



CLAW & FANG

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[This month's dedication submitted by Vic Carpenter (a sort of fang of the month.)]

I recently had an unpleasant experience with one "Leland Harmon" who played Germany in 1979IQ. He basically pissed off all four neighbors, launched a suicide attack on France and England, then resigned: This irresponsible lout, who only quit because he did not want to play a losing hand, says now that he wants to reenter the hobby this summer, when he has more time! Fat Chance, if I can help it. I never want to see him again.

SOLUTION TO "MURDER IN THE STUDY" PRINTED LAST TIME

"M'am, could you please put on a pot of boiling water?"

"Certainly, Lieutenant Carpenter, but his hardly seems an appropriate time for tea!"

(LATER)

"I'll just hold this corner in the steam for a minute . . . and there, the stamp comes right off. And underneath . . . the name of a prime suspect, Bruce Schlickbernd."

[Heck, that wasn't hard. As soon as I saw the victim was killed with a knife in the back, I knew who did it.]

A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS (AND ANSWERS) ON "SWORD AND SORCERY DIPLOMACY"

Q. Is there/shouldn't there be some limitation as to how far the Violent Cloud can send a K,H, or W? --How about 3 spaces?

A. There is no limit on the violent cloud's range. Asides: 1) A wizard may not move AND cast spells, so cannot transport himself. 2) Spell's greatest danger is in sending a second wizard into someone's rear area to cast the Quick Winter.

Q. Does the Fear of Dark spell dislodge a unit that has multiple support or just the support of one unit? I believe it would be too powerful of a spell if it negated multiple support.

A. Fear of the Dark enables enemy fleets and armies which are ordered to hold to be dislodged no matter how many supports the enemy has. Asides: 1) Spell does not work on enemy ordered to support. 2) All spells are very narrowly defined.

If interested in playing in "Sword and Sorcery Diplomacy" write Scott Rich, 159 West 2nd No. 104, Salt Lake City, Utah 84103.

What will our kibbitzers write about now that Bernig/Budig is gone?
RIP TURKEY 1900-1904. 4/7/80

And on that lugubrious note, let us cheer ourselves with...

POIGNARD 9 -- edited (written, too) by David Loewenstern

Haverford College, Haverford, PA 19041 ~~XXXX~~215-896-6606.

ITALY CONTINUES TO RETREAT AS FAST AS AUSTRIA ADVANCES! EAST BEING
SUFFOCATED UNDER HEAVY BLIZZARD OF WHITE STUFF! TURKS ABANDON
HOMELAND FOR OIL WELLS AND JERUSALEM!

1979CX Su'04: F. Feng-r-bre.

Fall 1904

A. (Jim Cassity, 6): AbulSfaeg-gre, AvenSApie-tus, AtylSAven, Atri-vie.
owns: A., gre, ser, bul, VEN=7 B 1.

E.: (Scott Copeland, 4): Fska-nwy, Feng-iri, FlonSAlvp-wal.
owns: E., den, Nwy = 4 even.

F. (Jerry White): Amar-pie, AburSApic, ApicSAbur, Fwals/cda Fbre-eng.
owns: F., por, spa = 5 B1 (1 annihilated)

G. (Paul Sallabedra, 6): Fden-kie, ~~FW~~ F swe-den, Fbot-bal, FnthS E.Fska-
nwy, Abel-h, Asil-war/b. owns: ber, kie, mun, hol, bel, swe, DEN=6even

I. (Clark Reynolds, 4): Arom-apu, Atus-rom, Fgre-~~x~~ ion, Feme-smy.
owns: rom, nap, ven, tun, SMY = 4 even.

R. (Gary Howe, 6): AstpS E.Fska-nwy, ~~FW~~ Fbal-ber, Apru-war/b, FblaS
Aarm-ank, FconS I.Feme-smy. owns: R., rum, nwy, CON, ANK, BER=8B2.

T. (Bernie Oaklyn, 3): Asmy-syr, Aank-h/da. owns: con, ank, smy = 0. OUT!
/=fails, a=annihilated, b=bounces, d=dislodged, B=build, r=~~xxxx~~xretreats.
+++PRESS+++

KIEL KORPSBRUDER NEWS ((GERMAN press)): There are now confirmed reports
of ravening Russian armies pillaging our Prussian peasants and also per-
forming pornographic perversions upon our pulchritudinous frauleins.
In retaliation for this heinous crime, Field Marshal Von Schwartzentoten
has sent half of the German Army on a reciprocal mission to the outlying
Russian province of Warsaw. Winter 1904 could prove to be an interesting
situation.

GERMANY to RUSSIA: There are those, I am sure, that think you are a wit;
too bad they are only half right. ((Ah, but see how well the two of
you cooperated in putting the English back in Norway?!))

THE DAILY MUSCOVITE: Latest satellite photos ((actually, they're
pretty early satellite photos, in 1904...)) suggest that weather
conditions in Scandinavia will remain mild, but both Warsaw and Moscow
should see plenty of white stuff this winter. ((Gary -- whoops! Seems
I plagiarized your ~~xxxx~~metaphor! -- Dave)) In the south, severe earth-
quakes have devastated our Turkish neighbor. The Tsar, acting at the
request of the Sultan of Twat, has supplied necessary essentials to the
Turks. The Russian National Guard is on hand to prevent looting. Pray
for piece ((Is that pray for peace or prey on a piece?)).

ANKARA: On his deadbed ((sic)), the Sultan issues his order to "get the
hell out of here." Leaving his finist ((I couldn't decipher that one))
to defend Ankara, the Sultan was last seen with his ass on a mount, or
is that -- mounted on an ass? ((and whose ass did he mount? Perverser
and perverser...)) heading, as it were, for warmer climate, muttering ~~x~~
under his ~~xxx~~ foul breath, "It's too hot here, let's move to warmer
climate." His horse's ass stumbling through the hot sand, the Sultan,
with smile on cheek, spoke, saying, "The last laff is on them -- for two
reasons -- the first being: now they will have to live with each other;
and the second: now they will not be receiving those free sample issues
of Le Front, and they will have to subscribe. Heh! Heh!," and he
disappeared into a mirage of hot air, his usual habitant.

((AUSTRIAN PRESS)): In a small stuffy room lit by a single bare light
bulb, an obese sausage repairman unstraps the hand transistor radio hid-
den in the folds of fat surrounding his armpit. He wipes his greasy
hands on his dirty undershirt and, holding the radio close to his ear,
slowly turns the tuner until...."and now the KBUD news update brought to

you by Spudweiser. This spuds for ~~xxx~~ all you hostages freed over in Venice. Press secretary Hoddington Karlsberg was quoted as saying that dealing with the Italians is much like dealing with inflation. It may take a few years to bring them under control. Details at eleven...."

If caught, the Italian secret service would torture him horribly, but still each night he sneaks into the closet and listens. He sighs and prays in his heart of hearts -- God bless Franz-Joseph, we will save us.

POX WOPULAA (APULIA): The european court of international intrigue received an official report from the Italian government concerning certain allegations that the Hapsburg overlord had schemed to corner the international market on wool. A special Italian commision (sic)((or, rather, SIC)) was dispatched and discovered that the Austrians were indeed involved in woolgathering.

Howev~~er~~m the SIC resolved that the quality of wool was much inferior to that of the God-fearing Italian shepherds and recommended that the Hapsburgs be left to their woolly ways.

ITALY - AUSTRIA: Bully to you, old boy!

OVERHEARD IN CASTLE ELSINORE, DENMARK:

Queen Gertrude: The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.(dies)

Hamlet: O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd;

Treahhery! Seek it out.

Laertes: It is here Hamlet. ~~WAM~~Hamlet, thou art slain.

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour left of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and evenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd

I can now more. The King, the King's to blame.

Hamlet: The point evenom'd too!

Then venom to thy work! (stabs the king)

All: Treason! treason!

King: O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Hamlet: Here thou, incestuous Dane.

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?

Follow my mother. (king dies)

Laertes: He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! (dies)

Hamlet: Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee. (drinks from cup, dies)

Horatio: How cracks a noble heart. God night, sweet prince.

Ho! why does the drum come hither?

(Enter Fortinbras & Prince of Norway; accompanied by the English ambassadors and others)

GENEVA: (Imapssable press) ((Kibbitzer)): Swiss President, Conferre Articulato today announced the establishment of the European Peace Council for the purpose of "... effectuating efficaciously an effective easing of evil escapades everywhere in Europe." This will be accomplished, Articulato stated, by "...always announcing in advance alternative actions available to all and actually articulating abrasive advice accentuating arrangements aversive to actual alliances." The first speaker at the inaugural meeting was Italy's foreign Secretary, Gilberto De la Dumbo, architect of Italy's naval policy.

De la Dumbo's remarks: The increasing strength of Austria at Italy's expense gravely threatens German and Russian welfare. Russian naval forces should assist Germany in the North, freeing German armies for transference to the Austrian front. France should consider that it may all be a ruse to take Marseilles and win a race for Spain. Everybody jump on Austria. Germay will be next. ((orders for W'04/S'05 due 5/7))

((Note: please send one copy to 12002 Audubon Ave, Phila., PA19116))



TRAVELLER #8

by Eric Ozog

Part A: The Ruins

A Neglected Randian City

Alegius Arken ambled his way through the silent ruins, his company of two others following dutifully behind. Arken was glad they were quiet and not questioning him, or complaining, for that matter, even if it was hot and sweaty inside an unmaneuverable Vacc suit. At any rate, it was bad enough struggling through a good half foot of mud.

Rober Dosmier finally cracked. "This is bull-shit!" he sputtered into his transceiver, "Look! There's even ~~lots of~~ worms in this muck waiting to eat us alive!"

"Calm down, we're almost there", stammered Arken.

"I refuse to calm down! You're probably just pursuing some cloudy dream of yours, I lay you odds! Why doesn't he say anything?" Roger pointed to their third companion, Devans.

"Because he's a robot, dammit!"

"Oh, yeh...forgot. Hey, Devans! You irreligious scrap pile..."

The robot was rented out by one of the local civil defense firms. "And he cost a good bit too" said Arken. Devans the robot was a thinking mechanical arsenal. One couldn't be too careful around here. Some of his equipment included a .55mm handgun which resembled a small cannon, a store of hand grenades, a laser rifle, and tear gas. (Not that tear gas would be of any use in this horrible atmosphere, but it was good to have just the same.)

They entered the city. Tall decaying spires reached up to touch the sky, their long shadows falling on the wide, vacant boulevards. "This is it", said Arken, pointing to a sprawling grayish building on the left. The huge Randian letters carved in stone above the door revealed, "Historical Institute". They stumbled inside.

It all began when Alegius met a monk in the Hague Ashbury area at the capital city. The monk explained to him that out in the waste, at the old industrial district, was an item of immense historical and religious value. He said he needed it for the planet's archives, as well as to use it to complete his research in parapsychology. Impressive. The price-tag he offered them was impressive, too.

This item they had to go get was none other than a portrait of former President Rand, deceased founder of Randia, and there was only one quite like it in the galaxy. 'Big Deal', thought Arken, 'and what was this "monk" messing around with parapsychology, anyway?'

However, he received directions on how to get out there, so it seemed pretty legit. Anyway, he didn't even think of refusing a good challenge. He got hold of good friend Dosmier, a good robot assistant, and a good land crawler, which was left behind somewhere on the outskirts of the city, stuck in the mud. God, there was mud...and more mud.

Arken's thoughts thought mud.

Things have gone reasonably smooth so far, despite the fact that they had to walk for a mile or two. They wasted a lot of time, but the air that they had was constantly recycled, so there was no danger of it running out. The quartz-locked time-delayed safe would be automatically open when they arrived, and all they had to do was get the pretty picture of Randy Bandy and everything would be just fine.

(continued on next page)

It was damp and musty inside the outer vault. Devans the robot had blasted a neat little hole in the wall with his store of the latest high-technology plastic explosives.

Sure enough, the time vault was open. Man's works were still functioning, even though man was gone. Roger's flashlight swished back and forth, revealing a red phosphorescent rodent which skirted across the floor, and in the far corner of the vault, encased in heavy glass, was Rand's only portrait!

The great painting stared back at them, an icy malicious stare, as if it had a personality of its own, daring them to come nearer.

"He sure looks like some ugly brooding character", said Roger while picking the painting out of the sharp pieces of broken glass. A childish impulse came over him. "Nehhh, nehh", he said while making a face at it.

Devans, doubling as look out, had nothing to report, except his radar showed that there was no dangerous animal life within a fifty mile radius.

They started back towards the land crawler, the portrait safely inside a transparent corrosive-proof case, under Alegius' arm. He looked at the painting. So Rand was not a handsome man. A great scar ran across the cheek, and the skin was a pale sickly color. The eyes really shook him up. They were sinister, almost feral, and they were penetrating and searching. It was searching for its lost soul. Alegius quickly turned his gaze away from those eyes, lest he be caught.

Thunder sounded in the distance. The weather had turned against them, when they were assured of a clear day. The acid rains began to fall.

In a matter of minutes, the deadly rain was coming down in sheets. Visibility was nil. Soon, the mud was so deep that they could not walk without falling into the bog. Devans was stuck, his metallic legs would rise and fall no more. Roger tried coaxing him.

"It's no use, he won't budge!" yelled Alegius over the rain, "we'll have to slug it out on our own!"

"You don't have to yell!", Roger countered, screaming back. "you're in a spacesuit with a transceiver, IDIOT!" He was thoroughly annoyed.

Alegius ignored him. "We'd better find some shelter quick" he said in a softer tone of voice, "A Vacc suit will dissolve in this stuff, and we're too far from the land crawler."

They found an island of bedrock, with a vital overhand above. It looked like they would be staying there for a while.

(To be continued)

MUTTERINGS

Zine Reviews by David D. Perlmutter

I'm back. After a one month respite, I decided that the hobby could not do without me and I'm quite sure it can't. (If I were as egotistical as that last line made me out to be, I would write my name 'D. David Perlmutter'.) Perhaps, before I go on, I should mention another project I am working on. People have commented to me that my reviews are based on too little information. Someone even said that since I am a novice I have no place doing reviews. Well, all I can say is that these ramblings are only meant as an informal guide, and I will always bring them up to date if a zine I reviewed has changed. Plus, I think that being a newcomer helps. I have not become too buddy-buddy with anyone to let that affect my views. These writings are meant to be reviews, not plugs.

The Perlmutter scale of quality

($\$$) means top quality, stunning zine.

($\frac{1}{2}\$$) means very good but flawed zine.

($\frac{1}{4}\$$) means O.K. zine, worth subbing only if you have nothing else to do with a few bucks.

(ϕ) means "Blah" zine. Hope it folds or the publisher cleans up his act.

(continued on next page)

EMHAIN MACHA published by Michael Mills of 3457 Makyes Rd, Nedrow, NY 13120. Subscription rate is 6 issues/\$2.50, 12/\$4.80. Game Fee \$2.00 for Regular Diplomacy, \$2.00 for Bhearna Baoghail (a variant).

Emhain Macha is another one of the links in the recent explosion of new North East and East Coast 'zines. In the words of Greg Bear in A Martian Ricorso, "Beware, Control. These brave lads will go far." In that science fiction story the dying astronaut was talking about the martians. Yet, it applies here. This eastern armada is young, lean and hungry for recognition. Look out, California.

A lot of things in this 'zine stand out to make it a truly masterful effort. First, the little stuff. Michael has an NMR deposit he'll use to call you if you are in danger of missing a move. MM's side project is a complete 'zine Directory. And lots of games are under way although the mag is only up to #7.

Now, the big stuff. Mike has designed his own variant game, Bhearna Baoghail. It is based on 12th Century Ireland and six can play. To the general Dippy public it must seem that designing a variant is easy because there are so many. Well, it is not easy, and the fact the game is playable and balanced shows how much work Mr. M has put into it. I'm in the very first game and plan to win by betraying my allies very soon. (Please don't tell them.)

Even more. This 'zine has something to read! Yes, instead of "game, publisher blah, game, publisher blah, end of issue, blah, blah" you always have really interesting stuff to consume. And there is a good mix too; Diplomacy articles like Germany: Spring 1901 or All God's Zines got Names; politics like The Soap Box; or History like "The Battle of So Moytura", plus many contests. All this shows something about Michael and his way of publishing. Sometimes, I like to read about hobby feuds and personal attacks etc. Yet, I get the feeling that a lot of publishers are depending too much on this kind of stuff to fill out their 'zines. The idea of a "Letter Column" has eclipsed articles. Mike has achieved the perfect state. He has the controversy; he has the articles; he has it all. Thus, in conclusion, in my own humble opinion, Emhain Macha is, at least on face value, the best Diplomacy 'zine in the hobby today.

Emhain Macha: Perlumutter Rating (\$+)

(Note: The (+) is a new addition that means above average in the category a 'zine is in.)

DIPLOMACY DIGEST published by Mark Berch of 492 Naylor Place, Alexandria, VA 22304. Subscription rate 10 issues/\$2.50. No games!

Diplomacy Digest is a very innovative, fresh, yet, in my humble thoughts (I've got to stop doing that, everything here is simply my flawed opinion. Yes, good 'ole Don never cuts anything out. Don't believe me? OK, watch this....Don Horton is a

There, see, he didn't dare make me angry by editing that dirty word out.) a likewise flowed 'zine. It has no games but is based on the idea that there were a lot of great articles in the old days and a lot of issues of public interest in the new days which people have not had a chance to read. Thus in a sense DD is a sort of public library/written 60 minutes. The library part is the reprints. The 60 minutes part in the investigative reporting. Both can be fascinating to read. Yet, the main flaw in this 'zine is that too many times Mark prints "Theme" issues where one topic is the subject of many articles. This is fine if you enjoy reading about the topic. I thought the issues based on strategy for Austria and the one for Italy were stunning. The investigative report on Bernie Oaklyn likewise was of deep interest. Yet, many times I find myself too bored to finish an issue. This happened for the one about 1975CM affair and the theme issue on Stalemate Lines. Those were just so boring I found myself thinking the telephone book was better fare. Yet, don't get me wrong, I'm sure some people liked those issues, it's just that I'm sure they were bored by others. The "theme" issue flaw is not a reason to stop you from subbing, though. Sometimes, not rarely, Mark has issues that are so stunning and innovative like the one one on the DIPCON XXII Championship Game, in which he tape recorded the FTF dealings of the players, that it makes the issues that bore you seem forgotten.

Diplomacy Digest: Perlumutter Rating ($\frac{1}{2}$ \$+).

(continued on next page)

THE HOAX published weekly by John L. Sullivan Jr. of 345 Rue Du Rigolade, New Orleans, LA 458321. Subscription Rate 10 issues for \$1.50. Game Fee \$0.00.

The Hoax is in many ways a weird 'zine. It is based on the fact that what you save on Subs and Game Fees you will spend on phone bills. Everything is done by phone; negotiation, moves, etc. Thus, John can stick to the supposedly impossible weekly deadlines. This, in a sense, is a stunning concept. In the game I'm in I find that without writing long letters I can still negotiate effectively and not spend too many \$\$\$\$. The real glory of playing in this 'zine is no more waiting years for a conclusion. I have finished my first game (1979BS) in only four months. I won by election as a 16 center Russia. Time will tell whether this idea works out. Oh, one note, there are only a few openings left so write first, don't send money. If you want a sample just ask John, he gives them out free, no stamp needed.

The Hoax: Perlmutter Rating ($\frac{1}{2}$ \$)

Well, that's it. Ooops, I forgot to say what my project is. Sorry, maybe next time. Bye now.

[Is it possible that that last review has a little April foolery in it? At any rate, I never edit the content of David's reviews. If he knocks your zine, mail the bomb to him, not me. David D. Perlmutter, Latches Ln., Apt #608, Marion, PA 19066.]

Once more into the breach, dear friends:

1978HK

KAISER SURRENDERS TO FRANCO-RUSSIAN COMMANDERS AT BJORNHOLM ISLAND, SAYS, "THE REICH IS A WRECK". ITALO-TURKISH ALLIANCES MANAGE TO GET NEAPLES STRAIGHT AT GIBRALTAR THIS TIME AND GET OUTFOXED BY FROGS ONCE MORE, ANYWAY. TURKS MASSACRE RUSSIAN ARMY NEAR KIEV; POPULATION GETS TO EVACUATE BUT TURK COMMANDER STILL ELATED, SAYS, "LOOK AT ALL THEM CUMESHEEP!" HUNGARIAN MONARCHY BECOMES AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AGAIN AS VIENNA REJOICES; POPULATION PLENTY TIRED OF PIZZA AND VERDI. WOPS HANG TOUGH IN BAVARIA: EMPIRE CENTRAL FRONT THREATENED BY QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE. LISBON, POSTSDAM, BRESLAU, AND TOULON ON EVERYONE'S "MOST WANTED CITY" LIST. COPEHAGEN, TOO.

Fall 1907

AUSTRIA (Kaiser Mark): A Gal-Sil, A Rum S TURKISH A Sev-Ukr, A Boh S ITALIAN A Trl-Mun, A Bud-Gal, A Tri-Vie. Owns: Bud, Tri, Vie, Ser, Gre, Rum. (6) Build 1
 FRANCE (King Jean III): A Gas-Mar S by A Bur, F Mid-Por, F NAT-Mid S by F Eng, A Ruh-Kie, F Nth-Den. Owns: Bre, Par, Por, Edi, Lon, Lpl, Bel, Kie (8). Build 1.
 GERMANY (Kaiser Viktor): F Bal-Ber S by A Kie (A Kie /d/). Owns ~~Mun~~, ~~Hol~~ (0). Out.
 ITALY (King Riccardo di Prezzo): A Pie-Mar S by F Lyo, F Spa(sc)-Por, A Trl-Mun, F NAF S TURKISH F Wes-Mid, A Mar-Bur, A Vie-Trl.
 Owns: Nap, Rom, Ven, Tun, ~~VZP~~, Mar, Spa, Mun (7). No change.
 RUSSIA (Tsar Skotoslav): Summer 1907, A Kie R Hol.] F Bot-Bal, A Swe-Den, A Hol S FRENCH A Ruh-Kie, A Mun-Ber /r/ /Ruh, d/, A War-Lvn, A Sil-Ber, A Ukr-Gal /d/, A Mos-Lvn. Owns: Mos, StP, War, Nwy, Swe, Den, Ber, ~~VZP~~, Hol (8). Build 1 (1 /d/).
 TURKEY (Sultan Abdul-Shreev): A Ank-Sev C by F Bla and S by F Arm, F Wes-Mid, A Sev-Ukr. Owns: Ank, Con, Smy, Bul, Sev (5). No change. COA: 5350 W. Race, Chicago Ill 60644.

WINTER 1907 ADJUSTMENTS and SPRING 1908 ORDERS are due by Monday, 5 May 1980. The Spring orders may be made conditional on the 3 builds, of course. I believe the situation is not very complex...and, in fact, with a little thought it should be possible to predict exactly what units will be built.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Vic Carpenter very much. He took over a position in trouble and made pretty much the best of it, sticking it out to the bitter end.

VIENNA: Q: Why is a piece of toilet paper like the starship "Enterprise"?

A: They both circle around Uranus looking for Klingons.

BARAD-AL-KALA: This press release has obviously not been brought to you by the League of Decency, and would also be incomprehensible to any reader of 1907. Luckily.

BREMEN (25 October 1907): The German championship rowing team will be returning home after a short (who knows how short!) stopover at Potsdam. Due to the Chancellor's decision that German athletes will not attend the Leningrad Olympics, Russia can play with herself.

BARAD-AL-KALA: Our Swiss Connection reports that after a very careful study of reconnaissance daguerrotypes taken from hot-air balloons, the mysterious "Leningrad" has been located. It is a small mud-brick hut located in eastern Siberia. No Olympic games are known to be held there, but Vladimir Ulyanov, who lives in the place, plays a lot of chess, mostly with Krupskaya, who knows better than to win.

CONSTANTINOPLE: The Sultan alighted from his majestic warhorse, Honda, and strode into the palace. "So, the interloper Walker has accepted my challenge, has he?" asked the pleased Sultan.

"Yes, Your Highness, Defender of Righteousness and Protector of Switzerland, but none know whether you are to argue whether this is the best of all possible worlds or not. He did not specify."

"Hmmm," pondered the Sultan, "most likely a person who laughed at My Lai, chuckled with Idi Amin, and loves nuclear power believes this to be the best of all possible ones. Perhaps not, but I shudder to think what he would consider better. We shall await his opinion and argue the opposite. We are sure to be right."

ZPOD, HERNIA: His Celestial Majesty, King Pandemonium V, looked up from His top secret spy reports on recent conversations at the Forte. He glanced quizzically at his host, Duke Nosebeard IX. "Should we laugh at His Lai?"

"Obviously, my friend, you are not reading the reports of the night shift. My operatives tell me that the Sultan's nocturnal activities are hysterical.

"Oh, Well, is the Idi Amin anything like the Augsburg Amen?"

Nosebeard shook his head. "Search me. Must be some newcomic on the mutton-and-yogurt circuit. The old jongleur troupes didn't die, they just moved to Turkey. You know what they say about the place...inside Constantinople it's 1500. Outside Constantinople it's also 1500...B.C."

"Indeed. Well, what I still don't understand is whether we should love nuclear or old clear power."

"Either one, I guess, so long as it's clear. When we bothered with having diplomatic relations with the Turks, my Chargé used to report that his laundry got twelve shades darker when he hung it out to dry in Constantinople."

"Coal?"

"Turks."

Pandemonium smiled. "Well, the answer to the question is simple. This is not the best of all possible worlds. It is easy to demonstrate that one may have a world exactly like this one, but without the Sultan. That face alone would suffice to make it much better than our present sphere. Therefore, this is not the best of all possible worlds. QED."

□□

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March 27, 80

A multigabled Victorian manse
in Portland

Dear Mr. Horton:

Although I have always been primarily a novelist (Carrie, Salem's Lot, etc.) I thought that I might submit a short story for your consideration for your famous writer's analysis of "Claw and Fang's" Demo Game. I figured you could use a touch of supernatural horror--after all, how many players are brave enough to set in a darkened room with an open window at their back--and ponder over what could happen if all the other players made the worst possible moves.

Regards, /s/ Steven King.

(STORY ON PAGE 9)

ANALYSIS OF DEMONSTRATION GAME 1979CT

Chapter 8, Winter 1903 --- The Passage of the Edinburgh Fleet by Stephen King.

Even at the best of times Edinburgh seems a town of ghosts and shadows, her massive castle high upon its rocky eminence suggesting an Olympus of the ancient rogue Celtic gods--Taranis the thunderer and Lugh of the earth--who rule the land and sea despite her people's supposed faith in their dour Calvinistic deity. Or perhaps such dark pagan thoughts filled Alexander MacNeill's mind simply because he was in the presence of Haigis, as the two watched the peaceful scene of a British fleet resting calmly in the harbor. MacNeill liked the crooked little man, and Haigis was certainly harmless enough, but he could be disturbing with his wild tales and claims to be your typical "auld Scottish witch"--steaming cauldrons on the misty moor and all. Sitting with Haigis one could easily imagine he was seeing Viking longboats plying the Firth rather than English dreadnoughts. He had once seen such a longboat, or the remnants of it, in an archeological site of one of those strange ceremonial graves where a Norse chief, his possessions, and sometimes even his crew were buried with their intact boat in a large barrow. He had once asked Haigis, who claimed to be at least a thousand years old, the significance of the odd ritual. Haigis had replied with a wry smile, "Does it never seem strange to ye' that the Northmen never left their stamp on Caledonia, the way they did on Eire or Normandy?" Haigis was never given to straight answers.

"We need no English here, 'twere time they were goin'," Haigis was saying now.

"Well, they don't improve the scenery. Still, my little brother, Gordon, is radioman on the Relentless, and it's nice to have him around for a while. Hell, Haigis, you're the "seer"--you tell me how long they'll stick around."

Haigis' face contorted into a strange, trance-like mask. "You'll be havin' yer wee brother off that boat by midnight on St. Brigid's Day--if ye don't be wantin' to see yer mother crie."

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St. Brigid's Day dawned crisp, calm, and beautiful, and MacNeil felt rather foolish spending the entire day in the radio room of Naval Intelligence. He hadn't said anything to Gordon, of course, since among other reasons no one would have listened to such obvious nonsense, but he did have the radio on the frequency of Relentless, just in case. The short northern winter day passed early into a crisp, frosty night with hardly a breeze to ruffle the moonlit waters filled with large ships. Ten-thirty and eleven passed uneventfully, and Alex was dozing off and shaking his head at having been duped by Haigis again--when the storm broke. In seconds the rain was smashing down so thickly that even the harbor was invisible, and all MacNeil could see through the infernal deluge was a light burning atop the highest tower of the Castle--with a tiny maddened figure silhouetted against it, waving his arms frantically as the lightning bolts crashed about him on all sides.

"Gordon!" he screamed into the wireless above the wail of the storm, "Gordon, get off that boat! Don't talk, don't ask, if you can hear me, just GET OFF THAT BLOODY BOAT!"

Through the crackle of lightning on the radio he heard his brother's voice, "What--Alex? That you? You crazy? Okay big brother--if you say so...My God! There's dirt pouring down the hatches! Soil, earth, filling in from everywhere! It's up to my waist, I can't move! Help me!..." Then just the howling of the wind and crackling of the radio, though he thought he heard, "I'm coming home, Alex" plaintively through the wireless. An hour later, the brilliant winter moon shone again through a cloudless sky upon the empty waters of the Firth.

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It had been nearly eighteen years since MacNeil had been back to Glen Lindiss. He climbed a long low tor beyond the western edge of the village, which he could have sworn he had never seen before, to get a good overview of the village; to catch any sign that Gordon had somehow "come home", whatever that meant. At the highest point of the ridge, he tripped over a small object sticking out of the ground, and as he stumbled to his knees his spine turned to ice. He piled up handfuls of dirt to cover the small steel shaft sticking out of the ground--the tip of the superstructure of a British warship.

END OF CHAPTER EIGHT

R'lyeh 4.10

GM: Eric Verheiden; 200 S. Azusa Ave., #2; Azusa, CA 91702
Phone: (213) 334-3149 (eves.)

1979 CT Claw & Fang Demo Invitational

Spring 1904 Italy Heads Northeast - Cheers Erupt in Paris

England (Palter): F Nth-Hol, F Nwng-Nth, A Lon H, F Den S FRENCH
A Mun-Kie

France (Reese): F Bre-Eng, A Be 1 S ENGLISH F Nth-Hol, A Bur-Ruh,
A Pic-Bur, A Mun-Kie, F Mar-Spa sc, F NAT-Nw

Germany (Bingle): F Eng-Mid, A ~~Mar~~ (a)-Bel, A ~~Mar~~ (R Ber, otb)-Den

Italy (Ditter): A Vie-Bud, A Ven-Tri, A Ser-Rum, F Alb S A Ven-Tri,
A Apu-Ven, F Ion-Eas, F Tun-Ion

Russia (Cusack): F Swe-Ska, A Fin-Swe, A Nwy S A Fin-Swe, F Bar S
A Nwy, A Mar-Sil, A Bud S A Rum, A Rum S A Con-Bul,
A Con-Bul, F Bla-Con, A Arm-Smy

Turkey (Marley): A Bul-Ser, A Gre-Alb, F Ae-g-Smy

Fall 1907 orders are due 7 May 1980, as usual, orders may be conditional on the retreat.

Press

Paris: Political asylum is extended to all stateless Austrians (and prospectively to all Turks) in Paris. For the Huns, they have but to request it and it will be granted.

London to Narvik: Enjoying the show?

Rome-Moscow: Lack of communication leaves me no choice.

SOME WINTER SEASONS

- 1978HC [Autumn 1907: Russia A Ukr R Rum] Austria removes F Alb. England builds A Lvp, A Edi. Germany builds A Mun, A Der, refuses third. Italy removes F Nap, F Adr. Russia removes F Arm. Turkey NBR. Standby: Jim Cassity, 1966 Alameda, Ventura, CA
- 1978W [Autumn 1908: Germany F Dal-R OTD; A Sil R Ber, Turkey A Ven R Tri] 93003
England and Russia even. France builds A Mar. Germany builds A Kiel.
Turkey removes F Med. Draw vote failed.
- 1980AC [Autumn 1901: Austria A Tri R Bud] Austria even. England builds F Lon, F Lvp.
France builds A Dre, A Par. Germany builds A Kiel, A Ber, Italy builds A Ven.
Russia builds A StF. Turkey builds A Con.

How did Detective Carpenter solve the
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