

September '84 #5

THE
CONCERT
OF
EUROPE

"Fetch Sparky! Fetch me
America's Premiere Game
Journal!"



"There's a good Dog. Thanks."

--LETTER FROM THE EDITOR-----

Dear Kevin, Paul, Joe, Joan, Ken, Terry, Al, Gary, Chris, Barb, Tom, Andy, Jim, Bart, Lu, John, Mike, Ron, Rod, Marc, Debi, Mark, John, Kathy, Bruce, Earl, and Jan,

This letter is going to be concerned almost exclusively with important business. So if that sort of thing bores you--read this part twice so you can toughen up. Life isn't just made up of things that interest you for heaven's sake.

First on the agenda--no one took up my Clint Eastwood challenge to a fued. This is a good sign since the challenge was all in fun. Less than fun was my misrepresentation of Mark Leudi's tongue-in-cheek fued request made in Thirty Miles of Bad Road. In case any of you had the impression that Mark honestly wanted to start making war on one of his unsuspecting hobby colleagues, impress again. His view toward fueds is similar to mine--they have no place in this happy hobby. (Rod, do happy and hobby add up to an alliteration?) Hopefully enough said on that.

Second on my agenda is a help wanted add: The Concert of Europe is looking for a few good columnists. By this I mean that I'd like to have a monthly contributor write a brief column on some specialty or other. Ideally I'd like to have gardening or auto repair columns appear but I am open to suggestions. You don't have to be an expert to volunteer for the post of TCOE columnist, just so long as you are one page ahead of the readers. In exchange for performing this task you'll receive my gratitude and free copies of every issue in which your column appears. Please, please, PLEASE, send your ideas to me and join the Prophet as a featured guest of America's Premiere Game Journal!

Last and least is a hint as to what to expect on the upcoming pages of this issue. Naturally the two games continue. The Prophet answers requests sent to his mail-bag. The entries to the Tallman Gallery of Picasso Originals Drawn in Honor of Postal Couriers and the winning sketch will appear much later along with a new contest. Several reviews are certain to appear. Possible appearances include an issue of Foot in Mouth (it hasn't arrived as of yet but I'm writing this letter on August fifteenth) and there should be an account of Dragonflight although the event is over a week away. (The Prophet assures me that I'll be there but lightening may strike)

Fads of the Me Decade: CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING





--GAME NEWS-----

As you might expect the summer is a lean time for game news. I've already mentioned that Pacificon is coming up over Labor Day weekend. This probably won't reach you by then and besides--even if it did would it convince you to go? No! Look folks...three lines that actually end together Oh well.

In order not to waste more time I'll give you a run down on what happened at Dragonflight. Isn't it amazing, in just one short page it's already two weeks later.

The journey to Seattle began at 7:30 a.m. with Paul and Mike (that's Paul Gardner and Mike Ehli) arriving in Paul's red Toyota. Being the last passenger to board and having read Terry Tallman's account of the cramped conditions that Mike endured on the road to Dafcon I squeezed into the back seat. For those of you who don't know me, I'm 6'2" and quite unaccustomed to Toyotas. Ah well, travelers must be content as Shakespeare put it. The conversation during the trip ranged from rock music (I was pretty well in the dark) to modern politics. It was fun talking politics as Paul and I are both extreme liberals. It isn't often that liberals outnumber conservatives--not even in Toyotas.

At about 1:00 we reached Seattle where we went to meet an older couple that Paul knew. Happily, this couple (I think their name was Roberts, but I'm not sure on that) agreed to let us use their house as a slumber depot. From there we went to Seattle U. to register. The line was long for pre-registrants but fortunately Mike and I had neglected our registration task leaving Paul to wait in a more substantial line. Tragedy struck when we were informed that we could not enter for several hours. I call this delay a tragedy only because the other inhabitants of this line ranged from merely startling to down right frightening. I blame my snobbery not on a feeling of my own worth but rather on my sheltered upbringing. Frankly, I rarely encounter riff-raff and it is always a source of marginal horror. You try standing in line for hours with brutes dressed in furs with home made swords on their belts and you tell me it's a picnic. Eventually Paul suggested that we stroll to a near by outdoor store (you know the type that sells tents and back packs). This diversion filled the time nicely.

When we returned I was pleased to discover that the lines were moving. First I was verbally abused by a power mad jr. high student who was "guarding" the door. Then I was flied for twenty smacks by a jr. high student who was "guarding" the tournament admission badges. Then, if that's not all, I was given a run around by a bunch of people who were "guarding" the information about registering for the diplomacy event. With all these "guards" I felt like...Oh make up your own joke. Anyway, after these festivities the Eugene Ensemble (as opposed to the Seattle gang of several) entered the gaming room where we were given a very cool reception from Tallman and his local toadies. Mr. Ehli was greeted with a chorus of "hello t-bone"s as Tallman informed one and all that Mike was "easy meat". Then Paul was harrassed for his clothing (an unjust case of harrassment considering that most of the Seattle gang looked like two-bit tug boat captains while Paul was wearing a tee-shirt that said "save an alligator--eat a preppy"). To top things off, I was threatened with a nasty hobby nick-name by Tallman. Somehow I avoided this fate, wew! Fortunately, things became more cordial as the weekend continued. In fact, the rascally Terry turned out to be down right friendly at times although Mr. Ehli would never agree. It seems that Mike is on the verge of opening a campaign to wrest the title of "hobby sex ghod" away from Terry. Time will tell.

To avoid a dull account of all my games I'll try to keep things short. In game one I drew Germany and allied with Paul in France and a local youth in Russia. We dispatched an excellent player--Jack Wells II although he put up a five or six year struggle as England. Later I stabbed Russia and went on to 13 centers. The game ended with a draw between Paul, myself, and an Italy under the control of Canadian dynamo, Simon Mathews. Game two, which started at midnight, ended in a three way stale mate with my France at only seven and Paul's England stacked against Richard Middlebrook's 17 center Austria. Richard still thinks he could have soloed a win but I'm very glad that he didn't force us to find out seeing as it was 4:30 in the morning. Richard was the tournament's stand out player although he couldn't make it to the Sunday finals because of a previous commitment. We returned to the Roberts' house for a three hour nap before returning for more dip.

The Saturday a.m. game saw me in Turkey. First I allied with a local fellow in Austria to dispatch an objectional man who was playing Russia. Then I joined Ed Henry (who was playing a fierce Italy) in attacking Austria. The game ended in a stale mate between Ed and I against the ever schemeing Richard Middlebrook and Paul Gardner who was now my sworn enemy. Actually the game was still wide open when it ended but time was against us. At this point I had three strong showings and figured that my path to the finals was clear and since I had not won many friends among the many people that I had attacked along the way I decided to lay low until the finals. That evening I did get into a Machievelli game which saw me in the tragic position of Milan (actually my favorite power since it is so cheap). I played poorly but avoided elimination by begging sickeningly. Why my neighbors didn't kill me to shut me up is a mystery that ranks with the Burmuda triangle. Richard Middlebrook was the Machievelli tournament manager and he did an outstanding job by providing everyone with plastic conference maps and errasable pens. That evening ended in a Campaign Trail game which--sigh--Richard won. The combination of Paul Tsongas and Jane Fonda were roundly trounced as I only managed to beat out Paul's team of Jessie Jackson and Barbara somebody.

On Sunday the final arrived and the top board consisted of Simon Mathews in England, Jack Wells II in France, Paul in Germany, Bruce Waddell in Italy, Bob O'Donnel (a man from Salem who is about to defeat me in PBM game), G. Russell (I don't know his actual first name), and me in Turkey again. The game was excellent and ended in a stale mate between Germany and England against Bob and me. The final center count put Paul and your humble narrator in a tie for first. Yippee! Simon and Bob shared second and the other three were all survivors, albeit with one center each.

Boy, my attempt at a quick account of games turned into a novella--sorry! The tournament's Marlen Perkins award for resiliance went to Ed Henry whose two center Turkey scratched and clawed back to five centers. The prize is a year of TCOE, hmm, some prize. Next issue I'll explain the Marlen Perkins rating system. Ed also wins the award for most pleasant family at the con. His wife and daughter were extremely pleasant and should by all means be cajoled into attending Leprecon this March. Another odd award goes

to Bob O'Donnell who was by all means the tournament's outstanding potential day-care center owner. This is a comment that will doubtlessly win the aproval of Ed's daughter.

As for the management of the tournament...Terry Tallman was an exemplary director. The games went smoothly and there were probably fifty or so people who played dip off and on during the weekend. Terry did an outstanding job of rounding up players for half filled games. No one was left waiting around for more than a few minutes. All in all Dipcon should be in excellent hands next year. Congrats Terry, and heh heh I'll see everyone next year when I'll surely repeat or even better this years performance and declare myself the publisher of America's premiere game journal and America's premiere dip player.

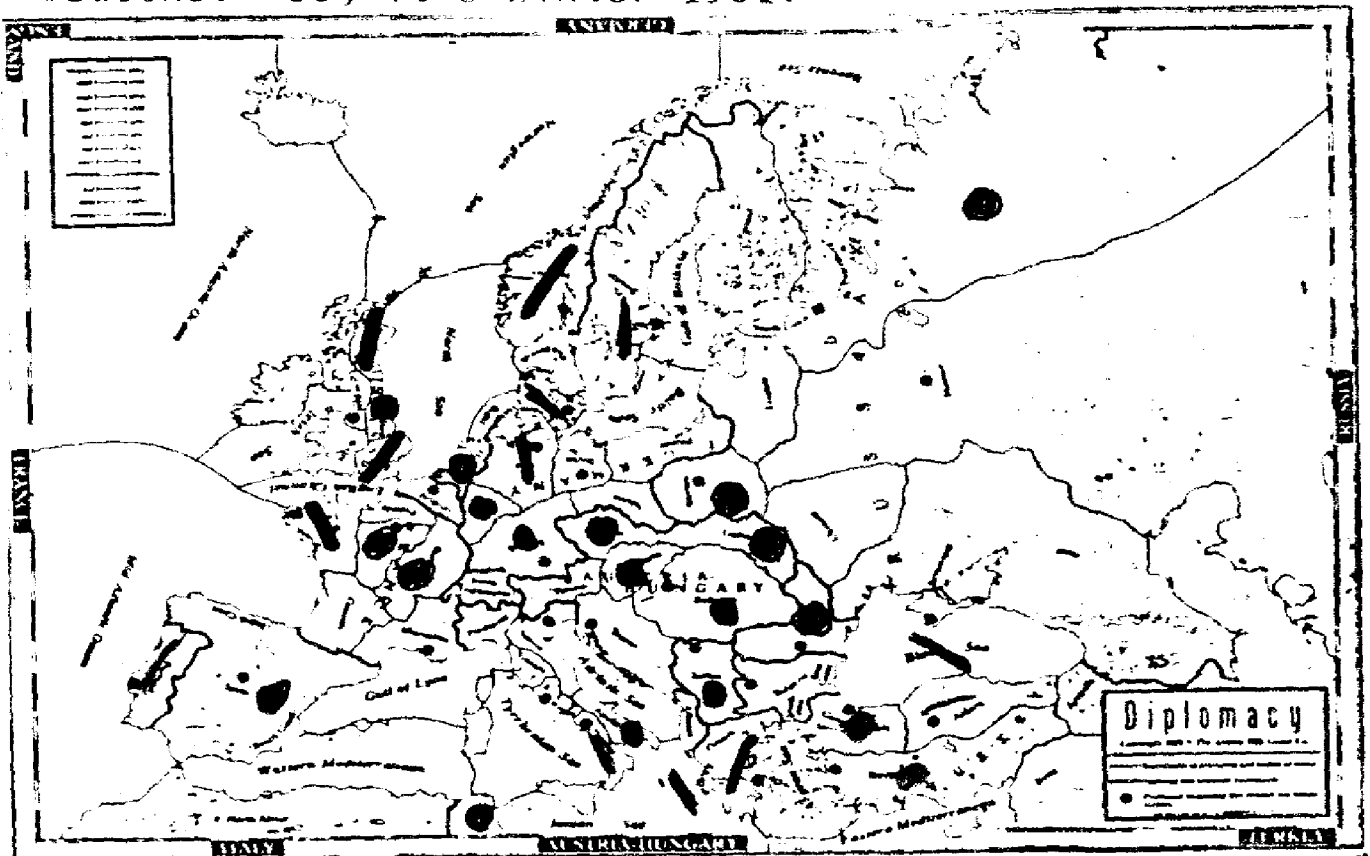
"Golly Wally, looks like he's gone mad with glory-lust."

"Where did you learn words like that, Beaver? Mom, Dad! Beaver just said "lust"."

"June, it looks like we're going to have to talk to Beaver."

--THE GAMES-----

Powers in the inaugural game have requested a separation of seasons. So, it's winter 1901.



DEADLINE FOR SP. '02 IS SEPTEMBER 21 53

A-(Villanueva) Build A. Vienna and A. Budapest
E-(Gardner) Build F. Edinburgh and F. London
F-(Kott) Build A. Paris
G-(Extrom) Build F. Kiel and A. Mun
I-(Coughlan) Build F. Naples
R-(Kozlowski) Build A. St. Petersburg and A. Warsaw
T-(Tallman) No change

PRESS: It's all from Gary and me so brace yourselves!

Rome to Berlin: Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, men have named you...

Italy to Austria: Bellissimo!

Italy to France: I don't know what I'd do if England grabbed my Brest! What do you plan on doing about it?

Italy to England: Is that new zine, supposedly from you, for real? I almost believed it except for that part about Mark Berch coming to Oregon.

GM-Readers: Gary is refering to a fake issue of Paul Gardner's zine (or should I say subzine) Perlmutter's Revenge.

Italy to Turkey: Plaese keep up your thrilling press releases.

GM-Players other than Gary: That goes for virtually all of you.

Italy-Russia: Lookin' good!

Rome to GM: OK, I'll take one build this year but next year you owe me two!

John Houseman for the investment firm of Smith Barney to Gary Coughlan: You'll have to get them the old fashioned way. You'll have to earrrrrrrhthhhh them.

IN THE COURT OF TERR IMAN "THE TALL":

"Harr, we've brought booty and prrrrznerrrs matey!" howled Joey's swarthy captor.

You guessed it. Our friend Joey Candide is still a captive of the wicked Sultan Terr Iman. "Harrrr, brrring yon prznerrr hitherrr you swab" said the Sultan's Major Domo, a swarthy, dirty, loutish brute to say the least.

"Aye, aye Major Domo!"

Joey was befuddled to say the very least. He had never been a prisoner of a Sultan before and he wasn't sure about how one should act. All he could do was stare dumb-founded at Terr Iman's sumptuous palace. Never had he seen so many goddy golden trinkets. In the middle of his wonder a tin gong was pounded by one of the many bare-chested brutes who inhabited the palace.

"Sheeesh," thought Joey, "it's just like in the movies."

On cue (actually slightly behind cue) his Imperial majesty Terr Iman "the Tall" appeared. He was resplendant in golden flannel shirt and sumptuous blue jeans--a picture of eastern exoticism! "Who gonged? And why?" he screamed. His voice a mixture of sadistic Turkish glee and outrageous rage.

"Harrrrr, twas I Cap'n," the Major Domo chimed. "Your troops have returned from Bulgaria!"

"Returned!?!!" the wicked fiend intoned, "they weren't supposed to return. They were supposed to stay there."

"Well Cap'n, they met with treacherous Austrian opposition. It seems the scurrvy Emporer'A'l opposes yourrr designs on ruling the seven seas," the Domo replied. "But all isn't lost cap'n, yourrr trrrroops rrrreturrned with booty. Behold, crisp...golden...McNuggets!!!"

"You call this booty?" the Sultan asked, "my troops picked this stuff up at a take-out window."

"Well, um, errr, your right!" The domo stammered, "but it was a heavily garisoned take-out window!"

"Ah, excellent," his excellency said, appeased for the moment. "What else did you capture?"

"Funny you should ask cap'n," the domo chortled, "we copped this cub reporterrrr, harrrrr!"

The Sultan was delighted! "Hmm, interesting. Guards boil up some oil!" Then the fiend turned to a now terrified Joey. "Well what do you have to say for yourself?"

"Well, let's see...nothing. I guess." Joey answered.

"In that case you will die. Heh heh heh!" exclaimed a jubilant Terr, "have you any last questions?"

"Yes, lots," Joey answered, "first off, why do all your men talk like rejects from a Herman Melville novel? And also why do you want to kill me? and third why don't you spare me by letting me live so I can aid you in your war efforts?"

The Sultan became thoughtful. "Hmm, excellent questions. First, my men are rejects from a Herman Melville novel. Second, I want to kill you because I suffer from a severe case of blood lust. And third, I think I will spare you so you can aid my war effort. But what do you have in mind?"

"Hmm, let's see," Joey too became thoughtful, "my mama and papa used to argue bitterly in Italian and I do speak it a little as a result. I could try to pass myself off as an Italian diplomat and actually reveal Il Duce Gary's plans and schemes."

"Excellent," the scourge of the south exclaimed, "You sail pronto!"

And so Joey finds himself heading west on a tiny Turkish tug bound for Naples. What sort of reception will our hero receive? Will his mission on behalf of the Sultan interfere with his duties at the Chicago Midnight Star? Will Gary take up the tale where it is? Will the tug reach Italy in time for the opera season? Join us again next week for the continueing saga of...JOEY CANDIDE: CUB REPORT



RUCINI
CHARLES TEX

Hi, it's me, your friendly neighborhood guest gm, the Learned One, Mike Ehli. We have a Boardman Number for the new game, which is 1984CX. What we don't have are Spring 1901 results, for the following reasons:

-- Kevin Kozlowski submitted phoned orders to Mr. Lee, not to me, despite the statement that all correspondence was to be sent to me. I have decided not to use those orders, as I have no proof that Kevin actually sent them. (Not that I don't trust your editor, but it would set a dangerous precedent) I sent Kevin a note with my ruling, and as the deadline approached, I attempted to contact him by phone, but got no reply.

-- On deadline day, I received a letter from Bart Aikens saying that he arrived in Iowa without a Diplomacy map, and despite frantic efforts, could not obtain one. He asked me to write some standard anti-//CENSORED// orders for him, but I can't very well do that.

If either of these situations had happened by themselves, they would have been ruled as NMRs. But considering the nature of both situations, and the fact that two S'Cl NMR's really screw up a game, I am delaying the deadline to September 21. You two should consider yourselves lucky.

By the way, I have an impending change of address. Until 9/16, you can still reach me at:
1715 Cottonwood
Springfield, OR 97477-7620
(503)726-6999

After 9/16, I will be at:
Box 60505
Rm. 114, Caswell, U.of O.
Eugene, OR 97403-6005
Phone # to be announced at a later date.

Incidentally this game will have a name, which will be (drum roll please)...

VON NEUMANN'S CATASTROPHE!

Citio. 

Here is an announcement that could be a big mistake but I'll make it with confidence. Since Mr. Ehli has kindly agreed to take over 1984CX I'll open up one more game. You heard me right, one more TCOE game will open as soon as we get seven players. At this point it seems that Bob O'Donnell, Ed Henry, Jim Bjornsson, and Richard Middlebrook have expressed an interest but nothing is anywhere near definite. There's no game fee (as usual) and the first seven are the first served. Please, no Eugeneans and pretty please no relatives. Send intent to play letters and preference lists molto pronto. Oh yeah, and tell a friend.

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

Dear Prophet,

If I cross your palms with silver, what will you tell me? How about a tantalizing tidbit about Italy and maybe I'll come across... (from Gary Coughlan)

Foolish simpathizer of Confederates! How dare you suggest that I would take payment for my august wisdom! My prophecies aren't valued in silver (you can say that again) they flow freely. I would never accept payment. As for your question, I assume that you are refering to your game in this journal. It is amazing but these TCOE games are a whirl of confusion! Never have I seen such hottly contested games. However, within the whirl one truth rings clear like the sound of a bell forged of purest gold. You had better order army Tunis to hold in spring 1902 or you will surely face disaster. Mark me, army Tunis must hold or you will meet with ruin!!! RUIN!!! RUIN!!!!!! But all else is too confused to decipher. I need more time to ponder 1984CA because it is the most hotly contested game in the hobby and you can take that to the bank!

There you have it folks! The Prophet has spoken! Anyone who wishes to seek the Prophet's wisdom may feel free to write to him just as Gary has done. He is greatly pleased when his mail bag over floweth. And if your feeling generous you can cross my palms with silver and I'll be sure that the Prophet sees your letter. For those of you who publish zines you may be sure that the Prophet would be greatly pleased at an oppertunity to spread his wisdom throughout the hobby.

--REVIEWS, PREVIEWS, REBUTALS-----

If you watched any of ABC's telecast of..."the games of the XXIII Olympiad..." then you more than likely witnessed one of the greatest of American disgraces over and over. No I'm not referring to the rampant nationalism displayed by the crowd (every olympics has a strong hometown cheering section). No I'm not referring to the lackluster array of overly talkative ABC announcers (just because they saw it fit to spell out the obvious over and over is no reason to bad mouth them this far after the fact). What I am referring to as the greatest American disgrace (No it isn't living in the white house--he is America's second greatest disgrace) is our national anthem. The Star Spngled Banner is without a doubt the poorest excuse for an anthem presently used by any nation on the globe. The frequent playings that it received during the olympics illustrated this point nicely.

First off, the song's origin is anything but American. It is nothing more than an English drinking song that was popular in nineteenth century pubs. Francis Scott Key, being a man of lamentable philistine taste, was taken by the ditty and wrote the verses to fit with the song rather than vice-versa. This fact is little known but well documented. The song was originally titled To Anacreon in Heaven and was composed by John Stafford Smith, a man of dubious musical education.

The piece or rather the words that have now been married to the piece were inspired by Key's witnessing of the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British Navy. In the late nineteenth century the U.S. marine corps adopted the song as an anthem of sorts. Eventually the Army and Navy followed the lead of the Marines and this sorry song became the universal anthem of America's armed forces. In 1931 the song was officially adopted by congress thus retiring the worthy song Hail Columbia. Musicians and singers were not consulted.

In the fifties The Star Spngled Banner received a serious challenge from the song America the Beautiful. Billy Holiday sang the challenging work before congress, however, against the advice of a panel of musicians the anthem of 1931 was retained and America the Beautiful despite its more beautiful (not to mention singable) melody and its far superior text was shelved.

The music itself is hopeless. An ideal anthem is conceived with the intent to be readily singable by all the people of the land it is anthemizing. All other anthems that I am familiar with (this is about forty for you skeptics) have a range of an octave to an octave and a third. A range that is easily singable for anyone endowed with the ability to carry a tune. Our national anthem spans a whopping octave and a sixth. To avoid more technical discussion take the "Anthem Challenge". Get out a cassette tape recorder and record yourself singing The Star Spangled Banner (that is if you know the words). Then, for reference sing America the Beautiful. Listen to the results and I am confident that the first song will be a minor disaster and the second rather pleasing.

The text of Mr. Keys' anthem is lamentable. Instead of further attacking them I will let you judge them. Here are all the verses of The Star Spangled Banner. Oh! Say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? (If only someone had answered yes to this ridiculous question we'd all have been spared the next twenty-odd lines. ed.)

Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh! Say does the star spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
(seems to me that by describing it you just answered this question! ed.)

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,
Where the foes haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
(If anyone talked like this, they'd be locked up on the spot as a looney. ed.)

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star spangled banner. Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
(At this point things get down right gloomy. The faint hearted should by all means skip the next eight lines! ed.)

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave,
And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
(From here on the poetry scarcely fits the tune. Try
singing this verse and you'll see what I mean. ed.)
Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Compare this war-like text to the optimistic text of America the Beautiful and then judge which is more fitting a peace loving member of the free-world. Also note that America is not mentioned once by name in the whole of the text. Instead Key uses no fewer than six obscure epithets. Now look at the convoluted grammar and the archaic terms and then write your congressperson asking that the issue of a new anthem be taken up again. America deserves better.



"Gentlemen, being a superpower is no longer enough. We must become a super-duper power."

COMPARISON OF GRANDMA'S ICED ANIMALS AND KEEBLER ICED ANIMALS.

Frankly there is no comparison.

The other day I found myself in the local market and was in the mood for iced animal cookies. As usual I looked for my old favorites, Grandma's. But lo! I searched in vain. It seemed that the Grandma's brand were washed away in the foul footsteps pollution of a vaunting band of hirelings and slaves. No seriously, they were sold out! Then some Keebler Iced Animals caught my eye. They were packaged in a no-see-through paper bag, but silly me, I assumed that they would be virtually identical to their Grandma's brand counter parts. I WAS WRONG! When I opened the bag at home I was horrified to my very soul at finding a whole bag of brown cookies with swipes of hard pink frosting on them.

Here is a diagram depicting the aspects of the two brands in separate columns for easy comparison.

GRANDMA'S

Pink and white frostings

Frosting covers whole animal

Small colorful dots spangled over animal

Animal shapes often recognizable

Frosting soft, fresh, and sweet

Seven different shapes

Interesting package

Cookies philosophically rewarding

cost: \$1.09

KEEBLER'S

pink frosting only

Frosting swiped over top of animal

No dots colored or otherwise

Animal shapes never recognizable

Frosting hard, chalky, and bland

five different shapes

Boring package

No tangible philosophical rewards

cost: \$1.69

There you have it. Now write your congressperson and try to get legislation passed that will force Keebler to affix WARNING: BAD COOKIES on their packages.

--CONTEST WINNERS AND A NEW CONTEST-----

The Tallman gallery of Picasso sketches of postal couriers was the best contest yet. Count 'em, five entries! All entrants receive a free issue of TCOE as I can't honestly choose between so many fine entries. Sadly, Senore Picasso himself receives no prize as I don't know how to get his mail beyond the grave.

The entries are as follows.

- #1- Mark Luedi
- #2- Ed Henry (sorry Ed. Your mural had to be reduced.)
- #3- Ron Galicia
- #4- Anonymous (a little known French artist who like Cher and Liberace, prefers one name only.)
- #5- Pablo himself penned this himself with the sole purpose of entering it in this contest!!!

For next issue...how about something to celebrate the arrival of a new season of t.v. shows. Everyone submit an idea for a new series. Entries should be plausible but ridiculous. In other words they should be very similar to the ones that actually get on the air.

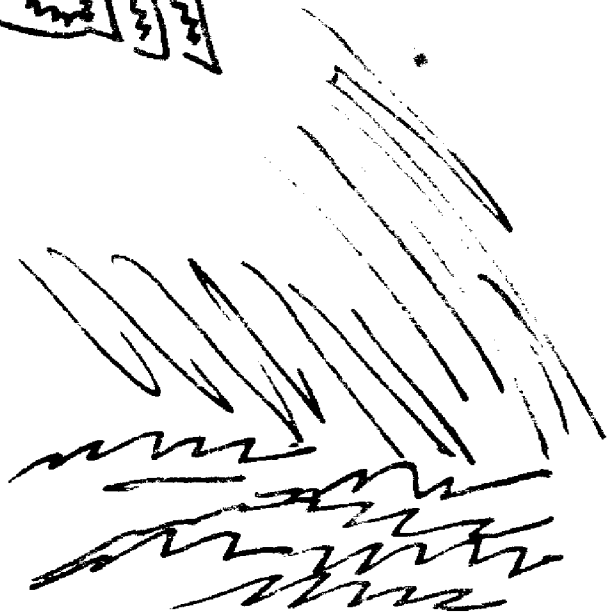
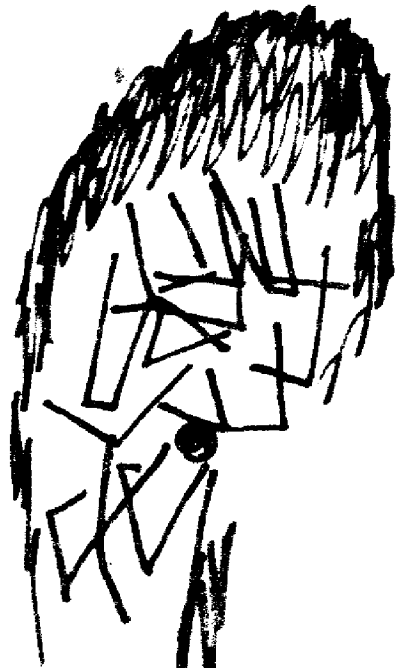
For example...

RIPTIDE: Two hunks and a nerd decide to become private eyes in Hawaii or some such place. Just imagine the hyjinx that ensue when it turns out that most of their clients turn out to be gorgeous women. OOOWEEE! Violence and wholesale flirting abounds in this madcap program.

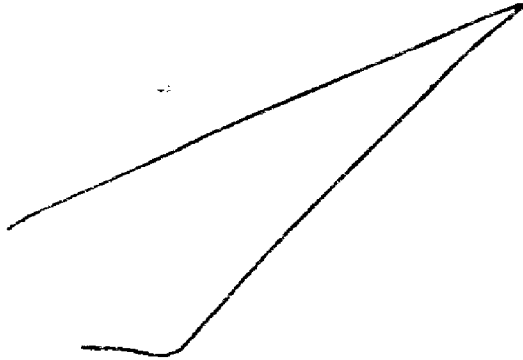
NOW YOU SEE HER: What do you get when an adolescent boy moves into a new house and discovers that a wacky, sexy, tempromental ghost lives in his bed room? You get crazy, madcap adventures in an adolescent's bedroom, of course! Will Ricky ever get any peace? Will Ricky be able to keep "her" a secret? Will this show make it into a second season?

SHAZAM: Billy Batson has the power to become Captain Marvel. To pass the time, Billy travels America in a Winnebago with a Marlen Perkins look alike named Mentor. Join Billy as he resolves moral questions, acts as a guide for troubled youths, and bops bad guys every Saturday morning.

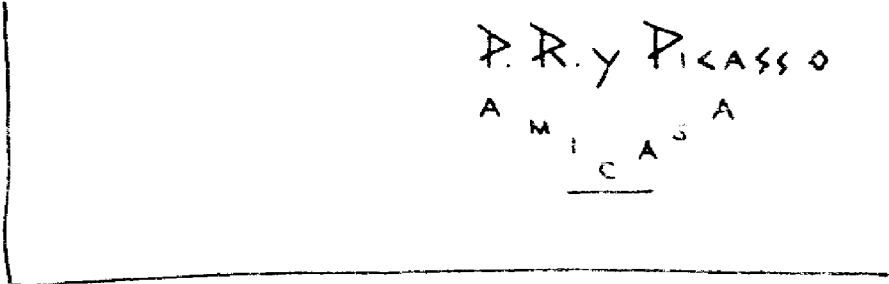
Hopefully yours will be longer and more involved than these, but you get the idea. Winner snatches a free issue and gains untold glory. Well, see you next month in TCOE!



¿QUIEN SABE?

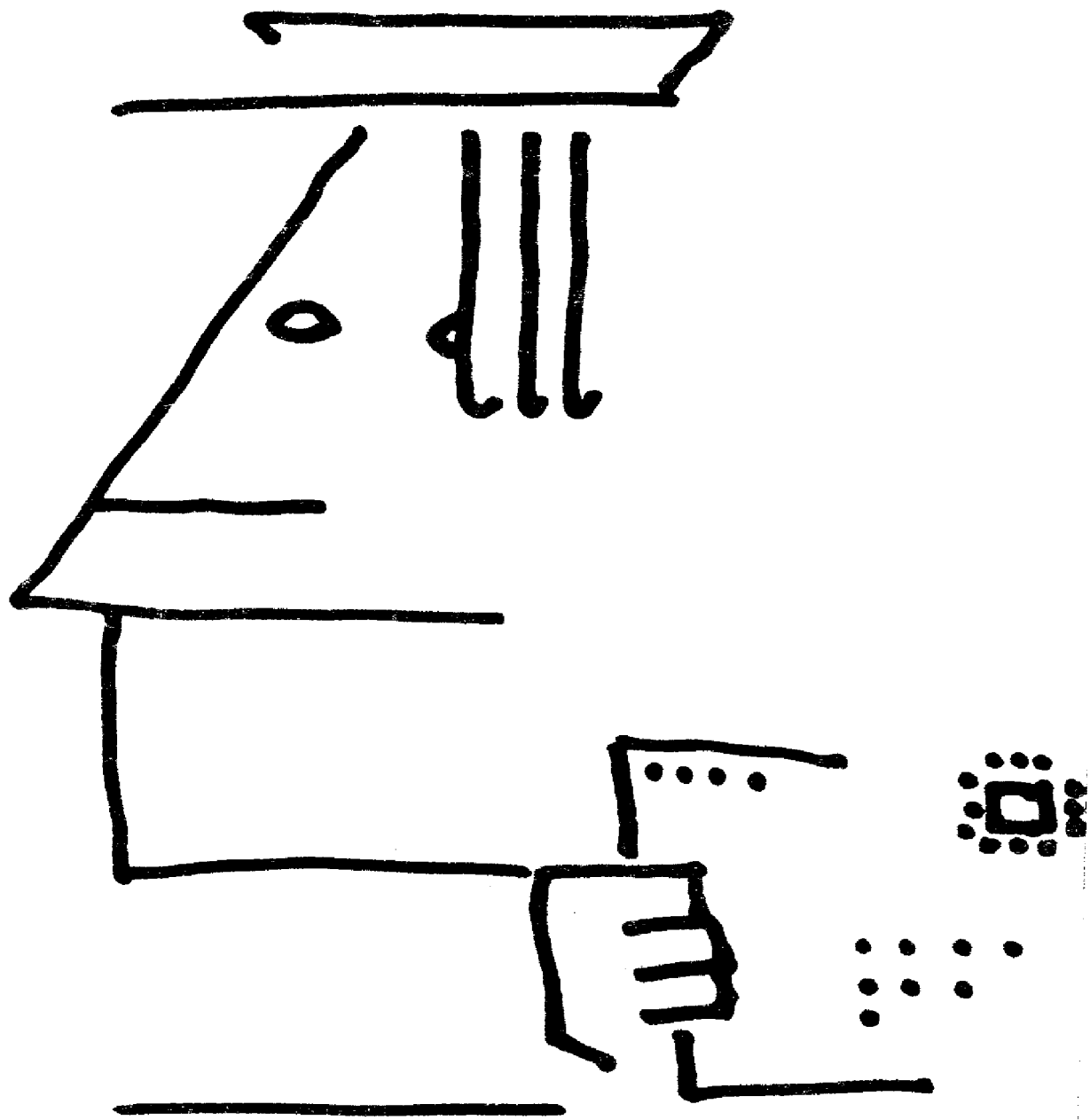


P. R. y PICASSO
A M I C A S A

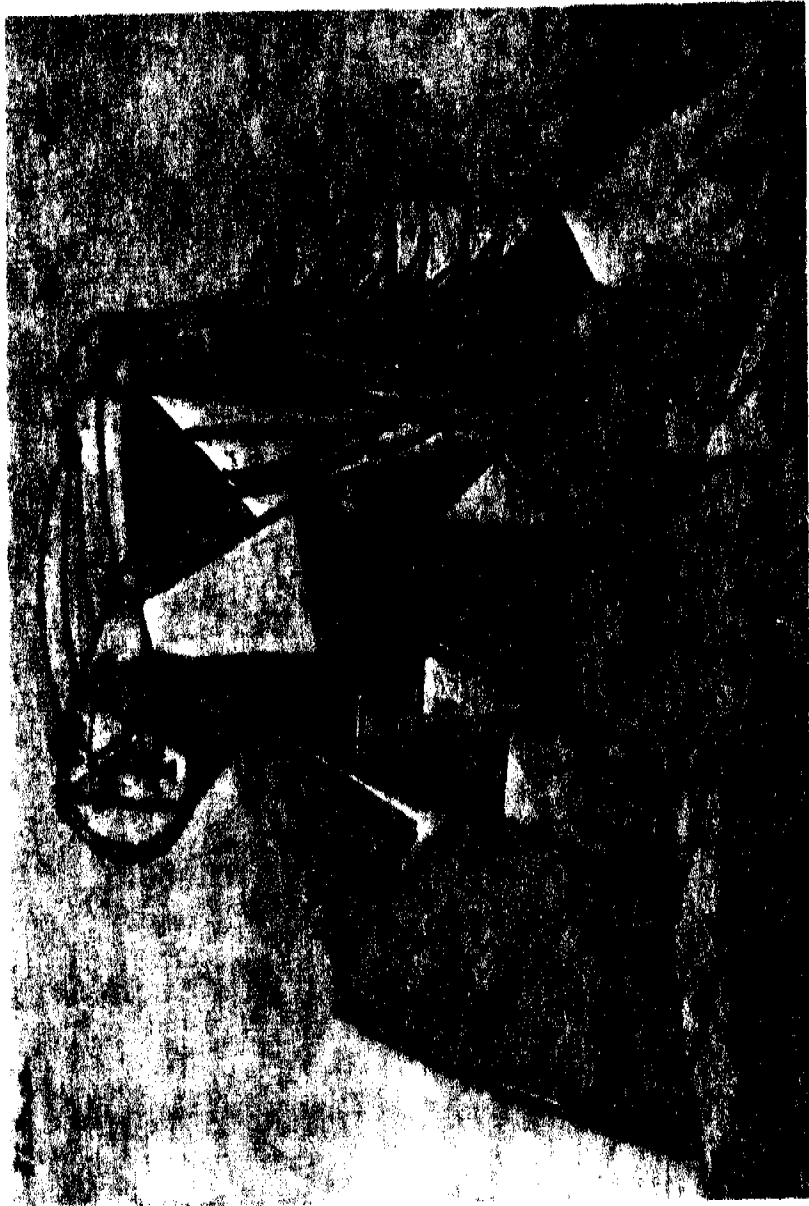




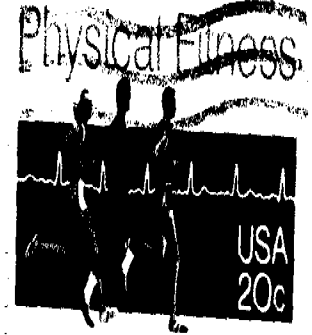
MY PICASSO POSTMAN AT 5:00 PM?



→ pablo baby



Michael Lee
3480 Danna ct.
Eugene, OR
97405
1-(503)-485-3044



FIRST CLASS MAIL
FIRST CLASS MAIL
FIRST CLASS MAIL

Tom Walker
1273 Crest Dr
Encinitas, CA
92024