be sure of my disregarding that houserule! We have a few possibilities with this game and ELGAR, the other international game to be started with this issue. First off, is six weeks going to be enough time for all of you? Remember that you'll be getting game results on flyers mailed out within a day or two (or a week if there's a few novels of press...) of the deadline. If not,  $7 \frac{1}{2}$  doesn't really divide by 6 too well. Eight week deadlines might be easier to handle, but then I note that someone suggested alternating the two games one per issue. At the old rate of five weeks this would be slow at ten weeks a move; now that I've been forced back to six weeks, twelve is rather out of the question, I'd think. But then you're the judge. Give me your views so I can set the deadline after this one reasonably. Those of you in both COPLAND and ELGAR will have your opinions counted double.

SUPERBOURSE! continued

Bids: SM(5 at 10), CM(99 at 12). Result: No sales.  
FRANCE Offers: SM(2 at 11), MW(8 at 10), BW(19 at 1), CM(2 at 12).  
Bids: SM(5 at 10), CM(98 at 10). Result: SM buys 1 from BW at 6, CM buys 18 from BW at 6 and 8 from MW at 10.

\*\*Next deadline is Tuesday, <sup>July</sup> ~~June~~ 29, 1986.\*\*  
\*\*One day earlier if phoned in.\*\*

Before I forget, I better add the following:

The deadline you Superboursters got in the mailed out version was wrong. I suspect Richard and Sean had heart failure when they saw that the deadline was June 29. Of course it's July 29.

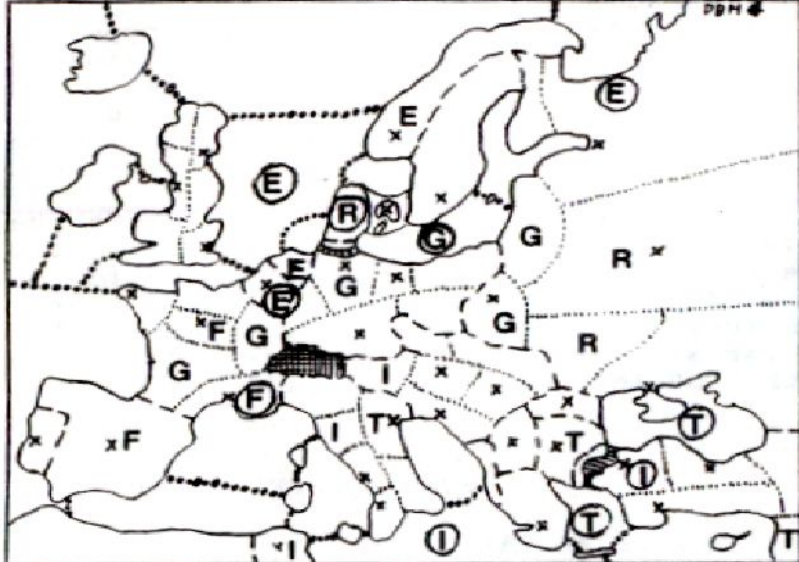
Since we have just builds to do next time (this will be the last time builds are separate: I'm serious about going into the British system of combining seasons for this game), the Bourse period following will be voluntary. Majority shareholders will not be required to offer their shares at market value, although there will be a Bourse period following the builds.

I hope you all remebered the Magic Wand rule, because it has come into effect. Because of the problems associated with the questions "How can a country expand if it's total power is always limited to 100?", and "How can you eliminate a country with one unit of strength 100?" I have put in this rule which states that after each Winter starting in 1902, the player who has the smallest number of shares in the smallest country forfeits his shares in that country to the GM, who uses his magic wand to change them into shares of the largest country, for sale after the following Spring. The smallest countries are now Italy and Russia. Thus the players who have the smallest number of shares in Italy and Russia after the Winter Bourse period will lose half of them (rounded up!!) because of the tie for last. The shares forfeited will be changed to English shares, and will go up for sale at a minimum of 10 cents per share following the Spring moves.



## ENGLAND LEADS, AUSTRIA RALLIES Who's meddling with Turkey's strategy?

SUPERBOURSE 85\$\$ pre-Winter 1902



SUPERBOURSE! participants

- MB: Mike Barno, 2811 Robins St., Endwell NY, USA 13760  
 RL: Rob Lowes, RR#9, Peterborough ON, Canada K9J 6X1  
 SP: Sean P. McGonigle, 44B Kelvin Rd., Papakura, NEW ZEALAND  
 SM: Simon Matthews, 432 N. Dollarton Hwy, N. Vancouver BC, V7G 1N1  
 CM: Conrad Minshall, 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin TX, USA 78727  
 RS: Richard Sharp, 27 Elm Close, Amersham Bucks, UK HP6 5DD  
 BW: Bruce Waddell, 4247 Winnifred, Burnaby BC, V5J 2S5  
 MW: Mitchell Wageler, 3623 School Ave., Vancouver BC, Canada V5R 5N6

Rob Lowes sent me a letter in which he stated that he'd not forgotten about this game. However, orders for the game he'd not forgotten about weren't included. I'll be generous and assume he wants to make no transactions, and does not want to affect the moves this turn. Thus I'll allow him to sit out a season, but if he NMRs again next time, it's good-bye to all shares. That goes for anybody who NMRs twice running. You are all warned!

### SUPERBOURSE! Fall 1902 Results

**ENGLAND** 37F Eng-Bel, 20F StP S A Nwy, 20A Nwy S F StP, 20F Nth S A Hol, 0A Hol S  
**GERMANY** 0A Bur S, 21A Pru-War, 20A Mos\*-Sev, 1A Kie-Mun, 0A Par\*KS, 1F Den\*-Sue  
**RUSSIA** 26A Sev-Mos, 8F Swe-Den, 5A War-Ukr  
**TURKEY** 72F Smy-Aeg, 2F Bla-Con, 2A Arm-Syr, 1A Con-Bul, 4A Ser\*-Bud, 5A Tri-Ven  
**AUSTRIA** 47A Ven-Rom, 0F Bul\* S, 22A Bud-Ser, 25A Alb-Tri  
**ITALY** [Retreats were A Mar r Pie, A Ven r Tyr] 80F Aeg-Con, 1F Ion-WMe(impossible), 5A Pie-Tus, 0A Tun S, 1A Tyr-Mun  
**FRANCE** 20A Spa S F Mar, 8A Bre-Par, 1F Mar H

### Autumn 1902 Retreats:

GER: A Par r Gas, A Mos r Lva, F Den r Bal  
 TUR: A Ser r Gre. AUS: F Bul r Gre. Both are thus annihilated.

### PRESS:

GM: It appears that there was no press this time.



## Winter 1902: Supply centers and Adjustments

**ENG:** +StP, +Bel. HOME(3), StP, Bel, Hol, Nwy. 7, build two.  
**GER:** -Par, -Den. HOME(3), War. 4=remove two.  
**RUS:** -StP, +Den. Mos, Sev, Den. 3=even.  
**TUR:** -Con, -Ser. Ank, Smy, Bul, Rum. 4=remove one (1 annihilated).  
**AUS:** +Ser. HOME(3), Ser, Gre, Rom. 6=build three (1 annihilated).  
**ITA:** +Con, -Mar. Nap, Tun, Con. 3=remove three.  
**FRA:** +Mar, +Par. HOME(3), Spa, Por. 5=build two.

Sweden is still neutral. Not too often you see France regaining two home centres in 1902, huh? With so much action this Winter, I think we'll have to hold over the seasons. However, I've decided that with the higher propensity of dislodgements in this variant, it would make things easier, for those of you who hate writing three-page long conditional orders based on four or five retreats, to adopt the British system of combining seasons. (This time I've phoned for retreats to make it easier, but next time, forget it!) For those unfamiliar with this system, here's what you do. Orders are written first. Beside each individual order you put a priority chart for each unit, just in case it gets dislodged. An example might be: **ENG** 22F Nth-Nwy (retreat: Den, Bel, Hol, Lon, Eng). I would find the highest ranking possible retreat on your list if the unit were dislodged, and disband it if all the places on the list were not eligible.

Player	Credit	SUPERBOURSE								Total Credit: \$149.80		
		Current Cash	ENG	GER	RUS	TUR	AUS	ITA	FRA	Total Shares	Total Assets	
GM		87.09	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	87.09	
Sharp	24.00	2.00			<u>26</u>	<u>86</u>	<u>46</u>				158	16.73
McGonigle	6.00	0.22		20	10	10	10				40	4.65
Lowe	10.00	2.81	3	9	9			3	25	49	7.41	
Barno	6.80	3.49		3		4	4	4		15	4.84	
Matthews	35.00	14.56	<u>84</u>	5	25			5	<u>47</u>	166	34.26	
Minshall	8.00	2.37	9	1	19			1	28	58	8.01	
Wageler	40.00	29.05	4	<u>62</u>	11		40			117	40.64	
Waddell	20.00	8.21						<u>87</u>		87	13.72	

Market Prices 14 14 11 10 16 14 6  
 Actual Value / Share 4.78 8.44 6.33 8.44 2.67 6.33 0.56  
 (add ten cents/ share to all underlined values)

### The Stock Exchange

**AUSTRIA** Offers: SM(4 at 14), CM(9 at 19). Bids: SM(12 at 14), MW(10 at 15), CM(91 at 14). Result: MW buys 4 from SM at 15.

**TURKEY** Offers: RS(4 at 8), BW(3 at 1), CM(4 at 15). Bids: SM(5 at 10), MW(10 at 15), CM(96 at 10), SP(10 at 19), RS(11 at 15). Result: SP buys 3 from BW at 10, 4 from RS at 14, 3 from CM at 17, and RS buys 1 from CM at 15.

**RUSSIA** Offers: RS(1 at 11), CM(19 at 11), RS(25 at 12). Bids: MW(89 at 9). Result: No sales.

**GERMANY** Offers: MW(3 at 14), MW(59 at 17), CM(1 at 17). Bids: SM(5 at 10), MW(38 at 14), CM(99 at 10) Result: No sales.

**ENGLAND** Offers: SM(4 at 14), CM(9 at 19). Bids: SM(12 at 14), MW(10 at 15), CM(91 at 14). Result: MW buys 4 from SM at 14.

**ITALY** Offers: BW(4 at 14), MB(4 at 17), BW(83 at 21), CM(1 at 17).

continued on page 19



## My Move/YOUR MOVE

If my calculations are right, the end of this letter column may end up filling white space all over this issue. Be prepared for a wild goose chase. Anyhow, let's start with World Cup correspondance.

**JOHANNES SCHWAGEREIT:** *The main reason for this letter is to tell you my new address. I'm studying computer science here in K'town, as the Americans say (he have about 60,000 US soldiers in Kaiserslautern). Letters and zines to my old address will still reach me, but perhaps a bit late.*

*The Soccer World Cup began yesterday, now for the next three weeks there will be no other theme to talk about in Germany. Every evening one of our three TV channels only reports about football, even in the morning they make "breakfast-soccer-TV".*

*On TV I just saw a report about the "absolute outsider" Canada; this reminded me to write this letter. About ten minutes they showed us the most important Canadian players like Bruce Wilson (defense) or the forward player Mitchell from Vancouver. Tonight at midnight TV shows the match Canada-France.*

*The German team plays its first match against Uruguay on Wednesday (not so easy). But at the moment there is some trouble in the German hotel between Franz Beckenbauer, the team chef, and some reporters about a scandal story in the largest Mexican newspaper "Excelsior" (what a silly name). After this story about sex in the german hotel Beckenbauer was very unpleasant with the reporters. But these scandals will stop when the matches start, I hope.*

BM: Not having heard the details of the story, I'm not quite certain whether you meant Beckenbauer and the team chef (meaning cook), or Beckenbauer as the team chief, or head coach, so I wasn't quite sure how to interpret that bit. But it appears that the team overcame the early press scandals quite well. Your letter reminds me of a few anecdotes:

It is said that when the New York Cosmos acquired Franz Beckenbauer in the late seventies, a Warner Communications (the company that owned the Cosmos) executive watched him play in his first game, and told an aide at half-time: "Tell that Kraut to get his ass up front. We don't pay anyone a million bucks to play at the back." Sorry for the racial slur, but the story does illustrate why the U.S. will have to come a long way before they get to a World Cup.

The other anecdote concerns Eckhard Krautzun, one-time coach of the Vancouver Whitecaps who went on to a few other coaching positions in the North American Soccer League before it folded in 1984. Once, after a 1-0 loss in Seattle, Krautzun's explanation for the loss was "The Seattle team completely spoiled our game plan by scoring the first goal, and we never recovered." But by far the best Krautzun story concerned sex before the games. The Whitecaps had lost three straight, and Eckhard confidently proclaimed to the media that this was because of players engaging in sexual activity the night before the game. (He hastened to add that the players were not doing this with one another, but rather with wives and girlfriends, and in some cases, both.) The local papers carried this story for a few days, until one of the players mentioned that a required period of celibacy had been set up on the honour system. The Caps won three out of their next four. Another player said that the new curfews were working well: "When you have to be celibate after 9PM the day before a game, the effective curfew for those nights is 8PM."

Other than the many viewpoints (on what I should do with the deadlines, the most common topic was NMRs.



**ALAN STEWART:** *NMRs: when it gets to the point (pgs. 3, 12) where the publisher is starting to agonize over NMRs, it's a clear sign that you're bending too far to accommodate the player. Why not just set the deadline, make it clear that there will be no phone calls (or if you want, one phone call when you go to adjudicate the results, if the player's not in that's too bad) and let the players worry about their own NMRs? Too-accommodating GMs encourage player laziness.*

**STEVE LANGLEY:** *Re your NMR problems. Longer deadlines won't solve your problem. Quicker game turn around is the only solution I can offer. Since XL is frequently late, I'd think the solution would be to run your games on flyers--putting the latest adjudications into XL when the zine comes out.*

**BM:** Thanks to both of you for your help and suggestions. Yes, I do agonize over NMRs. I think I have a good right, however, to holdover a game if a player's position is to be affected by a decision I make. My decision to give up searching for Steve Cooley's number was wrong; and he certainly shouldn't get an NMR because it took a month for a postcard to get here from Southern California. But, having now sent out one set of flyers, I can see the advantages: players will notice a letter informing them that they've been called into a game easier than if it's hidden in a zine somewhere.

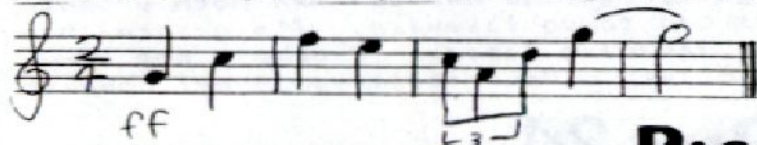
**PETE GAUGHAN:** *When you launch off on an anti-American diatribe you lose my attention. Hockey doesn't exist in most of the U.S.A. People here just don't care, and it's unreasonable to expect them to care just because a neighbouring nation does. Examples include Mexican soccer vs American basketball, and Japanese baseball vs. Chinese volleyball.*

*Personally, I hate hockey. Actually, I hate "boxing", and until hockey outlaws "boxing" I won't watch it.*

*Every tale you tell about how America doesn't give Canada what you think it's due, can probably be turned around too.*

**BM:** Having met me at DipCon '85, I sure you can imagine my first thought upon reading that, Pete. "Oh hell," trembles M<sup>c</sup>Bruce. "What have I printed now?" All I can find in XL #12 is the bit about basketball coverage on U.S. stations. If there's something else I've missed, I'll probably apologize for any anti-American diatribe you can point out. As for the basketball thing, I think any TV sportscaster in a large North American city ought to be able to tell me what team Larry Robinson plays for. Everyone in Canada (OK, every sports fan) knows who Larry Bird plays for. Bird is perhaps more dominant at his sport, but not by much.

As for fighting in hockey, this is of course a problem. But it doesn't mean that the sport is any less legitimate. A good discussion of fighting in hockey occurred recently on a Vancouver sports talk show. The point made was that every sport has its silly things that happen, and are accepted as part of the sport. For example, if Tim Lincecum breaks up a double play with a high slide, the second baseman doesn't pick a fight with him. If Vancouver Canucks coach Tom Watt doesn't like a call, he doesn't come onto the ice after the referee and give him hell. To take a phrase from Jim Bouton's Ball Four, "that'd look horseshit." But change the games, and you have a different situation. You see fights in hockey because of intimidation tactics all the time. You see managers argue with umps all the time. It's part of the game.





## FIGHTING WORDS

I'm sorry for the title's deception, especially to Chris Carrier, whom, I gather, has turned to this page expecting feuds. Oh well. I just thought it'd be a good title for the increasing number of letters I'm getting on wrestling.

The first two letters are from Jeff Richmond, who is quite likely the hobby's most knowledgeable wrestling expert. The fact that pro wrestling has taken a turn for the better is illustrated by the fact that an intelligent young fellow such as Jeff has become a discerning fan:

**JEFF RICHMOND:** So, you're a wrestling fan, eh? I guess if you can admit that in print, I can admit it privately. (As you'll see, Jeff has succumbed to the pressure and allowed me to print this amazing confession.) Actually, I suspect I've been a wrestling fan much longer than you, having watched it since I was a kid. I get the impression you haven't been watching that long, though I realize I could be mistaken.

All your comments were about the WWF, understandably, as that is now the world's biggest promotion. It is also, sadly, my least favorite. There are many reasons for this, but I'll just name a few. First, Vince McMahon, head honcho of the WWF, makes his show deliberately ridiculous. I enjoy the humorous aspects of wrestling, but prefer the unintentional type of comedy that you get when the promotion takes itself seriously. Secondly, it annoys me that Vince, who has managed to get most of the best wrestlers in his stable, doesn't use the talent he has, instead promoting the lousy athletes. The best example of this is Hulk Hogan, who may look impressive, but can barely stand up in the ring five minutes without getting winded. Meanwhile, Bob Orton is forced to wear boxing gloves and take a beating from Mr. T. Eech. Well, I could go on and on, but suffice it to say I'll take Mid-South Wrestling (now called the "Universal Wrestling Federation") any day.

**BH:** Now, I hear you. Obviously that letter is not meant for print. Right. But I did send Jeff a note expressing enthusiasm, and asking permission to print the first letter. Here's what I got back:

**JEFF RICHMOND (Cont.):** Apparently you are correct that the Valentine/Beefcake vs. Bulldogs feud is not yet over. I have mixed feelings about this. Valentine is very talented and deserves to be in the spotlight, but I don't think much of Beefcake. Poor Greg is saddled with the job of carrying Brutus, a fate he doesn't deserve. Beefcake has achieved prominence in the WWF for two reasons only: he takes his steroids regularly, and he is Hulk Hogan's brother. [I've since recieved a note from Jeff to the effect that this may not be true.] Like the Hulkster, he has little wrestling ability.

Nevertheless, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see Greg/Brutus recapture the tag belts soon. After that, the Killer Bees may well be the next champions. I think this because I understand McMahon is going to market Killer Bee masks, probably in time for Hallowe'en. If this is so, he may well want the Bees to be champs, to help sales. Watch for Albano to become manager of the Bees. This would be a sure sign that they will eventually win the belts.

I disagree with your statement that "the other wrestling organizations are pretty minor and local in comparison [with the WWF]". It is true that the WWF is the largest, but the NWA and AWA both promote nationally, and the UWF is making its bid to do likewise. I'm unsure how successful these groups have been in invading Canada. Probably not very, which could explain your perspective. Nevertheless, they compete



successfully with the WWF, and I feel that the WWF does not have the best product. My personal ratings, from best to worst: UWF, NWA, WWF, AWA.

BM: Perspective is the operative word here. Four wrestling shows are shown on Vancouver TV. Two of these are WWF, one the national syndicated version with Vince McMahon and Bruno Sammartino (which I've not seen much of lately, because it now comes on at an awkward time for me); the other is called Maple Leaf Wrestling and originates from Toronto (though they cheer for Cpl Kirschner just as loudly there). The others are somewhat different. One is Stampede Wrestling, which I refuse to watch because of the emphasis on the shedding of blood. You must admit that the WWF stays away from that as much as possible. The other is a local thing that is absolutely awful, but quite funny. I still don't forgive them for showing me a match last year that in black and white nearly made me retch. I'm afraid I like the WWF for the exact same reasons you seem to dislike it. I've heard that if you have TSN (Canada's ESPN) you get an hour of AWA each week, but I've never heard of the UWF, and recognize the NWA only from magazine racks.

Blasphemous as it may be, especially with His HulkEmminence flying into town today for the fight Saturday, I find I agree with your criticism of Hulk Hogan's style. Sometimes I'd rather they just got into the ring and wrestled instead of appealing to the fans as much as they do.

This next bit from Jeff arrived today:

**JEFF RICHMOND (Cont.):** Have you noticed that Piper hasn't been seen on TV lately, nor even mentioned? Rumour is that he's considering quitting the WWF. That's strange, considering how much McMahon must be paying him, but it could be true. I guess it also explains why they've been setting up a possible Orndorff-Hogan feud. If Piper quits, they can make Orndorff top villain. Meanwhile, Andre, also conspicuously absent (but unlike Piper, he's being hyped with a "suspension"), is really working in Japan. He's due back in August.

BM: I had wondered what the hell happened to the flamboyant Scot. I prefer Piper's Pit to Adonis' The Flower Shop any day of the week. But wasn't there something about "loser quits" in the Wrestlemania 2 match between Piper and Mr. T? This seems to have explained his absence pretty much for the people I know. Course, that's not the point: the point is, why would Piper want to quit? As for the Orndorff-Hogan thing, I'm not all that surprised: Orndorff hasn't always been a good guy, has he? In fact, the time when Orndorff was a villain isn't that far back, is it? The WWF might be strengthened plot-wise, by a couple of changes in attitude. Can you imagine Hulk Hogan and King Kong Bundy as friends? Or Piper's "comeback" with Orndorff? If it's crazy enough, Vince will try it!

**STEVE LANGLEY:** Last night Daf and I attended the championship fights here in Sacramento. See how familiar this sounds to you:

Bout #1: Sivi Afi vs George Wells. The crowd was strongly pro-Wells despite his being the cannon fodder. Afi, a "good" winner, didn't take well to being booed and started acting like a "bad" wrestler. (George Wells is from Northern California.) The fight ended in a draw after 20 minutes.

Bout #2: Leaping Lanny Paffo vs Cowboy Bob Orton. Leaping Lanny got off to a bad start with his poem. Once again, the crowd cheered the "bad" guy and booed the "good" guy. Cowboy Bob put on a great show. He radiated arrogance when ahead and strutting--and craved submission when behind. Finally, Bob caught Leaping Lanny on the top turnbuckle, preparing for a leap, a suplexed from the top ropes to the mat for an easy three count.

Bout #3: Iron Mike Sharp and Rene Goulet vs the Killer Bees. I



can't tell the Bees apart, so this will be vague. The match started with one Bee beating up on both bad guys in turn. Then he tagged out and the other Bee tried the same tack but caught a shot. Then both bad guys took turns (and some working together) beating up on the Bee. The ref kept making sure the other Bee stayed out of the ring, so the bad guys had a free hand. After a great struggle, the crippled Bee finally managed to tag out but the ref missed the tag and chased the strong Bee out of the ring again. More of the same with another Bee tag--and then the healthy Bee beat up on both bad guys for a short while. The ref kept missing chances to count or a bad guy would come in and break up a pin, so finally all four wrestlers were in the ring together.

The bad guys ran the Bees into opposite turnbuckles and then tried to smash them into each other, but the clever Bees reversed and the crippled Bee (now strong again) pinned a bad guy while the other Bee threw the other bad guy out of the ring. The crowd was very Pro-Bee!

Short intermission to restock on beer.

Bout #4 Billed as King Kong Bundy vs Cousin Luke but turned out to be some strange Russian named Smirnov who was a total bad guy. Luke was a simple minded good guy whose strength was as the strength of ten because his mind was so simple. Finally Luke won. Smirnov had pinned him and got a three count but Luke's foot was over a rope so the ref reversed the decision. While Smirnov was parading his victory, Luke came to and blindsided the Russian for the win.

Bout #5 "Mr. Wonderful" Paul Orndorff vs The Magnificent Muraco. Lots of muscle flexing and a solid din of noise that was so loud my ears shut down temporarily. Mr Fuji and his cane were also in evidence. For this match security surrounded the ring to keep any irate fans from interfering with Fuji while he attacked Mr. Wonderful with the cane. Mr. Wonderful was winning the flexing contest and the mugging contest when Fuji tried to strangle him with the cane. So, Mr. Wonderful took the cane away from Fuji and beat him up with it and then proceeded to lay into the Magnificent One with the cane. Naturally he was disqualified!

Bout #6 The Steel Cage championship bout between the British Bulldogs and Brutus Beefcake and Greg the Hammer. You know the rules. To win, both men on a team must be out of the cage and on the floor outside the ring. Once out of the ring, a man may not climb back in. The obvious tactic is to throw one opponent out of the ring and beat the other senseless and then walk out the door. But noooo! Both teams appeared to want to climb out first. The Bulldogs (rather stupidly) kept pulling both of their opponents back into the ring. The on Bulldog escaped while one was trapped. The bad guys worked him over, smashing him into the steel cage until his face ran with gore (fake gore, I fear, since most of it stayed on his face or smeared onto Greg Valentine's hair, but almost none of it dripped to the mat). Finally Beefcake climbed out and the dauntless Bulldog barely pulled Greg back into the ring. Then it was one on one with each man momentarily besting the other. As each gained the advantage he'd try an escape only to be pulled back down from the bars. Finally Greg downed the Bulldog and started through the door to victory--but no! The Bulldog slithered over Valentine and reached the floor first! The winners and still champions.

It was a great show!

Some of the lesser wrestlers made it a bit too obvious that it was by a script. Sivi Afi was using a "sleeper" hold that could not have held anyone. Leaping Lanny body slammed Cowboy Bob very gently, almost lowering him to the mat, but Orndorff, Muraco, Beefcake, Bulldogs, et al were very convincing--even knowing the outcome didn't make it look any less real.

I'd like some feedback on how closely this matched the bouts you saw. I remember some of what you wrote but you didn't go into detail as to who fought whom and who won.



BM: I find I don't remember too much about the wrestling night I went to now, since that was the start of a wild weekend in which Wallace Nicoll visited, I worked three graveyard shifts, and went to Expo. I do remember a few details though (bear with me, it'll all come back, I'm sure...). There was a match between one of the local stars of the Stampede circuit and WWF'er Scott Magee. This ended in a draw after 20 minutes, and the fans cheered for the local kid. Then there was some unknown (in place of Hillbilly Jim) against Bob Orton, who got mashed. Then we had Pedro Morales against Moondog somebody or another who refused to put his bone down for the first five minutes. After the intermission there was a match between George Wells (who is known up here for a long stint in the Canadian Football League, though I don't recall the name) vs Iron Mike Sharpe. I can't stand Sharpe, he claims to be Canada's greatest athlete, which is a gimmick xeroxed from Gene Kiniski, who wrestled in Vancouver for 30 years. Beyond that, he grunts and snorts in the ring so much it's rather silly. Wells won when Mikey heard the referee say "20". Finally we got to the good stuff. Orndorff-Muraco ended when Fuji decided to throw salt: a Japanese custom to ward off evil spirits. Unfortunately, Fuji decided to do this after ten minutes of the match, and also decided that the nearest evil spirit to be warded off was in Orndorff's face. Orndorff was temporarily blinded, of course, and Muraco was DQed. The finale was the British Bulldogs win over Valentine and Beefcake. Unfortunately, after the usual excitement of a close match, one Bulldog was caught in the ring by both bad guys. This was after the match was over. Valentine wasted no time in getting the figure-four leg lock on the Bulldog, but we weren't buying that at all, because we knew they were fighting agin the next night in Tacoma....

The event was rather poorly promoted: the ring announcer stunk, the crowd threw garbage in the ring for much of the night. As usual, the fights in the crowd were rather more vicious than the ones in the ring. But the attendance was good enough to warrant another show in the dome tomorrow, featuring a four men in the ring match between the Bulldogs and Valentine/ Beefcake, Hulk Hogan vs Big John Studd, and four other matches including the midgets. I doubt I'll be able to make it, but I will hear about it.

## A Humble Apology

Dear Mr Rusnak:

The embarrassed silence of a small legion of XL readers was enough to convince me that by spelling your name incorrectly I had done you a grave disservice. For this I humbly apologize, and beg your forgiveness. I can only pray that you will not remember my terrible error the next time you have a chance to run over one of my horses in CIRCUS MAXIMUS, or grab all of my home centres in Dip.

*Bruce A. Stutes*

Before I lose this chance to get myself back into Mr Rusnak's good graces, if that's possible (!), let me help him out with a free plug. Russ Rusnak is looking for players to participate in regular Diplomacy, Cosmic Dip, and the global variant WWIIb. Cosmic Dip sounds like an interesting concept: apparently everyone gets a special power, as in Cosmic Encounters, that only he can use: examples are the Terrorist (provinces can be booby trapped with mines), the Chameleon (Spring moves are unknown to the other players), and the Clone (units can be split into two), along with others. Sound interesting? Russ's address is 900 N. Rohlwing Rd. #333, Addison IL, USA 60101. The games are not scheduled to start until August. Thanx also to Jeff Richmond for supplying me with this info through his excellent zine Frobozz.



## HOUSEKEEPING

I repeat: PLEASE check your mailing cover to make sure I'm up to date with your sub accounts, because I'm probably not. You see, I'm a complete incompetant when it comes to accounting.

### Welcome to:

*Le Club des Joueurs de Diplomacy du Quebec*, c/o Eric Roberge, 216 Lazard, Montreal PQ, Canada H3R 1N9. (Scipionibus)

### Good-bye to:

Lynn Torkelson

### Assorted items of subscription-extending monetary value received from:

Derek Daniels, Sean McGonigle, Paul Milewski. Charles Arsenault has won 14 issues for his Joplin knowledge. (Bloody experts...)

Sub Warnings: (NONE, One, or Two issues left in your sub after this one.): MIKE BARNO, Kevin Brown, JOHN DAVIES, Michael Ditz, Steve Dycus, JERRY FALKINER, J.C. HODGINS, STEVE KNIGHT, TRAVIS LASTER, Conrad Minshall, D.S. PALTER, BEN SCHILLING, BILL SHIRLEY, RANDOLPH SMYTH, Alan Stewart, Stephen Swigger (to 14.5). C'mon guys, I'm tired of typing all these capitals....

Stand-bys for regular Diplomacy are: Bob Acheson, Charles Arsenault, Kevin Brown, Chris Carrier, Derek Daniels, Claude Gautron, Ron Krukowski, Paul Milewski, Craig Reges, Bill Shirley, Alan Stewart, Lynn Torkelson, Pierre Touchette. Want in or out? Just ask! Stand-bys play for free--including their subscription. If you're called here, you will receive one free issue of XL tacked onto your sub for each season you played, including holdovers, provided you do not drop.

### Gamestarts:

Diplomacy: FAURE: Paul Milewski, Pete Fuchs (who will sub when I have seven, apparently), Dennis Quine, Derek Daniels, Jerry Falkiner, Wayne Wittall, I needed desparately. These guys have been waiting long enough!

Superbourse: Anyone can enter at any time, rules straddled betwixt XL#6-7.

International Diplomacy: ELGAR: Jeff Albrecht, Charles Arsenault, Sean McGonigle, Rosie Roberts, Malc Smith, Jacques-Henri Strauss. If we could have a volunteer from Canada, this one could get started. Also, since Jacques-Henri has moved from Uruguay to France, a Uruguayan Diplomacy player could fill this one, too. The correspondance from Finland seems to have been lost in a snowdrift somewhere, so I'm left waiting to fill this one. I think concievably both games could be filled by *le Club des Joueurs de Diplomacy du Quebec*, with whose excellent French-language zine, Scipionibus, I am now trading with.

Stand-bys called: No new ones, but the same ones as were called last time have been called again because of hold overs in two games.

### Address Changes:

Bob Acheson, Box 4622, Station SE, Edmonton AB, Canada T6E 2A0

Jeff Richmond, PO Box 3288, Ann Arbor MI, USA 48106

Johannes Schwagereit, Humboldtstrasse 2A, 6570 Kaiserslautern, WEST GERMANY

Randolph Smyth, #426-555 St. Mary Ave., Winnipeg MB, Canada R3C 3X4

Jacques-Henri Strauss, 12 rue Rene Bazin, 75016 Paris, FRANCE