THE ONLY ZINE TO PLACE IN THE TOP THIRTEEN FOR THREE STRAIGHT YEARS IS:

Issue #42 December 1980 Fake Zine Theme Issue

Mark L Berch 492 Naylor Place Alexandria, VA 22304 Subs: 10 for \$3.00 Europe:10 for \$3.50 Circulation: 118

In case anyone hadn't realized it yet, DD#41 was a FAKE! Apparently a lagre number of my subbers were fooled, even tho the faker changed around my usual format by putting the zine's title haflway down the page. Several (the not many!) of you caught on after reading the descriptions of The Mellow Yellow YOD had the fake Retaliation. As it is, I've decided to accept the fake as an issue of DD (my compliments to the heavenit was better than some of the real ones!) and continue the numbering with #42. I assume most of you received copies. If you didn't let me know and I'll send you a xerox of mine.

My copy cothained a letter signed "Donovan", the same name used by the VOD and Retaliation faker. Linsey has suggested to me over the fone that Gary Coughlan is "Donovan" and he later printed this in VOD, but Masters has also confessed in the pages of Blake Frog, and Dave Perlmuther has hinted that he had a hand in all three fakes. The culprit's true identity (no, I'm not having an identity crisis; I just can't type the word) remains up in the air. The DD fake was just superb! Except for the inexplicable change of the title's location, my format was copied very precisely, down to the typos. Some of the reprinted articles really did appear in the zines named, so perhaps the culprit had access to the Hoosier Archives in his endeavor. I encourage "donovan" to keep up the good work. My own guess is that Coughlan is responsible, the this remains to be determined. Maybe we'll never know! More on Gary in TZC.

This theme issue on fakes was inevitable, given the large number of them that have been circualated over the past year. First there was the excellent Christmas Volker. Then there was a rash of followupVolkers, most of them hasty efforts. This was followed by Linsey's Whitestonia fake. Passchendaele, Eggnog, and BARKER were next. More recently, Black Frog, Fedri, VOD, and Retal were hit, altho Masters himself is undoubtedly the Mastermand (pun intended!) behind the bogus BF. Still more recent were the Infidel, Murd'ring Ministers and Shogun's Sword fakes. MM even included a fake subsine, Joy of Jang. (!) Oh, and I neglected to mention the Brutus Bulletin #69, which was published by a committee headed by Linsey and contained a long letter from me (yes, JM, I really did write it). And there may well be others I've forgotten. But the crowning touch to all this was "Donovan's" phoney DD#41. I'd been considering a theme issue on fakes for several months, but after receiving the hoax issue of DD decided that it would be very timely now.

Altho this is a reprint issue. I'm going to depart from my traditional policy of using only material over two years old just for once. Much of the best material about fakes has, as a natuarl consequence of the high level of faking going on the days, appared in 1960. This ish will feature articles from some of the recent fakes, and a piece or two from real zines but about fakes. The centerpiece is a long (fictional) essay by Linsey, which first appeared in VOD #23 and described in detila how all 23 of the issues he had published (as of then) were part of a grand hoax to turn the tote in one of the gmaes he was playing in. Also amusing is the "Curtis Gibson" tribute

((Please turn to page 11, middle of the page))



((One of the most controversial fakes last year was Linsey's Whitestonia #20, commonly referred to as the "Cat's Head" Issue due to the design no the front cover. The following piece is from that issue, and was purportedly written by Kathy Bryne. Kathy later threatened to sue Bruce over it, claiming that it had irreparably dmaged her reputation, but the threat was retracted wehn Bruce apologized for it.

The fake Whitestonia had me completely fooled, altho this can be charged mostly to the fact that I'd never seen a real one.))

#### WHY I LIKE WAR GAMES

What, a woman with an interest in war games? What is this world coming to? Who would believe it? Well, I have news for all you male chuavanists, especially you, Dave White! (Just kiddin')! Women are the future when it comes to gaming! Who says that a woman has to do the lanudry and cook the meals? That's not the boring existence I wish to lead!

You see, see you, us women are by nature more guileful than men. And tactical ability, while necessary to wargames, is not the only thing one should possess. You gotta have -- LECEIT AND GUILE, a woman's natural endowments! So watch out menfolk, cause here we come! Diplomacy, of course, is ideal for a woman, because this game takes a lot of cunning to do well at. ((Can't you just tell Linsey is bending over backward here to avoid sounding literate?)) I found this out in my first face-to-face game recently, when I got wiped out early. But in postal games I Seem able to fool peolpe based on the fact they know I am a woman. Nobody believes I'll lie to them! And this helps me alot! When I tell the truth, I am automatically believed! And when I lie, I am believed then too! It's... the WOMAN SYNDROME!!! THE BYRNE SYNDROME!!!!

But to talk about wargames in general for a minute, trickery is useful there too! And in that department you men can't hold a candle to us! So I think that THE FUTURE IS NOW FOR FEMALE WARGAMERS. Males beware! By year 1990, half of all wargamers will be women. By 2000, only a few token men will be in the hobby. Soon after that, all men will be eridicated!

While I'm on the subject of war, I think I should mention my views on the draft. I don't think that women should be drafted. Let men do the dirty work:

((BARKER is one of the two fakes of a zine which did not in fact even exist! (The ohter was Perrl. Without further ado, here is a description of the games he proposed to run:))

### THE GAMES

Have you noticed how many zines gives their games names? In Volkerwanderung you will habe a game named something like "Cutzar" (whatever that means), In Voice of Doom a game will be named after some cosmic phenominon such as "Black Hole", or in Dragon and the Lamb games receive names like "samurai". Well in BARKER we are going to give the games names too. We are going to name them after three famous and three infamous Diplomacy personalities. (For the time being the reader will have to decide which is which.) Each of these games will have one or two slightly unique rules that will befit the personality of the namesake. Great idea huh?

The description of the games follows. LOOK them over caerfully. Rebmber, when you subscribe and sign up for a game to give the choice of the game you want to eb in. It is advisable to give 2nd and 3rd choices. Also give a country preference list.

Well here they are:

Game 1. THE BRUX

Named in honor (dishonor?) of Bruce Linsey. This will be played by regular rules and will be identical to any other game, except in one respect. Ever so often, the CM

will have the option to throw any one player out of the game (for no reason whatsoever) and have him replaced by another player. In so doing (throwing a player out) no consideration will be made of the player's position (good, bad, or indifferent) and the action will be strictly at radnom. If Matt McKibbon signs up for this game, he will be immune to the possibility of being thrown out of the game (since Matt has already been thrown out of a game by Brux -- for no reason at all).

#### Came 2. THE GIRSON

Named in honor (dishonor?) of Curtis Gibson. This will be a mass interference game. Interference by persons not a part of the game is not only allowed, it is encouraged! Non-players of the game are also welcome towrite press for the game (black grey or any other color). Other than this provision, this gmae will be played structly by our normal houserules.

#### Game 3. THE RECES

Named in honor (dishonort) of Craig Reges, the champion of the novice player. This game will be played entirely by our normal houserules, but will be open to novice players only. A novice player is defined as any player who has not played Diplomacy by amil in a previous game and does not have more than three (3) game strats to his credit.

#### Game 4. THE OAKLYN

Named in honor (dishonor?) of Bernie Oaklyn and several other people (Buddy Tretick, James Alan, etc.). This game will be played entirely under our normal houserules, but each player will be playing under an assumed name. The true identities of each player will not be revealed until the game is ended.

#### Game 5. THE KOVALCIK

Named in honor of Richard Kovalcik, Jr., the erstwhile publisher of <u>Tetracuspid</u>. Players in this game will each have a very special option. They may each requets and be granted once (and only once per player) the opportunity to have a season replayed. This can be a great advantage is used at the proper time—just after a disasterous season, or to rectify an NMR! This policy is regularly employed in <u>Tetracuspid</u> and readers seeking further games of this type should look there for them.

#### Game 6. THE ARNETT

Named in honor of Bob Arnett (the Grand Volker), the erstwhile publisher of <u>Volkerwadnerung</u>. This game will be played by all normal rules (our house rules) except for the added provision that in any fall season a player can order the disbandment of any of his units--which can them be rebuilt in the winter. This rule is a special favorite of Bob Arnett who has pointed out the potential strategic advantages in several articles in his zine.

((Fakes of Canadian zines have a way of being more or less ignored down here in the states (the reverse is also true). The following piece comes from the fake <u>Passchendaele</u>, which was circulated early last summer.))

## ESSENTIALS OF TERRITORIAL EXPANSION

Playing Diplomacy is just like playing a game. The player must obviously be. Number One in order to win. I have of course been Number One so often I forget how many times I jave been Number one. I am therefor an authority. That is why my articles are awlays number one.

When you play Diplomacy there are a lot of dots on the board. These are the supply centres and they are vwry nince to have, You have to have a lot of them in order to be Number One, as I have been so many times. I know this is a hard concept for all you novices to grasp, but it is actually very simple. Really.

Let us say you are Germany. You own Berlin, Kiel, and Munich. That is three and ((Please turn to the middle of pgae 6))

((Brux Linsey, ever the ultimate hoaxer, checks in next with this gem, originally printed in The Voice of Doom #23. It reflects his pompous and egotistical yet entertaining style very well.))

## THE SYFAKIEST PLOT IN THE WORLD!

"The wild imagination of a horny bride-to-be can be matched only by the twisted mind of a player out to win a game of Diplomacy." --Thomas Jefferson

My friends, I have a confession to make to you. Are you sitting down? You may need to, once you start reading this. For I have what I consider to be quite an earth-shaking story to tell.

Would you believe me if I told you that <u>The Voice of Doom</u> is, and always has been, a hoax? No, I thought not. Well, I'd better explain.

It all began in the summer of 1979. I was new to the hobby then, and was only playing in two games. One of them was the Masters Debacle in Clau and Fang, which has already been discussed here. My other game, still in progress, is in Murd'ring Ministers, and it's a dandy - the kind of game you get to play in only once every lifetime or two. It is because of that game that the hoax known as "The Voice of Doom" has existed. But now the need for "VOD" has expired; so I can orphan the games, fold the zine, and tell the story.

I am Germany in that game. With the help of Paul Hefti, my Italian ally, I got off to a fast start. Al Rodriguez' France was in trouble from turn one. But foresight is one of my many talents, and I was able to read between the lines of Italy's letters. Even before France went down the tubes, I could tell from what Paul Hefti was saying that he was ultimately going to decide to stab me. Now, this alone should come as no surprise to any veteran Dippy player. Indeed, I think that every good player keeps his eyes open for hints that an ally will eventually stab.

But this game presented a problem, in that looking ahead I could tell that not only would Paul stab me; but he would do so with class and efficiency - and before I would be in a position to do anything about it! In point of fact, a quick psychoanalysis of the Russian player revealed that if at any time I maneuvered to attack Italy or defend against his upcoming attack; he (Russia) would surely go after me at a most inopportune time. So I was defenseless tactically; diplomatically I had but two choices: I could try to stir up enough trouble for Italy that he'd be too busy to mess with me, or I could endeavor to talk him out of it.

Option 1 was out. Turkey was a dupe and Austria was Italy's puppet. There was no way in hell to stir up trouble for Italy; nor, remember, was I able to move to stem the attack. That meant that I had to talk Paul out of it - but that would be next to improbable. For one thing, the attack was unlikely to occur within the next five game-years; but more important was the fact that - get this - Paul himself DIDN'T KNOW AT THE THAT HE WAS GOING TO ATTACK ME! That's right, folks; I read into Paul's letters so well and so thoroughly that I pretty much knew how and when his stab would occur before he even thought about turning against me! Incredible, you say? Preposterous? Nonsense! Why, there are many good players in this game who can look at the 1902 adjudications and tell you precisely what the board position will be by the end of 1909!

Anyway, a late-night call to Faul's psychologist convinced me that I had not a prayer of detering him from his ultimate surprise attack on me. Paul was just too stubborn! But every Dippy player is bound to have a crack somewhere in the impervious-looking facade of his psyche, and it is up to a clever opponent to find it. I had to discover a weakness in Paul's will - or perish. And toward that end, I pitted my utmost skill. It was man against man, friend against friend, Germany against Italy in a terrible war of wits; although, of course, Paul had no idea of what was going on - he just thought we were a couple of allies exchanging friendly letters and phone calls. I probed and grilled him with such innocent-sounding questions as, "How long should I wait to stab Russia?" and "What do you think of the Roady Blues?" and "How'd you like to drop in if you're ever back east?", etc. I analysed every answer and every word he said for several weeks. The going was very tough, I must admit. Had Faul been consciously thinking about his attack, I suspect I would have had a much easier time of it; but I knew from the inflection of his voice at a couple of psychologically critical points that he himself wouldn't even dream of stabbing me until two more game-years had passed. And by then, it might be too late for me to do anything about it!

4

My abundant and omnipresent modesty precludes me from telling you people exactly how I finally deduced what I did; you protably couldn't follow the inticrate and devious line of reasoning anyhow. But anyway, like a mosquito smelling blood, it came to me. Paul Hefti, my good friend Paul, my Italian ally; PAUL WAS EVER SO SLICHTLY IN AWE OF ANYONE WHO HAD EVER VISITED LAS VEGAS, NEVADA! I know, it counds strange; but we all have our hidden rationalizations and phobias. And I had discovered Paul's. The reason for this particular peculiarity is obscure, but I think it has something to do with a bad childhood experience - maybe a silver dollar fell on his head when he was young. But whatever the cause, the feeling was there deeply rooted in his subconscious - God, Freud would have had a field day with this, wouldn't he? And this deep-seated feeling was so slight that Paul himself was totally unaware of its existence, but weeks of extracting key phrases and hidden meanings from his letters brought it out as clear as day under my scrutiny.

But what could I do? How could I turn this morsel of stealthily obtained knowlege against my ally to my advantage? Right! I had to somehow make him believe that I had visited Las Vegas at some point in my life! But I would need to be ever so subtle, lest he suspect my ulterlor motives. By no means could I just say in one of my correspondences that I'd been to Vegas. Too bold! He wouldn't catch on, of course, but his subconscious

just might.

Well, to compress a lengthy story to a considerable degree, I decided that my best bet would be to write an article for a Diplomacy zine about my alleged travel experiences, and somehow I would say or imply in the piece that I'd been to Vegas - plus, of course, it had to be a zine that Paul received. Murd'ring Ministers was out, naturally, since our game was in that zine and my plot might therefore have been a drop too obvious. But unfortunately, that was the only zine that both Paul and I received! So what was I to do? And it hit me! I would publish a zine, by golly, and since Faul was my close friend, he would be certain to subscribe! And the article would appear there, and Paul would see it, and learn that I had once visited Vegas, and he'd hold me in slightly more awe than otherwise possible, and he might hold back on the stab just a bit - just enough to MAYEE tip the balance in my favor when the time came! It might work! I would try it - it was my only hope!

And so, "The <u>Voice of Doom</u>" was born, the greatest single hoax in hobby history! And with it came a series of inobtrusive little articles laughably called "ERUX Goos Wandering." And eventually, <u>eventually</u>, EVENTUALLY; I'd slip one in there about Las Vegas! So, Paul

subscribed as I'd hoped and even joined a game - GCOD! I had him!

Much time passed. 1979CF, in <u>Murd'ring Ministers</u>, dragged on. And so did "<u>VOD</u>." The BLACK HOLE Affair had me worried; Paul was in that game, as it happened, and I feared that he might lose interest and drop his sub too soon, but the fates were with me and he didn't. And, for my part, I spent thousands of dollars and hundreds of hours just convincing all you poor suckers that I was actually interested in publishing, and really putting out a reasonable facsimile of a dipzine! Boy, has this project been an effort! And finally, FINALLY by issue #21, the time was right! I would publish "BRUX Goes Wandering Las Vegas!" Except there was one tiny hitch: it still might be just a wee bit too obvious to Hefti's inner mind. So, a couple of months before the article was to appear, I pulled out an atlas and decided to call it "BRUX Goes Wandering - Zion National Park" - and at the very end, I would stick in a barely noticeable sentence that "the next night, my friends and I headed for Las Vegas," or semething to that effect. And that's precisely what I did - see "VOD #21" for that article. And as I dropped Paul's copy of that issue in the mailbox, my heart flooded with anxiety. This, I thought, this was the culmination of months of hard work; dozens of phone calls, hours typing letters and writing articles, too much money - all toward publishing, which icn't really my tag anyway. And all in the extremely faint hope of barely flickering the remnants of a long-buried, subtle emotion in the subconscious mind of an ally in a game, with the expectation that I would tip the delicate scales of protability EVER so slightly in my favor! It was... it had to be... it is... THE SHEAKHEST FLOT IN THE WORLD!!

But would it work? "YOD #21" went out, and I had to resist the temptation to ask Paul his opinion of the issue; or, indeed, to call his attention to it in any way. I was on pins and needles - what if he didn't even read the article? And shortly after, the fruits of my labors would be borne - or else I would find out that all had failed.

And just a few days ago, my friends, I found that my plot were a qualified success! The attack on Germany did occur (by now, Paul had been actively planning it for several game-years), but it was a blunted attack; he didn't move against me with as much power as he ought to have, out of sheer, unnatural, artificial respect for me. Two crucial fleets held near Tunis instead of moving west - and that was enough. Yes, the attack (which is still in progress) is now deened to failure and I'm now on the offensive; there is little doubt that it is I who shall prevail in 1979CF. The psycho-probabilities were tipped quite imperceptibly in my favor, but it was just grough! Congratulate me on a grand coup!

Alas, this good news for me is bad news for the rest of you. "The Voice of Doom" has now successfully served its purpose and fulfilled its destiny; it is useful no longer and I have not the slightest bit of interest in continuing the damn thing (nor, really, have I ever). Publishing is fine for some, but I've never come close to liking it. And so I am done. And thank you all for having been unwitting participants in THE SNEAKIEST PLOT IN THE WORLD! It was a bit elaborate, I admit, but it was necessary - and it worked. Cood bye, my friends!

BRUX

# 

already quite-a-lot. But you need more in order to win. Let us look nearby. Yes, you will see other dots, but you do not own them. Near to yuo are: Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Sewden, Faris, Wrasaw, Vienna, Venice, and Marseilles. For reasons I will explain to you in another article you can only get three of them in 1901. I recommend you get Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. They are easire to pick on.

After you get Belgium, Holland, and Demnark, you can get some more. You can get Paris, Sweden, Warsaw, and Vienna, for instance. That is three plus three plus four, which is 10, and you're already halfway to being Number One, which I have been times without number. Once you get 18 of the dots, you have won.

Getting 18 dots (supply centres) is thus the most important essential of teerriterial expansion. The player must bear this in mind and try to get bigger and bigger and bigger. It is not a good idea to get smaller and smaller, because then you will lose supply centres (dots).

There are reasons why you might not get bigger and bigger and might get smaller and smaller. These will be a little hard for all you Novices to rgasp, but I will cover them for you in a later article. I can't tell you about it now, but here is a hint: the next atricle will be called "Other Players". I'm sure you'll be on pins and needles until that comes out.

Until then, remmber about getting bigger and bigger. That it important. That does not apply only to Germany. No. It also applies to Austria and England and I Itlay and Turkey and France and Russia. It is good to remember that if you are Trukey, for instance, you do not own Berlin, Kiel, and Munich to start. I'll cover that in another article.

From the fake zine <u>Pedrl</u>, purportedly by Dave Perlmutter but actually by Jack Masters, comes the following observation: IF DIHLOMACY IS YOUR OYSTER, THIS ZINE CAN BE A FEARL. The zine also contains the following bit of prose in its akonowlegements:

I want to thank my sister in Dodge City for xeroxing these on her office xerox. She will mail them for me (from Dodge City) after xeroxing so don't be surprised at the Dodge City postmark.

((When you see an excuse for a stray postmark like this, you know something's usually fishy. How many of you noticed that the postmark on the mailing sleeve of the fake <u>DD</u> was Kalamazoo?))

((Next up is a series of letters which appeared in the recent phoney issue of <u>Murd'ring</u> <u>Ministers</u>. I have no idea as yet who really published this one, tho the pubber of the arel <u>MM</u> is Ron Bronw.))

## READERS\* RHETORICAL REPLIES

((from Richard Sharp))

Dear Ron:

I saw your issue #25 with the srtagey article on "The Trieste Cambit" for Austria. A very similar strategy was in Vogue in England several years ago and orev here we have traditionally called it the "Cascony Opening". Named in honor of Howard Cascony of Brighton who first used it here in a postal game in 1973DY.

The approach was quite popular here in Great Britain for quite a gew years, and is lagrely responsible for the very poor showing of Austria in British postal games. between 1975 and 1978. Mots British playersnow realize how dreadful the pathetic, bumbling opening is and avoid it like the plague. Giving up one homm center in 1901 with only a fifty-fifty chanve at gianing two neutrals is not an especially viable option and this is primarily why Nicky Palemr rebudded the thing "Gascony's Suicide" in 1978. Of course the thing worked very well for you in 1977HG; but in 77HG you had everthing going for you-especially the incompetant Dave Grabar playing Italy. By the way, has Grabar ever won a game anywhere, anyway, anyhow?

Dick

((Thanks for your letter Dick. I am very pleased that <u>Murd'rin Ministers</u> is being read in Egnland. As to the "Trieste Cambit" I was only relating my experience in using it and yes Dave Grabar playing Itlay had alot to do with its success. I was not aware of the expensive use of the opening in England or that it was known as the "Gascony Opening". I do thing that "Gascony Opening" is a rather confusing name for it and I like the "Trieste Gambit" better. Jack Masters has been urging me to rename it "Hey Triesto." I still like the opening and would use it again, even if Jay Shufeldt was playing Italy. -RB))

## ((from Craig Morton))

Dear Ron:

I don't get MM, but I saw Plunkett's copy when ew were in Oakland. I really must take acception to MS King's comments on Denver and myself. I can't help it if Ms King doesn't liek Denver or if I remind her of a statue, but she has oversteeped her journalistic rights when she implies to your readers that I am not decent. For the recordI am a born-again-Christian, active in many community projects and am a good family man. You will not find a more decent quarterback in the NFL.

((I am very happy to seee that we are pikcing up s more broad readership after incorproating Jennifer's column. After getting your letter I phoned Jenny. Jenny sold that she realizes you are indeed a very decent man Craig and she can't think of a single NFL quarterback she would rather buy a used car from. What she meant by her statement was if she had her team going in the Super Bowl, she would rather have Ken stabler in there pitching for her. I did point out to Jenny that in the NFL statistics as of December 1rst that you were ranked #5 in the AFC with a rating of 76.2 and that Stabler was #11 with a rating fo 69.7.))

#### 

((Once in a while even the <u>same</u> reports in a fake are funny, tho sadly, this is usually the neglected part of a bogus dipzine. The fake <u>BB</u> published last summwr contained this game adjudication:))

80D ENGLAND CONFUSES HIMSELF, CUTS CRUCIAL SUPPORT

Fall, 1906
ENGLAND (Mitchell): A GAS-Den; F MID & F ENG & F NTH C A Gas-Den; F BRE S F Mid; F NWY-Swe

FRANCE (Johnson):

F Cly-LVP; F SPAsc-Mid; F POR H (U)

CERMANY (Cummings):

A Bur-BEL; A Mun-BUR; A Sil-MUN; A Pru-BER; A Lvn-PRU;

F DEN S ENGLIHS F Nwy-Swe

F Tun-ION; F TYN S F Tun-Ion; F ADR S F Tun-Ion; F GRE S F Tun-Ion; A TYO S F Tun-Ion; A GAL S F Tun-Ion; etc.

RUSSIA (Calacoo):

ITALY (Grabar):

F SWE S ENGLISH A Cas-Den; A STP H; A MOS H; in fact, everything

else holds

TURKIE (Becker):

F MAF-Por (impossible); F Ion-APU; A CON-Bul

((And in the press, among other comments, appeared the following:))

JOHN BOARMAN - ROD WALKER: Snuggle up a litlie closer, darling. FRANCE-RUSSIA: And juts where do you think he's going after he finishes fucking me over ((Talk about your desperate pleas for help!!))

## 

((Opinions about the merits of fake zines vary as broadly as the personalities that comprise the postal hobby. Here's John Boardman, writing to Michalski in response to the BB fake. Double parens are JM's, trlpie are mine: ))

Michalski, you bigoted son-of-who-knows, you have finally tonr it! That racist application for employment on the last page of Brutus Bulletin #69 has been floating around for years, and gets more and more putriff each tome it is reprinted. (I first saw it from an aspiring s-f writer in California named Dian-then-Girard-since-Pelzand-now-Crange.) (((This is typical of Boardmna's style when he's pissed. He wanders off into irrelevant bits of trivia, sort of like an absent-minded, senile professor. But I dirgess.)))

Now I have been involved in fighting for equal rights for our black fellowcitizens for nearly thirty years, and I have had to face up to the Ku Klux Klan, which once got me expelled from a Florida University. So I am not afraid of your purtid little opperation, and if you show up at dome convention where I'm present and repact this Nazi rubbish (((This refers to a minor tiff between Boardman and John Kelley from a while back))) I will introduce your anedoids to your gall bladder.

I am not interested in receiving any more of your publications, since I am no longer collecting racist publications for the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League. Why you object to Curt Gibson, when your views on blacks seem identical to his, is a mystery to me - and one in whose solution I am not interested.

We loyal Americans are right and you racists are wrong. Don't ever forget that.

((Where would we be without New Yorkers?))

(((Funnier still was Dave Perlmutter's letter which actually appeared in the fake. I presume Ferl wrote this himself, since I know Linsey solicited from me and probably everyone esle whose letters were printed there. The style here in inimitalby Dave's as well:

Dear John,

last issue you made the oft-used liberal clicke that "All men are created equal" and that no one race is different than any other. Well, it would be nice to think of that as being true. The fact, however, is that one race is truly superior. There is a Master race.

Name one race which is the chosen people of God.

Name one race which has survived with its culture intact though it has been persecuted for 5,000 some years.

Name one race that scores higher on IQ tests than any other one.

Name one race that is overrepresented in every top profession.

Name one race whose central nation has defested enemies hundreds of times their size and has the toughest best trained army and People.

Afain and again the answer is the same-The JEWS.



That is right. No longer can the myth of racial equality ensalve the minds of mankind. The Jews are the masterrace in every sense of the word.

Think of the meaning of this. Christians have controlled western civilization for 2000 years. Not once during that time has any Gov't ever followed the teachings of the false prophet Jesus (who was in fact a nice Jewish boy with some good ideas). (((Well, I'm sorry if this offends. Perlmutter and BB both have this sort of free-swinging discussion all the time.))) Every single war in the western-dominated world has been caused by Christians. Now is the time to admit faults and let the Jews take over. Let the Jews run things and see how fast mankind's problems are doen away with. Among the first things we would do once we got into power would be the following:

- 1) Ban crime. That's right a law saying it is illegal to commit a crime! That is something you pussyfooting Cristers never thought about did you?
- 2) Get rid of smut and violance on TV. Yes that is right, I strongly believe that sex and violence should be kept in the home where it belongs.
- 3) Wipe out disco. This needs no explanation because I'm sure everyone agrees that this shit should be destroeyd.
- 4)Eliminate racism. The only way to do this is foster communication between blacks and whites. This all black males will exchange places with all white males, each living with the formers wife or girlfriend. John I have assigned you to live with Ramona Washington of 1345 D'sambo Street, Harlem, NY. Her husband Rufus will live with your "friend". John you must realize that racism can be best wiped out if we are all the same color so please try to get Ramona pregnent withing a year. Will Jack Masters 25711 No th Vista Fairways Dr, Valencia, CA 91355 please fuck Ramona if John NSR's (no sperm received)?

5) Take Konrad (EggDork) Baumeister out to a wall and shoot him. I think the whole postal hobbby agrees on this. Even Uli and Bill Shaeffer shook hands on this one. Thank you for the suggestion Mrs. Baumeisrte.

That is just the beginning. Rmember laugh and you won't hear us coming.

((Speaking of Baumeister, the following sem appeared in the fake of HIS zine, Eggnog!))

CURTIS GIBSON: A POTRAIT IN GREATNESS by Wladyslaw Baumeister

RARE in these times of troubles are the men of Courage and Vision that once dominated the pages of history. Once, the Great Captains cut pahts of Glory for themselves and their Empires, bringing Christianity, civilization, and progess to the furthest corners of the globe. Ocne, stout hearted men of Vision led the bucolic ((??)) masses of the blind and ignorant, for example, by exhortation, by coercion, by appeals to their innate greatness, and by appeals to their inate baseness. These were the Leaders of Men, the movers and shakers of man's climb from depravity to glory. These were the leaders of men, not the administrators of beaurocracy we thil under today. These men understood the intimate workings of minds, races, and nations, not the manipulating of votes of government camp followers or the padding of expense accounts.

Therefore it is all the more suprising to find a man such as CURTIS GIBSON in our midst today. Here is a man of broad experience, penetrating perception, deep i nsight, and keen analysis. His vast wealth of experience, drawn from years of travle and observation, yields a mind of incredible analytical capabilities. And Curtis is not some recluse in islolation; no, not at all. He steps forward on every possible occasion ot enlighted all of you ignorant heathen out there. Ingrates that you are, you fail to heed his guidance down the pahts of Righteousbess and Truth that lead to the Ultimate Glory that he alone among us can see with crysta clarity. So, awaken, I say! Go yw forsooth and seek his advice and wisdom. Slake your intellectual thirst at this three score nad five year old Fountain of Enlighterment! All hail Curtis Gibson, Man of Destiny! Fuehrer befehlt, wir folgen!

Altho fake zines have peaked this year, they in fact have a long history in the postal hobby. The first fake was Rod Wakler's bogus issue of The Diplomat, normally

The Zine Column #34 (yep, I'm picking up the TZC numbering where the fake DD left off as well!)

The South Shall Rise Again

New zines have abounded the past few months, always a good sign for the well-being of the hobby. One of the best, potentially, looks to be a southern zine with the unlikely name of  $\underline{Y'all}$ . The editro is Gary Coughlan, who probably has previous publishing expreience as "Donovan".

His firstish was superb! Page 1 has an introduction, claiming that he is Donovan. I am thoroly impressed by his bakeground. Born on a backwater Tennessee farm, he says he never saw a city till he was twenty-five, one year after his acquistion of a pair of shoes. He was raised on moonshine and corn whiskey mash. With this inauspicious beginning in life, Gary has done quite well for himself, all things considered. Having entered the hobby only a year ago, he's now embraking on his publishing endeavor. Altho he speaks the language of the south (say "Mamphis"), the sine is written in English.

Page 2 contains a humorous article depicting how Shakespear would have pronounced the word zine -- "zeen". It's reprinted from Whitestonia. Very well done.

On page 3, he discusses his earlier publications: fakes of established zines. I believe Gary's attempting to take credit for a few more zines than he's responsible for, tho. If he keeps that up, he'll land up with the credibility of a Linsey or a Masters when it comes to hoaxes.

Page 4 lists three new games. It always amazes me when new publishers start games in their first issue, the I guess Cary knows many hobby members by now. It seems that the players from 79IC voted to srtat over with a new GM, and Cary took them on. The other two game are nostly new names, though a few of the addresses look familiar. A, I and R in game three are all familiar to me.

Page five has a beautiful color foto of Kathy Byrne and Jane Proskin standing abreast - nude - behind a large white sheet. It has to be seen to be belived!

The final page contains some detailed plugs, including one for <u>DD</u> (yes, Cary, that's half the reason you're getting such a rave review!). He indicates that more good articles are forthcoming. Judging from his writing to date, I believe him.

If Y'all lives up to its obvious potential, it cloud easily be the top new zine of the year. (Gary Coughlan, 4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis, TN 38118; subs 10/\$6, game fee \$2)

I would appreciate some feedback from all of you on this issue. well. I have enuf material left over for a second issue with the same theme, perhaps next year. Then again, if the pace of fakes keeps up the way its been going, I mite be albe to do this again in six mnoths. So please let me know how much you enjoy this....

Since I have more room than I had figuered, I'm going to reprint the ENIGMA from the Arizona issue of Volkerwanderung. V rfequently contains an enigma, and this one had a solution which left me, uh, startled. It read:

Pg

Yjod ഹർ trs;;u gslr oddir bp; lrtesmfrtimh <del>}rt}</del>rytsyrf anf esd ,stl ntrvj nu kidy уjт gpt jr;; Pg OY

I'll give the solution nextish for those readers unable to sovle it. Those who do will understand why it's being rerpinted here.

Some publishers make up a system whereby eahc subber is given a scert zadaz code number, written on the back of each issue. Aside from making more work for the publisher, this takes away the possibility of anyone else doing a credible fake. I despise it.

## ((Continued from page 1))

which appeared in the fake Eggnog (everyone knows that Baumeister and Gibson hat: each oth3r's futs) and may have been written by John Michalski.

I'll have to apologize in advance if I credit any of the "fake" articles incorretcly, since the authors of dome of these pieces frequently attempt to place the blame on someone else.

Sadly, Dave PErlmutter has informed me that he will be leaving the hobby and returning to the real world. Dave was the victim of the "Pearl home and was highly visible in mnay of the hobby's zines, including BB where he was publishing a wild if fascinating subzine, Extremism in the Defense of Liberty (the name indicates how whacky his writing could get!). It's sad to see someone with so much creative ability call it quits.

Before I forget, I'd like to congratulate Bruce Linsey on his recent engagement to Linda Simpson, as announced in VOD #29.

Mark L Berch 492 Naylor Place Alexandria, Va 22304

If the Number 42 appears by your nmae, your sub is in danger of deserting you. Fresh supplies of money have been known to cure this problem.



