

ALBINONI ENDS IN 4-WAY DRAW

# excelsior

Price of this issue:  
in Canada \$ 1.06  
in the U.S. \$0.72  
elsewhere \$1.42

MAY 1987

ISSUE No. 17 by BRUCE MCINTYRE

## DipGab

Hi again. Didja think I wouldn't be back? Well, you were almost right! Nothing to do with money. Nan and I have a new arrangement whereby she collects orders and puts them in the right place for me, and I just get the other mail. I'd forgotten about this particular set of instructions, and with very few orders getting past Nan, I figured there was probably another week before the deadline. But all should be well, as I realized what was going on five full days before deadline Friday. Hell, if I can't put together a 16 page issue in five days, what good am I?

Yes, I noticed that the middle sheet last time was yellow. So did Chris Buck. After he'd done about 80 of the second sides. I should have pointed it out [Hey! What other publisher keeps an eye on the printer while he's mass-copying the zine? Huh?], of course. We compromised: I accepted the slight flaw in coloration; Chris charged me as though they were white.

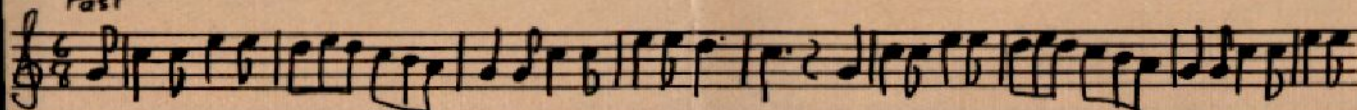
Sorry about the maps last time. They were gonna be so good, but the reduction did them in. I had tested them out and found the second generation reduction to be OK, but unfortunately the zine consists of 3rd generation copies of 2nd generation reductions of the 1st generation originals. One more generation killed the great pattern schemes I had. This time I'm bit mapping every unit, and changing the patterns slightly. The scheme should be self-explanatory, so I won't go into detail, but if this doesn't work, I shall be very surprised.

Oh yes--I don't want to hear complaints about the addresses. Most of the letters are big enough, and I've done all I can for the small ones. Many complained, nobody actually asked "What's x's address?", thus I assume that addresses are not that much of a problem. I'm trying a different typeface for the orders (slightly larger) and if this doesn't work well, I'll use the old WP.

In with your envelopes (shit, nobody complained about getting a folded XL--could it be that I was wrong when I figured people preferred unfolded zines? I mean, is 17 cents too much to pay to get an XL that is not folded down the middle? Forget I said that, I'd rather not have to keep track of who wants it one way and who wants it another...) this time is the Runestone Poll ballot. Notice that Excelsior is right at the bottom (where it belongs) of the ballot, signifying that it is now eligible, as well as four other zines that have apparently recently revived themselves.

*continued on p.3*

*Fast*



## DIRECTORY

EXCELSIOR #17 by Bruce McIntyre with a whole heaven of a lot of support from Nancy Hurrell, printed May 3, 1987 by the Ultramaster of the Xerox 9500, Chris Buck, in Vancouver, BC, Canada. And to those of you who figured XL#16 was just a dying spasm, I have this to say to you: "Nyaah, nyahh, na nah, nah!" By the time you've got this, Montreal and Edmonton will be playing in the Stanley Cup Final, and the Seattle SuperSonics will be leading the Lakers 2 games to 1 in the NBA West Final. Nancy doesn't agree with that last one, but, what the hell, I've got last-minute space to kill....

<u>Page</u>	<u>Contents</u>
1	I warned you! No cover this time. Well, there is a cover....but it's not a cover. Well, it is, but, uh, there's nothing <i>drawn</i> on it, like, you get it, see? (Actually, it's DipGab.)
2	Directory
3-6	More DipGab. Sorry, I rambled a bit this time, and when I was done, there was no room for letters.
7-8	Rules for an exciting and whacky new variant: it's Seismic Diplomacy!!
9	The return of Postal Clue!
10-15	Filling the gap. "Hey M <sup>c</sup> Bruce, what have you been doing since September, huh?" "Glad you asked. Why don't I start with a six page article, to be continued next time."
16	ALBINONI (85 AA) is OVER! Ends in a four way draw between Bill Shirley (England), Lucky Pierre Touchette (Germany), Melinda Holley (Turkey), and Ron Krukowski (France). Well done, there!
17	BEETHOVEN (85 AB) Spring 1906. If Austria is after Germany as well as the rest of them, it might be curatins for Kaiser Barno. Meanwhile, France stops Turkey's fleets from seeing Atlantic waters. And it's the "everything's better the second time around" map debut!
18	Well that's great, but where the hell are all the other games??
19	Puzzle answers from last time. Lots bothered to write, but didn't your math teachers ever tell you to SHOW HOW YOU GOT YOUR ANSWERS??
20	Housekeeping.

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, published every six weeks. Any relation to a composition by Joseph F. Lamb is purely coincidental.

This issue costs \$1.06 (Canada), \$0.72 (U.S.) and \$1.42 (elsewhere). Sorry about that, postage went up. Subscriptions have been converted to dollars: please check your mailing cover to be certain I'm not in error. I'm typing this knowing how much sleep I'll have had when I get around to changing the numbers tomorrow, so be forwarned!

The address to which you should send things (except for DEBUSSY orders, and by the way there's a new address for those) is 6191 Winch St., Burnaby BC, CANADA V5B 2L4.

Letters and stuff other than orders must be here by June 8th 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 June 15.

Can I ask you to please vote? Even if you already have, make sure you didn't miss anybody out. I voted early this year, but may send a second ballot to BRUX amending my votes. I'm sure that with the changing ballot he'll allow you to do this. It's primarily important that you get your vote in, however. (BRUX, by the way, copied and mailed 90 copies of the ballot to me, so that I would be spared the expense, for which I thank him profusely.)

I will give my Runestone predictions in the next issue, far too late for anyone to do anything about it. But right now I think the inside track belongs to Magus and Praxis, with quite a few other zines with a legitimate chance of winning. Many of the higher-ranking zines from last year have committed Runestone suicide in one way or another, so in many ways this may be the closest Runestone ever. Your vote could very well decide it!! It could! Really!

Speaking of close finishes, I think you all should know that Nancy and I won Novice of the Month honours at one bridge club and finished 2nd overall in the novice charity game in another the very next night. Our scores of 109.5 and 92, both on an 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  average were so amazingly good (and uncharacteristically consistent) that Nancy got sick the very next day. The close finish was in the second game. Somebody playing North/South got 103, we got 92, there was another 92 and two 91s. On the East/West side there were two 91.5s and two more 91s. Whew! (Of course, the 103.5 on Monday blew everybody away.)

OK, here's one of my recent disasters. I'm going to let you subbers cremate me or defend me, but I won't tell you which until next time. Here's the situation: playing a seven board IMP match, you are probably ahead coming into the last board. As dealer, both vulnerable, you hold this hand:

S: 2      H: A Q J 10 9 5 4 2      D: 7 3      C: 7 3

Your four heart opener is passed around to right hand opponent, who bids four spades. Partner doubles this, and with most of the other players finished their match, what do you lead amid the noise? This ain't no contest, just soliciting an opinion.

I have just about decided to stop running the game reports in the zine. This was a hard decision for me to make in light of what I said last time about trying to make the games followable. But it should be clear by now that my forte in zine publishing is in what is affectionately known as stuff. So, I'll try to keep enough space for two or three games per issue, but the others will go out on flyer to those interested, and I'll summarize what's happening in a few short paragraphs. Priority will be given to the international games (but not both in one issue; at this point I find COPLAND more interesting), and FAURE. If the Seismic game gets started, I'll give the map top priority, but the moves and press may be on flyer. Basically, I'm not sure what to do: I'm just uncomfortable with the threat of 75+% game reports (at least until I can afford to print more than 16 pages), and 25-% "stuff". Bear with me; suggestions welcome.

The Bill James Baseball Abstract is out, and again it's well worth the wait. This year's version includes a major study of rookies, a space-age essay on a new version of runs created that is strictly for the computer, and a dissertation on meaningful and meaningless stats. Also, instead of writing under the catch-all header "Team X" an essay on a subject tangentially related to Team X, Bill James has this year confined his team remarks to a statistical look at Team X's 1986 season. Then, before you get to Team Y, comes the tangentially related article. Look for it: it's yellow this year. (Any advance wagers on the colour of next year's Abstract, Alan?)

Due to lack of interest in our crazy schemes, Grant Fraser and I were locked in a 2-man battle in this year's hockey pool. Our scheme was as follows: every second Monday afternoon, we drafted one player for each game to be played in the next two weeks. The money: \$1 a game, and the scoring system was 5 points per goal, 3 per assist, and 1 per penalty minute. We drafted every two weeks because weekly would have been difficult to keep up, and also because it presents an element of uncertainty: just who is the 8th best player on New Jersey under this system?

Anyhow, after winning \$2 the first week, I was faced with the task of putting together an algorithm for Grant to make my picks for the second two weeks, as I was in Montreal, and we didn't relish the thought of four hours on the phone. This is not as simple as it seems. Not only do you have to decide who's best, but you also have to check the schedule and figure out what game is most likely to be productive. Finally I gave up, and just ranked the top eight on each team, and instructed Grant to choose the highest ranked player\* on the team opposite the player he just picked.

This approach cost me \$14. Grant's first pick was Wayne Gretzky. Against Vancouver, so my first pick was Barry Pederson. And so on.

I resolved to get even, slowly, over the last 22 weeks of the season. This is the breakdown for the full season:

Weeks	Dates	Result	Grand Total
1-2	Oct 9-19	B+2	B+2
3-4	Oct 20-Nov 2	G+14	G+12
5-6	Nov 3-16	G+2	G+14
7-8	Nov 17-30	B+2	G+12
9-10	Dec 1-14	B+1	G+11
11-12	Dec 15-28	B+14	B+3
13-14	Dec 30-Jan 11	EVEN	B+3
15-16	Jan 12-24	G+5	G+2
17-18	Jan 26-Feb 8	B+10	B+8
19-20	Feb 14-22	B+4	B+12
21-22	Feb 23-Mar 8	B+13	B+25
23-24	Mar 9-22	B+8	B+33
25-26	Mar 23-Apr 5	B+4	B+37

I should explain that, as with the scheme we adopted for the 84-85 NHL season, where we just picked winners for a buck a game, this one turned into a clash of systems by mid-December. Grant's system was rather interesting: he's never completely explained it to me, but the basic premise seemed to be if a player wins his matchup, he moves up in the ratings. Thus if Gretzky lost, he moved down. Mine was based on the more reasonable proposal that picking the guy who gets the most points per game, no matter how badly this has screwed up before, can't be all that bad in the long run.

It came as somewhat of a surprise to me that Grant wanted not only to continue this money-losing scheme into the playoffs, but also to raise the stakes. His idea was to make the if necessary games worth more. Thus, picking Gretzky in the first game of the LA series would be worth the usual dollar, but if you picked him for the fifth game, and if the series (best-of-seven) lasted that long, and he won, it'd be worth two. Or three bucks for the sixth game, or four bucks for the seventh. So, we held our usual draft, with this subtle catch. And I found myself going for the big money games, with the result that many of my best picks (like Denis Savard in the fifth game of Chicago vs Detroit, which Detroit won in four straight) went down the toilet. I was down \$6 with one game left in the opening round, the four dollar seventh game (the only one, all the other series had been decided in six games or less) between the Islanders and Capitals. CBC's coverage started at

4:30 Vancouver time on Easter Saturday. I had Patrick Flatley of the Isles, Grant had Greg Adams of the Capitals. The game was a must for Washington if they wanted to lose their chokers image: the Caps had had a history of bowing out early, most often to the Isles, to whom they had held a 3-1 lead in the series at one point. And in the first period, the Caps played like hell to beat the Islanders defense. Mike Gartner scored finally with 48 seconds left, and Adams got an assist. 3-0 for Grant, and, what's worse, Flatley had hardly played in the first period.

Early in the second period, Flatley came flying through center on his first shift, and was nailed--I mean NAILED--by a check from Scott Stevens. When he got up, he found himself last man back on a Caps breakaway, but not quite knowing what day it was, he skated to the bench. Luckily, the Isles goalie, Kelly Hrudey, made the save. I figured all was lost, as my player was unlikely to get another shift. But he did...and he scored! 5-3 for me, 1-1 hockey game. The pace was furious as the Caps tried to get the goal back. Adams lost the puck behind the New York net. Nobody managed to control it in the scramble, until Murphy passed out to rookie Grant Martin who scored. Adams somehow was awarded an assist, and I felt like throwing up. 2-1 Caps, 6-5 for Grant. Worse, I began to notice that whenever Flatley's line went out on the go, the guy who Flatley was supposed to change with, most often Alan Kerr, invariably never got to the bench until 30-45 seconds into the shift. This happened with such alarming frequency it made me want to turn the damned set off. Good thing I didn't.

It must be mentioned here that during the second intermission, Nan found a coupon that expired Easter Sunday, so I said we'd use it after the game. She went to have a nap.

It must also be mentioned that when Trottier and Duchesne were sent off at 15:43 for roughing, Harry Neale explained to the viewers across Canada that "both penalties were coincidental." I spent a few minutes trying to figure out how only one of the two penalties could conceivably be coincidental.

Third period now, and I reasoned that my only chance was to have the Islanders tie up the game, because that goddam Kerr was screwing Flatley up for playing time over and over again. Most of the changes were made on the go, because of the sheer pace of the game; from the opening faceoff whistles had been few and far between. One Flatley shift lasted almost five minutes: three commercials, two icing calls, and an offside. I figured my chances of winning on a Flatley penalty were slim, because referees do not call penalties in the third period of close games. Anyhow, with five and a half minutes left, Trottier scored, and the ice hog Kerr got the assist. Flatley was the first to stand up and cheer: he'd been standing waiting to get on the goddamn ice. Anyhow, that's how the period ended, 6-5 for Adams.

I went into the bedroom and told Nan to get ready. "It's tied and going to overtime, but these sudden-death overtimes usually end within the first five minutes." She got dressed and got ready to go out.

After five minutes of unbelievably exciting overtime action, I apologized, but advised Nancy not to worry: one goal would end the game. It was about 7:30 PM at that point.

As for my chances, I felt Flatley would have to be used a lot in the OT: he would be the only one not exhausted by the first three periods. Perhaps he could get revenge on the dastardly Kerr by double shifting for him. Surely Kerr was by now dead tired?

Nope. Kerr was still going strong at the end of the first OT period, during which there were no penalties, and, obviously, no goals.

The winner was scheduled to play Philadelphia in the next round, starting on Easter Monday. While they interviewed a very very happy Mike Keenan (coach of the Flyers, who were quite happy to see their opposition stretched to the limit before even setting foot in Philly), Nancy walked in.

"What are they doing now?" she asked.

"Uh, well..."

"Why are they cleaning the ice?"

"Uh, well, nobody scored in the first overtime. Don't hit me, it's not my fault! We can still go out, it's only 8:00."

Nan phoned the restaurant to see how late they were open. "No problem, they're open until one in the morning," she said. I showed her the record book, where it said that the last *triple* OT had taken place in 1971, and the next last had been in 1961. Even double OT's were unusual, and the norm was for the game to be over within a few minutes. We sat down to watch.

And, lo and behold, something wonderful happened. Flatley and Gaetan Duchesne of the Caps started swinging their sticks at one another. And when we came back from the commercial, there was Flatley and Duchesne in the penalty box with coincidental minors. 7-6 for me! I stood up and cheered. Nancy said, "Who scored? Is it over!?"

"No. My guy got an eight dollar penalty." Transforming a four dollar loss into a four dollar gain translated to an eight dollar swing. I forgot about the bet for a moment and watched the most exciting game in years. And six minutes later, Adams took my four dollars and gave it back to Grant: he got a misconduct. This made it 16-7 for Grant, and effectively put me out of contention. Even two goals wouldn't do it, because the game would end with the first one.

However, something else was happening.

When the second OT period ended, I consulted my NHL Guide & Record Book, and found that we were seeing the 18th longest game in NHL history. 18th and rising.

It was past 9PM in Vancouver when they started the third OT. Past midnight in Washington. In the second OT period, the broadcaster had wished everyone in the Maritimes a Happy Easter. Now he wished the same to Quebec and Ontario.

In the middle of the third OT period (which was the first dullish one, though both goaltenders continued to make fantastic saves), they announced that the game was the longest in 36 years:

### The Longest NHL OT games

Mar 24/36.	Det 1 at Mtl 0,	116:30	OT
Apr 3/33.	Bos 0 at Tor 1,	104:46	OT
Mar 23/43.	Tor 3 at Det 2,	70:18	OT
Mar 28/30.	NYR 1 at Mtl 2,	68:52	OT
Mar 27/51.	Mtl 3 at Det 2,	61:09	OT
Mar 26/32.	NYR 4 at Mtl 3,	59:32	OT
Mar 21/39.	Bos 2 at NYR 1,	59:25	OT
Apr 9/31.	Chi 3 at Mtl 2,	53:50	OT
Apr 19/87.	NYI 2 at Wash 2,	53:00*	OT
Mar 26/61.	Mtl 1 at Chi 2,	52:12	OT

\*--and counting....

The third OT was from that point marked by such notices on the screen, as the game became the eighth longest ever at 13:51, and jumped to sixth longest ever in the last minute. Sure enough, viewers in Manitoba were wished a Happy Easter as the period ended.

By now Nan was phoning her mother.

It didn't work. Her dad answered, and took my side in the dispute. After listening to Don Cherry (whose usually outrageous comments had magnified with each successive intermission between overtime periods) say "well, ya know, fourth overtime, seventh game, guys are gonna being doin' anythink ta keep their teams in the game. Yer gonna see guys blockin' shots with their heads, and stuff like that. Now I know the last two periods I predicted it'd be over quick, but this one's gonna be the last, I'm tellin ya!", I talked to Nan's brother, who was there for the Easter weekend. (It's not impossible that he watched the first

## Seismic Diplomacy

[The following is the rules of a new variant which I am opening, now that I have the software to draw (and, more importantly, *change*) the maps. For a simple \$3 gamefee, I guarantee at least a hilarious time of it!]

Seismic Diplomacy is a variant invented by Pierre Lavaurs. The gimmick is that the board changes as you play; otherwise everything is the same as normal, though with the board changing as much as it does, normality soon becomes extinct, lost in the last seismic event. I thank Luc Dodinval for sending me a copy of the rules, first published by Jean-Phillipe Hubsch in the French zine Vortigern 68, and later translated by John Marsden for the British zine Ode. These are the rules.

1) The Diplomacy rulebook applies with the following exceptions:  
2) After Spring retreats, and after Winter adjustments, an additional phase takes place (on the same deadline--it is assumed that the British system of combining seasons is used, as we will in the XL game): Seismic Events.

3) Each player may order one Seismic event per season. Seismic Events are strictly anonymous. You can glue England to Africa without leaving a clue as to the identity of the lunatic.

4) There are two kinds of Seismic Event, as follows:

a) Separation and Connection:

This involves four provinces (land, sea, or a combination of the two) forming a configuration such that A is adjacent to B, B to C, C to D, D to A, and A is adjacent to C but not B to D. The order is:  
A and C separate, B and D connect.

EXAMPLE #1: War and Ber connect, Sil and Pru separate. (Germany and Russia now have some serious negotiating to do.)

B and D may be the same.

EXAMPLE #2: Por and Spa separate, MAO and MAO connect. (Portugal thus becomes an island in the MAO.)

It can occur that an order of this kind is ambiguous; such orders will be disallowed unless the player makes his intentions clear.

b) Release:

If three provinces are such that A is an island totally inside B, and B is adjacent to C, a release order would be:

A and C connect

EXAMPLE #3: (after Ex #2 has taken effect) Por and Bre connect. (Por thus becomes a peninsula attached to Bre, but not Eng.)

5. Iceland, Ireland, Cypress, Crete, Sardinia, Sicily, Corsica, the Caspian Sea (adjacent at the outset to Sev, Mos, and ARM), and Switzerland can be included in seismic orders. Other unnamed island provinces may not be. (The zone consisting of water and islands known as Denmark cannot be broken up.) The outside of the board, considered as an impassible province, also can. This in particular can lead to some horrifying consequences:

EXAMPLE #4:

a) StP and Bar separate, Nwy and Out connect.

b) Nwg and Bar separate, Nwy and Out connect.

(Result so far: Bar is a pond on the NE corner of the board, connected to Nwy only. Nwy is extended to the north edge of the board, splitting into two coasts, the east coast bordering only Bar, and the west coast bordering Nwg, etc.)

c) Nwy and Bar separate, Out and Out connect.

(Now the Barents Sea has become trapped in the outside, along with any unfortunate unit that happens to be occupying it at the time! This makes possible this amazing release order:)

d) Bar and Tun connect.

(Omiqod. Bar is now a pond attached to the south of Tunis!)

6. If two or more players make the same Seismic order, this has the effect of support--conflicting orders succeed if thus supported.

7. Seismic orders fail in the following cases:

a) If there is another Seismic order, equal or greater, which, if applied with the offending order, would have the effect of dividing a province into parts.

b) If there is an equal or greater Seismic order which, if applied after the offending one, would not make sense.

EXAMPLE #5:

a) Bul and Gre separate, Ser and Aeg connect.

b) Bul and Aeg separate, Gre and Con connect.

If I were to receive both of these orders, the effect would be to split the Aeg in two. If one was ordered by more players than another, then it would succeed and the other wouldn't.

EXAMPLE #6 (after Ex #2 above):

a) Por and NAF connect.

b) Por and Bre connect.

The successive application of these orders would divide the MAO in two.

8. The application of a Seismic order can cause a coastal province to be divided into two or more coasts when it previously had one or none, or to divide a previous coast into more than one. Or, the coast on which a fleet rested may disappear. In these cases, affected players must retreat any fleets in such a province to the coast they wish. This phase comes before movement. If no order is given the unit will be disbanded. Should a fleet find itself in a province which has lost all its coasts, it is trapped and may only stand (it may be supported) until a coast is opened for it.

9. Certain provinces are regarded as straights provinces. If they possess coasts on both of the following sea areas, those coasts are regarded as one:

Con with Bla and Aeg

Kie with Hel and Bal

Den with Ska and Bal

Swe with Ska and Bal

Nap with Ion and Tys

XL will be opening a game of this wild variant. \$3 gets you in for all the wild, wacky fun. (Not only that, but this game has first priority on zine space, at least for the map.) Let me go over some of the strategies I saw used in the game just completed in the Belgian zine Mach die Spuhl, just to give you an idea of the flavour of this variant. At the end (a 1908 conceded win for Germany), the board looked rather interesting, as you might expect. Italy had been taped to Tunis, cutting the effective range of all southeastern fleets drastically. At one point I recall Portugal adjacent to Moscow, but I also see that Holland sailed up to Norway, where it stuck tight. Somehow Galicia ended up as an offshoot of the Caspian Sea by the end. But that's only the beginning of the fun. There's no limit to what could be done. An English win without building a fleet or making a convoy is one interesting possibility that springs to mind. Anyone interested??

Slow March Tempo





## POSTAL CLUE RETURNS!

[Anyone who figured I'd let the Postal Clue game slide is about to be proven dead wrong. However, there are rather difficult problems, most of which have to do with the fact that three out of the original six players are no longer subbers here, and I've only found one new player, who confidently assures me that another one would be happy to play. Luckily, there's nothing that a little imaginative fiction can't overcome....]

Nelson Heintzman was just talking long-distance to M<sup>c</sup>Bruce when suddenly, for no reason at all, he was sucked into his telephone speaker.

Gary Coughlan was just arriving home and hanging his phone up when he received the same treatment.

Far far away, on the other side of the continent, two men and a woman were wondering why population had declined by fifty percent without any apparent warning, when the phone rang. Bill Becker picked it up. "Hello?" He distinctly heard a twang. It was not a sound effect, but the type of twang associated with a certain type of accent. He held the phone away from his ear, and out of it came two figures.

"Whut the hail...?" the one with the twang said under his breath.

"I was only trying to hang up." mumbled the other.

"Gary! Nelson! What are you doing here?" asked Ron Krukowski.

At that point, the TV in the corner turned itself on.

"What you are about to see," said the TV, "is a rereconstruction of events." And they did. All of the players saw once again their original cards. Then a shadow lurking in the corner spoke. He turned out to be the replacement for Conrad Minshall. Gary Coughlan turned out to be the replacement for James Early. Nelson Heintzman turned out to be the replacement for Steve Dycus. And this is a quick look at what they saw rereconstructed:

Guesses so far (showing order of players) and results:

1) The Shadow guessed Janet Cooley in the Billiard Room with the Lead Pipe. Ron Krukowski showed a card.

2) Ron Krukowski guessed Nelson Heintzman in the Billiard Room with the Rope. Nelson Heintzman showed a card.

3) Nelson Heintzman, or rather his predecessor, failed to make a guess before the deadline.

4) Janet Cooley guessed Ron Krukowski in the Kitchen with the Revolver. Bill Becker passed. So did Gary Coughlan. The Shadow showed a card.

5) Bill Becker guessed The Shadow in the Ball Room with the Rope. Gary Coughlan passed. So did The Shadow. And Ron Krukowski also passed. Nelson Heintzman, however, showed a card.

6) Gary Coughlan guessed Nelson Heintzman in the Ball Room with the Rope. The Shadow passed, and so did Ron Krukowski. Nelson Heintzman showed a card, again!

When all the remaining participants were satisfied that they had the information they needed (additional information only knowable to the individuals will be found inside your envelopes), the screen suddenly went blank. Five voices were raised in unison.

"Who the hell is The Shadow?"

This succeeded in drawing the wimpy voice of M<sup>c</sup>Bruce. "Ah, yeah, um, I thought you might ask that. Well, it seems that we need somebody to take over for The, uh, Shadow for next time, because, uh, it's his turn! Negotiations are being entered into with a likely candidate."

"Oh no," thought Nelson, "not BRUX!"

## Filling the Gap

It's about time I wrote something about Expo'86, our trip to Montreal, and my voyage to BruxCon/TomatoCon. If I let it go much further, I might forget about the details forever. So, here's a shot at it. I was going to make it a four movement symphonic composition; Expo, Montreal/BruxCon, return/bad news, and triumphant finale. Unfortunately, the fourth movement in this symphony hasn't yet come to pass, so that's out. I have a feeling I'll write a longish opening movement, and perhaps an even longer second movement, and with the financial imposition on XL's page limit, this may have to become a series. And I may omit the third movement altogether: nobody likes bad news.

### INTRODUCTION: Why it's difficult for a Vancouverite to write about his city's own World's fair.

A time traveller taking a snapshot of the Expo site as it stands today would find himself rich were he to return to the past of last September. The photo would ignite a bidding war between Expo itself and the two Vancouver dailies. Assuming Expo won (having rather more capital to spend), the board would be torn whether to burn the photo or to use it as "Don't miss it, look what's about to happen."

For the Expo site is now a shambles. It looks about as it did two years ago, when it was all being built, except that there is no sense of excitement. Instead the people of the city have a terrible eyesore. A provincial election just after the fair closed caused a four month moratorium to be put on development plans: nothing could be torn down until January, with the result that this year's crop of tourists will see Demolition Expo '87 this summer: the appropriate theme being "Man Cleans Up After The Party."

It's difficult to talk about Expo now because nobody else really does. The local media has persisted with numbers, both positive and negative, about attendance, costs, etc. But now, six months after the gates closed, it's an unpopular topic to cover. B.C. realizes just how many Lotto 6/49 tickets the public is going to have to buy to pay for this thing, and the gut feeling is that the money has simply run out and the bloody thing will not be demolished until the government can pay for it.

It's also difficult to talk about Expo because it is a different experience for everyone, and with such a golden opportunity to see everything, you don't like to admit you missed out on something. But I know I missed a hell of a lot. And from the fantastic sales of Expo videos in Vancouver (not rentals: *sales*), I know I'm not the only one.

A short walk from the main gate, overlooking the captivating Ontario pavilion and the Pavilion of Promise (funded by the Canadian evangelical TV ministry 100 Huntley Street), and within earshot of the Scream Machine, was a sort of exhibit/playground which inexplicably became my favorite part of the site, despite its appearance as a last minute throw-in. Entitled H2O UFO, it consisted of a large flying saucer surrounded by brightly coloured alien creatures which at irregular intervals would spit up water; some high in the air at random, some deftly aimed in arcs toward distant small buckets, a few in a new direction each time. From morning to night, small children would drag their parents to H2O UFO, where both parties would instantly become captivated. Parents and onlookers, fresh out of some space-age 3D film just presented in one of the pavilion theatres, would watch their children--the proclaimed future of mankind--as they greeted, named, and climbed onto the bright figures. Quite often a child would be drenched while trying to start up a conversation, but few took it too seriously. One child, while talking to one of the creatures, was hit squarely in the back by the larger one behind. She spun around, and instantly began

tongue-lashing the larger one when the smaller one soaked her runners for her. She had just pointed a mean finger at the little fellow (twice as large as she), when the spaceship in the middle decided to spray the whole exhibit. Screaming children ran for cover, but our heroine immediately ran to a huge monster just big enough to shield her. She was just thanking him when he noticed her blonde pony tails were still dry, and corrected the situation. This was quite enough, for thirty seconds at least.

The sadness for Vancouverites is that the sun is now coming back out again, and somehow the H2O UFOs are just sitting there, behind the wire fences, drying up in the surrounding dust and rubble until a decision is reached on what to do with them.

## I. A Day at Expo '86

Anyone who has ever spent enough time in Vancouver to know would wonder why an exhibit such as H2O UFO was included, given the great propensity for liquid weather. But part of the great reason for Expo's success was one absolutely flawless summer, which shattered a local record for consecutive days without rain, halted when it rained for four hours near the end of August when the fair was closed up for the night, then continuing cloudless for three more weeks.

When Wallace Nicoll, Nancy and I attended for the first time on May 19th, however, the weather was rather unpredictable, and the 145,000 people who attended that day were treated to a monsoon-like downpour around 7PM. Still, 145,000 was the best daily attendance up to that point. Average attendance up to that point was about 90,000 daily. In the middle of June, with the kids out of school, it shot up, and from that point on, five digit daily attendance figures were few and far between. In the heat of the summer, attendance figures shot up to the point--220,000 or so--where Expo officials had to temporarily close the gates simply for lack of room. And near the end, the attendance figures went crazy as officials gave up trying to keep people out. The final full day, October 12th, attendance hit *three* hundred and thirty thousand. Meanwhile there were presentations every few weeks for the ten millionth visitor, fifteen millionth visitor. For six months the nearby downtown core was a whirlwind of tour buses and people looking (mostly unsuccessfully) for a legal place to park.

The promise of Expo to the tourist industry in B.C. was not kept. For the most part, tourists stuck to the site, and the expected extra dollar for the city's businesses seemed to disappear. Outside the city, the effect was disastrous. Everyone who came to B.C., came to see Expo, but few ventured beyond the site to see the naturally diversified beauty of the rest of the province. One of the highlights of Expo was the Discovery BC film, which hopefully will make up this summer.

So many things that we in Vancouver had just taken for granted came to an abrupt end on October 13: the local news being broadcast before live audiences--both Canadian networks had pavilions--the weekly recaps of Expo events on TV, special sections in the newspapers, from Expo trivia to reader polls rating the pavilions to front page attendance figures. Famous people (and royalty) coming to our city to entertain (and walk around praising things, or in Princess Diana's case, faint). The science of avoiding the Expo rushes. The technology of picking a good uncrowded time to go (nearly impossible). Preparing for long lineup waits, and expensive food. The nightly 30-minute firework displays, which caused me to defend a hand with eight penalty cards when I forgot how close the bridge club was to the site. In a way, it's better that I write this report now, after it's all had time to sink in.

But, having said that, we must commence with the topic of this article: our day at Expo, Friday, October 3rd, 1986. This was the day we calculated to be precisely balanced between the dwindling summer tourist crowds and the rising Let's-not-miss-it ending crowds. We had

gone down to the site about four or five times before, seeing a few of the minor pavilions here and there, and the Air Supply concert, but none of the big attractions. The attendance on that Friday was in the vicinity of 210,000. But we had one secret weapon: Nan, being an Expo employee, could get on site before the 10:00 opening and get tickets. (These tickets did not cost anything, but with printed times on them, prevented most lineups: although I emphasize most, as you'll see later.)

"I'm awfully sorry about this," I said ruefully to the waitress at 9:25. "I suppose I'll order now and hope she shows up soon." My breakfast arrived just as Nancy sat down. She told me about the shows we were scheduled to see in the afternoon, and we planned strategy. And, at 10:30 AM, we walked the three blocks from the restaurant to Stadium gate, me with my Expo guide, Nancy with her backpack, from which the head of a cute little teddy bear named Tubby peeked out. (We found him one day on the floor staring at the Expo guide book in wonder, so Nan decided to take him.) Our first stop was the Canada Portal. We walked through the blue zone, with the administrative buildings all around, the BC Pavilion near the water, and the monorail overhead, past the giant hockey stick leaning against the world's largest freestanding flagpole, which serves both as a homing device for the Canada Portal, and a pointer to the Canada Pavilion, which is a huge wharf not connected to the site, but on the opposite side of the downtown core. From the Canada Portal a special SkyTrain service takes visitors to the Canada Pavilion, going underneath the city centre.

Just past the hockey stick we met our first lineup. It is nearly impossible to avoid lineups, but our luck was terrible. First time the lineup started moving, they lowered the rope right in front of our noses. We watched the people get into the SkyTrain and go into the tunnel. Then we were allowed to go onto the platform. Thinking we'd eventually be first into the pavilion (as justice would have intended) among this group, we walked up to the far end confidently, only to have them pack in successive people in front of us! My optimistic brain said that this was O.K., because last into the train would be first out. Unfortunately, as we went through the tunnel (amid many comments pertaining to how amazingly graffiti-free the stations and trains were--apparently the white paint has a transparent coating which makes it easy to wipe off almost any type of ink), I realized that the front end of the train would end up farthest from the stairs at the other end. We climbed stairs to the surface, only to be greeted with a lengthy line up. Worse still, there appeared to be an express lane, which for reasons as yet unknown to us, was *verboden*. Forty minutes later, the mystery was explained:

"Good morning [just barely, it was by that time ten to noon] ladies and gentlemen," said the loudspeaker, "welcome to the Canada Pavilion. Your wait is nearly over. [Loud applause.] When you go through the gates of the pavilion, you may take a ticket for the show of your choice. The red gates are giving out tickets for the Teleglobe Canada showing of *The Taming of The Demons* for today at 6:30PM and 8:00 PM. The white gates are giving out tickets for the CN IMAX theatres 3-D production to be shown tonight at 7:00 PM and 8:30 PM. After seeing the Pavilion, you may return to the Expo site and return for the show by using the express lane, avoiding the line-ups. We're sorry, but the tickets for earlier shows have already been taken." Nan and I got a ticket for the 3-D production at 8:30PM. Most of the people in our group grouched about having to come back that night, but 8:30 fit our schedule fine.

Unfortunately, once inside the gates, we were not quite in the pavilion yet. We were in yet another lineup: obviously the last one, as this one had TV monitors informing us what we were about to see. The first item on the list was the "Goose & Beaver Show." I could hear it being explained to the foreigners in the audience that the beaver and the Canada goose had patriotic status in Canada, almost like the eagle

in the U.S. The foreigners, once having heard this information, shrugged their shoulders trying to figure out how interesting a "Goose & Beaver Show" could possibly be. So were the Canadians.

It turned out that the "G & B show" was a time waster, a delay tactic to hold us until the group ahead of us had seen the shows ahead. We were ushered into a room surrounding a large pond which appeared to have acquired the slices of one hell of a huge cucumber. These were apparently meant to be lily pads, and by the time Nancy and I got inside there was a man dressed as a beaver and a woman dressed as a goose running around on them. And everyone was laughing at their antics and jokes.

I guess you had to be there. After almost an hour and a half of lining up, I wasn't sure where I was, but I thought the whole bloody thing was damned stupid. What an idiotic first impression to make: "Canada-yeah, I was there in 1986. They're nuts about beavers and geese, you know." I was not amused. Finally the ordeal was over, and we moved through some doors into a large half-circle of a room, with a huge screen, thrice the size of the normal movie screen, cut into grids.

This was the setting for a stirring tribute to Canada Day, as some of the small screens showed stills, and some combined with neighbours to enlarge them, to a patriotic soundtrack. The theme was Canada Day 1985 across the country, and the nation's photographers did a wonderful job of capturing Canadian patriotism, which may not exist in quantity as it does south of the border on the 4th of July, but certainly exists in great quality.

Next up, in the other half of the circle, after our seats were rotated 180 degrees, was the Earthwatch theatre. Another huge screen, this one undivided, and this time moving pictures of the majesty of the country, taken from airplanes, and shown in something called Showscan, which the guide says is 2.5 times faster (frame-to-frame), four times brighter, and four times as large as conventional projection.

We then entered the New Frontiers theatre, where an exhibit highlighted Canada's achievements undersea and in space. Huge models of the Canadarm and several undersea vehicles were displayed proudly.

This was the last of the shows, but the next thing in our path was the Great Hall, where works by Canadian artists were displayed. This moved very slowly, and we took the first shortcut we found, ending up on the edge of the pavilion, overlooking the water. From here it was downstairs to a large cafeteria just teeming with people and full of lineups. We immediately scrutinized the lineups for length, or lack of it to be precise, and found that the lineups were blocking off portions of the cafeteria, and also that it was very difficult to get through when people wouldn't move. I followed Nancy, who is an expert at such things. I heard her say excuse me to one woman three times, then I watched her move forward and turn. The woman had not moved, and I got the dirty look when, after being blitzed by Nan, she caught Nan's backpack in the side of the head while going down. "She wouldn't move," explained Nan later when I informed her of the havoc she had wrought. (Remember in XL#13 (p. 5) when I said that we couldn't go up on the Space Tower together because of the 400-lb limit? Well she weighs nearly as much as I do. You figure it out, but I figure that woman will jump at the next "Excuse me" she hears.)

After eating, we took a quick look at the CBC studios and assorted paraphernalia from the last six decades, which included about five minutes from a Toronto at Montreal hockey game, except that it started in 1941 or so and ended in 1986, moving forward five years every so often. I'm never going to believe any old timers who say that hockey was better back then, because it sure was slow!

Returning to the Expo site through the West gate after leaving the Canada Pavilion and busing back to the opposite side, we found it was time to get to the BC Pavilion for the first of two shows, one in the BC Pavilion, the other in the Challenge BC building. These are but two of

the three BC Pavilions on site, though the Challenge building is simply a theatre for the second of the two BC shows, and the third, called Showcase BC, is a collection of nightclubs and restaurants located around the BC Pavilion where things get interesting at night.

There were two lineups. One was for ticket holders to the next show, the other for stand-bys. This was where the grizzled lineup veterans were: many had been lined-up for seven hours or, more. Any ticket holders who did not show up for their time lost their seats to the first stand-by in the line. This line was six trillion miles long: or so it seemed. Why anyone would join such a line backed up that far is quite beyond me. Our group had ten stand-bys, and there were at least a few hundred in the line.

The show was rather good, in Showscan again, mainly a showcase for the natural beauty of the province, with a sci-fi plot thrown in (young girl, played by Fairuza Balk (did I spell that right?), who played Dorothy in the Oz remake, meets big cute red ball, gets in, and goes for a supersonic trip through BC, until cute big red ball gets caught by alien life form and has to go home.) In the Main Hall of the pavilion were a lot of large cylinders which apparently gave you a vertical show if you got in, but we were on our way to the Challenge BC show.

After a bit of a lineup, we entered the building and were ushered into a room full of large crates with names of major world cities on them. An actor dressed as a longshoreman then proceeded to go through what these crates were, and they began to open up, revealing personalities for each of BC's industries: hydro, coal, logging, mining, etc. Like H2O UFO, this show seemed to be out of place with the huge technological marvels elsewhere, but this served to make it unique, and despite being hard to describe, one of the highlights of the fair. The accompanying film did a good and entertaining job of showcasing BC industry, and, as with the Discovery film, there was a stop for those interested in knowing more on the way out.

But we had to rush to Expo Centre for the big show. As the Eiffel Tower was the showcase to the Paris 1900 World Exposition, and the Seattle Space Needle was the showcase in 1962, the geodesic dome will be Vancouver's final reminder of Expo '86 (assuming the rest of it is ever torn down). Of course, we also have the stadium, and a few of the other buildings are unlikely to go, but Expo Centre was the first thing built on site (the stadium is not officialy on site), and will remain.

Inside, we saw the film *A Freedom to Move*, from the 500-seat Omnimax theatre at the top of the sphere. This was rather something, the hemispherical screen being nine times as large as a conventional movie, and of course the sound of a space shuttle taking off was rather scary from such close range.

It should be said, of these super-theatres, that presumably, since none of these buildings have been torn down since, we still have the theatres, and I'm sure people would pay an extra \$3-5 to see pictures done for them. Unfortunately this hasn't been the case. Of course, there's no real reason for simple drama on these screens, and one grows bored of breathtaking views shot from a plane with a daredevil pilot, so the subject matter available may simply have been exhausted.

The other show in the Expo centre dome was the Futures theatre. Affixed to each and every seat were three buttons, one red, one green, one blue. The screen would ask the audience questions, and would display the responses we made on a large graph, comparing them to the responses of the other groups it had so far encountered. In today's nuclear world, I suspect that only Expo '86 would be a suitable environment for our group's response to the following question: "How do you feel about the future? [RED] Positive, [BLUE] Uncertain, or [GREEN] Negative?"

Our group voted 60% red, 30% blue. This, for Expo, was average.

Out of the Expo Centre, we took the SkyTrain back to the Canada Pavilion for the CN IMAX Theatre 3-D show. And it was here that

something amazing happened. We were herded into another lineup, and it was well past 8:15 and the line was not moving. By now we were resigned to this trademark of a day at Expo, and had just contemplated sitting when my watch went off. The monotonous electronic beeps of "Love Me Tender" were heard throughout the line. And I noticed quickly enough that it wasn't my watch! While I explained this to Nancy, some light went on in the loony section of my mind, and when the other watch was finished, I quietly activated mine. Same tune. Same key. And when mine was done, the other one started up. People began to giggle. I started mine up again. Except for the fact that Nancy knew what I was doing, for the first three minutes of this, nobody knew who the culprit was--or, as it soon turned out when I started mine before the other was finished, the culprits. Eventually nearly everyone was laughing like hell, and just when it died down, the line started to move! We had discovered the way to beat the lineups: spontaneous entertainment!

The 3-D effects, on yet another huge screen, were marvelous, though the plot was forgettable (in fact, I have completely forgotten it). I recall vividly a stack of two-by-fours, viewed from their ends. Suddenly one of the two by fours in the middle was pushed out into my lap! Almost everybody tried to get out of the way, and reached out to try and touch it when it stopped. Those who have seen 3-D films said that the effect was far and away the best ever. Even if I could remember a bit more (I vaguely remember a suspended ball that I swore I could reach out and touch) of the 3D stunts, I'd still have trouble describing how *real* it was. I had a bit of a brainstorm upon leaving: a porno flick would have great enhancement potential in IMAX 3D. When Nancy heard this idea, she thought I was nuts, but then I refused to divulge any details.

Back again to the Expo site, around to the Expo centre dome. By now it's about 10:15 PM, and time for the one thing that capped any day at Expo. The site is built around False Creek, a small inlet of English Bay, and the site borders on the north side of False Creek, to the water's end, where Expo surrounds False Creek on three sides. Across from the Expo centre dome is the BC Pavilion, and in the middle of the water is the starting point for the fireworks.

At 10:20 PM a single firework announces the oncoming show. Hundreds of people gather near the waterfront for the best spots. For those lucky enough to be nearest (though the show can be seen through most of the city, and certainly is visible from any part of the Expo site--the sight from the air cars is especially breathtaking), it becomes evident that the fireworks are expertly set to music. The music slows, and for a time the fireworks subside. Now the crowd shifts its eyes towards the top of the BC Pavilion building, where a laser beam from the Expo centre dome is carving out light images on the top of the wall. We see a man walking, a boat, a horse-drawn carriage, a train, a car, a plane, the space shuttle. Then the Expo '86 insignia flashes up, and the sponsor, Kodak, shows its logo. Then the drums announce the start of the Expo song "Something's Happening Here!" And the fireworks blaze for another twenty minutes, until the music and lights reach a smashing crescendo...

I sure wouldn't want to have lived within a mile of it, but it's fantastic from up close.

The pavilions close at 10, but the site remains open until 12, and the nightlife section until long after. It's nearly 11:30 when Nan and I pass H2O UFO for the last time, on our way to the nightclubs. There are still children playing there.

[NEXT ISSUE: Pt II--GO EAST, YOUNG MAN]

BEETHOVEN

continued from p. 17

**Tur-GM:** Mitch would get a lot more letters and even some orders if you would print his address correctly.

**Maestro-Tur:** I give up. Where?

**Par-Maestro:** Nice to have XL back.

**Maestro-Par:** I give up. Where?

Oh, sorry, still trying to figure out what Turkey's peed off about.

**Par-Rom:** Treachery is always rewarded. Yours is not far away.

**Par-Ank:** You've never been further from the Mid-Atlantic

**Par-Con:** Sorry, you weren't believable

# excelsior

# No. 17

## It's Over

GAME NAME: ALBINOI BOARDMAN NUMBER: 1985AA START DATE: May 11, 1985 END DATE: May 2, 1987  
 FINAL RESULT: FOUR WAY DRAW (E/G/F/T), AUSTRIA 5th, ITALY 6th, RUSSIA 7th (eliminated)

GM: Bruce McIntyre (Excelsior and flyers from Summer 1905 to Spring 1906)

ENGLAND: Bill Shirley (draw W06)

GERMANY: Charles Arsenaull (dro F06), Pierre Touchette (draw W06)

RUSSIA: Kevin Brown (dro F04), Claude Gautron (out W04)

TURKEY: Melinda Holley (draw W06)

AUSTRIA: Michael J. Ditz (res F04), Derek Daniels (dro F06), Paul Milewski (sur W06)

ITALY: Steve Dycus (res F03), Lynn Torkelson (dro F04), Bob Acheson (sur W06)

FRANCE: Ron Krukowski (draw F06)

Country	STATS:							
	00	01	02	03	04	05	06	
ENGLAND	3	4	4	5	6	7	7	[4-WAY DRAW]
GERMANY	3	5	6	6	7	7	7	[4-WAY DRAW]
RUSSIA	4	4	4	2	0			[7th, eliminated] 4 - one short
TURKEY	3	5	5	6	8	7	7	[4-WAY DRAW]
AUSTRIA	3	5	5	5	3	3	4	[5th, survived]
ITALY	3	4	4	3	3	3	2	[6th, survived]
FRANCE	3	6	5	6	7	7	7	[4-WAY DRAW]

Centre	SUPPLY CENTRE OWNERSHIP						
	00	01	02	03	04	05	06
Edinburgh	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Liverpool	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
London	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Berlin	G	G	G	G	G	G	G
Kiel	G	G	G	G	G	G	G
Munich	G	F	G	G	G	G	G
Moscow	R	R	R	T	T	E	E
St. Petersburg	R	R	R	E	E	E	E
Sevastopol	R	T	T	T	T	T	T
Warsaw	R	R	R	R	G	G	G
Ankara	T	T	T	T	T	T	T
Constantinople	T	T	T	T	T	T	T
Sayrna	T	T	T	T	T	T	T
Budapest	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Trieste	A	A	A	A	F	A	A
Vienna	A	A	A	A	A	F	A
Naples	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Rome	I	I	I	I	I	I	I
Venice	I	I	I	I	I	I	F
Brest	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Marseilles	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Paris	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Belgium	M	G	G	G	G	G	G
Bulgaria	N	T	T	T	T	T	T
Denmark	M	G	G	G	G	G	G
Greece	N	A	A	A	T	T	T
Holland	M	G	G	G	G	G	G
Norway	N	E	E	E	E	E	E
Portugal	M	F	F	F	F	F	F

### NOTES

--Fall 1902 readjudicated due to GM error.

--Ditz resigned but reserved right to return under IL house rule (2.22).

--Serbia was neutral (!) until Austria retreated there after Fall 1904!

--Summer 1905 to Spring 1906 was played by flyer.

--Austria NMRed in Fall 1905 and Spring 1906. Due to GM error no stand-by was called after the first NMR. Players were informed of their right to complain if they felt the game result affected by the error--no complaints have been yet received by the GM.

--Final vote on the 4-way draw proposal was 3 yes, 0 no, 2 NVR & NMR, 1 sent orders but no vote. No vote counted as a YES.

Rumania	N	A	A	A	T	T	T
Serbia	N	N	N	N	A	A	A
Spain	N	F	F	F	F	F	F
Sveden	N	R	R	R	E	E	E
Tunis	N	I	I	F	F	F	F



## GERMANS UNDER FIRE FROM ALL SIDES

France closes up Mediterranean

*The Players:* **excelsior** **BEETHOVEN** **1985AB** after Spring 1906

**ENGLAND**

Mitch Wageler  
2812 Springer Ave  
Burnaby BC  
CANADA [COA]

**GERMANY**

Mike Barno  
514 E-Washington#1  
Madison WI  
USA 53783 [COA]

**RUSSIA**

[eliminated]

**TURKEY**

Alan Stewart  
782-25 St Mary St.  
Toronto ON  
CANADA M4V 1R2

**AUSTRIA**

Robert Acheson  
Box 4622, Stn SE  
Edmonton AB  
CANADA T6E 2A8

**ITALY**

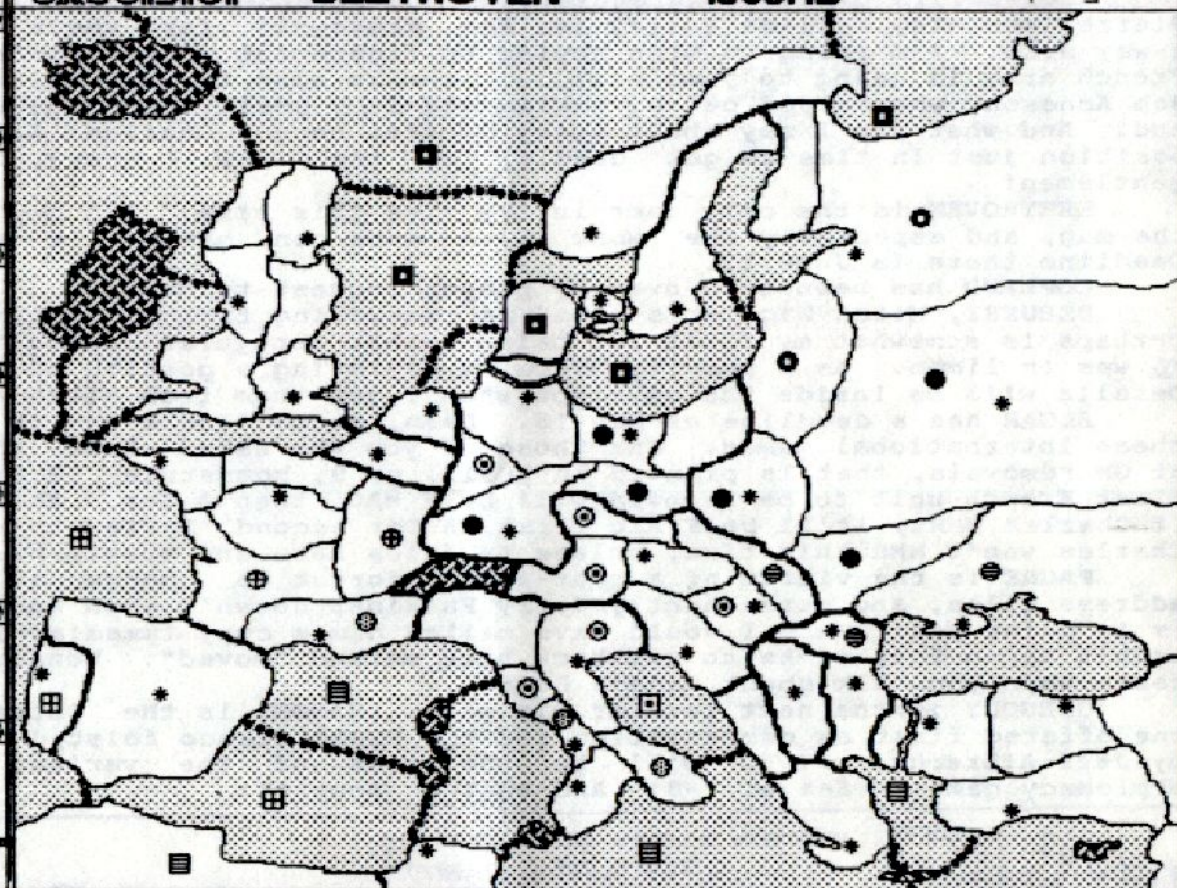
Melinda Holley  
P.O. Box 2793  
Huntington WJ  
USA 25727

**FRANCE**

Steve Cooley  
3551 Casamia Ave.  
Palmdale CA  
USA 93558

**Armies**

**Fleets**



GM: Bruce McInture, 6191 Winch St., Burnaby B.C., CANADA, U5B 2L4. (phone 604/299-2382).

NEXT DEADLINE: Noon, P.S.T., Friday June 12, 1987.

### Orders & Press:

#### BEETHOVEN

Autumn 1905 Retreat:

TURKEY: A Ukr r Rum

Winter 1905 Adjustments:

GERMANY: + A Kie

TURKEY: - A Con

AUSTRIA: + A Vie, A Tri

Spring 1906 Orders:

ENGLAND (Mitch Wageler):

F Nth-Den, F Bal S F Nth-Den,

F Lon-Nth, F Bar C A Edi-StP,

A Edi-StP, F Nrg C A Edi-StP,

A StP-Lva

GERMANY (Mike Barno):

A Ukr-War, A Ber S A War-Sil,

A War-Sil, A Mos S A Ukr-War,

A Kie-Men

TURKEY (Alan Stewart):

A Gal-Sil, E Naf-Tun,

A Rum S A Sev, A Sev S A Rum,

E Aeg-Ion, F Ion-Tun, E GLy-Mar

AUSTRIA (Robert Acheson):

A Bud S Tur A Gal (moving),

A Mun-Ruh, A Tyr S A Tri-Ven,

A Ven-Tes, A Vie-Boh, A Tri-Ven,

E Adr-Apu

ITALY (Melinda Holley):

A Mar H, A Rom S A Nap-Apu,

A Nap-Apu

FRANCE (Steve Cooley):

A Bel-Bur, E WMe-Gly,

A Bur-Gas, F MAO-Por, F Eng-MAO

#### PRESS:

GM: Mitch's address has changed-- see the map for details. He doesn't know his postal code yet, but that shouldn't deter Canada Post from getting your letters to him within a few months.

Tur-Ger: OK, let's see what you can do to me as an encore.

Tur-Eng: I hope your friends have left you something to do.

## Other Games

Where are the other games? Good question. Let's go through the list:

**ALBINONI** is over. Congratulations are extended to Bill Shirley, Pierre Touchete, Melinda Holley and Ron Krukowski for their exciting 4-way draw. I'm going to miss trying to figure out where Ron's roving French army is going to jump next.... Thanks also to Paul Milewski and Bob Acheson, who helped out by taking stand-by positions through to the end. And what can I say about Lucky Pierre: he got Charles Arsenault's position just in time to get credit for the draw. Bravo, lady and gentlemen!

**BEETHOVEN** is the only game in the zine this time. I hopey'all like the map, and especially the work I've done on making it readable. Deadline there is June 12.

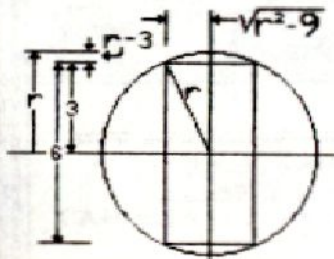
**COPLAND** has been held over by player request to May 15.

**DEBUSSY**, Mitch Wageler's game, is recovering from a bad time which perhaps is somewhat my fault for being rather irregular during the time **XL** was in limbo. As a result, Mitch is replaying a portion of his game. Details will be inside the envelope when I get them from Mitch tomorrow.

**ELGAR** has a deadline of May 15. Damn, gotta find a way to stagger these international games. For those of you who asked about the order of GM removals, that is printed in **XL#15**, p. 9, houserule (2.14). The first French unit to be removed will be F MAO, then A Bur, then A Pic. If Charles NMRs, it'll be F Alb first, A Ser second, A Vie third. But Charles won't NMR this time, unless he flies here and steals his orders.

**FAURE** is the victim of a goof-up. I forgot to change all of my address files, and consequently Jerry Falkiner doesn't even know that **XL** is in print yet. Sure I would have mailed him a copy immediately, if it hadn't taken four weeks to get back here marked "moved". Wonders never cease when you talk about Canada Post.....

**GREGORY** is the next regular Dip game. **HANDEL** is the international one offered first as compensation for the **ELGAR** fiasco foisted upon us by Jeff Albrecht. **IVES** will be the name of the variant Seismic Diplomacy game. (See p. 7-8) And that's about it!



volume of sphere =  $4\pi r^3$  (r=radius)  
 cylinder =  $L\pi r^2$  (L=length)  
 spherical cap =  $\frac{\pi A(3r^2 + A^2)}{6}$   
 (A=Altitude)  
 Length=6, Altitude=r-3, by diagram.  
 Radius of Cylinder =  $\sqrt{r^2 - 9}$   
 remaining volume = (sphere - cylinder - 2(cap))  
 =  $(4\pi r^3/3) - (6\pi(r^2 - 9)) - 2(\pi(r-3)(3r^2 + (r-3)^2)/6)$   
 =  $36\pi$  !!!

from p. 19 →

DIPGAB continued

period in Ottawa, drove to Montreal, and found the game still on, but I didn't ask.)

When the fourth OT started, it was 10:40 here. In Washington it was twenty to two. Harry Neale opened the period with a brilliant comment: "Here we go into the *ninth* game of this best-of-seven series."

Then the inevitable happened. Kevin Dineen skated down the right side, and faked a shot. This froze Caps defenseman Rod Langway for a second, and Dineen skated past him, around the net, and took a shot. Kevin Hatcher blocked the shot, and the puck slid out to the blue line...

...Where Pat LaFontaine, skating back to cover, caught it, and blasted a turn-around slap shot which Washington goalie Bob Mason never saw.

It was four minutes to eleven. Four minutes to two in Washington. If anyone was still up in Newfoundland, it was 3:26AM.

I looked at Nan. She looked at me.

We decided to order a pizza.

## Puzzled?

I was astonished at the number of responses for the puzzles I printed on the mailing cover last time. I'll have to announce the winners next time, because I haven't time to go through them all to figure out who won, but as I recall most who entered got 5 or 6 out of 6, but a lot of people are going to lose points simply for not indicating how they came to their answers.

What I can do now is print the answers. Before that, I'll credit these problems, as many of you have probably suspected, to Martin Gardner, from his books on recreational mathematics, which consist of articles from his former Mathematical Games columns in *Scientific American* magazine. I reworded most of them, and in a few cases this turned out to be a mistake. I won't repeat the questions here, just the answers.

1. Deal counterclockwise from the bottom of the deck. Everybody got it, though some were a bit vague. If I were a real jerk, I'd take off a point for "deal backwards."

2. Zero. This is more a trick question than a puzzler: I expected the next number to be in the four to five digit range, and gave up without trying, only to feel like an idiot when I saw the answer.

3. The number is 6,210,001,000.

4. O.K. In trying to word the problem differently under time pressure, I forgot that there aren't any bears at the south pole. If you forget that slip, the answer is yes, any point  $x$  divided by  $\pi$ , plus one, where  $x$  is a positive integer, miles from the South Pole.

5. The original author was incapable of translating the first two footnotes into German, but quite capable of copying the second footnote, substituting only the number 3 for the number 2.

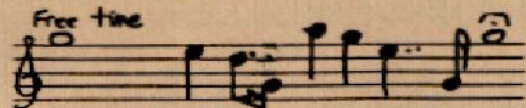
6. The train to Brooklyn arrives one minute (or so) before the train to the Bronx arrives. Thus, he only goes to the Bronx if he gets there just after the Brooklyn train leaves.

7. The way to picture this one was as follows. (3 points off for guessing without reasoning.) At any point in time the four bugs will occupy the four corners of a square which rotates clockwise and shrinks, though the centre remains in place. We can therefore use relative movement to reason that each bug travels exactly ten inches, since the square originally had sides of ten inches. (Imagine not the centre fixed in place, but one of the corners fixed while the square shrinks and rotates.)

I almost gave Steve Hutton, who pointed out that if the bugs were all gay, they would crawl towards the bug on the opposite corner: A towards C, and B towards D, for a distance of 5 times the square root of two. Almost....but not quite...gave him a bonus.

8. To solve this with algebra, you had to know the formula for a spherical cap, as twice this plus the volume of the cylinder must be subtracted from the volume of the sphere. Amazingly enough, all the complexity of the equation you start with cancels out to  $36\pi$  (see preceding page). Unfortunately, the book didn't show the intermediate steps, and after several tries I got close to but not bang on  $36\pi$ . So, the first person who can solve that below, showing all work inbetween clearly and legibly, wins \$1.00 worth of sub credit.

There's another way of solving the problem. Assume that the problem wouldn't be given unless there was only one solution. So, if we assume the six inch long hole took nothing out of the sphere, we find that this indeed takes place when  $r=3$ . This makes the volume of both the spherical caps and the cylinder zero, leaving the entire sphere. Plugging three into the sphere formula gets  $36\pi$ .



## HOUSEKEEPING

The section marked "Sub Warnings" has been discontinued. You'll find that if the number after the dollar sign isn't positive, your sub will tend to expire real quick if you don't do something about it.

### Welcome to:

Jacques Belanger, 985 1/2 Mainguy, Ste-Foy PQ, Canada G1V 3S5  
Jeff Zarse, 1 N. Stonegate, Lake Forest IL, USA 60045

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

Jacques Belanger, Jeff Zarse. Jeff, I'm sending your check back in hopes that we can trade, OK? Oh yes! Gary Coughlan, who sadly has folded the great *Europa Express*, sent \$5.00, of which 40 cents gets added to his sub. I think I'll make him the next Postal Clue victim....

Stand-bys for regular Diplomacy are: Bob Acheson, Charles Arsenault, Jacques Belanger, Claude Gautron, Paul Milewski, Craig Reges, Bill Shirley, Alan Stewart, 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. Could use lots more stand-bys. Chances are if you sign up, you'll be in a game (and consequently receiving XL for free) soon, because I've used most of the above in the games already.

### Gamestarts:

Diplomacy: GREGORY: (6-week deadlines): Don Wagner. 6 needed. First priority to new XL subbers. \$3.00 gamefee + subscription.

HANDEL: (9-week deadlines minus one day, seven nation, no stand-bys, British system of season combination): I can see the ELGAR game is being unbalanced, so this is free to all remaining ELGAR participants and there is room for one American player. Nancy Hurrell has asked to GM this one. We have some strict rules whereby this would be the case, including the "one day before my games" rule, which explains the unusual frequency.

IVES: (6-week deadlines). Seismic Diplomacy. Do not under any circumstances until you've read pages 7-8. \$3.00 gamefee, but it'll be worth it.

Superbourse: Anyone can enter at any time, rules straddled betwixt XL#6-7. I didn't mention this earlier, but this is now on flyer as it takes up too much space.

Stand-bys called: Nobody needed in BEETHOVEN, and since that's the only game adjudicated this time (see p. 18 for why)that's it. Mitch tells me he needs Craig Reges to stand-by for Italy in DEBUSSY.

### Address Changes:

Mike Barno, 514 E. Washington #1, Madison WI, USA 53703

Mitch Wageler, 2012 Springer Ave., Burnaby BC, about two short miles from XL headquarters.

Craig Reges tells me his address is 16W761 White Pines (not Plains) Rd., Bensenville IL, USA 60106

