

AUGUST '84 #4

the

Concert

Of

Europe

"AMERICA'S PREMIERE GAME JOURNAL"

-----LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-----

Live from Bleugene, it's time for another thrilling issue of the journal that Ed Wrobel will probably never see, The Concert of Europe. If you saw Foot in Mouth last issue then you certainly read the epithet that was used in reference to TCOE. In John Caruso's Foot in Mouth, TCOE was dubbed AMERICA'S PREMIERE GAME JOURNAL!!! What an honor!!! I'm going to use that epithet from now on. For you history buffs out there--don't bother looking at the actual issue of FIM to determine the context of this quotation...just trust that it was there.

On to more mundane business.

I'm afraid that this section of America's premiere game journal, (the letter from the editor) is suffering from an identity crisis. In the first two issues it was used to define the journal's character and policies. In issue three it was used for mere idle boasting and not much else. Instead of leaving it in that condition, I'll use it to recount the month's hobby doings from my isolated vantage point.

July saw Brux Linsey send a sample copy of his 'zine, Voice of Doom. It was a 40 page behemoth and yet Brux apologized for its smallness. Among other things it contained the Runestone poll results (speaking of Runestone, congratulations to Gary Coughlan's Europa Express which snared the highest rating.) Anyway, VOD contained plenty of fine reading and I look forward to a trade. This month also brought a visit from Joan Extrom, who was in Eugene for a wedding. We had a long chat about everything from Diplomacy gossip to the Democrat's chances of saying, "it's bedtime for Ronzo." Joan also returned my beloved clip board which has seen me through countless Diplomacy games. July also yeilded two issues of Thirty Miles of Bad Road (both arrived on the same day--can anyone explain?) In them Mark Luedi suggested that he'd like a fued with someone. I'd also like a fued when it comes down to it. It would be fun to sling unfounded allegations at someone. Perhaps a three month trial fued would be in order. Come on someone, start something and (say this like Clint "the man" Eastwood) "make my day."

-----HOBBY NEWS-----

A new journal has appeared in Madison, the proud humor of treachery and mayhem. It's Marc and Debi Peters' So I Lied. Though I haven't seen a copy, it comes with extremely high recommendations. Send a pawful of unlicked stamps to 29 E. Wilson St. #202, Madison, WI 53703.

The exact dates for Dragonflight are August 24-26 at Seattle University's Champion Tower. There will be a great many rounds of Diplomacy starting as early as 8 a.m. and as late as 12 midnight. (RATS! No rounds at 3 a.m.? That's when I play my best games.) This sounds like a corner of Nirvana has descended to Seattle, unfortunately unless someone hands me a bus ticket or volunteers to tote me there, I shant be in attendance--no loss--WHO SAID THAT!

Pacificon is being held at the Dunfey Hotel in colorful San Mateo California. The dates are September 1-3. Jim Bumpas is going to be acting as an official of some sort probably Diplomacy tournament director. I'd sure like to go, however...

-----THE GAMES-----

The long awaited second game start has finally arrived. Before I list the players I should point out that I will not be refereeing this game. There are simple too many people in it that I am either related to or closely associated with. The referee will be the learned one, Mike Ehli. Mike's address is...1715 Cottonwood, Springfield Or. 97477. Absolutely all correspondances having to do with this game must be sent to him!!!

The players are...

AUSTRIA- Lu Henry, 6050 Waverly, Dearborn Heights, MI
48127

ENGLAND- Chris Lee, 8335 Fairmont Dr. 4-208, Denver, CO
80231

FRANCE- Kevin Kozlowski, 505 N. Roosevelt Blvd. #106
Falls Church, VA 22044

GERMANY- Andy Clough, 11033 Barndon Ave., Colver City, CA
90230

ITALY- Barb Laterri, 2650 Koos Bay Blvd. #B-4, Coos Bay, OR
97420

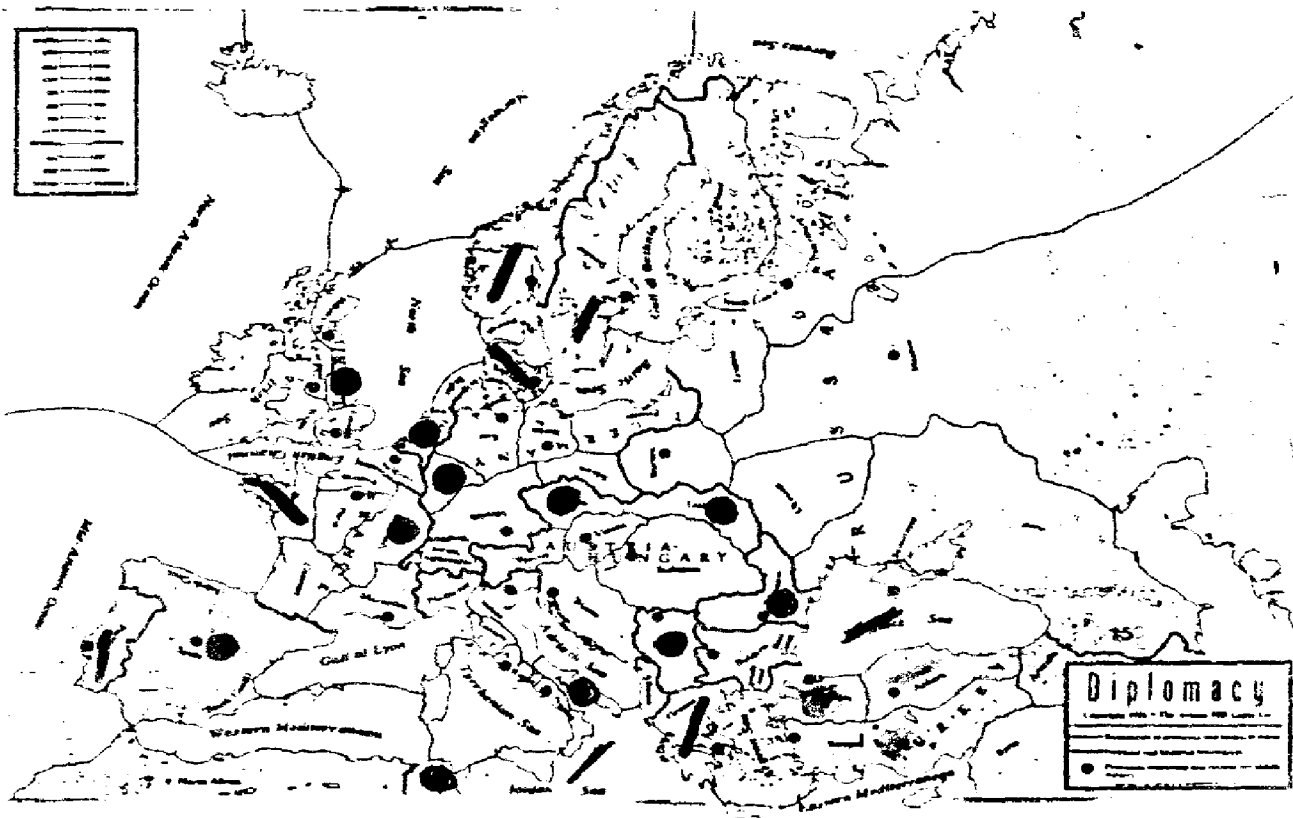
RUSSIA- Al Villanueva, 1497 W. 5th, Eugene, OR 97402

TURKEY- Bart Aikens, C129 Hillcrest, Iowa City, IA 52242

(Note- until August 20th Bart can be reached at...

3470 McMillan st. Eugene, OR, 97405)

Here it is...THE INAUGURAL GAME. FALL 1901!



Austria (Villanueva) A. Ser-Bul, A. Vie-Boh, F. Tri-Gre
England (Gardner) A. Yor H, F. Nth-Norway, F. Eng-Bre
France (Kott) A. Gas-Spa, A. Bur-Mun, F. MAO-Por
Germany (Extrom) A. Kie-Hol, A. Ruh-Mun, F. Den H
Italy (Coughlan) A. Rom-Apu, A. Apu-Tun, F. Ion c A. Apu-Tun
Russia (Kozlowski) A. War-Gal, A. Ukr-Rum, F. Bot-Swe, F. Arm-Bla
Turkey (Tallman) A. Con-Bul, A. Smy H, F. Ank H

This set of moves went out to the players at 2 p.m. on July 25th. Builds for 1901 are due August 3rd (ideally) and moves for Spring 1902 are due August 30th with TCOE #5. Builds will go out on a flyer on August 4th.

PRESS

Russia to Germany- If you ally with France against England, then I'll be glad to stop attacking you. England has come across as very anti-Russian--so any ally of his is an opponent of mine!

ST. P to VIENNA- Are you with me or against me? If Germany finishes me off--then you may be next (whether or not we drink to friendship together, or play raquetball together, or D+D together, etc.)

ST. P-ANK- I predict...DOOM! I suggest that you sign up

for a new game and start over. Congrats on Seattle for Dipcon!

PROPHET to TSAR- Watch those unsolicited predictions.

Everyone knows your not in the Swami's Guild!

FRANCE to ?, us I guess- France greets all peace-loving nations and redoubles its pledge to defend civilization, high culture, and democracy! P.S. Best wishes to the Tsar.

GERMANY to FRANCE- ♪ Since we're neighbors, let's be friends ♪. In other words keep your Army Burgundy under control.

ITALY to GERMANY- So, Mr. Russia is an equal opportunity ally. I could really tell that by his moves in Spring 1901!

ITALY to GERMANY- I'd guess a St. Pauli's girl myself... Covered Munich did you?

ROME- God, I'd like to say something. Something certainly needs to be said. But I won't. Maybe next time...

ITALY to FRANCE- At least you got Spain, maybe Belgium to! Adlai Stevenson Jr. would be proud!

ITALY to AUSTRIA- You know you'll get Greece because I'm your friend...I do hope you tried for Bulgaria!

TURKEY to RUSSIA- Oops.

AUSTRIA'S VIENNA SAW SAGE, OCK BROCK-The Vienna press office apologizes to all friends for the complete lack of communication on our most humble part.

A feeble excuse? Here it is...We (lovely frau Belinde und das kind, Matthew) moved this last month and the game store I manage moved also--very large pain im der derrier!

We vow better repartie next month--including the continuing saga of Joey Candide, cub reporter.

ST. P. to WORLD- The government of Russia here by announces the move of our capital from Moscow to St. Petersburg.

This is done for command and control reasons--we are expecting a battle in Scandanavia and want our government to first hand see our ~~casualties~~ soldiers in action.

ROME to TURKEY STAND BY- Barb Laterri! I love you! I know you're Italian! All I don't know is your address.

GM to ROME- Sorry. Fortunately it didn't come to anything.

ITALY to GM- ~~Hummmmmmm~~, you get Foot in Mouth in your third issue. I had to wait until my thirty-fourth! What's your secret?

GM to GARE- ~~Secret? No secret.~~ I'll wager that my 'zine being a few years younger than yours helped a bit.

ITALY to GM- Me!? Moi!? Moi, like Ehli? All I can say is
.....Ehli's coming, heart to heart, boy and the cards
say a broken heart...

GM- Good answer, good answer!

ITALY to BOARD- You are the new American generation...you
are the movers and the shakers...hold on tight to your
dreams!...okay, great lead in but I forget if it's a
Coke or a coffee commercial.

JOAN to THE PROPHET- Are you sure you didn't miscalculate
my predicted victory in 1983IG??

A SOMEWHAT MIFFED PROPHET to JOAN- You ingrate. You should
take courage from my prophecies and never doubt nor quail
(or is it quale) and certainly never question it in so
public a place as the press of one of your games. Now
you stop doubting and get in there and raise hell! And for
my record's sake START MAKING SACRIFICES TO INJYK, THE GOD
OF HOPELESS CAUSES THAT LOOKS AFTER DIEING ITALIAN PLAYERS!
GERMANY TO TURKEY AND ITALY- Stay tuned for more news
about my visit with Beauty and the Orc.

MOSCOW SPECIAL BULLETIN- Do you have trouble sleeping at
night? Are your best laid plans constantly thwarted at
the last second? If so...then we may have the solution
for you. I'm Ban Steroid, and I'm the head of Witch Busters.
Our professional team will spare no hardship, stop at nothing
and fear no evil as we rid you and your loved ones of
witches and the spells they cast. Call, toll free,
1-(703)-241-3895 for your very own free estimate. Visa,
MASTERCARD, and AMERICAN EXPRESS accepted. Our motto is...
I aint 'fraid of no witch.

ROME to MICHELANGELO -Hmm, you accept a Caruso Foot in 'Mouth
and Walker's houserules. Don't let either of them force
you to make a choice. **BATTEN DOWN THE HATCHES!!!!**

ITALY to GM- I LOVE THE COLOR ON THE MAPS...It's like a
personalized service and I guess it really is. It looks
great...but what will you do when your subber list increases
to 50, 60, 70 or more...I'd hate to think of it.

GM to ITALY- What will I do? Hire a hit man, of course.
No seriously, first at about thirty-five readers I intend to
ask to have my 'zine removed from all listings and if that
doesn't work to slow things down I'll have to start raising
the price to make it worth the time. It's a cruel world
but for now everythings too rosey to even begin thinking
about the cruel parts.

ROME- Joey Candide? Did you say Joey Candide? He's an Italiano boy, si? Poor, ignorant, born in Napoli, capis? But then he cut down the olive trees and moved to the big city and then and then...

SOMEWHERE IN SERBIA WITH THE 13th LANCER BRIGADE IN THE SERVICE OF THE HAPSBURG EMPORER AL- ...and then suddenly Joey was rudely awakened from his drunken stupor by a loud BELCH from the Grand Herr Field Marshall. The party had been grand. Joey never realised how trully friendly an Austrian battalion on the rampage could be. They'd wined him, they'd dined him, and now they'd let him sleep in a swell straw bunk that smelled ever so faintly like horses had once lived there.

"HEY, JUNGER!" the field marshall bellowed, "Junger, getzen zee up!"

Joey rose wobbly legged from off the bunk.

"Wee mussen ride now, Ja?"

"Huh?" Joey queried groggily.

"Du bits einer soldier now." intoned the field marshall with a calous tone. "Kommer du, Wee mussen ride auf Bulgaria und KNOcken der Knopfen off a Godless hort of foul Türks!"

Joey was astounded. "Cripes, now I get the picture. You think I'm one of you. Oh no Mr. Herr I'm an American (albeit of Italian extraction) not an Austrian."

"9, 9, 9! Wee haf der recrutment paperin that you signed last nocht. Komt mitt mir zu Bulgaria!"

"Golly, you mean I've been DRAGOONED?" Joey asked innocently.

"N Schure. You gott der picture," the fiend stated with calous honesty. And so Joey found himself riding for the Bulgarian border.

Days, weeks, monats passed (a sorry comment on Austrian military order) and they arrived in Bulgaria only to discover that they were too late. The Turks were already there to greet them. In the ensuing ambush both armies were routed but not before the Turkish forces could capture a certain cub reporter who had been dragooned not long ago. Yes, Joey Candide a prisoner of the Turks being wisked to Constatinople to face questioning by the pompous Sultan Ter-Iman the Tall.

Will Joey ever get back to America? Will he ever escape the clutches of Ter-Iman? Will Tallman take up the story in Turkey??? Stay tuned to the further adventures of JOEY CANDIDE- CUB, REPORTER!

I almost forgot some important game business--the center distribution for 1901.

AUSTRIA- Home, Ser, Gre (5) +2
ENGLAND- Home, Nor, Bre (5) +2
FRANCE- Par, ~~Bré~~, Mar, Spa, Por (4) +1
GERMANY- Home, Hol, Den (5) =+2
ITALY- Home, Tun (4) +1
RUSSIA- Home, Swe, Rum (6) +2
Turkey- Home (3) Even

I still have about three openings for Dune with Ron Galicia as GM. There are no openings for Diplomacy contrary to what some of the eager beaver hobby "services" may say. "Golly Wally, maybe if you notified them they'd stop printing erroneous game openings for you." "Shut up Beav, who asked you in the first place?"

Last issue I offered to GM Purist Diplomacy variant games. I drummed up one taker- Mark Luedi who is also planning to GM Purist Dip in his 'zine Thirty Miles of Bad Road. I encourage anyone who was thinking of playing in TCOE to direct your good intentions and game fees to... Mark Luedi, P.O. Box 2424, Bloomington, IN 47402.

I intend to play and I promise to take no prisoners in my quest to out mean everyone. Mark you'd better come up with some damn good maps for this game. (Don't waste time trying to draw seven countries all adjacent to one another. In trying to draw my maps I wasted no less than 2 hours trying to draw seven adjacent countries...foolish lad that I am.

--THE PROPHET OF THE WEST-----

This month the Prophet has agreed to answer some of his hate mail, but before he does I'd like to dispell some of the misconceptions that are growing. It has come to my attention that some of you don't believe the august-one exists. Okay, so I didn't help matters by saying that he is 3000 years old. In reality the prophecizing wonder is.....300 years old. Okay, okay he's closer to thirty years old. All right he's closer to 13 than 30. But not by much!!! Another rumor is spreading that he doesn't exist. What's the matter with you people? Are you calling me a liar? (Don't anybody answer that!) Yes the Prophet exists, and to prove it he received a letter from from John Caruso. Can anyone receive mail and yet not

exist? Of course not! So that should dispell that vicious rumor once and for all. Anyway, what all this leads me to is a new section entitled...

--LETTERS IN THE PROPHETS MAIL BAG-----

From John Caruso 7/?/84

-Michael Lee (ed. Please address future correspondances dealing with prophecies to the Prophet personally. He's fiercely jealous about such things)

I don't want to sound like I'm gloating, nor am I a prophet. But neither is the Prophet of the West. I can't say for sure if Joan is going to win 1983 IG, but one can safely say that her position has recently taken a turn for the worse. I love my little piggles, but there isn't much I can do for her. I suggest that (ed. you) The Prophet of the West change your motto from "prophecies correct: ALL, prophecies incorrect: none" to "prophecies correct: none, prophecies incorrect: all".

Take care,

John

I think it is only fair to say that the mystic one from now on will answer all mail addressed to him in this section of the journal. ed. Get ready, HE is about to speak.

What impertenance is this!? Mr. Caruso, you dare to question my wisdom and insult my powers? Ooo, why you, why you... I'd like to thank my scholarly young friend Michael for allowing me this chance to tell Mr. Caruso what I think of his motto... Mr. Caruso I've read all past and all future issues of Whitestonia (and, heh heh heh, there aren't that many issues to go--but the circumstances of your undoing are for me to know and you to find out, nyah!) and while I'm no publisher, ~~but~~ I wouldn't describe it as the #1 funzine in Dipdom, I'd call it a soso way to burn about five minutes and its motto should be "The 16th best publication in the Hobby." I have never made an incorrect prediction and I defy anyone to proove me otherwise.

Anyone wishing to write to me for predictions about the out come of their games, or for advice, or to, INJYK forbid, question one of my predictions write to...

The Prophet's Mail box, 3480 Dana ct. Eugene, OR 97405. to you skeptics out there, I don't live at the house of the learned publisher of TCOE. His court is called Danna, mine is Dana.



"We're no longer into anything as structured as war dance. We're into free expression through movement."

-----REVIEWS, PREVIEWS, REBUTTALS-----

We begin with a discussion of PG-13 ratings by Bart Aikens. We'll also end with that same discussion.

PG-13

When my esteemed publisher Michael Lee announced last issue that I would proffer my views on the PG-13 movie rating in the August edition of TCOE, little did I suspect that by this time every sentient being in America would be sick of this much discussed subject. Therefore I will keep my comments brief.

I think the PG-13 rating is dumb.

How's that for mature judgement, depth of analysis and reasoned argumentation?

Bart Aikens

Along similar lines, how's that for a review section?

-----CONTEST WINNER(S) AND A NEW CONTEST-----

The "can you discern what Atilla the Bun is carrying" contest met with only one response. It came from Joan "of calamity fame" Extrom.

...Atilla the Bun has in his hand (ed. paw) --a drumstick? Do I need to be more specific? It looks raw rather than cooked, it may have been ripped from the body of a live victim. (amazing what you can discern from a bad xerox copy?)

Well Joan it was a valliant try, but it was WRONG! Atilla

was carrying a bunny head. Now everyone, go dig out issue #2 and look really carefully at Attila's right paw.

The bad poetry contest illicited several entries but no one, but no one rivaled Mike Ehli's for sheer badness. Before I print the "winning" poem I'll refresh your memories about the judging criteria.

Bad rhymes at the expense of content and message. Limited vocabulary. Obscure allusions to Greek mythology. Overt self pity mixed with self indulgence and a summertime theme. Mike you covered every base.

Beach Party

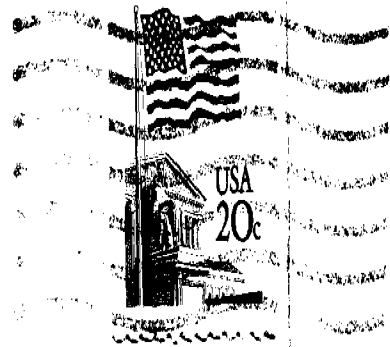
The sun shines over the beach
Frankie and Annette are out of reach
Of those who prefer not to sit
Among empty-headed teenage twits
Who, to please the god popularity
Sacrifice their individuality
While those who choose to be themselves
Are cast on dusty, empty shelves.

The guys (who cannot see the fnords)
Are off riding their surfboards.
Each one would much rather be on land
Tossing frisbees on the sand,
But this summer the "fad", "the craze"
Is to stand on a board riding waves
Without falling head first into the surf.
Grody to the max, gag me with a smurf.

Eris' Apple sinks in the west
And today's beach party was one of the best,
But of those with few friends and no lover
Just because their faces would not make the cover
Of GQ or Vogue? Well, they just stare
At old beach party films or play solitaire
Or maybe write bad poetry. MIKE EHLI

Next month send in 8x5½ sketches in black ink depicting the way Pablo Picasso would sketch your post person/mail courier. You got it, let's pay tribute to those folks who keep this hobby alive by establishing a gallery of original Picasso sketches. This gallery will be called the "Tallman" gallery, as a salute to Terry's inspirational art work on the covers of NSWG. Yikes! Out of room in a big way!

MICHAEL LEE
3480 Danna ct.
Eugene, OR
97405



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