

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

# DIPLOMACY DIGEST

Issue #42  
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Fake Zine Theme Issue

Mark L Berch  
492 Naylor Place  
Alexandria, VA 22304

Subs: 10 for \$3.00  
Europe: 10 for \$3.50  
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In case anyone hadn't realized it yet, DD#41 was a FAKE! Apparently a large number of my subbers were fooled, even tho the faker changed around my usual format by putting the zine's title halfway down the page. Several (tho not many!) of you caught on after reading the descriptions of The Mellow Yellow VOD had the fake Retaliation. As it is, I've decided to accept the fake as an issue of DD (my compliments to the hoaxer- it 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 contained 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 Black 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, tho 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 circulated over the past year. First there was the excellent Christmas Volker. Then there was a rash of followup Volkers, most of them hasty efforts. This was followed by Linsey's Whitestonia fake. Passchendaele, Eggnog, and BARKER were next. More recently, Black Frog, Pearl, VOD, and Retal were hit, altho Masters himself is undoubtedly the Mastermind (pun intended!) behind the bogus BF. Still more recent were the Infidel, Murdering Ministers and Shogun's Sword fakes. MM even included a fake subzine, Joy of Jane. (!) 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 natural consequence of the high level of faking going on these days, appeared in 1980. 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 detail how all 23 of the issues he had published (as of then) were part of a grand hoax to turn the tide in one of the games he was playing in. Also amusing is the "Curtis Gibson" tribute ((Please turn to page 11, middle of the page))



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 random. If Matt McKibbin 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).

#### Game 2. THE GIBSON

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 to write press for the game (black grey or any other color). Other than this provision, this game will be played strictly by our normal house rules.

#### Game 3. THE REGES

Named in honor (dishonor?) of Craig Reges, the champion of the novice player. This game will be played entirely by our normal house rules, but will be open to novice players only. A novice player is defined as any player who has not played Diplomacy by mail 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 house rules, 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 Tetracuspid. Players in this game will each have a very special option. They may each request 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 disastrous season, or to rectify an NMR! This policy is regularly employed in Tetracuspid 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 Volkerwadnerung. 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 then 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.

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((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 Passchendaele, 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 have been Number one. I am therefore an authority. That is why my articles are always number one.

When you play Diplomacy there are a lot of dots on the board. These are the supply centres and they are very nice 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 page 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 SNEAKIEST 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 The Voice of Doom 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 Claw 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 "VCD" 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 TIME 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 Paul's psychologist convinced me that I had not a prayer of deterring 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 Noddy 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 Paul 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!

My abundant and omnipresent modesty precludes me from telling you people exactly how I finally deduced what I did; you probably couldn't follow the intricate 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 SLIGHTLY IN AWE OF ANYONE WHO HAD EVER VISITED LAS VEGAS, NEVADA! I know, it sounds 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 knowledge 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 ulterior 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 Paul 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 MAYBE 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 Voice of Doom" was born, the greatest single hoax in hobby history! And with it came a series of inobtrusive little articles laughably called "BRUX Goes Wandering." And eventually, eventually, EVENTUALLY; I'd slip one in there about Las Vegas! So, Paul subscribed as I'd hoped and even joined a game - GOOD! I had him!

Much time passed. 1979CF, in Murd'ring Ministers, dragged on. And so did "VOD." 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 something 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 isn't really my bag 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 probability EVER so slightly in my favor! It was... it had to be... it is... THE SNEAKIEST PLOT IN THE WORLD!!

But would it work? "VOD #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.





FRANCE (Johnson): F Cly-LVP; F SPAsc-Mid; F POR H (U)  
 GERMANY (Cummings): A Bur-BEL; A Mun-BUR; A Sil-MUN; A Pru-BER; A Lvn-PRU;  
 F DEN S ENGLIHS F Nwy-Swe  
 ITALY (Grabar): 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): F SWE S ENGLISH A Gas-Den; A STP H; A MOS H; in fact, everything  
 else holds  
 TURKYE (Becker): F NAF-Por (Impossible); F Ion-APU; A CON-Bul

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

JOHN BOARDMAN - ROD WALKER: Snuggle up a little 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!))

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((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, trlple 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 fpr years, and gets more and more putrid each tome it is reprinted. (I first  
 saw it from an aspiring s-f writer in California named Dian-then-Girard-since-Pelz-  
 and-now-Orange.) (((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 fellow-  
 citizens 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 putrid  
 little operation, and if you show up at dome convention where I'm present and repaet  
 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 Perl 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 cliché that "All men are created equal" and th-  
 at 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 ensnare 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 destroyed.
- 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 wiht Ramona Washington of 1345 D'sambo Street, Harlem, NY. Her husband Rufus will live with your "friiend". John you must realize that racism can be best wiped out if we are all the same color so please try to get Ramona pregnant 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 hobbbly 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.

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((Speaking of Baumeister, the following gem appeared in the fake of HIS zine, Egnog!))

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 progress 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 innate baseness. These were the Leaaders 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 tãil 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 wealyh of experience, drawn from years of travle and observation, yields a mind of incredible analytical capabilities. And Curtis is not some recluse in isolation; no, not at all. He steps forward on every possible occasion ot enlightened all of you ignorant heathen out there. Ingrates that you are, you fail to heed his guidance down the pahts of Righteousness and Truth that lead to the Ultimate Glory that he alone among us can see with crysth 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 Enlightenment! All hail Curtis Gibson, Man of Destiny! Fuehrer befehlt, wir folgen!

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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

pubbed by Eric Just. Perhaps the most hilarious fake zine of all time (before 1980, anyway!) most the countrefeit Moeshoeshoe, a Belgian zine. One game showed all seven countries as reaching fall 1908 with all the units still in their original positons (each u it attempted to move, and failed), with the GM's terse comment: "This game begins to look as though it may last rather a long time." Another game contained a correction notice which read as follows: "Due to three errors on my part I shall have to delay the autumn 1901 orders. First, I wrongly stated that the French A Kie must retreat; in fact this unit is annihilated ((Fr A Kie annihilated in 1901??)). Secondly, the Austrian A Mun is also annihilated, as F Spa did not specify the coast; so Belgium is vacant and Ruhr is occupied. Thirdly, the Ruissian A Ber is also annihilated, because I didn't notice that the convly order for the ENGLISH F Bal had specified the wrong destination. So, because of all these changes, and because A Ruh is not annihilated, Austria and Russia only remove two more units each, and Germany builds only § five. Because of this, 1901 adjustments should reach me by 11PM on 29 March 1973, and if France and Germmay would like to change the orders they have already sent in, they can't."

((((( ())))))

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 Y'all. The editro is Gary Coughlan, who probably has previous publish- ing expreience as "Donovan".

His firstish was superb! Page 1 has an introduction, claiming that he is Donovan. I am thoroly impressed by his bakground. Born on a backwater Tennessee farm, he says he never saw a city till he was twenty-five, one year after his acquisition 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 zine 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, tho I guess Gary knows many hobby members by now. It seems that the players from 79IC voted to srtat over with a new GM, and Gary 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 DD (yes, Gary, 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. If it went over 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 mnths. So please let me know how much you enjoy this.

Since I hace more room than I had figured, 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:

Yjod

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kidy

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oy

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

Some publishers make up a system whereby eahc subber is given a scert ~~xxxx~~ 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.

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((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 "Pezrl hoax 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 announcd in VOD #29.

//

Mark L Berch  
492 Naylor Place  
Alexandria, Va 22304

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

