

Maniac's Paradise

Issue 100 Super Spectacular Collector Edition

An Official "Whining Kent Pig" Production

Flagship zine of the Whining Kent Pig Publishing empire!

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It was back in the Fall of 1988, as I recall. I had placed an ad in the Opponent's Wanted section of Avalon Hill's The General, looking for New Jersey-based wargamers. I was especially interested in those who enjoyed Storm Over Arnhem, War & Peace, 1776, Dune, and Diplomacy. I listed my address and my phone number. A week or two after the issue containing my ad was released, I received a phone call from someone asking if I'd be interested in play-by-mail Diplomacy. He explained that he published a newsletter where he ran some games, and was looking for new players. I told him I hadn't ever considered playing Diplomacy by mail, but that if he sent me a sample issue I'd give it a shot.

A few months later I was busily writing to three or four other individuals asking for samples of their zines. It all seemed like a lot of fun - this one guy had asked me to play Dip by mail, and now all of a sudden I was discovering that there was a whole society of people who, in a semi-organized fashion, were playing Diplomacy, other multi-player games, and variants on Diplomacy (another new idea to me) through the mail.

Then it struck me - subscribing to four or five of these zines could cost me over \$50 a year. I was only making \$300 a week at the time. There had to be a cheaper way....hmm, I had read in a few zines about the practice of "trading" one zine for another. I could start my own zine, run a game or two of Diplomacy, trade for those zines I would have subscribed to anyway, and save \$50 a year!

And so, with that burst of one-sided flawed logic, Maniac's Paradise was born in early March 1989. 99 issues and 8+ years later, we have arrived at the landmark 100th issue. I suppose congratulations are in order, for me, for Mara, and especially for all of you who supported us through the low points and cheered us on during the high points.

For the past 6 months or so I'd tried to come up with some original ideas for this issue, but nothing great really came to me. I was going to spend some time trying to locate ex-subscribers who could write in with some memories, but I decided that could be a lot of work with very little pay-off. I could also just ignore the 100th issue altogether, and just churn out a regular issue without making much of a fanfare. Or, I could announce an immediate fold (hee hee). In the end, though, I decided I would dig through the previous 99 issues (paying most of my attention to those before issue 50) and reprint some of the best non-game material I could find.

It wasn't easy - since 1989 I've published thousands of pages in Maniac's Paradise, not to mention all the pages in Painful Rectal Itch/Foolhardy, Your Zines of Zines, and Diplomacy World I've copied, stapled, stuffed and mailed. There was probably over 100 pages of material I picked out on the first pass. Then I had to try and whittle that down. Some was too dated - letter columns and hobby commentary from Jack McHugh which I still find fascinating but which I fear those of you who weren't around then might find confusing or boring. It seems so much of what we wrote during that time was hobby related, and often it was in response to something someone had printed in some other zine. Most of the stuff I wrote myself was tossed as well - I have a fonder feeling for other people's writing, and since I'm putting this issue together, I get to choose what I like! In the end, I think I found a decent representation of some of the golden names that appeared in MP - Greg Maynard, John Caruso, Mara, Herman Bingham, Jack "The Sack" McHugh...and I threw in some humor items and other stuff I published at various times to even things out. I had a blast become reacquainted with the items in this collection - I hope you enjoy them too.

If any of you have comments on the items in this collection, please feel free to send them on in - I still have issue 101 (and 102, and 103, ...) to fill!

I figure I should say a few words about each item I'm reprinting here, to better explain things that are unclear, to mention which issue an item appeared in, and to properly credit the author where that isn't noted.

Issue 1 - March 1989 - Cover Page. Just for nostalgic subscribers, this is the cover of the first issue. At the time I think I was using Print Master to do the ugly banners (on a dot-matrix printer), and an old Wordstar program to do the text. Then I would cut out the banner pieces and tape everything together.

Issue 9 - November 1989 - Kitty Galore. The first piece written by Greg Maynard for MP. I think it was nominated for a hobby award in 1990.

Issue 12 - February 1990 - One Regular Guy. In Greg's second issue of his subzine, he once again shows off his ability to mix humor and Diplomacy by coming up with Supermarket Dip.

Issue 15 - May 1990 - Foot in Mouth. John Caruso's roving subzine makes its first appearance in MP.

Issue 17 - July 1990 - One Regular Guy. Greg Maynard hits a homer with I Taught My Kids Dip.

Issue 30 - August 1991 - You're the One. The third issue of Mara's first subzine recounts our regular dinner conversation. Some readers said it was the funniest thing they had read in years...a few others said it was like fingernails on a chalkboard. You decide.

Issue 31 - September 1991 - One Regular Guy. Greg Maynard bids MP farewell with a murder mystery.

Issue 33 - November 1991 - Philosophy of Religion. Just a funny fax I had in my desk on a month where I had an extra page to fill.

Issue 34 - December 1991 - Jack's Cartoon Page. I always found Jack's cartoon selections to be hilarious. We were in the midst of our anti-Garret Schenck phase at the time, and when we learned that these cartoons irritated him more than anything we were writing ourselves, it made them all the more enjoyable.

Issue 35 - January 1992 - Close Your Eyes. In Jack McHugh's premiere subzine issue, he starts a feature called Wild Dipdom. Classic Flapjack.

Issue 36 - February 1992 and Issue 39 - May 1992 - Jack's Cartoon Page. More great selections.

Issue 43 - September 1992 - You're the One. Queen Mara exposes the concept of Doug-isms to Dipdom.

Issue 54 - August 1993 - Mara's Recipe of the Month. What compilation would be complete without a cat picture. This recipe is still our all-time favorite.

Issue 57 - November 1993 - The Garage Door. In one of his last subzines in MP, Herman wows us with a tale of lawyers, construction workers, and a badly damaged lawn.

Issue 62 - April 1994 - Mom's Letter. My mother sent my oldest brother a letter, which he annotated for my benefit. I thought it provided a bit of insight into my family.

Issue 63 - May 1994 - Love Letters. I don't remember why, but someone asked us to print some of our old love letters, so we did. We were High School sweethearts. I still have all our old letters in a box.

Issue 67 - September 1994 - Understanding Your Wife - Something very funny I found on the Internet. Payback for the Doug-isms, maybe.

Issue 69 - November 1994 and Issue 70 - December 1994 - The Move. The chronicle of our move from New Jersey to Texas. Our biggest adventure together - let's all hope we don't do it again.

Issue 74 - April 1995 - Horoscope. This faxed page I received matched my sense of humor perfectly.

Issue 75 - May 1995 - Things to Do in an Elevator. Another very funny fax, used to fill an extra page.

Issue 90 - August 1996 - Roll Call. From Steven McKinnon's sub-subzine On The Shores of Loch Shiel. For whatever reason, I found this to be outrageously funny at the time.

Maniac's Paradise

Issue 1

\$0.75

After a few months of playing games with us here in New Jersey, Old Man Winter has finally done his job. In the midst of a potential sympathy strike by the commuter railroads in favor of the Eastern Airlines machinists, we were given the double-whammy by getting some snow, ice, and wind dumped on us at the same time. Perhaps there is some sort of conspiracy involved in this tragic turn of events. Either way, I still have to go to work.

This is the first issue of what I hope will be many. You probably didn't expect to receive this meager attempt at a zine, but there's no law that says I can't invade your mailbox with this junk, and no one asked you to read it, right? Anyway, any comments or suggestions you could make would be much appreciated.

The main focus of this zine will be, of course, pbm Diplomacy. I hope to get two games each of regular Dip and Gunboat going to start us off. Then we can add more as the need arises, and branch out into other games as well. On my mind are Civilization, Dune, Kingmaker, and Kremlin to start. Any other games you want to see here? I don't have rules completely worked out yet for these games, but I'll get things in order one way or another.

In addition to the games themselves, each issue will have some sort of strategy article on Diplomacy or some other game, a review of a new game if I happen to buy one, a letters section, a comic or two (if we have any), and a profile of one of our subscribers. I'm willing to print anything worthwhile that any of you submit to me, so if you feel at home with a pen, typewriter, or word processor and have something to say, write it up and send it in. Every article used will be worth three issues added to your subscription.

Speaking of subscriptions, I have what I consider a fair policy concerning subs and game fees. I require that you subscribe (or trade) if you want to play in any of my games, but there are no per-game fees involved. You can play in as many or as few games as you wish, all for the same low price: 75 cents an issue (\$9.00 a year). Not bad, right? Throw in an article or two and you've cut your zine cost down to 60 cents or less!

Deadlines will be the first Moday in every month. This will give you at least four weeks to get all your negotiating done. Check the Houserules for a full description of the game set-up. Countries in Diplomacy games will be awarded on a first-come, first serve basis. Submit a preference list and I'll give you whatever remaining country is highest on your list. If you don't specify a country, you'll get what's left over!

I don't think I forgot anything, but if I did, I'll bring it up next issue. If you'd like to become a subscriber, please do so. Oh, I almost forgot, if you are involved in a pbm game that is losing it's home (becoming an "orphan"), I'm willing to take you on. Get in touch with me and we'll see what we can do. OK? Great.

Perfumed Letters from (Kitty) Galore or Why My Name is Mud

By: The Former Greg Maynard

First, let me thank the kind soul who sent me a Dip letter in a perfumed envelope with the return address of (Kitty) Galore. (The Kitty is my attempt to tone down this article. If you are curious to the actual name used write me or watch the James Bond movie Goldfinger). As is my luck, the letter would come in on a day when the wife picked up the mail. I tried my best to play it off as a joke from a fellow gamer. My wife came back with how all this "Dip stuff" is but a male plot to hood-wink every wife alive. To get her to quit hitting me with anything at hand, I begged ignorance, asking her to please explain. Below are the highlights of her dissertation, given between the plates the plates she continued to heave to underscore her points.

To her, all the terms we use in Dip and all press are merely code words of some fraternal order of Males. And they say women have no imagination.

Zine: Short for playing zine, which stretches into playing magazine, which becomes a magazine for playing men. Thin I told her. A plate, CRASH, was my reply.

Stand-By: This is the woman on the other side of town you run to when your wife or girlfriend drops you.

Civil Disorder: When things are not so good at home. This is the best time to make sure you have a long list of stand-bys.

Civil Disorder Removal: Done by the Sheriff as he serves divorce papers.

Occupying a Supply Center: After civil disorder removal, moving in with a standby.

Stalemate: Reads Stale-Mate. The #1 reason for Civil Disorder.

Stab: When your friend steals your stand-by. (I pointed out that stab was also the result for a man when taken to court on a divorce case. Yep, incoming plate, CRASH!)

Convoy: When Tom picks you up to go bowling and instead convoys you to your stand-bys.

Novice: The fellow who just got married and is new to the Fraternity.

Gamemaster: The bachelor who is never home yet loans out his keys for other players. (She also pointed out that we even pay the guy to do this).

Abbreviations. She had a field day with these common ones.

NSU - Now single, Unattached

NSO - Now single, Otherwise (ie: married but playing around)

NMR - Not married, Review

NBR - No brats, Review

NRR - Not rewardable, Reject

NVR - No vegetable, Reject (ie: in her view we like 'em dumb and stacked)

Orders were also covered. Wait til you see these.

A - Available

F - Forget

H - Hot
C - Cold
S - Sizzling

To top it all off, she also threw in that:

Coastal Crawl: Is how we act as we slobber all over ourselves at the beach.

Bounce: When two players show up to the same stand-by.

At this point I asked her to stop throwing things and her ramblings and to put all she had said into some sort of perspective that I could understand. Before her feminine logic could grasp at some excuse, I ran to my desk, grabbed last month's copy of Charles Fargo's The Last Resort, and asked if she could interpret any order I could pull out. She agreed. So I gave her my order A BEL H. She shot back with (A) available (BEL) Betty Evans ((a fictitious name)) (H) hot! Not such a good (DUCK, CRASH) order. OK, try this on. F NAT C (FREN A LPL-TUN). "Don't," she replied, "(F) forget (NAT) Nathen to (C) convoy (FREN player) Orcena to an (A) available (LPL) Lisa Poole ((fictitious name)) (TUN) the first Tuesday of November, if it had been the second Tuesday it would have been (TTN)."

Throwing my hands up, I asked her about the press. Surely she could find no hidden messages in something intended for reading enjoyment only. Boy, was I wrong. (The following are her interpretations of my press in The Last Resort issue #11, Tannenberg. For those who do not have a copy [shame on you], I will give a brief summary of the press before I give my wife's version of reality).

Kaiser-Archduke: (Reference to Snot and Puke, two Austrians now living in Berlin). This is a reference to two stand-bys. Puke who is too ugly to go out with, and snot who was too snobby to be caught up in "Your male web or deceit."

Germany-Turkey: (Great questions of time are not decided by speech but by blood and iron). Obviously this is a stand-by who won't talk about it but will do the kind of stuff you men thrive on!

Germany-France: (Reference to Bo Schembeckler's accusation that the Arizona State team he played was all on steroids. Also, a joke that Michigan cheerleaders will be happy when Ohio State goes to natural grass so they can graze during half time). Bo, she says, is a "ten", but you have to go to the Doctor after you see her so stay away. The grass part is a code that some girl who used to be a Michigan cheerleader is now a cow.

Germany-English Army-in-exile: (Sun, fun, women. What more could you ask for. [Direct quote to a one-unit England in Denmark]). "Well," she fumed. "Forgot to encode that one didn't you?" She then heaved another plate aimed to place me into exile.

With the cupboard empty of plates and other china, I managed to calm her down. She agreed to let me stay, as long as I quit playing such silly mind games. What could I do but agree with her? All of us players know how far off base she is. So with the storm over I went to my desk in the basement. Now, where did I see that. In Isonzo, also in The Last Resort. Black press: Swiss Travel Agency: New Offices now opening in Moscow, Rome, and Berlin. We specialize in hasty last minute arrangements for those deposed government officials too busy to plan their own exile. Better keep that one in my wallet!

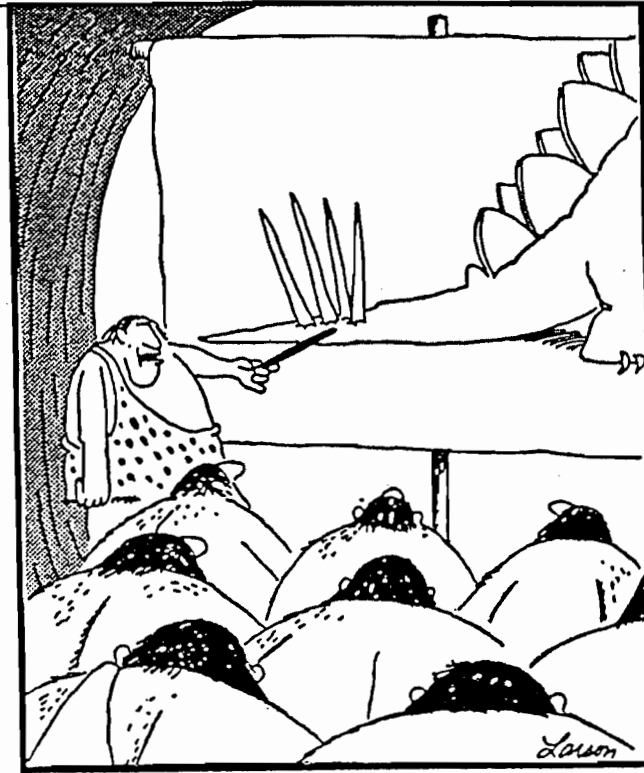
A moment of silence for ol' Thag. He may have been crude, but he was One Regular Guy.

So am I. My name is Greg Maynard. You can reach me at 3820 Red Arrow Road, Flint MI, 48507-5402. I can also be reached at (313) 742-8675, 6-9 p.m. EST. No calls later than 9 p.m. please. I have a lot this issue, so let's start with my:

*****MICHIGAN JOKE*****

Two Michigan men were walking along Lake Huron when suddenly a seagull flying overhead dropped a load right in one man's eye. "I'll go get some toilet paper," his friend offered. "Don't bother," said the man. "He's probably miles away by now."

Something I hope to include in ORG from this point on is a column, Ask A Regular Guy. Any problem/burning question on your mind, get in touch with me. I have a panel of five Regular guy's who have agreed to give up hunting and fishing for a few hours a month and answer all those questions that you have always forgot to ask.



"Now this end is called the thagomizer... after the late Thag Simmons."

*****ASK A REGULAR GUY*****

MR. REGULAR GUY; I recently saw the movie Roger and ME. The movie show a very bleak picture of life in Flint Michigan. Are things there really that bad?

ANSWER; Since I have only lived in Flint for ten years now, this is an unfair question. Folks here seem to enjoy this town, but all I can say is that sometimes I feel like Mr. Douglas on Green Acres. Has anybody seen Hank Kimball? (he's my neighbor.)

REGULAR GUY; I wear white socks, but about the only other thing I do to qualify as a regular guy is try to coach my cat to go outside on cold days. Am I qualified? I don't want to be know as the town Delbert.

ANSWER; Well my friend, the white socks is a plus. As for the coaching, it all depends on your technique. Woody Hayes kicked his players. Bo threw papers and otherwise made a big scene. Not to be forgotten is Bobby Knight, though I think he would rather have thrown a player rather than a chair across the court. If you pick your cat up by the tail and boot him out and have taught him to answer with only "yes coach" and "no coach", then I am proud to say that your One Regular Guy.

Thanks for the above two questions, and keep em' comin. It gives us regular guys a reason to get together without a lot of questions from the wives.

*****SUPERMARKET DIP*****

If you are like me, you enjoy playing Dip but have little time to spare thanks to this fast paced life we live in. To counter this, I have invented a few variants that I play as I travel through my mundane world. Heading for the local Kroger store, I prepare to play Supermarket Dip. (As a word of warning, this game involves a lot of contact with members of the opposite sex. For this reason I stay away from the Piggly Wiggly Supermart.) The goal is 18 SC's. To gain a SC, simply dupe someone into doing your shopping or running for you. Now that you know how to score, grab a cart, and head toward Produce with me.

Our opponent in produce is a housewife, (notice the curlers in her hair), 45ish, dressed in a flowered frock. I bide my time behind her as she squeezes the lettuce. After going through 33 heads, she reaches for the one she wants. I make my move, pushing my cart into her rear, (a big enough target). Her hand drops her choice head of lettuce as she whirls like a linebacker to confront me. "Oh Goodness" I fluster, putting on my best puppy dog face. "I am sooo sorry, I am just having such a hard time picking out carrots and I did not see y....". The fire in her eyes cools to warm sympathy for an obviously inept male. She then coolly pushes my cart aside and begins running her finger down the bags of carrots until she finds the package she thinks to be "best". Thanking her profusely, I pivot my cart, reach across and pick her her choice head of lettuce, tossing it into my cart. "I hate to bother you further" I lie, but how are you with fruit? What a start. Carrots, lettuce, apples, oranges, and bananas. 5 sc's and no pesticides on my fingers.

Heading toward the bread I see our next victim. She is a housewife also, evident by her roli-dex of coupons. Luck, oh what luck. She has just picked up two loaves of wheat bread, hamburger buns, and hot dog buns. I wait until she rounds the aisle, then hastily catch up. "Excuse me," I say with my best poker face, "there's a lady in a flowered frock in produce that says she just picked up about 40 coupons that you just dropped." In a flash she's gone, looking for blood in produce. She is very rude however, she didn't even thank me for my dis-information. I take the wheat bread and hamburger buns. (Hot dog buns aren't on my list.) 8 sc's.

Meat is next, and this is where I am at my very best. I put my glasses on and cruise up and down the cases until I find the lady who has just what I want and looks a little naive. Walking by and looking at her cart I give her a hearty "tsk, tsk, tsk." To her astonished look I jump in with "Oh, I'm sorry young lady, I just hate to see you killing your family with so much red meat." Before she can recover I take off my glasses, aka Dr. Welby MD, and give her my fatherly look. "I'm a doctor, and as you know red meat causes heart disease, Gastrinitus, Colonitis, Kidney Paulatousis, even Brain Dylatumular Sinuslasis." (Ok, so I stretched the truth a little, this is Dip!) With a face drained of color, she piled the meat she had put into her cart back into the meat cooler, all the while muttering "Oh my God's." Composing herself, she straightened her back, gave me her best female "I knew that look," and slid by me. "Feed them poultry" I yelled after her. I need to pick up some chicken too. OK, 2 packs of hamburger, 2 packs of steaks, 1 pack of pork cops. 13sc's.

Now, for the dairy. This place is usually tough. Lots of BIG farmgirl types hang out here. Looking around, I see a pair emptying out the milk case looking for the most advanced expiration dates. Now here are two women that I can use. Saddling up behind them, I pass the deadliest gas I can muster. As the smell begins to creep to smell level, I make the ugliest face I can at the biggest of the two girls. "Twern't me," she bellows, and points to the other heffer. "Get that finger way from me Nita Gale" says the other. So Anita Gale and the other girl, (Betty Jo), go from words to shoves to blows over the originator of my deadly gas. While these two former allies go at it, I take Betty Jo's milk and Anita Gale's Cottage Cheese. Such a shame when allies fight. Let's see, 13 plus 2 equals 15 SC's.

The rest of my shopping spree is somewhat uneventful. I talk a lady out of two \$1 coupons for cherios by dishelving my clothes and moaning how just once I wish I could afford cereal for my eight kids. Also, in the grind your own coffee area, I spotted a regular guy almost finished with the grinding process. "Ya'll drive a pick-up" I asked him. "Yep" he said, "a blue Chevy ½ ton with a rifle rack." "Well" I lied, "I just seen some Delbert out in the parkin lot a pry on the door of a blue ½ ton with a crowbar." 17 seconds for grind your own coffee is a new personal record.

As I make my way to the check-out, I face the realization that I am one SC short, even when I add in the cereal coupons and the coffee. My last chance is to slip into the express lane with my 108 items. Guessing my intentions, the manager attempts to head me off. "You've got to get me out of here quick" I plead. "I'm a doctor and I have a very important case

I must attend to, just ask her" I said, pointing to my red meat victim, "she knows I'm a doctor." The frown on the manager's face was vaguely familiar. Oh yea, I tried this same line on this guy two weeks before. Such is life. I head the other way, doing my best to cut into one of the long lines by describing the fight I hear going on in the Dairy section, to no good. Dejectedly, I prepare to admit defeat, get to the end of a line, and start re-checking my list. I am almost to the end of my list before I notice that I forgot the mayo. Oh no. Forget the wrath of a woman scorned. Go home without the mayo and the wife will have my head. Not wanting to lose my spot in line, and not willing to face the Wrath of Linda, a scramble for an idea. As luck would have it, a young mother was in front of me trying to manage three young kids. Calling over the oldest looking boy, I offer him a dime to go to the mayo aisle and get me a medium size jar. After he jacked the price up to a dollar, he smiled and agreed. After grabbing my buck, he turns to his mom and says "Moom, Billy's in the candy putting suckers in his pocket again." As his mom dashes off to nab the little thief Billy, he reaches in her cart and comes up with his mom's jar of mayo! What a stab! With a flick of the wrist he pitches the mayo to me underhanded. What a convoy! 18 SC's, I win. More importantly what a Diplomacy player. Douglas, sign this kid up!

*****REGULAR GUY OF THE MONTH AWARD*****

This month's award is a shoe in. A certificate will go out to Craig T. Nelson, who stars in the TV sitcom COACH. As Coach Hayden Fox Nelson shines as a fine example of a regular guy. I love the way he plays coy, hiding his feelings under a veil of machoness that no woman can resist. If you watch Coach, you'll appreciate what I am saying. If not, catch him on tuesday nights at 9:30 p.m. You won't be disappointed.

I tried to tell everyone, now it has come true. Them Commies have gotten the last word in. For all them people that have been buying pieces of the Berlin Wall beware. I read a report last week that the wall has asbestoes in it. And they say them Commies have no sense of humor.

On a serious note, I ran across this tid-bit the other day. If the Social Security Admin. should some how lose your files, you will not get credit for any money paid in with the exception of the last 3 years. To protect yourself, call the SSA at 1-800-234-5772. Ask for form 7004, better known as the Request for Earnings and Benefit Estimate Statement. You can also ask for form A909090. This list your earnings year by year. If, on either form you notice a discrepancy, call SSA and make an appointment. You'll find the folks there very friendly and helpful. Don't be a Delbert, take a few minutes and protect yourself from bureaucracy. Also, mention to them that I sent you, It never hurts to be a name dropper.

I also see that Charles Rothenberg, who set fire to his 6-year-old boy in 1983, has been freed from prison. If that's not bad enough, he must have a parole office with him for the next 5 years, at the cost of \$17,000 a month! What delbert came up with that idea. Why, if I had my way, I'd, I'd, go to the last word.

*****THE LAST WORD*****

What is wrong with this legal system. A man sets fire to his kid and serves only 7 years in prison. I say hang the guy. A man here in Flint kills a woman over a crack deal and only gets 18 years in prison. I say shoot him. These bleeding hearts want to take my guns. They cry about all these murders and slayings. I say kill em all. Commit a crime with a gun and rot in prison for life. Kill a person with a gun, and your killed. It's simple arithmetic. I use my guns for hunting and for protecting my family from the kind of people them delberts in the judicial system are afraid to prosecute. As for semi-automatics, I wish I had one. To many people put their blind faith in this country. The world could come falling down around your ears one day fellows. When it does, I'll be the ant, you can be the grasshopper if you want to.

On page four is a little puzzle. Drop me a line and let me know how you do.

This is FIM, the #1 roving subzine in the world and the one that says, "If it ain't fixed then lets break it."

This issue is being created, as it were, on Friday the 13th, 2 days before Easter. Not that its supposed to mean anything special, but do you know what they say about Friday the 13th? If so, then tell me.

This FIM will be appearing in MANIAC'S PARADISE, a real good, year old zine. And a fitting place for me. Douglas Kent (he's the pubber for those of you who are uninformed or just plain stupid) is to Dipdom, what Freddie Krueger is to Love Story. I mean anybody who can plug MIKE'S MAG as a new zine has got to have a few screws loose. Or a few oars out of the water. Anyway, Old Dougie-baby lives in Rahway, or should I say is housed in Rahway. Rahway is where the strongest maximum security correctional facility in America is located. At least it was when I lived in NY. Anyway, there isn't much else in Rahway besides this prison, a few toxic waste dumps and maybe a target range. And you people wonder where he got the name MANIAC'S PARADISE from?

Last week I was invited over to Doug's cell. Needless to say, I did not go. Hey Doug, did you really expect me to show up? Come on Doug! A file in a cake? That went out with Al Capone and Joan Rivers.

Doug doesn't have a monopoly on hairbrainedness. Have any of you read his "in house" subzine?(Fitting description of it if you ask me.) This guy Greg Maynard should be locked up too. I mean come-on Greggy. Only 2 people wrote in and 1 of them was Captain Video and the other "John"? Next thing you know, you'll be telling us that Fluffinella the cat and red Fraggie write to you. Hey Greg, do you want to hear a Michigan joke? Then talk to yourself.

Maybe I'm being too hard on Greg. After all, whatever it is that Doug has, its obvious that Greg has caught it. What is it, elbow in ear or something? I'll bet that Greg even roots for the Tigers. Now that is proof that Greg is truly a Maniac.

The other day, I was thinking of a good name for a new zine and I came up with ONE MEDIOCRE GUY. Hmm- do you think anyone will steal my idea before I use it? or something like it, such as ONE ROUTINE GUY, or something like that.

For those of you uninformed souls out there,(either by chance or by desire), I'm still a Met fan. Yeah, you can take the boy out of NY, but you can't take the NY out of the boy. Anyway, I root, and I expect them to come in 1st, but this team could not touch the 1986 team. I mean how good can a team be with Keith "220" Miller in CF, Dave "I can't bend over" Marshall at 1B, and Barry "I'm only bald on the outside" Lyons as their catcher. Add to this a moody, streaky Strawberry, a weak bench and no depth at the AAA level, and you have a major problem. At least going past the division. The Cubs have player depth over the Mets, but a lot of pitching question marks. The Cards need Worrell back and some bench depth too. The Pirates have 2 pitchers, 3 players and 20 AAA prospects.

I still can't believe it. I move out of NY and a new zine starts up out of Rahway State Prison. If that doesn't beat all.

I have a little space left, so let me tell you some things about myself. I'm a mild-mannered person (my Dipdom nickname is WIMP), a grandpa of 2, soon to be 3, a former publisher of my own zine. I've been in Dipdom since 1977, play games for fun, not cutthroat, but I do try to do well. I make a good ally because I'm competent and NEVER NMR!. I would be a bad choice to pick as an enemy because I don't give up. The word is tenacious.

I guess thats about it. Take care and have fun....

That's right. Failing a disaster at work or some other act of God I will be on a fishing trip before this issue is due. So, if you sent a submission to ORG and don't see it here, be patient. I am gleefully reeling my limit of trout on the Au Sable river in Northern Lower Michigan. Next issue I will catch up on anything I missed. As always, (at least until the wife gets tired of me), my address here is GREG MAYNARD, 3820 RED ARROW ROAD, FLINT MI 48507-5402. The deadline for next issue will be JULY 28, 1990. Lots of time to sit down and pen out a few notes that have been rambling around in your head.



"Ok! Now don't move, Andy! ... Here comes Mom!"

I TAUGHT MY KIDS DIP!!! AUGHHHH!!!!

One fine sunny Sunday afternoon, I taught my kids Dip, with the help of a few friends from down at the plant. Now if you own a few kids, you may know the hazards of teaching kids anything. If you don't have kids take heed. The word Dip is outlawed in my house and I am living in an uneasy cease-fire. By the way, my kids are Greg II (Gregor) age 11, Jenny 10, and Matt age 9.

About three weeks after I taught the kids Dip, I came home one Saturday morning to find the wife in tears. "Cat run away" I asked hopefully? "NO, it's those kids, they're monsters", she screamed. With that she was off in a cloud of peeling rubber. Well, time to interrogate. Finding them in their clubhouse, I got the usual run around as to who upset the wife. "OK", I told them, "Matt go in the house and make some sandwiches and Jenny fix some Ice". That's when I noticed magic-marked on their clubhouse wall:

GREG	JENNY	MATT

Tacky, but it is their club house.

Back in the house I walked into the kitchen to see Gregor making sandwiches and the other two sitting, watching him. "Didn't I tell you to make the sandwiches Matt" I inquired. "No dad", Gregor said. "You told me to." "OK", I said, thinking I must be slipping, "Jenny, I told you to put ice in some glasses." "No you didn't dad", Matt said. "You didn't tell anyone to." All this time Jenny just nodded her head in the affirmative. Well, I thought, maybe I meant to say it but forgot. "OK, you fill the glasses then Matt", and I proceeded to lay down with a cold rag on my forehead to try to restore some sanity to myself.

Five minutes of relaxation was all I could get before Jenny was pulling on my arm asking me when I was going to take her to her friend Aubry's house. "Jenny, you know the standing rule is for you to walk the two blocks to Aubry's", I told her. "But dad, just as soon as you got in you promised". "I don't remember saying that", I told her. "You did" called Matt from the kitchen. Now I knew I was cracking up.

So as I was waiting for her in the car, I heard her tell Gregor. "Mark me up for two". What in the world was she talking about. Then, after dropping her off, it hit me.

Back at home, I raced from the car to the clubhouse. Sure enough there was Gregor, pen in hand. The wall now read:

GREG	JENNY	MATT
III	IIII	IIII

"In the house", I ordered him and his brother, "NOW". I then backtracked to Aubry's and ordered home Jenny who was teaching Dip to Aubry.

"Now", I told all three when I had them lined up on the couch. "You've been playing Dip against your mother and me, haven't you". If you could have seen the three sheepish grins. "What makes you think that", Jenny asked? "Easy", I told them. "First you bounced the blame as to who made your mother mad between yourselves, which was one point each". "Then Jenny and Mat each scored a point for convincing me that my orders for lunch were NSO. Also, Jenny scored a point for her successful convoy to Aubry's. The blank looks told the story. Dad had once again cracked the case.

Now the problem arose as to how to handle the situation without banning the kids from Dip altogether, which was the wife's suggestion. The best I could come up with was to change the house rules. The new house rules include cutting support on allowance day, bouncing from one rear-end to the next with my belt, and the right to retreat to the sportsmen club or OTD. Why you might say OTD rather than OTB. That was the wife's idea. Any more trips to the sportsmen club leaving her with these dip playing maniac's and I will be Out The Door!

Two notes of importance from John Caruso. First is the PEOPLE'S DIPLOMACY ORGANIZATION RELIEF AUCTION-VI 1990. A copy of the auction list, packed full of neat stuff, can be had for a SASE from John Caruso, 636 Astor St., Norristown PA, 19401. Don't be left out of this. Where else can you bid on seven different sets of Korean postcards! The second note is that John has agreed to become the first to be featured in the MP/ORG Player Profile. Look for this in Issue #8 of ORG.

THE LAST WORD

Flag burning. Are you as sick of this topic as I am. I say we make it a National law that regular guys can legally stomp the Delberts caught burning an American flag. Heck, I'll even change from a two to a three gun rifle rack in the back window of my pick-up if they would do that. Then I can carry a baseball bat to do the job properly. I am not opposed to adding it to the Bill of Rights, making it illegal, even make the flag explosive so it will blow the idiot burning it to Kingdom Come. Let's just do something and quit all the hype!

"You're the one..."

by Mara Kent

#3

I really liked the scenario last time (my column on Doug's procrastination) so let's get right into the next scenario - everyday life at the Kent apartment. The following is a nearly 100% accurate and true transcript of a typical conversation between Doug and myself.

The Setting: The dark and depressing Kent kitchen (Doug still hasn't replaced the burned out bulbs in the overhead light). Doug and Mara are both seated around the table.

Doug: What's for dinner?

Mara: I have no idea.

Doug: What do you mean you have no idea? What are our choices?

Mara: Peanut butter and jelly.

Doug: Again? Wouldn't you rather have pizza?

Mara: Would you?

Doug: I don't care. Which do you prefer?

Mara: Well, I could go for either.

Doug: Pizza is really better, but it's a lot more expensive. What do you think?

Mara: I don't know, I'm not really hungry.

Doug: Okay, we'll have nothing. I have my snacks in the bedroom anyway.

Mara: Well, then, what am I gonna eat?

Doug: You just said you weren't hungry!

Mara: But we have to eat something, otherwise we'll be hungry later.

Doug: No we don't. We'll have nothing. There's nothing to eat, there's nothing to get delivered, so we'll have nothing, okay?

Mara: Alright, fine, we'll have nothing.

Doug: You know, a good wife wouldn't let her husband eat just snacks for dinner. What kind of diet is that? It's not healthy!

Mara: You're the one who said we should have nothing!

Doug: No I'm not, I never said that. So, will it be pizza or peanut butter and jelly?

Mara: I don't want to wait for the pizza. Let's have the peanut butter and jelly and get it over with.

Doug: (walks over to the cabinet and looks for a clean glass. There are plenty of large glasses that just require a quick rinse to use, but Doug settles on a tiny juice glass since it's easier than cleaning one himself). But I don't want that for dinner!

Mara: Why don't you just admit you want pizza then?

Doug: (opens the freezer to get some ice. Sticks his hand in the bucket, but there is none in there, so he removes an ice cube tray). I don't want pizza, but you aren't giving me any better choices.

Mara: You know what the choices are, so choose! Why do I always have to make the decision?

Doug: (removes the last two ice cubes from the tray. Puts the empty tray back into the freezer, under another tray so by the time anyone finds it empty he can deny he put it in that way. He fails to notice that the tray he puts it under is also empty). You're the one who's supposed to make me dinner, so you choose!

Mara: (sees **exactly** what Doug is doing with those ice cube trays) So, I choose peanut butter and jelly! Get me the stuff and I'll make it.

Doug: (turns on the TV to the news, so he has an excuse not to pay much attention) Okay, here's the jelly and the peanut butter.

Mara: Get me the plates and a knife. You make your own this time.

Doug: No! You make the best peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, so you make it.

Mara: No, this time you make your own.

Doug: Fine, then I won't eat.

Mara: Fine, asshole, I'll make it for you.

Doug and Mara: (in unison, as a particularly ugly or decrepit person appears on the TV

screen) [both pointing at the screen] That's you.

Doug: Here's everything, now make my dinner, woman!

Mara: (opens the bread. As she pulls the first piece out, it tears slightly).

Doug: That's your piece!

Mara: I know. You always stick me with the ripped or burned stuff.

Doug: (examines his bread) This bread feels funny. Kinda mushy and wet. I won't eat it.

Mara: It's all kind of damp.

Doug: Then I won't eat any of it. I guess it's pizza or nothing.

Mara: It has taken 45 minutes to get to this point, and now it's going to take at least another half-an-hour for the pizza to get here.

Doug: Who cares? I wanted pizza in the first place.

Mara: Fine, let's go to the bedroom and watch TV till it gets here.

(scene shifts to the bedroom)

Doug: (placing the juice glass with three drops of soda left in it on the pier behind us) When we finish this glass of soda, you have to get up and get more. I call it.

Mara: (drinks two of the three remaining drops) You should have filled it when we were in the kitchen.

Doug: While you're up, why don't you get us a bigger glass? There are some by the sink you can rinse out.

Mara: Didn't you check the dishwasher? There are clean glasses in there! (gets up and walks out towards the kitchen).

Doug: Hey, Mara, while you're in there fill up the ice cube trays. I think they're empty.

Mara: (returns with a large glass of soda) Here. What's on TV?

Doug: Nothing. Want to watch a video?

Mara: Which one?

Doug: I don't know, which one do you want to watch?

Mara: Are we going to go through this all over again?

Doug: I guess not. We can just watch TV. (turns the TV to some nature show where wild animals run around and do whatever they do. Something with a big butt or hairy legs comes on the screen).

Doug and Mara: (in unison, pointing) That's you.

I know you might find it hard to believe, but that conversation actually took place over a 45 minute period a few weeks ago. We had to reconstruct what we said, but it's about 95% accurate. Now, some of you may be thinking that this type of fiasco is unusual for us, but its not. For example, take this "Update on Our Pathetic Lives" column we post on our computer bulletin board every week to let the locals know how we're doing:

"7-28-91 Culinary arts were a major focus this week. Wednesday we made a steak, but it smelled kinda like liver, so we chucked it and had peanut butter and jelly instead. Friday we were GOING to have steak, but Doug complained until we ordered pizza. We had already defrosted the steak for Friday's dinner so we put it in the fridge. By Saturday it looked a little like cat food, so we chucked it and took another one out. We made that for dinner, but when it was done it smelled like liver, so we threw it away and had peanut butter and jelly again. Mara almost cried - I guess she had her heart set on a piece of good red dead animal flesh. I'm not sure how many times we'll go through this before we decide not to eat steak again. That will cut out about 50% of our recipe file. Sunday we had hamburgers, which we ate even though the buns felt a little weird. So far neither of us have gotten sick from them, so that's a good sign (although I do feel a slight intestinal pain coming on right now). We were thinking about going to a movie this weekend, but by the time we settled on T2 (on Saturday) it was too late to make the first showing, so we took a long nap anyway. We ended up wasting the entire day, but since we had nothing to do it wasn't a total loss. Sunday neither of us wanted to admit that we didn't want to see a movie, so we each tried to make the other feel guilty about skipping the movies for another week. In the end we watched football and baseball and took a nap. Mara's sister came by Friday, but we managed to make her feel so unwelcome that she left after 5 minutes. Another success story! PS - if we died on a Friday here, due to a gas leak or something, no one would know till Monday when Doug didn't show up for work. If it was a holiday, that would mean it would take till Tuesday. Maybe that's why Doug refuses to take a vacation - he's worried we'd die and it would take two weeks for anyone to discover the bodies!"

See? That's a true representation of our pathetic lives! More to come next time. Please take the time to let us know if you liked the column this month or not - I worked hard on it, and after reading it over with Doug we were rolling around on the floor. We hope you enjoyed it as much as we did. Remember, you're not laughing at us, you're laughing with us.

ONE REGULAR GUY

ISSUE # 17

DEATH OF A SUBZINEMEN

Sunday, June 16. 6:17 am. I got a call to check out a possible homicide at the Marriot Midtown.

6:21 am. I arrived at the Marriot. My partner Bill met me in the lobby. "How bad is it?" I asked Bill. A shake of Bill's head was all that I needed to know. This was going to be a long day.

6:23 am. I arrived at the scene of the crime. The bathroom on the fourth floor of the Marriot. Officer O'Malley was posted at the door. "Hello Detective Monday, the body is in the bathroom." "What have you got so far Pat," I asked Officer O'Malley. "He was last seen leaving the gaming area at four this morning," he replied. Passing through the room I made my way to the bathroom, Bill right behind me. The body on the floor was an extremely well built, handsome man. His neck had the peculiar twist to it that indicates a broken neck. A quick talk with the coroner confirmed this. "He was brushing his teeth at the time Joe, what is this world coming to" the coroner said to me. "I don't know" I replied, "but I will find out." "That's my job, I'm a detective, and this is the city." Suddenly that strange music came once again from out of no where.

6:26 am. Bill filled me in on the details. The victim was a subzine author in town for a convention. I asked Bill what kind of convention. With another shake of the head he told me, Diplomacy. Those people again. Will it never end. That also explained the shabby hair, a three day growth of beard, and the reek off of the body. These people get hooked on Dip and everything else goes to pot. I called Officer O'Malley in, and instructed him to lock the doors tight and assemble all the Dip players in the grand ball room at 7:00 am.

6:42 am. My search of the room brought only one question for Bill. "I see that both sides of the bed have been slept in, was this guy a light stepper?" Bill rummaged under the sheets and pulled out a large baseball bat, one of the biggest I had ever seen. "No Joe, he was a right-winger." So much for the Jealous lover stuff. Sorting through the victims mail I gathered as many names as I could to interview.

7:06 am. I arrived at the grand ballroom. There was a great commotion inside, something I have learned is common whenever these Dippers get together. Stepping in through the back door, I walked to the podium and made the announcement. "One regular guy has been murdered." A great sigh of relief filled the hall. Perplexed I turned to Bill. With a shrug of the shoulders he told me that word had gotten around that a murder had occurred and they were afraid that it was Melinda Holley. "Is she that

well liked", I asked Bill. "No," Bill said, "she is just playing in a lot of games and they were all afraid that their games would be postponed to call in standbys." That said, I asked my fellow detectives to gather up the people I had on the list and bring them up to the scene of the crime so that I could interview them. I noticed that a general Pandemonium had broken out, with everyone throwing accusations at each other.

7:24 am. The first suspect was brought before me. The worm even brought his wife along. "Name", I queried. "Doug Kent." Ah, Doug, the jealous zine author perhaps. "Describe your relationship with the victim for us." After three minutes of listening to the filthiest garbage to sprout forth since man first took a woman as his wife I stopped him and told him, "Just the facts." At this point Doug's wife slapped her hand over her husbands mouth. "Detective Monday, Doug is not devious enough to devise a killing" she told Bill and I. "His idea of deviousness was to piss out our second story window onto the postman when Doug thought he was with-holding his copy of the Zine Register." "Crude he is, devious he is not." I concurred, and called for the next suspect.

7:31 am. 'Get this ziggy looking fellow out of here' I told Bill. "NO, NO, I am Robert Stimmel", ziggy said. Scanning my notes I found him. "So, I see that you and the victim had a dispute over Gilligan's Island. I always thought the Professor and the Skipper would be the two to come to blows over this, not you two," I said. "NO, NO," said Stimmel, "after I read his comment on my ORG/MP Bio is sat down and watched all my tapes of Gilligan's Island, three times each. I watched for 87 hours straight. He was right, Mary Anne is the better of the two!" Next.

7:36 am. The next suspect walked in, proceed by two greyhounds, one of which immediately started to hump Bill's leg. "Rieff", he said, "and I didn't do it." Bill was having no luck with the dog. "Like dogs?" I asked. "Love em'", said Reiff with that definite MidWest accent. Then it hit me, or rather the smell did. Dog urine. No way this guy could sneak up on anyone. "Your free to go" I said. It took four minutes to get the dog off Bill.

11:09 am. The list of suspects seemed endless. Bill Becker, the Behrendts, Tom Taylor, John Caruso, Paul Chinnery, Charles Greger, Mark Murray, and a host of others. There was even a Three Stooges type trio that went by the names of Mud Man, Killer Corndog, and Captain Video. All said basically the same thing, that the victim deserved it but that they were not the type to stab anyone. Will these Dippers never learn that a trained detective such as myself can tell that each one of them were lying through their teeth. I have learned in my investigations that these guys will stab their own mothers for a postage stamp.

11:10 am. The big break came. One Garret Schenck entered. He nervously sat beneath the light I had set up. "I see that you and the victim had several disputes", I started with, "why did you kill him!" I knew from my notes that this was a spineless commie liberal. "I didn't stab him," he sobbed. "I will even miss him at the next love in. We all loved to hear his truck come rattling up, and the sight of him swinging his big baseball bat at all of us that deserve to be whacked a good one." "He swung that bat a lot," I asked. "Yes", sobbed Garret, "I heard he practiced on a

dummy with a picture of George McGovern on it's head every night." "You can go" I told this sobbing creature. I now had the case solved. "Get them all together again Bill."

11:21 am. Something I had seen in the victims mail stack had stuck in my mind. A search through the victims mail confirmed my suspicions. I now knew who the murderer was.

11:38 am. With the hundred and six dippers back in the ballroom I once again took the podium. Accusations were flying as to whom had done the dirty deed. Fingers were pointing from one to another, all trying to decide who was the best at stabbing. "They almost seem to take pleasure in this" Bill commented. I didn't bother to reply. "Shut up" I told them. A stillness took hold of the room. "You people make my guts churn" I told them. "You write nasty things about each other, and consistently try to put the screws to each other. I am just glad that you are only visitors to my city, and not residents. Why you have been busy blaming each other I have solved the crime. The victim, this regular guy, has been so wrapped up in playing this silly game he has allowed other things to slip. His job, his bills, his family, his personal hygiene. In his mail I found a notice for him to visit his dentist next Tuesday. From the amount of enamel worn down on his teeth he had obviously been brushing his teeth from the time the last game had ended. One hard stroke and snap, his neck was broken. Dead, all because of your silly little game. I hope your happy. Officer O'Malley, open the doors and let these citizens out, and I hope you hold your next convention in Canada."

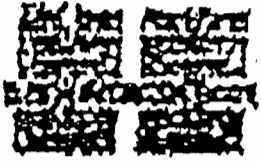
2:48 pm. Brown derby restaurant. At lunch with Bill. "I didn't put the baseball bat swinging in with the death Joe, I just didn't see it," said Bill. "That's why they give me my paycheck Bill", I said. "But remember", I told him, "Old Dippers never die, they just sit in a corner somewhere and write black press." Play the music please.

That folks, signals the end of ORG, for a while at least. A new job has me commuting about three hours daily now, and it is all I can do to keep myself sane. I have slimmed myself down to two games, one of which is now winding down and should be finished within the next few turns. So for a while I will be concentrating on my one game, and will drop in a few comments here and there in MP if Doug will still have me. The day will come when ORG will be back, but only when time is not at a premium and I have the equipment to make it a pleasure, not a chore.

There are a few loose ends that need to be taken care of, ala the letter column. If anyone is interested I have some material that I can pass on which will make a great start if a subzine may be in the back of your mind.

It has been a sincere joy to bring ORG to you, and I hope that you have enjoyed reading it. Thanks to all who have given me their support and their criticism, both of which I could not have done this without. So, until we meet in a letter column or a game some day take care, and keep dipping away.

The Basic Philosophy of All Major Religions



Taoism:

Shit Happens



Confucianism:

Confucius say
"shit happens"



Buddhism:

If shit happens'
it isn't really
shit

Zen:

What is the
sound of shit
happening?



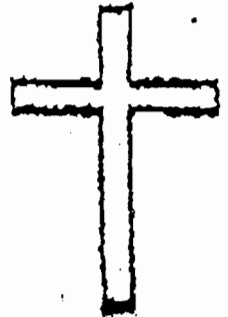
Hinduism:

This shit
happened before



Islam:

If shit happens,
it is the Will
of Allah

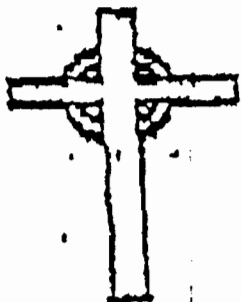


Protestantism:

Let shit happen
to someone else

Catholicism:

If shit happens
you deserved it



Judaism:

Why does shit
always happen
to us?



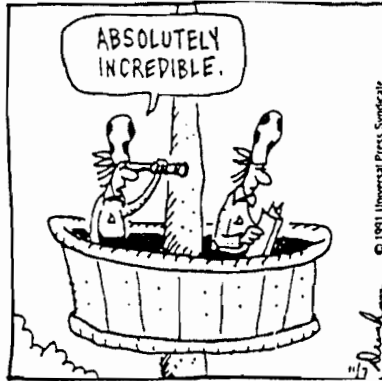
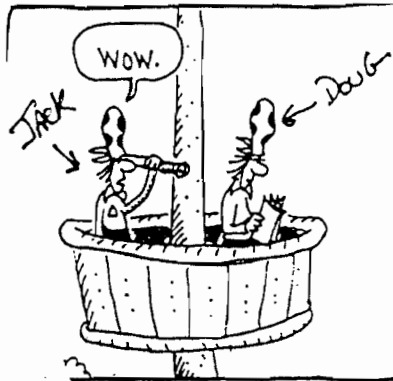
Jack's Cartoon Page

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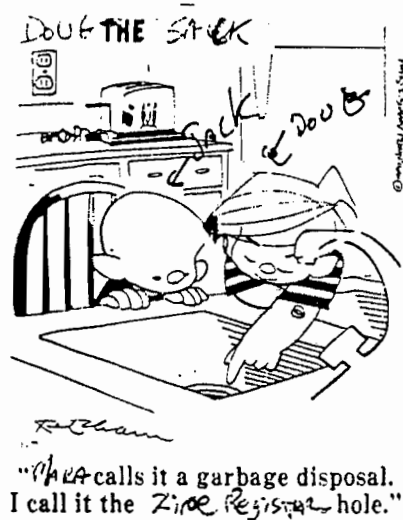
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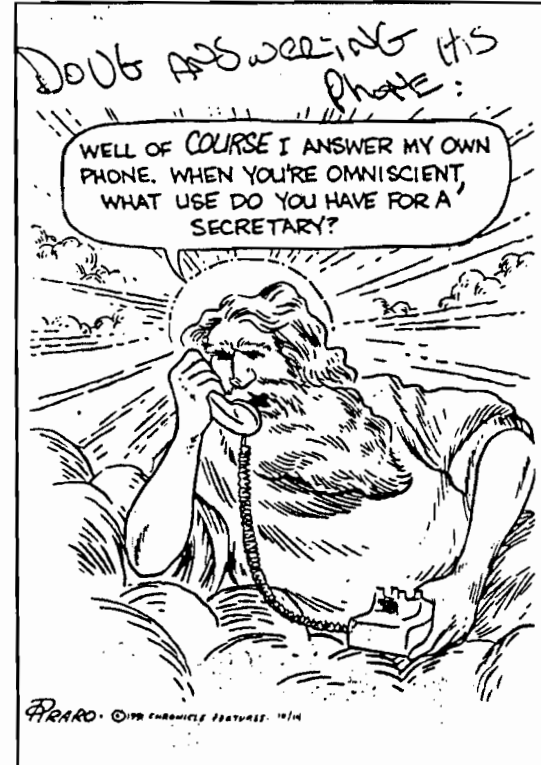
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FAR SIDE



BIZARRO



This lovely piece of work is put out by Jack McHugh (280 Sanford Road, Upper Darby, PA 19082 (H)215-352-7479 (W)215-832-3612 CIS#:76646,334). Besides being an adviser to Boris Yeltsin and the official Jawn Caruso biographer, I am a full-time official hobby personality-except void where prohibited by law. If you like the zine don't clap, throw money!

Right now I have my diplomacy opening "Bismarck" has the following players signed up: Doug Kent, Sean Brown, Mike Lord, Tom Howell and Tony Strong. The game will use black press. Since Mike and Tony have sent in preference lists we will be using preference lists in this game. However so far, Mike and Tony are the only two people who've sent in preference lists.

I am announcing another game opening. This time I am opening Phil Reynolds new design, Middle Eastern Dip. The game is to be called Mommar. Doug will print the rules in the next issue.

Also note my houserules are at the end of this issue.

Anyway today we have the another installment of **Wild Dipdom: The East Coast Clique**, featuring Brad "Bozo" Wilson, Kathy "Baglady" Caruso and "Little" Tommie Swider. Remember the dots you save may be your own. We also have more of my commentary on the Whining Kent Pig and its mate, "Not" Mara Kent. We also have our Asian Dip game, "Commodore Perry", as our first game turn of Spring 1901 is adjudicated. Sorry no maps, unless someone wants to scan one for me? (hint, hint) We also have a movie review and a couple of top ten lists.

Wild Dipdom, The East Coast Clique: First up we have our continuing attempt to illuminate the path for hobby novices. This week on **Wild Kingdom**, Jim will attempt to wrestle the very dangerous snow leopard while I sit in the studio and discuss Mutual of Omaha Life Insurance. Remember how the old Wild Kingdom was like that, with Marlin Perkins always sitting it out in the studio while "Jim" always got to wrestle the leopard? Wonder how he got away with that?

Anyway first up is Brad "Bozo" Wilson. Brad Wilson is quite the cunning player when he pays attention. Unfortunately his habit of NMRing, which has nicknamed him "the NMR machine", "Game Delay Brad", and, my favorite, "Standby List Slayer", makes Brad as dangerous to his allies as his enemies. The key phrase, "when he pays attention," says it all about Brad. Brad usually doesn't pay attention thus should be attacked immediately. He also will lose attention if not aroused through the press.

Many players make the mistake of attacking Brad through the press. This only angers and arouses him, as much as he can be aroused, and should be avoided. He also is known to ally with Madlanders, especially James Wall, Marc Peters and Matt Fleming. Brad is to be watched in their presence at all times.

In honor of Brad's need to take a "vacation" from his games-which, by the way, makes them a real gem for any standby-I am naming my standby list the "Brad Wilson List". Brad's exits are

usually preceded with much gnashing of teeth and whining in the press about how he's been "screwed" by everyone. Sometimes sounding much like his hobby mentor and hero Jawn Caruso.

Our next player is that hobby icon, Kathy "Baglady" Caruso. Also known as "Bloodsucker" and "The Bitch from Norristown", Kathy can be found in many zines, usually on the standby list. This woman is by far the most dangerous person outside of Gary Behnen in the hobby. Not only is she a great player but she has a network of toadies that is of staggering proportions. There is no where this sorceress can't find a toady.

Kathy is also not above using any and all methods to gain a win. Bullying, female charms, toadies, there isn't much this women won't stoop to to win.

Don't be fooled into thinking that she is anything like her husband John the wimp. Kathy will stop at nothing for a win.

Either agree to work with her, she can be quite a good ally- Kathy is not afraid to reward friends-or attack her from day one. There is no middle ground here. If you aren't with her, you're against her.

Beware of confusing here with the mild mannered Cathy "With a C" Ozog. They are totally, TOTALLY different. It is as dangerous to your country to confuse them as confusing arsenic and apple juice would be to you.

If you decide to work against Kathy beware her toadies. If our CIA had as many informants as Kathy does toadies we wouldn't need spy satellites.

Our final player is "Little" Tommie Swider. Tommie is a dangerous player since he is the leading hobby instigator. Tommie doesn't start wars with other countries; he starts them **between** other countries. Then Tommie moves into pick up the spoils like a jackal. Closely resembles a certain Marc Peters from Wisconsin in this regard.

Tommie is also known to ruthlessly turn on an ally if he needs dots. These are not the dopey one center stabs ala Dave Anderson, but beautifully well executed, crippling, up the butt, leaving you prostrate and breathing hard stabs that, if done to a person rather than a country, would be considered statutory rape in most states.

Tommie is also quite the letter writer. Unfortunately Tommie likes to make up little details of his letter. Like Tommie will tell you that a neighbor is planning to attack you, but he will forget to tell you that the neighbor also said that would be several years in the future. Tommie has been known to give you a shitty grin and shrug a lot when confronted with such lies.

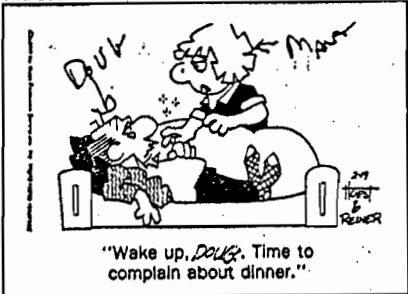
Tommie has also been around for eons so he knows everyone. One of the few players who can ally with Madlanders and Warthogs in the same game.

Next month we examine the dangerous Madlanders Marc Peters, James Wall and Marc Freuh.

MARA KENT DEPT: What is this woman's problem? I call up and she claims she doesn't want to talk to me and hates me, but she is constantly shouting stuff at Doug to tell me. Then she tells me she can't wait to get into **Enemy in Sight** with me so she can kill me. Mara just can't control herself around me.

Jack's Cartoon Page

collected by Jack McHugh



OVERBOARD



Jack's Cartoon Page

collected by Jack McHugh



THE LOCKHORNS



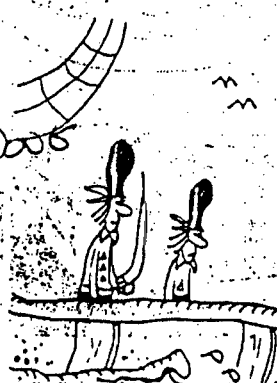
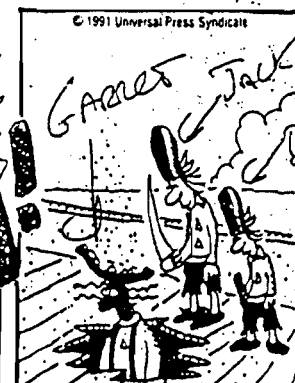
OVERBOARD



OVERBOARD



OVERBOARD



"You're the one..."

by Mara Kent

#8

I really wasn't going to continue doing "You're the One", being that I've been occupied with many Doctor appointments. However, I received many cards and letters about how I have been missed. Of course I understand the need you all have for a whole bunch of **DIRT** to use against Doug someday. I'm sure you all have files marked "Dirt on Doug". So, I'll give you some!

First let me say that I really didn't realize that other wives were suckered into this **ZINE CRAP** (my favorite phrase that I yell at Doug when he isn't paying attention to me, because he is always intently reading that stuff)!! I guess it hadn't hit me that I am not the only ~~sucker~~ wife actually **TRYING** to understand this phenomenon known as Dipdom (even if I do it just to pretend to be interested in my hubby's stupid hobbies) until I received a postcard the other day. Now, I wasn't sure about the proper hobby etiquette, but a small participant (Hobby Ghod) told me that anything people send me in the mail not marked "NOT FOR PRINT" is public domain, so I feel okay about mentioning the card. Not that there was anything wrong with what was said on this postcard. On the contrary, it's what made me pick up the pen again! (Yes, I prefer to write out my rough drafts, rather than type them on the computer. A wife could wipe out all of her husband's Dip files with one keystroke! Wouldn't that just be too bad? Oopsie!)

Anyway, the inspirational postcard was from Bruce & Lesley McClung, who said "You must get better soon. Maniac's is the only zine my wife will read because of your domestic wit. Perhaps she relates to your "Doug-isms". Get well soon." I just wasn't sure the ~~sucker~~ wife wanted her name in a zine. Oh well, sorry if you didn't - but anyway let's get on with it. This one's for you Lesley - I hope you (and everyone else) find it amusing!

"Doug-isms"

What He Says

"I promise.."

"I'll clean up the kitchen for you."

"I'll feed the cats."

"I'll do it later."

What He Means

You won't remember what I promised, and you won't have any proof. Therefore, I can deny ever making such a promise and never have to live up to it!

I'll just stack everything in the sink and dump water on it. I'll stuff the napkins and plastic wrappers underneath as a surprise. You won't see it till I'm at work, so who cares?

If there is still any food in their bowl, that's good enough. Who cares how long its been sitting there? (Is the food supposed to be green like that?)

Not in this lifetime, or any other.

What He Says

"I'll cook dinner tonight."

"I'll cook dinner tonight."
(Version II)

"Good dinner. I'm full."

"I've got too much to do
already!"

"I'm too tired."

"I'll do it tomorrow."

"I have to get this done
right now!"

"I'll mail that important
letter right away."

"The gravy looks fine,
but I don't want any on
my turkey."

"You stay in bed, I'll
run the dishwasher for
you."

"We can't afford it."

What He Means

What do you want to order for delivery?

I'll look so inept in the kitchen, that after
gritting her teeth for a few minutes, she'll be forced
to take over and make dinner herself. All part of the plan!
How do you boil water again?

Where are my snacks, damn it?!

I've got a lot of comic books to read, I want to take a nap,
and three new zines came in the mail today.

I'm ready to go to sleep, UNLESS some Diplomacy idiot calls
me. In that case, I'll spend two hours on the phone, talking
about nothing.

There's always another tomorrow. Hee hee. No commitment
here!

I'd rather be doing this than doing any of the 100's of
things I've been putting off for months. Besides, those
things are work, and this is fun.

I'll bring it to work, throw it in one of my desk
drawers, and forget all about it for months. Then I'll
send it and tell you I did it back when I was supposed to!

All my nose hairs were just singed off by the rancid smell
this gravy is emitting. I don't want to ruin your meal,
since you just poured it all over your food like a pig
without tasting it first. So, if you get sick from it later I'll
console you, being the good husband that I am.

Throw the soap in the dishwasher, and pretend the next
morning that I didn't see the piles of dirty dishes, glasses,
and utensils that needed to be put in there, essentially not
accomplishing anything except wasting a lot of hot water and
energy running the dishwasher for two glasses, a bowl, and a
plastic fork.

I spent all of our money on comic books and CD's, so you'll
have to do without your medicine this month.

I hope you all enjoyed these. I'll be back in a few months with another column,
if I get the urge. Thanks to all of you who sent me cards and letters. If you didn't get
a thank you from me, it'll be in the mail soon. I love you all!

Mara's Recipe of the Month



Bibs Waits For His Share

Beef Roast With Mushroom Stuffing

Roast:	1/2 ts Salt	Stuffing:	2 tb Vegetable Oil
	1/4 ts White Pepper		1 Small Onion, chopped
	2 lb Flank Steak		4 oz Mushrooms,
	1 ts Dijon Mustard		drained & chopped
			1/2 cup Parsley, chopped
Gravy:	3 Strips Bacon, cubed		2 tb Chives, chopped
	2 Small Onions, chopped		1 tb Tomato Paste
	1 cup Beef Broth		1/2 cup Bread Crumbs
	1 ts Dijon Mustard		1/4 ts Salt
	2 tb Ketchup		1/4 ts Pepper
			1 ts Paprika

Lightly salt and pepper flank steak. Spread one side with mustard. To prepare stuffing, heat vegetable oil in a frypan, add onion and cook for 3 minutes, until lightly browned. Add mushroom pieces; cook for 5 minutes. Stir in parsley, chives, tomato paste, and bread crumbs. Season with salt, pepper, and paprika. Spread stuffing on mustard side of the flank steak, roll up jelly-roll fashion and tie with thread or string. To prepare gravy, cook bacon in a Dutch oven until partially done. Add the meat roll and brown on all sides, approximately 10 minutes. Add onions and saute for 5 minutes. Pour in the beef broth, cover Dutch oven, and simmer for 1 hour. Remove meat to a preheated platter. Season pan juices with mustard. Salt and pepper to taste; stir in ketchup. Serve the gravy separately.

Mara's Notes: When we use canned Beef Broth, we usually put in the whole 13 3/4 oz. can. The gravy reduces while the meat cooks, so in the end it is still nice and thick. The gravy is incredible - besides putting it on your meat and stuffing, pigs like us enjoy dunking bread in it while we eat. Ummm...

Adjective that best describes this dish - Spectacular

The Garage Door

Herman Bingham

THEY KILLED IT!

MY BEAUTIFUL LAWN!

**MY BUILDERS DESTROYED
MY LAWN WITH VIOLENCE
AND TRACTORS!**

MY LAWN ON MY PROPERTY!!!

I have two neighbors who will testify in court that I worked on that lawn every weekend for months, **hours** at a time. I have receipts for over \$200 of lawn care products. I've talked with a lawyer. I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!

Actually, the whole thing is over now, but to give you a feel of what happened, I want to start at the beginning. You already know before the beginning, my obsession-compulsion about my lawn, what a lawn says about a man, what it *means*. You've read at least a couple of pieces on the lawn: the stone-removal-before-we-moved-in piece and last month's philosophical digression into the lawn-as-bonsai-tree. Now, with this recent violation of my rights as a property owner, total disregard of my dignity as a person, and savage siege of my land by neo-nazis, I'll tell you the story, as fairly as I can.

My brother-in-law was moving to a new house. He asked my wife (and his sister), Maureen to watch his 4-year old and 1-year old while he moved. Maureen drives 40 miles to their house, picks up the kids, and drives 40 miles back.

When she pulls up in the driveway, she hears construction like we always do--it's a new development. As she's struggling with three kids (our daughter is the third child), she opens the front door and--through the patio sliding doors--sees a tractor, a small landscaping tractor gleefully bouncing up and down in our back yard. Now, the construction workers have cut across our lawn before, and well, they've got to do their jobs, but this was ridiculous. She figured they were working on the house next door, but backing up and backing up over our grass.

Then she saw it! The builders had dumped dirt over half of our back lawn. The south side that we had considered sodding was completely under dirt, and the west expanse was half under. Maureen asked what was going on and the builder--the project supervisor--said not to worry, that they would sod what they damaged. Then Maureen called me at work.

Something was fishy about this whole thing. Why didn't they contact us before they did this? What they were doing was raising the elevation of our yard. (A bit of background. When we bought the house, our village did not yet require certification of inspection by the village engineer. We had a "sunken" yard, but didn't complain because we figured that was just what we got. After we moved in, the village started requiring certification. The result was that all the back yards of the block were higher than ours--we were the first on our block--and that caused some kind of drainage problem somehow. Not my problem. So the village required our builder to elevate our yard or pay a \$500 fine if the work wasn't completed by some date known only to them. Still not my problem. The builder's solution was to elevate our yard when they elevated the *unpurchased* lot next door. Ouch! My problem.)

What were they thinking? Can you just dump dirt on a home owner's lawn and walk away as if nothing happened? Are there two sets of laws, one for private owners and one for builders? I didn't know, but I soon found out. This gets ahead of the story a bit but actually, yes there are two sets of laws in Illinois. The builder had every right to trespass on my property and bring my land up to code. They did not perpetrate any criminal act. As I say, I found that out later.

The first thing I did when I got home was to contact the project supervisor. He said--yeah, well, I talked with your wife and told her... .. I... .. stopped... .. him. I stared at him, I glared at him, I looked him straight in the eye and, containing all the rage I had within me--as violated as I felt at the time, believing I had a criminal *and* civil case against them--I told him--I don't want you talking to my wife--she didn't give you permission to do this and she's not going to give you permission to put any sod on it. You're in a lot more trouble than you think you are. What I want you to do is call your lawyers and find out how much trouble you're in and I want something in writing by Friday (it was Thursday) that says you're going to replace my entire lawn.--Oh I understand you're angry, he said, and I'm sorry for not contacting you, but as I already told your wife, we intend on sodding what we damaged. I got closer to him so I could speak more quietly. I leaned into his face. If you set foot on my property again without my permission, I'll have you thrown in jail and sue you personally for criminal trespassing. You don't have my permission to sod what you've damaged. You're going to sod the whole yard. He told me he'd call me the next day. He didn't.

The scene with this supervisor lasted about 10 minutes. I really don't remember all that I said, but I kept on repeating that they had trespassed onto my property and damaged it. I was so angry that I was quiet and fairly stiff. Usually I'm animated with my gestures and face. This was all business and bluff, but it was serious. I'll try to explain why this whole thing was so important to me because it's important to the story, why I went nuts and pursued this thing as far as I did.

Basically, I just didn't think a builder *should* do that. Ok, that's a moral judgment, and I admit I'm judgmental. But it just didn't feel good. How could it be that a builder just comes onto my property and does work? Even if that work is to improve my land and bring it up to village code? What could be next? Fix the foundation? Doesn't it seem *right* that the home owner should be informed before the work? And doesn't it seem right that the home owner should have some say in the compensation for the damage? After all, we did nothing wrong and we were not required by the village to do anything!

Well, what seems "right" does not always coincide with what is the law. I soon found out, after talking with a lawyer, that the builder had no obligation except to re-seed the part of the lawn covered by the dirt. He did not recommend anything, but did hint that it was a civil matter. Mostly, I think, because I kept telling him I didn't understand how I couldn't do anything about what happened. You see, police are not suppose to "recommend" action. And he didn't. Still he was helpful. The lawyer I spoke with felt I might recover enough compensatory damages to sod the remainder of my lawn myself, but it was a crap shoot. I could end up with nothing. With the right judge I could get \$2500; with a different judge, nothing. Sheesh.

I knew none of this when I met with the project supervisor, his boss, and the project manager at my house on Saturday. All three met around my kitchen table. I told them what I wanted to have done, they offered me excuse after excuse and told me they were very sorry. There was a *Monty Python* skit where Eric Idle was accused of a list of heinous crimes ten yards long. It took about 5 minutes to read off all manner of butchery, murder, and crimes against humanity. After reading the list, the prosecutor asks Idle what he has to say for himself. He says "I'm very, very sorry and I promise never to do it again." That's how ridiculous the scene in my kitchen was. First they wanted to explain why they had to do it. I didn't care. Then they wanted to dictate the terms of the settlement. *Never!* They had known about this job for weeks! They never contacted me. Then they want me to roll over and forgive them? It looked like I was going to have to take them to school and to court.

Then they were going to do to "make it right." I told them that sodding half the lawn would not "make it right." They stayed about a half hour. The two lower-level supervisors said "let's just do it (sod the whole yard) and be done with it." The project manager, the weasel who sits in an office 60 miles from the development site, said "No. I think we're being taken advantage of here. It's a matter of principle." I laughed at him and said--you better think about the legal principle.

What had begun as a campaign against me and the building corporation was now made personal. This shmuck was not going to make me happy simply because he didn't like me. Ow, that hurt. But what really did hurt was the friction that this incident caused between Maureen and me. She felt I was being macho about the whole thing and that I should just take the first offer. I felt that she wasn't supporting me in something I had a great deal of feeling about. So I'm "owning" my feelings and sharing them, but getting no support (go figure). She felt that I wasn't taking into consideration her feelings, that she owned the house, too, and that by cutting her out of the "negotiations" (such as they were), I jettisoned our marriage into the 1950's. I felt she didn't understand the implications--as I saw them--of letting the builder literally run over us and then dictate the terms of compensation.

I don't know about you, but for me it's important to be active in my community, in local government, and to be a respected citizen. Old fashioned? Maybe, but as the saying goes: All politics is local politics. There are important things to get done in town. I want to ensure the value of my property, I want better than average schools for my kids and the other kids, I want a responsive police force, regular garbage pickup, working sewers, etc.. I can't do those things, but I can sit and talk, plan, analyze. If, as is the case with some, I am not respected by those who listen and *can* do something about it, what I say won't matter. If I am respected, people will listen. That's how it works.

What does this have to do with the builder and my lawn? Well, if the same thing had happened to my neighbor, I would have thought him a wuss for not taking the builder to task. The words *my property* have got to mean something. In my little world, anyway. *That* over there is yours and *this* over here is mine. It keeps things clear, and it lets me know where to stop mowing the lawn.

So now a week goes by and I hear nothing from the weasely shmuck who's made it personal. I finally call his office and am transferred to somebody else. This person says she'll relay the message to him. He gets back to me and says--no change. What he's really telling me--not in so many words, but what he said to me--what I heard was--I the shmuck am telling you what you'll get and this is what you'll get and you can take it or leave it.

By this time I'm resigned to going to court. I see no other way. Maureen now backs me up and says let's go for it. She had tried to get me to promise to take the half-offer if they offered it again. I promised only to get the offer in writing if I could. I never got it. I wanted it in writing because I thought that in case I did have to go to court, the judge might--at least- hold the builder to the written offer. That way the most I could lose was time.

I wrote to the woman that I talked to. Her title was Project Administrator, while the shmuck's title was Project Manager. Same project: different functions. I sent it certified, restricted delivery to her. This is a good ploy to remember. The lawyer I spoke with told me that a certified letter with restricted delivery lets their legal department know you're accumulating documentation. Whatever it did, she passed it on to her boss.

Now... what they don't know is that by the time she receives this letter and has to sign for it in the lobby, I've been to the village police. I now know I have no criminal case against them and am beginning to sketch out in my mind exactly how I'm going to go about re-seeding my lawn next Spring after a judge tells me i'm an idiot. I had also talked with a friend of mine from work who recently filed a small claim. It was not *The People's Court*. The judge threatened my friend with contempt for not answering "yes" or "no," but instead explaining things. "Sir, if you don't give me a simple yes or no answer to my questions I'll hold you in contempt of court!" And here I had planned an *L.A. Law*-style closing statement about being a home owner in America. Oops. It began to look like *Turf-Builder* for me come April.

Here's the finale. Once the woman-who-I-wrote-to gave my letter to her boss, *he called me!* My chin hit the desk and bounced onto the floor. He listened to my complaint and said "For the \$200 dollars, i'll make you happy." Wow, he sure would! The \$200 was the weasely shmuck's estimate of what it would cost *me* to finish off my lawn, after he had done all he said he was going to do. You know what that shmuck said to me? He said "If I damaged a corner of your house, you wouldn't expect me to paint the whole thing would you?" What a shmuck!

Anyway, his boss knew how to treat a customer. I wasn't asking for an unreasonable amount. I was asking for my dignity back. I was determined--and I told them this--to have a judge tell me what I would settle for; not them, never *them*. They were not going to come on to my property without notifying me, destroy my hard work, and then dictate to me the terms of the settlement.

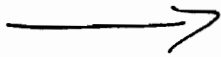
Was I right? Who cares? I'm happy now, Maureen is happy, and I've gained a little respect with my family, my in-laws, and my neighbors. Was a little more respect worth it? Isn't it always?.

AN EXTREMELY IMPORTANT DIP NOTICE

Dave Wang wants to play my variant 1939, need 6 more. Free. Send preference list.

And lock up when you leave.

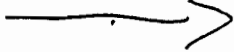
BEING ENGAGING



SIBLING

COMPARISON

The "Hook"



BACK TO "NORMAL"

"I DON'T BLAME
YOU FOR BEING
A WORTHLESS
PIECE OF SHIT"

Dear Paul,

I'm really enjoying my classes. I hope you have interesting ones, too. None of the libraries here are like Bobst. How about there?

Did you call me up from Alabama on 12/14?

I find it hard to believe you will be 21st 2/15. And it's impossible to believe you'll be turning 30 in June. I'm sure it was only a few months ago that you had your first day in grade 1 and crew a picture of your family... without me. You told me there wasn't room on the paper for me. I know you thought I was often fat (when



CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHERS

was pregnant) but I thought there was lots of space on the paper.

I didn't realize this card was made where you are. I got it because I do think of you, but also because one of the first things I went to see in Philadelphia the first time I was there was the statue of the thinker (and of LOVE).

Photograph © Liz Kahlenberg Bordow 1988
Thinking Of You
© Palm Press 1988
1442 A Walnut Street #120
Berkeley, California 94709

G572-150 Can-225

Love,
Mom



44802 22737

DO YOU THINK THIS IS WHAT DAD MEANT WHEN HE SAID "YOU HAVE TO BE ON GUARD AGAINST WOMEN PLAYING ON YOUR GUILT"?

For those of you who remember Mara's "Dougisms" in her "You're the One" column from a while back, I now bring you my response, which I picked up on a BBS recently...

The Modern Man's Guide to Understanding His Wife

Wifespeak

English Equivalent

You want	<==>	You want
We need	<==>	I want
It's your decision	<==>	The right decision should be obvious by now
Do what you want	<==>	You'll pay for this later
We need to talk	<==>	I need to complain
Sure,... go ahead	<==>	I don't want you to
I'm hungry	<==>	(a) Make me something to eat (b) Stop what you are doing, scrape together your last \$\$, and go drive across town and get me something to eat...I don't care if what you are doing is important.
I'm not upset	<==>	Of course I'm upset, you moron
You're...so manly	<==>	You need a shave and you sweat a lot
You're certainly attentive tonight	<==>	Is sex all you ever think about?
I'm not emotional, and I'm not over-reacting!	<==>	I'm having my period
Be romantic, turn out the lights	<==>	I have flabby thighs
This kitchen is so inconvenient	<==>	I want a new house
The car is empty	<==>	Go fill it up
The trash is full	<==>	Take it out
The dog is barking	<==>	Go outside in your underwear and see what is wrong
I want new curtains	<==>	and carpeting, and furniture, and wallpaper
I need wedding shoes	<==>	the other 40 pair are the wrong shade of white
Hang the picture there	<==>	NO! I mean hang it there!
I heard a noise	<==>	I noticed you were almost asleep
Do you love me?	<==>	I'm going to ask for something expensive
How much do you love me?	<==>	I did something today you're really not going to like

In answer to "What's Wrong?"

Nothing	<==>	Everything
Everything	<==>	My PMS is acting up
Nothing, really	<==>	It's just that you're such an asshole
I don't want to talk about it	<==>	Go away, I'm still building up steam.

Whining Kent Pig Update

I'm sure you've all been looking forward to the full story of this move to Dallas. Well, wait no longer! I have arrived with all of the gory details, although lack of time this month will force me to stretch it out over a few issues.

I suppose I'll start the move back on Wednesday October 5. We were going to rent a car and drive down to Dallas over three days. Our old 1987 Hyundai would never make the trip! So, on the 5th my mother-in-law and I travelled from the house on New Providence to the nearest Hertz location, about 20 minutes away in West Orange, where a full-size car was waiting for us. We made it there without any problems, and after a brief inspection of the rental car, my mother-in-law left in the Hyundai to go buy dinner and meet me back at our house.

...or so I thought! As it turned out, the Hyundai broke down less than a block from the rental agency! I spent 5 minutes or so filling out the forms, jumped in the Toyota Camry we were renting, and drove back home. I apparently drove right past the broken down hunk of junk (the Hyundai, not my mother in law you clods!) without seeing it. She stood there for maybe 30 minutes waiting for me to drive by, until she finally gave up and called her oldest daughter for help.

Even now, I'm not quite clear on what is wrong with the car. We had to decide between selling it to a guy who was going to fix it himself and resell it, fixing it ourselves and then selling it, or trashing it. All of this depended on what was wrong with it, but I can't remember us ever getting a final answer on that. More details when I remember to look into it.

Anyway, Thursday the 6th was the day the movers were supposed to arrive to pack our entire lives into little cardboard boxes and white packing paper. Originally we were expecting them by 9am, but good old Victor (my boss) decided there were a few things in his house (15 minutes away) that he needed moved to Dallas. Victor described these things as "a few boxes and a TV" and told the moving company it would involve "15 minutes work." Typical. The movers arrived at Victor's house around 8:30am, and didn't get out of there until maybe 12:00 noon. It seems that the "few boxes" turned out to be about 20, including some pictures that had to be carefully packed. And, the "TV" was Victor's huge projection wide-screen job! So, it wasn't until 1pm that the movers showed up at our place...all two of them. Even though I had given the company a detailed list of our belongings, and warned them that it was a three man job at the very least (hey - we have a lot of stuff, you know) they still sent only two guys! After surveying the amount of work involved, though, the driver called to get another guy. The rest of the day was taken up with them packing every little piece of lint in the house. With three guys working nearly non-stop (but slow, as movers always do) they finished the job around 1am.

In between, Mara, myself, and her parents went out for one last dinner together. For convenience, we chose a nearby diner called the Broadway Diner ("The World's Best Pancakes.") The waiter there was very strange - he called the men at the table "Cap'n", the women "m'am", and badgered me into eating my last two scallops because "fish give you strength!" He looked very confused and spacey.

Next month - The Trip

Whining Kent Pig Update

The Big Move, continued...So, the movers finished up around 1:00 in the morning. We had tossed around the idea of sleeping at a hotel Thursday night, but in the end decided to rough it on the floor, because a) it would give us a better chance of leaving somewhere close to on schedule, and b) the cats would probably get all stressed out staying in an empty house by themselves, and with a 3-day car trip ahead of us, we figured the less stressed-out they started, the better.

4:30am arrives, and our alarm goes off. 3 1/2 hours of sleep is a little less than I had planned on, but there wasn't anything to do but get up and get going. A quick shower later, we gathered up the cats and the luggage. Mara's father came by to see us off. We pull out of the driveway around 6:00, which is a half hour later than we planned, but there's no problem we can blame - everything just took a bit longer than expected.

Our travel plans were fairly simple, with all paths computed by AAA. We start in New Jersey, cross over into Pennsylvania, down into Maryland for a few minutes, then West Virginia, and travel southwesterly across Virginia. Our first night's stop was to be Wytheville, VA. Day two saw us finish up our Virginia travels, as we move into Tennessee. Driving past Knoxville and Memphis, we planned to stay near the state line on the second night. As luck (or misfortune) would have it, there was an Elvis Tribute Weekend that same day, so every reputable hotel that allowed pets was booked solid. Instead, we'd have to travel an extra 50 miles or so into Arkansas, to stay at the Best Western in Heth. Day three was the shortest of the legs, with us driving first to Little Rock, then Texarkana, and then the final 3 hours to Dallas. We were taking major interstates the entire way, so we figured that we'd be within a decent distance to a bathroom when Mara needed to go. (For those of you who don't know, Mara has Crohn's Disease [among other problems], which makes her go to the bathroom as often as 8 or more times a day, and usually without much warning). If we were lucky, we'd travel maybe 8 or 9 hours a day, stop for lunch and a bathroom break or two, and show up in Dallas on Sunday afternoon. Then we hoped to go out and buy a futon or day bed, or sleep on the floor at the new place until the movers arrived on Monday or Tuesday. I had to be in the office early on Monday morning to unpack my computer and set my quote machine up before the currencies started trading at 7:20am local time.

As usual, we weren't as lucky as we hoped...

October 7, 1994

6:30am - We leave, at last. We expected Bibs to go through his usual routine, and urinate in his cat carrier 10 seconds after we start driving. As a precautionary measure we had given him a mild tranquilizer, and it seemed to work. No spraying at this point, or any other point in the trip by Bibs or any of the other cats. In fact, they all behaved much better than we had anticipated!

6:31am - Bibs goes into the second part of his car travel routine - loud and obnoxious crying. We agree to give him twice as much tranquilizer the next day, and hope that after an hour he'll get tired or his voice will give out.

7:45am - Mara starts to get nauseous, and then starts to feel numb all over as an anxiety attack moves into full throttle. She starts to worry about how sick she is going to get, and how she'll never make it through a 3-day drive. I manage to calm her down somewhat. -

7:50am - We pull off of I-78 somewhere in Dutch Country, PA, to try and find a bathroom for Mara. We pass a shabby-looking gas station that is open, but Mara wants to look for something else. After driving around dirt roads and manure-smelling farms for 15 minutes, she gives in and we head back to the gas station. Here is the first place we get to use our new toys - a pair of walkie-talkies I picked up

especially for this trip. By using these, we can stay in touch while Mara is in the bathroom, and I can make sure she is okay and doesn't need any medication or anything. I get \$7 worth of gasoline while I'm waiting, and after 5 or 10 minutes we are off again. We also pull off at the next exit to get me some much-needed coffee.

8:15am - A few minutes after the coffee stop, Mara starts to feel sick again, and decides she might just need something to eat. We stop in Midway, PA, at the Midway Diner. I go in and order Mara a bagel with tuna fish on it. **Do Not Go There!** Mara took one bite and decided it tasted so bad that she'd only eat the half without the tuna on it. Mara also decided to go to the bathroom again, only this time the walkie-talkies didn't work because of all the interference from trucks nearby (this Midway Diner was also a popular truck stop I think).

8:35am - Mara has another anxiety attack - much more emotional this time. We pull onto the shoulder of I-78 while I try to calm her down. After a few minutes I succeed, but not until after I offer to drive her back to New Jersey where she can fly down to Dallas in a week if she wants to (an offer I had no intention of living up to, but at this point I'd say anything to make her happy). Mara calms down at last. We have so far gone a total of 100 miles.

10:25am - We stop at a McDonald's somewhere in PA, now having travelled a total of 200 miles. Mara takes a leak, and I get some more coffee.

11:15am - or thereabouts, we cross over into West Virginia on I-81 where we come into contact with the first 65-mph speed limit I've ever seen. Yahoo! We continue to pull off at least once an hour for Mara to go to the bathroom. She is also constantly nauseous, which we assume is of her usual intestinal-spasm variety. It isn't until near the end of the day's driving that I realize that, for the first time in her life, Mara is now prone to being carsick. I make a mental note to buy some Bonine when we reach the hotel.

1:15pm - We stop at a rest area on I-81 in Virginia. After stopping, I cannot get the key out of the ignition, nor can I restart the car! I'm about to give up and go call the 1-800 Hertz help line when I notice that I left the damn shift in Drive! Slap it into Park, the keys come out fine, and a minor disaster is averted. While at the rest stop, I called the office, but my boss Victor had gone to lunch. That pleased me immensely, because I knew he'd want to talk to me and would start moaning and bellyaching when he found out he missed me. I promised to call back later if I could.

5:30pm - We are exhausted and cranky, but the realization that we are only 15 miles or so from Wytheville lifts our spirits. Lots of road construction on I-81, and frequent bathroom stops, have slowed our progress greatly, but amazingly we near our destination. A quick note for those of you inexperienced with highway travel - throughout this entire trip, I found the cleanest, most relaxing, and best-located places to stop for five minutes and stretch to be...surprise, those very places designed for such activities - Rest Stops! They are also a lot quicker when it comes to saving time - getting off at an exit, stopping somewhere, and getting back on the interstate can eat up 5 to 10 minutes each time, whereas with rest areas you just zip right off the highway, and zip right back on. I also found the highways themselves throughout this trip to be great for driving. Aside from the occasional construction backup, and leaving out those areas approaching any major city, traffic was light, the views were beautiful, and even with only two lanes of highway you could cruise at 80 or 90mph without many obstacles!

Anyway, as I was saying, we had just passed a sign that read "Wytheville 15" when, all of a sudden, traffic had come to almost a complete stop. A red sign up ahead gave the reason - "Road Construction - Next 7 Miles." Arrrggg! It must have taken us 45 minutes to get through those last 15

miles of I-81 before we made it to the Wytheville exit.

6:30pm - We check into the hotel, and while Mara rests I go out to find a pharmacy where I can buy more cat food, Bonine for Mara's car sickness, cough drops, and a few other items. To top off the evening, I make a wrong turn and end up back on I-81, so I have to go to the next exit, make a U-turn, and head back to Wytheville. I make it back to the hotel around 7:15.

8:00pm - Room service arrives with our meal (we were just too exhausted to go out). I can't recall exactly what we ate, but it was pretty lousy. We did manage to catch the X-Files, so all hope was not lost.

10:00pm - I completely lose it and start crying when I search the room and am unable to find Biff (our grey Persian). I figured he must have gotten out when room service came, and Biff is not the smartest cat...if he was out, odds were good that he got scared by the first car or person he saw, and took off somewhere, never to be seen again. Now it is Mara's turn to calm me down. We eventually find Biff, hiding behind the dresser in an impossibly small space (Biff weighs almost 20 pounds). He can't get back out until we pull the dresser away from the wall. Hey, what do you want from me? I had had about 8 cups of coffee, 3 hours sleep, and 12 hours behind the wheel going from traffic to gas station bathrooms!

October 8, 1994

5:00am - We get up on time, take showers, give Mara her pile of morning medication, gather the cats, load the car, and we're off...sort of. The fog is so horrendous that we can only see about 5 feet in front of the car. We drive on I-81 south for about 15 or 20 minutes, then pull off to find breakfast and to see if the fog will lift when the sun comes up. We stop at the Country Diner, which has no bagels. Instead, I get a bad cup of coffee and Mara gets eggs and toast to go. After she eats and goes to the bathroom, we head back on the highway again. We travel another 15 miles or so, and the fog is starting to lift.

7:00am - 30 miles from the hotel, we make the brilliant discovery that we have left my briefcase, Mara's wallet, and our strongbox of credit cards and travellers checks back at the hotel. Sobbing quietly to myself, we turn around and head back. For the next 30 miles, I try to explain to Mara how she'd be much better off if I just killed myself by driving off a bridge. We arrive back at the hotel and retrieve our items just before the cleaning woman goes in to change the bedding. She seemed honest enough, but I'm glad we didn't have to take a chance on her. Mara takes advantage of the stop to go to the bathroom again.

7:45am - Now almost 1 1/2 hours behind schedule, we get back on I-81 south, with our final day's destination of the Best Western in Heth, Arkansas seeming years away. The fog is still bad in this part of the highway, but not quite as bad as earlier.

8:05am - Purely by coincidence, we end up stopping at the Country Diner again, so that Mara can go to the bathroom. While inside, she stops off at the gift shop to buy the attractive but overpriced "DOUG" coffee mug that now adorned my desk at work.

5:00pm - or thereabouts. We are now passing through Nashville, TN. We've travelled quite a distance today, but still have about 200 miles to go. Mara is having a better day - she still has to stop to use the bathroom every few hours, but isn't as anxious, as we've kept her on a good dose of Immodium, Bonine,

and Percocet throughout the day to stave off any attacks. A quiet or sleeping Mara is much better than one having an anxiety attack in both of our opinions.

8:00pm - Traffic around Memphis is extremely bad, probably because of that Elvis Tribute weekend I mentioned earlier. About 20 miles out of Memphis we hit a construction zone where both directions of traffic on I-40 have only one lane, with just a double yellow line and some pylons between them. To make matters worse, there is no shoulder, and a torrential rainstorm has just started. Trucks going north at 60mph splash water all over our windshield every minute or so, making it impossible to see for a few seconds. This is the longest day of the journey, and we're both about ready to collapse from exhaustion. We make it through that (barely), and cross the Mississippi River into Arkansas. At that moment we are reintroduced to the storm, but twice as bad this time. In addition, this particular portion of highway is about as run-down and dark as it gets. We drove the last 25 miles doing 30mph with our hazards on.

8:15pm Central (adjust those watches, folks!) - We check in to the Best Western in Heth, Arkansas. I am a bigger wreck now than at any other time in the journey. We search the phone book for a nearby place to eat, but the only restaurant nearby is one right across the parking lot from the hotel...and I don't like the looks of it at all! Any place with 6 things on the menu, one of them being "Macaroni and Cheese - \$1.50" generally falls outside the range of culinary masterpieces. We each get a burger from there, which is surprisingly edible. We crawl into bed, hoping that the last day of travel is a bit easier on all of us. The cats seem very confused and unhappy, but are taking things better than we are.

October 9, 1994

5:00am - We stumble out of bed, go through the same morning rituals, pack up the car (this time being sure not to leave anything behind) and start the final day's journey. We only have a little over 400 miles to cover today - we specifically made the final day the shortest, as we correctly figured we'd be burned out by then.

6:30am - First stop of the morning - McDonald's for bland and dry hotcakes, more coffee, and two trips to the bathroom for Mara.

11:00am - With a minimum of stops (Mara spends most of the time trying, but failing, to fall asleep), we cross into Texas at last. Texarkana is dead ahead, leaving just over 3 hours of driving if we don't have to stop.

12:00 noon - ...but of course we do, for lunch and another bathroom break.

3:00pm - We enter Dallas county. Tempers are short by now, but we try to remain civil as I rediscover Mara's complete lack of skill at reading maps.

3:30pm - Without a wrong turn, we pull up to our new home. It is empty and somewhat dusty, and smells of a bug bomb (dead carcasses can be found here and there), but it is the best thing we've seen in three days. We set the litter up and let the cats out, but they are still not at all happy. We imagine they'll feel better when their familiar furniture arrives, which could happen as soon as Tuesday if we are lucky.

Next Time:

The impossible search for a futon...or even a chair!

YOUR HOROSCOPE

ARIES - (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19) You are the pioneer type and think most people are dickheads. You are quick-tempered, impatient and scornful of advice. You are a prick.

TAURUS - (Apr. 20 - May 20) You are practical and persistent. You have a dogged determination and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bullheaded. You are nothing but a goddamn Communist.

GEMINI - (May 21 - June 20) You are a quick and intelligent thinker. People like you because you are bisexual. You are inclined to expect too much for too little. This means you are a cheap bastard. Geminis are notorious for thriving on incest.

CANCER - (June 21 - July 22) You are sympathetic and understanding of other people's problems, which makes you a sucker. You are always putting things off -- that is why you will always be on welfare and won't be worth a shit. Everybody in prison is a Cancer.

LEO - (July 23 - Aug. 22) You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you're an idiot. Most Leos are bullies. You are vain and cannot tolerate honest criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are thieving motherfuckers and spend most of their time kissing mirrors.

VIRGO - (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22) You are the logical type and hate disorder. This shit-picking is sickening to your friends. You are cold and unemotional and often fall asleep while fucking. Virgos make good bus drivers and pimps.

LIBRA - (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22) You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. If you are male, you are probably a queer. Chances for employment and monetary gain are nil. Most Libra women are whores. All Libras die of venereal disease.

SCORPIO - (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21) The worst of the lot. You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You shall achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. You are a perfect son-of-a-bitch. Most Scorpios are murdered.

SAGITTARIUS - (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21) You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck since you have no talent. The majority of Sagittarians are drunks. Nixon is a Sagittarius. You are not worth the time of day.

CAPRICORN - (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19) You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You are basically chickenshit. There has never been a Capricorn of any importance. You should kill yourself.

AQUARIUS - (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18) You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal. You make the same mistakes repeatedly because you are stupid. Everyone thinks you are a fucking jerk.

PISCES - (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20) You have a vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the FBI or CIA. You have minor influence on your friends, and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are a general dipshit.

HOW TO PASS TIME IN AN ELEVATOR

Greet everyone getting on the elevator with a warm handshake and ask them to call you "Admiral."

Make race car noises when anyone gets on or off.

Whistle the first ten notes of "It's a Small World" incessantly.

On a long ride, sway side to side at the natural frequency of the elevator.

Stand silently and motionless in the corner, facing the wall, without getting off.

When arriving at your floor, grunt and strain to yank the doors open, then act embarrassed when they open by themselves.

On the highest floor, hold the door open and demand that it stay open until you hear the penny you dropped down the shaft go "plink" at the bottom.

Do Tai Chi exercises.

Stare, grinning, at another passenger for a while, and then announce: "I've got new socks on!"

Meow occasionally.

Show other passengers a wound and ask if it looks infected.

Holler "Chutes away!" whenever the elevator descends.

Walk on with a cooler that says "human head" on the side.

Ask each passenger getting on if you can push the button for them.

Wear a puppet on your hand and talk to other passengers "through" it.

When the elevator is silent, look around and ask "is that your beeper?"

Shadow box.

Say "Ding!" at each floor.

Lean against the button panel.

Say "I wonder what all these do?" and push the red buttons.

Listen to the elevator walls with a stethoscope.

Draw a little square on the floor with chalk and announce to the other passengers that this is your "personal space."

Make explosion noises when anyone presses a button.

Wear "X-Ray Specs" and leer suggestively at other passengers.

Roll Call: The Minor Crewmembers of Voyager

A More-than-you-ever-needed-to-know-about... Feature
by Steven McKinnon

- Ashmore** Ensign LeC
Referred to in conversation between Neelix and Tuvok. LeC
- Ayala** Lieutenant, Maquis, Male Car, Fac, 37s, Ini, Twi, Dre, Tuv, Ba1
First boarded *Voyager* with Chakotay and Tuvok. Car
Is appealed to, fruitlessly, by Tuvix, prior to his 'execution'. Tuv
Never actually says anything.
- Baxter, Walter** Lieutenant, Starfleet, Male EoN, 37s, Twi
Treats the Holodoc rudely during treatment for sports injuries. Is put in his place, later, by
Holodoc. EoN
Janeway expects he'll be one to leave *Voyager* to stay with the 37's. 37s
Changes uniform from command red to services yellow, joins security, and is unable to find his
team or the cargo bay. Twi
- Baytart, Pablo** Ensign, Male Inv, Tha
Is scheduled as a juggler on 'A Briefing with Neelix.' Is not seen, but his voice is heard. Inv
Lives next door to Kim~, and complains about clarinet noise. Is not seen, but is heard to bang on
the wall. Tha
- Beadera, Kurt** Crewman, Maquis, Male All
Once saved Chakotay's ass in a bar-fight. Saved Torres' life, once. Killed by equipment explosion
in Engineering during Kazon attack. All
- Bennet** Ensign, Starfleet, Male Inn
Dies shortly after Tuvok must crash-land their shuttle on a moon of the planet Draya. Tuvok
comforts him in his final moments, assuring him Ensign McCormick cares for him. Inn
- Byrd, Daniel** Ensign, Starfleet, Male NoS
Best friend of Harry Kim during his time at StarFleet Academy. Serves aboard *Voyager*, having
beaten Kim out for the posting, during alternate timeline when Kim is in San Francisco with Libby
as a result of shuttle collision with Interstellar Time-Thoroughfare. NoS
- Carey** Lieutenant, Starfleet, Male Car, Par, PrF, SoF
Works in Engineering. Car
Is punched out and beaten out for Chief Engineer by B'Elanna Torres. Par
Works, mutinously, with Seska and Torres, on the Spatial Trajector gained from the Sikarians. PrF
When suspicion falls on him due to Seska's exchange of technology with the Kazon-Nistrim, he is
confined to his quarters. SoF
Not seen since that episode, he may still be there!
- Chell** Crewman, Maquis/Bolian, Male LeC
Talkative Bolian picked by Chakotay for Tuvok's field-training class. LeC
- Dalby** Crewman, Maquis, Male LeC
Clashes with Tuvok constantly during field-training class for Maquis who lack discipline. When
Tuvok risks his life to save Crewman Geron, Dalby comes into line. LeC

- Darwin, Frank** Crewman, Starfleet, Male Mel
A promising worker who turned down a StarFleet Academy place to accept a posting to *Voyager*, he gets beaten to death by Crewman Suder for looking at Suder the wrong way. Mel
- Delaney** Female TaA, PrF
See Jenny Delaney.
- Delaney, Jenny** Female TaA, PrF
Paris tries to get Harry to double date with the Delaney sisters. TaA
Apparently, he is successful, as Harry falls from a gondola whilst on a holodeck adventure with the 'voracious' Jenny. PrF
- Durst** Lieutenant, Starfleet, Male Cat, Fac
Acts as bridge security, and escorts Paris to sickbay after Paris alters ship's course twice. Cat
Is killed by a Vidiiian surgeon. His face is grafted onto the Vidiiian to make him more appealing to the separated K'Lingonna Torres. Fac
- Foster** Crewman Lif
Referred to in conversation between Kes and Holodoc, he went to sickbay for analgesic. Lif
- Gerron** Crewman, Maquis/Bajoran, Male LeC
19-yr old Bajoran lacking in self-confidence. Is saved by Tuvok's bending of his own rules regarding the maximum outcome for the maximum number (i.e. 'the needs of the many'). LeC
- Grimes** Male Lif
Replaces Tom Paris at the helm when Paris is late for a shift. Lif
- Hamilton** Inv
Referred to in a conversation between Janeway and Chakotay. Suggested as a replacement for Paris after he leaves the ship and goes into the service of the Talaxians. Inv
- Hargrove** Lieutenant, Male EoN, Cat, Twi, PoV
Referred to in a conversation between Janeway and the Holodoc. EoN
Referred to in a conversation between Neelix and Kes, twice. Cat, Twi
Referred to in a conversation between Neelix and Janeway. PoV
You figure this guy's ears are burning off the side of his head.
- Henard** Male SoF
Is ordered, by Torres, to help retrieve Federation technology from damaged Kazon vessel. SoF
- Henley** Crewman, Maquis, Female LeC
Festive-headband-wearing member of Tuvok's field-training class. LeC
- Hogan** Ensign, Maquis, Male All, Mel, Inv, Dea, Tuv, Res
Confronts Janeway regarding buying safety from the Kazon with a bribe of technology. All
Helps Neelix in his investigation of Jonas' illicit transmissions. Inv
Is severely burned during Vidiiian attack, requiring medical attention that Kes rushes to provide, but she's transported to *Voyager*, providing additional proof of a duplicated *Voyager*. Dea
Is caught up in the chaos in the galley prior to the arrival of Tuvix. Tuv
- Jackson** Maquis SoF
Referred to in a conversation between Seska and Chakotay. Is described as part of the 'Maquis operation' to make Chakotay's soup. SoF

Jarvin Maquis, Male Par,37s
 Pledges his support of any Chakotay-led Maquis takeover of *Voyager* after the incident in Engineering between Torres and Carey.Par
 Thought likely to leave the ship to stay on the 37's' planet in a conversation between Chakotay and Janeway.37s

Jarvis Starfleet, Female Pro
 Ordered, by Janeway, along with Parsons, to arrest the Holodoc and Barclay when they go to Engineering to disable the holo-emitters.Pro

Jones Crewman Mel
 One of a number of saps who take part in Tom Paris' gambling venture.Mel

Jonas, Michael Crewman, Maquis, Male All,Thr,Dre,Lif,Inv
 Begins secret transmissions to Seska and the Kazon-Nistrim shortly after the death of Crewman Benders.All
 Continues transmitting important information and is eventually asked to sabotage *Voyager's* magnetic constrictors.Lif
 Is flushed out by Paris' mission to the Talaxians. When *Voyager* heads for the Kazon-Nistrim trap on Hemikek 4 he attempts to sabotage her by disabling the weapons systems, but Neelix catches on. During the ensuing struggle he falls into a plasma stream and is vapourised.Inv

Kyoto Ensign, Female EoN,Twi
 Referred to in a conversation between Janeway and the HolodocEoN, and between Kes and Neelix.Twi

Lewis Crewman Mel
 One of the luckless dreamers seduced by visions of wealth and Tom Paris' sweepstakes.Mel

McCormick Ensign, Female Inn
 Referred to in a conversation between Tuvok and Bennet. Tuvok says that she will miss Bennet after his death.Inn

Murphy Ensign, Male PrF
 Is ogled by Torres in the Mess Hall while she chats with Seska.PrF

Nicoletti, Susan Lieutenant, Female SoF,Twi,Tha
 Ordered, by Torres, to join away-team recouping Federation technology from the damaged Kazon-Nistrim raider.SoF
 Referred to in a conversation between Kes and Neelix.Twi
 Referred to as "Cold hands, cold heart Nicoletti" by Tom Paris in a conversation with Harry~ Kim~, who says she plays the oboe.Tha

Parsons Ensign, Male Pha,Cat,Pro
 Neelix asks him to help out in the Galley.Pha
 Referred to in a conversation between Neelix and the Holodoc. Neelix remarks that he likes his Pejuta hot, with lemon, and intimates that his recent order of "...cold Pejuta, hold the lemon," indicates his possession by the Komar.Cat
 Janeway orders him to arrest the Holodoc and Barclay when they go to Engineering.Pro

Powell Ensign, Starfleet, Female Reo
 Discusses approaching Tuvok with regard to getting medical help from the Vidiians. Bears a shocking resemblance to Crewman Swinn.Reo

Quinn Crewman, Q, Male DeW
Joins crew briefly after voluntarily losing Q powers. His suicide is assisted by another Q. DeW

Rogers Crewman Mel
Yet another of the fools drawn into the Paris Sweepstakes. Mel

Rollins Lieutenant, Starfleet, Male Car, Dre
Left in command by Janeway whenever she leaves bridge, until she finds she trusts Paris enough to leave him in command. Car
Referred to in a conversation between Paris and Torres. Paris says he is unhappy with Paris' work. Dre

Seska Ensign, Maquis/Cardassian, Female Par, Pha, Ema, PrF, SoF
Man, All, Lif, Inv, Ba1

Offers, along with Jarvin, to assist in any Maquis attempt to take the ship after Torres knocks out Carey in Engineering. Par

Conspires, along with Carey and Torres, to trade *Voyager's* library for the Sikarian Spatial Trajectory; works on Trajection theory. Also, changes from sciences blue to services yellow uniform. PrF

Is found to have dealt with the Kazon-Nistrim. Is found to be a cosmetically-altered Cardassian.

Defects to the Kazon-Nistrim. SoF

Masterminds a raid on *Voyager* that nets a transporter module. Impregnates herself with the DNA of Chakotay she extracted during interrogation. Man

Is unable to broker an alliance between the Kazon-Nistrim and *Voyager* due to Culluh's intransigence and disdain for Janeway. All

Orders Jonas to sabotage the magnetic constrictors. Lif

Masterminds a successful attack on *Voyager* that captures it and all of its technology for Culluh and his sect. Ba1

Suder, Lon Crewman, Maquis/Bajoran, Male Mel, Ba1

A Bajoran who cannot sense even his own feelings, he is confined to quarters for the duration of the mission for killing Crewman Darwin for no other reason than the way he was looked at. Mel

Is given continued mental training by Tuvok to control his violent impulses. Develops some advanced floricultural methods after Tuvok interests him in orchids. Is hidden aboard *Voyager*, unbeknownst to the Kazon-Nistrim, after crew is marooned on Hanon 4. Ba1

Swinn Female Tuv

Is one of many unable to control chaotic situation in the Galley until Tuvix throws them out. Bears an uncanny resemblance to Ensign Powell. Tuv

Tuvix Lieutenant, Starfleet/Talaxian/Vulcan, Male Tuv

A symbiogenetic meld, Tuvix is half Tuvok and half Neelix. Is killed by Janeway to restore both Neelix and Tuvok. Tuv

Wildman, Samantha Ensign, Starfleet, Female Elo, Tat, Dre, Lif, Dea

Announces her pregnancy after an encounter with space-dwelling creatures. Elo

Suffers the aches and pains of her half-Ktarian pregnancy as well as the Holodoc's awful bedside manner. Tat

Has trouble deciding on a name for her baby despite the help of Kes and the Holodoc. Dre

Her pregnancy is used as an excuse for being late, by Tom Paris. Lif

Gives birth to a child that dies after a foetal transport and other efforts to keep it alive fail. The child is replaced aboard *Voyager* by that of Ensign Wildman from *Voyager*, after she dies. Dea

Notes: Listed to the right of each name are the shows the character has been in, written as a three letter abbreviation. If the show is listed in normal script the character appears in some form. If the script is underlined then the character is only referred-to by others in that episode. If the character's name is written in **bold italicised** print then he/she/it is dead.

The crew complement of *Voyager* is meant to be 141. (ref: "Caretaker") It is currently 147. Start at 152 (ref: "The 37's") and subtract 6: Kurt Benders dies in a Kazon attack; Chakotay says *Voyager* has lost three crewmembers to the Kazon (ref: "Alliances".) If we assume Benders is one of them, then that's another two lost; Crewman Lon Suder murdered Crewman Frank Darwin; Neelix tosses Crewman Michael Jonas into a plasma stream; Ensign Bennet dies on the Drayan moon, so the total of lost crew is 6.

Since Neelix and Kes are crew we also count the Wildman~ baby~ brought on board from *Voyager*~ to replace the newborn baby that died, so add 1.

Zero Sum factors include Crewman Quinn, who was added to the crew manifest but subsequently committed suicide, and Harry Kim, who was blown out of the ship through a hull breach and subsequently replaced by *Voyager*'s version of him, Harry~ Kim~.

So, 152 - 6 + 1 = 147.

Current breakdown of known crew: Captain, 1; Commander, 1; Lieutenants, 9; Ensigns, 10; Crewmen, 18.

The current known, living crew is:

Captain: Janeway

Commander: Chakotay

Lieutenants: Ayala, Baxter, Carey, Hargrove, Nicoletti, Paris, Rollins, Torres, Tuvok.

Ensigns: Ashmore, Bayart, Hogan, Kim~, Kyoto, McCormick, Murphy, Parsons, Powell, Wildman.

Crewmen: Chell, Dalby, Delaney, Delaney, Foster, Geron, Grimes, Hamilton, Henard, Henley, Jackson, Jarvin, Jarvis, Jones, Lewis, Rogers, Suder, Swinn.

Auxillaries: Baby~ Wildman~, Kes, Neelix.

Assuming, for the moment, that the rest of the crew are crewmen, this total of 21 officers in a crew of 147 is roughly a 1:6 ratio of officers:enlisted.

Episode Numbers and Abbreviations

Season 1					
1	Caretaker	Car	21	Twisted	Tw
2	Parallax	Par	22	Parturition	Pat
3	Time and Again	TaA	23	Persistence of Vision	PoV
4	Phage	Pha	24	Tattoo	Tat
5	The Cloud	Clo	25	Cold Fire	CoF
6	Eye of the Needle	EoN	26	Manœuvres	Man
7	Ex Post Facto	EPF	27	Resistance	Res
8	Emanations	Ema	28	Prototype	Prt
9	Prime Factors	PrF	29	Alliances	All
10	State of Flux	SoF	30	Threshold	Thr
11	Heroes and Demons	HaD	31	Meld	Mel
12	Cathexis	Cat	32	Dreadnought	Dre
13	Faces	Fac	33	Death Wish	DeW
14	Jetrel	Jet	34	Lifesigns	Lif
15	Learning Curve	LeC	35	Investigations	Inv
Season 2					
16	The 37's	37s	36	Deadlock	Dea
17	Initiations	Ini	37	Innocence	Inn
18	Projections	Pro	38	The Thaw	Tha
19	Elogium	Elo	39	Tuvix	Tuv
20	Non Sequitur	NoS	40	Resolutions	Reo
			41	Basics, Part 1	Ba1