

COAT OF ARMS, issue 29 (November 28, 1983) is published by Steve Arnawoodian 602 Hemlock Cr. Lansdale, Pa. 19446 (215)-699-7659. The current rate is 70¢ per issue which is at least double what it's worth.

I had planned to publish COA about two weeks ago but after traveling in Europe for 3 weeks with Gary Coughlan I needed a vacation. So my laziness combined with Swider's failure to **have an Expletive Deleted** ready means you save some money on your 83 Dip expenses, One less COA in '83. You're all welcome.

Quite a lot has happened during the past 2 months. First I aged 10 years by traveling to Europe with Gary Coughlan for 3 weeks. That in itself would be more than the average person could handle in a given year. With that fact in mind I should have never attended Byrnecon over Thanksgiving weekend. While Byrnecons are generally fairly calm this particular time I was mugged in the Byrne kitchen! (And Mike Mazzer was afraid to walk from his car to Byrne's front door. But these stories are relatively trivial because this month we have an expose on Mark Berch! Yesterday I received quite an interesting letter from one Shep Rose. It seems Mark Berch has been writing articles in Dip World under Mr. Rose's name! The letter is quite long (4 pages) but I am certain you will all find it very interesting (unless your name is Mark Berch). Some of the points seemed a bit farfetched. However I checked with Mark's wife, Mona and she more or less confirmed EVERYTHING Shep wrote in his letter! Yes Uncle Berch you have the right of reply.

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Read on to find out what prominent Memphis publisher yelled out in the streets of Liege, Belgium, "I AM AN AMERICAN!"

Traveling in Europe can be interesting (as you know from reading Mark Berch's account of his travels in Spain) Take Gary Coughlan and that same trip will never have a dull moment. We began by landing in Munich, Germany. Germany went well for Gary. And why not Gary's love for the German language and the fluency with which he speaks that language made Germany the ideal country for him. Unfortunately Germany did not know this. For instance a long line moved easily and quickly through German immigration. That is until Gary got to the front of the line. It seems Mr. Coughlan's passport was not in proper order because he failed to sign it. Three hundred people remembered to sign their passports only to be delayed by Gary. The German officials were not at all amused at Gary's confusion over their request. Still they let him into their country.

Gary adapted well to Germany. Unlike me he was more at home here than any other European country. He was fascinated by Dachau. His electric shaver and hair dryer worked here. And like Memphis the cities were new and easy to get about. Still this is not to say Gary had a trouble time in Germany (to be quite frank Gary does not know the word). For instance one evening while in a restaurant Gary wanted a beer. I had already ordered a light beer (which was only a bit more mild than Scotch Whiskey). Gary on the other hand ordered a real German beer (we call it rubbing alcohol). The waitress had other ideas and decided Mr. Coughlan would have a light beer. Gary tried to be stubborn but the waitress put him in his place with some tough words. Although I do not speak German judging from the tone of her voice I believe she said "you'll take what I give you or I'll bounce you off the wall!"

The german public transportation system totally confused Gary. I don't believe he felt they were real. Unlike the U.S. transit system you could use the German, buses, Trams (trollies), and subway to go most anywhere. In the U.S. one can use the transit system to get mugged anywhere. So gary just ignored these public conveyances. Because of this Gary aged 10 years in Munic. Whenever Gary crossed the streets he refused to yield to the trams and met them head on and more than once I thought we had lost the publisher of Europa Express. But Coughlan's luck held out and he never did get to see the inside of a German hospital.

Next we journeyed to France. This was the first train trip of any distance for either Gary or myself. All the reports we had read on European trains claimed that any trip over one hour you would meet new life long friends. We boarded the train from Munich to Strasbourg, France. Gary had his tablet and pen all ready to write addresses of everyone he met. He even had samples of EE to hand out. In our particular compartment was a Spanish couple, a German woman, and a french man. How did the conversation ga? Well the Spanish couple must have been fighting because the gentleman spent the trip standing in the aisle outside the compartment. As for the French man and the German woman, they talked about as much as my fish.

Eventually we crossed into France and for the first time since we left New York I felt at ease. I suppose it was the familiarity of the language. Of course it could be the friendly welcome the French gave us as we disembarked the train in Strasbourg. A welcome committee greeted us with posters reading "We love tourists!", "We love the English language!" They wore buttons which said "Bonjour, I am Jeannette or I am Jacques". ALL right so I'm exaggerating but this is COA. I had often heard the French were less than considerate to foreigners. This could not be less true. For instance when we were trying to find a tour bus in Strasbourg we asked an elderly man (about Michalski's age) for directions and he walked the four blocks with us. Along the way he gave us a tour of the city (in French of course). It's too bad the way Gary and I reacted. I suppose it was a typical American reaction. We kept wondering how many francs the man planned to charge us.

In Strasbourg few people spoke English. It was French or German. Whenever I spoke French they were appalled by my accent but they understood me! Strasbourg ended up as my favorite city, eventhough the cathedral we climbed here had some 400 steps.. Strasbourg has buildings from the 17th century which are in better shape than most 50 year old American buildings. What surprised me about Strasbourg and most of Europe was that the inhabitants of these older buildings were the poor. In the Philadelphia the older sections are parts of Society Hill and are owned by the wealthy.

After an all too short stay in Strasbourg we moved on to a small city south of Paris where we were the guests of Georges Lebigot. I wrote Georges some 10 days before we arrived. He received the letter the day after we arrived! To say Georges was shocked by our visit is an understatement. Still he was an excellent host. Visiting Georges was a challenge as his English was only slightly better than my French. I was amazed at just how quickly my French improved in a matter of hours. This was the first time I felt fortunate to have studied French.

After Georges took us to the very impressive Palace of Chamborg we moved onto Paris. Just hearing the cities name instilled a fear in us. And why not this city is huge, confusing and spoke English less than the city of New York. To make matters worse Paris has several train stations. Invariably you will enter the city from one station and leave via another. But eventhough I had a handicap (my limited French and Gary) I managed. Our biggest mistake of the trip was not having a hotel reservation for Paris. In the train station there was a service which helps you find a hotel room. In I went and promptly got into an argument with the clerk. This man was the only rude person we met in France and probably all of Europe. So we were left on our own. We phoned about 8 hotels, none had vacancies. Fortunately the 9th one had a room. If they did not I would not be here writing this as Gary would have killed me. This hotel ended up being the best bargain, only \$35.

In the hotel Gary continued to be an embarrassment. Eventhough the electrical stated "shavers only" Gary tried his hair <sup>over</sup> and naturally blew the fuse. Amazingly enough we were not thrown out of the hotel. The hotel manager was even quite understanding. I think he realized Gary was from the southern U.S. We spent less than 2 days in Paris and barely had time to see anything more than the Georges Pompidu Center (yeh, yeh I know it's spelled wrong) But as it was I had to plead with Gary to allow us even a few days for all of France.

Belgium was our next stop, you know the country where Dutch and French are both spoken, but not both in the same house. (English is also widely known) The only problem is when I went to speak English no one understood English. If I switched to French they did not speak that either. I have a feeling if I spoke Dutch it would not have been much help. Taking the train from Paris to Liege we decided to eat lunch in the dining car. Was this ever a mistake! Never ever eat a meal on a train! This meal cost more than our room in Paris. I would not have minded if the food was good but I would have preferred a peanut butter sandwich to this meal. Just as I paid the bill we pulled into beautiful downtown Liege. (wouldn't you know it that it was my turn to pay)

Liege was the site for the International Con. Luc Dodinval was nice enough to put us up (as well as the French, Dutch and even a German Christoph Schunck) in his home. The real Gary Coughlan came out here. One afternoon when we were sightseeing we stopped for some lunch at the outdoor market. I was standing with the Dutch at this time. Gary was behind a truck which a man was trying to load with tables. The man said excuse me (in French) Gary knew what he meant and promptly moved. After the tables were loaded onto the truck Gary moved right back. The man returned with another armload of tables, seeing Gary block his way again yelled in French, "This is not a restaurant!" Gary (Mr. Detente) simply shouted, "I'm an American!!!!" At this point I along with the Dutch quickly walked around the corner! The man loading the truck yelled something which one does not learn in French class.

I think Gary was disappointed in the convention. He had signed up to play Dungeons and Dragon but could not play as it was being played in French! Instead he got stuck playing Junta with me, Cristoph Schunck and 4 Dutch. These Dutch showed their true colors and cheated. Still they were not able to win. If any of you ever wondered if there is any difference between European and American postal diplomacy players there was none that I could see (except they enjoy speaking those funny languages). Also they have no one like John Michalski.

Gary and I had now been in Europe for a week. We thought we had been keeping a vigorous pace. We soon found out that we did not know what a fast pace was until we got to Brussels and had to follow Michel Liesnard on a walking tour of his city. Brussels, like Liege and the rest of Belgium is cold and rainy. We were in Brussels for 4 days and it rained everyday. Michel was unaffected by the dismal weather and did not even bother with an umbrella. When I noticed the rain I thought we would be able to relax but no Michel had us out everyday. I was amazed at the size of Brussels. But I was more surprised at the number of cafe-bars. I was shocked that Michel knew them all. Of course what else can one do in Brussels but to frequent cafes! Michel would take us to a historic building and then tell of a nice cafe around the corner and in we'd go. Naturally all the bartenders knew him. The only problem with bars in Belgium is you can only order Beer or wine, whiskey is prohibited. So I drank coffee and tea. Gary however drank beer and by dinnertime Gary was ready to allow Michel to order for him. Gary ended up eating snails, eel, Shark with anchovy paste and frog legs. I ordered for myself and ate steak with onions, steak with peppers, steak without peppers and steak with mushrooms. By the time we left Brussels Gary had turned green. I was fine.

Brussels is a strange city and Michel Liesnard fits right in! Brussels does not have a standard or set language. All the signs are in Dutch and French, and French and Dutch. (it has to be both ways. If French is first the Dutch get upset. If Dutch is First the French throw a tantrum) If you ever get to Belgium please look up Michel Liesnard and hassle the hell out of him.. However do not ask him any questions about the French language. Michel believes that everyone should speak the language flawlessly. Whenever I asked him a question about different phrases and the proper way to use them he got very snippy. I have dared Michel to visit the U.S. next September. I doubt he'll take me up on the offer but if he does I'll get even with him. Not only will I take him to NYC to visit Kathy Byrne (the Diplomacy Battleax) but I will also take him to Ocean City, NJ which is a Dry city (that's no alcohol, Michel)

I'm going to wait until next issue to comment about Holland and England. As you can tell I'm writing a brief summary. If you wish to read about a very puddle and telephone booth you'll have to sub to Gary Coughlan's EUROPA EXPRESS. His address is 4614 Martha Cole Ln. Memphis, Tn. 38118.

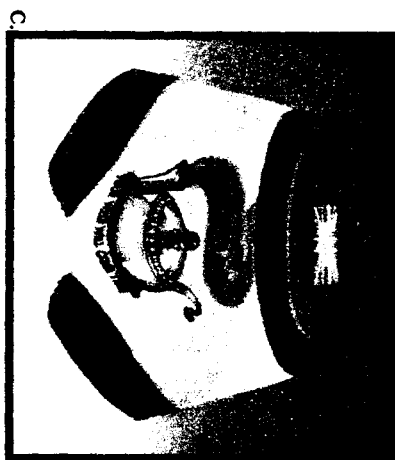
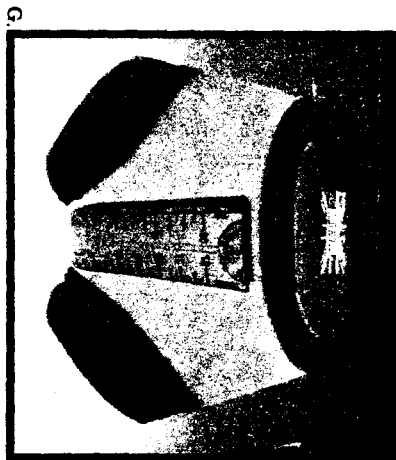
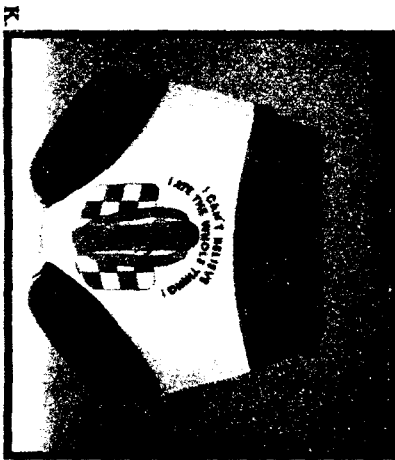
Thanksgiving Byrnecon was the best yet. Gary Coughlan's presence was offset by Mike Mazzer, Irish Mike Mills,, Pudge Olsen, Ed Wrobel,, Ed Jacobs, and of course the hordes of regulars. We were worried that Gary would feel too welcome and decide to make his permanent residence in the north. I alnoe resolvdd this problem when I dropped a pot of peas on gary's lap during Thanksgiving dinner.

Later that weekend I gmed a game of Gunboat Dip. Eric Kane learned a tough lesson here, how to treat his gms. Being a flippant brat Eric made a few remarks about me, His country promptly died. Let this serve as a warning to all who play under me. Kathy tried such obnoxious behavior with me in a postal game. She too learned the hard way when her country played one short for several seasons.

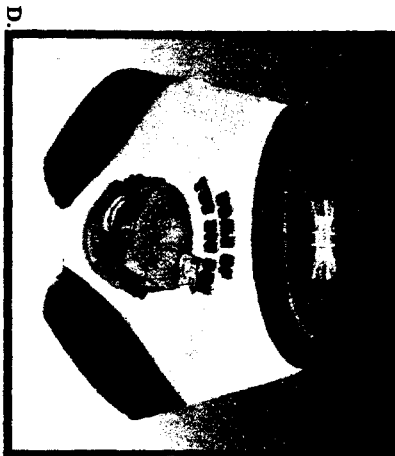
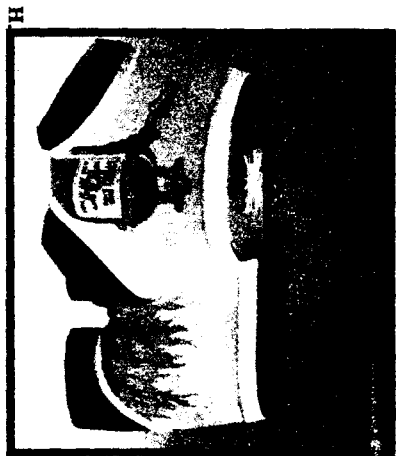
But all this and everything else that happened that weekend is trivial compared to what happened Sunday afternoon. While walking across the kitchen I was mugged by one Bob Sacks. (to think Mike Mazzer was afraid to walk from the [redacted] apartment to his car) Sacks came at me with a [redacted] beer can and poured the contents over my shirt. I could have understood if I had been obnoxious but I was my usual charming self ALL weekend. After he ruined my shirt he slammed the beer can in my face and broke my glasses. Fortunately Mike Mills was present. As boss Kommissar of the Peoples Diplomacy Organization Mike has banned Bobby Sacks from the PDO and is going to boycott Sacks' New York Gaming Board. While he is checking into the ethics of this gaming board all their functions are being taken over by the newly founded Pa. gaming Assoc.

The next Byrnecon will be New Years and everyone is invited. Just call Kathy or John at 212-353-9695 for directions. The special event is a brass knuckles fight between myself and Bobby Sacks.

Below are photos Michalski sent in from his undergarment collection. The other half appears in strange doings.



G. Supreme Ruler # 119-125 Only \$6. (1.00)  
 H. Towering Inferno # 122-125 Only \$6. (1.00)  
 I. Giant Worm # 123-125 Only \$6. (1.00)



J. How Sweet It Is # 121-125 Only \$6. (1.00)  
 K. Hot Dog # 118-125 Only \$6. (1.00)  
 L. Here I Come # 120-125 Only \$6. (1.00)

## S T E V E   A R N A W O O D I A N   -   -   T H R E A T   O R   M E N A C E ?

Everybody knows what Woody's image is in Dipdom--he's the quiet, self-effacing guy who does weird things to hamsters and gets off on being abused and insulted. It's probably about all anybody with Woody's quota of brains can expect, so it seems fair that he be merely a hobby laughingstock, the type of wretch whose whole existence makes burnout seem like an infinitely desirable state. But recently, I'm sorry to say, signs have begun to appear that point to an imminent nervous breakdown in Woody, and therefore I am issuing an appeal to all hobby members to avoid Arnawoodian as a dangerous lunatic.

I'd heard ugly rumors before Byrnecon. I heard how Woody tried to strangle poor innocent Gary Coughlan (I never thought I'd say that...pardon me while I wash my mouth out with soap). I'd heard about the scenes he created on his trip to Europe, where his refusal to eat snails, shark tails, and parakeet lungs nearly created an international incident. But oh no, I thought; Woody can't be deteriorating like this. For one thing, how could someone who was already at the bottom sink any lower?

When I first saw him at Byrnecon he seemed normal enough (that means normal for Woody or normal for Ayatollah Khomeini or normal for Charles Manson--not normal for a normal person). I soon learned better. All was well until Thanksgiving dinner, when Woody suddenly went berserk and threw an entire pot of peas over poor unsuspecting (I'm getting tired of saying that but for the purposes of this article let's pretend it's true) Gary Coughlan. Why was he picking on Gary? I wondered. Were the rumors trickling in from Europe really true?

It was all very fine for Woody's demented rage to be directed at Gary (in fact, frankly, I enjoyed it) but little did I know that the malice of this vicious madman would next be directed at me. You see there was a slight incident in 1981-AD where I accidentally ordered some of my units into Woody's country. Woody, not content to retaliate over the gameboard like a cultured gentleman (well, he could have pretended) resolved not merely to punish me, but rather to actually murder me. Luring me into his car on the pretext of going to dinner, he proceeded to take me for the most terrifying ride of my entire life! I knew something was wrong when Woody breezed through a red light at 40 miles per hour. "Red light? What red light?" he inquired intelligently when I screamed. "This is New York, nobody stops for red lights." He seemed dissatisfied, though, and looked around as if something were missing. I soon found out what, as Woody ran yet another red light, this time into the path of a city bus which was coming up on the passenger's side. My life passed before my eyes. It was all over. My position in 1981-AD, gone. My poor cat Olga, orphaned at such a tender age. My plan to write this stupid article, finito. I had time for but a single strangled cry of "uffin!" before...the bus swerved aside. I was saved. Woody instantly flew into a rage and proceeded to run yet another red light, for the rum-dum hat trick of three in a single night, but his chance had passed and there was no bus at the third intersection.

We returned to Kathy and John's place; I kissed the carpet and wept with joy at my deliverance while Woody gnashed his teeth and plotted his next bestiality; it was not long in coming, and when it did, it was the worst yet.

I still can't believe it. Woody must be on drugs or something. There we were, chatting innocently in the kitchen; me, Muffin Byrne, Woody, Robert Sacks and Dick Martin (we'll cover his case some other time!). We were amiably discussing forming a committee or something when Woody suddenly went berserk and savagely attacked poor Sacks, hurling his glasses to the floor and splattering both of them with beer. An unprovoked, totally irrational attack by a man who is clearly well along the road to total mental collapse.

Like everyone else I am concerned. Something must be done. But what? I suggest the following possibilities;

1. Pose one of Woody's hamsters with Valium
2. Release Larry Peery from Terry Tallman's dungeon and chain Arnawoodian there
3. Make Woody drive alone in front of buses
4. Let Robert Sacks pound the crap out of him
5. Make him attend Byrnecons in a rubber suit

But something must be done!

November 24, 1983

Dear Steve,

I'm taking the trouble to write to you, in response to unfounded and perfectly scurrilous attacks upon my reputation in *Diplomacy World*, because of your reputation for publishing an unbiased zine, and for GMing a fair and well-run game. I've never had the pleasure of playing in a game run by you, nor in subscribing to *Coat of Arms*, and just to prove my good faith, and my confidence in your sense of fair play, enclosed is a personal check for my first ten issues, and I further wish for you to enroll me in your very next game.

This is an open letter, and while you are free to publish any portion of it, I hope that you'll set aside the space to reprint it in toto. Every beaten dog deserves shelter, Steve, and I'm sure you'll agree, after once reading my story, that I've been as sorely mistreated as the mangiest cur. And the bitter irony is, the man who has leveled these libelous attacks on my reputation is without a doubt the most thoroughly disreputable person it has ever been my misfortune to have known.

We've all heard the talk about there existing within our hobby an "elite" establishment, or Eastern Press, to use but two of theilder labels that have sprung up from time to time. For those of your readers who've imagined this to be just talk, let me now tell them and all of you my story, and then you may judge for yourselves whether this "segment" of the hobby deserves to be called elite, or whether it is in reality merely a select few individuals creating obnoxious noise, individuals who, at least in the case of one of them, could hardly be less deserving of our time and attention.

As a preface for those new to the hobby, in *Diplomacy World* issues #33/34, the editor and publisher, Rod Walker, saw fit to publish two "articles" relating to one Shep Rose. The first of these, entitled "The Blackest Player Of All Time" -- Shep Rose, appeared over the byline of Mark Berch. The second story, "SHEP replies," was underscored with the following credit: "by Shep Rose ???". I can only assume Mark is responsible for both efforts, for I can hardly believe there can be two nitwits out there writing to the same zine with identical adolescent styles; nor is it likely there are any individuals within our hobby who would stoop so low as to get a few laughs (and with a brand of humor I can only term sophomoric) at the expense of someone who has, in spite of other character flaws to which I freely admit, devoted his entire *Diplomacy* playing career to the betterment and general enhancement of the hobby.

Space does not permit me to make a lot specific references to the *Diplomacy World* articles to which I refer, Steve, (though I do urge the readers of *Coat of Arms* to dig into their old DW issues and refresh their memories, or write Mr. Walker for free copies--he certainly owes the hobby this much). However, I would like to offer, as a general refutation of the stories Mark wrote, an explanation to your readers as to where this guy is coming from.

First of all, there really IS a Shep Rose. Indeed, since the first of Mark's stories was published I've received more than my share of negative mail and abusive press, and several of my friends have even gone so far as to seriously urge me to change my name for peace purposes. But this I have absolutely refused to do. I'm proud of my name, and I will not allow some eastern creep with a peranged sense of humor to run me out of the hobby. I'll fight back with everything I have for as long as it takes, both as a "person" and I mean that in the best sense of the word, and as a respected member of the hobby community. The whole story is a long one, but I don't feel it's necessary at this time for me to go into every single detail. Instead, I'll attempt to be representative by mentioning SOME of the facts, and limit any interpretation of color to those instances when I feel his conclusion as being constructive or a clearer understanding by the reader. The Mark Berch story goes like this.

I first met Mark Berch in Oshkosh, Wisconsin the summer of 1970. This girl and I (her name escapes me now) had just driven in from California. It was a Monday morning. I remember it was Monday because WDSM had this copy of DJ who came on with a Moody Blues song making some silly remark like "this'll give ya an idea of what TOMMORROW'S gonna be like!" or some such nonsense. Anyway, this girl and I were just coming into town in my '69 Mustang and we saw this guy on the other side of the road standing by the Dard sign with his arms out trying to hitch a ride. We didn't pay much attention to him until all of sudden he darts right in front of us and waves his arms for us to stop. I was pretty burned out at the time myself--I'd been doing a good imitation of Iron Man since Omaha--so I pulled over and let him in. I asked him why he ran across the road like that when he was hitchhiking in the opposite direction, and he told me "because I was getting tired traveling the other way." That was the first time I ever saw Mark Berch, and I certainly wish today that I never had.

Mark, despite his diminutive physical stature, has always been a real take-charge sort of guy. It's chiefly his voice, I'd say. It sort of gets into your head, like a little worm. In any event, he was into us for a joint before we were halfway downtown. Before long it was just as though we'd known him forever, and by noon he'd talked the two of us into sharing his digs with him, a shabby little place for \$35 a week that sat directly across from the Unemployment Office on High St. That was about as apropos an address as you could ever find for someone like Mark, for I never knew him to hold down a job for more than a month or two at a time. Any job. EVER!

Well, one thing led to another, but inside of a month this girl and I had had enough of ol' Berch, and we duly told him we were moving out. The main reason we couldn't stomach him any longer was that he was such a mooch. But then that's Mark Berch all over. He walked through life preaching a philosophy of "what's yours is mine and what's mine is yours," which happened to be extremely convenient for Mark, since he never had anything of his own. Of course neither did we at the time. Not to speak of. I was recently divorced, and all I possessed was my car and the clothes on my back. The girl was hardly out of high school, and the only reason we had any money in the first place was because she'd thrown all the bread that her parents had given her for a vacation to Europe into the kitty just to get us as far as Wisconsin. Nevertheless, I was willing to pitch-in for groceries, and she did the cooking and kept the place looking nice, and it could be fairly stated that we pulled our own weight. I even offered to help out with the rent, and that was a huge mistake, for Mark immediately asked if we could pay the entire amount only for the first week or so, as he was "in between" jobs. The girl and I talked it over, and I reluctantly agreed. More on this in a minute.

To give you just one example of how really moochy and basically dishonest Mark was, one Friday afternoon while I was out looking for a job so I could afford to pay HIS rent, he asked to borrow \$20 from the girl for a couple of lids. He gave her a line about how he knew some guy who would pay twice that much later that night at a bar called Wage Peace. He said he'd be able to repay her and still have a lid left over for all of us to share. Right. Well, she was just dumb enough to swallow it, and sure enough Mark didn't show up until the next Monday. He told us this cock and bull story about how he'd been ripped off at the bar that night, and when he'd come back to the apartment to tell us no one was there. When I told him we had been home all that night (the whole weekend in fact) because we were too broke to go anywhere (that \$20 had been almost the last of our money, though I'd managed to find a job that day sorting bottles at Coke), he then glibly told me that actually he'd been so embarrassed that he'd spent the rest of the weekend with some friends up in Appleton. I knew that was a load of shit, but it wasn't until later that I found out what really happened to our money. It seems Mark took off that Friday afternoon for the Blood Rock festival where the Heppy Dukes were playing. A guy I knew told me Mark was fronted

center the whole time, three sheets to the wind and dancing in the sunshine on who knows how many hits of Purple Passion, listening to Ted Nugent play "the highest note in the universe." That's how Mark described it when I later confronted him with the facts. Boy, Mark could really shovel it. By the time he finished telling me all about the concert my ears were watering. Not only wasn't I even mad at him anymore, but he'd actually made me feel bad that I'd missed it in the first place! But I'm getting ahead of myself.

It was just for things like that, and a whole lot more, that the girl and I left Mark's apartment. And then, not too long after that, the girl in turn decided to leave me and return to her parents in California. It was probably for the best. Her father was a strict Irish cop who drank, and her mother was a general flake who liked to sit on the front porch of their summer cabin in Clearlake Highlands and go Oooooo and Ahhhhhhh a lot at the fireworks on The Fourth. Her mother told me once that she used to actually keep count of the Ooooo's and Ahhhhh's by other people when she was a girl. According to her childhood survey the Ooooo's usually had it 2 to 1. Anyway, the girl was forever giving me this crap about how mad her parents would be if she stayed with me too long, especially since circumstances had forced me to use her dad's Sinclair credit card more than I'd originally planned. I'm not sure how she made it back, though I suppose her parents were happy to send her the fare. She never bothered to write, and I didn't have her California address, so I couldn't say. In any event, I didn't miss her much because of how stupid she was, though I'd like to say that I never wished her anything but good fortune. Come to think of it, in a way she and Mark would have made a good team (she was just dumb enough to have been the perfect foil for his deals), only I didn't have any really good reason to be that mean to him then. He would have gone nuts listening to her rattle on all the time, especially when she started telling him about her parents.

To tie up a loose end, some time later I learned that the nice old couple who ran the apartment house, a Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Hilderbrandt (bless their little hearts) found themselves duly burned by Mark when he skipped out on his last three week's rent the day after the girl and I left. To my way of thinking that was by rights half MY money! Mooch that he was, Mark never did settle up with me.

I kept my job at Duke until they laid me off (it was a raw deal; the plant manager got pissed off when he saw some of us playing grab ass one day close to quitting time, but I was the only one to get blamed) and that fall I ran into Mark again over at the OSU Student Union. Neither of us were going to school, but we enjoyed the music and all the people and stuff, and pretty soon it was as though we'd never had a riff. The Union was a good place to hang out. In a sense it was almost the same as attending school for real. We got to meet all the chicks and learn where the parties were, and it was a cinch to score good dope. Hell, for Mark it was like taking candy from babies. In fact there was this one guy who would just come around and lay some mushrooms on him because he thought Mark was "cool." But Mark, of course, was chock full of angles, and hardly the type to rely on the "goodwill" of idiots to keep in supply. So naturally it wasn't long before he was taking a percentage of at least half of whatever chemicals changed hands, and when it came to weed people simply didn't move without consulting him first. With his contacts, and with the way he could "charm" people, he became the center of activity, almost like a cruise director aboard a ship. And while I admit that Mark taught me much of what he knew, I've certainly never applied that knowledge with anything like his total lack of human compassion.

One time he did a real job on a guy called Ernie. Ernie was kinda green. He was a rich freshman from Menasha (he went to Lawrence University) who used to hang out in Ukiahosh because he wanted to be "in." More stupid than this, Ernie actually imagined that Mark was his friend, which of course was the biggest mistake Ernie could have made. Mark went for him like a shark for tuna, and the way he set him up was beautiful. Mark knew Ernie had been looking for several pounds to lid out, so he went over to Ernie's house one night, put the first Black Sabbath album on, and then proceeded to get Ernie super fucked up on something especially nice in a Colombian. Of course poor Ernie was way out of his league, especially since Mark had taken the trouble to soke the joint with some hash oil, and pretty soon he was laying back on the couch with headphones on, whispering to no one in particular "...do you hear them...do you hear the bells?...they're coming...they're coming..." until he finally just passed out. Two days later, when he could talk again, Ernie asked Mark if he could "score some of that shit" (Ernie was always talking like that because he thought it made him sound more authentic), but Mark told him regretfully that it was all gone. Mark bided his time for a judicious period, then he got back to Ernie and told him he'd found something even better. Ernie drove down to Mark's place this time, and got super fucked up again. Only thing was the joint that made him that way again wasn't exactly made of the same stuff Mark sold him. Mark had fed him the "New Improved" Colombian again, but what Ernie staggered home with in the morning was a couple of bags full of wet, so-so domestic. The next day he called Mark and asked him why the grass was so damp. Mark told him not to worry, all he needed to do was put it in the oven on low for a few minutes and it would dry out. Ernie believed everything Mark said, and I sure wish I could have seen Ernie's face when he did as Mark told him. I can just see those four pounds shrinking up before his eyes to less than a pound. More like nine or ten good lids--of "shit." Of course he and Mark weren't such good friends after that, but Mark couldn't have cared less. Ernie had paid him \$1,600 for what he thought was two kilos of "the best Colombian I've ever smoked." Mark had purchased the crap in Fondulac for something like \$75 a pound, netting him a nice profit of \$1,300 dollars, minus the cost of the two "sample" joints, not to mention Ernie's friendship. But then that was Mark Berch all over. He was never the sort of guy to let friendship interfere with business. Case in point, I could have squealed on him to Ernie, but I didn't. And do you think he ever cut me in on any of the profit? Hardly. In fact he was always rubbing it in, asking me "Say, do you think Ernie liked that shit I sold him?"

When Mark wasn't screwing his friends he was working the people he didn't know. It didn't make any difference to him. I remember he even had this deal for free cigarettes. What he'd do was walk into the Union office, indignant as hell, and tell them he'd lost a couple of quarters to the cigarette machine. They'd give him a refund slip to fill out and he'd walk out of there fifty-cents richer, just like that. One day a girl doing some Work Study was in there, and she looked at him suspicious like until Mark started browbeating her like you wouldn't believe. She never stood a chance against him. He had her almost in tears by the time he walked out of there--with the money, of course. I admit that as I didn't have a job anymore, and all I had to keep me going were vouchers for food and rent from County Welfare, I succumbed to Berch's influence and availed myself occasionally. But for the record, since then I've sent the university a check for what I figured I owed them, along with a note of apology. Knowing Berch like I do, he'll probably start laughing at me for being such a sucker when he reads this, but then he was always like that.

By now you should have a better picture of the sort of person who's been maligning me in the hobby press. And now I'll tell you WHY.

Altogether I knew Mark for about three years. As to the Shep Rose stories, they're a bunch of crap. Berch and I played Diplomacy back in the old days, as well as chess and cards and most anything you could wager on. Not that I was ever stupid enough to bet him on anything. Betting with a guy like him is like asking to be taken to the cleaners. But for some unknown reason Diplomacy always brought out the "best" in him. I could beat the pants off him, and did regularly. It's hard to figure, but when it came to screwing with people up front in a game where everyone knew you were doing it, Mark never seemed able to cut it (though it seems obvious that he has since overcome this "character flaw," if his game scores are any indication). Maybe his failure at the game was a built-in balancing mechanism to his otherwise totally devious nature.

Perhaps even the most dishonest types require an exercise in which they become the victims. *Diplomacy* seemed to serve this role in Mark's case. He wasn't always the big loser, mind you, but he NEVER won.

I always figured that sort of thing would gall a guy like Mark plenty, but as he never said anything at the time I saw no reason to dwell on it. But now I can see how all the residual resentment he's harbored for me over the years has continued to build in him, until now I find myself feeling the full effects of his twisted personality.

Actually, many of the dirty tricks he "credits" me with are old ideas of his that he never had the nerve to play in his own games. You should have been there with us, Mark and I, sitting up all night drinking wine and soaking, and him screaming like you wouldn't believe. And let me tell you he came up with some real shitty things that he never got to mentioning in his "Shep Rose" stories (saving those for someone special, Mark?). Of course I don't deny that Mark wasn't entirely lying about what he wrote. I've pulled one or two things that might be frowned upon in some circles, and for which today I am deeply ashamed. But I never did anything like he says. I've always liked people more than that. But then that's always been one of the secrets to his success. He blends truth with fiction so neatly that it's hard to tell when he's pulling your leg and when he's serious. Of course he wrote the Shep Rose pieces as though they were fiction, knowing that I would be one of the few people to recognize them for what they really were. Why? The only reason I can think of is that he's lonely and craves attention. Also, I suspect he's been figuring all along he could get away with it, for I'm sure he believes that I'd be the last one to intentionally involve myself in that sort of dirt after all these years, and there aren't many others still around in the hobby who know what really happened. That's another thing about him. He first gets to know the people he screws with, and then he plays them according to whatever weaknesses they have. But this time he's misjudged his victim. For instance, I WAS once involved with a zine that unfortunately folded under a cloud of controversy, and now I think the time is proper for the story of that shameful incident to come out.

A mutual "friend" of ours, Scott Leipzig, decided to start his own zine. I encouraged him all I could, but Mark acted jealous as hell and would have no part in the project. Well, Scott went through the usual motions of getting his new zine known, including sending notices around to a number of different publishers asking for plugs. To help him out, I volunteered to do articles and write letters to other players I knew asking them to subscribe. By the way, it wasn't a zine called *Boise and Girls*. Scott named it *Poy Sippi Sippi* after the town he was from.

Scott was a simple sort. Trusting, you know what I mean? So pretty soon he began getting all these letters from players asking if there were any game openings. I was surprised at the volume, and in all that of *Arx* had a circulation of 57 inside of the first month or so. With that sort of support Scott figured he was justified in opening up an additional three games, up from the two he started with initially, each game starting one issue apart. Scott was making every effort to get his issues out every two weeks, so you can see how much work he was putting into this thing, but I can tell you that Scott was having the time of his life.

I was in Hankook reading Scott's fourth or fifth issue when the bubble threatened to burst. Some guy in Pennsylvania named Cooper Daniels wrote a real nasty letter to Scott, accusing him of being a nerd when it came to *Arx*, and suggesting that he first learn the basics of games like *Monopoly* before he attempted to moderate games of such complexity, and ones which require some intelligence on the part of their participants at that. This sort of abuse isn't all that unusual, as he, except in this case the game was only in the Spring. All season and as far as I knew everything had been going smoothly. Daniels was France and Scott *WRod* him, though Daniels swore up and down he'd sent in two sets of orders, one of which he claimed should have been received at least ten days before the deadline. Scott responded politely to him, suggesting that if the future might not be a bad idea if Mr. Daniels called to see if his orders had been received by the 1st. This was in the winter, and there was a big blizzard here east, so Scott reasoned that could have been the cause of the mail not getting through. By this time I could smell something rotten, and I remember mentioning as much to Scott. He poor-pooped the idea, but like I said, Scott was a simple sort.

Next issue it got a whole lot worse. This time Daniels accused Scott of misinterpreting his orders, causing him to miss a build in Spain. Scott showed me this particular set of Daniels' orders. They were handwritten—hardly more than a scrawl on a postcard, and I didn't find it hard to imagine how Scott might have "misinterpreted" them, as they made no sense to me at all. Had it just been Daniels complaining I think it would have all blown over. Unfortunately, that same issue two more players were *WRod*. A Mike Flanagan in New Jersey claimed his orders were sent in at least a week before the deadline, while a girl named Florence Hotchkiss (Florence was nearly 10 years over a similar gap) by now. She was brand new to the hobby and didn't know what she was going to do now, seeing as how she was Turkey, with her arses still sitting in *Son*, and *Ray*, and her fleet doing nothing worthwhile in *Ark*, after the first season. She claimed that she was positive she had sent her orders in, but she was also courteous enough to apologize to Scott for the mistake, and promised she would take steps to ensure this never happened again.

By the NEXT issue the situation was beginning to get away from Scott. The press in general was getting on Scott in a heavy way. There was yet another NMR by poor Florence (she was about to be overwhelmed by a hostile Italian-Austrian steamroller), and the derisive comments from the other players ranged from "How long did you say you'd been *Arx*ing?" to "If you know what's good for you, buster, you'd better start getting your shit together, and fast!" the latter coming from none other than Scott's good friend Cooper Daniels, who by this time was really in Scott's shorts. However, in spite of the constant criticisms, Scott continued to publish every letter and comment he received (and if it required an extra couple pages for space, then he ate the paper cost) no matter how acidic they became, and, believe me, towards the end things got real tacky.

To make a long story longer, it wasn't long before Scott's subscribers started dropping out of their games. After awhile even the stand-by players left. Daniels hung in there till the end, getting in his shots every issue without fail, a fact which later proved to be of not a little significance. Even one of the players I'd recruited, Mike Marsh, who knew both Mark and I, and who was living down on the Peninsula in the Bay Area at the time, finally dropped out of his game with only a year and a half's moves completed. I tried to talk him out of it, but to no avail. I remember the letter he wrote to me about it, in which he told me he had better things to do than "brain-dolish G&S, no matter how well you know them."

Hotchkiss, Flanagan, Beadie, Ruddy, Anderson, Wills, Luero, the Pratts (Bobby and Jim were brothers who had enrolled in different games), and a lot of other people who were unfortunate to get caught up in this unpleasant affair, they all started resigning in ever more rapid succession, until finally, Scott had no choice but to fold *Poy Sippi Sippi*. And to his everlasting credit he made every effort to make prorated refunds to his former subscribers. In all, I'd guess he lost a couple of hundred dollars on the deal, though the real cost to him could hardly be measured in such currency.

His self-confidence mauled, his ego deflated like a pricked balloon, Scott could think of nothing better than to pack his things and move away. He first went to Colorado Springs, then downstate to Pueblo, where he hitched on with some branch of the federal highway department. In all, he was absent from the Oshkosh scene, and totally ignored *Diplomacy*, for the next four or five years, though now I'm happy to report that he's back in the area doing survey work in the Fox River Valley. He swears he'll never get involved in the hobby ever again, so it's doubtful he'll even read this. This is best, for he still goes into spasmodic jerks whenever he hears Mark's name mentioned.

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Things weren't as well-organized in the hobby back then as they are now--which might, come to think of it, have been a blessing for Scott--and besides, Scott would be the last person to start writing letters to other zines in an effort to defend himself. The resulting publicity would have surely pushed him to the breaking point. He's much too introverted for that sort of scandal. Indeed, there aren't but a handful of hobby people who know anything of this affair, and those that do apparently decided long ago not to air the laundry in the general press. This is only fair, for as I've already implied, Scott was the victim of an unspeakable practical joke that only one person I've ever known would have dared to inflict on anyone, much less a "friend."

Though I've never been able to come up with all the details, I've been able to piece together most of it, and as far as I know this is how Mark worked it.

You have to understand that Mark didn't really *dislike* Scott. It was just that Scott was always so sensitive about everything, and therefore he made, at least from the peculiar perspective of Mark Berch, the perfect subject for one of his "jokes." Indeed, Scott was so innocent and unsuspecting that I'm sure it worked much better than Mark ever hoped, though since he refuses to own up to it in the first place it's doubtful we'll ever be certain of this, and knowing Mark like I do it's doubtful he'd ever get enough of such a "good thing." Mark always did dream big.

Like I said, this all took place during the wintertime, and Mark had hired on at the Post Office Annex, which was right behind the fieldhouse, for the holiday rush. All the mail to and from the outlying Post Offices passed through the Oshkosh annex, and Mark must have somehow talked his way into sorting the mail that was going to the Poy Sippi Zip Code area. However he managed it (Lord knows what scam he pulled there!), I suppose what he did was simply call every letter he ran across addressed to the Poy Sippi Dippi, while letting all correspondence sent to Scott Leipzig personally through, or something similar. This way only part of the zine's mail would flounder. I always thought that was a nice touch, and one characteristic of Mark Berch. Knowing him, he undoubtedly waylaid only a few letters at first, then gradually a few more, until towards the end, as I've already noted, Scott was receiving only part of his mail. Then, to make matters even more manageable, Mark took out some insurance in the form of at least one alias that he had subscribed to Poy Sippi Dippi, one Cooper Daniels. There may have been more, I'm not sure. Mark must have had a friend (or two) back east who was willing to receive and then pass along his letters, and with the eastern postmarks Scott never suspected a thing. I prefer to think Mark's "confederate" had no idea what was happening, for it's very unsettling to think the hobby might be populated with people like this. More likely, Mark told him he was simply playing a POW game under an alias, giving him one plausible excuse or another. In fact, now that I think about it, I'm sure Mark was playing "more than one hand," for it's only reasonable to suppose a guy like him would take out more than one insurance policy. He never was a trusting sort.

My thinking is Cooper Daniels, Florence Hotchkiss, and another name I didn't mention, Pete Lowry (Montgomery, Alabama postmark), were all Berch "puppets." If I'm wrong, I apologize to these people, and if they'll take the trouble to write to me I'd be happy to set the record straight with another open letter to the hobby.

By the way, Mike Marsa has since written to Scott and apologized for his own role in the vilifications, though at the time Mike had no way of knowing that he was being used, too. He even received a letter from Hotchkiss (Mike was Austria in that game, and temporarily got rich at "her" expenses) about a month after Beat of Area collapsed. According to Mike, Hotchkiss swore that she wouldn't rest until Scott was made to pay for his "latter incompetence," and she further urged Mike to write to the other players and convince them to join in a letter campaign to other zines. Mike related all of this to me at the time, and I was able to dissuade him from taking any of these actions himself. I didn't outright accuse Mark, but kept my suspicions secret. Instead, I merely indicated to Mike that Scott had been screwed bad, and it would be only fair to lay off for awhile until the matter could be cleared up. A year later I told Mike all I knew of it, especially Mark's involvement, and he in turn wrote to Scott with his apology. But of course by then Scott had moved west and wanted nothing so much as to forget the entire incident. For his part, Mike went to frowning that Berch's scrawny neck for him if he ever laid eyes on him again. But then Mark affects a lot of people that way.

Even after reading the stories in *Diplomacy World* I would have made none of this public, except that about a month ago I received an anonymous letter asking me if I'd heard from Scott Leipzig lately. At first I thought maybe it was from one of the people who'd been burned in Scott's zine, and somehow or other the person had found out my address--from another zine where I was playing, probably. But then I took a closer look at the postmark. The letter had been mailed from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, which if memory serves was the same place from which the Cooper Daniels letters emanated. Immediately I knew it must be Mark, up to his old tricks with me. Well, all I can say is you better keep away from me, Mark. What you did to Scott, not to mention the other innocent players who got caught up in your nonsense, was bad enough. Add to this your recent publication of those sick stories with the bogus attribution to me and I can't tell you how angry I am. But on top of all of this, I still figure you owe me half of that rent money, and something on account for all those dope deals we did, too. In fact, as far as I'm concerned it's the last straw, Mark. So again, I give you fair warning. If you don't keep away from me, I'll tell the hobby the WHOLE story about you, and see that you're run completely out of *Diplomacy* for good.

At last, Steve, you'll understand why I wish to keep my own whereabouts anonymous, though I'm currently playing games in three separate zines, so I suppose it's inevitable that my whereabouts will be leaked. I ask only that you believe me when I say I'm trying to go straight these days--call it a kind of Mark Berch withdrawal. I pay my dues and I play the game fairly. I wish to forget I ever knew the man, though I probably never will. After all, as we all know Mr. Berch is very active these days with his own zine, and has even managed to cloak himself with a few rags of respectability, though there are several zine publishers out there that have felt the tip of the dagger with which I remember him as being so proficient. I would appreciate any feedback you and your readers might have, especially anything along the lines of encouragement for Scott. We just isn't "right" anymore. And I certainly encourage all of you to be on the lookout for names like Cooper Daniels, Florence Hotchkiss or anything that remotely sounds like an alias. I can guarantee if you play in a game with the likes of them, you won't believe what happens to you, not even while it's happening.

Thank you.

Sincerely yours,

Shap

PS Steve, all responses to this letter should be addressed to:

Shap Rose  
c/o Janet R. Papenfuss  
3501 Crown Blvd.  
LaCrosse WI 54601

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82 HY Tortellini winter 05, Spring 06 Is FAZ vying for the Nixon award?

ENGLAND NRR GM removes F GOB// FRANCE builds A Bre, F Mar// GERMANY NRR GM removes A Par  
TURKEY Builds F SMY

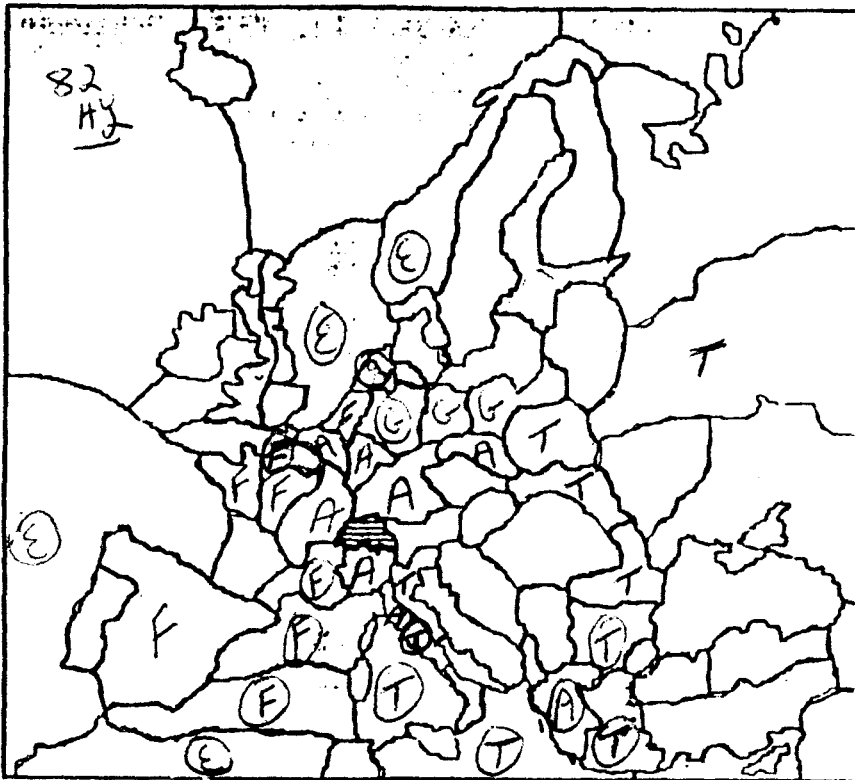
AUSTRIA (DIAMOND): A Sil S A Tyo-Mun, A Tyo-Mun, A Mun-Ruh, A Ruh-Bel, A Bur S A Ruh-Bel  
A Ven-Tus, A Pie-Mar, F Gre-Ion

ENGLAND (ROBINSON) NMR F Naf, F Mid, F Nth, F Ney all hold

FRANCE (HOWERTON) A Por-Spa, F Wes-Gol, F Mar S F Wes-Gol, F Tun-Wes, A Gas-Par, A Hol-Bel,  
A Bre S A Gas-Par, F Eng-Pic

GERMANY (RAGSDALE) NMR F Hel, F Kie, A Ber, A Pru all hold

TURKEY (FASSIO) F Con-Bul(sc), F Smy-Aeg, F Gol-Tyh, F Nap-Rom, A Apu-Ven, F Ion-H, A Sev-Rum,  
A Stp-Mos, A Mos-War, A War-Gal



THE DEADLINE FOR FALL 06 is Jan 5.  
to 602 Tomlock Ct Lansdale PA 19446  
The standby for Germany is Carl  
Russell 21 Morgan Rd. Binghamton  
NY 13903

The standby for England is John Caruso  
160-02 43rd Ave 2nd floor  
Flushing, NY 11358

John Diamond 41 Riverridge Trail  
Ormond Beach, FL 32074

Rob Robinson: 7403 Hopkins Ave  
College Park, Md 20704

Bob Howerton 4510 Freeline Dr. Pensacola  
FL 32504

Mark Fassio 145 Rhodes Ave Shaw AFB,  
SC 29152

#### PRESS

PARIS: The ministry of Public Works a  
announced today that all able bodied  
men in the Paris area will be called  
up to help clean the mess left by  
the Germans.

MARSEILLES: The local population  
cheered at the arrival of French  
naval forces in home waters, removing  
the threat of Turkish plunderers.

PARIS: THE Army high Command called on all Frenchman to rally to the colors to assist in  
driving yet another invader from across the Rhine. One refugee expressed horror at what  
the Austrians might do to the prized frog ponds in Burgundy.

PARIS: The Gov't. expressed its deepest regret over the recent misunderstanding with the  
British gov't and hopes that by-gones can be by-gones.

TUR-Ger; Well, Rick, I'm waiting with baited breath. Whattya say?

TUR-Aus; The shock of this move is great, I know. The perfidy in my part is inexcusable  
and had you done this to me, I would swear undying revenge. So I better make this stab a  
clean and precise one. No personal malice intended, John, but you stood to gain more than  
me, and that could not be allowed.

GM-Tur; Faz you are a scumball, a real low-life! NEVER will this be forgotten, I will see  
to it.

TUR-Eng; You are one of two targets, bucko! Care to talk Turkey?

GM-Tur; Why bother? You would only lie to him too!

TUR-Fra; It took a lot of soul searching on my part to pull off stab #104 in a 7 year career:  
I hope you also "played by the rules". If not, then John will get all my centers, because I'  
be going for you. I think, though, that we see eye-to-eye on things at present, yes?

ENGLAND (slossar) A Stp-H, A Nwy-Hol, F Nth C A Nwy-Hol, F Den-Kie, F Cly-Lvp, F Wal-Lvp

FRANCE (Davis) NMR F Iri, F Mid, F Bre, A Ruh, A Mun, A Par, A Mar, A Kie all hold

F Hol retreats OTB or Bel

GERMANY (SALESKI) A Ber-H

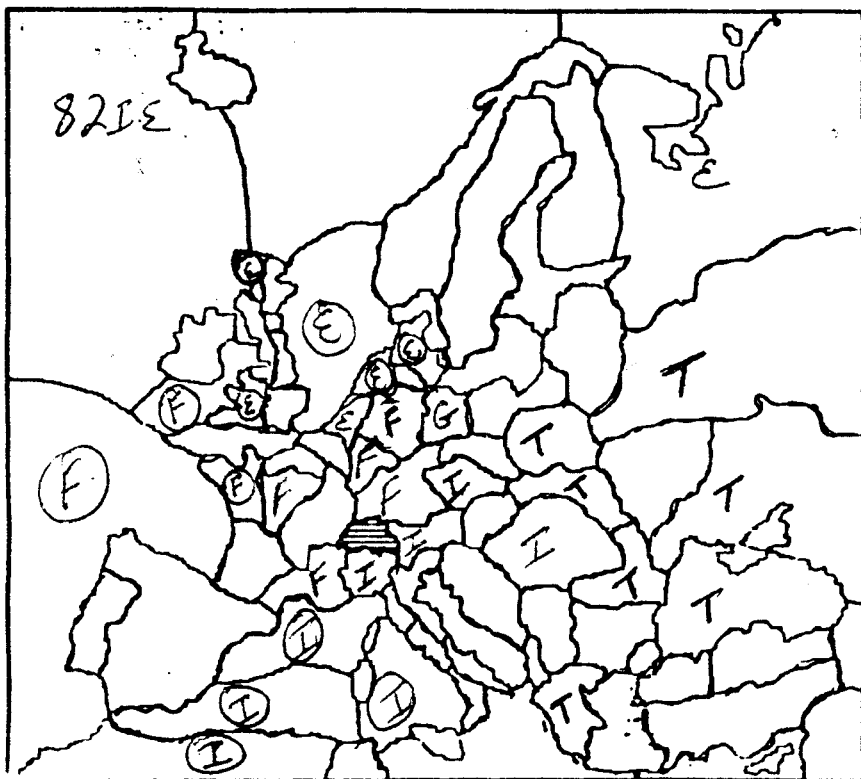
ITALY (CUNNING) F Naf-Mid, F Tyh S F Tun-Wes, F Tun-Wes, A Pie-Mar, F Tus-Gol, A tyr S A Vie-Boh, A Vie-Boh, A Bud\_H

RUSSIA (Mainardi) A Mos retreats- Lvn, A Lvn S A War-Pru, A War-Pru

TURKEY (ANGLE) A Mos S A Ukr-War, A Sev S A Mos, A Ukr-War, A Bul-Rum, F Gre-Bul (ec)

(impossible, unless you look like Cathy Cunning!), F Bla-Bul(sc)(forget it!)

A Gal S A Ukr-War



The deadline for W 04 and spring 05 is Jan 4, 1984. To Steve Arnawoodian 602 Hemlock Cr. Lansdale, Pa. 19446 215-699-7659

Supply Chart W 04

ENGLAND Home, Stp, Den, Nwy, Hol, Swe 8 Build 1

FRANCE Home, Bel, Spa, Por, Kie 8 remove 1

GERMANY Ber 1 even

ITALY Home, Tun, Tri, Bud, Vie, Ser 8 Even

TURKEY Home, Bul, Rum, Gbe, Sev, Mos, War 9 build 2

PRESS

TUR-World; Hope you enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner and I'm back

WORLD-Tur; Darn, it was so much fun when you were gone.

ANK-GM; Too bad you can't draw maps as neatly as Bohner.

GM-Ank; Foul mouthed spot-nosed kid! How'd you like to NMR next turn?

CUDDLES-Teddybear; Well did you get a cute English accent? Did You, did you? Oh how I wish I could have gone.

Teddybear-Cuddles; Oh how I wish YOU could have gone. You'll never know how much. Come to Lansdale and I'll show you more than my cute English accent.

ITALY-World; Hello? Is anyone out there? Turkey are you there? How about you England? Boy, Woody leaves and everyone goes silent.

CUNNING-Angle; Do you remember all the plans we had? All those cunning angles we thought of? Just because you are in college now don't forget me! Remember me? Your ally till dots do us part.

CUNNING-Woody; Hey Steve are you going to rename this to the "deadwood" game? or did you plan this so I could win?

TEDDYBEAR-Cuddles; Deadwood? With me as the GM and you as one of the players? And honey just having me as your GM makes you a winner!

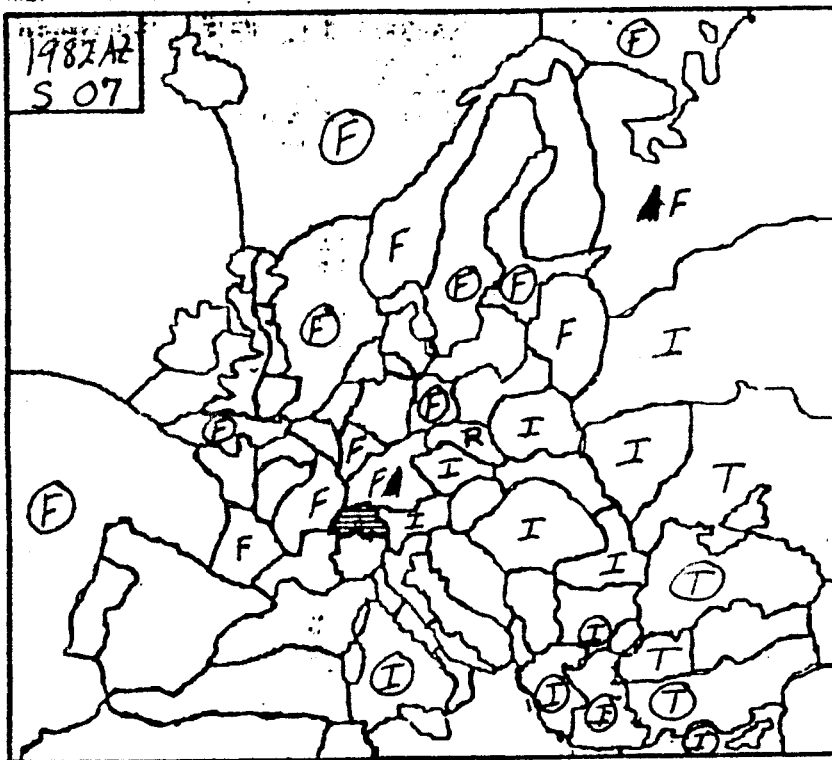
11

Autumn 1906 Russian A Stp R-OTB

Winter 1906 France Builds A Par & A Bre; Italy builds F Nap; Russia removes A War, A Turkey--no adjustments

Spring 1907

ENGLAND	(Hightower)	No such animal
FRANCE	(Michalski)	A Par-Gas, A Bre-Nwy (F Eng & F Nth C), A Nwy-Stp, F Stp(nc) Bar, F Bar-Nwg, A Lvo S ITA A Gal-War, F Bal-Ber (A Mun S), A Ruh & A Bur S A Mun, F Ska-Swe, F Swe-Bot, F MAO H
ITALY	(Peters)	A Tyo H, A Boh-Sil, A Vie-Bud, A Gal-War (A Mos S), A Ukr S A Mos, A Rum S F Bul(sc), F Nap-TyS, F Ion-Aeg (F EMD S), F Gre S F Bul(sc), F Bul(sc) S F Ion-Aeg
RUSSIA	(Pearson)	A Sil-Mun
TURKEY	(Givan)	A Sev H (F Bla S), F Aeg-Smy (A Con S)



Please be gentle, this is my first time as a GM. Oh, and thanks for not having too many cuts and bounces and paradoxes and dislodgements and ~~not~~ stuff I never understood all that anyway.

VOTES--The ERT, FT, and FRT draws all failed. Personally I ~~favor~~ favored a concession to Highfield, but misplaced my ballot.

PROPOSALS--for this time are: F/I draw and I/F/T draw Vote and the choice is yours, don't vote and who ~~knows~~ knows.

DEADLINE for Fall 1907....well, Woody never said, actually. If this is a 4-week game it'd be about:

THURSDAY NOVEMBER 10 at NOON at Woody's hovel.

I'll research this matter of the deadlines, and if it's wrong, ge back to ya'all.

Enough boring stuff--now for the PRESS:

Marc to Sweet William: Good night and goodbye. Thanks for showing everyone why you are so feared in Diplomacy circles. You played England with real pizazz (?).

GM-Marc: I especially liked the last part.

Marc to John: I would have convoyed your army in the Pudgecon game, but you'll notice you had a ~~ix~~ fleet in Holland, not an army. And in this game I don't even have a bad joke to give you.

PAR: As the great Fluff once said, "I may not have enough room to build, but they have plen of room to take away!"

Marc to Hoss: Thanks for teaching me a new aspect of this game. I've never been so nervous for my well-being after stabbing somebody! And this in a postal game!

GM-Marc: Spoken like a man who has met ~~Woss~~ Mr. Pearson!

Marc to Evans: My apologies for not writing. Frankly, I'm running out of things to say. Hopefull this game is in its very last stages. If not

((sic))

Hi, ya'all, thisy heah is ...

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# STRANGE DOINGS EXPRESS

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that fine little ol' non-subzine from that Suthun-Most of all Suthun California cities, Santa Monica, by brother Mike Mazzer of 1338-B Harvard St (ugh! damn Yankee street name!) Santa Monica, California 90404. If ya'all want to call me up to chaw the fat, or jest say, "hey", Ah'm at (213) 828-1085.

Now that fahn, Suthun Gentleman, Mistuh Gary Coughlan was a decent enough Christian to send me a postcard all the way from Brussells Belgium. Well, tarnation, he tells me those furiners actually eat snails! Sheeit, no wonder we had to bail them out in two World Wars! Ya'll can't kick German ass unless y'all got a decent belly-ful of grits! Y'all can see Gary's card a little futher on.

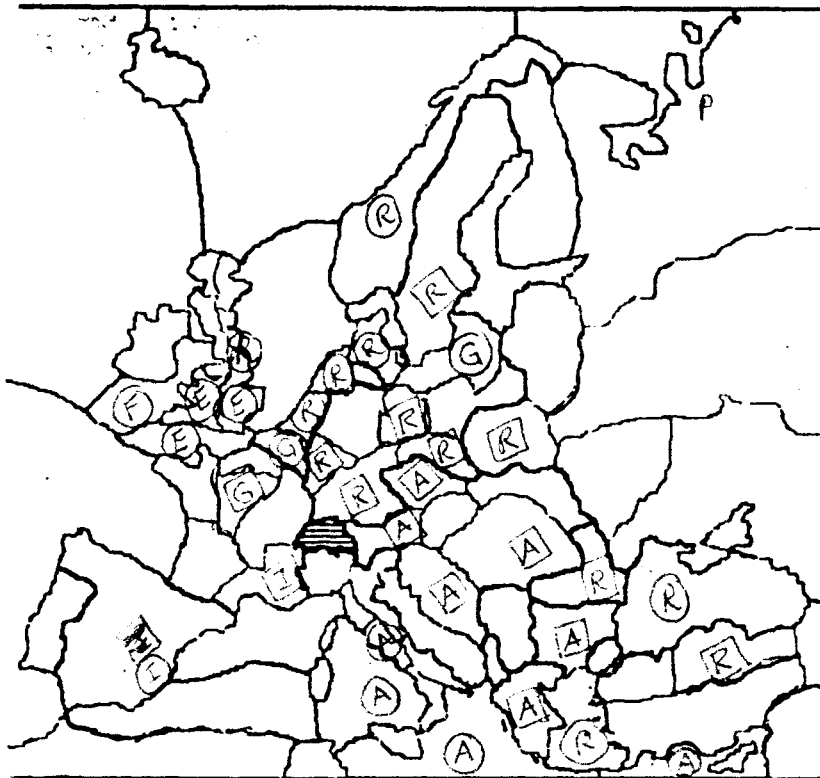
As y'all know, Ah'l be visiting Miss Kathy Byrne and her lovely little chilluns up in New Yoahk. Ah don't reckon a feller can get a decent hush-puppy up theyah, but Ah allus have been willin' to make sacrifices for our lil ol hobby. Those of y'all who are going too, be sure to come up and say "Hey" and I'd be right prideful to shake yore hand.

Now for a reglar feature of STRANGE DOINGS EXPRESS, our Pitcher Contest.

Now who is this feller in our fahn hobby? Is he a furiner, or a fahn upstandin' Amurican? Does he eat snails? Or quiche? Is he a (if y'all will pardon the expression) a Yankee? And why, if he's a fine upstandin' Amurican, is he runnin' around buck nekked? Can he be trusted in an alliance? Does he publish a zine? Does he court and spark with cows? Would y'all leave Vienna open ifn he promised not to take it? Y'all be shore an send in yore guesses, though it's probably too easy for smart folks like y'all. After all, that's a pretty recognizable face. And he's got legs jest like Lester Maddox in his prime, shore 'nuff!!

Let's get on to the games, hot damn, sheeit!!





Fudge rides to the rescue, but is it too late??!!  
 The terrible white scourge rules the waves in the north!!  
 President of France comes back to take his medicine!!  
 Where is Woody now that we need him??

Winter '05

Fra: Remove F Por  
 Ger: Remove F Hol, A Wal  
 Ita: Remove F Lyo  
 Rus: Build F STP(n), A MOS  
 A WAR, A SEV

- Aus (Olsen) F Ion-EAS, A Con-BUL (A GRE S), F Tun-ION, F Wes-TYH, A Tri-BUD, A Ven-TRI, A Pie-TYO, A Tyo-BOH, F Tus-RUM
- Eng (Hanson) F Mao-ENG (F LON S), F Lyp-WAL
- Fra (Rauterberg) E\_IRI S\_Ger A Wal-Lyp (NSU)
- Ger (Michalski) F Eng-BEL, A PAR-Bur, F BAL h
- Ita (Osuch) A MAR pulls its pud (h), F SPA(s) cleans up the mess (h)
- Rus (Peters) F Stp(n)-NWY, F Edi-YOR, F Nth-HOL (F HEL S), A MUN-Bur, A Kie-RUH, A BER-Kie, A Mos-WAR, A War-SIL, A Sev-RUM, F Bul(e)-BLA, E\_AEG-Smy, A ANK-Smy, F DEN-Kie, A SWE h

Zork: Fall '06 is due Friday 16 December 1983

Old Proposal: The AR Draw fails. Yes=4, No=1, Abstain=1 (To answer a question, "abstain" means "sent in orders but did not vote on the draw. This is effectively a "no" vote since all who send in orders must vote "yes" for the draw to pass.)

New Proposal: (I'll give you one guess ...) Yes, AR draw.

My thanks to Al Giddings for submitting stand-by orders for France last season which were not needed.

Before we get to the press, I must make a minor correction to the supply center chart for last Fall. Berlin belongs to Russia (as does just about everything else!) not ~~Berlin~~. The counts and net builds were correct, however.

*Germany*

Press:

England: Hey, I just realized, I'm the 3rd largest power on this board, so don't try to push me around! ((Surely that doesn't include me))

England-GM: That includes you! ((I'll leave that to Frauke.))

Spa-GM: Congrats on the kid, but why'd you ... oh, never mind. How cruel of me to even think such a thing? ((I don't get it.))

Bob D. Sr-Phony Bob D.: Another Tretick maildrop. ((I still don't get it.))

Italy-Mike: I like your new printer better than the standard "dot approach" of Olsen and Kane. I thought that dollar sign was called a cursor, as in "Say something, asshole!" Cursor, get it? HA HA. ((I still don't get it. As you can see, it's the dot approach for now. I've lost the use of the sexy Spinwriter I used last time. The word processing routine is a lot sexier, however.))

Well, that was quick. Oh, I know what I can do. Here are some items sent in last season by STRANGE DOINGS' culture correspondent, John Michalski. Here's what the well-dressed man is wearing in Moore JK

# Underwear that's Fun to Wear

A. I Love You # 125-125 Only \$6. (1.00)

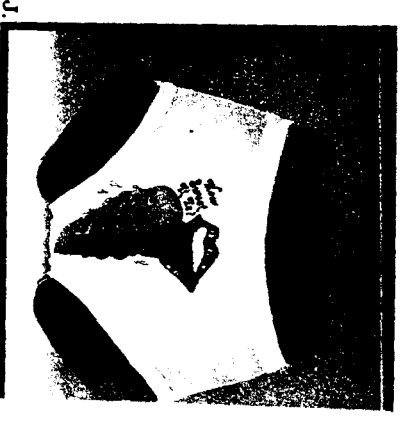
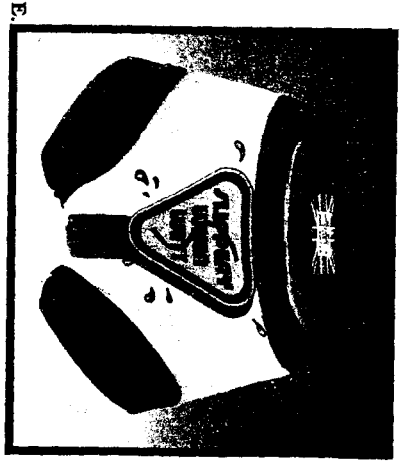
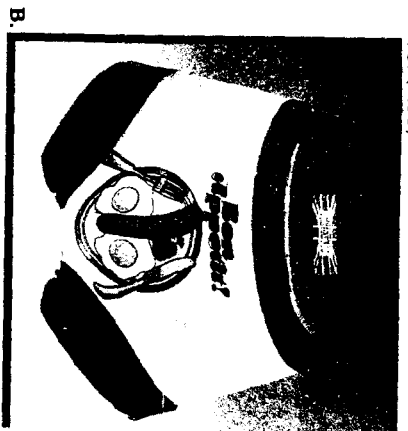
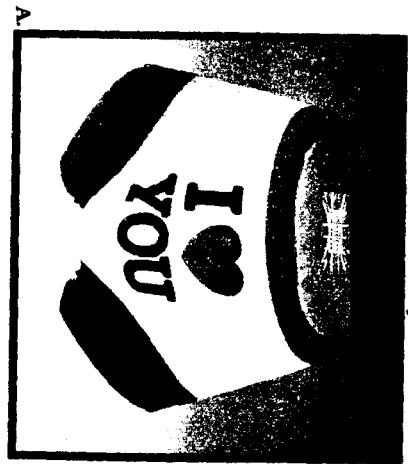
B. Bon Appetit # 124-125 Only \$6. (1.00)

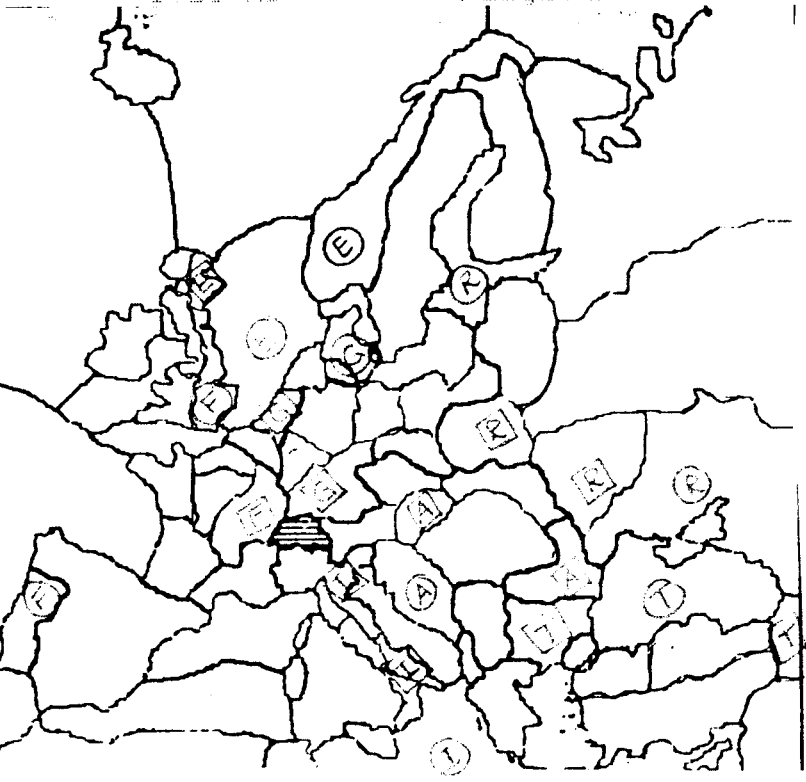
C. Rub Here # 116-125 Only \$6. (1.00)

D. Home of the Big One # 117-125 Only \$6. (1.00)

E. Slippery When Wet # 126-125 Only \$6. (1.00)

F. Helping Hand Briefs # 115-125 Only \$6. (1.00)





- Tear resigns in disgrace in palace scandal!!
- Peace and harmony reign on the Italian/Austrian border!!
- A Royal Wedding in the Kaiserin's court !!
- Brave little Belgians repulse invasion by French and English!!
- Valiant Greeks repulse invasion by Turks and Italians!!
- Plucky Swedes hold off Germans and Russians!!
- Nationalism rules as six neutrals resist conquest!!
- Belligerent powers would rather fight than negotiate!!

Aus (Ornithion)	A_VIE-Gal, A_BUM-Tur, A_Arm-Ser, E_IRI-Ven
Eng (EIDIA)	A_EDI-Bel (F_Gr-H C), F_Hag-DM
Fra (Williams)	F_Eng-Lof, A_JUR-Bel, A_Spa-POR
Ger (Langley)	A_Ruh-MUN, E_DEU-Swe, A_Ric-HOL
Ita (Barno)	A_APU-Gre (F_ION C), A_VEN distinguishes residents of New York City from residents of Upstate New York. (h)
Rus (Ashley-Burgess)	E_SOT-Swe, A_UKR-Rum (E_SEV S), A_WAR-Gal
Tur (Rovell)	A_ARM-Ser, A_BUL-Gre, F_Ank-BLA

Zork: Deadline for Winter '01 is Friday 16 December, 1983. Since there are so few builds this winter (I don't ever recall seeing a Winter '01 where three countries failed to build), I will also run Spring '02 if all 7 of you send in orders.

- C.O.A. \*: Mike Barno; CPU #1187, 25 Andrews Memorial Drive, Rochester, NY 14623-5689 . Phone (212) 353-9605
- C.O.N. \*\*: As of November 25, Daphne Fritz will become Daphne Langley. Congratulations !!
- C.O.I. \*\*\*: Pete Ashley resigns the Russian position with these orders (don't all groan at once) and is replaced by Jim Burgess; 66 Hall Street, Providence RI 02904

Supply center chart and press on the next page.

- \*- Clarification of Address
- \*\* - Change of Name
- \*\*\* - Change of Tsar

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Supply Center Chart for Fall '01

	Retains	Gains	Loses	Total	Change
Aus	Home	Rum	-	4	+1
Eng	Edi,Lvp	Nwy	Lon	3	even
Fra	Home	Lon,For	-	5	+2
Ger	Home	Hol,Den	-	5	+2
Ita	Home	-	-	3	even
Rus	Home	-	-	4	even
Tur	Home	Bul	-	4	+1
Neutral	Bel,Ser,Gre,Tun,Spa,Swe			6	-6

Press:

Vienna-Mazzer: I enjoyed "Mike Mazzer, This is Your Life" last time, I hope your second 44 years of life will be just as exciting. ((Why thank you, Gary. And I hope alcohol doesn't kill you before you're 40 too!))

Con-World: zzzzzzzzz ...

An Italian Reflection: Madness takes its toll. ((Especially on Italians.))

Vienna-Rome: And if not a pro-Austrian neutral, at least a benevolent neutral towards Austria's legitimate ambitions. ((How's that?))

London-Paris: I hope you didn't do anything ~~stupid~~ stupid like taking London or Munich. Remember the 3-way! ((I think he forgot))

Wales: Dope smoking punnk?! Where? Who? How? Why? When?

Barnor-Dagger: Thanx for the clue. "Colonel Mustard in the kitchen with a knife" enabled me to solve Steve Hutton's latest puzzle and win the Canadian National Jewels (estimated value: \$0.001 US). See, the jewels are (or rather were) ice crystals.

Rome-Contest Entrants: I'll give you a hint, kiddies: I'm not the Reaganaut.

Con-Rome: I'm proud to be a Reaganaut since Highfield became a liberal.

Vienna-GM: I would have picked myself as the 31 year old teenager except that I am 32 so I don't know what I am. Can you tell me? (Be kind, y'all heeah?!)) ((Ah, another contest. In 25 words or less, answer the question: What is Gary Coughlan? ))

Vienna-Italy: It will be difficult to restore my trust in you unless you start writing and explaining to me your actions in Venice. You'll find me very understanding... ((Yes, the movements of Italian Army

Venice have been rather complicated.))

Vienna-Russia: I can stomach a lot of things but a backstabber is not one of them. Have you no shame, man?! ((Yeah. How dare you let Gary take Rum! Vicious, vicious!))

App-Ton: If we convoy to here, Italy ~~was this for a while~~ (sorry, family zine) Italy's dumb. ((And if we convoy to Greece, Italy is dumber!))

Ark-StE: Larry, is that you? ((I wouldn't be surprised.))

Liverpool-Munich: I hope you meant everything you said. ((Does any woman ever mean everything she says?))

Edinburgh-Moscow: Remember! No builds in St Pete. ((Trust him.))

Vienna-Berlin: So's then I make him a 6 ft. 6 in. jester and have him talk like Mammy from Gone With the Wind: "Lawsy, ain't fittin', Miz Scarlett". By the way, I'm running out of tall jokes for the next installment-- you got any? ((But I's good at birthin' babies, Rhett.))

Vienna-Berlin: Was ist das? No press from die Kaiserin?! Du muss do much besser than das!! ((Jawohl.))

Vienna-Olsen: To each his own, I always say! ((I thought you always say "To me, mine and some of yours."))

A App-Gre: 'Scuse me, guys, I expect I'll be leaving soon. ((Sooner than you think.))

Venice-Liverpool: Fellow, yes; long-haired, not compared to Steve: liberal, I consider "libertarean" more accurate. It goeth jutht thwell; and you?

Vienna-London: Do you know what it's like to be lied to, shunned, avoided, castigated and belittled on all sides? Permit me to introduce France and Germany! ((Could it be another "Love Alliance" ala Mass Murders?))

London-Vienna: Believe me, Gary, I have enough enemies as it is without my moronic little brother around to ruin my plans ((You said a mouthful, sonny!)). Yes, I AM glad he is not playing here! ((As is everyone else, I suspect.))

England-Austria, Italy and Russia: Hello? Is anyone alive in there? Do intelligent and/or semi-intelligent life forms exist amongst you? Please write sometime.

Vienna-France: How about something "straight from the Dimmer's mouth"? That would be a refreshing change, ha, ha!

Vienna-Turkey: Stick wid me, kid and you'll live through Thanksgiving and might be able to celebrate in Sevastopol unless dat ole Debble Mazzerman thwarted our just desserts. ((Not I))

Frequent Albany visitor-Switzerland: I'll give you 7 Bruce Linseys for one Dixie Gray or a Daf-and-a-half. ((No way, Jose.))

Rome-GM: Good news: no good press again for STIRRING ALIENS. ((Oh rapture and rejoicing!))

London-GM: Who needs postcards like Coughlan offered you?! Just keep in mind the \$40 I sent you ... ((It's not just the cards he offers me, it's the cards he actually sends me. Like frinstance...))



Of all the great art  
treasures of Europe;  
Michaelangelo's David,  
The Venus de Milo, Bernini's  
Piazza in the Vatican,  
this is what Gray sends  
me!

See y'all later!

M.

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 \*\*\*This is Expletive Deleted, a subxyn dedicated to the postal play of multi player games of all sorts. Written by Tom Swider (1183 Robinson Hill Road; Endwell, NY 13760 (607) 729-2830). When there are game openings, they go for a gamefee of \$4.00 a shot (no NMR fee). Houserules are available for those who like to read 1040 forms or are planning to play in a game. All games played herein are DIAS (Draws Include All Survivors). This was a recording.....beep!....  
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## An ED-torial

\*\*\*I was just talking to Mark Larzelere on the phone, and he had the Marco Poll results ready. The top three xyns were (1) Europa Express (2) Voice of Doom (3) Whitestonia, and the top three subxyns were (1) Mos Eisley Spaceport (2) Kathy's Korner (3) Expletive Deleted. I found getting the #3 spot a pleasant surprise. It makes me happy to know that I must be doing something right. This issue is very skimpy due to finals approaching and a bit of laziness. Also, due to the fact that I left the lead article on Civilization up at Porter Wightman's house...

\*\*\*The Poll (Marco) also got 71 voters, as compared to about 60 from last year. Nice to see that people are out and voting. It would be a good idea if we can weed out the other polls and make the few popular ones more widespread. That would bring us down to four: Runestone Poll, Marco Poll, Whitestonia Player's Poll and the Larry Peery Piss Poor Award.

\*\*\*Byrnecon was lots of fun. I especially enjoyed meeting Bob Olsen and Mike Mazzer, and seeing that a few of my friends may perhaps be able to burry a hatchet and end their disputes. The most unbelievable thing happened also; Mike Mills actually came to a Byrnecon!! Even though Mike only lives an hour away, he's never been to one. We all played Dip (the most memorable game was the PDO Gunboat Game, including the soon-to-be Vice Kommissar, moi, Byrne, Mills, Woody, Gary C, Martin, and Barno, with Sacks as GM), Family Business, Nuke War, Final Conflict and Titan.

\*\*\*Sacks as usual proved to be most entertaining. As initiation to Vice Kommissarship, I had to get Sacks to start yelling, which wasn't too hard and lots of fun. And, we all in the PDO game had him going by playing on a Dutch board. In Dutch gunboat, you have to write your orders in Dutch (ex: 1 Edi-Nr; v Liv-Yor; 1 Lon-Nrd). By fall 1902, everybody had switched countries and moved so many pieces on the board (flying Dutchman, naturally) that Sacks dumped the board. We all clamored for an Ombudsman, which finally turned out to be Brux. In the end, a victory to Sacks was DECLARED.....

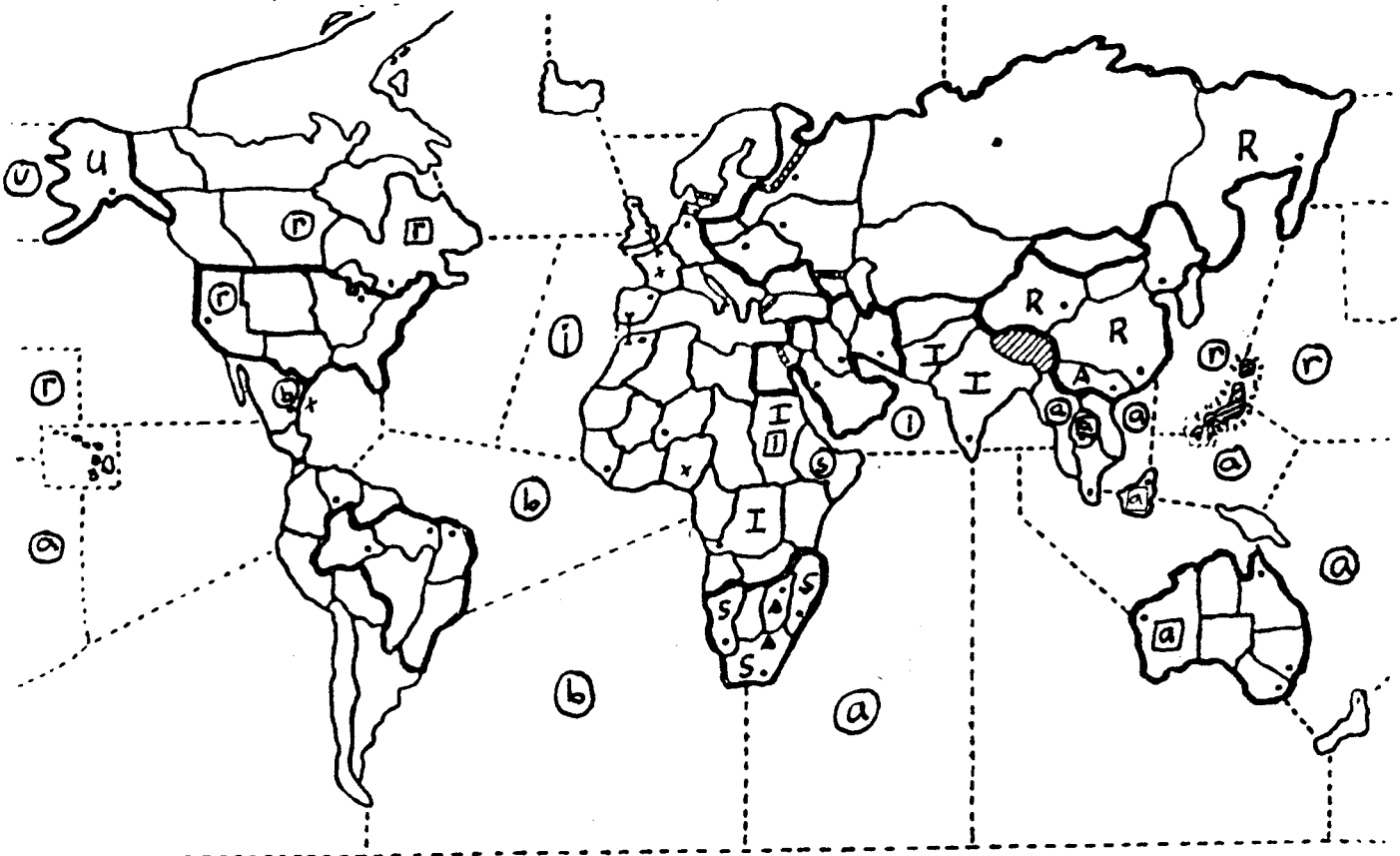
\*\*\*John Michalski Dept:           She offered her honor  
   He honored her offer  
   And all night long  
   He was honor and offer.

\*\*\*Status of the games reports: the reports which appear within aren't the most recent reports. A completed update will appear in the next issue, along with the Civ article and more. Tempest and Pac-Man are winding down. When both of these games have ended, I might consider opening another section of Final Conflict. Oh, if you are interested in FC, please note that I could use some standby players for PLEIADES... If you want reg Dip, check out Bersagleiri; Tom could use some new blood.

# Tempest

## The Cast

- AUS: Bill Highfield (2012 East Ridge Road; Rochester, NY 14622)
- BRA: Don Williams (217-C Kaye Court; Redlands, CA 92373)
- ISR: Al Pearson (Box 398; Charles Town, WV 25414)
- RUS: Steve Arnawoodian (602 Hemlock Circle; Lansdale, PA 19446)
- SAF: Carl Russell (21 Morgan Road; Binghamton, NY 13903)
- GM: Tom Swider (1183 Robinson Hill Road; Endwell, NY 13760)



### Winter Builds:

- AUS: Build p JAP. Saves \$0
- BRA: NBR. Saves \$18
- CHI: Remove f NWP. Out.
- ISR: Build f MOR, n SAU, n BAG. Saves \$1
- RUS: Build n MOS, n SIB. Saves \$0
- SAF: Build a WAF, n SAF, n RHO. Saves \$0

### Spring Moves:

- AUS (Bill) NMR! Has a CAN, p's THA, JAP(nsu); BOR, PER, f's JAP(nsu), COR, PHS, CHS, BUR.
- BRA (Don) NMR! Has f's SWA, MAO & MEX(EC). wio
- ISR (Al) n SAU, n BAG & a IND-h; f mor-NEA; a con-ZAI; a zai-SUD; p SUD-s-f psg; f PSG & a PAK-s-a ind.
- RUS (Steve) n sib-(1)-JAP; n MOS-h; f ont-ALB; p eng-ONT; a ben-ITA; f CAL-mex(wc); a CHU-h/s a SIN/; a kor-KAM; f kam-NWP/s f SOJ/.
- SAF (Carl) a zam-MOZ; a bot-SAF; a WAF-ivo(imp); n RHO & n SAF-h; f SOM-wio.
- USA (Cybil D. Order) a ALA & f BER-h.

### Ill-gotten Gains:

RUS: Alb, Ita

An I/R draw was proposed for Fall 2006. Mike Mazzer was called to stand by for Don; Bill's orders simply arrived late.

Game bits

\*\*\*Well, I haven't talked about the arcade scene in quite awhile, so how about an update instead of another "bored" game review?

\*\*\*There are quite a few new games out these days. The most important one is "Dragon's Lair", which marks a new era in video games; the use of the laser disk. This results in a game whose graphics are akin to a Saturday morning cartoon. I'm really impressed with the color and sound, along with the fact that they've tied a joystick and a fire button to a cartoon. The application, unfortunately, was mediocre. Just like Zaxxon. A great idea, but the game didn't have enough on its own to make it challenging. The other drawback to Dragon's Lair is that it is possible to WIN the game. Your game ends when you kill the dragon. I suppose it's nice to win a video game, but I prefer the "Save The Galaxy From Absolute Destruction" theme, where you keep playing until you have no ships/men remaining.

\*\*\*There are a few new games out, two of which I like a lot. Below are brief reviews:

MAPPY: This is a "semi-pattern" game; it has several patterns for each board, so you must have a pattern for each situation. Also, there are enough variables built into the game so it isn't another Pac-Man which bores people to death (big deal if you can play a pattern game for 5 hours straight! Where's the challenge?) The actual game is cute; your man is "Mappy", a mouse, who tries to retrieve several items within a house (TV sets, computers, safes, anything a mouse can pick up). There are lots of cats that chase you around and try to catch and tear you to shreds. There are many ways of ridding these pests (temporarily), such as slamming doors in their faces, trap doors, "micro wave" doors (pressing the fire button near a micro wave door sends the microwave across the screen, frying any cats in its path, and dropping a bell in the shafts in which they appear. Movement is in two directions (left and right); lateral movement is possible by moving into an open shaft in the house you are moving around in, and bouncing on the trampolines. A trampoline may be used three times in a row (without touching another floor) before it breaks (landing on the floor kills Mappy). The graphics and sound are addictive and is challenging enough to suck up all your quarters.

XEVIOUS: This uses graphics similar to those in Zaxxon, though Xevious also suffers from repetitive play. However, this time you are flying above a planet's atmosphere bombing ground targets and flying ships. The game is tough though, but lots of fun. There are also many variations in the types of enemies which you encounter which is an improvement from Zaxxon. It is also one of the few arcade games which has nice and smooth vertical scrolling (I guess you have to play the games a lot or be a computer nut to appreciate that).

\*\*\*Also heard good things about Pole Position (Sounds like a xyn found in that Adam & Eve catalogue Michalski sent me!), but there's no way I'm paying two tokens to play any game! By the way, Pole Position is a car racing game.

\*\*\*I am beginning to see that the games produced for personal computers seem to have more longevity than many of those found in an arcade. For example, Shamus and Star Raiders present more challenges and action than any arcade game could ever offer. Also, the arcades can't offer wargames such as Eastern Front, Legionnaire and Tigers In The Snow (I own the first two, and have played the third). And you can be sure that ZORK will never be found in an Aladdin's Castle!

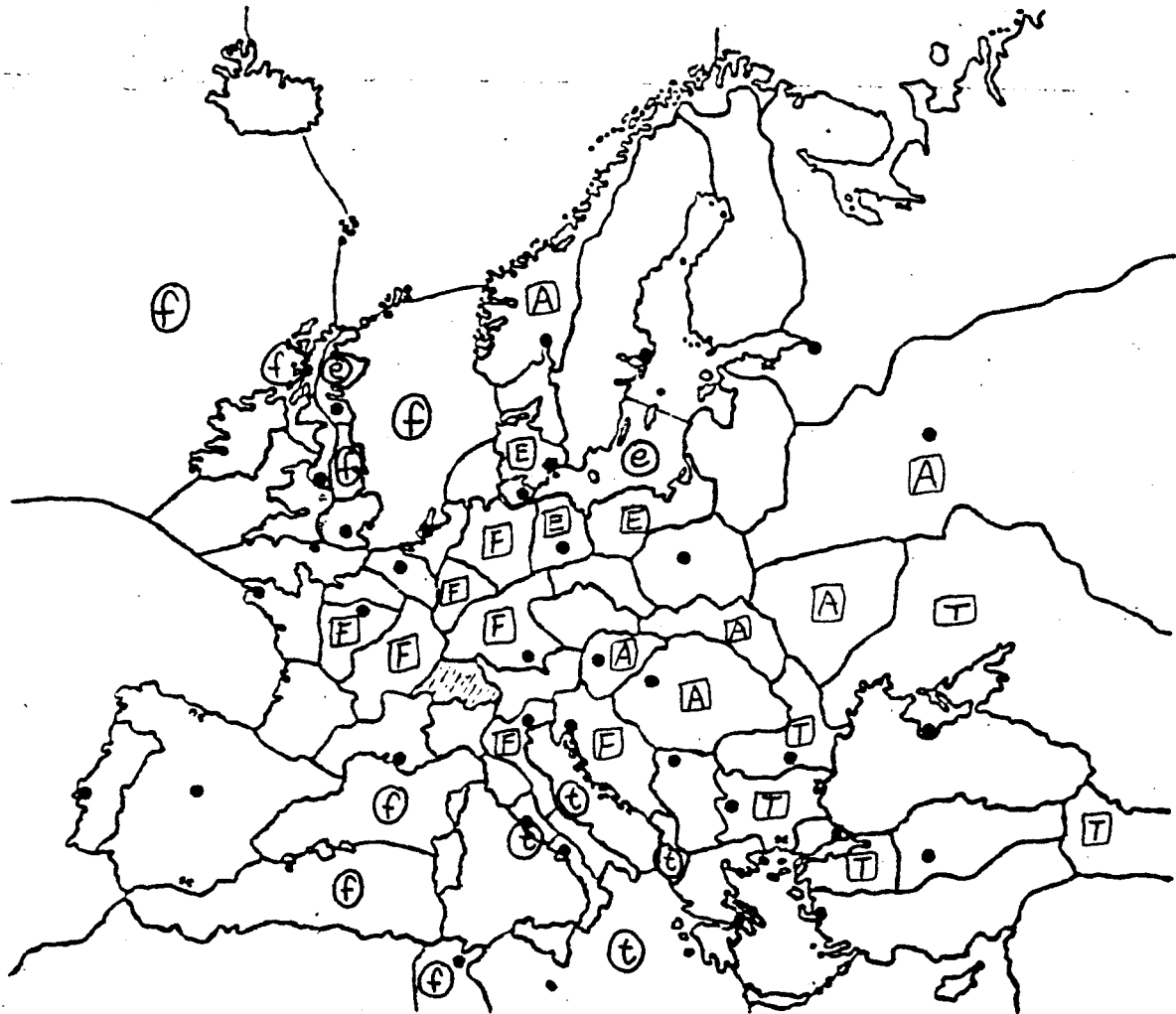
\*\*\*Many thought that arcade games wouldn't last longer than the D&D trend, which has died down quite a bit (no big controversies about fag D&Ders getting lost in Detroit underground tunnels, and the JAPs haven't gone on a "D&D Is The Devil's Game" jihad in quite awhile. Arcades may eventually be replaced by the superior computer games, but the concept will go on for a long time, since bars and nightspots will keep a few around to rake in more money.

Spring 1909

1982 HG

### The Cast

- AUS: Mark Keller (9536 Shumway Dr; Orangevale, CA 95662)
- ENG: ~~Larry Neubauer~~ (251 Cheswold Lane; Haverford, PA 19041) (Mike Mills)
- FRA: Jeff Bohner (509 Twist Run Road; Endwell, NY 13760)
- TUR: Steve Arnawoodian (602 Hemlock Circle; Lansdale, PA 19446)
- GM : Tom Swider (1183 Robinson Hill Road; Endwell, NY 13760)



- AUS (Mark) a boh-VIE; a war-UKR/s a MOS/; a stp-NWY; a GAL-rum; a BUD-ser.
- ENG (Mike) a DEN-spits at Jeff/s f BAL/; a BER-s-a pru; a PRU-s-a ber; f EDI-h.
- FRA (Jeff) NMR. Has A's PAR, BUR, MUN, RUH, KIE, VEN, TRI F's CLY, NAT, NTH, WES, TUN, LYO, **YOR**
- TUR (Steve) a ank-ARM; a CON-bul; a BUL-ser; a SEV-h/s a RUM/; f's ALB, ION, ADR & ROM-h.

The FAT draw proposal failed and is repropoed:

YES=2    NO=0    NVR=1    NMR=1

No standby is being called for Jeff, as I expect he will be back with us next time.

Fall 09 moves are due by December 16, 1983. No press this time.

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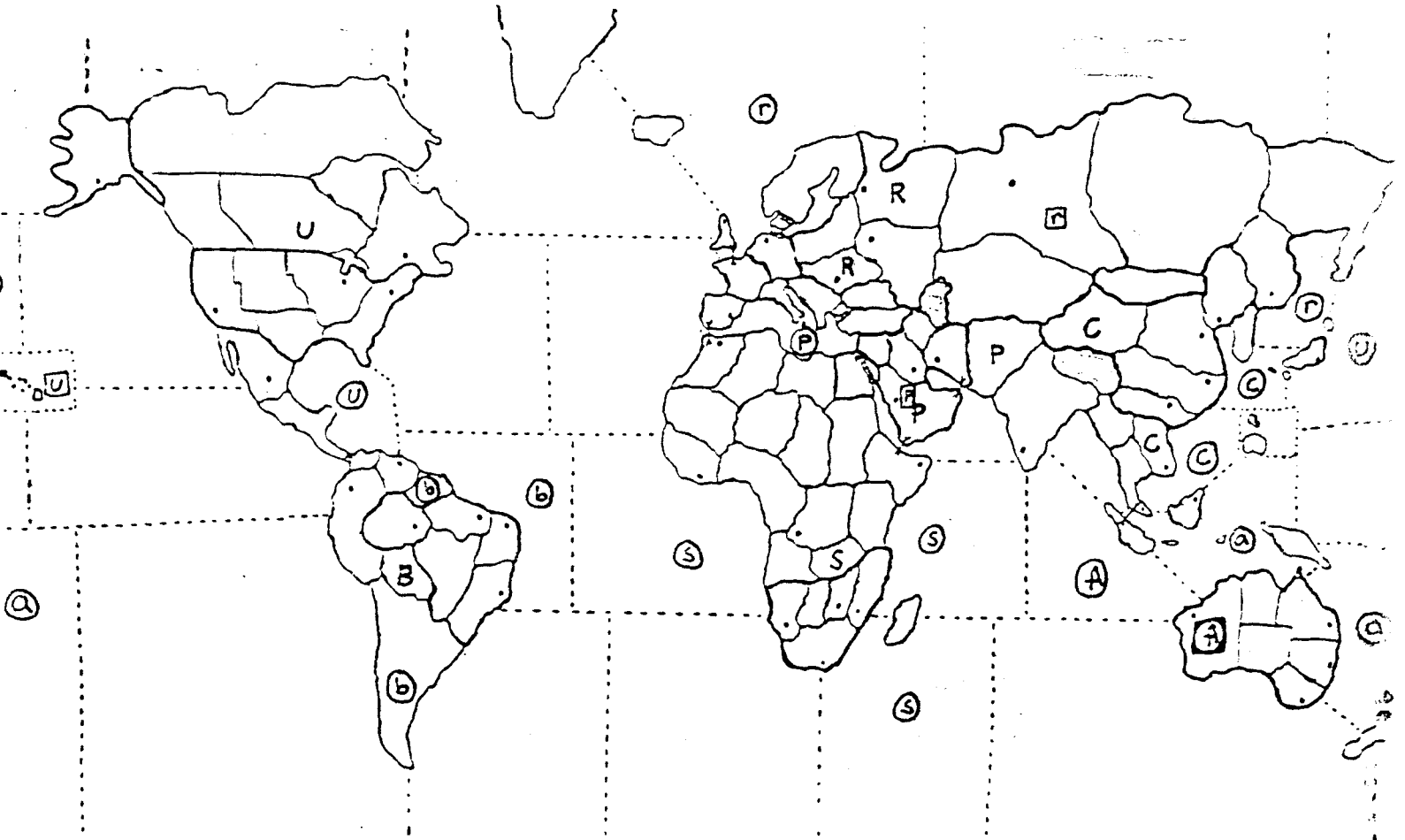
FINAL CONFLECT  
Spring 2101

# Pleiades

The Cast

ED  
P5  
MILLER NUMBER PENDING  
1983 Ogf 20

AUS: Bill Highfield (2012 Ridge Road East; Rochester, NY 14622)  
BRA: Nelson Heintzman (2255 Delaware Ave #C-4; Buffalo, NY 14216)  
CHI: Jeff Bohner (509 Twist Run Road; Endwell, NY 13760)  
PAL: Keith Sesler (PO Box 158; Fraser, MI 48026)  
RUS: Marc Peters (29 East Wilson #202; Madison, WI 53703)  
SAF: Brad Wilson (302 Friendship Drive; Paoli, PA 19301)  
USA: Eric Ozog (1526 Nth Lawler Ave; Chicago, IL 60651)



AUS (Bill): f mel-SWP; f bri-JAV; f per-NEI; p syd-PER  
BRA (Nelson): a ama-BOL; f bel-GUI; f sal-MWA; f rio-ARG.  
CHI (Jeff): a can-VIE; a pek-SIN; f man-YEL; f sha-CHS.  
PAL (Keith): a bag-SAU; a teh-PAK; f egy-MED; p SAU-h.  
RUS (Marc): f ark-NWG; a mos-HUN; p hun-CMS; a oms-ARK; f vla-SOJ.  
SAF (Brad): a rho-ZAM; f nam-MEA; f cap-SWI; f moz-NWI.  
USA (Eric): a chi-SAS; f new-CAR; f haw-NWP; p ala-HAW.

Ill-gotten Gains: BRA: Bol,Gui,Arg. CHI: VIE. PAL: Pak. SAF: Zam. USA: Sas.

\*\*\*Fall 2101 orders are due to me by November 24th, 1983 (Thanksgiving). The phone deadline is the 23rd. I should also point out that when I give vote results, I state the number of "YES", "NO", NVR("NO ") and NVR/NMR("YES") votes cast. The press is on the next page.



USA to WORLD: Army Chicago wishes it was in Seattle right now, but I guess the Great White North will have to do for now.

UNITED STATES (Chicago): The genetically engineered race of superior beings of the USA is pleased with its prospects of world domination. Although some of you lesser people have referred to us derogatorily as 'Elves', you all know deep down in your hearts that we are your superiors and (soon enough) your masters. However, as we are only one of many nations, our superior tactics alone cannot compensate for the numerically superior forces of our lessors. Therefore, we are willing to allow 1 or 2 of your nations to survive in return for your help against our enemies.

USA to PAL: I'm fulfilling my "manifest destiny" by sailing across the Pacific.

RUSSIA to CHINA & USA: Worry not about my f SOJ--it's just there searching for a flight data box from a Korean passenger airliner that mysteriously went down recently. Eighteen years later, those ignorant Asians STILL don't know how to fly an airplane! USA forces are advised to stay clear of the area.

CHINA to RUSSIA: If you can trust me in the English Channel, I can trust you in Siberia.

GAK to CHINA: I'd say Marc didn't have much of a say in the entire matter, if you ask me.

ELF to BOZO: When are you going to teach me to write some racist poetry?

PRETORIA (Sôuthocean): Prime Minister R. Braddlee Wilsyk's opening moves towards creating The Greater African White Prosperity Sphere were met with acclaim in this city. The Great White Fleet's moves into the Indian Ocean were reportedly motivated by potential yellow expansionism into the GAWPS. Said one Admiral, "It's as clear as white and white."

ARIES: I always liked Eastocean press.....

USA to BRAZIL: You leave me alone and I'll let you have fun.

OZOG to HIGHFILED: I'm surprised the USA was only your second choice. You're right, you are mellowing out. So what good are you going to be for the Persian Gulf now? Forget the carrier and stick with the tug-boat, at least you'll be closer to home.

BAGDAD: Paul Atreides, our great leader, announced today that he will not use the Family Atomics on his neighbors unless attacked by nuclear weapons first. If such a thing should take place, retribution will be swift and sure.

ARIES: Ain't he a swell guy folks?

PARTY GUY to MR. BIG: The party is still on and the other two can't make it. Since it will be less crowded, you may want to change your mind.

PEKING to BAGDAD: Yes, I'll support you to India.

CHINA to BUFFALO BILL: Lots of things can happen in the first year. I could lose Manchuria, or you could decide to ally with PAL.

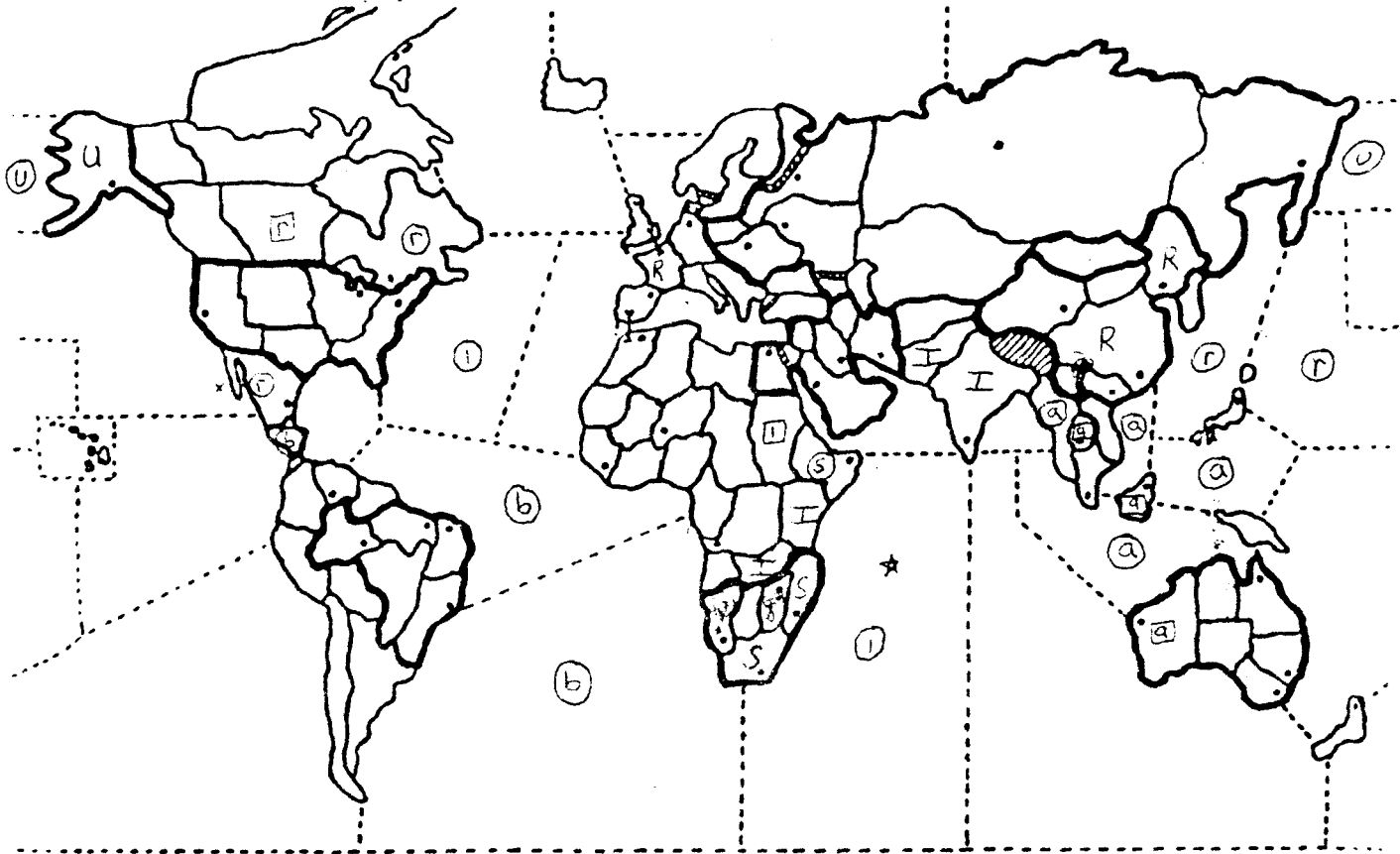
ERIC to TOM: What is this "Mr. Eric Cunning" B.S. anyway? I know I became Mr. C when we were at the bed & breakfast, but this permanent bondage business is ridiculous.

ARIES: Might I suggest you try light bondage instead. Ridiculous, but lotz o fun!

Fall 2006

The Cast

AUS: Bill Highfield (2012 East Ridge Road; Rochester, NY 14622)  
 BRA: Don Williams (217-C Kaye Court; Redlands, CA 92373)  
 ISR: Al Pearson (Box 398; Charles Town, WV 25414)  
 RUS: Steve Arnawoodian (602 Hemlock Circle; Lansdale, PA 19446)  
 SAF: Carl Russell (21 Morgan Road; Binghamton, NY 13903)  
 GM: Tom Swider (1183 Robinson Hill Road; Endwell, NY 13760)



AUS (Bill) a can(nsu), f's CCR, PHS, CHS, BUR, \*f wio(r:Ant,Eio,Ctb),  
 p's THA, BOR & PER all hold.

BRA (Don) f MAC-swa; f SWA-wio; f mex(ec)-CEN.

ISR (Al) a IND-h/s a PAK/; a zai-ZAM; a sud-EAF; f psg-WIO/s p SUD/;  
 f nea-NWA; n sau-l-RHO; n bag-l-WAF.

RUS (Steve) a ita-FRA; a chu-can(nsu); a sin-CHU; a kam-MAN; p ont-ALB;  
 f alb-ONT; f cal-MEX(wc); f NWP-s-f soj; f SOJ-s-f nwp;  
 n mos-l-CAN.

SAF (Carl) a SAF-h/s a MOZ/; a waf-ven(nsu;imp); f SOM-wio; n's RHO &  
 SAF-h (RHO must launch S'07).

USA (CD) a ALA & f BER all hold.

\*\*\*The I/R draw failed: YES=3 NO=0 NVR=2 and is repropesed.

\*\*\*Winter 2006 is due December 16th. Spring 2007 will be due around  
 January 16th.

\*\*\*No centers recovered this year. Som and cam will produce for '07  
 SEN, fra, EGY, NEW & RIC will produce for '08 and JAP, RHO, WAF & CAN  
 will produce for '09.

Gross National Products for Fall 2006:

AUS: (8 Centers) Owns PER, ade, dar, QUE, SYD, VIC, NEZ, neg, BOR, MLY, vie, THA, bur, ~~JAP, CAN~~

Income=\$29+\$0 saved= \$29-\$24 maintenance= \$5 to spend

BRA (5 centers) Owns ~~XIQ~~, mat, SAL, FOR, AMA, arg, chl, pru, col, VEN, gui, tex, ~~NEW~~, MIC.

Income=\$23+\$18 saved= \$41-\$9 maintenance= \$32 to spend

ISR (8 centers) Owns ~~XQY~~, SAU, BAG, IRA, kur, syr, IND, pak, afg, tur, IBE, MOR, mau, ~~SEN~~, ivo, mli, alg, NIG, lib, cha, con, sud, ZAI, eaf, zam.

Income= \$39+\$1 saved= \$40-\$21 maintenance= \$19 to spend.

RUS (13 centers) Owns KAM, SIB, kaz, MOS, LEN, HUN, pol, kor, mon, inn, MAN, CHU, SIN, ira, BEN, sca, ENG, QUE, alb, bri, yuk, nor, CAL, MEX, ~~ITA~~.

Income=\$50+\$0 saved= \$50-\$24 maintenance= \$26 to spend.

SAF (2 centers) Owns MCZ, SAF, ~~WAF~~, bot, ~~XNO~~, ang, ~~SOM~~, ~~CPA~~.

Income=\$8+\$0 saved= \$8-\$11 maintenance= owes \$3.

USA (1 center) Owns ALA, neb, cen, haw.

Income=\$4+\$2 saved= \$6-\$6 maintenance= \$0 to spend.

STILL NEUTRAL: Ter, Ice, Bol, Bal

~~P~~RESS:

BRAZIL to ARIES: Sorry Amigo, you know how we South Americans love our siestas!

ARIES: Yeah. It's 11:43 on a Tuesday night and I wish I could get some.

BRAZIL to RUSSIA: Peace?

BRAZIL to ISRAEL: Ditto?

ARIES: No, "XEROX".

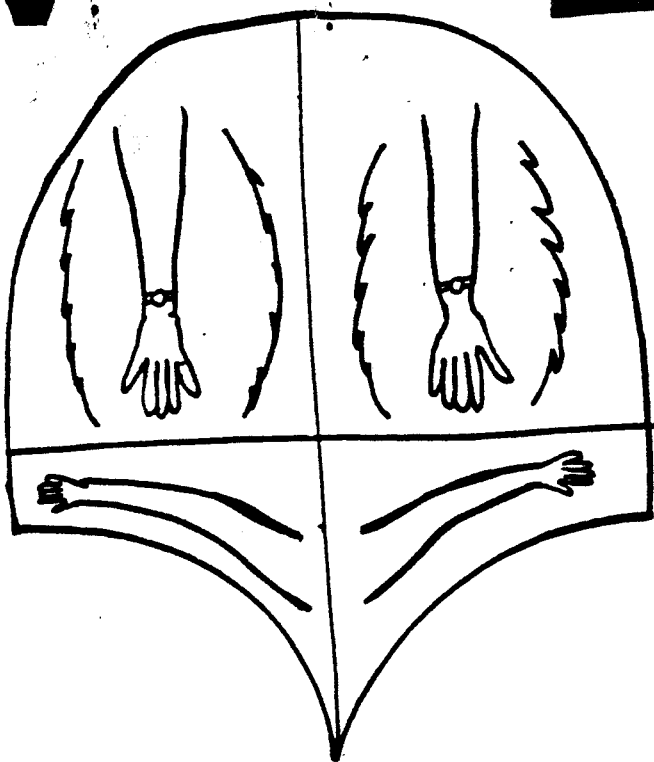
BRAZIL: The leaders of this country hereby wish to declare Brazil a nuclear free zone for the remainder of the game. We learned the hard way.

BRAZIL to AUSTRALIA: Time to pay back the loan, Billy Boy...\$6.00 now due.

BRAZIL to BRAZIL: Now what do we do?

ARIES: Why don't you give all your money to the USA so that he can stay in civil disorder until 2023? Provided you don't take Central America on ~~last~~ Sybil D. Order....good night.....

# COAT OF ARMS



**STEVE ARNAWOODIAN**  
602 Hemlock Circle  
Lansdale, PA 19446

**FIRST CLASS MAIL**



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