

Europa Express

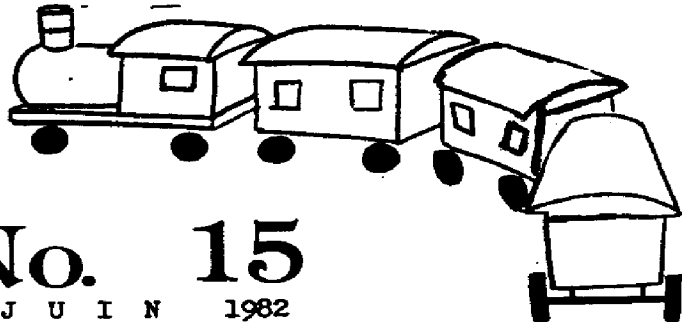
THE PUBBER: Gary L. Coughlan

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ARGENTINIAN DEFENSE FUND
seeks YOUR support! Free
the Falkland sheep
from the English yoke!

YOUR dollar
could buy the torpedo
that sinks the Hermes!

Send YOUR dollar
today to the "Draft Peter
Birks Committee", Rt. 10,
Box 526-Q, Moore, Oklahoma
73165 USA!!!!--John Michalski



No. 15

18 J U I N 1982

O-O

§ Yes, if you read EE #14, you will remember seeing that quote from John Michalski. But this is the note that I received from John: "I was really disappointed to see how you handled my Argentina Defense Fund notice. I was hoping it would be separate, like a notice. As it was, 2 sentences lost in the jumble, lost something in the translation." What John has here is a "bitch"! Even before I got that card from John, I was planning on having a "bitch page" in EE where you, and I, could let off steam about things that bother us in the hobby. I ran out of room this time but it will be in next issue for sure. Send your bitches in but keep them short. You can also be anonymous if you'd like. Let's keep this clean, though, no character assassinations. Happy now, John?!

§ One of my first bitches was going to be that my ORIGINS materials still had not reached me. But they have now come so everyone else must have theirs or will soon. § Alsace-Lorraine, the 10-week game in EE, is in delay. One of the players had a death in his family and it is still unclear to me if he wishes to remain in this game or not. The other players are willing to delay the game until we find out.

§ I finally achieved one of my goals in May; I got a bicycle. I bought a Raleigh (made in England) "Supercourse 12" 12-speed for \$386.00. I want to get into touring, not racing. So far I have been learning how to shift the gears and getting my rear end extremely sore. I am not confident enough yet to go out into traffic so I am practicing riding on residential streets near my home. I am the marvel of the neighborhood kids with their 3-speeds, sort of like Charlton Heston in The Planet of the Apes where he sizes up the opposition and concludes they will be ruming the planet in 6 months!

§ Bob Seger on his Night Moves album sings a line which goes: "So now sweet sixteen's turned thirty-one" which is what I did June 1st. That used to seem so old to me, as 30 did, but it's not. I feel my life is just beginning.

§ I would like to state publicly that I cannot stand Alan Alda. I don't think he's funny, he's snotty, and I just don't like him. Period. Ditto the smurfs as a big dislike. Don't forget to turn to page 35, cut out the "coupon" and win a kiss from Kathy. You must get it to her by July 21 or 22 so don't delay. Imagine you could tell your children or grandchildren some day that you got a kiss from Kathy Byrne. Not to mention your wife or girlfriend! So vote to....SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD!!!

§ Lots of stuff is in this issue: my report on ChicagoCon, a British and Belgian view of the Falklands, more "Focus on Fakes", an in-depth look at G-G Spare of Finland and the press warr of EE's game and Bob Osuch's Mass Murders(beginning on page 15). You will notice that two of the games have the same cartoon this time. This cartoon was drawn by Dan Wilson, an EE subber, for Mike Mazzer's Austria in "Apis" which was expected to go under. Mike didn't, but others did. Whenever a country is out, that cartoon will be run. If all have it at the same time, like a slot machine, everyone gets that issue for free! Well I see I'm at the end of this page and you're just at the beginning so..

O-O

§ DIPLOMACY is a registered trademark for a game invented by Allan B. Calhamer and copyrighted by The Avalon Hill Company.

O-O

SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD....SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD....SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD...(See, how pg. 35)

I will answer your letter. Gary

Tea and Sympathy to fight Russia! (continued from page 3)

or such reasons, but because some 60 years of socialist states have clearly shown this system's inferiority.

But I do not subscribe to pure capitalism, either. I think we have an obligation to care for those who because of youth, old age, physical or mental incapacities cannot fend for themselves. I do not think just ownership should give anybody the right to cut down a beautiful forest or tear down a historical building.

2. How to persevere what we cherish: We Finns want to persevere our independence and the system we have, which is a nordic democracy. Amongst the nordic countries we are clearly the least inclined to socialism.

If forced we would fight for this with whatever strength a 4.5 million peace-loving nation could muster--really not much. Because of this we do not think saber-rattling nor belonging to any undependable alliance is the optimal way to achieve these ends. We want to stand on our own two legs--the only legs which would really support us in a crisis.

We are not as naive anymore as during the 1930s, when we believed that being morally right would save us. During the Winter War 1939, we stood quite alone when the Soviets attacked us. Sweden gave us considerable economic help and some volunteer fighting units. The rest of the world gave us tea and sympathy. The League of Nations even took a vote against Russia!

In 1941 we were then forced to choose between Russia or Germany, there was absolutely no possibility of remaining neutral. We chose to move against our old enemy, Russia. So what happened? Amongst other things, the USA declared war on us, obviously because that was then in the US interest.

In the face of almost unbearable German pressure this war was declared to be and conducted as a "separate Finnish-Russian war." The objectives were our old borders, which we soon reached and where we more or less voluntarily stopped. That is why Leningrad never fell--we did not attack it. Our beloved leader and national symbol Field Marshal Mannerheim, formerly an officer at the court of the Tsar in St. Petersburg would never have helped the Germans he personally disliked take this golden city. Did you know that Mannerheim, himself of course not a Jew, demonstratively attended the Easter services at the Synagogue in Helsinki in 1944?

In the fall of 1944 we managed to extricate ourselves from that war, for a short time fighting both the Russians in the east and the Germans in the north, who wanted to take revenge on us for our "treason" in putting our own national interest before the German lost cause.

We had to pay huge war reparations to Russia in addition to resettling 10% of our population, evicted from lost Karelia, and at the same time rebuilding our industry. We did not get any help then--not even diplomatic pressure, because we were considered lost anyway.

Somehow we pulled through on our own, however, but we learned our lesson: Trust only yourself. When the moment of truth comes, nobody will sacrifice anything for you. There is a very wise prayer: Give me courage to change what I can change, patience to endure what I cannot change, and wisdom to tell these apart.

Now we have realized the necessity of having good neighbourly relations with the Soviet Union, convincing them that we would not actively or passively help anybody attack them. (Oh yes, they are afraid, very afraid, which is the explanation of much of their actions). We are not at all apologetic that these relations have enabled a considerable trade, helping us to maintain an over-the-average economic growth, which again is instrumental in perserving the inner peace necessary for further development.

Do you not see that your belligerence actually helps imperialistic, monolithic communism? Can't you see the evident signs that it would disintegrate without a common enemy? With or without you, it will disintegrate anyway--without you, sooner. That is why the best course is to play for time. Without educated citizens they cannot compete, but educated citizens will increasingly revolt against a stupid and inhumane system. Take a look at the map, John, and try to see this with Finnish eyes. But don't make any mistakes: We do not ask anybody's permission to decide our affairs. We do not owe anybody a thing.

STEALTH, STEALTH: I hope you someday will get the chance to travel and seeing for yourself that every country has its own truth and realising that you do not really understand a problem before you have seen it from different viewpoints. STAB, STAB, STAB: The lack of parentheses () in the address list indicates that you have never been away from Route 10, Oklahoma! BLOOD AND GORE, BLOOD AND GORE....."

((C-G's comments continue on page 5 . SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD!!!)) (4)

Chicago

CHICAGO CON: MY VIEW

---by Gary L. Coughlan

Last October, 14 of us hobby members from the central states met in St. Louis for some face-to-face Diplomacy. We had read about all the mini-cons on the east and west coasts and we wanted something for the middle of the country. We had such a good time that we made plans to meet in April or May. And we did. During a 3-day period, May 14-16, some 30 people from 11 different states and one Canadian province met in Chicago to play face-to-face. Those in attendance were: (a publisher's zine or subzine is listed after his name): Bill Becker, Dave Carter (Sleepless Knights), Stan Casella, Patrick Conlon, Gary Coughlan (EE), Jeff Ellis, Randy Ellis, Jack Frost, Julie Glass, Art Haehnel, Garry Hamlin, Scott Hanson (Irksome), Chuck Kaplan, Stuart Lancaster, Mark Larzelere (Appalling Greed), Andy Lischett (Cheesecake), Mark Luedi, Peter Manti, Dick Martin (Retaliation), Bob Osuch (Mass Murders), Eric Ozog (Diplomacy By Moonlight), Mike Quirk, Paul Rauterberg, Russ Russnak, Dwayne Shreve, Jim Stillman, Don Swartz, Jim Williams and a couple who just sat there named Keith and Ann.

Not everyone was there for the full three days and I know that I didn't get to talk to everyone as I did at St. Louis. Friday night we played at Jim Williams' mother's home in Chicago. Saturday was in Eric Ozog's basement and Sunday was at Andy Lischett's. Jim, Eric, Andy and Bob Osuch put up many, many of us in their homes. This hobby is filled with some great people. This article then is my personal view of what I saw and heard at.....ChicagoCon.

FRIDAY: In Memphis, in the early afternoon, I board Piedmont Airlines, a cheapie which is so cheap because it makes stops in Nashville, Greensboro, North Carolina and Roanoke, Virginia where we are delayed on the ground for an hour before reaching Chicago. This is my first time to ever go to Chicago but this time I know what the people who are picking me up look like and Andy Lischett is picking me up right at the airport. (This contrasts with last summer where I had to ride the subway, wear a bright-yellow Plague Times t-shirt so Kathy Byrne could pick me out and when I had to wear a Memphis t-shirt and hang around a bus station waiting for Bruce Linsey to recognize me. I also didn't have to carry a zine around with me and wave it conspicuously as I have done with Gerald Austin, Al Giddings, Kerry and Karen Blant and some others).

We land in Chicago. And there is Andy and fully 20% of all Canadian pubbers to meet me. Yes, Andy and Dave Carter are waiting on me. Dave flew in from Toronto and he was the only Canadian to come. We went to Andy's place where we met up with Paul Rauterberg. Sometime later, Eric Ozog came over with Patrick Conlon who had come by bus and Randy and Jeff Ellis and Stuart Lancaster who had come from Kansas by train. We had no sooner got a gunboat game going than Jim Williams calls. We decide to go over to his home and get lost on the way. I think we would still be lost if we hadn't seen his Iowa license plates on his car. Here we met Don Swartz and his friend Jim Stillman, Art Haehnel and Garry Hamlin. Garry was wearing a t-shirt which said "I am not Garry Hamlin" on the front and "1981 AM Who?" on the back. That is Swedish Roundabout's Boardman number and Dick Martin and Bob Osuch, also in that game and not exactly Garry's allies would also be there. If you've read the press war in that game, you might could understand Garry's anxiety, ha ha.

Anyway, we play 2 games of gunboat. One game gets a table, and my game gets a coffee table. By this time, the beer was starting to flow. I drew Russia and thought my St. Louis luck was starting again (that weekend in St. Louis, I only played Russia and Italy). We talked, stabbed and drank until around 3 AM. The most vivid thing in my mind is that when you went to the bathroom (frequently that night!) and turned on the lightswitch, the lightswitch was this little naked man's...er...uh...you know. We headed back to Andy's (Andy, Dave, Patrick and Paul) where I got the couch, which was midway between a bed and the floor which the other 3 got. It was so cool with the breeze coming through the windows. Dreamland.

SATURDAY: Waking up, I hear people talking and it's not in Andy's place. EGADS, people in the neighboring windows can actually look in and see me. Find my pants and my dignity. Andy has to go away for a few hours, so the 4 of us go out for breakfast. The waitress asks me if I'm from Florida (I forget I have a Southern accent until someone mentions it). When I tell her, Tennessee, she asks where in Tennessee and I say Memphis and she says she's been to Memphis. Chicago people are real friendly. We get Andy and head for Eric's.

Saturday's games will be in Eric's basement which was much better than it sounds. Paul and I had stopped and bought some Beck's beer (Ah, these exotic Yankee brews) and

SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD!!!!!!

((ChicagoCon continues on page 14))

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Paul was discussing the different types and the clerk asked him if he had read the "Great Beer book of America or something." This, by the way was the Yum-me Grocery which I had been led to believe was Korean by Eric. It was like Krogers.

We were lucky staying at Andy's I guess. Eric made the Kansas kids dress up in these pirate outfits and I heard him tell Randy that he could take it off "after the initial effect." By now many people were starting to drift in. Some of whom were: Bill Becker: Bill had organized the

successful BeckerCon a few weekends before where Eric Ozog had won a "Big Greenie" which was about 20 times the size of a regular Italian army. (I used it as Italy to stop Patrick's Conlon's Turkey but it had no magic then). Bill is fighting off a KathyByrne-Dixie Gray attack in one of his games. Mark Luedi: from Indiana he told me that Gary, Indiana was a bad place. I showed him a copy of Eric's zine with Eric's comments about him. This is Eric's style. First I was an "old slavemaster fighting the civil war", then I was "Jimmy Carter without the teeth". At these face-to-faces, I often sit around and wonder just who is going to write what about who.

We played gunboat diplomacy and regular. More people came in including Bob Osuch and his guests, Dick Martin, Julie Glass, Mark Larzelere and Scott Hanson. I have had my difficulties in the past with Dick and a few people there were aware of this but we disappointed them all by getting along well. I was drunk. Bob Osuch on page 18 called ME "sleazy". This from a man so drunk in St. Louis that he slept under a sink and couldn't remember the ally he had had a 2-way draw with the night before. At Eric's Bob slept in a pyramid tent pitched in the basement, then they woke him up and told him to go home! Scott Hanson, the cheapie, was passing around his Irkosome so he could save stamps.

One of my great thrills at ChicagoCon was to deliver EE in person to some subbers. The beer was gone so Eric took us to this combination grocery-liquor store called "Jewel Bosco Grand Bazaar". (I don't ever want anyone to tell me the South has the funny names) Here we bought some of Michalski's brew, Amaretto & Cognac ("One drink turns you into a reactionary") which I wound up drinking most of. Everyone else said it was too sweet, John! Back at Eric's, Don Swartz talked me into a "Nuclear War" game. You make your opponents with bombs and get cards like: "5 million of your people have just died." Now say you had a card in your hand which said "10 million" and you didn't have a "5" million" card. Simple, you just turned your "10" into a "Body Bank" and get "5" in change! It could only happen in America. About 4 AM(?), we went home.

SUNDAY: This day was when most of us had to leave but it was late in the afternoon, so we could still play til the early afternoon at Andy's. Garry Hamlin was supposed to have left at 6AM but he said he wanted to see my hangover. Surprise, gang! I am one of those people who just don't get hangovers for some reason. I may wake up drunk (I didn't here) but I never had headaches or any such pain. And I might as well tell you how I am when I get drunk (Some at last year's GenCon can attest to this too). First, I have a low tolerance anyway so I get blitzed fairly quickly. But I always know what I am doing and am aware. I get very talkative and very friendly. You can be a stranger and be my best buddy. The next stage is I want to hear black music. I adore Aretha Franklin and apparently Chicago doesn't have any black radio stations or so I was led to believe (Every other one of Eric's albums was polkas!). Then I talk with an Italian accent and/or write in Korean. Finally I smoke cigarettes. This is only when I am really drunk because I don't smoke. After these stages, I begin to wobble which rarely goes to this stage. I took some pictures (The one on this page is, left to right, Dick Martin, Garry Hamlin and Bob Osuch--Austria, England and Italy in Swedish Roundabout) and Andy took me to the airport. I was worn out. I work nights and in Chicago we were getting up early and staying up late. I know I wasn't alone!

Some highlights: Introducing Jim Williams and Dwayne Shreve to Boardman Toady Dick Martin (Boardman says they don't exist!); seeing Don Swartz wield his bill-collector intimidating look; Julie Glass stealing all my French fries at Burger King; learning subtle nuances to English when Jim Williams said to Don Swartz who was playing Turkey: "Let's talk Turkey" (Did he mean, "let's talk business" or "let's talk, buffoon, or like "let's talk Austria"? One wonders!) and Dave Carter's delightful British accent.

I had a wonderful time and I hope this isn't the last ChicagoCon for us. I want to especially thank Eric Ozog and Andy Lischett for organizing it so well and for, along with Bob Osuch and Jim Williams opening their homes, basements, couches and floors to all of us!

SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD!!!!

GOOSE EGGS HATCHED;
KRAUTS' GOOSE COOKED?

Summer 1905: French F North Sea retreats to London

Fall 1905:

AUSTRIA (Olsen): F ALB S TURKISH F Ion; A TYO-Mun; A SIL S A Tyo-Mun;
A War-GAL; A VIE-Tyo; A TRI S A Vie-Tyo

FRANCE (Sherwood): A YOR-Edi; F EDI-Nwg; F LON-Nth; F Bre-ENG; A BUR-Bel;
F TUN-Ion; F TYN S F Tun-Ion; A PIE S A Ven; A TUS S A Ven;
A VEN S ITALIAN A Apu

GERMANY (Mazzer): F BEL S RUSSIAN F Nth-Eng(NSO); A RUH-Bur; F HOL-Nth;
A MUN S A Ruh-Bur; A KIE S A Mun

ITALY (Martin): A APU S FRENCH A Ven; A NAP S A Apu

RUSSIA (Larzelere): A Swe-DEN; F Nth-HEL; F StP(nc)-NWY; F BAR-Nwg

TURKEY (Byrne): A Lvn-PRU; A Gal-BOH; A SER S AUSTRIAN A Tri; A BUL-Apu
(praying for Italian NMR!); F AEG & F ION C A Bul-Apu; F ADR S
A Bul-Apu

No changes in the supply center count this time. If it happens twice more in succession, a six-way draw will be declared! Fat chance, eh? I am not feeling particularly happy at this moment for reasons I may discuss later if I have room. For now, let's just go to the center chart.

1905	#	NET	COUNTRY	CENTERS
	6	0	Austria	Bud, Rum, War, Kis , Vie, Gre, TRI
	10	0	France	Home, England, Por, Spa, Ven, Tun
	5	0	Germany	Mun, Ber, Hol, Bel, Tri , KIE
	2	0	Italy	Rom, Nap
	4	0	Russia	StP, Swe, Nwy, Den
	7	0	Turkey	Home, Bul, Sev, Mos, Ser
	<u>34</u>			

Deadline for Spring 1906 will be Wednesday, May 26, 1982.

PRESS

WICHITA: In the Osuch tradition, I think I should relate how I celebrated my recent birthday as well. Let's see if I recall this festive event...oh yes. It was quite a wild night. First thing I did was, I watched the local news at 5 o'clock. There was an important story on grain elevators, as I recall. Then I watched the national news. There was a big story on selling grain to the Russians without elevators. Then I watched the local news again, just to check up, but it was still the same grain elevator. Then the farm report came on. Then there was, oh yes, a MASH rerun. Then there was nothing so I wrote a Diplomacy letter to Keith Sherwood so he could throw it back in my face. Then there was nothing on TV so I ate dinner. But there was still nothing on TV. Finally, after staring at a blank screen for two hours, I was fortunate enough to catch the late news, with a report on Soviet grain elevators. I'm not ashamed to admit it, but all that partying really tired me out, so I went to bed. I know Osuch is going to be shocked that there could be such wild times that he missed out on.

CHICAGO: I know all about it. I've been to "sin city" before.

BREST-GM: Well, you've been wrong every season on your analysis up to now. I sure hope you're wrong again.

GM-BREST: I wasn't wrong, just slightly unright.

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MUNICH-PARIS: I know things are getting pretty gnarly and you probably think I jelled out on you. But at 10, you were getting totally awesome, so I had to side with the wench. I'm really bummed about this, but if I'd let you run open loop, you'd have gone totally non-linear. Save the whales.

GASCONY-RUHR: I hope your senses came back to you. Otherwise, you might never see your lovely daughter again....

ROM-BER: Are you for real?

BERLIN-ROME: I can't fault you for being a Sherwood toady. Just don't die yet!

STP-ROM: What's this pathetic "A Nap S A Rom-Apu" shit? I know what you should do. Get Kathy to stab Bob, then you've got four neighbors and two wars, one on each side of you. Send one of your armies to help in one war, and the other army to the other. With a little clever puppeting--hey, your up to four. Then swing all four units down towards the Austrian centers, and--wow! You're up to eight. Keep everyone else fighting each other for about seven game years, and--oh boy! Thirteen dots! Then make your final, vicious, sustained stab, and Veilá! Italian victory in 1932!

RUSSIA-COUGHLAN: Buenos DIAS!

UCSD: I blew a midterm writing to all you jokers and trying to get you to lay off when I should have been studying. Shit. Probably wasn't even worth it.

LA JOLLA-MOORE: Oh John, where are you now that I need you? You were right the whole time, of course, and I was wrong, of course. And now the toadies are coming to get me and take me to my well-deserved end. Oh well, how did you suggest to bow out gracefully? Give them the finger and write nasty press?

PARIS-GM: Hey, you're just a few years older than Kathy!

GM-PARIS: Kathy who?

PARIS-CON: See what you've reduced me to? Can I get you anything?

CON-MUD: What's the matter? Didn't your German lackey ask for the separation with you? Bob and I work together much better than you and Greedy. When we want separations, we request them together. That's teamwork, that's allies, that's...hell no, that's called aggravating France and Germany!

CON-FRENCH PUPPETMASTER & GERMAN WITH STRINGS: Now if the board becomes stalemated you can be sure of one thing--Bob and I will not stab each other! We can outwait both of you. We don't mind playing twenty game years, just think of all those love letters we'll exchange!

CON-AUSTRIA: Now isn't this better than Swedish Roundabout?!

LOUSY-VLAD: "It serves you right" was an attempt to make people think I didn't know Kathy wasn't stabbing you, which apparently didn't fool anybody.

CON-STP: I agree, very poor looking stab! But what do you expect, they're both from California!

VIE-BRE: No, you judged him exactly right. He's a consummate genius.

VLAD: Speaking of consummate genius, I would like to announce that Mike Mazzer is the biggest bumbler in the hobby; a fool; a helpless goof; utterly inept; a simpleton; possibly even a worse player than me, or, for that matter, Michalski; dumber than Sherwood; smarmier than Martin; and totally worthless. There, Master, I did what you told me to, now don't steal all my centers, okay?

STP-BRE: Why don't you finish off Martin and get it over with?

PARIS-CHICAGO: What do you mean, "Looks like Keith's main ally has switched sides"? Unless I missed something, Martin is still with me. Dick is the only ally I've had the game through. But he wouldn't desert me, would you Dick? Dick?

BERLIN-BUDAPEST: Keith does have a point about turning your back on Kathy. Turn around, face her, and give her a big kiss for me.

MASS MURDERS ((continued from page 16))

AUS-ITA: Floundering around helplessly, stumbling over both left feet, picking on Gary, writing in orange squiggles, it's...CRUDMAN!!!
MAR-G.T. OF D.M.: Looks like my toadies are jumping ship!
BRE-GM: What do you mean I'm up for my "first viable opposition"? I had to fight Michalski for England and Martin for Venice and...um...I take it back. Never mind.
BERLIN-GM: Who are you calling viable? I've never been vi'd in my life.
BERLIN-BUDAPEST: Otay, Buh-weet! Wat now?
SIL-BER: Gangway! Or as the pirates say, gangplank!
MINCEMEAT-LEMON BALL: Oh, all right!
FRANCE: That Kenny Lipowski (Do you make these names up, or what-- Lipowski, Sniegowski, Osuch, Larzelere, Mazzer, Byrne, and worst of all, Olsen--yech!) is a real fool. Bob Olsen just paid a small game fee to have Kathy do nasty things to him.
VLAD-GM: What was that address for "Club Algiers" again? And do you know if there's a branch of "Michael's Magic Touch" in Wichita?
OLSEN-OSUCH: I'm sure Keith has learned his lesson. This time he'll simply NMR and save us all a lot of aggravation.
BERLIN-KIEL: Don't move!
BERLIN-HIMSELF: It occurs to me, I may be optimistic in using the dateline "Berlin".
VIE-BER: Gee, I'm sorry, but who could have known it? Who could have predicted it? You actually did what you said you'd do! What did you do, miswrite your orders?
LOUST-TRO: It's hard working with someone, or even trusting them, if they lie every season. If you attack me every season, it's even harder. So there, nyaah.
BERLIN-RUSSIA: There, now. That wasn't so bad, was it?
VLAD-JOLLY GREEN TOADY: So what's new, besides "Ho ho ho"?
TRI-VEN: Give me back Venice. Mine mine mine. I stold it fair and square! Is there no honor among toadies?
STP-GM: Hey, can I trade positions with Martin?
GM-STP: You can't be talking about this game. Then what?
LA JOLLA-CHICAGO: Don't the Stones have a song about the "Little T and A" alliance?
BERLIN-PARIS: I'm afraid you're right, Keith. With you at 10 and me at 5, a two-way draw does seem kind of far fetched.
SHERWOOD-GM: No no no, I didn't call Kathy ingenious, I said "honest, ingenuous Kathy". You probably couldn't tell I meant it as satire.
PARIS-CON: "Go down fighting"?!? Who are you fighting? I'm the only person on the board who can remember your last eighteen stabs in a third as many games, so I'd like to stop you, but no one else does, apparently. We hardly even border, how can you "go down fighting"? Speaking of borders, what are you going to do surrounded by allies--stop expanding? Hardly--the yellow blocks are a cancer spreading across the board. (Am I being dramatic here? No matter, it's true.) So don't give me this silly "go down fighting" stuff--I won't buy it! Who are you trying to fool? (Um...don't bother answering that....I think I know.)
HONEY-PRINCESS: You should have heard how excited Mazzer got when he figured out I could grab Moscow. How he urged and cajoled...sickening, it was. I think he wants me dead or something.
BRE-STP: I figured I hadn't misjudged you...you can always tell a Larzelere by his appalling greed.
LA JOLLA-WICHITA: Kathy's doing Uncle Bob/ Mazzer's off his rocker now/ The player's all have Brucellosis/ I'll get by somehow/ Sweet home, Paris, France/ Play that country's game/ Set the board positions up real fast/ Study it all night long.
STP-DIPDOM: Don't forget Origins! Let's all raid Santa's lair! Event 18wz, Friday 2-6.
CHICAGO: Dick Martin's COA, 7400 Columbia Ave #4, College Park, MD 20740

((Mass Murders continues on page 18))

(17)

MUNICH IN RUINS!

AUSTRIA (Olsen): F ALB S TURKISH F Ion; A TYO-Pie; A Sil-MUN; A VIE-Tyo;
A TRI S A Vie-Tyo; A GAL-Vie

FRANCE (Sherwood): A YOR H; A VEN S AUSTRIAN A Tyo-Tri(NSO); F TUN-Ion;
A PIE S A Ven; A TUS S A Ven; F TYN S F Tun-Ion; F EDI-Nwg;
F Lon-NTH; A BUR H; F ENG U

GERMANY (Mazzer): A RUH-Kie; F HOL S A Ruh-Kie; F BEL S FRENCH F Lon-Nth;
A KIE-Ber; A Mun-Sil/d/destroyed

ITALY (Martin): A APU laughs at Kathy(H); A NAP S A APU

RUSSIA (Larzelere): A DEN-Kie; F HEL S A Den-Kie; F BAR-Nwg; F NWY-Nth

TURKEY (Byrne): A BOH S AUSTRIAN A Sil-Mun; A BUL-Ven; F AEG, F ION,
& F ADR C A Bul-Ven; A SER S AUSTRIAN A Tri; A PRU-Ber

There is a proposal for a T-A-R draw. Please vote with your next set of orders. NVR will be considered a "no" vote.

CHICON has come and gone. I really had a great time, even though I got to play in only one game of regular Dip the whole time. The gathering consisted of many people I knew, such as Crud, Hanson, Lischett, Becker, Rauterberg, Hamlin, Larzelere, Ozog, and Coughlan. We won't mention how sleazy Gary got Saturday night. I also met some people who I knew of, but never corresponded with, such as Julie Glass, Dave Carter, Pat Conlon, Mark Luedi, and Chuck Kaplan, along with one creep I wish I had never met, Russ Russnak. There were lots of other people too, but they were so busy playing Dip that I never got to meet them. Oh, Jim Williams was there, he's a lot of fun. One notable absentee was Pete Ashley, alias "Machete" McSnerd. Dwayne Shreve showed up, but refused to play because he "hates being lied to to his face". He sat around and sneered for an hour or so, then left in disgust. One high point of the con was the anticipated fisticuffs between Dick Martin and Gary Coughlan. Alas, it never materialized. Instead, they were hugging each other the whole time, finally reverting to making out in the corner by night's end. Lots of other good stuff happened, but you'll hear about it elsewhere I'm sure.

The game? Oh yeah. My outlandish prediction is an A-F-R-T draw. Of course, I'm never right, so now you at least know what won't happen.

COA: Keith Sherwood, 4332 Sycamore, Los Alamos, NM 87544

Deadline for Fall 1906 will be Friday, June 18, 1982.

PRESS

RUSSIA-MARK BERCH: Each endless article you make
Drags on for ever more.
I'm trying hard to stay awake,
But I...um...yawn...zzzz...snore!

BERLIN-STP: This may come as a shock to you, but you've fallen out of the top ten in my popularity list.

AUSTRIA-CON: Anything is better than Swedish Roundabout! R-3 is better than Swedish Roundabout! V.I.P. is better than Swedish Roundabout! Reading about stalemate lines in Diplomacy Digest is better than Swedish Roundabout!

CHICAGO: I wouldn't go that far!

PAR-VIE: Ah, Bob, I'm really sorry your birthday wasn't more exciting. You should have called me and I could have abused you to your face (ear) instead of just ripping up your letter. By the way, I've firmly decided to have a keg party for my birthday next year in the dorms. Anybody know if I can get 7-Up in a keg?

MASS MURDERS ((continued from page 18))

FRANCE: I'm trying to bypass consummate geniushood and shoot right for godhood.

VLAD-BOARD: So which one of you will be the first to say that my report on grain elevators was "uplifting"?

BERLIN-BUDAPEST: I swear, Bob, you really push me to the limit. I don't mind that you stab me (after convincing me that I have to stop Keith), but you did such a lousy job of it. You had to take Berlin, you knew I was protecting Munich. All you did was thwart my attack on Sherwood. Cripes, being stabbed by you is like having your appendix removed with a claw-hammer. Kathy, honey, show him how to do it, will you?

CON-BERLIN: I wish you'd be nice to me--I really wish you'd be nice to Bob--I really wish you'd teach the kid with the ten centers a lesson!

AUSTRIA: I would like to request a separate Winter 1905 season, even though there are no changes, for the following purpose; to aggravate everyone!

LA JOLLA-SANTA MONICA: Santa Monica isn't in "the valley", is it? Guess little Amanda will never be a valley girl. (Anybody heard the new Zappa hit, "Valley Girl"?)

PAR-BUD: Well, Bob, did you shed the yoke of toadyhood forever? Did you bite the hand that's teasing you?

AUS-FRA: Sneaking scumbag! Thealing that song I had reserved for future press. Well, at least I know you listened to it.

CON-PARIS: Give me a break. You say I'm surrounded by allies, well I have news for you, I'd rather be surrounded by allies than stab everyone I can reach like a certain person from La Jolla that I know! Is it driving you nuts that I like sitting in the corner of the board? Isn't bothering me at all, and as long as I sit you'll never reach 18! I think my strategy is equal to that of Darth Vader (R.I.P. Michalski). You remember Toots, he was another of your good allies! You also claim noone wants to stop me. Stop me from what, seducing my honey, Bob? Why should they care who I love? Now if I was at ten centers with an easy three more to pick up like a certain French Frog, then I could understand everyone wanting to get me!

MAR-CON: If rumors are correct, I've lured my toadies back on board, and you may be in a little trouble with toadies jumping ship. Then again, I may be totally (totally, man) fooled and looking very foolish right now. Hope not.

VLAD-LOUSY: Now don't you go saying that little Keitherwood lies or anything! He hates to have people tell him that he lies. Let's keep the secret of Keith's total and pathological mandacity the worst-kept secret in Dipdom.

STP-VIE: OK, I remember you now. Now I'm just trying to forget about Oaklyn, a.k.a. Berch, a.k.a. Martin.

BERLIN-ROME: Am I for real? Now that's an interesting question....

BEL-HOL: A happy death! May we go in a way to give glory to our ancestors.

TURKEY-ITALY: Watch, this turn you NMR! You'd do anything to aggravate me just because I complain because you can't remember unimportant things like deadlines...where's R-12?!

AUSTRIA-EUROPEAN READERS: I'm sure you're all comparing this game to Swedish Roundabout and asking yourselves, "Can this be the same Olsen person who has so bungled the other game, and yet has in this one the strongest, most magnificent alliance in the history of the game?" Well, the difference between having an ally and not having one is obvious here. Also, you might be asking yourself the opposite question; "Can this be the same Crud Martin who is doing so well in Swedish Roundabout but is getting bombed in Mass Murders?" Well, the answer is no.

FRANCE-AUSTRIA: The only way to stop your Master (Mastress?) is to throw the game to me. He is a consummate genius enough to see that, Creampuff.

BERLIN-BUDAPEST: I realize you have a very busy schedule, so if I may be permitted, since I'm apparently not going to be around much longer, may I take on some of your press writing chores? Assuming you are amenable, I've taken the liberty of writing....

((Mass Murders continues on page 20))

COUNT VLAD MEETS THE BLOODSUCKER

Part 4

It was with great anticipation that Count Vlad and his Imperial Entourage of slack jawed lackeys arrived at the Kaiser's palace outside Berlin. He had been eager to meet his old friend for some time, it being several years since their last encounter. Vlad had heard that the Kaiser's nation was in ruins, that the Russians were bombarding Hamburg, that the German outposts in Belgium were besieged and that the Turks were in Prussia, but Berlin maintained its baroque splendor.

Count Vlad knocked on the great oaken portal. After several minutes, the door creaked open and Vlad was greeted by an ancient retainer. Vlad nearly laughed out loud at the withered old scarecrow clad in moth-eaten livery and an outlandish cape. A plumed hat was perched precariously on his quaking, palsied old head.

"What the hell do you want?" the old fossil demanded.

"Ach!" ached Vlad, taken aback. "Mind your tongue, you relic! I am Vlad the Refulgent((?)), Holy Roman Emperor. I wish to speak with your master, the Kaiser von Mazzerman. We are old friends, and if he knows you've insulted me, he will cut out your liver."

"Ah, blow it out your ass, Hippo Hips! I know who you are. Don't you recognize me? I'm Mazzerman. And knock off with the "achs"! I know you graduated from UCLA. Graduates of the University of California system don't say 'ach'."

"Yes", said Vlad, "I know, but I got so embarrassed always saying 'duh'. And I never could learn Californian. What was it? 'I sure am Jelloed, save the sharks?'. But, my friend, what has happened to you? You have aged so much since last we met. Of course, I haven't aged at all since I'm dead to begin with."

"It was That Woman, she did it!"

"The Bloodsucker?!" shrieked Vlad.

"Of course, you twit, did you think I meant Jennifer King?"

"You've seen her?"

"Seen her? Why for months she was my cupcake and I her honey. She was after me night after night. Never a moment's peace. Then, boom! Dropped me like a dead fish, leaving me as you see me. But just you wait. As soon as I've disposed of Eric Ozog, I'll form an alliance with Tsar Mc-Sweeny. The armies of France will march triumphantly...."

Vlad realized with horror that his friend was quite senile and was fighting old battles. Vlad's flabby, slack-jawed countenance hardened with grim determination. To think that his beloved would take up with his best friend and treat him so ruthlessly.

"Shultz!" he said, snapping at his Aide-de-Camp, "There is only one thing we can do!"

"Yes, sir. Whine, grovel and snivel as usual?"

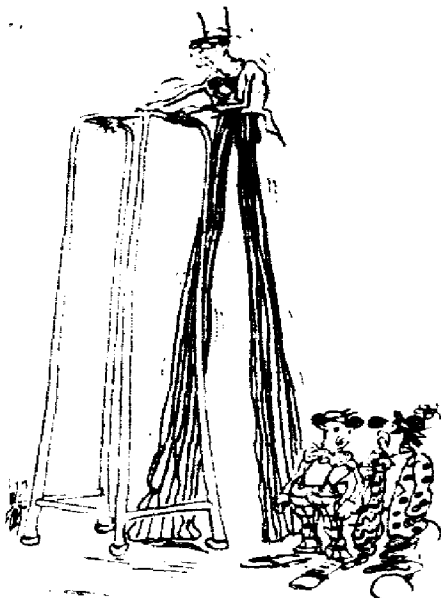
"Right, we'll...no! You fool! We must find this brazen shrew and send her back to the scullery where she belongs!"

As Vlad swept out of the palace in pursuit of the Bloodsucker, renewed in purpose, he heard his old friend still muttering.

"Now let's see, I own Kiel, right? Or do I? Wait a minute, I had Holland then..."

VLAD-GREEDY: Fortunes of war, I'm afraid, old friend. Go ahead and give Belgium to Keith if you want; it would take him two years to get a newly built unit into position, and by that time I shall surely have crushed his carcass like an insect.

PRINCESS-HONEY: I have total faith in you; I know you're not some greedy person we both know, who will go so far as to call someone (a male) "Rosebud" to grab his centers! I know Moscow is safe from you...but Lousy, now that I'll have to think on!



"He should have retired years ago."

¶ The Leeder Poll's deadline is no longer June 30th. The deadline has now been delayed until July 31st, a date by which we should have been getting the results of this poll. Why the delay?

Because Diplomacy World wants to be the first zine to publish the results and Leeder, in his latest Runestone, has agreed to it. Diplomacy World's next deadline is August 15th so we will be lucky to see the Leeder Poll results by October now, instead of late July as with the old deadline.

It is wrong to delay the Leeder Poll deadline and it is wrong to withhold the Leeder Poll results just so Diplomacy World can be the first zine to publish the results. This poll is participated in by the entire hobby. This poll is publicized by the entire hobby and the results of this poll should be made available, as soon as possible, to the entire hobby. Holding up the results of a hobby-wide poll due to Diplomacy World's desire to be first with the results is not the first time this has happened this year.

A similiar situation occurred earlier this year with the Beyerlein Players Poll(BPP) run by Doug Beyerlein. The deadline was February 15th but Doug refused to give the results to anyone else until Diplomacy World had published them. So,

instead of late February, I had to wait until April to see the BPP results!

EUROPA EXPRESS will no longer plug, publicize or print the results of any poll whose results are not available on a equal basis to all zines. There is no reason at all why Diplomacy World should be given special, favored treatment. If the poll-runners object to this, my suggestion to them is that they get Diplomacy World to publicize their polls. I understand it comes out once every three months.....

¶ Allen Wells, pubber of Dot Happy (1450 Worchester Road, Apt 8109, Framingham, Massachusetts 01701 USA) found his printer closed on his last deadline day for Dot Happy(It was Memorial Day Weekend). Instead of waiting to get the results of his games to the players and the zine to his subbers, he went out to a local xerox machine and ran off the zine himself. That is the kind of dedication all pubbers should have. Well done Allen. Now I feel bad that I stabbed you in our game!

¶ Mark Larzelere, pubber of Appalling Greed(23 Akin Ave., Capitol Heights, Maryland 20743 USA) announced in his last issue that the Marco Poll, where you list your five favorite zines in order, will be held in November. Last year's winning zine was John Michalski's Brutus Bulletin.

¶ Would you like to get an excellent British zine for free? Then Bohemian Rhapsody(Malcolm Smith, 36 Cleveland Terrace, Darlington, County Durham, United Kingdom DL3 7HA) can be yours if you help Malc out. Malc writes: "What I would like is to have an 'American Features Editor' take over what I now write about the American scene in BR. I'm asking you if you know of anyone who would be willing to write about 2 sides of A4(at least) every 5 weeks about the American hobby." 2 sides of A4 is like the front and back of one sheet I think so it's either 2 pages or 4 pages. Malc always has comments on North American goings-on. This is your chance to become known to the British hobby as a writer and to represent our hobby to them.

¶ Politburo, a zine for the "true Aristocracy" for \$7.20/year, aims to be "North America's favorite zine in the year 2000." It came courtesy of The Diplomatic Publishing Federation but the chief printer and article writer is John R. Pack, 240 Kimberly Lane, Los Alamos, New Mexico 87544 USA. The front cover pictured the Hammer and Sickle in the upper left corner and the Nazi Swastika in the lower right corner. Politburo is liberally sprinkled with cartoons and apparently will run its games with maps(Yay!!). Variant games(not listed) will be run in its subzine, Politburrito.

¶ My "playlist" for most of my typing tonight has been TV. I watched Saturday Night Live, then my absolute favorite SC-TV, then All the King's Men(Broderick Crawford, Mercedes McCambridge), Spitfire(1942) with Leslie Howard and David Niven and now The Shape of Things to Come(1936) which is H.G. Wells view of the future til the year 2036. Very interesting but I've seen it before. Good night all!!

SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD!!!!!!

telephone and asked that I print the entire text of his letter. I feel that I made it sufficiently clear, in EE #13, that Gerald was sending out refunds to his subbers, unlike the other 3 folded pubbers. And in EE #14, I announced that both Gerald and Jack Brawner (of the folded Flying Dutchman) had indeed sent me refunds from their folded zines.

Contrary to what was published in the latest Whitestonia (#49), I have never hounded Gerald for my money, before or after receiving my refund, nor did I ever call him a thief. The "form" letter that Gerald refers to was a carbon copy of a letter that I sent to Jack Brawner about my refund from his folded Flying Dutchman. Dick Martin was also sent a copy of that letter. Dick and Gerald were meant to vouch for my honesty and, in addition, I knew that Gerald knew Jack personally. On Gerald's copy, I wrote words to the effect: "I guess I'll be getting a refund from you too."

When I wrote my comments in EE #13, it had been one month since I had sent a copy of my Brawner letter to Gerald, it had been two months since Whitestonia had announced that Gerald's zine, Klepto Mania, was folding and it had been 5 months since I had seen Klepto Mania myself. All this time I had not heard from Gerald himself. Therefore after 5 months of nothing, I didn't need to be "officially" informed about anything nor did I jump to any conclusions. I asked for my money back and I have gotten it and that is the end of the matter. Gerald Austin refunds to his subbers.

One thing Gerald did say was reflected in another folded pubber's comments, Clive Tonge of the folded Infidel. Gerald said to me: "It may interest you to know, you are the only subber to KM who requested a refund before my officially announcing the end of KM." Clive Tonge also returned my money and said this:

"I have never intentionally gyped anyone. Anyone can still get their money back but only you have ever asked. I will be sending all of the remaining funds to Ron Brown, CDO Director(?) on June 15. I bet I'll still be sending him a cheque for One Hundred and Seventy Dollars which is approx. the sub fees I have now and have had for over a year. Gary, most people DON'T care."

I don't think this is true. I know in my case I have lost lots of money to pubbers and most times they have just up and left the hobby so it is useless unless they come back or answer your letters. And I do know that some people besides me do care. One of them is Bill Becker who wrote:

"It was nice to see you get your money back from Jack Brawner. I've written him concerning my contribution over the past two years, whenever I saw a new address for him figuring maybe the Post Office was actually the culprit. Unfortunately I'm afraid that unless you have a zine from which to skewer him from, the chance of his ever making good on the outstanding subs is ZILCH. I'd rather contribute 20¢ to the P.O. and write you, than write him anymore. So stick it Jack. And hurray for Gary."

Thank you Bill; I needed that letter when it came. Some in this hobby try to make you feel guilty just because you want your own money back from a folded or folding pubber. However I don't feel that EE is just my zine. It would be nothing at all without the writings and contributions of all of you. This zine, no matter what other zines or other pubbers may do or say, will stand up for the subbers, the players, and the non-pubbers who have no voice of their own except at the sufferance of a pubber. Any subber to EE who is owed money by any folded pubber need only tell me and his name will listed in each issue of EE as a warning to others as long as he doesn't pay. I am sending a copy of this page to Jack Brawner with your address. If he doesn't pay you by the next issue of EE, his name will be listed like Bruce Schneier's below. Since Jack did pay me, he may be intending to pay everyone. We can give him this chance. Any others who have lost money, let me know. Now on to Schneier.

Bruce Schneier was the pubber of the folded Invasion. John Boardman in his Graustark publicly announced that Schneier was refunding subs. That is a lie. I have written Bruce Schneier twice, on March 4th and again on April 30th. I have not even had the courtesy of a reply from him. Bruce Schneier is a thief. Bruce Schneier is being sent a copy of this page. If and when he pays me my refund, I will be more than glad to retract that statement. But until he does, I hope no one will send him any money for any thing should he decide to begin a new zine. So.....

SCHNEIER

WARNING: BRUCE SCHNEIER IS A THIEF. HE FOLDED A ZINE INVASION AND HE OWES ME MONEY FOR MY SUB TO SAID ZINE. HE HAS BEEN WRITTEN TWICE ABOUT IT AND HAS NOT RESPONDED NOR PAID ME MY MONEY BACK.

(((Don't forget.....SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD!!!!)))

Picture guesses continued from page 30.

"and gentlemen, the one (fortunately for us) and the only (Thank God!)....Keith Sherwood." Keith Sherwood(New Mexico, USA): "I'd say Mark Lew, but I won't waste my guess. I've got this one wired(LA word). Look at that short hair and Southern boy still wet-behind-the-ears-looks, and obviously just finished some unearthly horrid adventure: Origins or the Army so it's either early pictures of Gary Coughlan just out of the army or present day pictures of Pat Conlon."

Scott Dalley(Florida, USA): "The new picture? That insipid smile is enough to make me gag. And those wicked, vacant-looking eyes--why he looks like he'd forget his name unless it was written on his chest. Terrible haircut--right! This is your typical Army E-4, Patrick J. Conlon. I just hope he can do better as a civilian."

Patrick Conlon(Georgia, USA): "It finally dawned on me why I was bothered by the latest mystery picture: S.E.G. This punk has one of the most obnoxious shit-eating-grins I've ever laid eyes on. You all know the look: it's Fall '01, he's England and he's just taken both Holland and Denmark from your Germany--after spending the whole negotiating period describing to you his plans for carving up France in four turns. This clown would stab his own pet puppy. He probably got his start telling little fibs to his siblings. When that became less of a challenge, he contrived artful deceits for his parents and teachers to believe. It was a natural progression that ultimately led him to Diplomacy. Unbeknownst to the rest of the hobby, his address is a mental institution, where the doctors have despaired of ever getting him to see or tell the truth."

Kathy Byrne(New York, USA): "Obviously the guy is in the service, otherwise he wouldn't have such a stupid haircut. No, I wouldn't trust him in a dip game, you can't trust anyone in the service--they don't use knives, they use bayonets! He also looks like he would have an ordinary name, so I'll go with Robert Jewett!"

Mark Luedi(Michigan, USA): "About that picture(pictures): It's no one I've ever met, nor do I think it's anyone I correspond with regularly. Very Germanic-looking; and he looks like he could lie through his teeth to his grandmother. I wouldn't want to be playing next to him. I'd bet he lives east of the Mississippi, possibly a Southern boy. Is this "Lyn' Al Pearson"? Or Steven Duke? No, something tells me this is impossible to figure out. There's so many players I've never met. But, I'll bet my million bucks on Al Pearson."

Steve Arnawoodian(Pennsylvania, USA): "I see you're printing Yankee pictures in your zine! Last month Allen Wells' picture was tossed in. A typical New England face----weird. You always manage to draw the hopeless Yanks. No respectable Northerner would want his picture in a Southern zine. Maybe Steve Langley could be next month's 'poor soul.' By the way, don't I receive a prize for a correct guess? No?! Well it figures. After all, you are from the South, where 'rotten' is IN!"

Mark Fassio(South Carolina, USA): "The photo: This guy is a candidate for the "Pencil-necked Geek" Category. The scrungy physique, the thin neck, the flat Cro-Magnon head, and the dull, staring eyes all indicate one thing--this man has recently undergone a frontal lobotomy. The face and short blond hair either are indicative of a west-coast American punk-rocker(Californians, obviously--they too are zeros), or a European. I go with the latter. This fellow looks like he could've been sent back 40 years in time and been part of a contingent for a Dutch SS Division; note the sadistic grin in the right-hand photo. My guess then is: Jaap Jacobs. (I was gonna say Eric Ozog but I understand he has long, curly locks)."

□ This man's picture, and Scott's picture before it, show that even people who have met you might not recognize you from your picture. I met this man at GenCon and I would not have known him from his picture. The answer is Allen Wells, the pubber of Dot Happy in Massachusetts. His hair is bright red, he works with computers, has never been in the service, is about 24 years old(I believe) and it is to Allen that EE owes its maps. He has given these maps to anyone who wants to use them for their zine. And I am sure that Allen will have some responses for youse guys, geez!!

□□□

Michel Liesnard(Belgium): "The 'Soak Scott's Head' postcard is in the mailbox. I'll advertise that affair in my next Chantecler + Vuichechter (due June 30)."

□ I got a call from Kathy saying that Michel had sent her a flier which he was mass-mailing to....SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD! Michel's zine reaches an audience in Belgium, France, the Netherlands, West Germany, Switzerland, Israel, Saudi Arabia and even Zaire in Africa!! I think this will prove that the revulsion against Scott's nefarious attempt to dunk OUR KATHY, is worldwide. Even his German fiancée voted for Kathy!! So how about YOU? Find out how to get a kiss from Kathy on page 35. SOAK SCOTT'S HEAD!! (31)

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