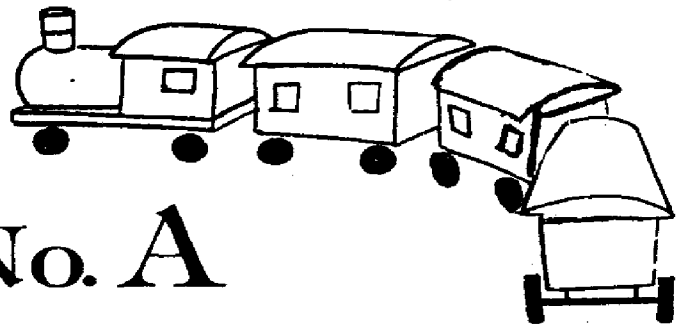


# Europa Express

THE PUBBER: Gary L. Coughlan

4614 Martha Cole Lane, Memphis, Tennessee 38118  
USA (901)-362-7206

It may look a little strange and be boring (Hi Scott Hanson!) but it's free and it's EE. Well sort of. It's mainly an account of my trip to Europe last October, with 2 EE games, Mass Murders and Michel Liesnard's subzine thrown in as well. Along with some announcements...



## No. A

\*\*\*\*\*

¶ Since this is a special EE, it doesn't have a number except for the "A" above because I don't want to mess up my numbering system (I like doing a new digit each December like 20, 30 and this year it will be 40. Consequently it doesn't have many of the things you've become used to or where you are used to them. Like the table of contents is here on this page.

¶ I said here on this page.....that's better.

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¶ Announcements.....there's a naked lady on page 10...Cathy Cunning's new address is: 5027 16th NE, Seattle, Washington 98105 USA so check out her zine Cathy's Ramblings if you haven't done so yet.....There will be a new Hobby Auction. If you want to put something (anything up for auction), just let Mike Mills (26 Laurel Road, Slootsburgh, New York 10974 USA... (914)-753-5513) know by March 17th. The bidding will start after that probably in May or June.

¶ Scott Hanson Department: Scott and Frauke Petersen are running a German-English language regular Diplomacy game and they have 6 people signed up and need only one and they'd like it to be a European. That would mean there are 3 Americans and 4 Europeans then.....Also the New Zine Poll that Scott is running now has a deadline of March 14th and he is only doing zines, not subzines, as has been the case in the past. Sorry new subzines! If someone wants to do a poll for the new subzines, let me know and I'll print a ballot for you in the March EE. Scott and Frauke's address is: 233 Oak Grove, Apt. 306, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55403 USA.

¶ EE #31 should shortly follow this special issue you have now. I say should because much of it is typed already or contributions are already ~~ready~~ ready for it. The only problem is that I've had a lot of overtime lately at work. I work for the post office. They are also taking off days again which gives me one day off a week. I'm behind in my game correspondence, I owe letters and I haven't sent out the items that people bid on of mine in the last hobby auction. Be patient!!

¶ Also, I have promised several people things like an Elvis Presley mug, banner-size Confederate flags, an article, a set of poker cards, pictures --- it will be done as soon as possible. Now I have to go and find some cartoons to fill in all the blank spots inside.

¶ Once again this issue is free so if you read it you don't have anyone but yourself to blame---no one is holding a gun to your head but some people live misery, don't they Scott Hanson? I'm thinking of turning the very next issue of EE into an issue like Retaliation or Give Me A Weapon where you attack someone viciously and most unfairly so maybe EE will get a good review from Scott Hanson for a change. A Jack Brawner editorial should do the trick. I'll bet. (C)

Woody said that it would be up to Tom whether we drove back or not tonight and both of us began working to influence him, Woody to go and me to stay. I am rarely in New York to Kathy and John Caruso and it had been a very long day already so I didn't see the rush to get back to Philadelphia. My flight back to Memphis didn't leave from there until the next afternoon anyway.

At Kathy's home, before we went in, Woody and Tom transferred the baggage from Bruce's car to Tom's. Bruce, Kathy and I went inside and before we went up the stairs I said to Kathy: "Bruce here to greet Woody stunned me. I've had enough surprises for one night. I want you to tell me that Dick Martin is not waiting up there in your apartment!" and we all laughed.

Kathy and I wound up talking all through the night and drinking beer and some ghastly yellow wine Tom Swider had left. The others went to sleep(Woody having given up trying to leave right away) and Kathy turned me over to John who was just waking up so she could get some sleep. It was morning and Woody and Tom wanted to leave. I still felt it too early and wanted to stay some more.

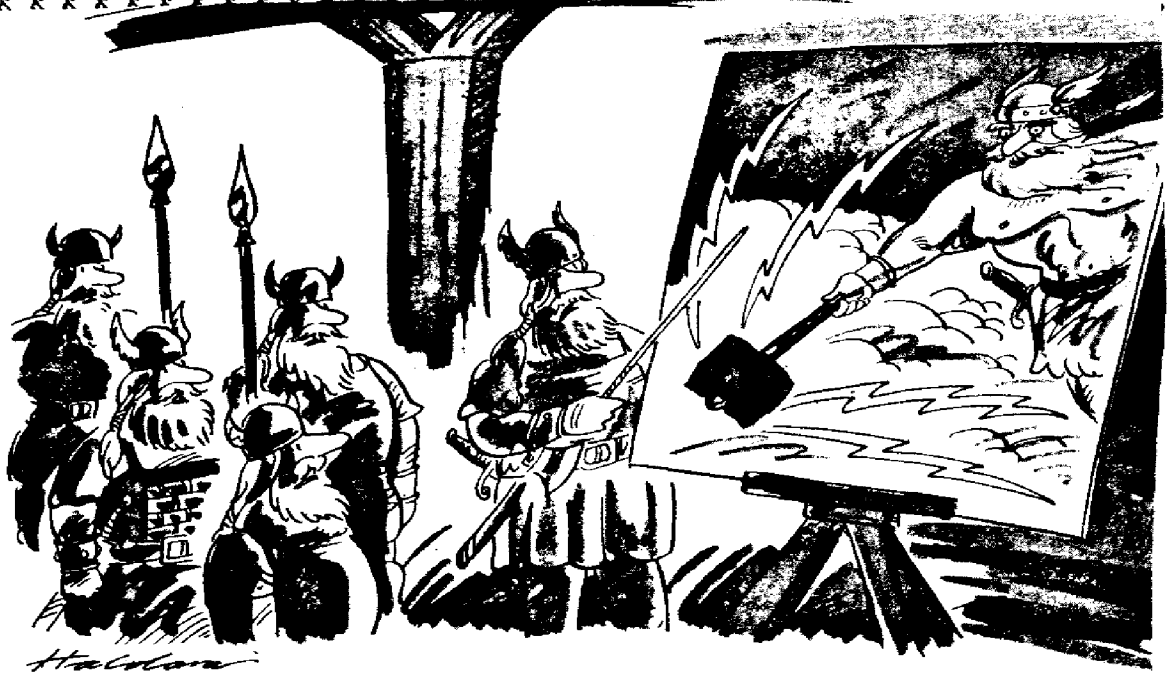
Well, one thing led to another, and Woody and Tom headed back for Philadelphia and I stayed another day in New York and flew back a day later to Memphis. Woody had taken his suitcase back with him(mine was still in Philadelphia) so the Flushing Folks fixed me up with four small bags, two of which were Mets bags. (The Mets are a baseball team for y'all in Europe.) I left some stuff in New York since I would be returning in 3 weeks for the Thanksgiving Byrne Con and I headed for Memphis and work.

But I enjoyed my vacation and I have typed this report over a period of 3 weeks and haven't read it yet. Long as it is, I still left out a lot of things that happened but I have my pictures and postcards and souvenirs and the European names have now become faces to me. A few of you I missed seeing, so maybe next time.

And I can highly recommend Woody as a fellow traveler. For 3 weeks he was always a pleasant personality, he went to see things that I know he didn't have that much interest in that I wanted to see(like Dachau) and he was the one who had done all of the time-consuming advance work of making reservations and getting the Eurailpasses through the travel agency. Now if only he could learn to order his food faster!

I'm glad that this is the end of this report. I'm almost afraid to count the pages, something I haven't done yet.

§ §



... And here is the weather picture for noon tomorrow."

2

**LEADERLESS FRANCE FAILS TO RAISE NEW TROOPS WHILE ANGLO-GERMANS CONSOLIDATE!!  
EUROPE ALSO STUNNED BY GOVERNMENTAL CHAOS IN AUSTRIA AND RUSSIA!!  
TURKS APPEAL TO ITALIAN QUEEN FOR AN END TO THE WAR!!!**

Ω POSITIONS IN SPRING 1905 Ω



§ GAME: "Alsace-Lorraine"  
1981 IC  
§ GM: Monsieur Gâreaux L.  
Çoughlâniqué  
§ NEXT SEASON IS: Fall 1905  
§ ZAT: Friday, March 2, 1984  
§ GAME COLOR: Or

¶ GAME NOTES: Tak, tak, 3  
NMRs. I'll provide addresses  
and etcetera on another sheet  
but here are the Malmborgers:  
For France, Clark Reynolds.  
For Austria, Jim Burgess. For  
Russia, Doug Beyerlein.  
The 7-way draw was defeated.  
A French-Italian draw has been  
proposed. Remember a "No Vote  
Received" (NVR) means "yes".  
The shortened deadlines  
did pass so your next deadline  
is March 2nd. Don't forget!  
Your cartoon comes from  
Punch magazine.

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR WINTER 1904 §

Et'alli: Build Army Venice  
P'rangau: NMR! ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ Plays 3 short! ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ ⊙  
Tokil: Removes Army Sweden  
T'ok'i: NMR! ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ GM Removes Fleet Aegean ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ ⊙

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR SPRING 1905 §

ALLEMAGNE: A Sil-(BER),  
(Monsieur Kevin Stone) F (BAL) S A Sil-Ber  
ANGLETERRE: F Stp(nc)-(NWY), A Fin-(SWE)  
(Monsieur Mike Close) F Nwy-(NWG)  
F Wal-(LON), F Lon-(NTH)

AUTRICHE-HONGRIE: NMR! ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ Has A (RUM) ⊙ ⊙  
(Monsieur Bill Becker???) ⊙ A (SER) ⊙ A (GRE)

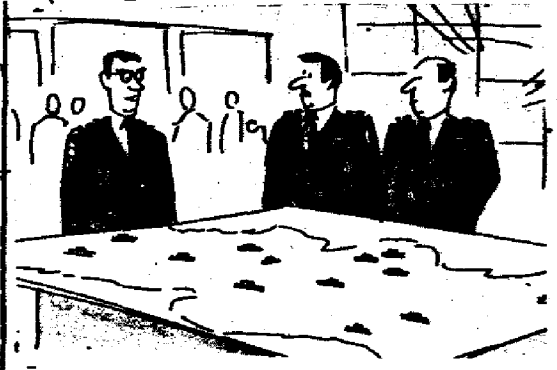
FRANCE: NMR! ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ Has A (MUN) ⊙ A (DEN) ⊙ ⊙  
(Monsieur Thomas Franke???) ⊙ A (KIE) ⊙ F (IRI) ⊙ F (ENG) ⊙ A (RUH) ⊙ F (NAO) ⊙ ⊙ ⊙

ITALIE: A Ven-(TRI), A (TYO) S A Ven-Tri, A (GAL)-Rum, A (BUD) S A Gal-Rum  
(Mademoiselle Kathy Byrne) A (VIE) S A Bud, F Ion-(AEG), F (SMY) S F Ion-Aeg  
A (SYR) S F Smy

RUSSIE: NMR! ⊙ ⊙ ⊙ Has A (MOS) ⊙ ⊙  
(Monsieur Helmut Schmidt???) ⊙ A (SEV) ⊙ A (WAR) ⊙ ⊙ ⊙

TURQUIE: F (CON)-Smy, F (BLA) S A Bul-Rum, A (BUL)-Rum  
(Monsieur Jaap Jacobs)

Turkey to Italy: If you are unwilling to put the game out of its misery, please  
put me out of my misery! I hope to meet you in a real game once!  
Italy to France: Watch it—you are on very thin ice!  
Memphis to France: It's his picture that she's infatuated with! (See next release!)



With 50% of Europe Immobilized,  
European Leaders Assess What To  
Do Next For Their Maximum Advantage

Italy to England: I never knew Lineys could be so cute! After seeing your picture, it is really hard to stay allied with France!

Memphis to England: Are you going to let her get away with calling you a Liney?! I thought you were a true Welshman!

England to Italy: And I'm not a Canuck either!!

Italy to France: May, I ask, why anyone would want time to negotiate in this game? Interest is virtually non-existent!

Germany to World: Here is a list of Alsace-Lorraine players who have written to me since last season: 1. Mike Close 2. Thomas Franke 3. Larry Bud Melman Let's get cracking on those letters gang! It's the only thing that keeps me sane. Even then, I'm not sure if it works!

England to KGS: Letter on the way---no bomb, provided you've made the right removal!

Germany to England: "...and when the chips are down and the boys are tired, just look 'em in the eye and ask them to win just one more for the Kaiser."

KGS to Memphis: George Gipp and Knute Rockne must be rolling over in their graves after that last press release!

Germany to France: Can we neogitate again?!?!? I may be dumb, but I'm not stupid! In my country, we have a saying: "Stab me once, shame on you. Stab me twice, shame on me."

England to France: You may be doing well in this Diplomacy variant, but let's see how you do in a proper game!

KGS to Dinalaken: The "(with a wink)" in my press to Gary last time was meant to imply sarcasm. I would never standby in a game just to get free issues. I feel as if you've insulted my honor. I vow to be a pain in the ass right to the very end in every game I play.

[LONDON]- Rhys regrets that he cannot appear this time because of an excess of Christmas festivities and a heavy January workload. However, he would like to thank Kathy for the comments on his picture!

KGS to Memphis: I don't have the problem that you do when my two favorite team play. Here is the complete unedited list of my favorite NFL teams: 1. Los Angeles Raiders.

Memphis to KGS: And you, deep in Steeler Country!

KB to KGS: Not only are you a die-hard Mets fan, but a Raiders' fan too! Hey, us Raider fans gotta stick together--speaking of which.....

Italy to GM: Never, ever root for the Cowboys! They are a bunch of show offs! Go Raiders!

England to Dallas Cowboy Fans: Ha Ha Ha! Come on Dolphins and Seahawks!

Memphis to Kevin, Kathy and Mike: Well, I've got \$30.00 bet on the Raiders so hopefully they'll make me rich come January 22nd!

Italy to Memphis: To get Elsie to move just point her in the direction of the nearest still!

KGS to Memphis: Just out of curiosity, how much mail does Elsie get? If she doesn't get enough, just let us know and we can fix it in a big hurry!

Memphis to KGS: Believe me, Elsie gets enough!

Memphis to Alsace-Lorraine: See y'all in March. You can make your orders conditional on whoever is playing what country. Please just show up!!





Beware poor y'all, this is

MLPubl 254

CHOMPS & MIAMS

N° 2

the original and genuine cooking subzine prepared by Michel LIESNARD at his factory in Brussels (Belgium).

In a recent letter, uncle Arnawoody writes me that, if I want him to invite me in the best Philadelphian restaurants when I go to the States, I must "learn to eat slowly". Otherwise, says he, "the people here will think you're an animal, or even worse a New Yorker"...

Obviously, when Earn-a-Woody mentions animals, he doesn't really mean it. Woody loves animals, and most animals love him. If it weren't the case, he would never attend so many cons.

But what annoys me is that Grizzly Woody (if he were to play in a TV series, Gary would be n° 9) deliberately attacks the best among all Americans, the New Yorkers. And the best they are indeed since they're probably the only ones who have the exact copy of a Brussels restaurant in their beautiful city.

The name of this temple of gourmet eating? Stop yielding y'all, I'm gonna tell you: it's the SAINT-JEAN-DES-PRES, 112-114 Duane Street, New York, NY 10007, phone (212) 608.2332. And it's the exact copy of LE CHEVAL BLANC in Brussels, whose specialities are grey shrimps from the North Sea, Belgian en-dives, asparagus, and a daily arrival of fresh pastries from the great WITTAMER, our King's pastry-cook. Plus the unavoidable frog legs and snails, the recipe for the latter appearing below.

**SNAILS:** 2 dozen canned snails ("escargots"); 1 cup butter at room temperature; 3 tablespoons grated shallots; 1 large garlic clove, mashed; 2 tablespoons minced parsley; salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. 24 snail shells.

Remove the snails from their can and rinse them. Push one snail in each shell. Cream together the butter, the shallots, the garlic clove, the parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. The mixture must be very smooth. Cover each snail with a little of the mixture and smooth it down. Place the shells in a baking dish, making sure that they are sitting down firmly and won't overturn. Run under the broiler until the butter is melted and the snails are heated through. Serve on hot plates. Long needles will be useful to pick the snails out of their shells. Bon appétit!

\* \* \*

Oh boys! The EEC (European Economic Community) statistics for the year 1982 are out. And if I read them well, it appears that we little Belgians are (among other records):

- The first beer drinkers in the world (before W. Germany);
- The third wine drinkers in the world (behind France & Italy);
- The first coffee drinkers in the world (before the Danes);
- The second coke drinkers (behind the Americans)...

Yet, we still managed to import more champagne than the USA! And we're only 9,800,000... Excuse me but I must leave you here. I feel thirsty.

(6)

HAPPINESS IS  
A WARM GUN

Autumn 1905: German A Tyrolia retreats to Vienna; Italian A Trieste retreats off the board

Winter 1905: England NRRs, GM removes F Denmark, F Skagerrak; France builds F Brest; Germany removes F Baltic; Russia builds F St. Petersburg(sc), A Warsaw, F Sevastopol

Spring 1906:

AUSTRIA (Mazzer): A TRI S GERMAN A Vie-Tyo(NSO); A SER S A Tri; A BUD S A Tri; A SMY H; F GRE-Ion

ENGLAND (Tallman): F NTH-Den

FRANCE (Cunning): F Bre-MID; A Bur-MUN; A RUH-Hol; A Lon-YOR; F BEL S A Ruh-Hol; A Pic-LON; F ENG C A Pic-Lon; F EDI-Nth; F Cly-NAO

GERMANY (Coughlan): A KIE S F Hol; F HOL S ENGLISH F Nth(OTM); A Mun-TYO; A BOH & A VIE S A Mun-Tyo

ITALY (Ozog): A Tyo-Tri/d/r to Pie, Otb; A VEN S A Tyo-Tri; F ION H; F ADR S F Ion

RUSSIA (Michalski): F NWG S ENGLISH F Nth(OTM); F Nwy-SKA; A SWE-Den; F StP(sc) BOT; A Mos-LVN; A War-SIL; A Bul-RUM; F Sev-BLA; F AEG S AUSTRIAN F Gre-Ion

Big news this time was the German choice to capture Tyrolia rather than defend Munich. Could give France an important edge in the conquest of Germany, which now becomes a foregone conclusion. Other than that, not much to report.

Terry Tallman is the new English player. George McShitsky died last night. Cards of condolence can be mailed to: The Late George McShitsky, CO Terry Tallman, 820 W. Armour St., Seattle, WA 98119

Cathy Cunning has a COA for the holidays. She can be reached at 710 W. Las Palmaritas, Phoenix, AZ 85021. Ph: 602-997-1556.

Your GM is working 60 hours a week lately, so I don't have much to report from the homefront these days. Work, sleep, eat, work, sleep, eat. Boring.

I'm extending the deadline past the holidays, since I won't be here to adjudicate anyway. Also, I'll have new work hours after January 1. I'll be working 1-9 PM, so if you wish to call, keep this in mind. Otherwise, you'll get Dawn's latest recording. Right now she's an Englishwoman, so if you want to catch that one call now. Hurry though, because these things change at a whim.

LATE REPORT FROM THE NEWSROOM: Address Cathy's mail to "Donna" Cunning to prevent forwarding to Seattle. Also, Mike Mazzer's order for A Trieste was changed at the last minute to support German army Munich to Tyrolia. I had this typed after my mail received Tuesday and didn't want to redo it, soo...

Deadline for Summer/Fall 1906 will be Saturday, January 7, 1984.

PRESS

BLARFO-MICHALSKI: Guess I'd better get in my shit while I still can. Here's some Jan Cremer for ya, Big John: "When you're walking in the street and you've had too much beer and you suddenly feel you've just got to piss or go blind, you have to be in good shape to stay in control. You want to sit down with your legs crossed to keep it in, but at the same time you've got to force your legs apart so they can carry you to the nearest john. Your whole being is propelled by one desire, to get rid of the burning load inside your bladder. (cont.)"

## MASS MURDERS

BLARFO-MICHALSKI: (cont.) Finally you find a bar, enter as casually as possible, order a beer and then, as if the thought had just occurred to you, you stroll in the direction of the men's room. Noble are they who step in quiet dignity to the crapper. You shoot inside, bolt the door, unbutton your fly, grab your hot rod, rip it out and throw it over the side of the trough. Just in time! The urine explodes onto the metal like a hand grenade, your swollen bladder subsides, and you know the bliss that comes with piss." How many times has this been your situation, John?

ENGLAND-MESA: The bliss with piss, you know where I'm coming from?

MESA: I'm afraid I do.

DICK-PLAYERS: You guys are real sickos, you know that, don't you? I really wonder why I publish this thing sometimes. Julie too.

A MICHALSKI LOVE SECRET: Tell her you'll do anything but let her shit on your ear. That'll get her pussy juices gushing.

COUGHLAN LOVE SECRETS: A gallon of vaseline, a paint roller, a stump with a knothole.

BERLIN-RUSSIA: Ooooooo! Ahhhhhh! Seldom have I been screwed as thoroughly as you have done me, right through the English!! Ooooo, baby, here I am, signed, sealed, delivered!! I'm yours!!

BERLIN-PARIS & ROME: Congratulations on your menage-a-trois with Michalski's Russia. Now all I can do is try to outguess you in the short-run. The long-run has already been decided.

BERLIN-FRANCE: Ah, you're so cunning, but it won't be "two years at the max". With Michalski's stupid moves, it will only be "one year and an endgame statement", which I'm sure you'll really love. I know I will.

SEATTLE-MESA: No addresses? I play this bunch of no-names and I get no addresses?

CATHY-WORLD: The Post Office is a pain! If you write to me from Dec. 15-Jan. 4 write to "Donna" Cunning. "Cathy" Cunning still lives in Seattle and so the postman sends all the mail there.

QUIZ TIME: Who said this to whom?! "That which thou art to do, do quickly."

A) Jesus to Judas Iscariot B) England to Michalski C) Germany to Michalski D) ALL of the above. Yes, (D) is the correct answer!

FRANCE-WORLD: Where's Stafford when I need him? Wild German fleet, lost in the French mainland. I must be crazy!

ENGLAND-GERMANY: I don't know what's worse, Michalski's dumb strategy which gives the game to Cunning and Ozog or Ozog's love poetry.

GERMANY-ENGLAND: I know which is worse!

ERIC-CATHY: Having my baby! What a lovely way of saying how much you love me!

BERLIN-PARIS: How many German dots now, dear, counting both what you took or helped others take? Or should we count in the fall?

PARIS-MOSCOW: Don't let them bother you sweet. Just remember, I roll over after you finish off Coughlan.

BERLIN-BOARD: Boy, in this game you'd better watch your asshole but good and close! Michalski strikes again! First it was Patrick Conlon. Then Mike Barno and now Gary Coughlan. Who's next?

BERLIN-ENGLAND: I wouldn't blame you for anything you did.

MOMENTS IN SEATTLE: Cathy is sitting here whining about the Orc snoring at the most crucial times. What can she mean?

BERLIN-MESA: I'll have you know that Mike Barno and myself tried to call you up from ByrneCon and we got that poor man again, the other Bob Osuch who gets all your phone calls. I felt so sorry for him that I called the following Tuesday and gave him your number so he could give it out to anyone else that called. Has he, perchance, contacted you?

MESA: So that explains the rash of vandalism we've been hit with lately.

BERLIN-OSUCH: I think I feel about Michalski in this game the same way you felt about Linsey in Swedish Roundabout.

MESA: Please, the scars still aren't completely healed.

FAR-BUDI: My, oh my, what a sexy voice you have. Now, what did you say you'd do to Coughlan if I built F Brest? And then what were you going to do to Michalski? What do you mean, I have to turn on Eric sweet first?! Oh Mazzer, Mazzer, still up to your same old tricks, eh?

(8)



MASS MURDERS

PAR-MOS: My, my John, that isn't big fleets I see, is it? Well, if it is you can forget about the nude pictures I promised you if you would join the Love Alliance.

BUD-BER: Lawsy, Lawsy, Mistuh Rhett, they's Russki's in da South Fohty! Lawsy, Lawsy!

MOS: Pretty good puppeting, hey?

CATHY-MAZZER: Now what have you done to Eric? All he says nowadays is "Mazzer slime, I will get you." Oh Mike, Mike, Mike.

BUDAPEST-FRANCE: Ah, cherie, what can I do? Your depraved orc henchman keeps harassing me, and so I dassn't (as Gary would say) throw Germany overboard. Unfortunately, Russia doesn't appear to have such scruples.

BUDAPEST-BERLIN: Looks like Vienna has become "the retreat capital" of Europe. Try it, you'll like it, great place for your troops to retreat to get some R & R. Olsen would love the place.

BUDAPEST-BERLIN: But who will save us from Russia? Ah well, cross that bridge when we come to it.

SIL-BER: Here comes the cavalry!

BUDAPEST-NORTH SEA: Brilliant move, Captain, brilliant!

CATHY-GARY: Yes master, I'm a bad girl. Gary is a good ally. Gary made me what I am. Gary never did anything against me. Gary likes Glover Rogerson. Gary writes lots of press. Gary makes lots of phone calls. Gary has a funny smile. Gary gets mad. I stab Gary just a bit. Gary gets even madder. Gary won't forgive me, lowlife that I am. Eric forgives Gary. I forgive Gary. Gary doesn't trust me. Eric gets mad at Gary. Gary gets mad at Eric. Ho hum, the story goes on.

MOS-BER: I tried calling in your orders twice, but Bob didn't answer either night. At least you don't have to pay for the calls though.

BUDAPEST-MUNICH: I's jest luvs them "Trieste Tenderloins", now ya'll jest sit yoself down and have a great big heap o' dem "Tyrolia Grits", sho-nuf!

BUDAPEST-ROME: So tell me Eric, how's it going? Read any good books lately?

PARIS-BERLIN: Michalski, your saviour! Ha! Gag me with a spoon!

PARIS-MOSCOW: Remember Holland? That is only the first step if you only built an army in St. Pete.

GERMANY-AUSTRIA: Ya know, Mikey, it was such fun traveling with Woody, I'd be in the shower and he'd "drop the soap" and great big silly me, why I'd just bend right over and pick it up, don't ya know. Woody says my diplomacy has been just as clever here. Ah mean I give orders to Cathy and she just laughs at me. I mean really! I had more fun getting the operation in Denmark that Woody payed for. But at least now I have someplace to hide my wallet!

MOS-COPENHAGEN: I'd have done what Gary asked if I'd had the chance. I can't afford writing, so I'm guessing this is OK.

BUDAPEST-ROME: With love, you're a third-rate power.

PARIS-BERLIN: What do you mean Glover looked normal! Normal! I don't worship normal people! As for his shirt being unbuttoned to the waist, that's nothing! You should see the pictures I have!

BUDAPEST-ROME & PARIS: Gary and I put our wits together. Now we are a "whole-wit".

BUDAPEST-ROME: That's right, how could Cathy have known about the "Grand Act of Deception" at PudgeCon when she wasn't even there. I was there, and I wasn't aware of it. But then I'm not aware of a lot of things.

CATHY-MAZZER: What, I'm not the biggest power anymore? Sob, sob...I want all the dots. You guys are just being mean to me.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-RUSSIA: This game is yours now. Just make sure you snuff England and Germany and I'll hold a party for you in Paris.

STP-PARIS: Wheel your fleets inward and we'll race to Kiel!

ITALY-FRANCE: Heh, heh, heh, heh, you'll really love Chicago Cathy, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, and of course we'll spend every other weekend in Madison, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, but we can spend the other weekends in Chicago, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, at Rusnak's, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, you'll like the midwest, heh, heh, heh, heh, the national forest with its three trees, heh, heh, heh, living with my family-- Gollum, Sauron, "all, heh, heh, heh, heh, sure, we'll move some day, heh, heh, heh, heh, when the MadLads quit grabbing dots, heh, heh, heh...

MASS MURDERS



MESA: Announcing the new EE photo contest! Who is this person? Your sister, mother, girlfriend or close relative? Let's hope not. Only kidding. This little ditty originated from:

THE VERSAILLES: Marie Antontwat weighing her options, "Shall I pork the Orc, fork the Dorc, or play nicey-nice with the Toad Father and old Porn-Pen in Russia?"

CATHY-BOB: Tallman? How could you sink so low? Do you know what I've had to take this last weekend? Why I've even slept over at his house to get an alliance! I'll show you the photos when I get to Phoenix.

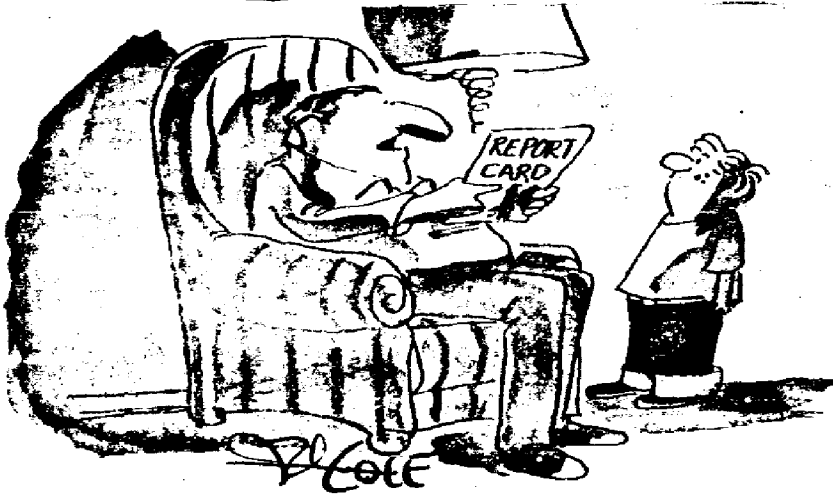
BOB-CATHY: No need. As you can see they've already been forwarded. Gee, put on a few pounds since the summer, eh Cath?

BERLIN-MESA: Bob Osuch does it in Mesa!

BERLIN-VIENNA: So tell me what degree of sincerity you want and I'll adjust to meet your specifications. Gary's like that, yeah he is.

RUSSIA: Hello, my name is John Michalski and I'm a pig.

MESA: On that note I think I'll wind this up. I'd like to wish you all a very happy holidays. Thinking back, I remember saying that 1982 was probably the worst year of my life. This one has been a zillion percent better, and getting better all the time. Looking forward to even better things next year, especially financially. Getting on that big bird Friday to Chicago. And remember. "Plane go up, gotta come down." Words to live by.



"There is no excuse for failing, son. Time you start concentrating on a little ass-kissing!"



"So I figured, what the hell, it's a paid job, gets me in the news again, and it'll wind up as a book."



## A TRIP TO EUROPE

---by Gary L. Coughlan

"Well, let's get started—you haven't got all day."

Last October, I visited several countries in Western Europe, along with Steve "Woody" Arnawoodian, pubber of Coat of Arms. We were in Europe for approximately 3 weeks, visited 5 countries and met many members of the European and British hobbys. In each country, for either all or part of the time, European subbers of EE and/or Coat of Arms graciously took their time to show us around and make us feel at home. This report is a way of thanking them for the wonderful memories

that I will always have of this very special time.

Two things I want clearly understood. (1) Don't accuse me of subjecting you to a "home movies" or "what Gary did on his summer vacation" deal; this issue is free and whether you read it or not is totally up to you. I do hope you enjoy it. And (2) Will Rogers(1879-1935), one of the greatest American humcrists, once said: "Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects." By this I mean that this report is written from my perspective, which is of course American and also Southern. I do not pretend to be able to fully appreciate the many things I saw, since no country can be fully appreciated, even if the entire 3 weeks that I had were spent in that one country.

At the time of the trip, the US dollar was in a very favorable situation so we went at a good time. Before I left, I had purchased approximately \$20.00 in the currency of each country we would visit. (This came in handy for tips and newspapers etc., until we were able to exchange larger sums within each country) I had my passport, which was rarely needed (No visas are required for travel to Western Europe). And a Eurailpass for 2 weeks of train travel 1st class.

Two great books which came in very helpful in Europe were The Best European Travel Tips by John Whitman and Frommer's Europe On \$20 A Day. These books provided phrases in each language and also very detailed accounts about the large cities that we would be visiting.

A good language book to have(depending on what language you studied in school or want to learn) was the series by Bilingual Books Inc. I bought their German In Ten Minutes A Day and their French In Ten Minutes A Day. I had studied German in college but knew zilch about French(which Woody was to be studying) but on a train trip from Munich to Strasbourg, France, I was able to learn a lot which would help me in France and Belgium.

I speak with a heavy Southern accent(not as heavy as some have said but sufficiently heavy) and it is virtually impossible for me to pronounce words in another language correctly. But I can spell well and usually write correctly what I mean. But speaking leaves me self-conscious, so I didn't attempt to mangle the German, French and Dutch languages while there. The friends in those countries spoke English so well that there was no difficulty at all in communicating. Much to my horror, I found out that Woody's Pennsylvania twang was preferred by almost all the Europeans over my Southern accent. I say let's bring the troops home NOW!

I'll divide my European report up by countries and try to have a table of contents somewhere(how about page 1). In Diplomacy terms, the journey went like this: A Memphis to Philadelphia; A Philadelphia to New York; A New York to Munich; A Munich to Burgundy; A Burgundy to Paris; A Paris to Picardy; A Picardy to Belgium; A Belgium to Holland; A Holland to Ruhr; A Ruhr to Belgium; A Belgium via North Sea to London; A London to Paris; A Paris to Gander International Airport, Newfoundland, Canada; A Gander to New York; A New York to Memphis. It was good to be home again.

### 1. Memphis to New York:

I left Memphis with most of <sup>my</sup> money in American Travellers Checks. (These were easily cashed all over Europe). I landed in Philadelphia, where Woody lives. I immediately had to repack my bag because I was trying to travel light but couldn't fit even my small stock into the suitcase I was bringing. I bummed a bag off of Woody which looked like a carpet made into a suitcase. My stuff

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barely filled half of this suitcase so I wound up lugging a lot of Woody's stuff all over Europe since his huge ugly purple suitcase was crammed to the limit. Needless to say, we never had any trouble identifying our luggage from anyone else's!

The next morning Ken Jingozián (yes, he does exist!) drove us to New York where we spent a couple of hours at John Caruso's and Kathy Byrne's. We all went out to Bacigalup's to eat Italian and had a cake to celebrate Ken's birthday. He was surprised.

After this we went to the airport to catch the charter flight for Munich which would leave late that night and arrive, European time, about 11:30 AM after a  $7\frac{1}{2}$  flight. After checking our luggage in and having our ticket reservations confirmed, we adjourned to the airport bar where we talked, and asked the bartender to tell us the secrets of life. He didn't know them so I asked him to ask "Mother Goose", the elderly waitress, thus shocking Kathy, Woody and John. However, the bartender had called her that. One of the bar help was from Georgia so I got along with him and finally decided that the United Nations Building was not on whatever avenue that someone had said it was.

Then goodbye to New York and we boarded the plane. My first mistake of the trip was forgetting about my contact lenses. I had packed my contact holder away in the suitcase. I wound up taking them out and protectively clutching them for hours in two plastic cups. There was no movie and I slept most of this trip over. Still the  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hour flight seemed very long.

## 2. Munich, West Germany

Did I tell you I have never been to Europe before? I was in the Army and courtesy of Uncle Sam, I spent 15 months in South Korea and 2 nights in Japan. I've also been to Juarez, Mexico for 3 days and Acunya for one. On those occasions I didn't need a pass-port.

We landed in Munich and it was very cold and I thought that all Europe for our 3 weeks might be like this, but it wasn't. The weather for most of our trip was very spring-like. We boarded an airport bus for the ride to the main terminal and while waiting, an elderly hostess kept asking everyone "Are you going to Frankfurt" (They had to get on another bus). It was apparently the only English she knew and many of the Germans among us were laughing about it. Later at the terminal, I tried to find out where the bathroom was and she immediately launched into "Are you going to Frankfurt" !

I had neglected to sign my passport which the official pointed out to me right away. No one checked our baggage and we were soon let loose upon West Germany. Woody's tour agency had already booked hotel reservations for us in most the places that we would go to, so we got on another bus which took us into Munich itself.

Munich is a beautiful city and our hotel was situated right in the downtown section where we could easily use the train station and the subway station as well. The train station was like the ones you see in the old war movies. Constantly flowing humanity and the babble of many languages. It had a continual draftiness about it. My favorite shop in the train station was the Press Room. Here people from all over the world could find newspapers in their own language. The US was represented the the Wall Street Journal and the Herald Tribune. There were also European editions of Time and Newsweek magazines.

In Munich, we knew no one and I enjoyed this first look at Europe where we were, in effect, on our own. We could go where we wanted and I could try out my German. I was surprised at how many Germans did not know English as I had supposed only the British and North Americans knew only one language. Many of the young Germans (and later the French I would discover) were heavily into a 1950s look. They smoked constantly and many had rings in their ears. On a subway ride, Woody told me to look at one who had a dog collar around his neck!

We took a guided tour of Munich which was in French, English and German and saw many old churches and monuments as well as the Olympic Park where the Olympics were held in 1972. We saw a grand vista of Munich and the Alps from the top of the Olympic Tower.

But we also saw places on our own, notably the concentration camp at Dachau. I don't think I could have gone to Europe without seeing this. It is a haunting

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melancholy, excessively quiet place despite the large numbers of people who were<sup>also</sup> there. Gnats, even in October, were everywhere. The museum is a graphic depiction of what went on here. Most of the visitors are German and I noticed one father explaining in detail to his small son what had happened here.

I haunted the German bookshops here until I found one which had the novels of René Schickele, an Alsatian writer who, like his country, was constantly torn between France and Germany. Nothing of his work can be bought in English and my interest in him grew from reading a snippet about him in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. I was particularly pleased since I had to rely on my German to get what I wanted. Again, the almost universal ability to speak English which I had attributed to almost all Europeans does not exist.

Munich is full of sex shops. I was stunned as they seemed to be on every corner. We went and saw an American movie (which I had already seen but Woody hadn't) Wargames in a German cinema. They don't show preview of coming attractions. Listing to it in translation was an interesting experience and I'm sure it will be a popular movie in Western Europe.

The German magazines seemed to be obsessed with Princess Diana and John Travolta as well as Dallas and Dynasty (called Denver-Clan in Germany).

With most of our hotel reservations in Europe, breakfast was included but the Europeans apparently don't eat the big breakfasts that we do. It usually consisted of tea and rolls which were very tasty, especially with butter and jam. You could order an American-style breakfast but it would cost extra and would be expensive.

Two memories of Munich were when an American woman from Iowa asked me: "Do you speak American?" and a guy on the subway who was talking to an American woman on the subway in a conversation that I overheard. He asked her whether she thought Senator Edward Kennedy would defeat President Reagan in the 1984 election. She tactfully told him that Kennedy was not running. When I hear things like this, I often wonder how well the Europeans do know us as I view a fact like that as being very elemental, especially when the Europeans are so quick to tell us how America should behave.

After 3 days in Munich, we started using our Eurailpasses which were good for 15 days. These allowed us to travel first class on any train we wished to jump on without standing in line to purchase a ticket for specific destinations. We were headed for Strasbourg, France and the train went through the following cities. (This is more for my own memories than anything else): Munich, Augsburg, Guntz, Ulm, Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, Baden-Baden, Appenweiler, Kehl and then.....

### 3. Strasbourg, France

I was quite surprised as there was no border check of our passports. The train officials apparently were only interested in our Eurailpass. The luggage was not checked either. Originally we were going to Strasbourg because one of my childhood friends, Brenda Mayfield, was arriving there on a 2-year mission for her church a few days before we were. However, Brenda got sidetracked in Memphis so we were at Strasbourg on our own too. This turned out to be ~~one~~ a favorite city too. I was especially interested in it as it was the capital of Alsace-Lorraine (in the old historical sense), a subject of great interest to me with my love of history.

We took a taxi ride to our hotel where the clerks spoke 3 languages well. I had been led to believe that this region of France was mostly German-speaking but signs everywhere was in French. I also expected the French to be rather reserved and haughty but such was not the case. ((Continued on page 14 ))



We took a mini-bus tour of Strasbourg, but the guides only explained about the city in German and French so Woody and I both got a work-out. We mainly looked at whatever the others looked at. A French lady in front of me admired my Kodak disc camera so I gathered this has become a common sight in Europe yet.

Strasbourg has the most changeable weather. One minute it would be raining and hailing, the next the sun never shined more brightly. We climbed the winding stairway to the top of Strasbourg Cathedral, over 330 steps! But the view of the city and the Rhine River and the Vosges mountains were wellworth it.

We strolled through the city and asked an elderly man for directions. He understood Woody's French! (Most of the French did but it was clear they were appalled, ha ha!). He led us around and up and down and I wondered if he was going to ask for money or if he expected it. Since we weren't with any Europeans we knew, we were uncertain of what was customary in Europe on even the most simple things like tipping. It turned out he was just being extremely friendly in showing two strangers his town.

A group of girls with their faces painted in various colors and luminous fabrics called out to us. I wondered if they were nuclear demonstrators but they were high school girls going through an initiation where they had to go out in public dressed this way and collect money from strangers. I gave them money in exchange for a picture!

We then went to a mall, the Porte Kleber. I was surprised that they had malls in Europe and this is exactly like one in North America. We found the French Diplomacy set, and ate at one of the restaurants there. They had a vat of wine which you drew yourself. How to turn it off was my problem but I finally managed. Later we came back and ate at a McDonald's restaurant here. Mostly young people go to it and it is apparent that the French (and all other Europeans) do not understand that you are supposed to dump your tray's contents into the trash yourself when you finish.

At the hotel that night, for the first time, I found out that my hair drier would not work in the sockets. Never again in Europe would I be able to use the hair drier as it turned out. Strasbourg, as it turns out, is bilingual with 65% of the elder generation speaking German and 35% speaking French. For the younger generation the figures are reversed. Many are bilingual and both West German marks and French francs are readily accepted. (But not both in a mix as Woody found out. Woody often had trouble using the correct currency).

I got to see some German TV this night and Dallas in German is hilarious. There was a little refrigerator in the room well-stocked with beer and liquor. I had a (one, Martin Morality Squad!) 1664 de Kronenbourg beer. The French TV stations also come in, in Strasbourg, and there had been some attack in the Middle East. Israelis were talking to French TV newsmen in French, much as we often hear foreigners speak English to our TV networks in various countries.

I had wanted to visit the Maginot Line but the tourist season was over so that was out. I also wanted to buy a good history book on Alsace-Lorraine but sadly none in English exists. How many of you knew that the famous Doctor Albert Schweitzer was from Alsace?

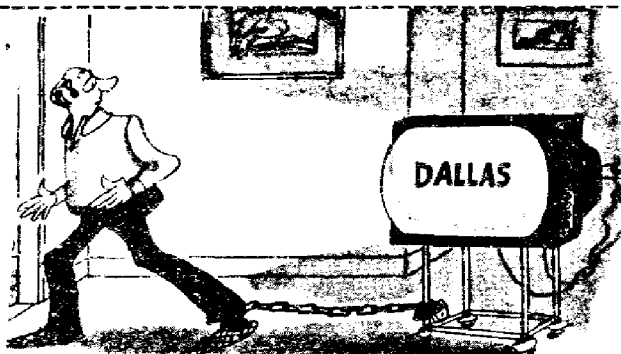
We left Strasbourg by train after one day. We were going to see Georges Lebigot, pubber of Courrier Royal, who lived in the country south of Orleans. On the way we stopped in Paris (we had to go to another train station via the French subway system which is called the Metro). The cities we went through were: Strasbourg, Saverne, Sarrebourg, Nancy, Toul, Bar le Duc, Chalons-sur-Marne, Epernay, Chateau-Thierry, Paris, Etampes, Les Aubrais, Orleans, Meung-sur-Loire and.....

#### 4. Beaugency, France

I doubt any of you have heard of Beaugency, France but it's an experience I will never forget. According to Georges, we were to arrive at this station call him (I had his telephone number) and he would pick us up. It does sound simple doesn't it. BUT NOOOOOOO!!!!

In the first place, no one at this station spoke any English and Woody's French could not get the point across to them that we couldn't get the telephone to operate. We would drop the francs into the phone, dial Georges' number and

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get a recording in French and then the line would go dead. We must have spent 2 or 3 hours going through this frustrating procedure even after I figured out from the instructions on the phone booth that you dial "16" first.

You may think that the French in this city should not be blamed for this but it was fairly obvious that they knew what was going on: two strangers, not understanding French, trying repeatedly to use the phone.

This was made even more clear when a Frenchman came up to the phone booth and indicated he wanted to use the phone. When I asked him, liberally using hand motions, how to use the phone, how much, (I knew the French for that already!), he said in English, "I don't know", then went in and used the phone. Very irritating.

Finally I dialed all the numbers and just stayed on the line despite what was, to me, a busy signal indicating that the line was engaged. Voilà! In France, that wasn't a busy signal; it was the way the telephones ring in France! Georges answered and immediately came to pick us up. (So if you ever want Georges and you're in Beaugency, dial 16-54-87-73-46 and wait past the busy signal!)

Georges was the first European Hobby member that we had met and he was a great host. We drove through the French countryside and he bought bread and wine and cheese for a dinner he would prepare for us that night. His home is near La Ferté-Saint-Cyr and was the first European home that we would see. Experiences like this are things most tourists never participate in.

Georges had a fireplace which he started a fire in with bellows, which I had never seen and we talked far into the night, drinking Chateau Mille-Secoues Bordeaux (1982). Georges asked Woody what he was doing to "my beautiful language" but as we all drank more wine, he said Woody spoke good French.

The next day, Georges took us to see Chambord, a great palace built by Francis I of France in the 1500s. It is like a small Versailles and is located in the middle of a vast park. Francis I was the King captured by the Austrians and only set free on condition he cede much of France to Austria and marry the Austrian Emperor's sister. He had to swear this oath both as a Christian and a knight. Once freed, he didn't keep any of the promises although he later married the sister anyway, and concluded an alliance with the Turks which greatly shocked Christian Europe in that era.

We left for Paris after seeing Chambord and I gave Georges a small Confederate flag which I would give to the Europeans as a souvenir of my visit. It is one flag that they cannot burn in their demonstrations! Thank you Georges for the wonderful visit! Georges also is no longer publishing his zine, Courrier Royal.

Back to the train station at Beaugency for our one-day trip to Paris. The trains were just like the ones you see in the war shows on television and in the movies. A spirit of adventure as it were. Also Beaugency is quite near Tours where the Moslems were defeated in 732 AD by Charles Martel thus saving Christian Europe. It's eye-opening to see just how far the Moslems got into Europe. The cities on this train trip were: Beaugency, Baule, Meung-sur-Loire, Saint Ay, Chaingy, La Chapelle Saint Mesuron, Orleans, Les Aubrais-Orleans, Bretigny-sur-Orge and.....

##### 5. Paris, France

Paris was the first city where we didn't have reservations made for us or people to meet us. But there were services which arranged reservations for travellers we found out. Woody's French put him in charge of this but he didn't like the attitude of the clerk and refused to go back in the office. There was a chart and it listed hotels in the vicinity and we had my Frommer's guidebook. After going all the way through the list, we found one and grabbed a taxi and headed for it. From the hotel window, I could see the Eiffel Tower but that would be as close as I would get to it. You cannot see Paris in one day and it

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was never our intention to try to do so. But we intended to see something and walk through Paris, the City of Light.

By this time, I was desperate to use my hair drier so I came up with the bright idea of unhooking the television set and plugging up there via Woody's adapter unit. Everything was okay for about one minute then something popped and all the lights in the room went out! I was mortified. I hastily replaced cords and we got dressed and went down to the front desk. I decided partial honesty was the best policy and told the head clerk that I had plugged my hair drier into the bathroom socket, not seeing the tiny warning about not using hair driers and that all the lights had went out. I gathered they had had this problem with Americans before and I was milking it for all it was worth; I was all wide-eyed innocence. Anyway there was no problem.

We then walked down to the Pompidou Art Center, a hideous-looking building. It is designed, on the outside, to show the sinews, nuts and bolts of what the building is constructed of rather than presenting a pleasing front. Inside, there were several floors of various art and a restaurant, cafeteria-style which we went to. I just can't get used to wine being so prevalent, even in cafeterias.

I may as well say something about European table manners here also. When they eat bread, and most do, they don't place it on the plate. It sits right on the table, something I wouldn't have expected. I mean to say they are much more casual about their eating than Americans are and more than I would have expected.

But back to the Pompidou Center. Some of the artwork was very impressive but some was just plain junk. I could have done as well as some of these pieces and I've no talent at all. A group of Swedish high school students on a tour apparently agreed with me from their reactions to various pieces of art.

Walking back to the hotel, we got a coke at a Burger King. Yes, they have the fast food places in Paris too. We also got lost and had to hail a taxi to take us back to our hotel. The next day we would travel to Liège, Belgium for the International Liège Rendezvous, where we would meet Belgian, Dutch and German hobby members. It would also mean that our unsupervised tour of Europe was drawing to an end as we would be constantly hand-held by our European hosts hereafter in the non-English-speaking part of Europe.

The train took us through these cities this time: Paris, Brussels (It was a non-stop train), Schaebeck, Leuven, Tienen, Landen, Wareme, Bierset, Ans, Montegnee and.....

## 6. Liège, Belgium

As far as how to meet anyone, all I knew is that we told our Belgian friends the day we would arrive in Liège at the train station. No one was there to meet us and we had no idea where the con was to be held. I had no phone numbers for Belgians as they are not printed in their zines for some reason.

Woody and I took turns walking around the station holding a copy of EE in our hands. No response. I went to use the restroom here in the station and the women's bathroom is adjacent to the men's and a female attendant was seated in the women's side and only a partition separated her from seeing the urinal stalls! After finding out the toilet stalls were all full (no wonder!) I quickly went to the urinal and then started to walk out when she accosted me. It cost money to use the restrooms here. I was very glad I had exchanged dollars in Memphis for Belgian francs.

Anyway, after a few hours of looking through the Liège phone book, I finally got Charles-André Brouwers who said he would be there to get us. I had exchanged cassette tapes with Charles and had a mental image of him as about 35 to 38 years old. A college-age student came up to me and it was Charles! He took us in his car to the university where the rendezvous was to be and we got introduced to the hobby, Belgian-style and some names became faces and friends.

The medical students among the Liège hobby had rented a gaming room, which had a view of the Meuse River and a bar although they provided the beers. The Liège beer of preference is called "Jupiler", (not Jupiter!). Each time you wanted to drink a beer, you had to pay 20 Belgian francs, which is roughly 44 American cents. At first, I thought this was a joke but it wasn't. I might explain the

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North American custom is that everyone supposedly buys beer, usually a six-pack (6 cans---European beer is always in bottles) sometimes a case (24 cans) and anyone who wants to drink does so and doesn't pay.

I got some of my questions about Belgian history answered, notably the Royal Question concerning Leopold III, the king of the Belgians during World War II, and the controversy surrounding him following some of his actions during the war. Charles wanted to know what we thought was bad about Europe. I'm still working on that one for you Charles!

President Mitterand of France had just visited Belgium the day before we had arrived and his portrait was pinned upon the wall and defaced with mustaches, etcetera. Mitterand is not popular among socialist in Western Europe these days. They feel he has betrayed socialism by many of his policies.

I got to meet EE's African subber from Zambia, Pierre Kotschoubey. Pierre is a Belgian citizen and happened to be in Liège at this time. I also met Christoph Schunck, pubber of West Germany's Sauri Allstar Unlimited. He looks just like an American college student.

Daniel Haas and Luc Dodinval, pubber of Mach die Spuhl (a Belgian zine with a Luxembourgian title meaning "Wash the Dishes") informed me that they were two different persons. It seems I had been sending EE to Danihaas when it should have been going to Luc all along.

We played a Diplomacy game where I was Turkey and Woody was Austria. Russia was Miguel Lambotte and Christian Rode was Italy. Both are Belgian and both creamed us! I enjoyed the game. The European/North American system of seasons didn't come up as each season, including Winter, was done separately.

I also got to meet Alain Henry, who pubs A Midsummer Night's Diplomacy which is like North America's Everything, listing the outcome of games and the standings of European players. Alain took many pictures of which I hope to get copies. I always take my camera to meetings and rarely use it. I usually get copies made from other's pictures. On this trip I took all my pictures of the North American hobby members and showed them off.

By the way, this was Friday night and after the game, we went to a Belgian pub and then to Luc's home where we would stay for the weekend. Here my hair drier worked! Saturday would be the main day of the Rendevous.

Saturday came and we were served a fine breakfast by Luc's mother. By the end of this weekend, Luc would have American, West German, Dutch and French guests in his home! We returned to the university.

The Dutch had arrived! Woody, Christoph Schunck and I and the four Dutch, Hauke Jansen, Roland Bakker, Jaap Jacobs and Frank Mulder played a game of Junta. I had never played Junta but it is about several families who vie for control of a South American country. The Dutch explained the game to us, getting in some jabs about American policy in Central America along the way. One person is the President who tries to keep the others in line. Revolutions are frequent and assassinations also. At first Jaap wanted to be the President but then Hauke said that he did and Jaap hastily withdrew from contention. When asked why, Jaap simply said "Oh, I don't want to be President when Hauke wants to be President."

Anyway the Dutch stuck together throughout this game, giving each other the plum positions. I was the President once and quickly got overthrown by a revolution. It was fun.

The main games at the Rendevous this day, besides Junta, were Diplomacy and Dungeons and Dragons. Someone put my name up on the chalk board for D & D a game I don't play and have no desire to learn. Anyway, I was told that it would be played in French and that I might have trouble and this is how I learned I was signed up!

We were all to go out to a restaurant this night but someone had set the hour at 8 PM (2000 hours as they say in Europe) and we were all starving by that time. Our restaurant was called the L'Opera Bouffe and it was shish kabob on a skewer so you got to prepare and cook your own meal. There was also wine in a keg.

It was funny how the break-down among countries went at this restaurant!

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There were two long tables joined. In the middle, was Luc Dodinval (known as "Lucky") who explained how we were to prepare our own meal in both French and English. At one table the Belgians and French sat down with each other and at the other table were the Dutch, Americans and West German. It just seemed natural somehow. In reality, I guess it was the language you had to use to get along comfortably and most naturally and that language was English or French at this rendezvous. I was like the other non-French speakers, judging from their reports of this rendezvous, in finding the Belgians very friendly but the French as rather stand-offish at this rendezvous. I don't think the French tried to make friends with anyone who didn't speak French.

I don't know if it was the wine or what, but at this meal, Woody decided to trade with virtually every European publisher around him! I can't wait to read their impressions of Coat of Arms! since they think most Americans are rather mad from reading EE.

After this meal, we went to a carnival, a fair that appears in Liège every October. It was a rainy night but that's the best time for a carnival, at least I feel that way. It was this night that I purchased "the desire of Lille". These were waffles or what we call waffles with heavy syrup. After this we rode the bumper cars. I rode with Lucky who steered while I pumped the accelerator. We constantly crashed into Alain Henry and Jaap Jacobs. We must have stayed on them for an hour. The Belgians know how to have fun! American music was playing everywhere.

After this we went to another pub, with a band and smoke-filled rooms and drank beer and talked politics. I had a Westvleteren (12 degrees I was told) at this pub, La Pierre le Vée. I am positive that few tourists get to have such an experience as this. Christoph wanted to know the English word for the German "kotzen". After I found out what it was, I said it's "barf". I forget the word in French but it sounded very pleasant. What was it Lucky? Frank Mulder of Holland, told me that he thought English was a pleasant language to listen to but that he thought French was much too sweet of a language. I'm always interested in how English sounds to foreigners since it sounds so plain and unattractive compared to the other languages to me.

Then home to Lucky's, one and all. The Dutch were camped out in the living room and I gave Jaap Jacobs some questions about Dutch history that I had not found the answers to (We were to meet the Dutch at the end of the week).

Next morning, Lucky's mother made all of us a wonderful breakfast. Except for coffee---that was to be made by Jaap, at Lucky's insistence. Lucky, until recently, was one of 3 pubbers of Mach Die Spuhl and last summer they went on a tour of Europe and saw many of the European hobby members (Except the British who didn't connect with them!) and he had had some of Jaap's coffee and liked it. It was good and I'm not a coffee drinker. After breakfast we went on a tour of Liège (I want all the French-speakers to notice that I have now switched the accent mark. Liège, or Liège. if you prefer, has spelled it both ways during this century.

Liège is the largest French-speaking city in Belgium and for ~~cent~~<sup>cen</sup> centuries it ruled itself through its own Prince-Bishops. Belgium is divided by language between the Flemish (speakers of Dutch) and the Walloons (speakers of French). (I will go into this more when I write the Brussels section--page 19). However, the Liègeois, although French-speakers, said they were not Walloons. They are very proud of their history and they have a lot of it.

Liège was once one of the strongest fortresses in Europe and the Germans took great pains to capture the city and its forts during both World Wars. There is still an argument going on as to whether the stout defense that the Liègeois put up in World War I upset the German military timetable or not. The Germans failed to win the Battle of the Marne and historians have always pondered if Liège's resistance had won the Allies their "Miracle of the Marne".

We went to the Plateau de Cointe which is a great hill overlooking all of Liège and the valley below. (If you are wondering how I am remembering all of these names of places, what I drank and ate, it's because I took a notebook and wrote them down. Everybody thought this was hilarious. "There he goes again, writing in his notebook!"). Near a monument-tower dedicated to the dead of World

War I, we took a group picture of the countries represented at the Rendezvous ((continued on page 19))

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with Liège as the background. By this time, Pierre Kotschoubey of Zambia had left so, including Zambia, the countries were Belgium, West Germany, Holland, France and the United States. The British, it seems, never attend continental get-togethers and several comments were made on the British penchant for remaining aloof and rather isolationist in regard to the rest of Europe..

After this, we walked through the city where old and new mingled. There was a McDonald's here also and video game shop. Ms PacMan is here but in Belgium it's known as "Miss Puckman". We saw the palace of the Prince-Bishops and stickers about town advertising the upcoming nuclear demonstration on October 23rd in Brussels, the capital of Belgium. In all of Europe, the demonstrations would occur either before we arrived or after we left. I might add that they are usually not spontaneous but are planned, often for months, with painstaking care.

We stopped for a snack. The national Belgian "dish", the Belgian stereotype, is a paper cup full of what we know as "French Fries". I can just picture the reaction of North Americans when I tell you that they smother them with mayonnaise! That was one thing I did not try in Belgium! But, the Europeans gave the same reaction when I told them that we put catsup on our fries.

This was also the time where Woody has gleefully recorded in his Coat of Arms about me being the Ugly American when I yelled at this Belgian: "I am an American!" Let me explain why this is not exactly as it seems on the surface. With the fries, I had ordered a hot dog and said I wanted nothing on it. Apparently in Belgium that means it still comes with sauerkraut which I don't like. So, as to not be rude, I stood behind our crowd and casually began dropping it into the street where this worker was loading planks from the carnival into a truck. (I might add that Liège like many European cities does not have garbage cans handy and litter is all over the street.)

Well this man says something in French and I assume that he wanted me to get out of the way. I don't understand French, you see, I'm a monolingual American. Anyway, I moved but later drifted back into that general area. This time he said something else, it sounded quite rude and uncalled for. Given this situation in America, I could answer back and give as good as I get, but here I don't know French and still want to express my irritation so I yelled the first thing that came into my mind which was: "I am an American!" I did not mean it in the sense that I am a member of a superior race to which lesser races should give obeisance. I don't feel that way. I meant it in the sense that: "I only speak English and I don't understand your damn insults but I know they're insults and you irritate me, Bud." Who knows, maybe next time he will be polite to a foreigner in his country.

But then it was time for us to leave for Brussels and Michel Liesnard. We stopped for a farewell drink at a pub and Lucky took us and Christoph Schunck to the railway station. Lucky gave me some milk chocolate and a comic book called Spirou because it mentioned Memphis! The French was: "Mon nom est Kane. Phil D. Kane de Memphis, Tennessee." (Maybe Eric Kane, pubber of New York's Anduin, comes by his Southern accent honestly after all!)

I, of course, left the souvenir Confederate flags and Lucky and Christoph want a flag-pole size banner! Y'all git 'em, boahs!

Jumping on the train, we headed for Brussels. The cities were: Liège, Ans, Wareme, Landen, Tienen, Leuven, Schaebeck and.....

#### 7. Brussels, Belgium

Pulling into Brussels, the dual-lingual society that is Belgium is apparent



right away from the signs. By law, all signs must be in the two national languages of Belgium which is French and Flemish (to the Dutch language as American English is to British English). Up until the last century, French was the favored language and Flemish had no official sanction and was generally looked down upon. Even in the section of Belgium that is almost 100% Flemish-speaking, the government officials had to speak French. After a long struggle, the Flemings won equality but there is still friction between the two groups. The French-speakers are known as Walloons.

Brussels is regarded as an anomaly as it is essentially a French-speaking city completely surrounded by a Flemish-speaking countryside. It is forbidden by law to expand into what Michel Liesnard said was called "sacred Flemish territory." The symbol for Flanders (the Flemings) is the lion and the symbol for the Walloons is a rooster. Michel says that Brussels's symbol is a crocodile! This is because the Brusselers are said to have big mouths but little arms, i.e. big talk, little clout in Belgian society.

Brussels is also the "capital" of the European Common Market and large communities from the other European countries, including many Turks live here. 25% of the population speaks English very well and 95% of the population is bilingual (i.e. Flemish and French). Many of the non-Belgian Common Market officials live in Brussels with their families, make more money than the Brusselers and never bother to learn the local language or mingle with the Belgian people which makes for an interesting situation.

Anyway, we learned much of this from Michel Liesnard who took 3 days off from his job in order to fully show us Brussels and all its many sights. Michel published the recently folded Chantecler which had subbers from all over the world including Saudi Arabia and Canada. Now he does a subzine in EE called Chomps and Miams, the idea of which came from our visit to Brussels. (see page 6)

This first day we settled into the Hotel Derby and then went to Michel's apartment for a gourmet meal prepared by a gourmet... Michel himself. A few days before, his home had been robbed but the reaction I had when he told me was funny because he said: "I've been house-broken." I should hope so, was my first thought, as this phrase in American English means that a house pet, like a dog or cat has been trained, or house-broken, not to stain the carpet etc.

We had a cheese, pepper stew with pork and veal and drank some beer and wine and talked about many things. French gangsters are coming into Belgium because the Belgian police aren't as prepared to deal with them as are French police. I found out much more about King Leopold III (who had recently died) and his conduct during World War II. We gave him a cassette tape from Kathy Byrne (she calls him "Cuddles") and he played some Joan Baez for me ("The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down") and I saw how the French typewriters are different from ours because they have all the accents and cedillas in French that we don't have. (Just check out my name as the GM in "Alsace-Lorraine") (Page 3)

Michel has met Joan Baez and also the Greek actress, now government official, Melina Mercouri and the Empress Farah of Iran. He used to work at the Iranian and Nicaragua Embassies as a translator. He also gave me copies of Nuts, one of the earliest war games zines in Europe (eat your heart out, Mark Berch!) as well as a joke newspaper picture where my face was superimposed on that of President Mitterrand of France who had just visited Belgium before us (see Liège, page 17 for how he was regarded!). I hope it turns out on page 21.

We went back to our hotel where Michel was to meet us the following morning, an event which would happen for 3 days. Michel would come in each day, arms full of newspapers and tell us the day's news. One big event was Lui, a French version of Playboy, which featured nude pictures of Linda Gray, Dallas's Sue Ellen. Her lawyers eventually forced this magazine off the newstands as the pictures were not of her. Another day, Michel said the Russians were installing the SS missiles in Eastern Europe and Syria and a few of the Belgian political parties were therefore not participating in the upcoming nuclear demonstrations.

After this morning ritual, we covered Brussels by subway, bus, tram and taxi and walking. It was rainy weather the entire time we were here, just like I would have expected London to be.

The first day we went on a walking tour and saw the palace of the royal family (I'm very interested in royalty and all their doings), the beautiful

((Continued on page 21 ))



EUROPE TRIP...Continued from page 20.

parks and the Palais de Justice, which is the Law Courts of Belgium. The Palais is done in what the Belgians consider a grotesque style, and as it's high on a hill, it can be seen for a great distance. When I entered it, I felt dwarfed by the scope of it and it made me feel I was in ancient Babylon or Assyria!

Then we went to the Grand' Place which is a great square taken straight out of the Middle Ages. It's like stepping back into the time of the 1400s or 1500s. We went to The King of Spain, an elaborate tavern dating back to the 1600s with wooden tables and benches. Here I sampled a local Brussels beer called Gueuze, a very bitter beer. Most of the European beer is much stronger than what I am used to drinking but I

still figured that you only go around once in life so I grabbed for all the gusto I could and that included food too.

We would walk awhile and then go to another pub where Michel would invariably drink two beers. I usually drank one and Woody drank water or a coke. The pubs and taverns serve beer and wine, but whiskey is prohibited in them. You have to be 16 to enter the pubs also in Brussels. But what got me is that Michel said he wasn't a beer drinker! Boy, what the Martin Morality Squad could do with him!

Many of the oldest building in Brussels have been moved around so that modern buildings and subways could be built but great care is taken to see that they are preserved. And the buildings are being continually renovated.

The Belgians have monuments to everything! Their war heroes, their kings, a pigeon and a leg! Not to mention Manneken Pis, a statute of a little boy relieving himself, one of the most unusual fountains I've ever seen.

This is also a city that eats well and we did. I had expected Michel to be a slow eater since he said that the lunch "hour" in Europe is generally 2 hours. But apparently, the Europeans eat as rapidly as we do and use the extra time to do other things. Michel ate faster than I do. The holdup, invariably, was Woody. The following situation was repeated time after time:

We would arrive in a restaurant and the waiter would bring us the menu. I would tell Michel to order me whatever he had (He never ate the same thing twice) and hopefully make it something that I couldn't get in Memphis. Woody, on the other hand, went through the menu, line by line, often pausing to ask Michel what something was or what this word meant. The waiter would return to take the order. Michel would say we weren't ready and then quietly urge Woody to hurry. I wound up having shark or frog legs or escargot and eel while Woody almost always had steak. Michel and I would drink Chateauneuf du Pape 1918, Alsace Riesling Réserve or La Vignette Tervuren not to mention Coteaux de Mascara while Woody would settle for bottled water. Snails are good!

It seems Brussels is a city of exiles as Victor Hugo, Napoleon III, Auguste Rodin and David (the court artist of Napoleon I--remember Napoleon's hand inside his jacket?) all lived here at one time. We went to the very tavern where Hugo wrote part of his novel, Les Misérables, which the Confederate soldiers had taken as their nickname calling themselves "Lee's Miserables". True story!

One of my favorite times in Belgium was when we went to Waterloo. It was a rainy, windswept day and not many people were there. You may recall from your history books that Napoleon and the French lost this battle but you would never know it from Waterloo! We Southerners are fond of saying that we lost the Civil War militarily and politically but that we won the mythology of the war. So too did the French. Belgians fought on both sides and many fervently wished for "The Emperor" to win.

Waterloo is farm country with a huge man-made hill dominating the view. At the top of this mound is a huge lion glaring in the direction of France,

((Continued on page 22 ))

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The hill was built by the Dutch who ruled Belgium from 1815-1830 when an almost bloodless revolution threw them out. Michel, Woody and I had gone into the Panorama, which depicted the battle with life-size painting as if you were standing in the middle of it. I wanted to climb the mound but neither Woody or Michel did (Woody was still worn out from Strasbourg Cathedral!) so I went alone and was the only one there at the top. 226 steps! It was windy.

When I reached the bottom, a guard in a colorful uniform started asking in French if I was English or German. I told him American ("I am an American!!") He then said in English what I thought was: "When you go back, you must make a tape." This didn't make any sense to me so I just smiled and walked away to the pub where Michel and Woody were to be waiting.

I told Michel what the guard said and asked if it made any sense to him. He told me that I had made an enemy for my country! There was no sign in the guardpost but what the guard meant to say was: "When you come down (from the hill), you must leave a tip." As we were leaving, some girls at the next table spoke to Michel and laughed. So did he. They had asked him what he thought of coming to a place where his country had been defeated. Remember we were speaking English and most Europeans speak English with a British accent. They thought Michel was British.

While at Waterloo we had ate at The Emperor's Cafe, had seen the outside of the "Palais de L'Empire" and had visited the souvenir shops which were full of Napoleonic postcards, pennants and knick knacks. I saw virtually nothing concerning Wellington, Blücher, the British or the Prussians who supposedly won. Napoleon's mystique lives. 47,000 men died here in the battle

Back in Brussels, we went to the Communist Party's bookstore. I didn't expect to find books on metal-working and physics there! We visited several other bookshops as I wanted some good Belgian history books in English. We hit a few more taverns where I had a beer known as "Sudden Death". I bought a lot of postcards and a clerk started asking me my nationality in each of the languages like: "English? Deutsch? Espanol?" I told him American and he promptly began talking in English. It turns out he knew 7 languages! And this man sells postcards. What such an individual could do in America!

I may be repeating myself but Brussels has all kinds of restaurants. We went to Chez Léon, which I wrote about it in EE #17 as a joke on Michel. We went to Au Cheval Marin (The Seahorse) where we wore suits and ate in very elegant surroundings. The only restaurant we couldn't find was a Yugoslavian one and it had closed recently!

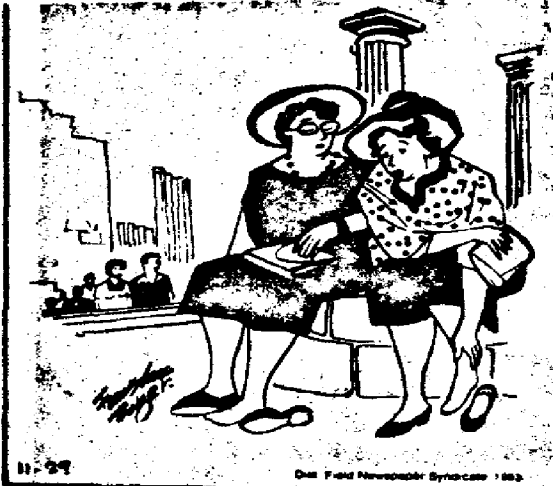
That leaves the Morrocan restaurant we ate at and met some of Michel's friends. We met Guilaine Dortu, who was originally from Liège, and Daniel Frankignoul and his wife from Brussels. Daniel is the President of C.H.A.B. C.H.A.B. is the Confederate Historical Association of Belgium, a club formed by the many Belgians who have a fond interest in the American Civil War.

Daniel started his interest when he found out that the things he had read about the South and its cause were not true in some very vital areas. He has since amassed a huge collection of Civil War material (books, documents, uniforms, flags, etc.) Whenever anyone contacts our U.S. Embassy about how to find out more about the Civil War, they refer them to Daniel.

I enjoyed talking to Daniel very much and he has such an excellent knowledge of our history and he wonders why the movie industry in Hollywood has never made a movie about General Lee, whose life was full of great events. I do too. He has also been to the United States and I asked him about the Cajun accent in Louisiana. Could he understand it?

He said that it is like listening to a French that is over 200 years old, in which old-style words are used by the Cajuns for modern items which the French and Belgians have developed other words. The example was for car. The modern French and Belgians say "voiture" but the Cajuns say "char". To Daniel this means "chariot" but once you know what the Cajuns are using the word to mean, it is understandable how they came to use it for car. The only way they could understand each other was due to a Belgian friend who had gone there to live several years earlier and who could explain the differences.

After having been with us for several days, Michel can be forgiven for wanting to speak French with Guilaine and the Frankignouls and they did.



"Honestly, I don't think I can walk another country"

And they did. And they did. Never have I wanted to be bilingual like I did here. Woody and I discussed and laughed about different "I Love Lucy" episodes during the French periods, ha ha!

The next day we went to a palace which had been modeled after Versailles. It had fountains and everything. But inside, it was dedicated to Africa, or more specifically Belgium's colony, the Belgian Congo, now known as Zaïre. There was even some items which belonged to Stanley and, I presume, Doctor Livingstone. Michel lived in the Congo until it became independent and his family returned to Belgium.

Then we went to a Belgian department store. Our carry bags that the airline had given us were coming apart at the seams so we needed new ones. While here I bought

something I had never seen until Europe and something I think would go over very big here in the United States: hand-held wash clothes. Here, our wash clothes look like smaller towels. In Europe, they are like mitts which fit over your hand so you don't have to continually "grasp" them. Very convenient.

One of the last things we went to was the Toone Theatre although there was no performance. This is a theatre of puppets in which famous plays are performed in the Brussels accent. The puppetmasters are all from the same family and the tradition has continued since 1830.

Oh, on one of these mornings when Michel arrived, we heard of a coup in Grenada and joked about whether it was leftist or rightist. The next day he said it was a leftist one. We thought no more about it. Then it was time to leave Brussels which I greatly enjoyed because of Michel and head for The Netherlands. On the train we went through these cities: Brussels, Mechelen, Antwerp, Roosendaal, Ouedenbosch, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, Delft and....

#### 8. The Hague, The Netherlands

So we left Belgium and entered a very flat, green country with only one language and that was Dutch. These would be the only Europeans that we would meet whom we had met before since the Dutch had attended the Liège Rendezvous the previous weekend with us.

Previously the trains we had been on had run totally on time but not now. The Dutch train was slower and we later found out that this was intentional as Holland was experiencing labor unrest. (After we left, there was a mail strike and a train strike among other strikes). On this train trip, I couldn't resist playing a practical joke on Woody. He had left the compartment (no one was in with us) and went out into the corridor heading for the restroom. I waited until he was far down the corridor, looked around to see that no one could see me and then yelled out, loudly, in my most hicky Southern accent: "Have you found it, yet?!" and ducked back quickly into the compartment. But not before seeing the look of utter shock and dumbfoundedness on Woody's face. It was priceless and he hurried back inside the compartment. I couldn't stop laughing about it.

Getting off at The Hague, we were met by Hauke Jansen, Frank Mulder, Jaap Jacobs and Jaap's girlfriend who had lived in New York for awhile, Egleia. We all piled into Hauke's Renault and headed for our hotel which was near the government district. (The Hague is the seat of the government and where the royal family lives but Amsterdam is officially the capital city.). After we were settled in, we walked about the city.

A radio was playing in a van that we passed and it was a song in Dutch. Now Jaap had informed me what a Memphis television station had also found out when Memphis honored The Netherlands one year in our annual "Memphis in May" celebration: There are no popular rock or country songs in Dutch! This is because

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the Dutch think songs in their language don't sound good and they much prefer English. Some famous Dutch singers are Taco and Golden Earring to show you how well they sing English.

Anyway this song coming from the van was in Dutch and it could have been straight from Nashville--it had all the inflections of a country song. When I asked Jaap about it, he said that there were songs in Dutch but that they still didn't sound good. Hmm, the Dutch are a puzzling people as I would find out. Forget the stereotypes we all know of tulips, windmills, dikes and wooden shoes. A travel book that Hauke had sent to Woody said about the Dutch: "The most honest thing to say about the Dutch is that they can be both the most infuriating --and the most endearing--people in the world." I found this to be true!

We went to a broodjeswinkel, which is a sandwich shop, to eat. Very tasty. Then to Madurodam, which is a scale-model of a city built to Lilliputian standards as if the inhabitants were about 6 inches tall! I had read much of this and wanted to see it. Famous Dutch buildings from many cities were duplicated here, some of the most beautiful ones having been destroyed in World War II. I felt like Gulliver. There were trains, airplanes taxiing and ships sailing. Perfect for children but adults enjoy it too. Jaap showed us in the train control area how the trains operated.

After this we went to Scheveningen, the seacoast resort of The Hague where we were to meet Roland Bakker and Ivo Bouwman, who along with Hauke were the 3 pubbers of Je Maintiendrai. Jaap and Frank do Oxymoron. Scheveningen is right on the North Sea coast and has restaurants, games and a casino. We went to The Kings Arms pub. Hauke said English-style pubs are now very popular in Holland. Here I had my first Heineken in Europe so I've now drank Heineken, the great Dutch beer, on 3 continents (Europe, North America and Asia--when I was in South Korea). We then went outside to wait for Roland and Ivo.

It became bitterly cold waiting for them outside with the wind from the North Sea whipping through us. Then Roland rode up on his bicycle and handed me the poster which appears on page 25, concerning the Dutch demonstrations about nuclear weapons in their country--again after we would have left. The poster says: "The Hague, 29 October....No new nuclear weapons in Europe... Committee Cruise Missiles No." At the bottom was a list of the groups supporting the upcoming demonstration. The back of the page gave details about where to meet, where to assemble and at what time.

I guess this is as good a place as any to discuss the Dutch language and the Dutch view of the missiles as this poster on page 25 illustrates both. First the language: Linguists say that Dutch stands at the midpoint between the English and German tongues and is the closest of the major languages to English, our closest relative as it were. Many words are spelled the same but I found German and even French much easier to pick words out of. I might not know the French or German word I'd heard but I could spell what it sounded like. Dutch is a very guttural language and when I would hear it, I really couldn't fathom anything from it. When I was in West Germany (see page 32), Thomas Franke and Konrad Dolata did imitations of Dutch, much as we Americans would do a German or a Swede! The written Dutch reminds me much of German.

Now for the missiles: The image on the poster on page 25 is duplicated throughout Holland. I have a small pad of this image which I shall put up in the next Hobby auction! The television reporters when covering the demonstrations in the other countries carry this image on the screen as they are talking. Virtually all classes of Holland don't want the missiles in their country and the figures approach 75 to 80% who don't want them there. They are very sincere about this and I think the opposition that we've seen in England and West Germany to the missiles that have arrived there will pale, considerably, when the first ones reach Holland and the Dutch express themselves.

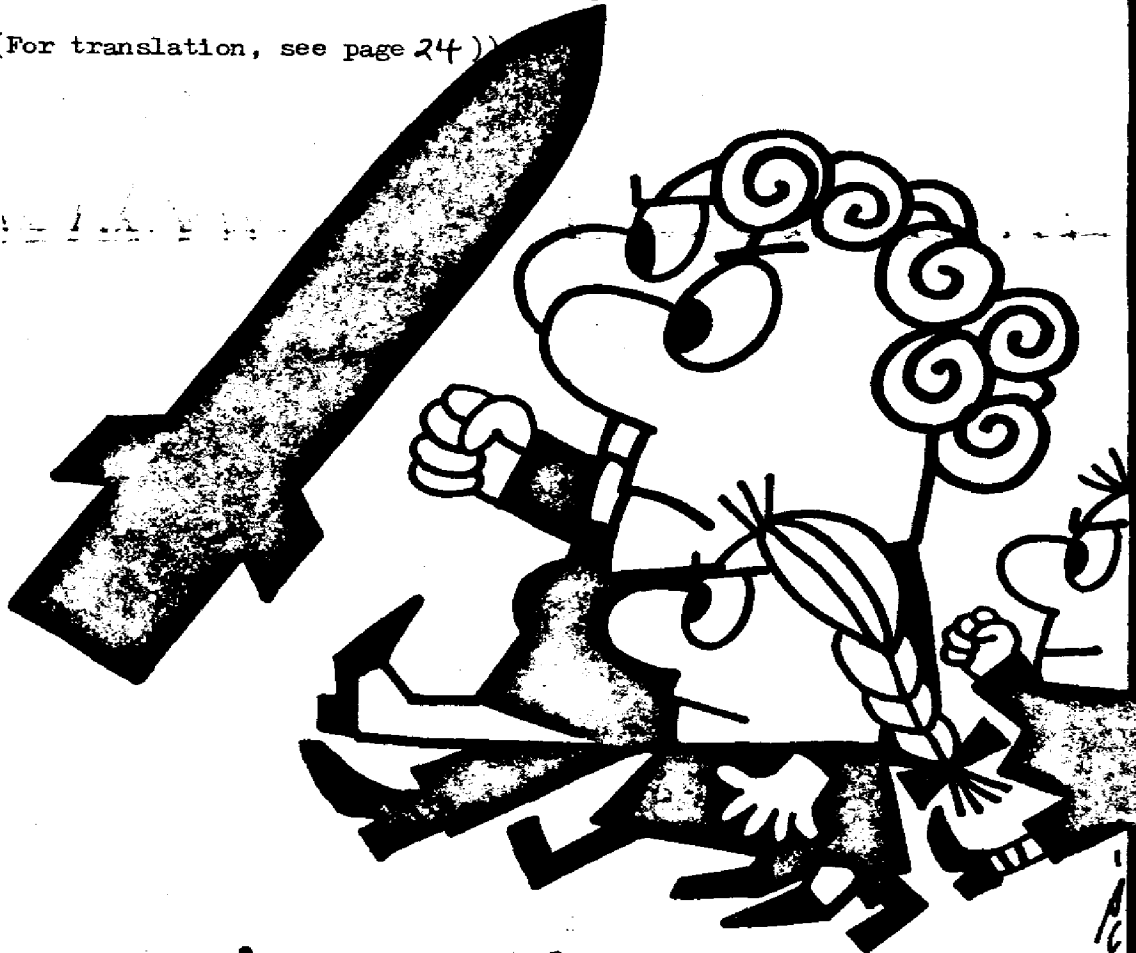
After Roland, then came Ivo Bouwman. Ivo is a passionate NATO supporter and very pro-American, which is unusual in this country. He takes a lot of ribbing from the other Dutch and is even said to have a NATO scarf.

From here we went to eat supper and what we ate should certainly destroy any stereotypes of Holland! It was an Indonesian restaurant. For centuries the Dutch were an imperialist nation and Indonesia was their empire and known as The Dutch East Indies. Many of the Indonesians migrated to Holland and brought their culinary skills with them and Indonesian food is a favorite with the Dutch.



DEN HAAG, 29 OKTOBER

((For translation, see page 24))



GEEN NIEUWE  
KERNWAPENS  
IN EUROPA

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25

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What was humorous to me was that the luter couldn't tell us what all the dishes were! Anyway, in Woody's book from Hauke it gave some clues. The meal itself is called "rijsttafel". All at once 24 dishes of food are placed on the table and you mix and match what you want to eat among sweet, sour and spicy of meats, vegetables and fruits and nuts. I liked the meatballs and fried bananas!

Afterwards everyone had some Indonesian coffee, except for me as I am not a coffee drinker by nature. Apparently something had gone wrong with the coffee and it wasn't like it usually was. These brave souls (and Woody, drank most of their coffee rather than hurt the waiters' feelings.

During this meal, we talked about the questions in Dutch history that Jaap had answered for me, about the Diplomas Hobbys and politics. I've wanted to know how Americans would be reacting to the anti-nuclear demonstrations. I told him I honestly felt that many Americans are really fed up with what they see as the constant criticism of us by Western Europeans and, I think, a sizeable element exists which wouldn't mind seeing the American troops come out of Europe and let the Europeans defend themselves.

After this, we made plans for the next day and Hauke, Roland, Ivo, Woody and I went back to Scheveningen (a short walk) to play pinball. There was all types of pinball machines and this was in a mall area although most of the stores were closed. I found this true all over Europe: shops close early and by midnight nothing seems to be open, not even pubs or the fast food places.

Then the next day, Hauke came and took us looking for windmills (Woody wanted a picture of one) and wasn't having any luck. By the way, I think Hauke was the only car driver that Woody didn't have complaints about! Georges Lebigeot in France and Charles-André Brouwers in Belgium and later Thomas Franke in West Germany would all save Woody in some way. Finally there was a windmill along side the road and Woody got his snapshot of it.

Hauke took us to Leiden where Jaap, Egleia, and Frank were to show us around before we would all meet that night at Jaap's home for supper and talk. Leiden is about one-third of the distance between The Hague and Amsterdam and is probably best-known to Americans as the home of the Pilgrims who established the Plymouth colony and came over on the Mayflower. Before their trip to settle New England, the Pilgrims had left religious persecution in England and settled in Leiden from 1609 to 1620. The Dutch have a long tradition of granting sanctuary to refugees of all types.

But the Dutch can also be condescending at times. For instance, Jaap hates the stereotypes of his country--the windmills, tulips and wooden shoes--yet when I asked him about Madurodam, where these stereotypes were everywhere on the souvenirs offered and the postcards, he said that this was because this is what foreign visitors wanted to see and that most of the foreign visitors were Americans. Sometimes, with Jaap, I didn't feel like Gary an individual but rather THE UNITED STATES and responsible for all its sins and shortcomings, at least to Dutch standards. But, all in all, my stay was a pleasant one in Holland and I'm very fond of Jaap.

Leiden was the scene of a horrible siege by the Spanish in 1573-1574 but the city held out, the dikes flooded and supplies saved the city. In gratitude, the Dutch government offered the citizens of Leiden a choice: freedom from taxes for several years or a university. They chose the university and it became one of the greatest centers of learning in the world. Jaap attends it and we were able to see a little of it. Here is where the great religious debates between Arminius and Gomarus (I hope I spelled that correctly, Jaap) occurred in the early 1600s. We saw the inside courtyards of the "Hofjes", which are the homes of students. Europe is very considerate of young people and students and many provisions are made for them everywhere. I wish I had traveled there when I was a university student.

Taking a break, we ate some Dutch sweets in a tent but that wasn't enough for Woody and me, who were starving for lunch so we went to McDonald's...I told you they are everywhere. Jaap, Egleia and Frank wanted to leave as quickly as possible for fear some of their friends would see them here, ha ha! We bought them some french fries while we ate our "broodjke" (hamburger).

Then back to the tour. This is a very old city, with canals and much history. Rembrant was born here and Descartes actually lived here and we saw his home. Yet, it's a modern city too with traffic lanes and traffic lights



Den Haag - 29 oktober  
Inlichtingen vervoer:

**020 - 64 66 64**

for bicycles! (Of course, cars have their own too). All ages ride bicycles, including old men and old women. This would be an incredible sight in the U.S.!

We went inside Pieterskerk, a church which dates back to the 1300s. Here students often have exams, or as Jaap says: "History tests in historic places".

Leiden itself is about one meter below sea level and about 50% of Holland is below sea level. Thank God for dikes! (If any Americans take this phrase out of context, you've got me to deal with!). On a hill however is the "Burcht" (or "fort") which overlooks the city. You climb up stairs and can walk around a ledge at the top of the walls.

We also went to several bookshops where I picked up some good history books on Holland and some Dutch (views of European history. I'm sure I would enjoy an English version (which doesn't exist) of the AGN, the Algemene Geschiedenis de Nederlanden which is where

Jaap found the answers to my questions. It means General History of The Netherlands, and is a set of encyclopaedias.

Then we went to Leiden's Rijksmuseum van Oudheden which means National Museum of Antiquities. We were told we had only an hour as Jaap had to go home and help his mother prepare the supper for all of us this night. The Rijksmuseum has an Egyptian temple set up at the entrance and many artifacts from Egypt and ancient Greece. One long room had the artifacts from earliest times arranged from the distant past to the recent past showing man's progression and advances.

Woody and I had been left alone at this time and we made the "mistake" of going through this room the wrong way, i.e. from the recent past to the distant past and Jaap was aghast, or seemed to be, at this. Whatever, I didn't see any point in going back through the room again and Jaap said that we had 30 minutes left til we had to go. I don't know about you, dear reader, but I don't see how anyone can appreciate a museum fully with just 30 minutes so I walked through and stopped and read what interested me, in view of the short time limit we were given. At this point, I heard Jaap say to Egleia: "My God, he's actually reading something." Slow Burn Time.

I then stopped looking and Jaap asked if I was "through." I said yes since we couldn't see the Netherlandic exhibits (Jaap said he didn't know about them so we didn't go to that floor.). Jaap said: "Well you might do something unAmerican for once and read about these exhibits."

My response to that was: "With only 30 minutes I doubt I could read all that this museum has to offer and, besides, we might go through another room backwards." I was pissed, and kept rather to myself the rest of the evening. I asked all the other Dutch how they go through museums and it's remarkably similar to my method, especially if you only have "one hour" or "30 minutes". I wouldn't even mention this episode had Jaap not managed another jibe at me about this museum trip in his latest Oxymoron. All I can say is that it must be rather fashionable in some Dutch circles to make fun of Americans even when you have to go out of your way to do so. Rude, but fashionable.

So we left, and the way we left was one of the most fun times I had in Europe. It was by bicycle. Jaap, Egleia and Frank each had a bicycle and with us this made five people. They asked Woody if he could ride a bicycle! So he got to ride Jaap's. They were thinking Woody was too heavy to ride on the back of a bike so they gave him one for himself. Jaap rode Frank's and I rode on the back of that one. Frank and Egleia rode the 3rd bike and they showed me "bicycle etiquette." That was how to jump on and off the bike when starting or stopping.

Then we were off to Jaap's home in Oegstgeest, a Leiden suburb whirling through green countryside, parks and streets. I kept fearing that my feet would drag the bike down by touching the ground when Jaap would swerve to the left or right side. Holland is the perfect country for bicycling and I really enjoyed this ride. Then we arrived at Jaap's home and met his parents and brother.

Mrs. Jacobs had prepared us a macaroni dinner which was very good and Hauke, Roland and Ivo arrived. We kidded Roland about being Holland's

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"Mark Larzelere" because he's so skinny and eats so much. I saw Jaap's room, his collection of zines, the Dutch Diplomacy set (which came out in March, 1982) and he gave me several newspaper clippings (I trade clippings with many Europeans showing what each of us is being told about the other!) including Geert de Jong, a beautiful Dutch actress, whom I first saw in a Dutch film that played here during the "Memphis In May" tribute to the Netherlands. I also got to show Woody the cover of Oxymoron which had satirized Roland's, Hauke's and Ivo's zine Je Maintiendrai with a clever drawing. That's about as close as the Dutch get to feuds and it's all in good fun.

Since the Belgians had the Confederate Historical Association of Belgium, Woody said that the Dutch would definitely be pro-North. He really was the life of this party as he gave them all nicknames or mispronounced their names on purpose. Hauke he called "Hawk" and it's pronounced (roughly) as "How-kuh". Jaap Jacobs was pronounced with the J sound instead of a "Y" sound. His name is correctly pronounced as "Yop Yay-cobs". Frank became "Frankie Boy". The Dutch are rather quiet and they took all this kidding in a very good-natured way. Whether this encouraged their pro-North tendencies, you can decide!

Their English, like most continental Europeans, sounds British to me and Hauke's accent reminded me particularly of Alfred Hitchcock. Frank reminds me of Eric Kane, pubber of Anduin. I spent most of my time talking to Ivo who subs to several North American zines and has a good grasp of the American hobby and what is going on. I had brought my many pictures from the cons and homes I had been into so he was now able to put faces to names. When he said that Mark Berch reminded him of Woody Allen, I burst out laughing. I had just written the same thing to Appalling Greed, Mark Larzelere's zine before I left for Europe.

Then Hauke took us to a pub before dropping Roland, Ivo and us off. No one was in this pub for the longest time and Woody decided to smoke one of his Havana cigars which the traitor had bought in Brussels! He looked just like one of those stereotyped fat-cat capitalists puffing on that cigar. Then home.

The next day, Hauke and Roland took us to Amsterdam which neither of them liked since they considered it a big, impersonal city. I gathered it is similar to what Americans think of New York City or Canadians think of Toronto.

Amsterdam is a bustling modern city of one million people. Our first stop was the Rijksmuseum with many beautiful paintings, including Rembrandt's "Night Watch". Being from Memphis, I rarely have a chance to see originals of any great artwork. There was also some Rubens, Van Dyck and Vermeer here. You could buy postcards of the artwork here and I bought "Night Watch".

Next was one of the things all tourist to Amsterdam should do: a canal boat ride through the city. Roland and Hauke didn't join us here--they did some shopping and looking around and bought Woody a Dutch Dip set which was for Kathy Byrne. This is the set that we used to play with Robert Sacks' mind. Our tour guide explained Amsterdam to us in four languages: Dutch, German, English and French. He had a earring in one ear. Hauke said that this is to show people that "Hey, I might have to work at a job, but I have a wild side too and know how to enjoy life." I like riding in boats.

After this we went to eat on the second floor of a restaurant, "De Roos" ("The Rose"). The waitress could speak Dutch, German and English all very well. After eating we walked down the Kalverstraat, one of the city's busiest streets full of shops and crowds. Here I bought my Dutch t-shirt (I bought a t-shirt from each country in its language that we went to) and we strolled to the palace where the rulers of Holland (all women as Holland has only had queens since 1890) are coronated. At this square was an anti-nuclear stand. They were selling posters and the woman was very excited when she discovered that I was an American. I gave 2½ guilders to get a poster and maybe, in a very small way, helped to ease nuclear terror in the world. Woody has threatened to make a big deal about my contribution in his Coat of Arms but we'll see if he's forgotten or not, ha ha!

Our last stop in Amsterdam was a visit to Anne Frank's house. We parked some distance away and walked to it along canals and bridges. It's in a very quiet neighborhood and down from an old church. Hauke and Roland said they had never been to Anne Frank's house.

I guess the world knows what happened here. A group of Jews hide from

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the Nazis for two years during which time a young teen-age girl wrote what would become a world famous diary. I have seen the TV story and read the book but nothing prepared me for this. Where these people had to live and be so quiet was so tiny and constricted. How they could retain any hope at all is beyond me. This was another "quiet" place, much as Dachau had been. It is hard to absorb these horrors that existed less than 40 years ago.

But the Anne Frank House stresses that hatred between mankind is not dead and has an exhibit of modern-day prejudice. And incredibly how some people deny the Holocaust and what happened to Anne Frank. Again, this is a place that I could not have avoided seeing when I came to Amsterdam.

Walking back to the car, I saw posters where the Dutch are supporting the Angolans against South African "aggression." So the Dutch do not merely criticize the United States. I thought this interesting as the South Africans speak essentially the same language as the Dutch, which is Afrikaans and South Africa was once a colony of the Dutch.

We went back to Scheveningen and to an Italian restaurant where we ordered pizzas. In Holland, the pizzas don't come cut and you are only given a knife and a fork which made eating it difficult. I wound up giving most of mine to Roland. Then it was back to our hotel where I asked the old man who was the night clerk why our adaptors didn't work for my shaver and hairdrier. He chucked me under the chin and said that I wasn't old enough to shave! I'm 32! I was so taken aback that I let it drop, ha ha.

The next day, the ever-faithful Hauke came and carried us to the railstation. (Thomas Franke of West Germany had called us the night before and given us instructions on how to meet him.) and we saw Roland pedalling his bicycle along the way. We said goodbye and thanked them for a wonderful time. (And thanks Jaap, Frank, Ivo and Egleia too!). Then it was train time and we went through these cities: The Hague, Zoetermeer, Zoetermeer Oost, Gouda, Woerden, Utrecht, Ede, Wageningen, Arnhem, Emmerich, Empel-Rees; Wesel, Dinslaken, Oberhausen, Essen, Gelsenkirchen, Wanne-Eickel, Herne, Castrop, Rauxel and.....

### 9. Dortmund, West Germany

A few notes before Dortmund. When beginning these train trips and going to the last city, it was not just one train. Often we would have to transfer and rush to make a connecting train. While stopped in Utrecht, a German student asked me (ME!!) "Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" I could a little and found him the right train home. Again the myth that all Europeans speak 2 or 3 languages bites the dust!

In Dortmund, I was to call Thomas Franke to come and get us. We knew what each other looked like since his picture has appeared in the EE pic contest and I had sent him my picture. I had a little trouble with the telephone as I was putting a Dutch coin into the West German telephone. Crossing national

borders was always a hassle since I had to transfer coins and bills from one country and changeover; some coins always slipped through. Ivo, in Holland, had said that was one big thing he liked about the USA. You could cross the entire continent and the money was valid everywhere, the same money that is, whereas in Europe a few hours' drive would place you in another country.

While waiting for Thomas, we browsed at the bookshop. Asterix is an extremely popular comic strip character in Europe. He is an inhabitant of the only village in Gaul that the Romans could not conquer and he and his cohorts visit various countries like Belgium and Spain and England, satirizing the places and people in terms familiar to us today such as the British drinking tea and the



showing how the Spanish became addicted to bull-fighting and the Belgians to their French fries. The latest book out was "Asterix and Son." I also bought what was called a Mars Bar not only because I like them but because it came in 3 tiny bars. But it wasn't our Mars bar! It was just like our Milky Way candy bar.

Thomas arrived and we headed for his Volkswagen. I couldn't resist another practical joke on Woody so while he struggled to get into the narrow back seat, I waited. Just as he almost settled into the seat, I throw my tote-bag into his stomach and lap, and forced the front seat back, sort of sealing him into a tomb type of effect. It took him totally by surprise, he was helpless to respond and I couldn't stop laughing. Woody does take kidding so well and has a sense of humor that I envy very much.

Thomas and his girlfriend, Jutta Hoffmann, had just returned from a five week vacation in Greece and it was at her apartment that we would stay for the two days that we would be in West Germany. We had been in West Germany at the very beginning of the trip but this was our first close contact with Germans and seeing the inside of a German home.

Dortmund and the surrounding area is a lot like Memphis in that it is not a tourist town with many things to see. This was okay with Woody and me because we definitely needed a pause and a time to rest. But we still saw quite a bit.

Jutta has an apartment like I would like. It is large, airy, many plants and one of the best showers I've ever enjoyed! She reminded me of Linda Poe, the girl friend to which I was engaged in the second grade (age 7 for Europeans!). Jutta was worried at first, Thomas said, because she said she didn't know English very well. Well, she knows English much better than I know German and in the ways that count, in the international language of friendship and making guests feel welcome and at home, Jutta rates 100%. I showed her my book German In 10 Minutes A Day which has glue-on stickers that you can place around your home to remind you daily what curtain and door and window are in German. She and Thomas found several mistakes in this book by the printer. I gave my copy to Jutta so she could learn more English in reverse.

We ate a Chinese lunch made by Jutta and talked about the hobby and their trip to Greece. Thomas said that he used the Greek of Homer (that he had to orally learn for a German exam) on an old Greek man who understood him. He said that each day, stones were scattered at the Acropolis in Athens especially for American tourists who liked to believe they were carrying away a famous stone from the famous sight, ha ha! Thomas had used American Express, just like us, while in Greece. Unfortunately, their pictures were not back.

I got to see a German typewriter, again unlike American ones, due to umlauts and the double "s". Thomas says he types like an eagle. He holds his finger in the air, spies the key and flies down and types his subzine Genesis in that fashion. Genesis, which appears in Christoph Schunck's Sauri Allstar Unlimited, is named after the British rock group he loves.

We drank DAB, a German beer whose full name was "Dortmunder Actien Brauerei". It came in a bottle and was half a liter in size and was powerful. (Don't laugh, Frauke!). Later, we got introduced to the custom of Schnaps, which is a gin that you drank in a tiny glass, straight down (It gets you real warm) and before you do this, you toast each other with "Prost!" ("Cheers!") I really enjoyed this custom. Even Woody took part, forsaking his water and cokes!

We talked politics, always one of my favorite subjects, and it was interesting to get a German viewpoint in person. From my German In Ten Minutes A Day, I knew that "Kohl" meant "cabbage" and since this was also the name of West Germany's present-day Chancellor, I wondered if any jokes had been made about him being a "cabbage head". No, but he is called "Birne" which is German for "pear" due to his profile.

Europeans are getting gas, not oil, via the Russian pipeline and that is only for 5% of their needs. I had never fully understood this before. Thomas was like every other European I asked---he had never heard of Luigi Barzini or his latest book The Europeans. I think the Europeans would enjoy this book very much. Some of the chapters are entitled: "The Elusive Europeans", "The Baffling Americans", "The Imperturbable British", "The Mutable Germans", "The Quarrelsome French", "The Flexible Italians" and "The Careful Dutch" (which also had comments on the Belgians). Read it if you can.

We watched the beginning of a 9-part miniseries of German history called Der Rote Erde ("The Red Earth"). It was about Germany's "Golden West", when industrialization dramatically increased and its effect on East Prussian immigrants. It was easy to follow, and ever so often, Thomas would translate or explain to us what was happening. European TV is certainly much more liberal than American TV, including frontal nudity.

We drank some more of the Schnaps (it was 38% "Uerdinger" Gin), found out that electric blankets are apparently un-heard of in West Germany(What about the rest of Europe?) and went to sleep.

The next morning we had some marmelade made by Jutta's mother and I ate a boiled egg for the first time in an egg cup. This turned out to be a busy day for us. We walked downtown to the Kaufhof Department Store where I bought myself a German Dip set and a cassette by the Ina Deter Band(This is Frauke's favorite group). We also discovered that the German version of Little Red Riding Hood is not like the American one! It seems that the Wolf eats Little Red Riding Hood, unlike our version. However, she is still saved in the end when the hunter arrives and slits the Wolf's belly, saving not only Little Red but also her grandmother! Is the grandmother saved in the American version? I don't remember.

Thomas wanted to know what new American shows Europe could expect to get in the future. I told him about For Love And Honor but it's since been cancelled! He hates Dallas and Denver-Clan(as Dynasty is called in West Germany) just as much as Jutta loves them! Upstairs Downstairs is also seen here but it is known as The House At Eton Place.

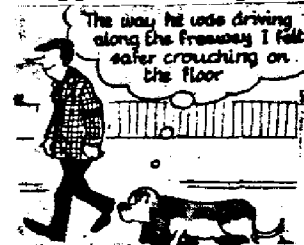
Back to Jutta's where we ate lunch and made plans for seeing a mine museum and Konrad Dolata, who lived in Solingen and is also an EE subber. I showed Jutta and Thomas how to wash their dishes to music. Fast songs, like the Rolling Stones, Jethro Tull and Bob Seger make you wipe and dry faster(this is my own system by the way). We called this Mach die Spuhl, after the Belgian zine which literally means in Luxembourgish, "Wash the Dishes." This was fun.

Jutta loaded her camera while Woody laughed because it was a Japanese camera! She also had a British car much to Thomas's disgust. We all had to buckle up due to the insurance laws in West Germany. No seat belts and an accident mean no insurance money. British Forces Radio is very popular over here and we listened to that while driving. We found out that the mine museum was closed so we then headed for the Villa Hügel in Essen.

Villa Hügel is the Krupp mansion that I have wanted to see ever since I read about it in William Manchester's The Arms of Krupp. We could not go inside but walked around outside it and on the grounds. Essen is a dense industrial area but this estate(now a state museum) is an oasis of greenery overlooking the river. Villa Hügel is a huge castle and I'll let Manchester's description from The Arms of Krupp give you some of the feeling about it:

"Even today one boggles at a description of it. There is something quite incredible about the castle. Presumably the facade was meant to be Renaissance, but here and there the limestone mass is broken by bleak square entrances curiously like those of German railroad stations, and indeed, the grotesque superstructure on the roof bears an uncanny resemblance to the train terminal in Cologne. Strolling the perimeter, one unexpectedly encounters accusing eyes carved in the stone, and statues of lionesses sprouting bomb-shaped human breasts...It is characteristic of the place that no one really knows how many chambers there really are...The interior is a mad labyrinth of great halls, hidden doors, and secret passages, and it is unwise to drink too much schnapps in Villa Hügel."

It was built during the Franco-Prussian War 1870-1871 as a monument to Krupp and its guests have included all the Kaisers of Germany, Kings from Belgium and Portugal, Austrian Emperor Franz-Josef II, King Edward VII of Great Britain, Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini. I am glad we saw this instead of the mine museum.



Then we headed for Konrad Dolata's home via the Autobahn, as the German expressways are called. There is no speed limit and you can go as fast as you wish. Thomas got up to 120 kilometers which is about 75 miles per hour.

We got to Solingen and Konrad's home where he was

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just finishing giving a German lesson. Konrad is a teacher, he has relatives in England and speaks excellent English. He also publishes his own zine now, Der Netzroller devoted to non-Dip games as well as a subzine on the game United in the British zine Psychopath. Konrad is the one who wrote about the German hobby in EE #29.

Babsi, Konrad's wife, made us a great meal of hot dogs, ham and potato salad. I got introduced to another German beer....Alt, a dark Rhein beer. I liked it too(Okay, Frauke, how does this beer stack up?!). We discussed our Europe trip, the British hobby that I would soon be meeting and how other countries are viewed. For instance, Thomas and Konrad do funny imitations of the Dutch! And Konrad told of seeing Hogan's Heroes and how he marvelled at this harsh German accent which said: "Kommen Sie hier!" That must have been Colonel Klink's superior officer's sister who was always trying to marry Klink!

I got to hear some German music groups on Konrad's stereo including Ina Deter Band and BAP. BAP has a song called Kristallnacht about the 1938 night of violence against Germany's Jewish population. Many of the songs from German singers deal with songs which make you think.

One thing happened to Konrad that I want any EE subber to tell me about if it happens to you. One of his pages in his copy of EE #26 was unreadable. If you get a bad copy of EE, let me know and usually I can send a replacement. But please let me know. I give each copy a quick looking over but sometimes it's not enough.

Then we said goodbye to Konrad, Babsi and son Mark and headed out on the Autobahn again. I was tired so I dozed off and it was nighttime by this time. Suddenly I'm shaken awake by Woody(we were both in the back seat). He had this crazy grin on his face, and he reminded me of Dom De Luise as he laughingly said to me: "I'm never going to ride in a car with Thomas again as long as I live, heh, heh, heh." This was a nervous laugh and he was serious! It seems Thomas, going about 120 kilometers, had apparently got too close to a truck in front of him for Woody's taste. I couldn't help but laugh and I was still laughing about it whenever I thought of Woody's crazy laughing hours later.

Anyway, I was awake, thanks to Woody and later Thomas and Jutta, who had been listening to the radio, a German station, told us that many Americans had just been killed in Lebanon. Over 200. I couldn't believe it. I thought they were joking. But it was no joke. 200 Americans murdered by a fanatic. And then we arrived back at Jutta's and watched the news. It was very frustrating for me because, after all this was Germany, and when President Reagan and all the Senators came on and started talking, a German voice-over quickly became all the sound I could hear and of course I couldn't understand that. Thomas again translated for us in excellent English.

This involved a political discussion among us. For the first time, in my life, a major news event had happened where I had no access to direct American reactions and what was happening in my own country. I said I thought because so many Americans had been killed at one time(1 out of every 6 who were in Lebanon) that Americans would demand their immediate withdrawal. Woody disagreed and so did Thomas. Well, they were right in the short run, it appears. It now seems to me that the majority of Americans want our Marines out and safely home.

We also discussed the other countries who had "peacekeeping" forces in Lebanon. Thomas and Woody agreed that the French and Italians were there but strongly asserted that no British troops were in Lebanon. I insisted that there were and Thomas and I made a \$5.00 bet about it. Thomas's reasoning was that Lebanon(and Syria) were once French mandates(colonies in other words) and that they would never allow British into what was once their territory. I found this an interesting concept.

After this Woody and Jutta went to sleep while Thomas and I talked far into the night. We drank more Schnaps, DAB, brandy and some Merdinger Attila felsen wine. This was one of my favorite times in Europe and is also one of the reasons I like to stay up all night at cons I go to; you can sleep anytime but how often can you talk with friends who don't live in your city.

Early the next morning, Jutta fixed us another fine breakfast and they took us to the train station. Our next stop would be England and we would be crossing Belgium and the North Sea before the day was out. This would be the



last day we could use our Eurailpasses which were valid for 15 days. Thomas and Jutta and Konrad and Babsi, thanks for making us feel so welcome and I hope I can return the favor some day soon. This goes for all the Europeans we met too. The cities we traveled this last time on the continent of Europe were: Dortmund, Bochum, Essen, Mulheim, Duisburg, Düsseldorf, Langenfeld, Leverkusen Mitte, Köln-Mulheim, Köln Deux, Köln(also known as Cologne), Aachen, Verviers, Liège, Brussels, Ghent-St. Pieters, Bruges, Zandervorter and.....

#### 10. Ostend, Belgium

Ostend is on the Belgian coast of the North Sea and it was here that we were to board the jet foil, a huge boat which seemed to be riding on skis, and cross over to England. Through the tour agency we already had our tickets for this plus our hotel in London that night. We boarded the "Princess Clemantine".

Out at sea, are many fishing boats and sea gulls. We saw what I later would find out was the coast of France. Later we saw another jet foil going the other way. The ship was duty-free and offered bargains on liquor and other items and many people bought heavily. Not me, my suitcase was already heavy enough. I had mainly bought books and t-shirts.

I thought about how many would-be conquerors of England had been foiled by this very short sea journey we were making. I didn't know what to expect in England either as, up to this time before my trip to Europe I had been much closer to the continental Europeans.

Before I had left Memphis, Pete Tamlyn, editor (The British do not call themselves "pubbers") of The Acolyte, had called me at my home and asked when and where we would be in London. He and his wife Kathryn would come up to London for that day and show us around. There would also be a special Lamb meet just for us as the meetings were every 1st and 3rd Wednesday and we were going to be in London on the 4th Wednesday of the month. Richard Gee, a EE subber whose artwork has appeared in Mass Murders, also offered to put us up at his home and to meet us if we flew in.

All these thoughts were going through my head when we saw land. The cliffs of Dover are really white just like the song, "The White Cliffs of Dover" says. And so we set foot in England and....

#### 11. Dover, England

Of all the national borders we crossed, England was the only one who went through any formality at all. Guests were divided into members of the Common Market countries and all others. As "all others," we went through a different passageway. You were on the honor system and didn't have to let the customs officials go through your baggage although they could check your bags if they wanted. I guess we had honest faces.

Then the passengers were formed into lines and, one by one, you stepped up when the official called your name and produced your pass port. Some people really were asked a lot of questions. I was getting nervous, not that I had anything to hide. The official asked me how long I was going to be in England. I said: "Until Saturday." He replied: "And what happens then?" I said that I flew home that day. We would be in England for 4 days.

England is not part of the Eurail system(Ireland does participate) but we had already gotten a ticket for British rail which would take us to London.

We were in a compartment with a German girl who had a radio on her head playing The Police. She and Woody fell asleep while I looked outside the window. For a long time, the train tracks ran beside the sea and it looked like it would rain. The trees were still green(this was late October) and the English countryside with its ducks, streams and homes looked something out of an Agatha Christie novel.

On this train trip we passed through: Dover, Folkestone West, Ashford, Paddock Wood, Tonbridge, Shortlands, Penge East,

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Syndenham Hill, West Dulwich, Herne Hill, Clapham and.....

12. Victoria Station, London, England

How many of you have heard of the famous Victoria Station? It's a giant cavernous train station and people were hurrying everywhere. It was just like the other stations in Europe except that here the newspapers were all in our language and I could understand the conversations going on around me. After over two weeks of not knowing the languages of the countries that I was in, this was a pleasure.

We took a taxi to our hotel. In England, unlike the rest the Europe, the drivers drive on the left side. You could stretch out your legs fully in the British taxis and there were double-decker buses as well.

At our hotel, we already had messages waiting for us; from Pete Tamlyn and Richard Gee, both of whom would call that night so we could arrange for a meeting the next day. We unpacked, cleaned up and went out to eat. At last a menu both of us could read totally. We ate at Garfunkel's, which is most like a Denny's or a Shoney's and then walked down London's streets.

In London, like many downtown areas of American cities, the newspapers are displayed at stands. This was Tuesday, October 25, 1983 and the headlines on one broadsheet screamed: MARINES INVADE GRENADA!

I told Woody that I hoped that was a joke but it wasn't. In Victoria Station, which turned out to be very near our hotel, the newstands were filled with papers talking about the American invasion. There were also papers from other countries for sale here and Grenada seemed to be on all of them. I guess my reaction would be the same as the way Europe heard about it.....

This invasion came totally out of the blue. I wasn't prepared for it, didn't even know that there was any trouble brewing down there. I had heard of a coup the week before as Michel Liesnard had told me in Brussels, Belgium but that had been the last. It seemed very much a manufactured crisis by a trigger-happy Reagan who appeared to be overreacting.

This opinion was fully seconded by the newspaper accounts and by the British television over the next several days. Reagan(no British voice-over!) didn't sound convincing to me at all. I couldn't believe that both Democrats and Republicans were supporting this attack on this island that I'm quite sure 95% of Americans didn't even know where it was.

There was a British talkshow with a panel of 5 people who had audience participation. One panel member was pro-United States and when he told the audience that if it were not for America that Britain would not be a free society today, he was roundly hissed down. I couldn't believe the anti-American, almost hysterical, reaction even though his argument was weak and had nothing to do with the situation at hand.

I was not too impressed with the British newspapers. Most of them seem to be sensation-seeking papers, not objective. Even the London Times had reporters whose subjective views slipped through into their reports on various stories (one in particular about some negotiations between the British and the Russians). John Michalski, appearing soon in an EE near you, has said that my opposition to the Grenada invasion is because I was in Europe and got a distorted view.

Believe me, the British newspapers are incapable of influencing me about my country. (I, four short days later, returned to the United States where the American television, newspapers and magazines were awaiting me.) I still say that America was wrong to invade the island. I do not believe that the American students were in any real danger and that military action was not warranted.

Back to the hotel. Pete Tamlyn called and he had maintained the computer that was in our hotel so he knew right where we were and he and Kathryn would arrive the next morning and we would wind up at The Lamb that night. Richard Gee also called and he would be at The Lamb too. I watched the "Best of Mike Yarwood", who does imitations like Rich Little. He does a hilarious Prince Charles and President Reagan. I also found in the British newspapers evidence that there were British stationed in Lebanon and showed them to Woody and cut them out to send to Thomas Franke. Then to sleep. It had been a long day.

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The next morning I got up and went out for some newspapers. More details on Grenada were coming out. Margaret Thatcher had advised against the invasion. The Queen was placed in a difficult constitutional situation in that, if Grenada as a member of the British Commonwealth used its right to appeal to Britain to defend it against the "invader", she might be forced to do something against the United States. What a mess! Oh, and Viscount Linley was chided for <sup>the way</sup> he was driving his car. He is the son of Princess Margaret.

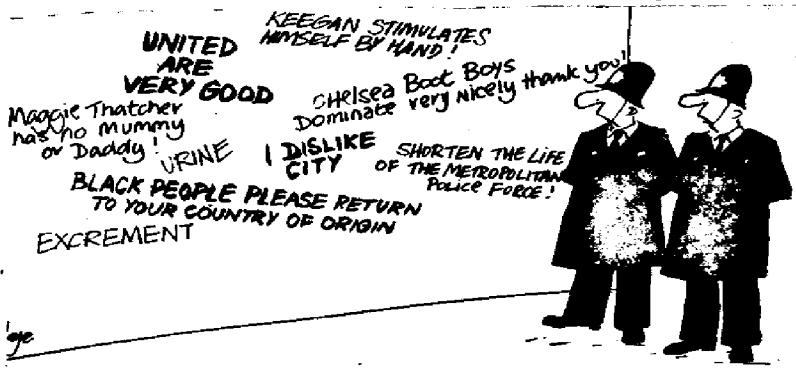
Before Pete and Kathryn Tamlyn arrived, I had written my impressions of what they would look like. I was wrong as I usually am in imagining what people look like. They had come up from their home in Aylesbury to show us "tourists" around. This is the couple that Don Del Grande, pubber of Life of Monty, saluted in LOM on their marriage. Both are pagans(I hope I've got this right) but went through a church ceremony for Kathryn's parents' sake. They had planned a full day for us which was to conclude at the Lamb that night. The Lamb is the pub which has become a gathering place for The British hobby on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. Pete gave us Acolytes and the infamous Acolyte button!

For starters we discovered(they knew!) that we were only a short walk away from Buckingham Palace where the famous Changing of the Guards takes place. Since it had already occurred, they told us where to stand for the best view when we went back. Kathryn said when she was little that she thought the guard was yelling "Hugo" at the troops but it was actually "New Guard". We then strolled through St. James Park. It's incredible how all the traffic sounds, just outside this park, with its pond and swans, were blocked out.

From this park we walked past Big Ben(which was under construction), the houses of Parliament and went inside Westminster Abbey. By this time we(Woody and I) were discovering that Pete walks very fast. Kathryn urged him to "saunter"!

For lunch we went to the Piccadilly "Carver's Room" for a real English style meal complete with Yorkshire Pudding. Quick, how many of you think that it's a real pudding? Wrong. A Yorkshire Pudding is really a type of bread. At this meal, you carved your own meat and served yourself and could go back for as many times as you wished. With our meal we had claret(La Cour Pavillion) and discussed differences between British and American English. A British "cracker" is a "cookie" to an American. A "greengrocer" is someone who sells vegetables. Both Kathryn and Pete had already used the word "loo" in their conversation but Woody didn't know that a loo was a restroom! "Knocked Up" can mean the same thing in both languages, ha ha.

After lunch we went Trafalgar Square where the tall Nelson's column is. We went through the Soho district. We passed by Foyles bookstore(more about this later), went to the Badge Shop where Pete had gotten his Acolyte button. They had great buttons for everything and on every topic not to mention posters. One poster I bought was a take-off on the famous Gone With The Wind scene where Clark Gable swept Vivien Leigh up in his arms while Atlanta burned behind them. In this version, Ronald Reagan had Margaret Thatcher in his arms while atomic bombs were going off in the background. The captions read: "The Film To End All Films...The most EXPLOSIVE love story ever...Milton Friedman in association



"Say what you like about Cheltenham, at least we get a better class of vandal."

with PENTAGON PRODUCTIONS presents "Gone With The Wind".....She promised to follow him to the end of the earth. He promised to organise it!.....Now showing World-Wide."

Then to Fortnum & Mason for tea, a ceremony that that is definitely not universal in England nowadays. We had to wait in line, what Kathryn called a queue as this was a well-known spot for tea. While there we saw

a "Sloane Ranger", the British ((continued on page 36) (32)

equivalent of a "Valley Girl", but more like a "Preppie". Princess Diana could have been considered a "Sloane Ranger", I believe Kathryn said.

We then went to the British Museum. We handed Kathryn all our bags and other items so only one of us would have to be checked by the guards. She said he asked her what all the Confederate Flags were! The reason for the tight security is to prevent bombs and terrorist attacks as some of Britain's greatest treasures are housed here among them the original Magna Carta and the famous Rosetta Stone. In parts of the museum, you feel as if you are in ancient Egypt (that's okay as long as it's not in a Civilization game) and Kathryn paid a visit to her patron goddess who presides over fertility and war, an interesting combination Kathryn said!

I forgot that earlier we had also gone to where the Horse Guards also change and we saw Number 10 Downing Street from a distance, which is the home of the British Prime Minister.

We hurriedly went to a games shop where Kamakuri, a game designed by Mike Mills, pubber of Emhain Macha in New York, was on display. We also stopped at a music store trying in vain to find me a cassette of Joy Division, a music group that the British pubbers editors have been discussing for months in their zines and that I wanted to hear. No luck. Last stop before The Lamb was a book store devoted almost completely to fantasy and science-fiction.

Kathryn and Pete really outdid themselves to show us London. From them we received the "A-Z Visitors' London Atlas and Guide" and how to use the underground, known as subway to North Americans. By using this book we could easily find anything that interested us in London and quickly travel there by the underground. I wish Memphis had such a public transportation system. It's very clean too compared to New York's. The British, who are not in a hurry, stand to the right on the escalators going up or down. If you saw An American Werewolf in London where the guy was fleeing from the werewolf inside the underground, that is exactly how it looks. The British, who are in a hurry, can speed by on the left and rapidly get where they are going. So, thanks to Kathryn and Pete, I could pass for a Londoner as long as I didn't open my mouth!

Then to The Lamb and a meeting with some British hobby members who came on this off-week Wednesday to see us. The Lamb was packed and the British Hobby always meets on the left side I was told! The effect is of wagons drawn in circles (the bar with glass windows so the bartenders could not see your face unless you bent down) surrounded by Indians (the drinking customers).

Small tables are placed along the walls and a wall-length black (though some said dark green) plush cushioned seat ran the length of The Lamb. A redwood ceiling and a wall lined with actresses' pictures a la Lily Langtry in the 1890s add to the pleasant atmosphere.

Then there was the British hobby, many whom I knew and some I didn't. The names I jotted down (and their zines) were: Mike Allaway (Pyrrhic Victory), Pete Birks (Greatest Hits), Geoff Challinger (Home of the Brave), Gareth Cook (Supanova), John Dodds (Perspiring Dreams), Richard Gee, John Harrington (Take That You Fiend), Bart Huby, Steve Jones, Trevor Mendham (Atu XVIII), John Norris, Pete and Kathryn Tamlyn (The Acolyte), Dave Thorby (Thing On The Mat), Chris Tringham (Megalomania), Kevin Warne (Take That You Fiend) and Layla. Layla came with Pete Birks I think and didn't seem bored talking to an American!

Those of you who think that the British probably mercilessly lashed us over Grenada and enjoyed our discomfort thereby couldn't be more wrong. No one even mentioned it! Earlier in the day I had brought it up with Pete and said it seemed to me like a bully picking on a little kid and he agreed.

Most of the British drank liquor of some type. I had 2 Specials, i.e. Young John's Ale. Again these came in huge glasses as on the continent. I had a Guinness, my first ever. I drank it all but I didn't like it. Then I had 2 gin and tonics.

I showed around my pictures of the American hobby and Kathy Byrne, Mark Berch and John Michalski were the "Let me see that one!" pictures. I passed out the Confederate Flags as souvenirs, surely the first time that's happened in The Lamb! I wonder how many went down the loo?! In return, I got to see the wedding pictures of Pete and Kathryn Tamlyn (complete with the fire truck) among whose guests were Glover Rogerson (eat your heart out, Cathy Cunning!). Also got

to see the U.K. Novice Packet which lists who's who in the hobby. I'd like to get a copy of this and show you how the American hobby is represented to the British novices. It's a wonder that any of them dare to sub to an American zine!

I spent most of my time talking to Mike Allaway who writes such sad, sad editorials in his Pyrrhic Victory. If you think you have problems, reading Mike's sagas will cheer you up! He has a Pennsylvania girl friend so he too preferred Woody's accent to mine but I liked Mike anyway, ha ha. Gareth Cook does Supanova and he brought me a yellow badge, made by him, which said "nigger pinko, Jewish dyke, jollyfish, nuke Memphis". I proudly wore this until Kathryn had me take it off! I also got the traditional hug from Kathryn whose nickname is "Cuddles".

A surprise visitor was Chris Tringham and the seldom-appearing Megalomania. (Kathryn asked him: "Is this the annual issue or what?"). Then she and Pete left and I still want a picture of y'all!

Some of the others there whom I didn't get to talk to very much were Geoff Challenger who believes in unilateral disarmament and has written several thought-provoking letters to EE on nuclear missiles. He looks American to me. Pete Birks, though, looks Irish through and through. Pete's zine, Greatest Hits has placed first in the British zine poll four times out of the last five years. He spent most of his time talking to Woody but wrote of me in Greatest Hits #112 on this night: "What was interesting is that I knew quite a few names from the past American hobby which Gary did not (von Metzke, Nick Ulanov, Brenton ver Ploeg, etc.) Perhaps the U.S. hobby, like the British hobby, needs somebody to write a kind of history. As the evening wore on Gary tried more and more drinks and was wearing a distinctly glazed expression. Steve ((Woody)) and I had a long chat about the hobby, drink and goodness knows what."

Well, Pete, I'll give you the "glazed expression" as I had had a long and tiring day, but I protest!! I do know Conrad von Metzke ever since I got my Gamer's Guide from Rod Walker and Brenton has been a long-time subber of EE since almost the beginning 3 years ago. Now what I'm wondering is how you could have possibly missed writing about my yellow button from Gareth!

My impressions of the British hobby that I met is that they are very nice people who go out of their way to make you feel welcome. Their hobby is so large and they have so much within it that they don't seem very interested in expanding out to hobbies in other countries. In general, of all EE's subbers, the British take the least part in the zine but I can't really complain on that score because I rarely participate in the British zines myself and feel much closer to the continental Europeans, whose zines I usually receive air mail rather than surface as I do the British ones. Woody say that the British would be wonderful ventriloquists as they move only their lips, and barely that, when speaking.

The Lamb, like all pubs in England I suppose, dims its lights briefly to warn the customers that closing time is near. This happens several times and the last flicker before lights out means order your last drink. Nothing like this had happened to me since I was in Korea and the whole country would shut down at 11 PM. South Korea was facing an imminent Communist invasion and that, anyway, was their reasoning. I wonder what the British one was?

*"Oops! Sorry, love—nearly gave you the right change!"*



Mike Allaway walked us to the underground and part of our journey home was with him. Before the hotel, Woody was so desperate for food that we ate at a Wimpys, a fast food place usually abhorred by Woody "Let's Go Where There's A Waitress" Arnawoodian.

The next day, our third in England, was sunny and nice just like the entire stay in England would be. There was none of the typical London rain and fog we had heard so much about.

We went to Buckingham Palace and watched the Changing of the Guard. It was already packed and we had arrived an hour early! A flag flew on

((Continued on page 38 )) 57

on top of the palace and this signified that the Queen was inside at that very moment. I reckon I came within half of mile of Queen Elizabeth II!

After I had planned to go to the House of Commons and hear Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher exchange barbs with opposition Parliament members over the American invasion of Grenada but we couldn't get away from the Changing of the Guards in time and the crowds were too long that day.

Instead we went to see the Tower of London. Yeoman walk through the grounds in colorful garb and you can see where the famous in British history were executed or imprisoned. The White Tower was begun in the time of William the Conqueror who conquered England in 1066. Armour and the weapons of knighthood throughout the centuries is on display here. We also got to see the Crown Jewels, including the Black Prince's Ruby. These are housed in an underground vault and visitors are warned that the doors can be sealed at any time if any threat happens.

After this we went back to the British Museum and explored some more. Just picture seeing the Magna Carta and the Rosetta Stone with your own eyes and not via a photograph.

We were pooped after this and passed up the chance to meet Mike Allaway this night. Sorry Mike! I managed to get a hold of John Marsden, pubber of Ode, on the telephone. I missed seeing him and Simon Billenness. (Simon will be in the United States in New York State from March 30th to April 21st.)

Friday was the next day and we were to leave Saturday. We went to Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum which has life-like figures, done to exact scale, of famous politicians, singers, actors, kings and queens, prime ministers and presidents both of the present and the past. Henry VIII and his six wives are here along with Winston Churchill and Elvis Presley. I didn't think Elvis looked authentic though. There was also a Chamber of Horrors which featured famous murderers from history like Jack the Ripper and torture devices. Garry Gilmore even gets executed in his Utah electric chair for the amusement of the crowd every few minutes.

Also under the same roof was an astronomy show, one of the best I've ever seen. The planetarium has a Zeiss projector and we had one of the best views by sitting toward the back of the auditorium.

Madame Tussaud's is near the legendary haunts of Sherlock Holmes, Baker Street so we walked up and down it but didn't see Doctor Watson. From here we went to Foyles, a multi-storied bookstore. It is broken into specialized areas like languages, economics, history, art, you name it. They even have an English-Samoan dictionary! I bought several history books and stayed so long that Woody went back to the hotel.

I got out just in time for the rush hour home. The undergrounds were packed. It took me 3 tries to get on one of the cars which came every 5 minutes or so. Later talking to Woody he had had the same experience.

We had planned to eat and get rested for the long trip the next day. The airline was telling us that we would leave in time to be in New York City at 10 PM local time. Woody's agency had said that it would be 6 PM local time.

But Richard Gee called and invited us to stay at his home so we compromised and agreed to meet for supper and some talk. We went via the underground (we were real experts at getting around London by now) to the appointed meeting place. Richard took us to Finos where we drank some Scaligero wine and had an Italian meal. One of the topics of discussion was whether it would have been better to not have the nuclear bombs hanging over our head by having had Germany win World War II and the world be ruled by one country already. Hhmm.

Then we went to a neighborhood pub called "The Lamb and Flag". The Lamb was more of a drinking pub while this pub was more-oriented to other activities. There was a television and darts and many tables where you could sit down and talk. It also wasn't crowded. And it was another look at British life and I thank Richard for treating us to it. He'd like to live in Canada.

The next day we checked out of our hotel and went to Victoria Station and took the train from there to Gatwick Airport and found out about our schedule. It wouldn't be London to New York but rather London TO PARIS to New York. It seems the agency had deposited the latest batch of passengers who were just coming over to Europe in London, where they had spent the night, and their trip was to begin in Paris so they had to be transported there and

we had to go with them and have a layover. We were told that we would arrive in New York about 10 PM local time so, after Paris, we added an hour to that. Woody wanted to drive to Philadelphia when we got back (Tom Mainardi was to be in New York to drive us back) but I wasn't in the mood to make a car trip after a long plane trip.

While waiting in the airport there we met fellow travelers who were also inconvenienced by a layover. One family with a daughter and her friend were from New York and they could have been Kathy Byrne's relatives. "Where are you from?" they asked me. Then, "I knew it was from the South!" and "I love his accent, don't you mother!" What a nice pick-me-up after all the Europeans who preferred Woody's Philadelphia patois, ha ha. They had been robbed while in Paris and, like us, they missed water fountains which are virtually nowhere to be found in Europe.

Finally we reboarded our plane and got off the ground. After what seemed a long time, the pilot came on and told us we were just flying over the last of the French coast. THEN that we would still not be going to New York direct. By flying to Paris (and then from Paris), we didn't have enough fuel to make New York so we would be landing to Gander International Airport which was in Newfoundland, CANADA! The passengers all groaned as this would mean we would not get into New York City until around 1 or 1:30 in the morning.

Nothing we could do so we watched the movie (Sting II) and listened to the 6 radio stations available to us via the headphones we rented. But after awhile all the stations started over repeating what you had already heard. Add to this that we were stuffed like sardines and you get a complete picture. Finally we landed at.....

### 13. Gander International Airport, Newfoundland, Canada

I had never been to Canada before and we had only 40 minutes on the ground so I got off the plane. The arctic winds whipped through us as we walked from the plane to the terminal. The salespeople said they had been waiting for us for 3 hours. Canada was almost like home....there were water fountains. I bought a Canadian flag, a Gander t-shirt and Maclean's magazine, the Canadian version of our Time or Newsweek.

Here the Ugly American came out. I heard one woman ask the saleslady: "We don't have to get money in Canadian money, do we?" A man: "I don't want any funny money. Give me dollars." This lady was unfailingly courteous and she took payment in dollars, pounds, marks and francs and gave the correct equivalent change in whatever currency was desired. I also bought some postcards, but without my address list I could only remember Dave Carter's address (he's from Canada) and I wanted someone to know I had been in Canada! The money change machine would take an American dollar and give change in Canadian coins! Then with the coins I bought some stamps out of the stamp machine. Then it was time to board and we flew on and we finally landed in.....

### 14. New York City

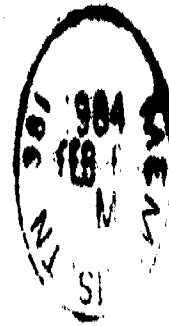
We waited forever, it seemed, to finally see our baggage. Then we had to wait in line to get through customs. They didn't even check anyone but just asked "You don't have anything you should declare do you?" We then went through some big swinging doors wondering if anyone was still here to meet us. The first face (I was in front) I saw was Bruce Linsey, pubber of Voice of Doom, and I would have given anything to see Woody's reaction. To say the least, Woody and Bruce don't get along. At all. Also here were Tom Mainardi and Kathy Byrne. I went with Bruce to get his car and found out they came in his car because it was bigger than either Tom's or Kathy's. He had also just put out the new hobby record for a zine's largest issue: 170 pages in an open-page format.

On the way back to Kathy's home, they kept telling me about Steve Hutton's play in his No Fixed Address which was a take-off on The Wizard of Oz involving hobby members.

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