

My dedication? To me, of course.

THE END OF THE LINE

After 124 issues and $8\frac{1}{2}$ years, CLAW & FANG is passing into history. C&F has been one of the best and most successful gamezines in Diplomacy history. This is not only considering its longevity, but also its circulation. For most of its time, C&F had a circulation of over 100 and a good part of the time hovered around 150--and this was with less than 10 trades (and half of those foreign).

Over a year ago, I decided to stop publishing and gave a year's notice to everyone that I was closing down with issue #124. I gave more notice than many people publish. Had it not been for Mike McMillie and the help he gave me for the year or two he was here, I probably would have stopped sooner.

Someone else that made it easier to keep things going was Tom McMillen and his brilliant series of stories for the "Famous Authors" Demonstration Game Analyses. There are a lot of other people I should thank but space is limited and I'm afraid I may overlook someone.

After the first couple of years I quite writing about Diplomacy and wrote about other things that interested me--mostly humor and with an emphasis on travel. I still have an outlet for writing as The Sacramento Bee actually pays me money for cranking out garden articles. That's more than C&F ever did.

This brings up my present interest and the reason for so little time for C&F. I have put up a couple of small (8' X 16') greenhouses and have been raising all sorts of strange things from seed and spores (in the case of ferns).

So....so long, good people, it has been fun.

Oh yes, Bebe and Helpmate say good bye, too.

R'lyeh 4.20

15 March 1981

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

1979 CT Claw & Fang Demo Invitational

Winter 1907/Spring 1908 Draw Fails...

England (Palter): F Nwy S A StP, A StP S F Nwy, F Fin S A StP,
F Bot S A StP

France (Reese): F Nth S ENGLISH F Nwy-Nwa?, F Edi-Cly, F Nat-Mid,
F Mid-Jes, F Spa sc-Lyo, F Mar S F Spa sc-Lyo, A Bur S F Mar,
A Mun-Boh, A Kie-Mun, A Ruh S A Kie-Mun, A Sil-Pru,
A Ber S A Sil-Pru, A Lvn S A Sil-Pru (W'07: B F Mar)

Italy (Ditter): F Lyo-Spa sc, F Tun-NAf, F Ion-Tun, F Rom-Tyn,
A Pie-Mar, A Ven-Pie, A Tyo S A Boh, A Boh H, A Rum H,
A Gal S RUSSIAN A War, F Aeg-Ion (W'07: A Sil R otb, B F Rom)

Russia (Baker): A War S ITALIAN A Gal-Sil?, A Mos S A War,
A Ukr S A War, A Sev S A Mos, F Bar-Nwy, F Nwg S F Bar-Nwy
(W'07: B A Sev)

Both draws submitted previously failed. New proposals of F/E and F/E/R draws have been made, however as one of the major powers (Italy) has been excluded, I will not submit them for a vote. The next deadline will be 6 April 1981, however as this is a bit short, if any orders are missing, it will be reset to 4 May 1981. Fall 1908 orders will be due.

This is the last issue of R'lyeh to appear in Claw & Fang. Henceforth, it will be combined with the DJ Demo game until completion. Current player addresses are printed below, players should advise of any corrections:

Scott Palter; c/o Bucci Imports, Rm. 100; 123 Grove St.;
Cedarhurst, NY 11516

Peter Reese; 6108 Juneberry Ct.; Alexandria, VA 22310

Don Ditter; 910 Hope St., #12A; Stamford, CT 06907

Ken Baker; 16250 Brookford; Houston, TX 77059

SASE's from the players not involved in the other game are appreciated.

Press

Moscow to what's Left of London: You are ordered to be my ally!
Orders follow.

Moscow to Paris: Observe where I would be without my Italian ally.
French fodder. This situation is like going to Las Vegas--you set
your money down and watch them drag it away.

COSMETIC DARWINISM

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by Konrad Baumeister

About 100 years ago, a practical joker named Charles Darwin grew bored during an island vacation and decided to take a stroll along the pleasant terrain. Noticing different sizes and shapes of a few passing turtles, Darwin playfully remarked to a female companion that species probably developed according to natural selection, depending on how well their member adapted to changing environments.

"Natural selection?" remarked the young lady. "What do you mean by that?" Seeing his companion had taken the bait was all that Darwin needed. What he hadn't counted on was that the entire educated world would soon prove to be as gullible as this young suntanned tart.

And so today, students around the globe in university classrooms, listening to ridiculous stories about how they evolved from clumps of algae. Professors go on and on about stereoscopic vision and opposable thumbs, while students glance quickly at their hands as if to confirm their own humanity. Others in the classroom quietly reflect on how the neighborhood dog looks remarkably similar to his owner

Well, let's face it, nobody actually believes all this. We don't look anything like green algae. And all this talk about survival of the fittest holds zero H₂O folks. How can anyone talk of survival of the fittest when giant whales, capable of eating small luxury craft in one bite, are on the verge of extinction? This, while the world is full of angel fish that croak off the first time you forget to clear their filter.

The whole idea is ridiculous. It's obvious that survival depends on luck. Some people have someone watching out for them, others don't. Look at worms. I'd hardly call a worm "fit". They don't have teeth, they can't run away, and they squish easily. That's "fit?" Of course not. They're just lucky.

This is not to say, of course, that there has been no evolutionary progress of any kind. Certain species have become extinct and others have evolved. The evolutionary process has been a very different one than Darwin first joked about, however.

Upon close examination of certain exhibits now at the Museum of Natural History, it first became evident to me just what this process has been. Anyone who takes the short hike down to see these exhibits on evolution will quickly agree with me. In fact, anyone who doesn't have a stake in clinging to the present ridiculous and outdated ideas about natural selection will agree with me.

There is one fact that blares out when looking at the various fossils and reconstructed skeletons. It's not the growing complexity of the nervous system; it's not the development of more efficient methods of reproduction. No, boys and girls, there is just one resounding fact that cries out to any observer: Those extinct species were UGLY! There is no doubt about it. There is nothing uglier than an Ankylosaurus except maybe a Stegosaurus, both victims of extinction over 100 million years ago.

As the years progressed, nature's sense of humor became a little less vicious, but she still endowed her creatures with faces just too hard to take. As species evolved, however, they became less vicious, but she still endowed her creatures

(continued overleaf)

with faces just too hard to take. As species evolved, however, they became less and less ugly. That's a fact. Whether it was a repugnancy to mating that rendered ugly species extinct, or perhaps the mercy killing of hideous looking offspring, the ugliest species died out and the less ugly species took over. The process continued until today we are left with cut little bunny rabbits and kitty cats. Sure there are evolutionary hold overs, like that unbelievably ugly bulldog that is Georgetown's mascot. But this poor wretch is an exception.

The evolvment of man is easily accounted for by this theory of "Survival of the best looking." Did you ever see a drawing of Homo Habilus? How about Cro-Magnon man? Picture rubbing cheeks with Australopithecus, girls. See my point? These poor slobs were doomed from the start. The thought of kissing must have been repulsive. Making babies must have happened only on moonless nights.

It's easy to see that the process is continuing even today. Pick up any yearbook dated back to, say, 1930. You're going to find some ugly individuals there. There aren't too many Robert Redfords in the 1950's yearbooks, either.

Now, right away there are going to be people who will try to use this theory to prove the inferiority of certain nationalities. Let's face it, in 444 days of front page pictures and network newsreels, when was the last time you saw a decent-looking Iranian? The Ayatollah Khomeini isn't going to be winning any beauty contests.

But people with these ideas should be dismissed as ethnocentric and prejudiced. We must be careful not to make hasty deductions. After all, we're trying to conduct ourselves in a scientific manner here.

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DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH CLAW & FANG

(This is the very first "The Adventures of Fangmaster in Europe". It appeared in issue # 12 dated July 16, 1973.)

The Master Bargainer

Florence, Italy, birthplace of the Renaissance is renown for such attractions as Michelangelo's David, Ghiberti's Gates of Paradise, the Campanile of Giotto, Cellini's Perseus, the Medici Chapel, and paintings by the museum full. There is also something else noted in every guid book, the Straw Market. This is a series of outdoor stands, only a few of which sell straw goods. Other stands sell leather goods, shoes, junk, and chess sets. The latter is what I had my sights set upon.

Every guide book tells you never accept the first price offered; you should get the entrepreneur down at least 20%. Convinced of my ability as a master bargainer (after all, I play Diplomacy, don't I?) I set out to do battle with the denizens of the Straw Market.

Withy my helpmate, and constant critic, in tow, I sidled up to a stand specializing in chess sets. Feigning only mild interest, I causally examined one set.

"How would you like a nice chess set?" the entrepreneur asked in perfect English.

"I'm just looking, thank you--how much is this one?" I fingered a very attractive brown and white set.

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"Only 16,000 lira." I had a vague notion that was somewhere between \$10 and \$100, but that was unimportant. The important thing was to get him down 20%.

"That's too much," I countered with.

"Look around," he retorted, "you won't find any cheaper. But, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a better board for the same price." He picked up another board and after pointing out why it was superior (which I didn't understand) he then demonstrated it by setting the chess pieces on it. He really knew his chess pieces, all right, he had the king, queen, knights and bishops all in the right places.

"How much did you say it was?" I continued the bargaining.

"16,000 with this board."

He wasn't budging. I decided it was time to play my trump card--as described in all the guidebooks--start to walk away. The sight of losing a sale is supposed to make them go insane in a frenzy of price reductions.

"16,000, sir, but you had better get it now, it won't last long."

Since the price wasn't coming down I just kept walking--with Helpmate in tow. We spent the rest of the morning looking at other chess sets which fell into one of two categories. They were either (1) not as good or (2) were more money--or both. Finally, I returned to the original stand.

"Ah, I see you are back," he said recognizing me instantly. (There must be a "sucker" wanted poster printed of me and distributed all over Europe.) "I told you that you should have bought the set this morning. I sold the board. I do have another board, onyx." (The chess pieces were alabaster)

"How much?" I dained to ask.

"17,000 lira." Helpmate pointed out to me that it was 16,000 in the morning. I really didn't need it pointed out.

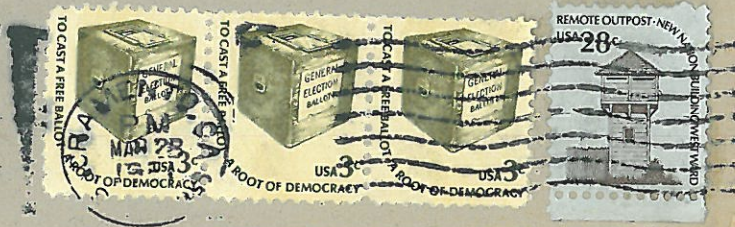
I tried bargaining again. I tried walking away again, but nothing worked. He knew he had me hooked and was only reeling me in. I finally forked over the 17,000 lira and walked away with the chess set. It does give me a certain status, though. I am probably the only tourist, ever, that bargained with a seller in the Straw Market and succeeded in getting the price up instead of down.

A COUPLE OF THINGS

1. With this issue I am severing all connection with my Guest Gamblers and their games. Most have branched out on their own already, and the others will be doing so next month. In the unlikely event that any of these sterling people should default, I will not pick up the game. When I finish the four I have left that will be it.

2. As for my games; since I know longer will have the magazine, I no longer will have standbys. If a player NMRs twice in a row his country will go into CD no matter what size. So, fellas, don't NMR. If you get tired of the game, name a replacement. And don't forget to send in a stamped self-addressed envelope with your roves. No envelope no adjudications. Why not send in an extra?

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