

I'M IN LOVE!! (AGAIN...?)

# excelsior

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ISSUE No. 5 by BRUCE MCINTYRE





## Directory! (forgot again)

EXCELSIOR #5 by Bruce McIntyre with help from Nancy Hurrell (quite a bit, actually), printed June 16 1985 in Vancouver (a remote suburb of Burnaby).

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## DipGab

This has been a RUSH issue of XL. I did not enjoy the quality of the writing, but I guess that's what happens when you wait too long and then discover that this issue is going to go to 32 pages. I just can't wait to collate this one....

The Patterns II game has been delayed—my fault mostly, although one of the players has suggested I take a point or two (try five after next months deadline, Mr. Y!) for his turtlishness! Another player sent me guesses without first getting information: that part was my fault, as I thought I'd give them to him at MinnCon, but he decided to stay at home, and I forgot to mail them when I returned. So the new deadline is June 19th.

I also discontinued the Pente game in MY Move/Your Move, as it was terribly unpopular. I will play Pente with anyone who wishes to play by post, for any reasonable stake. OK?

Note: we are now on five-week deadlines. I've had enough of having the response for XL#x come in after I've mailed XL#x+1! So the next issue goes to the printers July 21. In #6 I shall open another game, and open one more in August or September. With COPLAND (see below), that will be my limit for quite awhile, at least until a few of the games started show signs of ending. I'm well aware of the many requests I've been getting to open more games (I've had six sample requests in the last month from newcomers to the hobby) and this is the best I can reasonably do, for the moment.

The bad news about games here is that COPELAND, I find, is spelled COPLAND, but that's not the only problem. All attempts to get internation



al players have failed; except for Sean McGonigle from New Zealand, all applicants are North Americans. I'm especially sorry for Ben Schilling, who has sent orders for all seven countries, press, and exhortations to get it going. Can't say I blame you for your impatience, Ben—It has been quite too long a wait. So, I ask to those who were signed up for that game—would you like to play in a regular game instead? And to Sean, would you like to play in a regular game instead? If so, you'll be the first considered for COPLAND; if not tell me what to do with your three bucks. (Gamefees for COPLAND have been received from Ben Schilling, Melinda Holley, and Charles Arsenault)

To Jan Feringa: I think you've misunderstood my deal. If you can get me a European player for COPLAND, I shall play in Brutus's international game. If not, you won't be seeing any orders from me; I love internationals, but not enough that I'll sign up for more than I can handle. You scratch my back, I'll scratch yours. OK?

Steve Langley wrote to tell me he's thinking of starting an open forum similar to NFA's, to fill in the gap left by Steve Hutton's European vacation. What he needs is address lists: my 350 names were recapped in an earlier letter column (XL#3, p.16), so if you need any of those sources drop me a line and I'll photocopy them for you. I feel this is a good idea, so I would ask you all to send any Dip address lists you may have to Steve Langley, 2296 Eden Roc Ln. #1, Sacramento CA, USA 95825.

As you no doubt have noticed by now, I haven't yet purchased a printer to go with my computer system, but I have been looking. The problem has simply been no time off at all. But I've cleverly scheduled things so that I now have two weeks off, time enough to forge ahead and get that one I've been looking at, find a decent word processor, and figure out how to use it. With my past record, this would indicate that the next issue should be out by 1986. I hope....

Another thing I should get off my ass and do is a mail sorting program, so I can separate the responses to games from the letters in your responses, SINCE YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO! Really, it would be a hell of a lot easier if you'd separate orders from other stuff. Please?

And now for a few jokes from a fellow who desperately wishes to go unnamed (though he called me up to see that they would be included). I'm sure you will be able to see why.

Why is Canada Post so lazy? Because it's run by some "Americans" who are too lazy to fight a war!

What is the difference between the RCMP and the South African Police? The former always get their man; the latter always get their boy!

(Good Lord. There may be more irate responses on this than on Hobbytalk!)

## Excelsior Menu

### Subscriptions

3 issues for \$2.00 in Canada  
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### Gamefees

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Send all correspondence to:

Bruce McIntyre-Nancy Hurrell  
 6191 Winch St.  
 Burnaby BC  
 Canada V5B 2E4

If it's orders only send it to me, but if it's gab, send it to Nancy too. She's getting tired of watching me open all the mail around here.....

(And for Ghod's sake, Melinda, stop sending those pink envelopes! I've still got bruises from that day!!!)



## MINNCON - THE ARTICLE

PART I - Montréal, May 1979

We begin the story of MinnCon six years ago, long before MinnCon was ever conceived, and long before I entered the hobby. There's not much that this actually has to do with MinnCon '85 - except that much of the later prose will seem somewhat unusual unless you have started here at the beginning. Also, starting things here allows me to share with you a very memorable period of my life, and I'd hate to pass up such a good opportunity to do that.

The details you should know then: yours truly is sitting at a kitchen table in a Montréal house on a Sunday night, time is about 9:00 pm, romantic dancing and other types of heavy petting are going on in the cramped basement below, and the backyard is the haven of the drinkers and smokers. (the frontyard was kept vacant as a formality to the neighbourhood.) Sitting on my left is a pretty lady from the Montréal band our high school is exchanging with, whose name, I have found out, is Nancy. We've been doing the things that high school outcasts do at parties: hide in a corner, trying to avoid the "c'mon, have a beer and a toke" crowd, and act as though you're having fun. It may have something to do with Sunday's effect on Québec, but for once the uncool types were quite numerous, and having some fun, telling jokes, playing cards, and doing card tricks.....

Suddenly the music changed, and the disco beat that thumped out that year changed to a more romantic slow tune. I had made a pact with myself that I would ask Nancy to dance (always a very nervous action at the tender age of seventeen) when the music turned slow, and so I steeled myself, and faced her.

"Nancy, d'you want to dance."

"Sure."

As we made our way downstairs (and as it turned out, away from the upstairs crowd for good), I could only wonder whether I would have given up had I had more time to think about it. If the music had stayed fast for even a few minutes more, I'd probably have given up. Lucky.

I'm sure everyone has fond memories of their very first slow dance. For me, there had been a few others at parties, mostly caused by sudden changes in the music speed and a subsequent determination of will. That night in Montreal, the atmosphere was very heavy, and the basement was very dark and quite crowded. The music was slow, and remained slow for three long songs. The heat was quite unbearable, and the source of the heat was neither the air temperature nor the crowded conditions...

"Nancy, d'you want to go for a walk?"

"O.K."

I don't know how we went up the stairs arm in arm, but it seemed that it would be wrong to disentangle ourselves. As we went though the backyard, I heard several people asking themselves, "Ish my eyesight failing, or ish that McIntyre with a girl?"

For me, that was the sign of victory.

Two days later, it seemed as though it was over. We'd been separated by a scheduled day trip to Ottawa, and the party held at the school cafeteria that evening had been a disaster. For us, anyhow - by far the highlight was watching our school principal, Mr. Moulton, and his wife, show us their conservative but enthusiastic style of disco dancing. Now don't get me wrong, Mr. Moulton was well liked, but there were giggles all around when he discovered he was dancing to the following lyrics:

Are you ready?! Are you ready for this?!  
Do ya like it?! Do ya like it like this?!  
Are you ready?! Are you ready for this?!



Do ya like it?! do ya like it like this?!

Pu-ush, pu-ush, in the bush!

(screaming)YOU KNOW I LIKE TO FUCK!

Pu-ush, pu-ush, in the bush!

(screaming again)YOU KNOW I WANNA GET DOWN!

There was more, but at that point a teacher seized control of the sound system, to Mr. Moulton's great relief, I'm sure.

I was still waiting for Nancy to return from the bathroom. I had been waiting for over forty minutes, and was beginning to wonder. If Nancy had gone home, how would I get my jacket out of her locker? And why had she left me here? Finally, Mike Moon, a good friend of mine, handed me my jacket and said that Nancy didn't want to be seen with me any more. At that point, the party was called due to curfew, and we all agreed to meet at a nearby park. (Curfews were frowned upon, and mostly ignored.) The disaster continued when people noticed us quite apart, and tried to push us together - something that Nancy didn't want, and eventually I left, depressed, and she began to cry. I wanted to stay and ask WHY?, but I sensed that Nancy didn't want me around.

So two days later, the last day of the trip, I sat in the same chair for four hours formulating a speech that I would forget. Later that afternoon, everyone met in the band room with all the luggage. When Nancy arrived, I steered her off to underneath a nearby stairwell, and proceeded to butcher my carefully prepared speech. My only memory of that speech is the terribly mushy phrase, "and I'm not even sure I don't love you," which was rewarded by a tender embrace, and, when we returned into the band room, scattered applause. Three hours later, it was over - a lot of tears, tender words, plans to see each other again, and a tentative kiss.... and then a long walk to the plane, and a long trip home.

## PART II - Pink Envelopes, Presents, and Patricia

I completed my first letter to Nancy within two days of my return to Vancouver. A week later, I wrote again. All that I did revolved around when her answer would arrive on my doorstep. And when Nancy did not write, and two of my best friends became romantically involved with new-found lady friends, it made for a very lonely summer. The worst part was phoning up Patricia Post, and finding that even she was busy. An evening of angry slam dunking convinced me that now was the time to act, and the next day I asked Patricia to accompany me to a soccer game.

Two weeks later, I was lucky in love again, as a two-year relationship was started.

Three weeks later, the first of many pink envelopes arrived from Montréal, and my attention was steered in its direction while I had Patricia in tow. I quickly scanned the one carefully prepared page, and shielded it, saying and thinking, "Oh, my God."

The letter began, "Dear Bruce: I love you very mush. Each night I think of you." Not the type of letter one would want to leave lying around near the girlfriend! The resulting letter was the hardest letter I've had to write. It's tragic to have to convince someone you didn't mean to break their heart. We continued writing; I wrote long letters, she wrote shorter, but increasingly longer and better-written letters. Remember, although Nancy is a fluently bilingual English-Canadian (the language of her household is English and French), she attended French-language school. I thus excused the early spelling mistakes, until once I made a joke about one of them and she wanted to know what she was doing wrong. After that, her written English improved steadily.

The pink envelopes were there throughout my relationship with Patricia, there when I needed them the most during the breaking up, and there when I was moving out of my parents place last year. We would also phone one another on Christmas and birthdays, which was nice.



One summer night, while looking out on the lovely view of Burnaby's hilly terrain affords, I suddenly discovered that I was thinking of Nancy. The thought stuck. I looked up at the stars, down at the city lights, smelled the fresh air, and arrived home to find a letter, in a large envelope from Montréal, waiting for me. I could not have been in a better mood to read her question that she posed on the last page: "Where will you be and what will you be doing in 9 years?" I answered that I had a good idea as to what, no preference as to where, and that she had the inside track on the unstated "with whom?" question I sensed behind the real one.

Then about five months ago, Nancy mentioned in a phone call that she would be going via Vancouver to see some friends in Australia. There then followed some haggling over terms - I wanted her in town for at least a week, and preferably much longer. The trip was still two years in the future, but I managed to get a few weeks reserved!

Last February, I did something that provoked a reaction I would not have thought possible, though I don't regret it at all. I sent Nancy a teddy bear as a gift for Valentines day. This simple act resulted in my postman delivering a HUGE card, and a rethinking of Nancy's plans: now she would come out to Vancouver for the summer. Apparently Australia had been forgotten.

A whirlwind of phone calls and letters finalized the details: Nancy would stay with me; we'd meet in Winnipeg and travel down to MinnCon, and then go back together to Vancouver. I sent a cheque for the airfare, and she bought the tickets. Both of us counted the days, and crossed our fingers.

### PART III - MinnCon: The Comedy Of Errors

"Nancy, I don't want you to worry about this, but—"

"But what?" she said worriedly into her telephone.

"I haven't got the tickets yet—the ones you sent."

It was Saturday, six days before I was supposed to go. I had been painfully aware that they were missing for some time now, but had not wanted to worry her....

"Well, all you can do is check the Post Office—I sent them registered mail. I'll try to get CP Air to reserve another seat just in case."

As a matter of fact, the mail had been quite calm in the past while, with the sole exception of the surface mail from Holland. That, I had to admit, was kinda neat—eight or nine back issues of Brutus, all in one LARGE envelope, complete with a Canada Post blue card that I of course ignored. Other than that, there simply hadn't been much of anything.

Tuesday morning I called the Post Office. After being rerouted three times (call this number and ask for Mr. XXX), I finally was told that my letter had been waiting for me at the local pharmacy-post office for five days. "We usually send out a blue card when there's no one at home to sign for registered mail, but there must have been an error."

Ding!

There was an error all right. The error was that I hadn't read the blue card. I'd thought it was with the stuff from Holland. Sure enough, it told me all I needed to know, and I triumphantly phoned Montréal with the news. Nancy was ready to kill me for making her worry like that—and I couldn't blame her. She was leaving that night for Winnipeg, by train.

Thursday night I packed all my stuff into one suitcase, and a duffel bag, then cleaned up the room a bit. The first thing I found was the tickets—which of course I'd forgotten to pack.

Friday morning I woke up at 5:15, after getting almost no sleep at all. It wasn't until I was in the cab to the airport that I remembered about the tickets. They were in my duffel bag, which in turn was in the trunk of the cab. Or were they? Were they? I wasn't sure. And my op-



timism didn't seem to work, either. By the time we had reached the airport, I was absolutely certain that I'd have to phone Grant, get him up, and get him to find the tickets, bring 'em out (in a cab), all in about 40 minutes. I was so sure of this that I went straight to the nearest phone booth after paying the cabbie. But before putting my quarter in, I decided to check. They were there.

Apparently Nancy's travel agent had been at work, too, as I found that there were two seats reserved for me. Either that or it was some wisecrack by the ticket agent.

The clouds cleared up by the time we reached the Alberta border, and I found myself talking to a fellow about the hobby. I'm sure we all have tried patiently to explain the hobby to someone before: even if they're a good listener it's extremely difficult—one minute you're explaining about supply centres, the next you're explaining about the latest controversy. In any case, I was silenced by a deceptive breakfast which contained two scoops of ice cream which turned out to be eggs, and a cherry tomato which I pooped into my mouth only to find out that it was HOT.

Later on the Captain came back to chat with the passengers. I asked him if they really had navigational equipment up there. "Think about it: if those Saskatchewan farmers didn't diligently plough their fields north-south, but instead did it at 45-degree angles to the compass, how would you know where you were going?" The Captain laughed. Others didn't.

From my position over the left wing, I could see all of Winnipeg as we approached. It didn't seem anywhere near as large as Vancouver, but then we are surrounded by mountains and water, so we only look big. But I was sure I saw some dirt roads—as though they hadn't got around to paving them yet. I'm sure Claude Gautron will have something to say about that, eh?

Interesting how you don't feel afraid of heights until you get down to where you can actually read the road signs and the plane hasn't landed yet. But then we were down, and soon I was heading up the ramp to the air terminal where I was supposed to meet Nancy, whose train should have arrived there two hours before.

The Winnipeg airport has two main levels—and it was the top one that I entered on to. As I looked about, I saw an Italian family greeting their recently returned loved one in that Italian way which resembles a rugby scrum. There were several other people being greeted on the top floor, and I expected to be approached at any moment. It soon became apparent that this was not going to occur, so I followed the signs and went down to collect my luggage.

The carousel was empty. After watching it revolve for a minute, I decided to look around. On benches near the walls I saw three people. One was a sixty year old woman. Nope, I said to myself. Another was a man with graying hair. Nope. The other was a girl in her mid-twenties, but it didn't look anything like Nancy's picture. I watched the carousel some more. Another look around. The girl was staring at me. I looked back and decided resolutely that it was not Nancy—the hair was NOT long. Carousel. Another look—she's still staring at me. I'll stare back, maybe something will happen. Hold on, what if something does happen and it's not Nancy? Carousel. Another look. And then....she spoke.

"Well, are you going to recognize me, or not?"

We soon discovered we had unforeseen problems. The first was that the Winnipeg to Minneapolis bus trip was somewhat of a longer ride than I had expected: eleven hours. Also, the next one didn't leave for five hours. So, we spent the afternoon in Winnipeg. I lost Claude Gautron's phone number by locking all of my XI's in a storage locker, and we could not locate him in the phone book, so we went it alone. We walked from the bus station along Portage Ave. (half covered by construction work) towards Portage & Main, in what I believe was an eastern direction. (Am I right, Claude?) Underneath this intersection is the meeting point of about six underground shopping malls, and we went round and round the roundabout for a few laps before we realized we'd seen some of these



things before. Also, we had security guards follow us around, opening doors for us (so we didn't have any excuse to stop and neck), and doing their utmost to make us feel at home. We also had an drunken Indian woman applaud us, a construction worker yell at us ("Hey, we're tryin' to work over here!" I told him "So are we."), and a delirious old woman tell us very sincerely that she wouldn't be caught kissing in the street. Turning to face her, I said, "Well you're old." Ah, love is a wonderful thing....

After I had eaten some cannelloni, and Nancy some pizza in an Italian restaurant, we boarded the bus for Minneapolis. We were given little pieces of paper to fill out for the border people. After looking it over carefully, we figured it out. Others didn't. The first thing they did at the border was check all the papers. Some idiot had his filled out wrong, to our great delight:

Immigration Official: You've forgotten to put that you're not an American citizen.

Passenger: But it says right here: Canada, under citizen of what country.

Official: But you also have to mark no here, where it says 'Are you an American citizen.'

Passenger: But isn't that obvious?

Official: No.

We had ours filled out O.K., thank God. As soon as the card checker left the bus, another man came aboard and stated that he was only interested in the non-Canadian, non-American citizens. Unfortunately, Nancy didn't hear him, and confidently flashed all of her I.D. at him when he got to us. But soon we were on our way into the good ol' U.S.A., the great state of North Dakota to be more specific.

Just a few minutes south of the border is a town called Grafton, ND. It was here that the bus made its first rest stop, at a little place with the title Taco The Town. Inside it became apparent that the title was far above the heads of the clientele, for which a good estimate of the average age would be 15. I got the impression of a 1985 version of Arnold's from Happy Days. It was hilarious to see the looks on the elderly couple's faces when they saw the place chosen for the first rest stop.

The Greyhound routes we would have to take were the Winnipeg-Kansas City run, and the Seattle-Chicago run. These two buses almost (but not quite) meet in a place called Fargo, ND, twice daily. Our bus arrived in Fargo at 11:30 PM. We were told that the Minneapolis-Chicago bus would be along at 1:00 AM, our baggage would be transferred for us, and to stay in the terminal. This last sounded quite ominous, and everyone obeyed.

The bus depot in Fargo is big. Really big. There is room for at least thirty buses, probably as many as fifty. It smells like a mixture of carbon monoxide and Eau de Barnyard. Inside it is crowded—people waiting for the bus to K.C., which wouldn't be ready until they had unloaded all the Chicago-bound baggage. We were quite surprised to find that the entire Greyhound daily schedule for Fargo was twelve buses: even though you could easily fit thirty in the depot.

Our ninety minute wait was filled with great thrills: setting a record on the Frogger game that was, to my surprise, still there when we returned....watching the elderly couple drink at least ten cups of coffee, out of the machine with the Draw Poker cups (each cup has four cards on the outside of the cup, and the fifth inside—each cup is different).... Me eating a Ham & Cheese sandwich, marked as having the following ingredients: Sun, Ham, Cheese.....Nancy borrowing some shampoo to wash her hair in the depot's washroom.....A brilliant sign greeting people leaving the bus station: Joe's Eats—One Block West. Well where the hell's west?

They never got a chance to call our bus—people just lined up for it for some unknown reason. We pushed our way to the front of the line on my hunch that the bus from Seattle would be already half full. I was right for once, and although we had to sit in the smoking section, we got the last remaining double seat. Indeed, there wasn't enough room on the



bus for all the people that had been waiting in Fargo for 90 minutes. As I remember, three had to stand up—they ended up sitting in the aisles, I think. But things got worse when four more wanted to get on at the next stop: one guy in the back gave up his seat and said, "Stop this bus, I'm getting off. You've got more than 43 passengers on here." I quickly explained to Nancy that this was perfectly legal, though we didn't mind having this particular passenger get off; his cigarettes smelled absolutely awful.

One guy got on, surveyed the situation, and called out "Are there any seats?" After a short pause, somebody behind us said, "There's one back here." He made his way to the back of the bus only to be shown the empty seat inside the washroom. He took it, too.

I should mention that we did not get any sleep at all on the bus, although we did get a lot of rest. Let us just say we made the best of our surroundings....

The bus arrived at the Minneapolis bus depot at about 6AM. By the time we got our baggage, went to the rest room, and collected ourselves, it was 6:30 AM. This was somewhat too late for any games to be in progress, so we had breakfast at the cafeteria that had just opened. Or I should say I had breakfast—Nancy wasn't hungry.

While I sat at the breakfast table alone (Nancy was making her trip to the bathroom), I heard what has to be the most amazing, fantastic, bus station announcement in captivity. I shall try to reproduce it here, but I fear that I shall not be able to accurately recall the wild and wonderful effect that takes place daily at 6:40 AM in the Minneapolis bus depot, when the announcement is played:

"Jackson bus lines announces the first call for bus number 713, to St. Paul, Ottawa, Fargo, Boston, Los Angeles, Miami, Grand Forks, Trenton, Billings, Winnipeg, Sioux Falls, and Bemidji, with connections at Fargo for New Haven, Crestwood, Johnsonville, Quenton, and Shaunessey. Connections at Miami for St. Cloud, Centre City, Topeka, Atlanta, and Seattle. Connections at Trenton for Madison, Joliet, Peabody, Gordon's Peak, Humphreys, Manette, and San Diego. Connections at...."

It was amazing to me how one bus could connect up with the whole continent! And just ten seconds after that announcement ended, a new one began. Same voice.

"Jackson bus lines announces the SECOND call for....."

We called MinnCon Headquarters at about ten to seven. This time I did not make the mistake of asking for Scott Peterson. We were picked up and a short drive later had arrived at our destination, where people were in various stages of waking up. There was Jerry Falkiner returning from the shower, Gary Coughlan and Jeff Richmond and Matthew Chen doing their best to avoid falling asleep, and three cats, each of which apparently had fallen, jumped, or slept on Gary at various times during the night. The three cats, Misha, Bruce, and Mausl, were a constant source of terror for Gary all weekend, until finally Sunday night he slept behind closed doors upstairs. (We awoke to find the cats waiting for someone to open the door.)

Our arrival seemed to wake everyone up, and I told the story which you have read in part 3 of this article up to this point. Telling the story made me realize just how terribly tired I was, and after the others went into the kitchen, I quite easily fell asleep on the couch.

I awoke to the sound of Nancy's voice from the kitchen, telling everyone what you've read in Parts I and II of this article, and the sound of laughter. With great difficulty, I picked myself up off the couch, and went into the kitchen just in time to get into a game of Hase und Igel, a very well put together game with a ludicrously childish theme: collecting and eating carrots and other items from a garden. After this was over, I slept some more. Woke up after everyone had gone for lunch, so Nancy and I decided to follow. We walked down to McDonalds to find that there was



not too much chance of a ride back: the ones who had gone were stuffed into somebody's car like sardines! So we walked back, and when we got back, I fell asleep on the couch again.

This time I woke up to find that more people had arrived. Apparently I had already been introduced while sleeping, because Marc Peters introduced himself as soon as I got up. Also arrived was Debi Peters, their friend Karen, and I see I forgot to mention Beth, who shares Scott & Frauke's house with them, and did a marvelous job putting up with us all weekend. I had no sooner met all these new people then, you guessed it, I'd fallen asleep on the couch again.

Apparently Frauke and Beth were responsible for a marvelous chili dinner on the Saturday night. I say apparently because I slept through it. So I decided to try to find a place to eat on my own: then I decided to try to persuade Nancy to come along. For some reason it was harder than I thought, but finally I got her to come along, and eventually I all but dragged out of her the fact that she was feeling a bit ill, and she suspected the pizza in Winnipeg. So when I finally found a place to eat, she drank a pop and watched. Afterwards we toured an all-night grocery store (not your run of the mill 7-11, this was a full-fledged supermarket, open 24 hours: something you do not see at all in Vancouver) while waiting for a sudden rainfall to stop, then we got back to the con site just in time for the first game of (no kidding) Diplomacy.

The lineup for this game was Jerry Falkiner in England, Jeff Richmond in Germany, Scott Hansen in Russia, myself in my least favourite Turkey, Matt Chen in Austria, Marc Peters in Italy, and Gary Coughlan in France. I did my usual poor, setting up a vicious stab on Austria, provided that I be supported into Greece in FO1 by Marc. Marc stabbed for the Austrian home centres and went instead to Tun, and with my one build I found I could not get revenge right away for this setback. However, it soon became apparent that there was a western triple alliance in the game, and while we wore down Germany after a bit, my colleagues were not amused with my bid for revenge on Italy, as it gave France a better chance to get a winning position. In the end it was a France-England draw, with Turkey being considered for inclusion until it became apparent that I was as doomed as the rest. Oh well, what the hell....

We reserved the doorway for our sleeping bags, and although this was somewhat less room than we would have liked, it was very comfortable, and finally I got the sleep I really wanted. It didn't start right away, however. First there was round two of the Gary vs. the cats fight. This began when Gary noticed that Mausi had chosen HIS sleeping bag over all the others for comfort. Mausi didn't give up easily either. Even when Gary was in the sleeping bag.....

Sunday morning I played some backgammon against Jeff Richmond, and at a measley ten cents a point lost 80 cents in record time. I was saying before we started that my normal stakes were a dollar (Canadian) per point, so I'm glad we agreed to play at Jeff's stakes. After that I went to the couch, and nearly fell asleep until I saw Jerry's camera. He wanted to take a picture. "I'd send it to Gary for publication, Bruce. I can just see the headline: Bruce McIntyre during the 2½ minutes he was awake at MinnCon!"

The afternoon was spent playing cards. We played Bridge for awhile, Debi Peters and I being cremated by Jeff and Matt Chen. Then there was a new game played, I Doubt It, in which you have two decks and players try to get rid of their cards by bluff. For example, at one point Gary Coughlan put down three cards, saying "three queens". Nancy was next—she had the following choices; play more cards, pass, or say "I doubt it", and see whether or not Gary was bluffing or not. Of course, if she's playing cards, she has to play queens, or at least say that they're queens. The best one was when somebody said "eight jacks". As this person had just taken eight jacks in a foiled attempt at a doubt, we had no doubts whatsoever that there were indeed eight jacks in the pile. So it went pass, pass, pass, pass, etc. It got back around to the starting player again,



and to our dismay we heard "eight jacks" once more! Now which one was it? Finally someone challenged, and lost, amidst great hilarity.

While the I Doubt It game was in progress Scott Hanson and Marc Peters were watching a Minnesota-Milwaukee baseball game on the tube. I was absolutely amazed to find that they knew each and every player on both teams: that sort of fandom simply does not exist in Vancouver. I mean, they were talking stats like you wouldn't believe—I thought that was restricted to sportscasters with nothing to do.

There is one sad note I think I should report from the con. Actually it had absolutely nothing to do with the con, just an observation I made and felt awful making it. Don't get me wrong: Minneapolis is a beautiful city. I went for a few walks around the neighbourhood, and was quite impressed. But as I went walking Saturday night to get some dinner (I slept through again!), I had an experience I've not yet had. As I walked down Stevens St., I saw some young children playing with an inflated ball. As I walked past, they gathered together and stared at me until I was half a block away. These were not curious stares, these were stares of terror. And it took quite a lot out of me when I realized that the reason was nothing more than the colour of my skin. It's not that I've not seen this type of thing before; what struck me was how young these kids were. They were absolutely terrified of me, as though I was going to kidnap them or something. I found that a very difficult pill to swallow.

Returning to the company of friends, I found them playing cards again. I watched for awhile, then, at Gary's request, put on my Monty Python tape Monty Python's Contractual Obligation Tape. Soon we were all trying to hear the amazingly dirty and hilarious lyrics of that insane tape. And no sooner was it over than they informed us that Monty Python's Flying Circus was on, two episodes in succession. So we watched that for an hour, then we watched an old espionage show called The Secret Agent, which I'd never before heard of. Apparently Gary had heard of it, as he knew all the lyrics to the theme song. Music seemed to play an important role in the show, as at one point Gary was heard to exclaim, "Ah shore wouldn't get in a cah lahke that with that music playin'." Soon it became apparent that a plot was afoot to get one of the cats to jump into Gary's lap. Finally it succeeded, only to have Gary take Mausli in his arms and proclaim how much he really loved cats. Of course this completely freaked out poor Mausli, who ran away as soon as possible for the comfort of Gary's sleeping bag. Unfortunately for Mausli, it was actually Matt Chen's sleeping bag, and he was just coming to bed at the moment. Mausli fell asleep at the precise moment that Matt Chen decided to throw the intruder out. All of a sudden Gary screamed, as out of the corner of his eye he saw a flying cat. By the time Mausli awoke, it was too late to make a reasonable landing. THUMP! Exit one cat for the night....

The stroke of midnight brought to the TV a repeat of Bonanza. Believe it or not, I had never seen Bonanza before. However, I was filled in on what would happen. There was apparently a pool based on how Ben Cartwright's lady friend would be killed off, so that a new lady friend could be created in the next episode for him. "Can't have him married again", explained Marc Peters. "He's already been married three times." Most of the TV veterans were certain she would die tragically, but Gary was quite adamant. "Lookit that black dress—she's gonna dah a vahlent death, Ah jest know it..."

Then there was this little addition to the script by Gary, who was really having a wonderful time by now:

BEN CARTWRIGHT: Now don't you worry, Anna.

ANNA: Ben....if they find mah son—

GARY COUGHLAN: What'll they do?

ANNA: —what'll they do?

(applause from the TV audience...)

After Bonanza I went to bed, but others stayed up to watch a rerun of The Three Stooges, counting the number of violent acts...

I reminded Nancy that our bus left tomorrow at 11:30AM, and then we slept.



Monday morning, Memorial Day (I didn't even know what we were supposed to be memorializing.) all twelve of us went out for breakfast. We were amazed at this exchange between Gary and the waitress:

GARY: How large is your large orange juice?

WAITRESS: It's just a bit bigger than that water glass.

GARY: Do you know how many ounces that is?

WAITRESS: No, but it's a bit bigger than that water glass.

GARY: O.K. I'll have three.

He drank 'em, too. I noticed that the restaurant chain at which we ate had an outlet in Fargo. When it became apparent that the 'Everything Omelette' was quite enough for me and the three pancakes that came with it would go uneaten, Nancy suggested that we go to the same place in Fargo and say something like "I left three pancakes in Minneapolis this morning" and see what happens.

Finally it was time to leave, and we headed for the bus depot, with all our luggage (almost all, as you'll find out) in Scott & Frauke's car. It was in transit that we discovered quite by accident that the bus actually was scheduled to leave at 11:15, not 11:30 as we had thought. The car's speed doubled upon hearing the news, but it was too late. The bus had left ten minutes before we arrived. It was at this point that Scott offered to drive us to St. Cloud, the bus's next stop. After a hurried good-bye to everyone, we got into the car and were off.

It was about a 70 mile drive to St. Cloud. The bus did it in 80 minutes according to the schedule. Hopefully their ten minute head start would be negated by our friends getting the bus to hold for ten minutes in St. Cloud. We got into the car and drove. And drove. And drove. I kept checking against my watch, and reporting with glee that we were gaining against the sixty MPH standing we had to beat. The problem was that when we got to St. Cloud, we couldn't get off the highway—the approach road was being repaired, and it took forever to get into the city. Then, once downtown, we couldn't find the bus depot! Finally, when all seemed lost, sitting at an intersection, Scott screamed out "Greyhound!" and turned the car towards a bus driver with a "that must be them" look on his face...

The trip to Winnipeg was most enjoyable. Unlike the trip down, we got to actually see Minnesota's numerous lakes. I was quite surprised to find out from one of Nancy's post cards that the advertised 15,000 lakes were all at least an acre in size. So all those puddles didn't count! I really didn't see how they could fit so many lakes in Minnesota in the first place....But they did.

On the bus, Nancy had the gall to inform me that I wasn't the cutest guy at MinnCon. Her top 5 were Scott Hanson, 5th; li'l ol' me, 4th; Marc Peters, 3rd; Gary Coughlan, 2nd; and that Tom Sellick look alike, Jerry Falkiner, 1st. However, Jerry will be pleased to learn that he was relegated to second on the bus when Nancy noticed a tall dark stranger with an Australian accent—one of her weaknesses. (I'm currently looking for a Rolf Harris album to emulate in her presence.)

At Fargo (this time in broad daylight) we searched for Joe's Eats, but we picked the wrong direction. So I had another Ham & Cheese bun, and the ingredients had not changed. And much to my surprise, I noticed that my Frogger record was still intact after a long weekend of assaults. We boarded the bus to Winnipeg and found that Taco The Town was closed for the holiday, so it was on to the border.

By this time Nancy was feeling rather poorly due to the pizza she'd eaten in Winnipeg, the long bus trip, and the promise of a night flight home. She hates to fly. So when we were lucky enough to get the nicest border guard in the province of Manitoba, Nancy took offense when he asked her for some I.D. Luckily, everything went O.K., and soon we were in the Winnipeg bus depot at 11PM. I managed to reach Claude Gautron and talk to him from the Winnipeg bus depot for a few minutes before we got our cab out to the airport. At the airport, we got the rest of our baggage out of a locked locker (they lock 'em after 24hrs.) with the s-l-o-w help of an ancient clerk who looked as though he would fall asleep at any mo-



ment. Then I took a long awaited bathroom break to freshen up a bit, and found to my utter horror that we weren't quite home free yet...

My house keys were missing.

I should explain the schedule we were on so you can appreciate how much of a problem this was. First, the time at that moment was 12:50AM Winnipeg time. Our plane was to take off at 1:30, and get in to Vancouver airport at about 4:00AM Vancouver time. This would not be the time to ask Mr. Chang to let me in, especially as I hadn't bothered to tell him that my new roommate was female! A phone call-collect to my house did no good at all—it rang about five times and I realized that since it was 11 PM in Vancouver, Grant would not be home—he was working my shift at the gas station where I work. So I asked the operator to phone the station, but since it was after midnight it was verboten to charge the call to my number. I then figured I could call Grant when we got in to Vancouver; he'd probably be up at 4AM, as usual.

After a LARGE meal which I could not eat (I found out what a Western sandwich was when the cook put about 12 pieces of bacon on the grill, much to my dismay), we boarded the plane for Vancouver.

The CP Air night flight is the most amazing thing. It uses time zones to the greatest advantage possible. It apparently starts in Halifax at about 11PM Halifax time, and stops in every major Canadian city until it reaches Vancouver at 4AM Vancouver time. However, the flight takes longer than it looks like—the apparent 5 hour flying time becomes nine after you adjust for time zones. And stops at Quebec City, Montréal, Ottawa, Toronto, Thunder Bay, Winnipeg, Calgary, and Vancouver don't do the average passenger much good either. Oh, one more thing—the plane is a DC 10.

We took off at about 1:20, ten minutes early, and out of the window I could see the night lights of Winnipeg—a most beautiful sight. I pointed this out to Nancy, who was just recuperating from the adverse effects of takeoff combined with fear of flying. "Oh yeah, great," she said, as she made sure there was indeed a barf bag in the seat in front...

Calgary especially looks good at night, as the city fathers have decided to light the city with two different colours of street lights, white for the side streets, and yellow for the main roads. Nancy didn't even look. On the ground in Calgary for two hours, it seemed, I felt as though the plane was overheating. And try as I might I couldn't find the button to get a cool stream of air flowing. Then I realized that the major source of heat in my area was sitting on my right. And I began to worry.

When we got into Vancouver, I was going to point out the streets to Nancy, but then I realized that she might throw up all over me when we made our final approach to the airport over the Pacific Ocean. So I woke her up after we landed. The grogginess subsided when we got off the plane and into the airport. Her first words were "What a lousy airport."

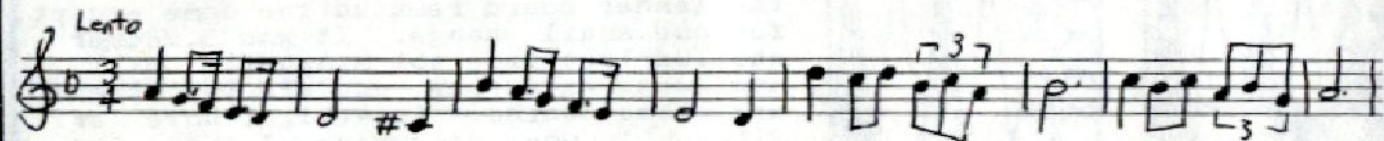
The plan was at this point to alert Grant that we would be taking a taxi to his place to pick up his key (he was my roommate the preceding month) on our way to my place. This plan was shot down when Grant groggily informed me that he had left his key on my kitchen table. Luckily for us, we were rescued by Nancy's aunt, who put us up for the rest of the night. In the morning I went home, got Mr Chang to let me in, and after Nancy had made her way here in a taxi whose driver swore that there was no such street, we took a long nap.

The phone rang. Nancy answered.

"Bruce, it's for you."

Ugh. Grunt. "Hello?"

The last words Nancy heard before she went back to bed were an excited "Hi there, BRUX!!!"





## My MOVE/Your MOVE

Thanks are certainly in order to our good friend Jeff Richmond, whose fantastic graphics machine, when not busy printing Frobozz, was making me lots of game boards. Thanks, Jeff!

### CHES

White (me) Black (you)  
 1 P-K4 P-K4  
 2 N-KB3 N-QB3  
 3 B-B4 N-B3  
 4 N-B3 B-B4  
 5 O-O ???

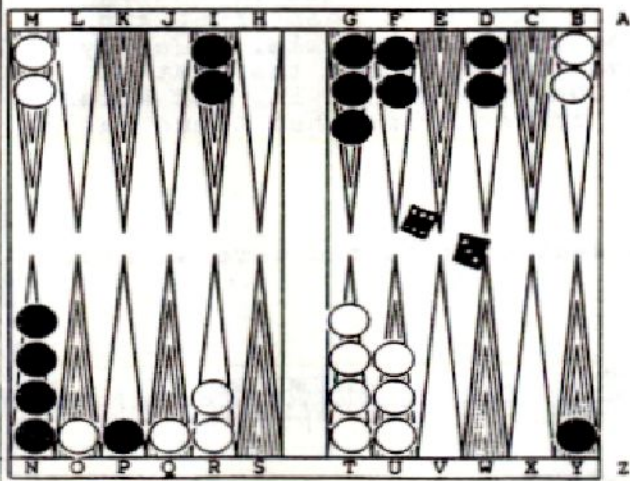
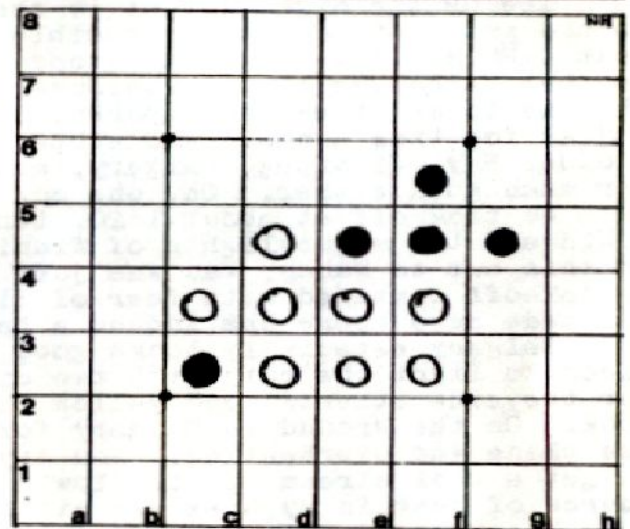
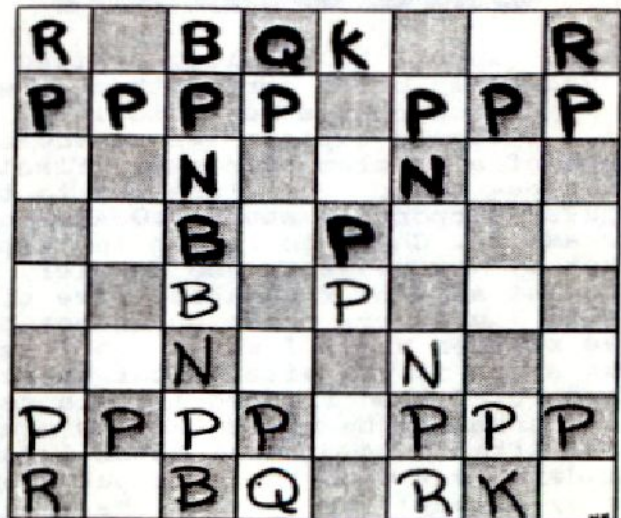
Five out of eight votes for B-B4, including the first ever double vote, by Bill Becker. Voters were: B.Becker, twice, Krukowski, Daniels, Langley, K.Brown, Corbin, and Minshall. Those underlined voted for B-B4. Leader is Conrad Minshall with 4, Corbin, Krukowski and Lorber all tied for second with two.

### OTHELLO

White (me) Black (you)  
 1 f4 f3  
 2 e3 f5  
 3 f6 d3  
 4 c3 c4  
 5 e5 ???

Bill sent in two identical guesses for each game, and this time he got it right! (no, he only gets one point.) Kevin Brown & Ken Corbin also picked up a point, while Krukowski, Langley, and Minshall all missed. Bill leads with four, Corbin close behind with three. My move this time should make things a bit more exciting though, eh?

The Pente game has been cancelled due to lack of interest, not to mention lack of space. The two problems with Jeff's boards are the scissors work I have to do, and the fact that I have to reduce the boards down to 80% of size before I paste 'em up. Meanwhile, let's see more of you enter. C'mon, don't tell me the only games y'all know how to play are Dip and Sofa Rugby.....



### BACCHANON

	White (me)	Black (you)		
roll	move	roll	move	
1	6-3	MP MS	3-2	N-I
2	3-2	RU SU	6-3	Y-P'
3	1-1	A-D TU	5-3	ID' GD
4	6-4	A-K	3-1	IF GF
5	6-2	KQ MO	6-3	???

Votes for IF GF from B.Becker (2), K. Brown, Barno, Corbin, and Minshall. So the leader board remains the same except for one small change. It was B.Becker who led last time not Minshall. Bill now leads with four, and all the others are close behind. As well, I have Jeff Richmond's move somewhere—I think it's for IF GF. Bye!



Now presenting...

## Hobbytalk!

by BRUX Linsey

Hobbytalk! is a tri-monthly column now being written on a trial basis for Bruce McIntyre's Canadian zine Excelsior, and (if he accepts it) Derek Caws' British zine War and Peace. There is very little overlap between the two audiences. ALL OPINIONS EXPRESSED HEREIN ARE ~~SHARED BY THE ENTIRE HOBBY~~ strictly those of the author, not necessarily the publishers.

So, what's been going on in the hobby's zines since Voice of Doom folded in October? Lots of stuff, that's what, and it's all been just sitting there waiting for me to get off my duff and start commenting on it. Bart Aikens has just begun publishing an entertaining new subzine called Screed in Michael Lee's The Concert of Europe. Already Bart has won my heart by denouncing folks who use the word (?) "acrossed", emphasizing that "across" has no direct relationship to "crossed" and so the hybrid "acrossed" cannot be produced in good linguistic conscience. I agree, but it seems to me that there exist linguistic miscues far more dire. My two pet peeves -- and I've hesitated to publicize this till now as I just know if I do I'm going to get a barrage of mail using these two pseudowords -- are "alot" and "congratulations". For some reason these two lacerations of the English language seem to make their way into many of the hobby's zines with alarming frequency. Maybe Bart would like to join I and John Kador in a campaign to perge illiteracy from the hobby?

Later in the same issue Bart discusses Trivial Pursuit, citing a question concerning Henry Kissinger's favorite game -- which, of course, turns out to be Diplomacy. Trivial Pursuit has another Diplomacy question which asks for the strongest defensive power in the game. Their answer is England, and I disagree wholeheartedly. Turkey gets my vote, but let's take an informal poll of XL's and W&P's readers. What's the strongest defensive power in Diplomacy, folks? Is it England or Turkey -- or are there any votes for France? And while we're at it, what's the strongest offensive power? Germany? Russia? I guess I'll vote for the latter, but it's close.

Computers in Diplomacy have taken many leaps forward of late. The latest news comes from The Gamer's Zine #83, the official publication of the Connecticut Game Club. GM Earl Whiskeyman states that he uses not one, but four adjudication programs to run his games! The programs are called DIPINITL, DIPORDER, DIPADJUD, and DIPUTIL. DIPINITL is used for setting up the board -- various layouts can be input for different variants. DIPORDER is used to enter the orders from the players as they are received. DIPADJUD, as you might expect, adjudicates the spring and fall seasons; and DIPUTIL is used for intervening seasons and corrections.

If I were still GMing, I don't think I'd use a computer program even if I had one. To me, most of the fun of GMing was in doing the adjudications by hand and watching the conflicts resolve themselves. To each his own, though: I'll be doing the 1985 Runestone Poll results largely by computer to make the job easier and reduce the chance of errors -- which, come to think of it, is probably why Earl Whiskeyman and other GMs run their games by computer, hey? And probably why anybody uses a computer for anything, I suppose.



The latest War and Peace contained (well...you in the W&P audience already know what it contained, but...) some interesting debate between Derek Caws and Mark Berch regarding the Midcon scoring system, which, as it turns out, derives from Berch's own tournament scoring system. One of the major problems generally with tournament scoring systems is that they seem to influence players to play the game in a different manner than they might normally in face-to-face. I recall a suggestion someone made a few years back that perhaps the fairest way to score tournaments would be to use three or four possible scoring systems, and not to let the players know exactly which system is going to be used in this particular tournament, or to select one of them randomly after all the playing is over. At the time, I thought this was a corny idea: I'm of the school of thought that players in a game (or, by extension, a tournament) have the right to know the precise set of rules under which they are playing, and so the means of scoring must be made known to them. Now, I've changed my opinion somewhat, and I don't think that the idea of hiding the scoring system from the players is such a bad one. I suppose it boils down to the realization that any scoring system in existence is going to influence just about anyone's play under the right circumstances. The question remaining is whether that is a Bad Thing. But scoring systems are by and large a very boring topic, and I never comment on them, so on to something much less mundane.

Macabre, an underrated zine published by California's Mark Coldiron, has been running an interesting series about a mysterious hobby figure known as "The Shado". One of the recent episodes was reminiscent of Mark Berch's famous "Shep Rose" article. Another tells of an electronic mail player who is able to win consistently by obtaining access to his opponents' orders...until he is outsmarted by The Shado. Mark seems to publish one of these stories in each issue of Macabre, along with a TV trivia quiz (which I skip, but others enjoy) and a number of other entertaining tidbits. And, for whatever it may be worth, the cover pages of this zine are just about tops in the hobby -- right up there with those of Excelsior and Thirty Miles of Bad Road.

I was looking for something to discuss from Ed Wrobel's latest Feudesse, but having ruled out all the nastiness, was left with nothing.

Greg Ellis, in a letter to Echo of Doom, complained that the Hobbytalk! in Voice of Doom #100 had neglected to mention him entirely. Not being one to make the same mistake twice, I'll mention here that Greg's Feuilletonist's Forum contains some cogent discussions of politics (Greg's a staunch conservative like me, always a plus!) and various hobby topics, and is home to the current version of Jake Halverstadt's marvelous brainchild, Presidential Politics. Jake runs this in his subzine High Plains Gonzo, and I urge anyone interested to contact either Greg or Jake for more info. I was a player in the very first game of postal PP!

Also in Greg's zine is another of my favorite subzines, Conrad Minshall's Butter Battles. An issue or two ago he ran a captivating round-table discussion about his houserules; I, of course, participated with gusto. With the possible exception of sex (which I hope some day to discover), what could be more stimulating than a spirited houserule debate? Hey, I was just kidding in that parenthetical!



Denver Glont 36 (nope, not #36 -- the British don't precede their elements of enumeration with those funny little tic-tac-toe symbols) closes with this message from publisher Glover Rogerson: "Yes, I know a page is printed upside down. Yes I know the print quality is appalling. I now hate French paper. Yes I know I spelt appalling wrong up there. It is Friday night, and this zine is only half finished. Get your orders in on time, or I'll throw a wobbly. This has been a fuck issue of Denver Glont; if we survived, and you're reading this, then we can survive just about any-fucking-thing." Now, there's a man who obviously enjoys the fuck out of what he does.

It is vividly illustrative of the variety among the hobby's publications if one tries to imagine the above quote from DC appearing in, say, Frobozz. The latter is a small but sharp-looking and immaculately edited zine published by the low-key, ultra-reliable Jeff Richmond. The big news these days in Frobozz is that Jeff has reinstated his regular puzzle feature which, for us non-players, is one of the zine's highlights. With the possible exception of Steve Hutton, no North American publisher matches Jeff's talent for composing word-related puzzles, and when Frobozz arrives I almost always take time out to solve the latest edition (or rather, I attempt to -- they're usually pretty difficult!). Issue #15 contained a puzzle of a sort I'd never come across before, with the words arranged to form overlapping squares. I almost got it solved, but the real difficulty arose when I tried to compose one myself! Hell of a job, Jeff. You write puzzles the way Chuff Afflerbach writes articles -- superbly. By the way, Chuff recently told me he likes the puzzles in Frobozz too.

The best part of Marc Peters' So I Lied is Debi's Filler, titled blandly but crafted entertainingly by Marc's wife (guess!) Debi. In issue #6, which was several months late, Debi discusses the various ways in which she is helping Marc to correct their publishing schedule. This is somewhat unusual. I have many times read diatribes (or at least commentary) by publishers regarding their tardy subzine editors, but the opposite situation is rare. Tom Swider had a more typical reaction: when SIL didn't show up he just packed up and took his Vicious Hate Sheet to (appropriately enough) Whitestonia. Debi's Filler fits well in the laid-back, fun atmosphere of So I Lied, however, and I hope she continues to write it. Interestingly, Joan Extrom and I provided Debi with two of her first pieces of fan mail, independently but almost simultaneously -- proving once again that great minds do think alike!

Home of the Brave looks 95% nifty and 88% snazzy in its new digest format. Issue 46 contains an interesting letter from Derek Baskett (anyone ever notice that "Derek" is as common in Britain as it is unusual over here in America?), in which he disputes an earlier remark implying that players who do no more than submit orders for games are parasites. This calls to mind an old editorial in Coat of Arms, whose editor once tore relentlessly into those hobbyists who play in no games, preferring other types of involvement.

To me, this notion that hobbyists must participate in a prescribed fashion reflects a very closed-minded attitude. I'm with Derek all the way: it's a hobby, and thus people are (and ought to be) free



to indulge in whatever manner turns their respective cranks. If Joe Schmo plays in three games and does no more, is he a parasite? Hardly, for who has the right to dictate "fun" to Joe Schmo? In fact, I carry this argument one step farther and opine that the player-only is in fact productive to the hobby; where would we be without the masses of players in it only for the game? I like Mark Berch, but can you imagine if everyone in the hobby was just like Mark? Or just like Kathy Byrne? Or me? Or Derek Caws? Yow. And at the other end of the spectrum (and I use that term literally; the hobby is an extremely colorful place!), the hobbyist who plays in no games and spends his hours writing articles, or GMing games, or running a hobby service, is equally important and productive.

If we are to judge hobbyists at all -- an idea I'm not sure I like in any event -- let us judge them not on what they do, but on how well they do it. If a guy is a player-only, then he's not a "parasite" unless he continually NMRs out of games or otherwise louses them up. If another fellow chooses only to run a hobby service, then he's not a parasite unless he messes up that service to the point where people find it more a hindrance than a help. If a third guy GMs games and never plays, then he's not a parasite unless he orphans the games or otherwise ruins them for the players. But this talk that one person has the right to dictate another's type of hobby participation is frightening. Hey, gang, 1984 is in the past! Play your games and play them well, Derek Baskett, and ignore the flak. We need those like you too, and let no one tell you otherwise. Home, by the way, is published by Geoff Challenger.

"Hobbytalk!" is intended to provoke discussion/debate for Excelsior and War & Peace, as well as to provide their readers with a quick look around at what's going on in the hobby's zines. This is a trial installment; if you liked it, write in and let the publishers know -- or better yet, respond to some of the comments herein. If you didn't like it, ~~but that's~~ let Bruce and Derek know that too -- I won't continue it if'n it don't titillate your fancies.

A few addresses of those reviewed this time around:

Michael Lee, 3480 Danna Ct., Eugene, OR 97405 USA  
 Bart Aikens, C129 Hillcrest, Iowa City, IA 52242 USA  
 Earl Whiskeyman, 27 Mark St., Milford, CT 06460 USA  
 Derek Caws, 57, Gordon Road, Cowes, Isle of Wight, UNITED KINGDOM  
 Mark Coldiron, 3300 Parkside Dr. #47, Rocklin, CA 95677 USA  
 Greg Ellis, 700 Rio Grande, Austin, TX 78701 USA  
 Jake Halverstadt, 1106 Castlerock Dr., Ft. Collins, CO 80521 USA  
 Conrad Minshall, 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727 USA  
 Glover Rogerson, The Basement, 11, Buckingham Place, Clifton, Bristol, BS8 1LJ UNITED KINGDOM  
 Jeff Richmond, 3313 Platt Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 USA  
 Marc and Debi Peters, 1814 Cameron Dr. #3, Madison, WI 53711 USA  
 Geoff Challenger, 117, Shrubbery Road, South Darenth, Kent, DA4 9AP UNITED KINGDOM

A slight bias, it seems, toward Americans, at least this time. If you publish and would like something in your zine commented on in Hobbytalk!, write and let me know it. Anything that appears in any hobby zine just might pop up here -- you'll never know! Oh yeah, and I forgot the most important address of all (boy, do I ever flatter myself!);

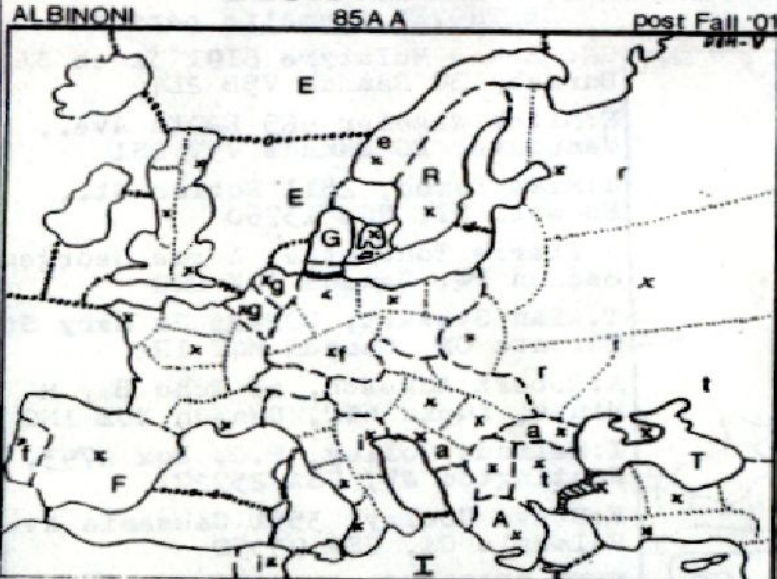
BRUX Linsey, 73 Ashuelot St. Apt. 3, Dalton, MA 01226 USA



ALBINONI

## "OH BOY, SAUERKRAUT TONIGHT"

### ...but bigger troubles for the CZAR



ALBINONI dramatis personae

- GM: Bruce McIntyre, 6191 Winch St., Burnaby BC Canada V5B 2L4  
 E: Bill Shirley, 618 MainSt., Yarmouth NS, Canada B5A 1J9  
 G: Charles Arsenault, 4490 St. Kevin#7, Montréal PQ, H3T 1H9  
 R: Kevin Brown, 100 Patton Dr., Warner Robins GA, USA 31093  
 T: Melinda Holley, PO Box 2793, Huntington WV, USA 25727  
 A: Michael Ditz, 5785 Danube Way #C, Orlando FL, USA 32807  
 I: Steve Dycus, 3450 Koring Rd., Evansville IN, USA 47712  
 F: Ron Krukowski, 5339 W.Eddy, Chicago IL, USA 60641  
 NEXT DEADLINE (WI 01) is July 19

#### FALL 01 ORDERS

- ENGLAND A Yor-Nwy, F Nth C A Yor-Nwy, F Nrg S A Yor-Nwy  
 GERMANY F Den H, A Ruh-Bel, A Kie-Hol  
 RUSSIA A War-Ukr, A StP-Nwy, F Sev-Rum(BOOM!), F GoB-Swe  
 TURKEY A Arm-Sev, A Bul S (A) A Bud-Rum, F Bla S A Arm-Sev  
 AUSTRIA F Alb-Gre, A Vie-Tri, A Bud-Rum  
 ITALY A Apu-Tun, F Ion C A Apu-Tun, A Ven H  
 FRANCE F MAO-Spa(sc), A Spa-Por, A Bur-Mun

#### PRESS:

GM: France asked me to print that headline if he got to Mun. The smaller one is my own....

Tur-Rus: Good-nite, sweet prince

Rus-Maestro: Somehow, it always seems that Austria and Russia bounce in Rumania, at least they always do when I play Russia.

Maestro: Sour grapes? You could have made sure of Rum by moving to Gal, Ukr, and Bla. But nooo.

Rus-Maestro: I really hate to break the news to you, but Warner Robins has only one b in it. It's really amazing to me how many people spell it with 2 b's until I straighten them out.

Maestro: I'm really really sorry...

## Supplies OWNERSHIP OF CENTRES

GAME: 95 AA (ALBINONI)

post-FALL 1901

ENGLAND 4 (81)		TURKEYS 5 (82)		NEUTRALS 1	
Edi	E	Ank	T	Bel	G
Lpl	E	Con	T	Bul	T
Lon	E	Smy	T	Den	G
GERMANY 5 (82)		AUSTRIAS 5 (82)		Gre	A
Ber	G	Bud	A	Hol	G
Kie	G	Tri	A	Nwy	G
Mun	F	Vie	A	Por	A
RUSSIA 4		ITALY 4 (81)		Rum	A
Mos	R	Nap	I	Ser	F
StP	R	Rom	I	Spa	R
Sev	T	Ven	I	Swe	F
War	R	FRANCE 6 (83)		Tun	I
		Bre	F		
		Mar	F		
		Par	F		

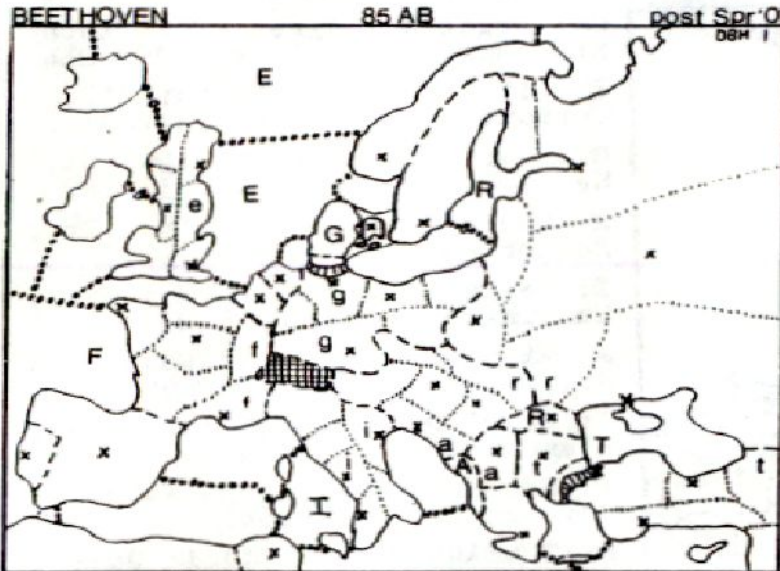
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BEETHOVEN

## ITALIAN STYMIED BY A MUN-TYR

### EASTERN TRIO ATTACK COUNTER-CLOCKWISE



BEETHOVEN dramatis personae

- GM: Bruce McIntyre 6191 Winch St.,  
Burnaby BC Canada V5B 2L4  
E: Mitch Wageler 665 E29th Ave.,  
Vancouver BC Canada V5V 2S1  
G: Mike Barno, 2811 Robins St.,  
Endwell NY, USA 13760  
R: Pierre Touchette, 1 rue Georges  
Masson PQ, Canada J0X 2H0  
T: Alan Stewart, 702-25 St Mary St  
Toronto ON, Canada M4Y 1R2  
A: Robert Acheson, c/o Echo Bay M  
Mines, Lupin NWT, Canada X0E 1M0  
I: Melinda Holley, P.O. Box 2793,  
Huntington WV, USA 25727  
F: Steve Cooley, 3551 Cassamia Ave  
Palmdale CA, USA 93550  
NEXT DEADLINE: July 19 for Fall 01

#### SPRING 01 ORDERS

ENGLAND	F Edi-Nrg,	F Lon-Nth,	A Lpl-Yor
GERMANY	F Kie-Den,	A Ber-Kie,	A Mun-Tyr
RUSSIA	F StP-GoB,	A Mos-Ukr,	A War-Gal, F Sev-Rum
TURKEY	A Con-Bul,	F Ank-Bla,	A Smy-Arm
AUSTRIA	A Bud-Ser,	A Vie-Tri,	F Tri-Alb
ITALY	A Rom-Ven,	A Ven-Tyr,	F Nap-Ion
FRANCE	F Bre-MAO,	A Par-Bur,	A Mar S A Par-Bur

#### PRESS:

**GM:** One of you asked me "why not Bach?", obviously throwing yourself at my mercy. Check out the My Move/Your Move page and ye shall find that on that page we play a game called BACH gammon.

**Lupin-GM:** Only fifth on your list! I can't believe that you put that grovelling civil servant from Toronto ahead of me.

**Maestro:** Have you checked the ratings lately? Like in the last five years or so? And stop calling me GM.

**KÖLN:** Lost, confused, the robed mystic pondered his fate. A few seconds or æons ago, he had been aboard a blue bus crossing a desert on a distant world. His true name snatched from the innermost cache of his mind, he was forced to accept the imminent annihilation of his soul, the only permanent death. Now he was discovering the reality of that concept, a far cry from the absence of self that he had expected.

So this was death, eh? There were humans around, both psychic and the poor sealed-in variety, but all spoke a strange, incomprehensible tongue. This would have concerned him little, but for the first time on any human world he was equally unable to understand the psionic emanations of the higher minds. Even the one deferred to--"Jiyem" was either his name, his title, or a term of worship that the locals seemed to use--sent out aural and cerebral vibrations beyond his ken.

(Reluctantly continued.....)



## DEBUSSY Delayed

Yes fans, DEBUSSY has been delayed, and Mitch has asked me to tell you all that although he has orders from everyone but Mike Barno (who has apparently spent too too much time on his BEETHOVEN press ~~newel~~ release. So there are no stand-bys, and Pierre Touchette is indeed playing Germany, and of course the GM is still Mitch Wageler, and the other players are:

ENGLAND Dennis Quine, 55 Rosemoor Dr., Little Rock AR, USA 72209  
 GERMANY Pierre Touchette, 1 rue Georges, Masson PQ, Canada JOX 2H0  
 RUSSIA Alan Stewart, 702-25 St Mary St., Toronto ON Canada M4Y 1R2  
 TURKEY Ron Krukowski, 5339 W.Eddy, Chicago IL, USA 60641  
 AUSTRIA Randolph Smyth, 212 Aberdeen St. SE, Medicine Hat AB, Canada, T1A  
 ITALY Kevin Brown, 100 Patton Dr. Warner Robins GA, USA 31093 OR1  
 FRANCE Bruce Waddell, 4247 Winnifred, Burnaby BC, Canada V5J 2S5

The new deadline will be July 17-that's a Wednesday.

BEETHOVEN press, reluctantly continued from page 20

KÖLN(cont): Time, though, brings all things into focus.

A square of sunshine alighted on his tongue. He attuned himself to the timetrack of the cosmos, seeking a new balance. He opened his ears and mind.

Nothing but the same foreign images: here a red maple leaf, there a "budgy". He would have to turn to the special ways of his kind. He prepared to conjure up a Babel fish, that unique creature that translates a being's idea patterns for the comprehension of the fish's possessor. Let's see...eye of bandersnatch...tonguenail of zorn...button of peyote...thalamus of gargoyle.... The mandala was focused upon, the incantations were mouthed. Nothing happened.

Nothing continued to happen. Some dampening field was in force here; the beaded one was powerless. He slumped against a handy wall.

Without warning, the rich tones of a gigawatt orchestra filled the air, apparently originating an inch from the mystic's left ear.

Da da da DUM.....

Maestro: O hell. I shall have to make a new houserule....

## CONTEST RESULTS

I came very close to forgetting the names of the musical quotes from last issue. As usual, nobody was even close (Oops, Mike Barno was only six symphonies off on the one on p. 23) so I'm increasing the prize to seven free issues if you guess any of the ones in this issue.

Last issue contained excerpts from: Lady, by Davies and Hodgson, better known as Supertramp (the song is from their Crisis? What Crisis? album) and movement #1 of Symphony number Nine of Ludwig van YouKnowWho.

Colour My Zine is still going, but nobody's won that yet either. At least I left a bit of space this time for the following:

Hello readers! My name is Les Herman, and I'm the guy who does the printing of XL for that looney you all know and love, McBruce! He also forced upon me the job of picking the colour of XL's cover. This month it is GREEN and Bruce tells me that this means that Conrad Mitchell has won himself three free issues. See ya next month!

*Les R. Herman*



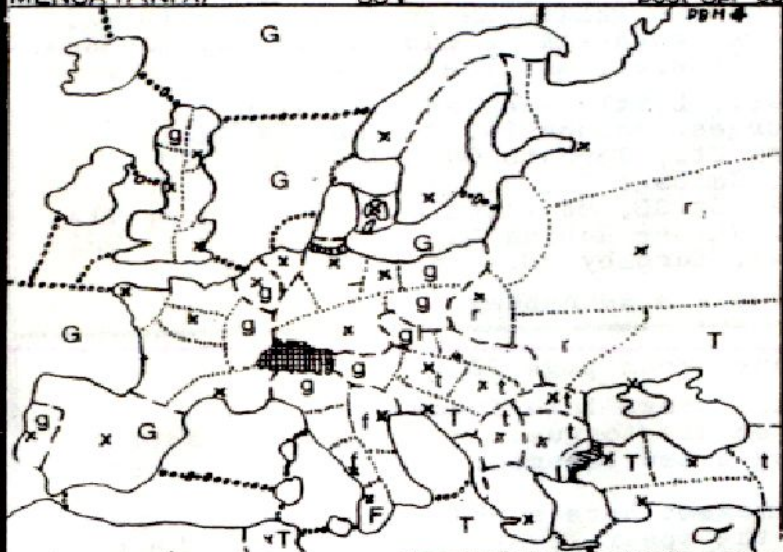
# excelsior MENSAS 17

No. 5

MENSA 17(NFA)

83V

post Spr '09



Excelsior welcomes the lot of you while your GM takes a holiday in Europe. Hi, I'm Bruce McIntyre, and I see that most of you know me already.

Retreats this time:  
 ENGLAND F Cly r (Nrg, Lpl, OTB)  
 AUSTRIA F Tun r (WMe, Naf, OTB)  
 FRANCE A Por knows what happens to units dislodged in Portugal!

(Sorry, but I simply cannot bring myself to mess up your map with those silly arrows that Steve us uses.)

Fall 1909, and, for that matter, Summer 1909 is due July 19.  
 My address is: 6191Winch St.  
 Burnaby B.C.  
 Canada V5B 2L4

## SPRING 1909 ORDERS

ENGLAND F Cly\*Edi (oops, that's Kevin Brown, guys)  
 GERMANY (Ron Brown) F Edi-Cly, F Nrg S F Edi-Cly, F Nth H, F Kie-Bal, A Ber-Pru, A Gal-Sil, A Boh S A Mun-Tyr, A Mun-Tyr, A Bur-Bel, A Par-Bur, A Mar-Pie, A Gas-Por, F MAO C A Gas-Por, F Spa S A Gas-  
 RUSSIA (Dave Lincoln) ~~MRI Stand-by is Nick Fellela, address below.~~ Por  
 TURKEY (Paul Milewski) A Ukr-Rum, A Sev S A Ukr-Rum, A Ank-Arm, A Con-Bul, F Bla-Con, A Rum-Ser, A Bud S A Vie, A Vie S (F) A Ven-Tyr (NSO), F Tri H, F Ion S F Tyrr-Tun, F Tyrr-Tun  
 AUSTRIA (Drew Post) F Tun\*\$ (G) F MAO-WMe (NSO)  
 ITALY (Dave Carter) oops again, he fa' down go boom. (It's very late....)  
 FRANCE (John Ellis) A Ven S A Tus-Rom, A Tus-Rom, F Rom-nap, A Por sur-renders H.(BOOM!)

## PRESS:

GM: The stand-by for Russia is Nick Fellela, 17 Brokaw Ave., Floral Park NY USA 11001. There were no proposals this time. Stop press, Russian orders

Austria to Germany: Hellllppppppp!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

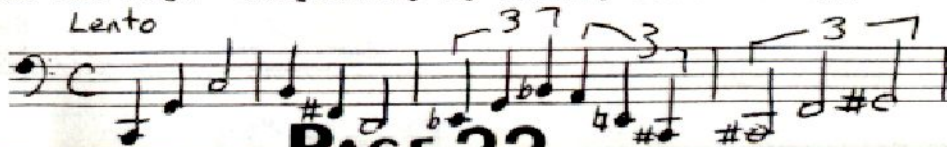
unearthed!!

France-World: I do the world a favour and eliminate Carter and what thanks do I get...no home supply centres. Why me, Lord?

Germany-Turkey: I was hoping the concession would pass so that you wouldn't have to see me when I get serious about a game. Well, maybe a change of pace will be refreshing....En garde, mon ami!

Lord-France: Dave Carter? Who's Dave Carter? He's not on my list.

Ooops numero three: I've found the Russian orders, so Nick is not needed. (sorry Nick—I tried...) The orders are A Mos-Ukr, A War S A Mos-Ukr, and A StP-Mos. This, luckily for me, creates no conflicts and can be easily corrected on the map. Completely my fault, Dave—sorry!





## The Conference Call Hockey Poll

Here I sit, Tuesday afternoon before printing day, and I've just started typing. The job at hand is an ad lib report on the first Conference Call hockey pool, in which I was the big loser in the worst way--I had figured upon being the big winner. Certainly a nineteen point lead going into the final series should have been enough. Or so I thought...

On the last day of the season, nine Conference Call regulars met at Grant Fraser's place to draft teams, and hopefully play some Diplomacy later on. The fact that this was Easter Sunday didn't bother Grant any, and he was genuinely surprised that people arrived late, or not at all. But with our nine, listed below, the proceedings were started. The usual order of picks, 123456789987654321, was used, and after we drew Math Scrabble tiles, we got started.

First pick was Simon Matthews', although he was not in attendance. Simon had chosen as his GM Mitch Wageler, who in turn had the third choice. I was lucky enough to get second pick, and fourth through eighth went to Laurie McIlvena, Grant Fraser, Klaig Morton, John Cooper, Charles Becker, and that seemed to be it. No, not yet, Don Clancy arrived just after the eighth pick, and received for his troubles the final position in the draft order. Each player drafted 12 players, as follows:

### Simon Matthews:

Gretzky EDM  
Anderson EDM  
Carpenter WASH  
Christian WASH  
Stevens WASH  
Murphy WASH  
Foligno BUFF  
Tucker BUFF  
Smith MTL  
Reinhart CALG  
Boschman WPG  
Mullen WPG

### Laurie McIlvena:

Naslund MTL  
Bourque BOS  
Lafontaine NYI  
Tremblay MTL  
Nicholls LA  
Ashton QUE  
Carson PHIL  
Loob CALG  
Ruotsalainen NYR  
Gustaffson WASH  
Semenko EDM  
Barasso BUFF

### John Cooper:

Tonelli NYI  
B. Sutter NYI  
Riggin WASH  
Trottier NYI  
Taylor LA  
Zezel PHIL  
Acton MINN  
Fraser CHI  
D. Smith PHIL  
McCrimmon Phil  
McKegney MINN  
Bozek CALG

### Bruce McIntyre:

Kurri EDM  
Hawerchuk WPG  
Nilsson CALG  
Hunter QUE  
Napier EDM  
MacLean WPG  
Ogrodnick DET  
Palement QUE  
Huddy EDM  
Bellows MINN  
Middleton BOS  
Haworth WASH

### Grant Fraser:

Bossy NYI  
Krushelnyski EDM  
S. Larmer CHI  
Goulet QUE  
D. Wilson CHI  
Cavalinni CALG  
Mondou MTL  
Flatley NYI  
Olczyk CHI  
Jonsson NYI  
Cyr STL  
Nilan MTL

### Charles Becker:

Dionne LA  
Savard CHI  
Sutter STL  
Lindbergh PHIL  
Penney MTL  
Simmer BOS  
Potvin NYI  
Wamsley STL  
Smith NYI  
Steen WPG  
Bannerman CHI  
Hrudey

### Mitch Wageler:

Federko STL  
Gartner WASH  
Mullen STL  
Perreault BUFF  
Andreychuck BUFF  
Housley BUFF  
M. Johnson STL  
Carbonneau MTL  
Beers CALG  
Wilson CALG  
Cyr BUFF  
Williams LA

### Klaig Morton:

Kerr PHIL  
Coffey EDM  
Sinisaio PHIL  
Poulin PHIL  
Craven PHIL  
T. Murray CHI  
Howe PHIL  
Chelios MTL  
Gardner CHI  
Sutter CHI  
Lysiak CHI  
McPhee MTL

### Don Clancy:

Propp PHIL  
Messier EDM  
P. Stastny QUE  
A. Stastny QUE  
Moog EDM  
McDonald CALG  
Lavalee STL  
Eaves CALG  
Sauve QUE  
Gilmour STL  
Ron Sutter PHIL  
Lumley EDM



I should at this point explain a few things. The scoring system to be used was two points per goal, one point per assist, and two points per shoutout priod by a goalkeeper. We were unsure of the ratio expected between goalie's points and skater's points. It was generally agreed that it would be a dumb idea to draft a goalie in the regular season on such a ratio, but as for the playoffs.... As you see, there were some who drafted many goalkeepers, and a few who wouldn't touch them, and most drafted one or two. There were other problems. Grant, in his first report for CC, said, "We had endured several attempts to draft players from other peoples teams, not to mention a couple of guys by the name of God and Shit, the former being a great goalie, it was agreed." Yes, it was quite difficult at times to decide on a pick, even with the extensive stats Grant had had printed in CC, and the proliferation of newspapers and magazines. Each time somebody said "I'll take Sutter.", there was an octet of "Which one?" (There are six in the NHL.) It should also be mentioned once more that all of the even numbered rounds were picked in reverse order, so that the tenth pick was Messier, then Savard, Brent Sutter, and Paul Coffey.

You may wonder how Coffey got down so low in the picks. Nobody was completely certain that Edmonton would get out of their division, forget the semi-finals. Indeed, the Oilers had the most trouble with L.A., before they got moving against an injury-riddled Winnipeg team. Then there was the "it's better to try to get a whole team, or at least quite a hell of a lot of players from one team, then you do well if that team goes far enough" strategy. The obvious trouble is that nobody will let you have twelve Oilers, unless you are determined to take the scrubbeensies who have no chance of getting you any points. Only three Oilers were taken in the last half of the draft, while 8 were taken in the earlier part of the proceedings. You can see though that it was quite possible to concentrate on two or three teams with your picks: Mitch (Buffalo-St. Louis), K্লাig (Philadelphia-Chicago-Montreal) and John (Philadelphia-Islanders) all did this to some degree.

There was one important rule that made this hockey pool so much better than any other I've heard of. After the draft was over, we were allowed to trade players throughout the playoffs, as long as we got the information to Grant at noon on game day. He would then credit the stats to the players new owners for any points the traded players got from that point on. We all sat down to play Diplomacy and decided on a Gunboat game as it was Easter Sunday and we didn't have thirteen hours. But the trend soon became apparent--before the first season had been played the mass trading had begun. Twelve trades were made that afternoon, and before the first playoff game had started, the total was up to nineteen. But I'll let Grant speak again:

"I would like to point out at this time some of the highlighted trades as well as pointing out some ethical points. When I suggested trading would be allowed I had no idea it would turn into slavery. To my dismay and utter helplessness, I watched Gretzky go on the auction block about 1:30 in the afternoon." That was the first major trade, and the first assault upon Grant's ethics. The terms were Hakan Loob, Raymond Bourque, Reijo Ruotsalainen, and \$5 (2½ times the entry fee) for No. 99. By the end of the afternoon, I had somewhat less than my twelve original players, not to mention the fact that I had traded away all but Kurri by the time the games started.

A few players didn't do any trading at all at first, but most made at least one trade. Interestingly enough, the players who drafted first tended to make more trades than the ones who drafted last.

After the first game day, on which all sixteen teams played, I was in fourth place, and the revamped lineups were like this:

Simon: plus \$1.00, 32 points on Day One.

Carpenter, Christian, Stevens, Murphy, Reinhart; obtained Loob, Ruotsalainen, Nillson, Cavallini, Middleton, Ogradnick, Olczyk, D.Wilson, Gartner, Beers, and Wilson.



Grant: minus \$2.00, 24 points on Day One:

Goulet; obtained Riggin, Hawerchuk, MacLean, Bellows, Haworth, Boschman, Mullen, Bourque, Palement, Acton, McKegney

Charles minus \$2.00, 18 points on Day One:

(stayed with same team)

Bruce minus \$2.00, 14 points on Day One:

Kurri; obtained Bossy B. Sutter, Eaves, McDonald, Anderson, S. Larmer, Flatley, Nichols

Klaig minus \$2.00, 10 points on Day One

(trade Coffey for Naslund and Carson, otherwise as before)

John minus \$2.00, 10 points on Day One

Tonelli, Trottier, Taylor, Zezel, Fraser, D. Smith, McCrimmon, Bozek; obtained Krushelnyski, Mondou, Nilan, Smith(MTL), Huddy

Don minus \$2.00, 9 points on Day One

(obtained Cyr(STL), Napier, and Hunter for McDonald and Eaves, otherwise as before)

Mitch even, 7 points on Day One

(obtained Foligno and Tucker for Gartner Beers, and Wilson, otherwise as before)

Laurie minus \$7.00, 6 points on Day One

Lafontaine, Tremblay, Ashton, Gustaffsson, Semenko, Barrasso; obtained Coffey, Jonsson, and The Great One

As you can see, a lot of money changed hands as well as players. It'd take a lot of space to detail all the trades, but the lineups as listed above were after 19 of the 25 eventual trades had been completed. After talking to Grant, we both figured that the best way to go would be downwards—that way you could throw in the towel and sell your players to the highest bidder and recoup your \$2 loss. I figured that the final round would see three or four guys fighting for the 18 dollar prize, each having spent about \$5 to obtain competitive teams. One of those players would eventually win the pot, the others would have nothing to show for their troubles but a massive loss. It seemed to me that the absolute worst place to be would be second place.

There was a lot of laughter after the big trade turned out not so good: initially, Loob and Ruotsalainen had five points, and Gretzky had but one. However, once Gretzky got going, we bit our tongues. Klaig looked like a good bet—he had obtained only Philadelphia, Chicago and Montréal players, and all three won their first round series. After just four games, John sold his team to Laurie for four dollars. With the first round over, the standings were the following:

Drafter	PTS	\$	Players
Charles	81	-2	12 left
Simon	72	+3	0!
Grant	56	-2	9
Mitch	54	+1	0
John	51	+2	0
Klaig	48	-2	11
Don	44	-2	10
Bruce	39	-5	9
Laurie	32	-11	18!!

There were a few trades after the first round: I obtained Olczyk, D. Wilson, and Carbonneau for \$1 each; Grant traded Goulet and McKegney to Don for Propp and Ron Sutter; then traded Acton and Palement to Charles for Steen and Hrudey.

You'll note that the three bottom players had more players between them than the top six, this was ominous: an extremely close and exciting finish was in the cards...

The trade that ended all trades (people were so taken aback by this one it seemed to stop trading altogether!) was the trade between Grant and I. We decided that we would have a better chance to win if we pooled our



resources against the eighteen-player team of Laurie. So when Grant made his challenge, I suggested that we bet our hockey pool teams on it. You read of the Challenge here last time; and although Grant wanted there to be something in it for the loser, this really didn't make it any less unethical than it was. To make a long story short, for running a mile in 7:05.53 (the challenge was to beat 7:30) I won Grant's hockey pool team for one cent. Canadian, even. With this, the standings going into the last round were:

	Drafter	PTS	\$	Players Left for Final
	Bruce	202	-2.01	Kurri Anderson Rn Sutter Propp
	Charles	189	-2	Lindbergh
	Laurie	183	-11	Zezel D.Smith McCrimmon Gretzky Semenko Coffey Krushelnyski Huddy
	Klaig	172	-2	Kerr Sinisalo Poulin Craven Howe Carson
	Don	160	-2	Messier Napier Lumley Moog
	Simon	72	+3	
	Grant	68	-1.99	
	Mitchell	54	+1	
	John	51	+2	

Of course, the question I was asking was: how could I miss? With a nineteen point lead over the most serious contender and four good snipers, it would take at least ten games for Gretzky and the rest to catch up. In a seven game series, forget it. And when the series looked as though it would be over in just five games, I was delirious! I called Grant up, only to find out that while I'd been in Minnesota, Laurie had passed me, and was ahead by 218 to 216 going into what figured to be the final game. Sure enough, it was, and sure enough, the Laurie McIlvena machine outscored mine by 16-7 in the last game, so the final standings were:

Laurie	234 (77)	Laurie	+ \$7.00
Bruce	223 (147)	Simon	+ \$3.00
Charles	197 (199)	John	+ \$2.00
Klaig	193 (220)	Mitchell	+ \$1.00
Don	166 (134)	Grant	- \$1.99
Simon	72 (156)	Charles)	
Grant	68 (145)	Klaig }	-- \$2.00
Mitchell	54 (62)	Don )	
John	51 (118)	Bruce	- \$5.01

The number in brackets is the point total of the team drafted by that player, but then that doesn't take into account money. Grant somehow put money into the formula and came out with a chart showing that the best deals were made by Mitch, Don, Bruce, and Laurie in that order. (Not too surprisingly he finished last on this list after his awful deal with me, but then that also says something bad about my high position.)

Finally, I'd like to force upon Grant my congratulations on running a successful hockey pool. He plans to do the same next year with the stakes being multiplied by ten. (Inflation and all that.....) The intent of course is to see just how much money I can lose before wiping this insane grin off my face.....





## Most of the Post

Bit of an abbreviated letter column this month, for two reasons: one, the "X" issue is big enough as it is, and two, I've not been getting all that many letters. As a result, I'm just picking up whatever's close and going with it—no form like last time.

**PATRICIA POST:** I rattled off the enclosed cover for June's Excelsior. God willing, the posties will not have delayed it or mashed it into little Excelsiorinies. Hope you like the work.

Life is getting very busy indeed, and the upcoming Canadian tour will make artwork awkward; so expect the next three covers to be done in advance so I don't have to try to take the stuff along with me across the country. If you've got any suggestions or ideas, you'd better get them to me now. Otherwise you shall simply have to depend upon the free-rein approach to your covers (which may not be a bad idea entirely...if you trust me fully and appreciate surprises).

**BM:** Every cover you have done for me has been a well-appreciated surprise Patricia, even the ones that I suggested. For the rest of you, Patricia, XL's artist (see this month's cover for her latest masterpiece) is an absolute virtuoso at the euphonium, and is on tour with a Canadian Armed Forces Reserves Band across Canada this summer. Best of luck, Patricia: oh, I should warn you that Nancy wants to have a good long chat with you when you return. Ghod help me...

**ALAIN MARTINE:** Have you ever considered moving to 5 or 6 week deadlines? I would like to play in XL, but the snails at Canada Post make it almost impossible to negotiate properly....Get rid of the pink paper! It may cramp your style!

**BM:** It sure did—look at what happened to me in Minnesota! As you see, I am now on five week deadlines, and am working to achieve a method of getting your XL to you as fast as possible. See page 32 for details.

**STEVE LANGLEY:** I am nearly musically neutral. I have a mental lack when it comes to listening to music—I don't listen. ((Pity.)) I find your house rules too complicated. I want to play Diplomacy—not Diplomacy and Bruce's houserules. ((I can't resist, Steve—no offense, but which Bruce were you thinking of?!?)) The best HRs you can give your players are ones that make play simple for them, not for you. The simplest for them is to write orders the way they are used to. NVR equals no in all cases except that of NMR is the simplest rule. With your sometimes yes, sometimes no technique I see an angry Dip player in your future.

**BM:** You realize, of course, that with words like these you may very well invoke the fiery pen of BRUX! (Ghod help us both, especially if I have to type it all...) I also find my HRs too complicated, and indeed I've not looked at them. But people look for that sort of thing in a first issue, so I did the best I could. I will accept orders that are clear, and I've already changed a couple to McIntyrese. I just reserve the right to rule if I feel I have to. The HRs printed in #1 made me look a lot more strict than I really am. As for the voting, I've recently made use of the same technique you despise in the same issue of Conference Call. No vote equalled yes when the concession was to a seventeen-centre power that would have no trouble picking up five more centres in the next year. No vote equalled no in the game where the "concession" was to a five centre power. If I had switched them around mistakenly, I'd have played the season out as though no proposal had taken place. The point is that in the 'yes' game, I sensed that the players were on the verge of giving up. In the 'no' game, they would quite likely miss the proposal. In the 'yes' game, they were all looking for it, as to play out the year would have been both boring and ego-shattering (why'd you have to take my centre? sort of thing, might come up) for the players involved.



**CHRIS CARRIER:** Where is Burnaby, by the way? ((Nope, it's by the sea—ha ha hyork hyork!)) The only problem I see so far with the zine is the upside down right side up stuff in XL#3. It took me some time to figure that mess out, and I'm thinking of restapling it all right side up, if that's possible. (Is it?) ((Nope.)) PLEASE do not do it again.

**BM:** Ah ya spoiled sport. Party Pooper! Actually, I phoned BRUX to see what he thought of the idea—since it was his stuff I was putting to the reverser—and he didn't like it, but then I thought that was just BRUXian stuffiness. Now I feel sorry I did it, with not enough time to make up for it, as the poll deadline is too close. Sorry, BRUX. And sorry to all of you who might have voted—please do if you still can.

**CHRIS CARRIER(Cont.):** Who is this Patricia Post person? Is she nice? (I knew a girl named Patricia when I was in high school, who now makes her living tying up guys and whipping them...is your Patricia into this???)

**BM:** I now know why Patricia didn't want me to print her address....As far as I know, and that's quite far as you will discover upon reading the pre-MinnCon stuff, yes, Patricia is very nice, and I'd hope that I am accurate in stating that she certainly finds no common ground with your Patricia other than name.

**CHRIS CARRIER(Still Cont.):** Although Steve Hutton would no doubt disagree, I would rather see her (P. Post that is) on the cover than YOU. Nothing personal, I'm not into guys.

**BM:** There's an idea for you, Patricia. Go to it!!

**PETE GAUGHAN:** Extremely cryptic comment about a damsel from Montréal. Hmmm. I know the symptoms—you're half pulling our legs, and half hoping it's true.

**BM:** STAND-UP AND TAKE NOTICE, DOUBTER! BAH, HUMBUG, AND ALL THE OTHER THINGS I SAY WHEN I'M TRYING TO PRETEND I'M MAD!!!!!!

**NH:** First I do exist, I am in Vancouver (Burnaby). You are pulling my leg if you don't believe ME.....(I just KISSED Bruce, you wish it was you, EH!!!!)

**BM:** Right—just realized that you don't know that I couldn't possibly have typed that (not my style). Oh well, I'll get Nan to write to you—check your mailing cover....

**ALAN STEWART:** Have you considered having a CDO all-reject game? The worst seven Canadian Diplomacy players? I have a few nominations....

**BM:** So do I, but you'd attack me further in BILBURG if you knew who was at the top of my list.....

And now, the moment you've all been waiting for, the first results in the Do You Agree With Alan Stewart contest. Alan tells me he prefers Tom Brokaw over Dan Rather, Kools over Cameo, Greyhound over Trailways, Royal Bank over Bank Of Montréal, and Big Mac over Whopper. This puts me at the poor standing of 1-4. Luckily, this puts me in third place—unfortunately, this is still last. If we get ten, I'll double the prize: so get your friends to play. Just tell me which of the following, Alan Stewart, the quintessential Canadian Diplomacy player (he lives in Toronto) prefers:

- |   |                           |
|---|---------------------------|
| 6) "California Girls" old or new rendition? | Standings so far          |
| 7) George Will or William F. Buckley?       | Bill Becker 3-2           |
| 8) Mary Lou Finlay, or Barbara Frum?        | Pete Gaughan 3-2          |
| 9) 50 or Blue?                              | Bruce McIntyre 1-4        |
| 10) Judaism: Orthodox or Reform?            | oh yes, Ron Krukowski 3-2 |

You must have responded to at least 15 of the 25 items to qualify for the prize of 5 free XL's; and don't forget, if there are more than ten responses by next time I double the prize.



## CENSUS

The following is a list of all the people whom I have listed as being deserved recipients of Excelsior, either because they sub, get the thing free for some reason, or trade. It also lists their addresses, and their last issue or publication if they trade. Publications marked with an asterisk are publications that I get but do not trade for.

- Robert Acheson, c/o Echo Bay Mines, Lupin NWT Canada XOE 1MO (T-The Canadian Diplomat)
- Jeff Albrecht, P.O. Box 295 Doland SD USA 57436-0295 (7)
- Charles Arseneault, 4490 St-Kevin #7, Montréal, PQ, Canada, H3T 1H9 (7)
- Mike Barno, 2811 Robins St. Endwell NY, USA 13760 (11)
- Bill Becker, 810 Turwill, Kalamazoo MI, USA 49007 (11) (\*K-Zine)
- Mark Berch, 492 Naylor Pl., Alexandria VA, USA 22304 (10) (\*Diplomacy Digest)
- Kevin Brown, 100 Patton Dr., Warner Robins, GA, USA 31093 (11)
- Ron Brown, 70F Chesterton Dr., Nepean ON, Canada, K2E 5S9 (10)
- Jim Bumpas, 4405 Dillard Rd. Eugene OR, USA 97405 (T-Liberterrean)
- Chris Carrier, 1215 P St. 12, Sacramento CA, USA 95814 (12)
- Linda Carson-Jim Gardner, Apt 1, 10 Young St.E, Waterloo ON, Canada N2J 2L2
- Dave Cater, 118 Horsham Ave, Willowdale ON, M2N 1Z9 (T-Sleepless Knights) (7)
- Steve Cooley, 3551 Casamia Ave., Palming CA, USA 93550 (11)
- Gary Coughlan, 4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis TN, USA 38118 (11) (\*Europa Express)
- Derek Daniels, 440 Fairview Ave., Crown Point IN, USA 46307 (12)
- John Davies, P.O. Box 968, Port Hardy BC, Canada VON 2P0 (13)
- Fred C. Davis, Jr., 1427 Clairridge Rd., Baltimore MD, USA 21207 (T-Bushwacker)
- Michael J. Ditz, 5785 Danube Way, Apt C, Orlando FL, USA 32807 (11)
- Steve Dycus, 3450 Koring Rd., Evansville IN USA 47712 (11)
- Joan Extrom-Ken Corbin, 35096 Kings Valley Hwy., Philomath OR, USA 97370 (20)
- Jerry Falkiner, 10 Spiers Cr. Cambridge ON, Canada N1R 1B2 (13)
- Jan Feringa, Radijstraat 11B, 9741BJ Groningen, THE NETHERLANDS(T-Brutus)
- Pete Gaughan, 3121 East Park Row #171A, Arlington TX, USA 76010 (13)
- Claude Gautron, 150 rue Masson, Winnipeg MB, Canada, R2H 0H2 (10)
- Scott Hansen-Frauke Peterson, 2626 Stevens Ave., Minneapolis MN, USA (T-Big Hits of Mid America)
- Melinda Holley, P.O. Box 2793, Huntington WV, USA 25727 (T-Rebel)
- Steve Hutton, 27 Columbia St. W, Waterloo ON, Canada, N2L 3K4 (10) (\*No Fixed Address)
- Jaap Jacobs, Kaiserstraat 10-B, 2311 GR Leiden, THE NETHERLANDS (T-Oxymoron)
- Steve Knight, 11905 Winterthur Ln #103, Reston VA, USA 22901 (11) (\*It's A Trap!)
- Ron Krukowski, 5339 W. Eddy, Chicago IL, USA 60641, (21)
- Steve & Daf Langley, 2296 Eden Roc Lane #1, Sacramento CA, USA 95825 (T-MaSus)
- Travis Laster, 125 Garden Court, Winchester VA, USA 22601 (11)
- Michael Lee, 3480 Danna Court, Eugene OR, USA 97405 (T-The Concert Of Europe)
- BRUX Linsey, 73 Ashuelot St. Apt 3, Dalton MA, USA 01226 (14)
- Brian Lorber, 1927 Orrington Ave., Evanston IL, USA, 60201 (11)
- Rob Lowes, RR#9, Peterborough ON, K9J 6X1 (10)
- Alain Martine, 47 Chartres, Dollard-Des-Ormeaux, PQ, H9A 1J6 (7)



- Sean McGonigle, 44B Kelvin Rd. Papakura NEW ZEALAND (6)  
 Paul Milewski, P.O. Box 256 Batavia OH USA 45103 (11)  
 Conrad Minshall, 3702 Tarragona Ln., Austin TX, USA 78727 (11)  
 Ralph Morton, RR#2, Greely ON, Canada KOA 1Z0 (10)  
 Wallace Nicoll-Doug Rowling, 228 Kinnell Ave, Cardonald Glasgow, SCOTLAND  
 G52 3RU (T-Prisoners Of War)  
 D.S. Palter 999 Central Ave #300, Woodmere NY, USA 11598 (12)  
 Alan Parr, 6 Longfield Gardens, Tring Herts, UK HP23 4DN (T-Hopscotch)  
 Larry Peery, Box 8416, San Diego CA, USA 92102 (T-Xenogonic)  
 Marc & Debi Peters, 1814 Cameron Dr. #3, Madison WI, USA 53711 (T-So I Lied)  
 Dennis Quine, 55 Rosemoor Rd., Little Rock AR, USA 72209 (10)  
 Bill Quinn, 301 Conroe Dr., Conroe TX, USA 77301 (T-Everything)  
 Craig Reges, 16W761 White Pines Rd., Bensenville IL, USA 60106 (11)  
 Glover Rogerson, The Basement, 11 Buckingham Place, Clifton Bristol, UK  
 BS8 1LJ (T-Denver Glont)  
 Jeff Richmond, 3133 Platt Rd. Ann Arbor MI, USA 48104 (T-Frobozz)  
 Rosie Roberts, Ziegeleiweg 4, 2126 Adendorf, WEST GERMANY (6)  
 Ben Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt Ct. Apt 315, Farmington Hills MI, USA 48018-  
 2123 (11)  
 Ted Shannon, 1262 Daniel Dr., Bathurst NB, E2A 3Y3 (10)  
 Keith Sherwood, 8866 Cliffridge, La Jolla CA, USA 92037 (T-The Inner Light)  
 Bill Shirley, 618 Main St., Yarmouth NS, Canada, B5A 1J9 (?)  
 Randolph Smyth, 212 Aberdeen St. SE, Medicine Hat AB, T1A 0R1 (12½) (\*Fol  
 Si Fie)  
 Alan Stewart, 702-25 ST Mary St, Toronto ON, M4Y 1R2 (13)  
 Stephen Swigger, 710-55 Bamburgh Circle, Scarborough ON, M1W 3V4 (14½)  
 Lynn Torkelson, 992 Rosedale Rd., NE, Atlanta GA, USA 30306 (11)  
 Pierre Touchette, 1 rue Georges, Masson PQ, JOX 2H0 (7)  
 Earl E. Whiskeyman, Jr. 27 Mark St. Milford CT, USA 06460 (T-The Connect-  
 icut Gamer's Zine)

The following people receive XL as a result of their sub to CC.

- |                |                     |                  |
|----------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Tor Abrahamsen | Denis LaBerge       | Klaig Morton     |
| Charles Becker | Simon Matthews      | John Reay        |
| Don Clancy     | Laurie McIlvena     | Mischa Sandberg  |
| John Cooper    | The McIntyre Family | Bruce Waddell    |
| Randy Davis    | Gray McMullin       | Mitchell Wageler |
| Grant Fraser   | George Moen         | Mark Woloshen    |

It now appears that CC shall be appearing in each and every issue of XL; thus this type of arrangement.

If you're name should be on this list, or your address is wrong or has been changed, or your name shouldn't be on this list, TELL ME. I'm still the same old fellow:

Bruce McIntyre  
 6191 Winch St.  
 Burnaby B.C.  
 Canada V5B 2L4

Moderato (melody only)

rit.

Hint: these were the last bars ever written by this composer.



## THE EXCELSIOR BASEBALL LEAGUE

Here are the latest standings.

### CANADIAN DIVISION

TEAM	W	L	Pct	GBL	Owner
XLGal	24	10	.706	1½	---
SASK	46	29	.613	---	Stewart
CJR	56	43	.566	2	Falkiner
JSJ	37	32	.536	6	C.Becker
XLSwi	7	11	.389	10½	---
XLPie	11	19	.367	12½	---

### AMERICAN DIVISION

TEAM	W	L	Pct	GBL	Owner
MINN	39	11	.780	---	Hanson
BENW	35	28	.556	10½	B.Becker
WRW	56	53	.514	12½	K.Brown
XLPic	25	24	.510	13½	---
EE	52	52	.500	14	Barno
SSR	26	37	.413	19½	Lorber

### UNCLAIMED DIVISIONS

TEAM	W	L	Pct.	GBL
XLWal	20	9	.690	2½
XLBoh	45	29	.608	---
XLArm	20	21	.488	8½
XLliv	37	44	.457	11½
XLapu	32	40	.444	12
XLPru	24	34	.414	13
XLNaf	6	16	.273	13

TEAM	W	L	Pct.	GBL
XLTyr	22	16	.579	---
XLSil	22	19	.537	1½
XLsyr	28	27	.509	2½
XLalb	12	14	.462	4
XLGas	33	72	.314	22½
XLUkr	20	45	.308	15½

Abbreviations  
 SASK-Saskatoon Wheat Farmers  
 CJR-C.J.'s Raiders  
 JSJ-Jervis St. Johns  
 MINN-Minnesota Twinkees\*  
 BENW-Benchwarmers  
 WRW-Warner Robins Wrens  
 EE-Endwell Eurypterids  
 SSR-Suburban Sewer Rats  
 (\*-formerly MidAmericans)

This is a list of the owned groups:

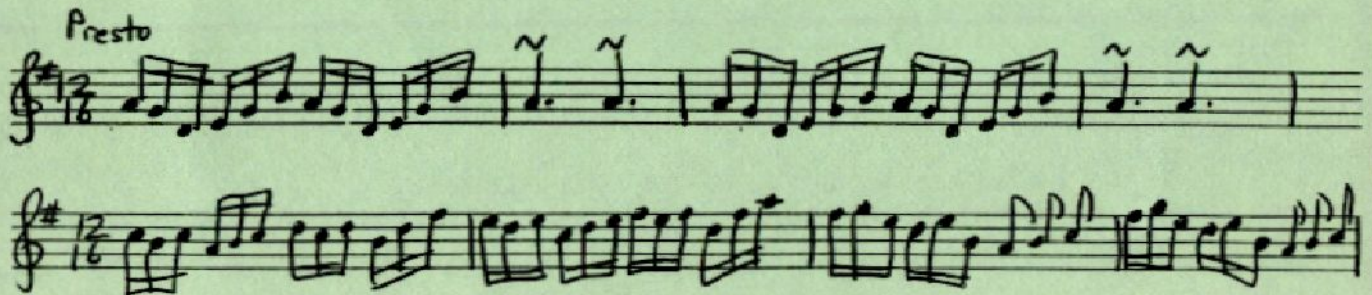
	1-5		6		7		8		9up	
	AL	NL	AL	NL	AL	NL	AL	NL	AL	NL
AB	CJR	MT	Sil	Boh	SSR	SSR	Pru	Pru	Arm	Arm
CD	WRW	Boh	Pic	EE	SSR	SSR	Pru	Pru	Arm	Arm
EF	MT	Boh	Apu	Apu	JSJ	Naf	Naf	Wal	Wal	CJR
GHI	CJR	WRW	BW	Apu	JSJ	Naf	Naf	Wal	BW	WRW
JKL	Lva	Lva	BW	Apu	EE	Wal	Syr	Syr	Tyr	Tyr
MN	Lva	Lva	SWF	WRW	JSJ	BW	Syr	Syr	SWF	Tyr
OPQ	Gas	Gas	MT	Boh	SWF	Alb	Alb	Alb	Sil	Sil
RS	Tyr	Gas	Gas	EE	JSJ	SWF	Alb	EE	MT	Sil
TUV	Ukr	UMr	Ukr	Gal	Pie	Pie	Pic	Pic	Swi	Swi
WXYZ	Ukr	Gal	Gal	Gal	Pie	Pie	CJR	Pic	Swi	Swi

Three trades last month:

- Benchwarmers trade jkl7n to XLWelshmen for ghi9a on May 20
- C.J.'s Raiders trade rs5a to XL Tyrolians for ef9n on May 24
- Warner Robins Wrens trade opq6n to XL Bohemians for cd5a on May 31

No new entries, so I may change the divisional alignment slightly. Another thing I may do is conduct some evening out trades between the XL teams, at the all-star break. Don't forget you can trade as much as you want, with the only exception being you may only trade once with each house team.

By the way, these standings are up to date: Friday June 14.





# excelsior No. 5 from the podium

All you people ever do is complain about how long it takes Canada Post to get your XL's to you. This questionnaire is to give me some idea as to what I can do about it.

Please take the time to fill this out and return, so I can get as many ideas on this as possible.

1) Give me a rough idea of where you live by naming the closest city in the following list; Do not name a city outside your own country.

Canada		USA	Elsewhere
Calgary_____	Atlanta_____	Boston_____	
Halifax_____	Chicago_____	Denver_____	
Montréal_____	Houston_____	Los Angeles_____	
Toronto_____	Miami_____	Minneapolis_____	
Vancouver_____	Philadelphia_____	St. Louis_____	
Winnipeg_____	Seattle_____	New York_____	

- 2) How long on average does it take your XL to reach you? \_\_\_\_\_
- 3) Would you object to having your copy folded to fit inside an envelope?  
Yes, I would object \_\_\_\_\_ No, go ahead \_\_\_\_\_
- 4) Would you like XL to be, on average, bigger, although it would come, say, once every two months, and the games would run on similar deadlines? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_
- 5) Do you think it's worth a try to mail your copy from Pt. Roberts, USA?  
YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_
- 6) Do you have any idea how much this would cost in postage? \_\_\_\_\_
- 7) How long do you think there should be between issues of XL, in order that everyone can get a response of some kind in? \_\_\_\_\_
- 8) What do you think would be an appropriate thing to do to the snails at Canada Post? (Be graphic.)

Bruce McIntyre  
6191 Winch St.  
Burnaby B.C.  
Canada V5B 2L4  
(604) 299-2382

253-6388 weekdays between 7PM and midnite.  
Burnaby is a largish suburb on the east side of Vancouver.