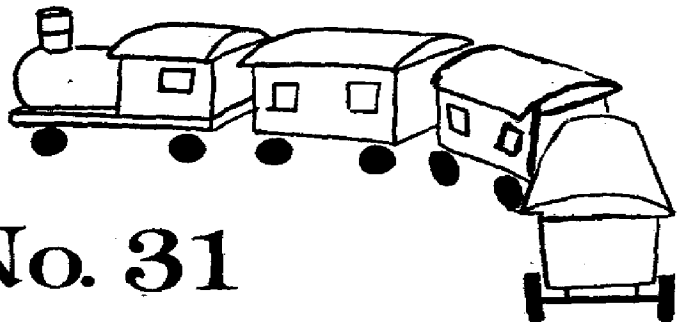


Europa Express

THE PUBBER: Gary L. Coughlan

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

On page 38, I did not have room to answer Evans Givan on his lament about no catfish. Well Evans, I can't help you there but you can replenish your hushpuppy supply by bidding in a new auction that the PDO is having. Details are on page 47. Support the PDO!!!!!!



No. 31

23 F E V R I E R 1984



§ I'm still in the throes of overtime this being the third week in a row where they are taking one of my two off days. I've had to do ~~EE~~ in my spare time as everything else has to be crowded into my one day off. If I hadn't taken that typing class in the 11th grade I don't what I would be doing now!

§ Fortunately, this does not affect the games in ~~EE~~ at all. The players, and Malmbergers who are called, get their game results mailed out the next day. What has put me so behind, besides the overtime, was doing the special "A" issue on Europe which most of you have gotten by now(I hope). This is the last page that I have to type and then it's off to printers and then I can begin answering letters again and sending out the Elvis mug, the Confederate flags, the PDO items I put up for bid last time etc.

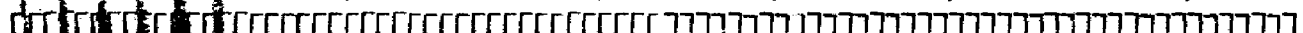
§ IF you read nothing else in this issue this time, I ask that you read James Woodson's letter on page 33.

§ ~~EE~~ is three years old this month and it doesn't seem that long to me. I don't think of it as mainly my zine because so many of you contribute to it with your letters and articles and subzines(see page 43). I am still as enthusiastic as I was when I began and that's mainly to the response and support you have given to ~~EE~~. End of mush.

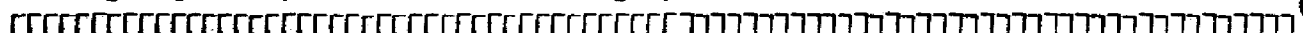
§ Inside are many things, some old and some new. The complete Marco Poll results are on page 39, the ~~EE~~ Quiz results are on page 18, My DAFCON III report is on page 3, the new picture contest is on page 12 and 4 subzines make an appearance in ~~EE~~ this time.

§ I traveled to so many cons last year and spent so much money that I am only going to two this year, as things now stand. In May, I'll be going to Mad-Con II in Madison, Wisconsin to get some wapatuli(see page 31) and in September, I'll be at Bob Olsen's Wichita, Kansas home for PudgeCon III. Details on both cons, and some others happening soon, are on page 47.

§ The Dipdom Census is out and is available from Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N., Rockville, Maryland 20854 USA. It lists the addresses of everyone known to be in the hobby and I think it's well-worth the \$1.00 that Dick is asking. Inside it, Fred Davis came up with some interesting statistics: there are 804 of us in the US and 84 in Canada. North America is divided into 5 areas, including military addresses like this: Canada has 84, the Atlantic Region has 351, the Central Region has 270 and the Pacific Region has 175 with 129 of those in California. There are 8 military addresses. The most common surname is Jones, followed by Ellis, Kelly and Smith, Baker, Phillips and Williams. The most common first names are: John, Bob/Robert, Michael/Mike, Dave/David, Jim/James and Marc/Mark.



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



What did Daf and Steve Langley have fun with, that Olsen thinks is obscene? Page 36

*Hi Doug & Marie,
See pages 3 and 46!
(and page 36!)
Gary*

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DIPSCRIPTION TIME! Pat Hart creates what he calls "Dipscriptions" of hobby members based on what he reads about you in **EE** and the other zines he receives. You could be next on this South Carolinian's list but this month it's Cathy Cunning's turn! Cathy publishes Cathy's Ramblings(her new address is on page 8) in Seattle and found romance through the mail with Eric Ozog. She is passionately devoted to the British hobby, most especially her "idol" Glover Rogerson. She is also clobbering me in Mass Murders. Read about the "Love Alliance" there but first read Pat's Dipscription of the hobby's favorite female red-head.....

<u>NAME:</u> Cathy Cunning	<u>SEX:</u> Reserved
<u>NICKNAME:</u> Cuddles	<u>HAIR:</u> Red
<u>HOME:</u> Far away	<u>EYES:</u> Abroad
<u>BIRTHDATE:</u> Guarded secret	<u>LOOKS:</u> Pining
<u>BIRTHSIGN:</u> Ramblin' Wreck	

<u>NOTED FOR:</u> Promoting British zines	<u>AMBITION:</u> To rule British hobby
<u>TURN-ON:</u> Getting free zines	<u>TURN-OFF:</u> Paying the price
<u>FAVORITE FOOD:</u> Crumpets	<u>FAVORITE DRINK:</u> Tea
<u>FAVORITE CITY:</u> Seattle	<u>FAVORITE COUNTRY:</u> England
<u>FAVORITE AFFILIATION:</u> The Love Alliance	<u>FAVORITE DIP IDOL:</u> Eric Ozog
<u>FOREIGN IDOL:</u> Glover Rogerson	<u>AMERICAN IDOL:</u> Terry Tallman
<u>FAVORITE MOVIE:</u> An American Werewolf in London	<u>FAVORITE SONG:</u> Talk Talk
<u>FAVORITE PHRASE:</u> I just love freebies	



FAVORITE POEM: Cathy Cunning fled the east,
To escape Brian the Beast,
What did she get for making a stand?
An elf? A Lover? A very tall man?

Why be just a coalminer's daughter when you can be a singer or a Malmberger?! (What other zines call "standbys"). You get 2 **EEs** right away, you're only called once and you get 4 more **EEs** for that one time". Join these super 30 Malmbergers: Ieapo Stabo, Peter Ansoff, Steve Arnawoodian, Ken Corbin, Don Del Grande, Rich Delzer, Mark Frueh, Claude Gautron, Richard Gee, Evans Givan, Scott Hanson, Steve Heinowski, Nelson Heintzman, Hauke Jansen, Matt Kazur, Mark Keller, Pierre Kotschoubey, Mark Larzelere, Dustin Laurence, John MacFarlane, Tom Mainardi, John Morris, Bob Osuch, Jane Proskin, Carl Russell, Jeff Sandelin, Don Williams, Don E. Williams, (2) Dan Wilson and James Woodson. I appreciate all of you being willing to help out.

I have a great article by Mark Larzelere but it won't be going into this issue of EE, as planned. The post office, where I work nights, has gone hog-wild over overtime even to the point of taking one of my two off-days two weeks in a row. I'm one of the lucky ones; some have lost one of their offdays four weeks in a row. This definitely cuts into one's free time so hopefully by next issue we can have articles again; certainly Mark's will be in #32.

EE is now three years old. I started publishing in January, 1981 although no one saw EE #1 until February, 1981 three years ago this month. It doesn't seem that long and although I've had a few bumpy episodes since becoming a pubber, it has been a very enjoyable experience for me. I'm particularly glad of all the people I've come to know and the friends I've made--friends that I otherwise wouldn't have known had I not become part of the hobby and started publishing.

Each person has his own "hobby" so I won't bore you with my view of it. I will say that the number of good, friendly people greatly outweigh the assholes all of us come across from time to time.

A big part of the hobby for me this past year was attending many cons both in Europe and America. I went to a New Years' con in California at Steve and Daf Langley's and the following is my view of that con. I will "inflict" this much on you!

DAFCON III.....California Here I Come!

- by Gary L. Coughlan
- "He's bad, bad, Leroy Brown!" ----Daf Langley
- "I still want an Elvis mag." ----Evans Givan
- "My camera was used for some Japanese Kiddie Porn." ----Pete Gaughan
- "You go home and think about it." ----Larry Peery
- "Think about what? What's 'it'?" ----Gary Coughlan
- "Don't play semantics with me." ----Larry Peery
- "Did you ever figure out what 'it' is?" ----Don Williams
- "Oh, honey, Edi stabbed me in 1968, and I haven't forgotten that one yet!"
----Carol Birsan
- "If we get asked, let's say we're engaged!" ----Becky Mifflin

DAFCON III was a 4-day event at Steve and Daf Langley's home in Sacramento, California from December 30th to January 2nd's early hours, at least for me. There were 38 people who attended at some point during the holiday weekend, minus the kids and cats who were also around. If they are a pubber of a zine or subzine, it follows behind their name (the parent zine of the subzine is also listed)

Those there were: Vince Bashaw, Doug Beyerlein (EPGIART), Carol Birsan, Edi Birsan, Pat Clay, Gary Coughlan (ES), Don Del Grande (Life of Monty), Mike Ehl (PNORD--Life of Monty), Pete Gaughan (Perelandra), Evans Givan, Wendy Givan, Diane Keeney, Jim Keeney, Mark Keller (Hai! Jikai!), Steve Langley (Magus), Daf Langley (World of Six--Magus), Mike Maston, Becky Mifflin, John Mirassou (Electric Penguin), Mark Neilson, Hank Nichols, Janet Papenfuss, Larry Peery (Xenogogic), Clark Reynolds, Maria Sanzone, George Schubel, Patty Schubel, John Schuler (Corn Off The Cobb--Xenogogic), Jeanette Shearer, Mike Stevenson, Terry Tallman (North Sealth West George), Kevin Tighe (Humboldt--The Prince), Mark Twitty, Wayne Wilcoxson, Don Williams (Flat Bellum--Magus), Bill Witt and Rob Wittmond.

Many of these pubbers have already written their reports if you wish to check those out as well. I only know what I saw and heard.

))Continues on page 4)) (3)





As you can see from the list of those there, it was a varied crew. Only four states were represented: Washington, Oregon, California and Tennessee. Only is very misleading because the Western states are huge compared to the East and the South. I measure Memphis to Nashville (4 hours) and Memphis to Knoxville (8 hours) in terms of everything. These people traveled far!

Within California, Kevin Tighe traveled 5½ hours to make DafCon, Rob Wittmond drove 7½ hours, Don Williams took 8½ hours and Larry Peery 10 hours. Terry Tallman traveled from Washington 16-18 hours on the road I believe.

I was lucky. I came by plane to San Francisco where Steve Langley met me and drove me back to his home in Sacramento, saving the airfare from San Francisco to Sacramento for me, a very nice gesture on Steve's part.

I had not been in California since 1978 when I got discharged from the Army. It has been so cold in Memphis the last few weeks (that morning was 9 degrees, very unseasonably cold for the South) that it was a pleasure to find it in the 50s and 60s in California.

Steve and Daf's home (they were married in November, 1983) was great for a con: a big roomy living room with a fireplace and a television which connected through a kitchen to what used to be a garage but converted over into a giant gaming room. The computer on which Steve does his Magus is here.

I was the first arrival and the first to see Daf's injury--she was on crutches! Five days before she and Steve were on their way to see Sudden Impact when she fell on her porch. Steve wanted to go to the emergency room but Daf wanted to see Clint Eastwood so they went. But halfway through the movie, Daf nudged Steve and said they should go to the emergency room. It turns out she had a sprained ankle and a chipped bone. This meant she would be on crutches and have to remain rather stationary throughout the weekend.

It also meant a lot of jokes on Daf too, and she was very much a captive audience, ha ha. I'd do sound effects when she would get up or sit down as she has to cautiously balance herself to use the crutches. We suggested burning her crutches so we could have a fire ~~and~~ and speculated that Daf would be great to stab this weekend as she could (conceivably) only chase the stabber to the head of the stairs which led to the garage playing area, and sanctuary.

There were four cats (Jing, Cassy, Smokey and Boogie!), a leaning Christmas tree and a pot of chili on the stove. Very good on a rainy day. Steve had all kinds of vegetables and stuff in this chili and Daf asked him why he had put kidney beans in it. He just did it to be different. Well, in the South, at least my chili, has ground beef and always kidney beans in it and very little else. Subtle differences between the sections.

Don Del Grande, pubber of Life of Monty, arrived. Since he could only stay Friday, I had ~~my~~ my LOM T-shirt this day. He brought a keg of beer, a German import and he and Steve discussed computers. When I confused logarithm with algorithm I knew I was out of my depth. Don and I had our pictures made in our LOM t-shirts before he had to leave.

Next to arrive were Rob Wittmond (who didn't bring Ingrid! See page 44) and Pete Gaughan, pubber of Perelandra. Rob does a running imitation of Don Pardo, the TV announcer on all those TV game shows. I kidded Pete by telling him that "Michalski's coming!" to his upcoming con (see page 47).

During this time, Jim and Diane Keeney, local Sacramento dippers, came in and things started getting lively. The mail came and in it was pictures from Ty Hare of his legs in several provocative poses for the Legs Contest. Everyone liked your legs, Ty!

Next was Don Williams, pubber of Fiat Bellum, with his kids Michael and Christine and friends Hank Nichols and Maria Sanzone. Don played us a tape he had made earlier in the week in the parking lot of a California restaurant with two unsavory characters by the names of Mike Mazzer and Bob Olsen. We made Mike and Bob honorary attendees. Mercifully half of the tape didn't record!

I had been rereading 1984 and in the appendix on New-speak had discovered

((Continued on page 5))

(4)

that the ideal person in that society was someone who was called "a doubleplusgood duckspeaker", who would sound like a quacking duck! I gave this book along with a ceramic duck from Elsie, my cow, to Don Williams to give to his duck companion, Socrates. Then it was time for a game.

We settled on Civilization. I'd rather play this than Diplomacy; call me a heretic! I have had such bad luck with Egypt in the past, always getting hit with famine, floods, earthquakes and civil wars that I refused to play it. I got Africa instead which is right next door. I might as well have had Egypt with all the calamity that came my way. Plus I hadn't been to sleep since Thursday morning and this was getting to be early Saturday morning. As if all that wasn't enough, in came Terry Tallman, pubber of North Sealth West George along with "No-Dip" Becky Mifflin and Mike Ehli, pubber of FNORD which appears in Life of Monty. Mike had just missed Don by a few hours.

Anyway, I think the others felt so guilty about dealing out famines, etc. to me that they couldn't face me with a straight face so they had Mike Ehli take over as Africa and I went to slumberland around 4:30 AM.

And woke up freezing! The space heater had gone out and I was shivering. I know when it's time to get up. California has fast food places to eat that aren't in Tennessee and the Langley Mansion is set in the midst of many of them. Don Williams and I went to Carl's, a burger place for lunch. He has a tape player and had bought Don Henley's album for the song Dirty Laundry, just as I had and, like me, fell in love with the entire album especially Them and Us. Don's deadline for his Fiat Bellum games was December 31st and he had asked his players to not submit much press since he would be going to DafCon. He said he got tons of it from some notorious East Coasters!

Back to Steve and Daf's where we began a gunboat game of Diplomacy (which I prefer to negotiation). I was Austria and for quite a while held onto Bulgaria and Rumania against the Russo-Turks (Don Williams/Rob Wittmond) until superior numbers broke the Austrian ranks. Finding it useless to defend my undefendable centers I turned west to prop Italy up against France who had been running away with the game on all fronts. I ended up with Venice and survival.

Many more people were coming and going all the time and the other games that were played this weekend were Machiavelli, Lie Cheat and Steal, Awful Green Things and Fantasy Forest. Another Dip game started but I didn't want to play regular Dip and I was hungry. No-Dip Becky took me and Vince Bashaw to Jack In The Box (I don't why I thought this was a chicken place) and I got another hamburger. Becky was one of the bright spots (among many) for me at DafCon. She had some funny stories to tell about Terry plus they're getting lost in Oregon while trying to find Mike Ehli's home. She was going to Reno, which was about 2 hours away, and this was the main reason that she, a non-Dipper, had come along.

Back to the house where another Civilization game was starting. I was bound and determined this time not to go anywhere near the south side of the Mediterranean. This game began at 5:30 PM Saturday night and ended 12 hours later at 5:30 AM Sunday morning. We took a break at midnight to welcome the new year in with champagne. Since I spent so much time with this game I'd like to tell you about it. Several of us were not very experienced.

The players were: Egypt-Mike Ehli, Crete-Vince Bashaw, Macedonia-Bill Witt, Italy-Jim Keeney, Africa-Clark Reynolds, Babylon-Diane Keeney and I was Illyria. I should have been suspicious when I had to punch out the counters for Illyria; it had never been played in this game.

Illyria spent most of its time fighting off the Macedonians and the Italians. I was the last to get out of the Stone Age. I got socked by famine and earthquake and Egypt's Mike Ehli led a charmed life. I was the nominee in 2 Civil Wars and acquired Babylonian cities and Egyptian cities all too far away to be of use to me. Tax revolts weakened me. I made Egypt mad when I gave some famine to him, a move that would have far-reaching implications for my Illyria.

During moves (only one player could move at a time), we carried on other activities. Diane knitted, Clark drank wine and Jim tried to trade for "I-run"; the way he pronounced "iron". Vince reminded me of Sherlock Holmes with his cap and, having a stuffed up nose, would shake the room when he sneezed. I found out that Mike's ancestor were Germans who had lived in Russia but not what FNORD means. Also talked on the telephone to Jim and Robyn Finley and Kathy Byrne at various times. John Mirassou arrived and with him the first new zine of 1984

((continued on page 6)) (5)

Electric Penguin (see page 46) and his guitar. Also got to meet Kevin Tighe who does Humboldt in The Prince. Kevin is who I think of when I think I've got it bad on overtime: he's been working 6 days a week for a few months at a bakery until some more help is hired. I've enjoyed Kevin's "Donner Party" jokes in Humboldt too, like "What a great pair of legs", "Wanna neck?" concerning that famous cannibalism incident. Then back to the game. Most of the West Coast players don't like to give famine to others even when they suffer themselves from it, so since I had liberally dished it out, Mike Ehli's Egypt gave it back to me.

Only by this time my Illyria was so tiny and he slapped me for nine removals, hoping to eradicate me out of the Middle East where I still had a few possessions. Tired of continual battles with Italy and Macedonia, I kept a city on Ithaca and 4 one-man units in the Middle East just to vex him. Illyria multiplied like the sands of the seashore and was soon bigger than Egypt! Babylon, Egypt's ally, blamed him for the Illyrian encroachments in Diane's territory. I even built cities on the Euphrates before it was over having a ball the whole time. Vince won as Crete. In the first game of Civilization, Don Williams also won as Crete.

Then I went to sleep while Mike and Clark joined some Tallman Toadies who never slept I don't think. I should say I tried to sleep. By this time all the prime sleeping areas had been staked out so I had to sleep next to the Christmas tree. One of the cats decided to play with the ornaments on the tree while I thought "Why me?" I didn't get much sleep constantly trying to scare the cat away. At least I didn't get scratched like the ByzneCon cat did me!

Sunday was football games and I rested a little while watching them. Mike Ehli looked like, as my grandmother says, death warmed over and he collapsed by early afternoon. I don't know how Clark held up! Early this morning, Larry Peery and Mike Maston arrived after an all-night drive. Larry is walking energy and a non-stop talker. He is famed for his lengthy writing. Well, he made some New Year's Resolutions for himself that took up 3 pages! He has some imaginative T-shirts which he ought to put on the Dip market, like a multi-colored one of the Dip board which I want to go along with my LOM T-shirt.

Doug Beyerlein came this day and he, Don Williams and kids, Pete Gaughan ate our lunch and supper together amidst our games. Once I looked outside at the kids romping and wondered when our games diverged. When did I get older?

Edi Birsan and his wife Carol also came and Carol is a joy to be around as she's funny and friendly and a barrel of laughs. She told about Edi being in a Dip game by mail where his main ally thought he was a girl due to his name. Edi used this advantage even to the point of sending this guy a pic of him and Carol and saying, quite truthfully: "This is of me and a friend." Things came to a head when the guy came to New York and wanted to go out with Edi. Edi said they had too much in common: they were both male!

A nerve-wracking negotiation Diplomacy game followed. I was France and the other players were: A: Jim Keeney, E: Don Williams, G: Larry Peery, I: Pete Gaughan, R: Doug Beyerlein and T: Evans Givan. Edi did a running commentary. Doug got 3 builds as Russia in 1901. It ended in a E-F-R-T draw when my "Memphis" fleets aided Evans' "Nashville" fleet into Naples to eliminate the draw-vetoing Pete Gaughan. Jim Keeney survived in Venice and as a one-center power for many years greatly repaid my France (I got Rome among other things) for supporting him. Don't overlook tiny powers in your games. This was also a "symbols" game as I had my Confederate flag, Don has his ceramic duck, Pete a button etc.

It was nice discovering that Evans and Wendy Givan are from Tennessee. We waved Confederate flags together, sang Elvis songs at midnight on New Year's Eve and I gave them the hushpuppy mix I had brought to Steve and Daf who didn't want it, and which can't be bought in California. They even knew about the Martha White TV commercials that Tennessee Ernie Ford makes and Evans wants an Elvis mug!

I went to supper with my lunch companions at Denny's. Don's kids gave me false names (where do these children pick up this habit of fibbing!?) and ate all their ice cream as Don threatened to give it to me if they didn't. See Southerners are worth something! I was surprised that a California restaurant offered corn on the cob so we all got that. But it didn't have any handlers. Pete, from California, but now living in Texas, explained that at home it's okay to eat the corn on the cob with your hands but in public you slice the kernels with your knife and eat it that way. Don and I used our hands. Pete also told us that while he was in Japan this past summer a Japanese lady had asked to use his camera

when he was at the beach. Being an ambassador for America he agreed. When she returned she asked him to send her the negatives from America and she paid him. But when they were developed they were of some naked children in suggestive poses! Pete was shocked and didn't send those negatives. Never the twain shall meet!

Back to Steve and Daf's where I supposed to go to sleep since my flight would leave San Francisco at 7 AM Monday morning and we had to leave much earlier than that. I decided to stay up since I had Monday off anyway. Becky had returned from Reno and admired my Tennessee-Confederate Flag t-shirt so much that I gave it to her. A little Southern culture comes to Seattle! She also showed me the back seat of the car where she had bought gifts of wine and liquor for her friends back home. I wondered where Mike Ehli was going to ride on the way back.

Inside, what appeared to be a publishers' forum was taking place on the living room floor with Terry Tallman at one end and Larry Peery at the other both physically and philosophically, and many others in between watching like people watch a ball at a tennis game. I didn't pay much attention to this because most hobby talk bores me. I caught only one question and that was "Which publisher in the hobby today is universally respected and highly regarded by everyone?" They were ripping pubbers up, right and left on this one. I held out for Ron Brown of Murd'ring Ministers and Andy Lischett of Cheesecake. The rest of the time I was explaining to Becky what the hobby was, who the people before her were, their zines etc. Try explaining the hobby and its personalities to someone who is not familiar with it and you will see how ridiculous much of it can seem. A few of them tried to guess how the EE picture system works ("You never do any West Coast people"... "You alternate Europeans and Americans") There is no system!

All this time, Daf had been mostly confined to her chair and when she asked Pete Gaughan how this DafCon stacked up with the one he went to last year, he started going into considerable detail so I came to her rescue. Falling at her knees, I said: "Oh, Daf, don't you just want to say...Pete if last year's was an 8 on a scale of 0 to 10, what is this year's? Don't you just hate essay answers to simple questions?" Pete said both were a 7 but a different 7. Then John Mirassou brought out his guitar and Mike Maston his ukelele and we had a sing-along of old favorites.

They took the tune to Led Zeppelin's Stairway To Heaven and sang the lyrics to Gilligan's Island to that tune. Mike Stevenson sang some with Jim Croce, who used to date his mother and he entertained us all with his rendition of Jim Stafford's Wildwood Weed and a Smother's Brothers routine. Don Williams sang in Spanish while we all did the chorus of "Baa Baa Bomba" to another song. Other songs were Bad Bad Leroy Brown, I Am A Rock, I Don't Like Spiders and Snakes, The Boxer and Heartbreak Hotel.

I left to get a beer from the kitchen. By this time, the pubbers' meeting had ended. At its height, it was Tallman and Peery going back and forth when Peery asked the "silent" ones to give their say-so. Becky told me if they got around to us that we would say we had just become engaged. Mark Keller was the first victim and he didn't have anything to say he said. (Mark wanted to know if I knew the answers to the Raging Main movie quiz and I wanted to know why his TV reviews had skipped over my favorite, Falcon Crest.--those people should be Diplomacy players. Ever catch Angela Channing in action?) Anyway, Larry Peery was in the kitchen and what followed was a long frustrating conversation...at least for me.

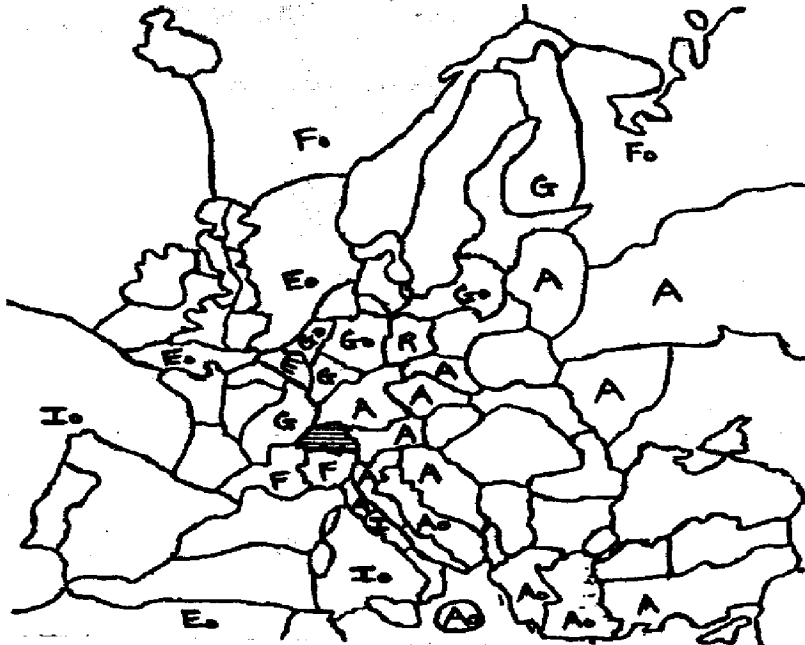
Larry said that the Gary Coughlan he had met at DafCon was not the Gary Coughlan he knew from reading EE. I glanced behind my shoulder to see if someone else was behind me, then asked him to elaborate. He wouldn't be specific just told me to go home and think about "it." I asked what "it" was that I was supposed to be thinking about and Larry said: "Don't play semantics with me." I should have just gone back to the guitar playing but I was curious and for the next hour or so, even with the probing questions of Don Williams and Steve Langley, none of us could get Larry to make any sense about what he was talking about. A complete waste of everyone's time which also made me feel very uncomfortable. Larry is even running a contest about what "it" is. If you find out, let me know! For some

((Continued on page 8)) ①



FRENCH AND ENGLISH RUSH REINFORCEMENTS AS ITALY FACES AUSTRIAN ONSLAUGHT!!
 LONDON AND VIENNA APPEAL FOR EUROPEAN SUPPORT AGAINST EACH OTHER!!
 TSAR ATTEMPTS SILESIAN SORTIE BUT FAILS TO BREAK OUT OF BERLIN!!

Ω POSITIONS IN SPRING 1911 Ω



§ GAME: "Windsor" 1981 AN
 § GM: Garlás L. Kőbullányi ur
 § NEXT SEASON IS: Fall 1911
 § ZAT: Friday, March 2, 1984
 § GAME COLOR: Z8ld

¶ GAME NOTES: This is an exciting game to GM plus some great press! Thanks!

The concession to Austria failed and is repropoed. A 5-way draw (A-E-F-G-I) and a 6-way draw (A-E-F-G-I-R) are also propoed. Remember that a "No Vote Received"(NVR) is a "yes" vote. The largest draw, if all or 2 pass, will take precedence.

§ Dislodgements This Time:
 Italy's Fleet Ionian Sea.
 Your cartoon is from Punch. Thanks for no NMRs and I'll see y'all in March!

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR WINTER 1910 §

Anglia: Build Army London
 Ausztria-Magyarorszag: Build Army Vienna,
 Army Budapest and Fleet Trieste
 Nemetsorszag: Remove Army Norway

ANGLIA: A Lon-(BEL), F (NTH) C A Lon-Bel
 (Mark Fassio ur) F Bel-(ENG), F Mao-(NAF)

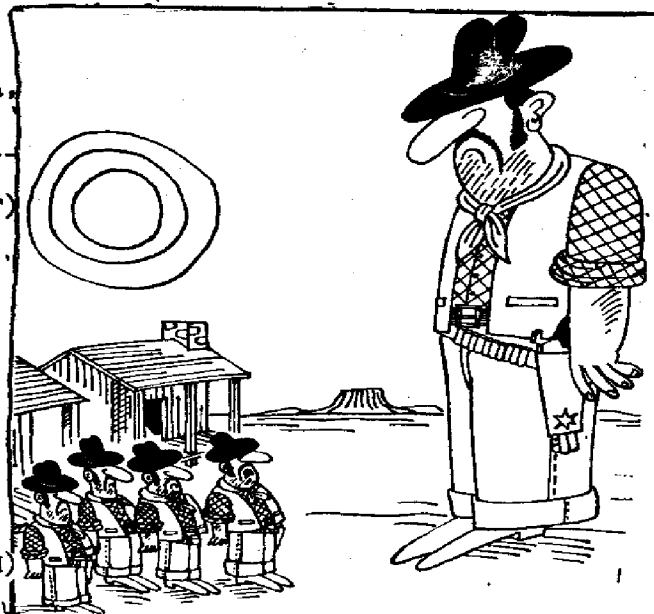
AUSZTRIA-MAGYARORSZAG: A Pie-(TUS)
 (Kerry Blant ur) A (VEN) S A Pie-Tus
 A Vie-(TYO), F Tri-(ADR), A Bud-(TRI)
 F Aeg-(ION), F (GRE) S F Aeg-Ion
 F Con-(AEG), A Ank-(SMY), A Sev-(UKR)
 A (MOS)-Stp, A (LVN) S A Mos-Stp
 A (BOH)-Mun, A (SIL) S A Boh-Mun
 A (MUN)-Kie

FRANCIAORSZAG: F (STP-nc) Holds
 (John Marsden ur) A Mar-(PIE)
 A Spa-(MAR), F Bar-(NWG)

NEMETORSZAG: F (BAL) S Russian A Ber(OTM)
 (Jack Fleming ur) F (HOL) S F Kie
 A Par-(BUR), A (RUH) S A Par-Bur
 A (FIN) S French F Stp, F (KIE) Holds

OLASZORSZAG: F Lyo-(TYS)
 (Allen Pearson ur) F Gas-(MAO), A (ROM)-Apu,
 F (ION) ~~EE~~-Apu(r-Alb-Eas-Nap-Tun-OTB)

OROSZORSZAG: A (BER)-S11
 (Patrick Conlon ur)



Is Most Of Europe Lined Up
 Against Giant, Austria?!

[MARSEILLE]- Let us all wish 1981 AN a happy third birthday!

Memphis to 1981 AN: Happy 3rd birthday and I hope y'all had happy holidays!

Marseille to Memphis: Happy Holidays?? Some of us had to work 14-hour days over Christmas!!

Memphis to Marseille: Well, I guess liberation is hard work...

England to France: John, Viva Marseille! Let us hope we can liberate much more from the greedy clutches of the Austrian Threat. Hey, why don't you convoy into Italy and "march up the boot" at Ven/Tri? Let's take the war to the enemy!

(Sorry, I ramble incoherently from time to time...) Anyway, all of our fortunes are on the upswing; let's keep it that way. Good hunting.

Austria-Hungary to Germany: Germany loses a center. England gains a center.

[LONDON]- The call for volunteers to fill Her (ahem...HIS) Majesty's First Volunteer Expeditionary Force since 1905/1906 has been overwhelming! People have forgotten the Hun's earlier perfidy, and are signing up in droves to "save Europe" along with the valiant forces of Germany, France, Russia and Italy. The people realize what a Menace the Archduke Franz-Blant is, and are prepared to disembark in Belgium and "sally forth at the foe." Have at them, lads!

England to Germany: Kaiser Jack, all of Europe blesses the day you came to your senses, and we stand ready and willing to help our German cousin as you valiantly fight off the encroachment of the Imperialistic Austrian Monster. Perhaps we should trade Belgium for Denmark? Then I can convoy from Denmark to Prussia and help attack the Austrian flank????

Austria-Hungary to World: England spends most of his press apologizing for all his past stabs. But, don't worry, this time it will be different. It will be different all right. He'll get stronger while you get weaker.

England to Austria-Hungary: You greedy Power Monger! The Forces of Freedom have only begun to marshall their forces against you. Taste now the cold steel you once dished out!! Long live S.L.O.P.!! Death to Austria!!

Italy to England: So far in your propagandea war, it stands S.L.O.P. = 1, Austria = 0.

England to Italy: Paisean Al, I hope I did the right thing, sailing to Africa? I don't want to cramp your fleet activity, and I am at your disposal, should you need assistance somewhere along the line. Let us establish the Defensive Screen.

Austria-Hungary to Italy: What have France or England ever done for you? I wondered where I could grab the centers for a win and not take from you. You saved me that trouble.

Italy to Austria-Hungary: Sorry, Archduke, but the way the wind was blowing, I saw my about-face as the only action available.

Italy to World: Have I sacrificed my three remaining Meditterrean centers to stop the Austrian juggernaut at the blandishments of an English aggressor? Could be.

Marseille to Vienna: Kerry, we are all war-weary, but that doesn't mean we are happy to see you win! The line can be held now, so let's have a nice draw, huh?

England to Russia: Tsar Conlonski, fear not! Stick with us, and we shall first stop, then push back, the Austrian Fiend. You shall yet again prosper from the anti-Austrian crusade, my friend!

Austria-Hungary to Russia: Don't be taken in by these last-ditch phonies.

Memphis to Russia: Once again, you are being heavily courted by two great competing power blocs. What will the Tsar do?

[THE BERLIN WALL]- (Via Russia): The Austrian Emperor has come here seeking answers. All is not going as he had hoped. The western powers have managed to forge an alliance. The unit sent to take Berlin still has not reported back to him. In fact Berlin seems like a ghost town--no troops anywhere. Where could his army have gone. What could have happened to it?

He was standing at the foot of a crumbled portion of the famed Berlin Wall while contemplating these matters. The wall seemed to have a life of its own. He looked closer. Could it be? Was his eyes playing tricks on his mind? It appeared that some invisible spectre was inscribing something...a message, perhaps... ..on the wall right before his eyes. And he read:

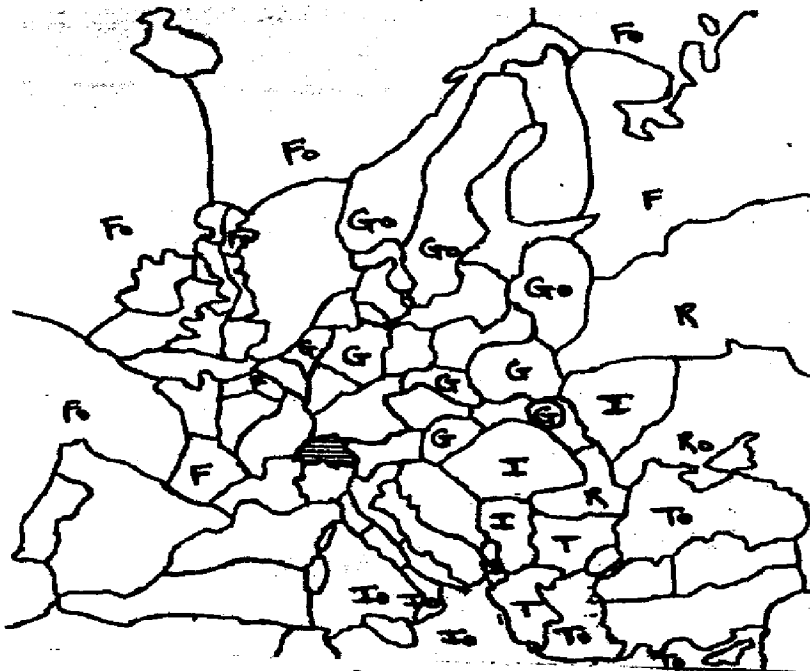
"It was foretold many years ago that the road to caution would bring you to the highest pinnacle of power. But the soothsayers who attended your birth with this news were never given the chance to finish. Your father wanted to

((Windsor Press continues on page 39))

10

TURKS HOLD OWN AGAINST ITALY AS ROME GLANCES OVER SHOULDER AT BERLIN!!!
 UNEASY KAISER STRESSES GERMANY'S FRIENDSHIP FOR FRANCE!!
 ST. PETERSBURG OCCUPIED BY FRENCH FORCES COMING FROM SCOTLAND!!!

Ω POSITIONS IN SPRING 1906 Ω



§ GAME: "Seawolf" 1982 CT
 § GM: Herr Garren L. Kaufland
 § NEXT SEASON IS: Fall 1906
 § ZAT: Friday, February 24, 1984
 § GAME COLOR: Grtn

¶ GAME NOTES: The big news is draws. The F-G-I draw failed and is repropsoed. Also two other draws are proposed: a F-G draw and a F-G-I-T draw.

Please vote with your next orders and remember that a "No Vote Received" (NVR) counts as a "yes" vote.

§ Dislodgements This Time: Russia's Army Galicia. A dislodged unit is always circled, or rather the dislodger unit is.

§ Tiny Spaces: There is a French Fleet in Edinburgh and an Italian army in Albania.

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR WINTER 1905 §

Rosia: Removes Army Finland and removes Army St. Petersburg
 Tokil: Builds Army Berlin and builds Army Munich

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR SPRING 1906 §

DEUTSCHLAND: A Mun-(KIE), A Ber-(SIL)
 (Herr Rob Wittmond) A Kie-(HOL)
 F (NWY) S French A Edi-Stp
 F Bal-(LVN), A (WAR)-Mos
 A (VIE) S A Sil-Gal, A Sil-(GAL)
 F (SWE) S F Nwy

FRANKREICH: F Eng-(MAO), F (NAO) H
 (Herr John Michalski) A Edi-(STP)
 F (NWG) C A Edi-Stp, F (BAR) C A Edi-Stp
 A (GAS) Holds, F Nth-(EDI), A (PIC) Holds

ITALIEN: F (TYS)-Ion, F (NAP) S F Tys-Ion, F (ION)-Gre
 (Herr Steve Knight) A (SER) S F Ion-Gre, A (ALB) S F Ion-Gre
 A (BUD)-Rum, A (UKR) S A Bud-Rum

RUSSLAND: A (GAL) ~~UKR~~-Ukr(r-Boh-OTB), A (MOS) S A Gal-Ukr
 (Herr Al Pearson) A (RUM) S A Gal-Ukr, F (SEV) S A Rum

TÜRKEI A (GRE) Holds, F (AEG) S A Gre, A (BUL) S A Gre
 (Herr Pat Hart) F (EAS)-Ion, F (BLA) S Russian A Rum



Now Moscow Is Surrounded By
 Germans, Italians and French:
 As Russian Forces Get Mauled!!

Rome to Berlin: I sure hope you're not studying to be a masseuse. I'd just as soon not get any backrubs in the near future.

Memphis to Seawolf: Your cartoon is from Punch. Languages in games changes each year so the winter was in Korean and the spring is in German.

Space Saver Press:

Memphis to Michalski: Thanks John and the rest of the press is on page 14

[BERLINER ZEITUNG]- Continuing reports of the harassment of German merchant vessels traveling to London by units of the French Navy have led the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to deliver a protest to the French Ambassador in Berlin. A spokesman for the Ministry emphasized however that the problem was not serious, being "merely the type of friction that will arise between friends in a wartime situation". When contacted for comment, a spokesman for the Ministry of War reiterated this, adding, "There hasn't been any friction at the front. The French are our allies, and our relations with them are excellent."

Memphis to Berlin: Well, maybe the French front has no friction but...

Constantinople to Moscow: It's time to circle the wagons.

Kaiser to Re d'Italia: Payoff time has arrived! The Turkish stalemate line has been flanked, and he will soon be at our mercy.

Constantinople to Berlin: Thanks for the compliment.

Rome to Berlin and Paris: Hot damn, boys, we got Turkey on the ropes! If I've managed to delude him into mistaking my lunacy for creative press, he sure ain't long for this world...

Memphis to Rome: Speaking of press....

Constantinople to GM: According to a little known rule--page 34; Section 7; paragraph 2; line number 1, and I quote: "When the quality and quantity of press is dominated by one player, the GM can declare the war over." So, crown me!

GM to Constantinople: Whaddaya think this is--the Voice of Doom houserules??! At any rate, you completely overlooked the Leap Year Clause on this matter(it's the tiny print on line number 57. The houserules cover any sensible situation!

Rome to GM: So, since there is no houserule against it, please forward all future Turkish orders in advance. (Okay, so I lied. Sue me.)

GM to Rome: I think I'll let Turkey handle this particular situation....

Constantinople to Rome: Do you wanna step outside or dance?

Rome to Constantinople: Nothing?! I beg your pardon--I've managed to accomplish quite a deal! I've made significant additions to the royal paper doll collection, and have finally gotten around to redecorating the mansion. I'm also thinking of going for a world record in thumb-twiddling. Oh, and just last week I went to the baker's for a loaf of bread. I keep very busy!

Turkey to World: Dunk Hanson and Byrne!

[ROME]- Alright, the first one to make an Orwell joke is a dead man.

Memphis to Rome: All you guys could work quite easily at the Ministry of Truth.

Constantinople to Paris: Destroying Russian Armies With extreme prejudice?

Memphis to Constantinople: That's terrible!

Rome to Memphis: Hey, they can't all be gems.

Pat to Gary: I haven't gotten my Bersaglieri yet. You?

Gary to Pat: I can't be bothered with that right now; I want to know the latest on Ingrid and why she didn't show up at DafCon with Rob....

[A Private Conversation Between the Kaiserin And Her Maidservant]-

K: "I see the Kaiser has found himself a new girl."

MS: "So it would appear, Your Highness."

K: "Oh, we're in private now! No need for formality! So tell me, what's her name? Where's she from?"

MS: "Her name is Ingrid, and she claims to be from Königsberg, though any fool could tell she's from Bavaria with that accent of hers! The Kaiser must have found her while he was in Munich for Oktoberfest."

K: "You're probably right. Well at least she's pretty. For a while there it seemed that he only cared how big their tits were! And to think he believes that I don't know a thing about any of them! Men are such fools."

Memphis to The Kaiser: So, Rob, how come Ingrid didn't put in an appearance at DafCon on New Year's???????



Well, if this is not

CHOMPS AND MIAMS number 3

then this is either MOS EISLEY SPACEPORT or PHYLLIS'S PYRAMID, and you'd better forget about it...

I suppose most of you have met the same kind of problem as I during these past six months. Well-informed people explaining you, with the Bible in one hand and a copy of THE ECONOMIST in the other, that 1984 is spelled "the Year of Destruction" in Hebrew, that Big Brother is watching you and that Tom SWIDER is gonna steal your chair if you do not care... But, because the world of fairy tales is far beyond you, you've just shrugged your shoulders and mixed the sixth carafe of Amaretto with the fifth bottle of cognac. My friends, we were all wrong. Even if the skies and the stars (not to mention the Bars) remain well hidden behind the clouds, there exist signs that leave no doubt about what this year will be. I am sorry.

You want an example? Here is one. Every serious scientist and Larry PEERY will agree that the mail one gets on the last day of the year is some sort of a summary of what will happen during the year to come. Good. Here is a list of what I found in my mailbox today, Dec. 30.

- A letter from my own genuine tax officer, explaining me that I am scandalously rich and that Belgium is poor. Clearly, nobody has still realized that Belgium, that's me too...
- A kind note from the electricity company, with red comminatory comments all over, saying that if I am not an electric chair, I'm a good imitator...
- EUROPA EXPRESS n° 30. At least that one was for free...
- A letter from John MICHALSKI (on his usual brown toilet paper). The fiend joins a small American flag to his mailing. If I were living in Alaska or Hawaii, I'd probably wonder why there are only 46 stars on MICHALSKI's flag, but I suppose they stopped bothering about all that fuss when the Indian Territory joined the Union...
- Good wishes cards from Frauke, Kathy, Kathy's John, Kathy's Phyllis, Kathy's twins, a certain Gary COUGHLAN and a whole bunch of damn friends. Thanks to all the others, whose cards got lost.
- The TV programs for the month to come. In order to support the European film industry, we are condemned to thirty-one more days of Dallas, Dynasty, Flamingo Road... I'm afraid my budget for books is still going to inflate.

But, okay, okay, I know, this subzine is supposed to be about good food, not sad moods. So, after almost one page of totally uninteresting comments, I think it's time to turn to the next one and lavish upon your heads the best Europe can offer you.

((Continued on page 16))

15

Last time, I gave you the recipe for snails, which are a typical speciality from Burgundy. Now, perhaps could we turn to another space of the regular board, a German space for instance, and why not Prussia? So here is how to prepare the

KONIGSBERGER KLOPSE (meatballs in piquant sauce):

1/2 lb boned loin of pork, cubed; 1/2 lb chuck steak, cubed; 4 oz streaky bacon, rinded and chopped; 2 onions, quartered; 2 slices of white bread; 1 teaspoon chopped anchovy fillets; 4 eggs.

Sauce: 2 oz butter; 4 teaspoons flour; 2 fl oz cream; 2 egg yolks; 2 teaspoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon sugar; 2 teaspoons capers.

1. Mix together the meats, onions and bread, or use a food processor if you really believe technique can palliate a lack of dexterity. Add the anchovies, eggs, and salt and pepper and mix together. Form the mixture into large meatballs.
2. Drop the meatballs into boiling salted water and simmer for 20 minutes or until just tender. Remove the meatballs with a slotted spoon and keep hot. Reserve 3/4 pint of the liquid.
3. Melt the butter in a clean saucepan. Stir in the flour and cook for 2 minutes. Gradually stir in the reserved cooking liquid. Bring to the boil, stirring, and simmer until thickened.
4. Beat the cream and egg yolks together. Add a little hot sauce, then stir into the rest of the sauce in the pan. Cook gently, stirring until very thick. Stir in the vinegar, sugar, capers, and salt and pepper. Add the meatballs and reheat gently.

Obviously, trying to find one typical recipe for each space of the Diplomacy board isn't much more bizarre than attributing a song to each (Hi Fred DAVIS, why not the BRABANCONNE for Belgium? If you agree with my proposal, never forget there is a cedilla (ç) under the C, otherwise...). For instance, in the next issues of CHOMPS & MIAMS, and as soon as I have explained our friend in Moore (Oklahoma) why most of his answers to my quiz were not correct, to say the least, I might adopt the following schedule:

- Gascony.....Béarnaise sauce.
- Marseille.....Bouillabaisse.
- Belgium....."Choesels" in Madeira sauce.
- Portugal.....Caldeirada.
- Tennessee.....Grits.
- Spain.....Paella valenciana.
- Holland.....Maatjes.
- Venice.....Veal liver "à la vénitienne".
- Flushing.....Thrifty odds and ends.
- Berlin.....Berliner Pfannkuchen.

Brothers & Sisters, I do hope you will agree with the above-mentioned. As for me, I'd better disappear for 5 weeks before our Kathy reads the "thrifty odds and ends" line. Will meet you next time in EE 33. Kisses to all. Rush.



A handwritten signature, possibly 'G. P.', is written in dark ink. To the right of the signature, the number '16' is enclosed in a circle.

Believe it or not, cuties, but I got three answers to my CHOMPS & MIAMS 1 quiz. One from Robyn FINLEY who asked me to buy her a dunce hat (the good communist tradition of autocritics...), one from Claudine MICHALSKI (clearly it was not from her husband since there were neither ink nor blood spots on it), and one from the delicious Vicki KANE who wins the recipe book with a score of six good answers out of eight.

But perhaps should I give the great majority of you the correct and commented answers that you're impatiently expecting? Here they are.

- 1) AOC and VDQS are quality labels awarded to some French wines.
AOC (Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée) means the wine comes from a well definite region of France. VDQS (Vin Délimité de Qualité Supérieure) means it comes from a well definite vineyard (with one exception: champagnes, which are blends).
- 2) Lambic is the liquid out of which gueuze and kriek are brewed.
In fact, lambic is the only beer in the world the fermentation of which is operated by a micro-organism that only exists in a radius of about 20 km round Brussels (believe it or not, but it's true). Gueuze is a blend of various lambics, and kriek a gueuze in which sour cherries have been macerating for some weeks.
- 3) Camembert is a cheese from Normandy invented in the XIXth Century by Marie HAREL. Her daughter, another Marie, offered a camembert to Emperor Napoléon III when he was inaugurating the railway line from Paris to Granville, and from then dates the glory of what Léon-Paul FARGUE, a great French poet, called "the Feet of God".
Brie is older. Charles the Great (742-814) already knew and appreciated it, but its best ambassador was probably TALLEYRAND, who smoothed the negociations of the Congress of Vienna by offering brie's to the other negotiators. Unlike camembert, which can be prepared anywhere, the names "brie de Meaux" and "brie de Melun" are protected by a French law.
Roquefort, a blue cheese made out of ewe milk, always comes from the caves hollowed in the cliffs which surround the small French town of Roquefort-en-Causse. It is protected by a law, the equivalent of an AOC, and yes Claudine and Vicki, the Romans already liked it. Woody hates it, but who really cares?
- 4) Even though Queen Margot, the wife of the King of France and Navarra Henry IV, was daily lamenting about her husband's bad breath, and even if said Henry IV was nicknamed "le Béarnais", there enters no garlic into a béarnaise sauce, which is prepared out of wine vinegar, butter, salt, pepper, parsley, thyme, tarragon and egg yolks.
- 5) Sorry Claudine, but Chantecler is not the most poisonous one! If really you want to get rid of John, try the amanite phalloïde...
- 6) Poronkieltä is smoked reindeer tongue served with a madeira sauce. If ever I go to Finland, I'll ask C.-G. SPARE to serve me this...
- 7) Tripes are the speciality of Caen (French Normandy), once and for all.
- 8) "Choesels" are veal pancreas served with a madeira sauce (Belgium-Finland, même combat!). Brusselers are funny people, you know...

MAY I SEE
THEM, PLEASE?

THE "WIN 10 FREE ISSUES" QUIZ RESULTS

EE #30 carried a short 4-part quiz in which the person with the most right answers would win 10 free issues. EE's subbers were divided up into 3 categories so that there could be three possible winners: one from North America, one from Great Britain and one from continental Europe (including Hong Kong and Zambia).

With an especially long deadline, I thought there would be hordes of entries. But there were only four, who were: Kathy Byrne, Vicki Kane, Steve Langley and Daf Langley. We'll total up the scores at the end. The answers to the quiz received from the contestants come first and the correct answer is the end one.

I. PROVERBS AND IDIOMS: This contest comes from the Memphis Commercial Appeal's "Mid-South Magazine" which said: "The Chinese don't cast pearls before swine; they 'play music to oxen.' They have their own set of idioms." Come up with the equivalent English proverb or idiom for the following Oriental expressions:

1. There are no waves if there is no wind.

Kathy: The calm before the storm

Vicki: Full of hot air or the bark is worse than the bite.

Steve: Where there's smoke, there's fire

Daf: You can't get an omelet unless you break some eggs

Correct Answer: Where there's smoke, there's fire.

2. When you speak of Ta'ao Ts'ao, Ts'ao Ts'ao arrives.

Kathy: Speak of the devil

Vicki: Bite your tongue (i.e. superstition that to voice a fear is to realize it.)

Steve: Speak of the devil

Daf: Speak of the devil

Correct Answer: Speak of the devil

3. To display a lamb's head and sell dogmeat.

Kathy: Don't judge a book by its cover

Vicki: False face or can't tell a book by its cover

Steve: Bait and switch

Daf: The ole bait and switch

Correct Answer: Bait and switch

4. To blow on the hair and search for tiny sores.

Kathy: A needle in a haystack

Vicki: To nitpick or split hairs

Steve: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth

Daf: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth

Correct Answer: Picky, picky, picky.

5. The horse that leads the herd astray.

Kathy: You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink

Vicki: Black sheep of family or one rotten apple spoils the lot.

Steve: The Judas Goat. One bad apple can ruin a whole barrel

Daf: One bad apple

Correct Answer: The bad apple that spoils the barrel.

6. Like climbing a tree to catch a fish.

Kathy: Like a fish out of water

Vicki: Like using an elephant gun to kill a fly (overkill)

Steve: Like using an elephant gun to swat flies

Daf: To cut off your nose to spite your face

Correct Answer: Building castles in the air

7. If one plants melons, one gets melons.

Kathy: Ask and you shall receive

Vicki: You get what you give or do unto others as you would have done to you.

Steve: You reap what you sow. Like father like son. The fruit doesn't fall far from the tree.

Daf: You reap what you sow

Correct Answer: As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

((Quiz continued on page 19))

QUIZ RESULTS....Continued from page 18 .

8. Like ants on top of a hot cooking pot.
Kathy: From the fire into the frying pan
Vicki: Dancing on air? Treading on thin ice?
Steve: Like a cat on a hot tin roof. Like a chicken with its head cut off.
Like a man with ants in his pants.
Daf: Like a cat on a hot tin roof
Correct Answer: On pins and needles.
9. To dig a well only after one is already thirsty.
Kathy: A stitch in time saves nine.
Vicki: Locking the barn door after the horses are gone.
Steve: Close the barn door after the horse has escaped.
Daf: Shutting the barn door after the horse is gone.
Correct Answer: To lock the barn door after the horse is gone.
10. Like bamboo shoots after a rain.
Kathy: Growing faster than weeds
Vicki: Pretty as a day in May? April Showers bring May Flowers?
Steve: Like shit through a goose
Daf: Like crap through a goose
Correct Answer: As thick as thieves.
11. Riding a tiger and finding it hard to get off.
Vicki: Riding high on the crest of a wave or hard to kick a habit or power
corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely.
Steve: Holding on to a tiger's tail. Don't start what you can't finish.
Daf: Grabbing the brass ring
Correct Answer: Biting off more than you can chew.
12. The wood has already been used in making the boat.
Steve: You can't spend money you've already spent. Borrow from Peter to
pay Paul.
Daf: Tough luck Charlie
Correct Answer: It's water under the bridge.
13. To be like wind and rain throughout the city.
Kathy: Fast and furious
Vicki: Blowing in the wind? Or to boast--diarrhea of the mouth.
Steve: Paint the town red. Clear as mud but it covers the ground
Daf: Paint the town red
Correct Answer: It's the talk of the town.
14. One hair from nine oxen.
Kathy: A cat has nine lives.
Vicki: Jesus feeding the masses with 2 fish and 5 loaves(or is it 5 fish and
2 loaves)
Steve: A needle in a haystack
Daf: A needle in a haystack
Correct Answer: A drop in the bucket.
15. Paper cannot wrap up fire.
Vicki: Like throwing oil on a flame to put it out
Steve: You can lead a whore to culture but you can't make her think.
Daf: Truth always wins out
Correct Answer: The truth will out.
16. It is impossible to clap with only one hand.
Vicki: This is a variation of a "koan", a Zen Buddhist riddle which is
nonlinear in its logic: What is the sound of one hand clapping--I
think the answer is anything you want it to be.
Steve: A tree that falls alone in the forest makes no sound
Daf: Go for the gusto
Correct Answer: ~~Bob~~ It takes two to tango.
17. The head of the cow does not fit the mouth of the horse.
Kathy: You can't fit a square peg in a round hole.
Vicki: If the shoe fits, wear it
~~Steve~~ Steve: You can't make a silk purse out of sow's ear.

((continued on page 20))

QUIZ RESULTS...Continued from page 19 .

Daf: You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink.
Correct Answer: Like comparing apples and oranges.

II. CARTOON STRIPS: The comic strip Peanuts is translated into countries all over the world and is generally known as Peanuts in those lands. However some comic strips have different names in different countries. Give the English name for these comic strips:

- (A) LABAN
Vicki: Hagar the Horrible?
Steve: Little Atner
Daf: Garfield
Correct Answer: FRED
- (B) LISA
Steve: Nancy
Daf: Cathy
Correct Answer: NANCY
- (C) KALLE ANKA
Vicki: Little Orphan Annie?
Steve: Little Orphan Annie
Daf: Dennis the Menace
Correct Answer: DONALD DUCK

((These are the Swedish names for these well-known comic strips))

III. QUOTE: Identify the following quotation as fully as possible:

"Will there still be sugar after the Rebellion?"

Vicki: I don't know but it sounds like something from the Napoleonic Era, maybe in the Caribbean.

Steve: Gone With The Wind, the movie. I just want you to know that I reread a fair portion of Gone With The Wind looking for your "sugar" quote...and got zip for my efforts.

Daf: The quote was said by one of the characters in Gone With The Wind, shortly after the Civil War began.

Correct Answer: Brother! Everything just about was said after the Civil War began in Gone With The Wind. Let me hasten to assure y'all that my reading habits are not as restricted as you might think (although one of my very favorite GWTW quotes is: "Can you forget what these people((YANKEES!)) did to us?...I can't forget. I won't forget. I won't let my Beau forget and I'll teach my grandchildren to hate these people--and my grandchildren's grandchildren if God lets me live that long! Scarlett, how can you forget?")) But I digress.

This quote comes from George Orwell's Animal Farm and is said by Mollie, the horse. In this novel, the animals rise up and chase off their human masters and run the farm themselves. It is a satire upon Soviet Russia where the "workers" chased off the "ruling classes" and supposedly worked for their own benefit and not management's. Mollie was told that once the humans were chased out, the other farms still run by humans would be hostile to them and they had no means of making sugar. Mollie later defected to the humans.

IV. RIDDLE: Give the answer to the following riddle:

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear,
There is no house to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

Steve: An egg after it's eaten.

Daf: A baby

Correct Answer: An egg.

SCORE: Steve Langley wins with 8 correct answers out of a possible 22. Daf Langley had 6, Vicki Kane had 3 and Kathy Byrne had one. Steve gets 10 EEs and the other contestants get 2 issues apiece for entering.

INCHING ALONG

Summer.1906: Italian Army Tyrolia retreats off the board

Fall 1906:

AUSTRIA (Mazzer): F GRE-Ion; A Tri-ALB; A SER-Tri; A BUD-Tri; A SMY H

ENGLAND (Tallman): F Nth-DEN

FRANCE (Cunning): F Mid-WES; A LON H; A Yor-EDI; A MUN-Kie; F BEL-Hol;
A RUH S F Bel-Hol; F ENG-Bel; F Edi-NWG; F NAO S F Edi-Nwg

GERMANY (Coughlan): A KIE-Ruh; F HOL S ENGLISH F Nth-Bel(NSO); A TYO-Ven;
A BOH-Mun; A VIE-Boh

ITALY (Ozog): A VEN-Tri; F ION H; F ADR S F Ion

RUSSIA (Michalski): NMR. F SKA H; A SWE H; F BOT H; A LVN H; A SIL H; A RUM H;
F BLA H; F AEG H; F Nwg H/d/r to Bar, Nwy, Nth, Cly, Otb

Not much happened here other than the Russian NMR. Things seem to be bogging down just a tad, or maybe more than a tad, I don't know. I'm not calling a standby for Russia since Michalski has such a sterling record for playing out his games. I would ask that if John does not plan to continue, he contact me at once so that I can assign the position to someone else.

Chicago was OK, but the weather was unbearable. When I got off the plane I felt as if someone had slapped me in the face with a frozen fish. It got progressively worse from there. I didn't get to see half the people I had intended to, no Dippers at all. Maybe I'll explain what happened someday. Right now I feel like it's not worth it. My dad suffered a heart attack two days ago. It really shook me up, since he has always been so healthy and it was totally unexpected. He's doing OK, but I'm still freaked out.

Cathy says she may move to Chicago. If so, I wish her luck. I loved Chicago, the city, the friends. The weather blows to the high heavens. I think the sun shines 160 days a year, or around that. Then again, when the sun does shine, everybody is so overjoyed that they practically turn cartwheels in the streets.

Donna Cunning is back in Seattle. I don't know what happened to Cathy. Donna asks that you address her mail to "Cathy" Cunning, otherwise the USPS will forward it to Phoenix.

Deadline for Autumn/Winter 06 and Spring 1907 will be Saturday, January 28, 1984.

Oh, there is a proposal for an A-R-F draw. Please vote with your next orders. NVR will equal a "yes" vote. The logic here is that if you're too apathetic to vote, why bother to continue?

1906	#	NET	COUNTRY CENTERS
	6	+1	Austria Bud, Tri, Ser, Smy, Gre, Ank
	1	0	England Den
	10	+1	France Home, Spa, Por, Bel, England, MUN
	4	-1	Germany Kie, Mun , Ber, Hol, Vie
	4	+1	Italy Home, Tun
	<u>9</u>	0 or +1	Russia Home, Rum, Nwy, Con, Swe, Bul
	34		

Mike Mazzer finally has somewhere to build. I didn't forget, Mike. That build could very well be the key to the game. And Mike gets it. That's right, Mike Mazzer holds in his grimy paws THE KEY TO THE GAME.

At last, the bottom.

(20)

MASS MURDERS

BERLIN-MICHALSKI: Well, just hurry up and get it over with! I'm sure you've heard that before!

BERLIN-PARIS: I'll say one thing, Cathy, you really know how to screw someone.

FRANCE-ITALY: I just love that Paul Anka song, Apple Dumpling! I'm a woman in love and I love what it's doing to me!

ITALY-FRANCE: Having my baby! Having my baby! HAVING MY BABY!! What a lovely way of saying how much you love me!

MICHALSKI LOVE SECRET: Always plough deep while others sleep.

BERLIN-OSUCH: So's give us a report about what it was like to go from Mesa in the 60's - 70's to a wonder winterland in cold, cold Chicago all in one day!

OSUCH-BERLIN: As a prelude to my 500 page report, comparatively speaking: it sucked!

BERLIN-AUSTRIA: So then I said to France and Russia, you'll get into Germany over my dead body and you know what they did then?!

MICHALSKI-WHOEVER LOVES JAN CREMER SHIT: Everytime I give someone a bear hug in this game and jab it up their rear, they stop writing shit to me. Anybody out there interested in some shit from Cremer? Let me know and in the meantime let this be your commode companion: "Men's rooms in public places are usually cold and businesslike affairs; ladies' rooms though, are different. The air is full of delicious smells and perfumes. The wastebaskets, admittedly, are pretty unpleasant, chock-full as they usually are of bloody rags, but the rest of the atmosphere is pure heaven. I remember having dinner at Maxim's during one period when I was flush and catching sight of a famous Italian movie star seated with some friends not far away. She rose, excused herself, and undulated past me towards the ladies' room. I hurried after her. I ducked into the men's room and out again in a flash, then stood at the foot of the stairs, waiting. She came out of the ladies' room and walked past me, so close that I could smell her perfume. As she swayed up the stairs I stood looking after her from below. Her thighs were full-blown, wonderful to behold, and her calves were round and firm. When I bent down--to tie my shoelaces--I could see the dark edges of her black silk stockings, and above them her garters and the bulge of her buttocks. As soon as she had disappeared from sight, I whipped into the ladies' room. Ah! That exotic mixture of odors! One stall was in use, so I slipped into the other one and locked the door! Immediately I recognized her perfume and I sat down bare-assed on the seat. It was still warm. What joy! What paradise! I felt her perfect body under mine. I imagined myself peering up through a glass window at the bottom of the bowl as she sat on the seat. I pictured how she would ease herself onto her lush backside, how her fat, purple pubic lips would open and spread, how I would break the glass and wallow with my face against her wet cunt.

PARIS-BERLIN: Dots? Yes, let's count them in the fall.

BUDAPEST-PARIS: What have I done to Eric? Nothing! Have I taken an Italian center?

FLEET OF LIFE BOATS IN THE NORTH SEA: Well crew, all we have left is this really disgusting picture of her ladyship (her lady's what?) and frankly I feel its too gross for words.

FRANCE-WORLD: Well, we've seen the rise of the German empire and now we see the fall.

BERLIN-CATHY CUNNING: Gee Cathy, I really love the way you rub in your easy victories. Perhaps next time we can meet on equal terms, i.e. Eric Ozog, your boyfriend, is not in the game, and it is what you think of me, not what he thinks of me that counts, and you don't have another player in your pocket from the start of the game.

BUDAPEST-BERLIN: As long as Cathy and John are pushing on you equally hard from both directions, you can still stand up.

BERLIN-BUDAPEST: Well, without love then, Ozog would be out of the game already, and not merely just a fourth-rate power. I'd do good too if I could have Elsie in my game....two hearts beating as one etc etc.....

AUSTRIA-GERMANY: Yeah-drop the soap is lots of fun. I play with Olsen all the time.

MASS MURDERS

BERLIN-MICHALSKI: All that massive firepower coming south! I hope it's enough to keep Berlin out of the hands of France and Italy. You've given the Love Alliance everything else. Nice job, John.

ITALY-GERMANY: Nyah! Nyah! Serves you right! You could have been part of the 3-way with me and Cathy instead of being wiped out.

AUSTRIA-ITALY: It's 1906. Don't you spaz out by 1905 or so, bored out of your skull or something?

ENGLAND-MESA: Hmmm, surprised to hear her admit what she'll do for an alliance.

ENGLAND-BOARD: Fleet for sale! Who wants to buy a good used fleet?

BUDAPEST-MOSCOW: I find it hard to believe that you're my puppet. Puppets are usually smaller than their puppeteers, right?

BERLIN-MAZZER: And I think the words that Frederick the Great of Prussia said to his dear brother during his darkest days are not inappropriate here: "Ich habe genug: rette dich, Bruder" meaning "I have had enough, save thyself, Brother!"

PLAYERS-DICK: Do you publish this game? Gosh, I thought everybody knew that Mass Murders was published in Europa Express, so it makes no difference to more than 3 or 4 people whether you publish it or not, since this game will be seen by many, many people in any case.

CATHY-BOB: Sorry I missed you. Dawn's recording was great! Thought I was calling a different country.

DAWN-CATHY: So glad you enjoyed it, ta ta

SEATTLE-GM: Let's see, you lose Mazzer's orders and replace him with Joan Extrom. Next you get rid of McChuckles and get Debbi Osborn. Then we eject the Orc and get Daf. And if we can lose Gary we'll get Nancy Irwin. Then I'll have some allies I can trust!

WORLD-CATHY: You don't need Stafford, you've got Ozog. It's almost the same.

BERLIN-PARIS: "I stab Gary just a bit"?????? "I forgive Gary"?????? My, my grandma what twisted morals you have! Kiel me! Kiel me Kwik!

BUDAPEST-SIL: Right, here comes the cavalry to save us. But, who will save us from the cavalry!?

MARIE ANTOINETTE-WORLD: God, I am tired of wimpy allies. First Germany, and now Italy. I want a big man! How about it Mazzer? What about you Michalski?

BUDAPEST-PARIS & ROME: What you don't realize is that Michalski and I have our own Love Alliance. We didn't spend all that time in Olson's closet discussing strategy, did we, Toots?

RUSSIA: Oink, Oink, OINK!! My name is John Michalski and I'm a real hog! My wife's maiden name was Ima Pig.

BERLIN-MICHALSKI: And always remember John, it's not what Cathy says to Russia that counts. What counts is what Ozog, in Italy, thinks of you at any given moment. That, and apparently that alone, decides whether Cathy becomes your ally or your enemy. Save time, deal with Rome from the first.

VAL-TOADFATHER: I'll miss you and your press, but hell, I've got Michalski. What else could I need?

TRIESTE-GM: Now, can I build?

BUDAPEST-GM: Do you know, Dawn has a very sexy voice. Does she ever get out to the West Coast?

MESA-BUDAPEST: Actually, we were planning a trip out your way until Dawn saw a picture of you in Strange Doings.

BERLIN-MESA: About the picture contest in EE (I like yours alot better than mine), this immediately made me think: What sort of man reads Easy Rider? This is only a face that Glover Rogerson could love so it can't be Cathy Cunning. My guess is that this is Julie Martin investigating morals for the Martin Morality Squad by being all tease and no deliver in her role as "Mistress". Nice to see she only has three false teeth. Must be all those coca colas the Martins drink that did that.

MASS MURDERS

BERLIN-ROME: Well sir, Cathy's doing a fine job on my front side and Michalski's raping me in the rear. Ain't you jealous?

BERLIN-MICHALSKI: So John, what are you spending your 30 pieces of silver on? I think the best that it can buy would be a 3-way draw. How boring but, by your moves, you've made a Russian win quite impossible as you've greatly strengthened your principal rival.

BUDAPEST: Here's the latest country and western hit to come out of Memphis" Grand Ol' Opry (...I know, Gary, I know.)

Eric's Lament (Crushed Like an Insect fer Love)
(sung with a lilting Marty Robbins twang)

When I saw you at Origen's, I hoped you'd be mine
With lips sweet as cherries, a-sparklin' like wine.
You said we'd be lovers, but I never knew
I'd be CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE.

Now Mazzer-slime told me, that you were no good
But I wouldn't listen, though he understood
That playing for love would lead me to ruin
And I'd be CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE.
(chorus)

CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE
Screwed from below and above!
We kept on allyin'
And now I am dyin'
CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE.
(ain't it pityful!)

An Alliance of Love, that's what you said,
But now yer in Munich, and I am half dead,
With Austrians in Venice, and Russkis in Rome
I'm CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE.

(slowly with feeling)
And now as they lower me, down into mah grave
I remember ol' Mazzer, and the advice he gave
He said "Son, don't you ally fer love if yer wise
or you'll be CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE"

CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE (ah hah!)
Screwed from below and above
With love Cathy filled me
But she also killed me
CRUSHED LIKE AN INSECT FER LOVE.

BUDAPEST-BERLIN: Kinda brangs a tear to yer eye, don't it?

BERLIN: Bleah!

BERLIN: Yo' Momma!

BERLIN: Please continue, I'm fascinated with such logic!

BERLIN: Wait, please stop! I'm awe-struck! Let me catch my breath after listening to your eloquence!!

TAPS FOR ENGLISH!
(GOD SAVE THE QUEEN)

AUSTRIA (Mazzer): F TRI-Ven; A Bud-VIE; A SMY H; A Ser-GRE; A Alb-SER;
F Gre-ALB
ENGLAND (Tallman): F Den-Hel/d/destroyed
FRANCE (Cunning): A EDI-Yor; A LON-Yor; F Wes-TYN; A MAR-Pie; A MUN S A Ruh
A RUH S A Mun; F Eng-NTH; F BEL S F Eng-Nth; F Nwg-BAR; F NAT-NWG
GERMANY (Coughlan): A KIE-Ruh; A BOH-Mun; A TYO-Pie; F HOL S RUSSIAN F Nth-
Bel(NSO)
ITALY (Ozog): F ION H; F NAP S F Ion; F ADR S A Ven; A VEN S FRENCH A Mar-
Pie
RUSSIA (Michalski): A Sil-BER; A Lvn-STP; F AEG S AUSTRIAN F Gre-Ion(NSO);
F Bla-CON; F Bot-BAL; F Ska-DEN; A SWE S F Ska-Den; A RUM S AUSTRIAN
A Bud-Gal(NSO)

It's lights-out time in England; thanks to Terry Tallman, pubber of North Sealth, West George and all-around swell guy for playing out the position. I read somewhere where Terry has a fat head or something, but then don't all pubbers? Anyway, he did a nice job, didn't? C'mon everybody let's hear it for him. Terry Tallman, ladies and gentlemen.

My next guest is someone you all know and love, someone who has graced us with his presence ever since I can remember. He has had his hand in mere projects than Jesse Jackson, currently splitting his time among the Census, Orphan Project, Retaliation, and his lovely wife, Julie, hailing from Reckville, Maryland, the warm, the affable, DICK MARTIN! Dick's dateline will be "Great Satan", and he is officially standing by should Gary somehow get eliminated from this mess.

DRAW PROPOSALS: ARF, AFIR, AFGIR. Please vote. NVR is a "yes" vote.

I hope you all appreciate this new ribbon. It cost 58 cents.

I feel like babbling for awhile here, because several people have written to say that they enjoy my thoughts on various subjects and expressed the sentiment that I should expound more often. Maybe I'll go on for pages and pages and just trash the press. Nah, why do that, especially when so many people find the press abrasive, boring, disgusting or whatever. Gives 'em a reason to vent their opposition, plus blow off some steam. Personally, I'm grossed out by few things these days, or those days for that matter. So you see, I really couldn't give a shit.

I've decided to be a jerk and try to talk Cathy out of moving to Chicago. Instead, I've decided that she and Eric should move here. Now that that's settled let's move along to something else.

Tallman tried to pull a quick one on me. He offered to trade me NSWG for this a few months back, then when I called him as a standby, HE OUT OFF MY SUB! Well, Phineas, you're out now, so this is your last one! No big deal, I realize, but you were the one that offered. Sheesh! Oh, I think I mentioned once that he could change the arrangement if he wanted, but I didn't think the guy would go and actually do it. Give some guys an inch, they want a mile.

Tuesday is Valentine's Day. I think I'm buying Dawn half-dozen pink carnations with a card and putting them in the shower so when she gets in she'll be surprised. I guess we romantic slobbs are a special breed. Fer Sher.

Deadline for Fall 1907 will be Friday, March 2, 1984.

MASS MURDERS

MOS: Sorry about that NMR. I did send orders, but they arrived too late. Looks like I was "represented" in the press anyway, though....

BERLIN-MICHALSKI: Ah, Jehm, I knew you're prostrate with grief over selling Germany down the river, but an NMR is way above and beyond the call of duty! Besides, you want to have Berlin at least for yourself. Don't let the Love Alliance get everything!

BUDAPEST-BERLIN: So should I stick with country-western or branch out to R&B? Punk? New Wave?

SEATTLE-GM: I protest about Seattle being used. I mean, which Seattle is it? His or my Seattle?

MESA: I don't think there will be any future problems.

MICHALSKI-MICHALSKI: Thanks for writing press for me last time.

A MICHALSKI LOVE SECRET: Don't overlook older women. They're grateful for anything they can get and all you have to do is get on top, get a firm grip and hold on for some of the best rides you'll ever have.

FRANCE-RUSSIA & AUSTRIA: Wait guys, I said I only wanted one of you! What's this "I'll be nice to you if you are nice to him." shit? I didn't know you two were so close.

BUDAPEST-PARIS & ROME: Just because you are mighty doesn't mean you can impose your will on brave little Austria. I'll fight you til the last drop of German blood is spilled!

BERLIN-AUSTRIA: Pull my strings, master. My puny forces will do your every bidding. Except one thing, I won't watch you die.

FRANCE-ITALY: Don't worry, Sweetie, I'm coming to save you! Stop snickering Tallman!

GERMANY-RUSSIA: Who cares if you take my dets. Just stop the Orc and Wicked Witch.

TERRY TALLMAN-MICHALSKI: Gremer shit? Why I LOVE Gremer shit (Please don't kick me out of Denmark and I'll say anything you want me to). When I saw how Barne abandoned you in pursuit of other shitty good times, I hepped down to the bookstore and got a copy of I, Jan Gremer by our here. Do you like this passage (enough to let me keep Denmark, I mean)? "In Paris a friend of mine, Cermet Jack, hanged himself at a Christmas party. Sandy, his girl, found him in the bathroom, dangling from a noose tied to a pipe. He'd hanged himself because the Negro chick he was trying to make wouldn't have him. He'd been shooting a lot of herein lately and hitting rock bottom regularly. He hung there naked except for a jacket, his swollen, purplish tongue hanging out of his mouth. The heating pipe he'd strung himself up to dripped scalding water onto his contorted face.

What a way to go, swinging above the toilet bowl! A perfect celebration of the birth of Christ!"

OZOG-TALLMAN: That's really sick, Terry. Sounds like a Rusnak cen though.

MARIE A-WORLD: OK, who's the wise guy who keeps using the same press items over and over again?

BUDAPEST-PARIS: Are you moving in to help Eric, or to finish him off?

CATHY-MESA: What do you mean, no sun in Chicago? I thought that I was moving to see the sun again!

GREAT SATAN-MESA: I knew what you mean about the Chicago weather, I was there the week after Christmas. Problem is, it feels like that in New York and Maryland like that right now too. I don't know how anybody puts up with that four months of every year.

MESA: Well, somebody obviously does it. More power to them.

BERLIN-ROME: You're in Apulia aren't you? I knew it!

BERLIN-TALLMAN: You could have had Belgium last season and Marie Antoinette would not have got a build. But NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BERLIN-PARIS: Come on and hit me with your best shot!

BERLIN-OSUCH: You knew, the phrase "standing in the strike zone" has taken on a whole new meaning for me!

MASS MURDERS

WILLARD'S HAMSTER EMPORIUM: In the back of the deserted shop, two ferns struggle to get the larger of the two in a costume that resembles a large beaver, or gopher... or perhaps a hamster!

"New dammit Gary, this is never going to work. Sure I'll be cute and cuddly. But that's because I always am!"

"New John, ya'll jus' hel' still a jiffy and ah'll have this suckah zipped up tighter than Brux after two milk shakes."

"If Cathy really believes I'm a giant hamster, then why will she stab the Orc?"

"Wha', John, she'll jes' faint with ecstasy when she sees ya'll in this suit."

"Who the fuck is Ecstasy?"

ENGLAND-RUSSIA: They say you'll fuck anything that moves. Well I'll do anything to survive. Anything, Big Jehn.

BERLIN-DAWN: I love your phone recordings, especially the Mary Kay Place one when you say "How Y'all deia'?" Your Valley Girl is awesome too. What's next?

MESA: You mean you missed my debut recording? Had to pull that one off real quick. Couldn't get the callers to leave a message.

BUDAPEST-BERLIN: I am trying to save myself. The way to do that is to keep you alive. You can't die yet, I haven't given you permission.

FRANCE-GERMANY: I'm melting, I'm melting...eeh my beautiful wickedness! Oooh...What a world, what a world....!

BERLIN-DAWN: Run away with me and be my love! We can fill out 397ls together forever!

GREAT SATAN-BERLIN: Whine and wimper, that's all you ever do. Love Alliance this. Julie Martin that. It's always somebody else's fault, but never yours. I wish I could be as perfect as you are. Do you give lessons?

BERLIN-ENGLAND: The great belligerents get itchy trigger fingers. Looks like these rolling stones are going to roll on us!

AUSTRIA-MESA: About that picture in Strange Beings! Dawn, you can still come. Kathy won't be anywhere near us! I'm sure that it was her in that picture that scared you into thinking that, that there was SOMEONE ELSE. Oh no, how WRONG you are! Come with me and we will fill out 397ls to our heart's content!

GREAT SATAN-BERLIN: Ah, so the way you deal with evil geniuses like Julie and me is through humor and satire. So that explains why I laughed my head off all the way through EE 18. But I think you should let everybody else in on the joke now. You know, I think some folks actually believed you! Yes, it's amazing, isn't it?

MESA: This is David Susskind and.... excuse me, what were you about to say?

ENGLAND-GERMANY: Yeah, the Mistress has been all tease so far and no deliver. I've been trying for months to get the promised Dipco pictures of her.

MESA: Hmm, I see, but what does that have to do,....

GREAT SATAN-BERLIN: My play in W#78/79? You don't mean the one by Gregory Russell, do you? You know, I've been told by several people that they didn't even read that story once they saw who wrote it. You're going to have to write better Gregory Russell stories if you want me to write any more myself.

MESA: I think we're getting slightly off track here and....

RUSSIA-GERMANY: Hope Julie comes to Dallas. I'll be there because I want to see these revealing outfits that she wears that Stafford and everybody are always talking about. I've heard they were brief but not as brief as this picture in MM!

MESA: At this point, I....

GREAT SATAN-PLAYERS: You knew, you're right: Why waste valuable space printing Mass Murders in Retal when everybody who's anybody will be reading it a few months later in EE (if they can stay awake past page one, anyway). And why give Gary free rant and rave space in my zoen when I can get it in his? I was just under the mistaken impression that the GM would like it that way.

MARTIN MORALITY SQUAD: We find Gary to be exactly what he seems.

PEERY: Oh, joy!

MASS MURDERS

GARY'S LAMENT: (Sung to the tune of "Lost in the Ozone Again")

Out of mah dets ever you,
Shot in mah shorts cuz of you,
Cremer is wise,
Gets twist her thighs,
What has he got ever you?

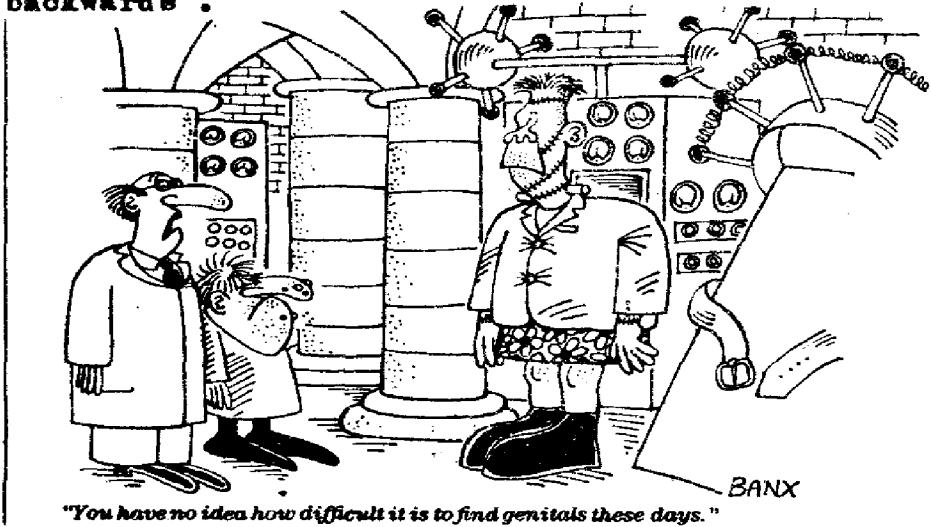
Elsie, you're so very right,
Also you are very tight,
Like me with two beers,
Not like tax in arrears,
Oh Elsie, you are quite a sight.

ITALY-GERMANY: Why does Julie call herself "Hebby Mistress"?

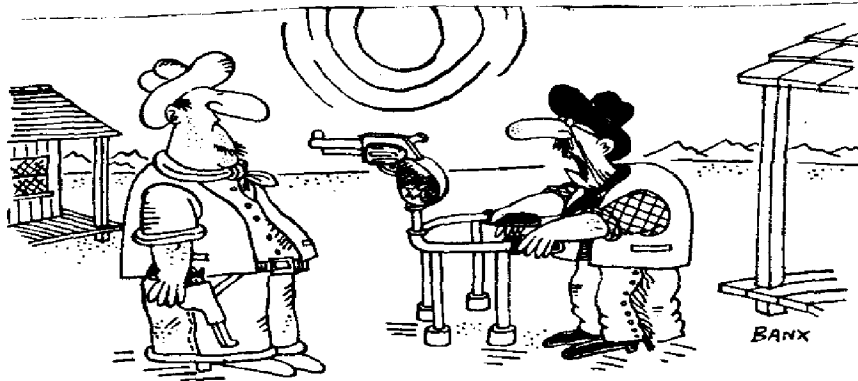
GERMANY-ITALY: Beats me! The point is that she gave herself that name for who knows what reason.

GREAT SATAN-BERLIN: By the way, that would be Pepsi, not coca colas. We don't like Coke, and only drink it as a last resort.

MESA: Before anyone jumps on me for printing all this, uh, material, let me explain that I use the same simple policy in printing press, regardless of race, creed, color, or material submitted. As to my impression of it, that's an entirely different matter. I used to try to persuade them both to drop the whole matter, now I'm mere apathetic, though I suppose I do get a few wicked laughs out of it all. That it appears here might be regrettable to some, but why should I apologize for it? So I won't. Well, it's way past my bedtime, so be good, and remember, "SERUTAN spells NATURES backwards".



"You have no idea how difficult it is to find genitals these days."



"No one calls the Concho Kid a has-been and lives."

THE LETTER COLUMN! First up is Mike Close's response to your guesses about his picture in #30. And I would like to publicly thank James Woodson, pubber of Raging Main, for letting everyone know who the man in the last contest was. I had originally decided to extend it but, with the cat out the bag, I am running the guesses I've gotten right after Mike's letter. If it is not too much to ask, will pubbers please refrain from telling your readers who is in the pic contests in this zine until after the contest is over. I don't think that's too much to ask.

Mike Close(United Kingdom): "I really enjoyed the comments about my photograph! I selected that one deliberately because I thought it would fool everyone--it's my passport photograph taken about two years ago. The glasses are not sunglasses--they are a normal pair of spectacles with a half-tint at the top--it's just the reproduction that makes them look like 'shades'!"

Now a few comments to the individuals who wrote in--To Kevin Stone: The letterbomb is in the post. Jim Finley: I'll have to watch you--damn shrewd assessment of how I like to play! Favourite country is Russia, though.

Walter Loy: not even close--wrong side of the Atlantic! Bill Highfield: I always thought I was a wimp--does this make me a stud? About the women--see Kathy's comment! Robyn Finley: it's only the moustache which is real!

Steve Langley: Nice try. Want to play the nearest country to me? Pete Gaughan: like the idea of the full-leg cast! Mike Mills: wrong! Keith Sherwood: does Gary really look like that?? Judy Winsome: yes, you are being harsh! Perhaps I could do a quality control survey on you? And finally, the new lady love of my life....

Kathy Byrne: I've already got your name and number, but 3,000 miles of Atlantic rather cools the ardour. Have some flowers (drawn by Mike)
By the way, I'm not married! As for my profession, I'm one of a small group to sell computer software to marine-based organisations. I design and program some of the software. I also make it a rule never to talk about computers outside working hours! Enough! He cried, and slumped off to bed."

□ Thanks Mike! The new pic contest starts on page 12, and if you submit your own pic for the contests, like Mike you'll get the right of reply. Mike also does the Rhys series in Alsace-Lorraine where he is England. And now for the last contest and the answers I've gotten to date for this man's pic....

□□□



Dave Anderson(Michigan, USA): "I think the picture is of Liesnard of Belgium."

James Woodson(Texas, USA): "Who is this guy? Who knows?"

Who cares? (Russ Rusnak?) No, I know that it isn't Russ, but he might care. I'd say he's an American and probably an Easterner. He works by day as a newspaper salesman and by night as a busboy in a topless deli. I'd say he plays a pretty mean Turkey if he can convince Russia to stay out of the Black Sea in 1901. Unfortunately, he usually tries much too hard to achieve this and, thus, fails.

He does, however, have "The Right Stuff" and is a Malmberger. Make that the "left" stuff. I suspect that this man's father was blacklisted by McCarthy in the 1950s. As a result he has a strange love/hate relationship with Communism. He longs to become a "Communist" Führer. It's Nelson Heintzman."

Steve Langley(California, USA): That looks like a Marine? Is he trustworthy? You can't trust Marines with your woman, your bottle nor your dots(that's an old saying I just made up). On the other hand, I sure wouldn't stab one. All Marines are trained killers. His favorite country is England and he mindlessly attacks Germany and Russia. You can't believe a thing he says, Marines are trained to divulge no information, even under such tortures as having to listen to Diplomacy Digest being read aloud. The only Marine I know in the hobby is Jim Finley so he's my guess."

Jim Finley(California, USA): "A serious fellow, this one; not to be stabbed lightly, or at least not without good reason. He catches Italy a lot and makes the best of it, but doesn't like it much. His haircut reveals him to be military--not short enough for a Marine, too short for an Airedale, so he must be Navy or Army; he looks too healthy to be in the Army so he must be a sailor.

((Continued on page 30))

29

LETTER COLUMN....Continued from page 29

"American, of course. Actually, this isn't a deduction. It must be an old picture, so I'm not absolutely positive, but that looks like the victim of my stupidest and least effective stab, in my very first tourney game--Gregg Fritz. If he had glasses and whiskers in the photo I'd be sure."

Steve Arnawoodian(Pennsylvania, USA): "What we have here is a person who is worthless as a friend, in a Dip game or real life. He is lazy, worthless and often described as a real S.O.B.! Certainly he is a career man in the armed forces as no private company would hire him. He is the type of person who goes into a bar and nurses a beer while he eats all the freebies(shrimp, pretzels and peanuts).

In a Dip game he'll stab you for 5 centers or 2 centers. He can't be trusted and he doesn't care who he steps on. The word 'friend' is not part of his vocabulary. His idol, or role-model, is Frank Burns from M*A*S*H*. Such a person could only be an Italian from the city of garbage, Pittsburgh. I met this guy once, unfortunately. It is none other than Mark Fassio, Hobby Blockhead. The above is true particularly the stabbing bit. If you don't believe it, check out 1982 HY in Coat of Arms. See what Fassio did to John Diamond's Austria."

Mark Fassio(South Carolina, USA): "Wellllll, what have we here? Boy, Gary, you have really sunk to new depths of lowness now, what with this scumbag's picture. I'd recognize the cute trick anywhere(cheap trick is more like it). At first I thought it might be a fellow serviceman, like Jim Finley, but Gyrenes don't have such "long hair", preferring the "Custer Special." Or maybe James "Anchors Aweigh" Woodson, Bill "Swab My Decks"Highfield or EVEN a ROTC-Nazi from the Midwest.

But NO! After careful analysis, the answer is obvious: the cheap K-Mart o Hill's "Made in India" shirt. The piercing-yet-comatose eyes. That hair style. The elephant ears. The pug nose that looked like his fellow IRA buddies beat him with a Louisville Slugger. And the Uni-Brow set of eyebrows over the aforementioned eyes.

Look at the picture of Mike Mills a couple issues back. Now, shave his hair. What do you see? I rest my case. This is an attempted "cute ploy" by the Spud Man to sneak his egotistical self into not one, but 2 photo contests. But you didn't fool me, bucko!"

Don Williams(California, USA): "(Where do you get these pictures, Gary?) Off hand, I'd say this guy is pretty serious about whatever he does..He's probably a Virgo and will develop multiple ulcers by the age of 27. I'm nearly positive he's European--no American would strike such a serious pose and risk being mistaken for a Young Republican or a politician on the take(one in the same, given ten years and some nepotic opportunity). I'd venture German, but he's probably Belgian...he looks like he eats snails, LOTS of snails...too many snails. I might trust him in a Diplomacy game, provided I was not in the game with him. He looks like he'd cut your heart out without a blink or a second thought. He probably crushed puppy skulls in a vise at a young age.

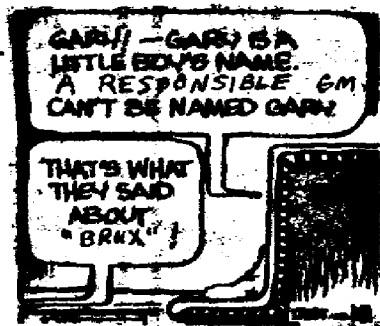
This guy doesn't pub, but would like to--a right-wing rag; quasi-pseudo-neo-Nazi in tone, with lots of James Watt type humor. He likes to listen to Wagner and goes into ecstasy with "The Flight of the Valkyries". About the only other thing I'd mention is his obviously uneasily repressed violent nature..barely kept in check with illegally obtained 'pharmaceuticals.' He probably would have been a Baader-Meinhoff sympathizer, but he's not old enough. A wild guess at a name? Luc Dodinval."

□ I never cease to marvel at all the things we see in someone's photo. When I first saw this, I told the person it reminded me of Prince Andrew of England and I'm surprised no one said that. The man in the pic is none other than....Mark "Faz" Fassio! Faz is, proudly, from western Pennsylvania but currently stationed in South Carolina as a member of the Air Force; a first lieutenant. Before this he was in the Army and stationed in Europe. He publishes a roving subzine called E*S*A*D* which has appeared in recent EEs and hopefully will again. He is also playing England in EE's "Windsor"(see page 9). I doubt he eats snails; it's been difficult enough to foist Southern cooking off on him! I'm quite sure that he will have a rebuttal to these guesses, right Faz?! The new picture contest is on page 12 .

□□□

Ed Wrobel(Virginia, USA): "I hoped you might find this cartoon amusing."

□ Oh I did! It's on page 31 . You don't have to worry about Brucifer 30



LETTER COLUMN....Continued from page 30 .

coming after you within the pages of this zine either in retaliation. Like the werewolf who fears the silver bullet and Dracula who fears the crucifix, our Brucifer fearsthe excerpted letter!

So, fear not little one, I am here to protect thee. Anything else I can help you with?

□□□

Ed Wrobel(Virginia, USA): "[Dick] Martin has now accused me, the editor of Politesse, of alcoholism. I can understand him complaining about you drinking like a fish, since you do, but I am the very soul of propriety. What nerve! This certainly reflects poorly on his credibility, don't you think?"

□ Are you sure he called you an "alcoholic"? Are you sure it wasn't "drunkard" instead? According to Dick, there is a big, vast difference. (No, I don't know what the difference is either. People at work told me they thought "alcoholic" was an "upper class drunkard"). However I don't think you need to worry. I think Dick likes you and if he likes you, he won't try to damage your reputation. Just read the next two letters and see if you see what I mean....

□□□

Mark Frueh(Wisconsin, USA): "New Year's at Madison[Wisconsin, where Mark lives] was pretty decent. (We all got drunk off our asses). Wall's wapituli(sp?) was quite a hit. Of course, you're going to find out before the year's out! Party participants were, Richard Delzer, Paul Rauterberg, Konrad Baumeister, Russ Rusnak, Mark Luedi, a couple of new Mad-lads, Terry and Tim, James Wall, Dale Bakken, Marc and Debbi Peters, assorted non-Dip friends and myself.

Delzer and I outlasted everyone on the 31st nite. Who says we're puppies?! [Mark's nickname is "Poison Puppy Frueh"]. It was a good time. I believe we called Sacramento--all I remember is that Terry Tallman could only say "Dot Grabbers!". After many repeated screamings I said that "Yes, we are dot grabbers, but we're happy dot grabbers!"

Marc Peters(Wisconsin, USA): "The Mad City Mafia just had another get-together over the New Year's weekend...Konrad Baumeister and Richard Delzer showed up from the Milwaukee area. We played a couple games of Dip, and "half-games" of Titan and Civilization. Half-games because we really didn't have nearly enough time to finish either game. A couple of the local guys played Civ and two there want to learn so we will soon have enough for a full game right here in town! That can be awfully nice during these cold snowy months ahead.

But mainly we PARTIED(partyed?) all weekend long! Friday night James, Mark, Dale, Mark, Dick Chattosh, a couple of James' roommates and my wife and myself polished off a couple cases of beer. Saturday we made "wapatuli"(or however that word is spelled!) to drink. I don't know how common a word that is. In case you are not familiar with it, the word wapatuli(or "wap" as we say) means any kind of concocting where different kinds of booze and mixers are thrown together, stirred and drank!

Our particular recipe was: 1.75 liter of vodka; 1 quart(or 1.) cherry brandy; 1 pint Amaretto; 1 quart Southern Comfort(see, we even thought of you!); 1 quart bourbon; 1 very large orange juice concentrate; 1 quart water; 2 liters of 7-Up; 2-3 bottles of club soda or tonic water; lots of cut-up lemons and limes; lots of ice.

Presto--instant drunk! The stuff tastes fruity, like punch. And punch you out it will! We drank all of that Saturday night(plus another case of beer). Then Sunday we polished off two more cases of beer. Yes, Wisconsin has to be the beer-drinking state of the Union.

Mad Con II will most likely be Memorial Day weekend. Tests are over for students, it's a 3-day weekend and late May, early June, is the best weather Wisconsin has...The Midwest is the halfway point of the country, so we'll be putting out the word everywhere."

□ (For details on Mad Con II, see page 47) . I'll definitely be there. Mad Cons sound like very fertile fields for the Martin Morality Squad Missionaries! Wap sounds great. I had a drink named after me at the Arirang Bar while I was in South Korea, called "The Gary G." If y'all adventurous souls want to try it,

((continued on page 32))

(31)

it consists of 4 parts: Calvert Extra Peach Flavored Brandy, Melrose Very Dry Gin, Tequilla and Galliano.

Now, Ed, do you see? The key is that Konrad Baumeister was at MadCon and Konrad is one of Dick's dearest friends for smearing me (for responding to Dick's attacks on me) with such choice phrases as: "...for somebody who hates feuds, you sure try to start a hell of a lot of them. EE #18 will stand for a long time as a monument to one person's overblown ego and deep paranoid mistrust and hatred of all he doesn't perceive as kissing his ass day in, day out."

I got that merely for defending myself against multiple Martin smears! I didn't even start it! Now Konrad not only drinks a lot but he even does beer reviews in his zine Give Me A Weapon. But Dickie-poo never even hints that Konrad may be an alcoholic, and I'm quite sure he partook liberally of the wapatuli.

So the solution is quite simple: attack me in your zine and Martin will never criticize you again. You might also do hatchet reviews of EE, without any attempt at fairness, objectivity or honesty like Scott Hanson of Irksome specializes in. Martin and Baumeister would really eat that up. But then, I'll let Brucifer have you!

□□□

Konrad Dolata (West Germany): "...all that stuff this German chap wrote about the German/British hobby [In EE #29]...I hope that it will create some feedback."

Keith Sherwood (California, USA): "Hey Konrad Dolata! I'm the only Badminton-playing Diplomacy player in North America! Gald to learn of you!"

Kevin Stone (Pennsylvania, USA): "I especially enjoyed Konrad Dolata's article, particularly because he mentioned United. I have entered the first American game of United being run by Jim (Iowa) Williams. It looks like a lot of fun."

Steve Knight (Virginia, USA): "I liked all the "Hobby View" articles in #29, quite a bit. Since I'm just now really finding time to make the plunge into the British hobby (and having a great time of it, too, I might add), I always like reading how each side views the other."

John Schuler (California, USA): "I would like to contact Konrad Dolata. Jeffry Tibbetts, editor/publisher of The Grenadier, told me that World War II and simulation games in general were real big over in Germany, which ran counter to my impression that the Germans were mostly still freaked by World War II and wanted to pretty much forget it ever happened if they could. So Konrad starts talking about German public resistance to "aggressive" simulations, and if that means what I think it does then a letter of explanation from him could only bolster the argument I'm intending to confront Jeffry with. If he doesn't want his address sprayed all over, would you kindly drop him a note and explain what it is I'm looking for?"

□ Konrad, John may have written you already, as I gave him yours and Thomas Franke's addresses. Thomas wrote about the German hobby in EE #16 and he said: "It is hard work to increase the size of the hobby because no wargames are sold in public except in two or three shops....It would also be a great problem to offer boardgames in public because of our past--there exists a big resistance to all things which have to do with any war, not only the last one but also enclosed eventual future conflicts. Even Diplomacy is threatened with being put on the 'black list' of indicated games.....Also a problem for a lot of Germans is the mostly English-written rules of the different games, a barrier which should not be underestimated." This was August, 1982 if that helps, John.

□□□

James Woodson (Texas, USA): "I agree with your comments about Larry Peery. People tend to attack an idea just because it is Larry's."

John Michalski (Oklahoma, USA): "[The Peery comments]...People who never met him--myself, e.g.--attack him the same way we do a Sacks or Boardman: for those very "ideas he throws out" you mention. It's not his breath, Gary, it's what he does. He's a flake and has made the hobby nest he finds himself in; all by himself."

□ Larry Peery has been subjected to abuse way beyond what is called for. I see no justification, AT ALL, for having an AIDS contest to see when Larry, who is gay, contracts the disease as has been proposed in some zines. This is sickening. It's as bad as guessing when someone is going to drop dead of cancer,

That is a far cry from attacking him for his "ideas." If it is so necessary to "attack" and "go after" people, as it apparently is in some sections of the hobby, why not "attack" the wrong actions of people instead of the persons themselves?

An example: you are friends with someone who writes a smear editorial of someone or spreads lies about them or does something totally uncalled for. When you decide to stand by this friend through right or wrong, you are not being a friend to him. If you do not tell your friend, either privately or publicly, that he was wrong, that this type of behavior is not fitting, you do nothing to further fun or good times in the hobby.

But if you go even further, and not only don't criticize your friend(s) for his wrong action, but join him in his attacks or whatever on the "victim", or publish his views or give him a sympathetic ear without any criticism, you are one of those who help bad feelings, unnecessary ugliness and feuds remain a big part of the hobby.

Larry Peery, or anyone else not part of a clique or group in this hobby, is an isolated and easy target to hit. Or take me, for example, last December and January, 1983. According to the polls, I was one of the hobby's top pubbers, top GMs and top writers. I was very visible, very well-known. Yet I got slammed in several zines and subzines because I had dared to defend myself against the smears of Dick Martin, who was a member of the East Coast Witches. These people generate 99% of the controversy and bad feelings in this hobby and, as hypocrites, they have no peers. When they go after you, it's all in "fun" and if it's serious, it's not an "attack". But if you defend yourself against them, that's an "attack". See Konrad Baumeister's comments on page 32 of this issue after I gave Dick Martin, his good friend, back some of his medicine. Lynch mobs are so much fun.

Why should Larry Peery, or myself, or anyone else not part of a group or clique be heavily, and quite unfairly, criticized while Dick Martin and Konrad Baumeister (no one, to date, has ever criticized for what he said about me on page 32) lead charmed lives in the hobby? I'll tell you; it's because a double standard exists and very few people want to take on someone who has a bunch of smear-buddies who will come after you if you do something they don't like.

WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU TWO?



I KNOW...



James Woodson (Texas, USA): "My next topic is one that you might not like. But believe me Gary, it's only constructive criticism and I am still your friend. I think that EE readers are tired of being reminded of your troubles with Dick. I certainly am! I don't receive Retaliation [Martin's zine] so I don't know if he dwells on the incident(s) as you do in print. But, I think it's time you forgot it. At ByrneCon you and Dick remained civil towards each other. I was really impressed.

That proves you can do it. In EE #30, you made a few references to certain 'character assassinations' against you. It's been over a year since the big feud. Let's drop it okay?"

□ Your solution is nice but it doesn't work. I tried it, you see. But when Martin did what John Caruso called his "vendetta attack" against me, that was it. I had had enough. I answered him in EE #18, using facts, names, zines and even his own letters against his smears and innuendo. You also ignore the fact that he can, and has, gotten his wife, his high school buddy Jack Brawner, Konrad Baumeister and others to go after me, very visibly and very publicly. Am I to also ignore all of this too? Martin is unable to fight his own battles alone.

Ignore him? I did that for 2 years and it only seemed to encourage his cheap shots. Make long distance phone calls to him to try to straighten things out? I've done that 3 times, each call lasting more than an hour, always at my expense, never his. He'll stop for awhile then go back to cheap shots. Or how about using mediators? I've done that with Eric Ozog and Kathy Byrne. Nothing works. I've come to the conclusion that Martin has a burr up his ass regarding me and I've gotten tired of being the butt of his childish outbursts. If pubbers would cease printing any Martin comments about me, this feud would vanish.

But now, on pages 26, 27, 28, Bob Osuch is allowing Martin into Mass Murders. I will also respond there, even though his comments have no place in this game at all. His comments will be blocked off so all EE readers can see them. What would you do?

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LETTER COLUMN.....Continued from page 33 .

I am in the hobby for a good time, and I have a good time. But when I run across people like the Martins and their smear buddies, I have several ways of reacting. One way is point-by-point rebuttals. Another, and a more effective way, is by satire and humor in the articles I write. I've found out that this especially annoys the Martins. I've always said that they can dish it out but they can't take it themselves. You will see more humor, than seriousness, from me on this subject, like my answer to Ed Wrobel's playful letter on page 31 .

As for getting along with Martin at ByrneCon, there's nothing unusual about that. Most people, as you know, when they are at cons with other people around try not to make other people uncomfortable. My actions are usually determined by what the other guy does in these situations. If you're nice to me, I'm nice to you. If you fuck with me, then I'm going to fuck with you. Your choice.

□□□

Don Williams(California, USA): "I immensely enjoyed the "1984" article by "Beauregard Bureaucrat"(care to let me in on who that would be?) Still, his two examples were somewhat uncommon--military courts are not subject to the same limitations(freedoms) that civil courts are. I am more concerned, as Orwell was, with the erosion of "meaningful" language(even "meaningful" has a nasty taste). I don't like to see newspapers die--the printed word is so much more powerful than TV or computer visuals. I get sick when I see the continued erosion of liberties under the auspices of national security."

Steve Knight(Virginia, USA): "I must confess I'm getting a bit sick of the big deal being made about 1984 coming and "Orwell is right!" blah, blah, blah. In the first place, a critical reading reveals we're a far sight from the world of 1984, and not just on a few major points, either. But more importantly, am I the only person who thinks that Orwell wasn't trying to predict the future, but was instead writing it as a cautionary tale, a fable, if you will? Not to say that we all shouldn't be on our guard against creeping bureaucracy and the like, but really--renaming the Department of War, the Department of Defense is leading us to Newspeak? Come on--a weak parallel, at best."

□ Beau's identity remains a secret. It is definitely not me if that what anyone is thinking and I wish Beau would write more often. I agree with you Don about the printed word. There is nothing like a good book. And, no, Steve! You are not alone in getting tired of 1984. See the Freaky Fable on page 35 . Orwell said that his book was only an indication of how things might turn out if certain tendencies developed in certain ways.

□□□

Jeff Noto(Florida, USA): "I have a question about EE: when will we see the results of your "Secret Project" on the origin of our names?"

Clark Reynolds(California, USA): "As to my being from the South: I may sound like I'm from the South but that's not quite correct. My family is from southeastern Utah where there's a peculiar accent--a mixture of Texas drawl and Michigan twang. My ancestors are actually from Pennsylvania--Quakers. Some of them migrated to North Carolina. The Civil War did the rest to break up family ties so I don't see myself as Yankee or Dixie but rather a "Westerner". I guess that's a third power in the ol' North-South feud."

□ Believe it or not, I have not forgotten about the "secret project". It will involve gifts and fun but I have to work out the details. For new subbers who have come in since the last time this was mentioned: our family names often tell of an interesting past. Coughlan is Irish and my great great grandfather come over as a 12 year old during the potato famine. Others have fled revolutions, been imprisoned in Siberia, been knighted by the King of Portugal and other adventures. All I want is to know the origin of your family name, like it is English, Dutch, Russian etc. strictly voluntarily.

□□□

Jaap Jacobs(The Netherlands): "I agree entirely with you concerning Not For Print. People who would be insulted by NFP written alongside a passage in a letter are just looking for a way to be insulted. But Alan Hartnett's EE #30] advice to ignore it is even worse. If you think you are insulted by NFP surely you should ^{not} risk going insulting others by ignoring it and printing it

((Continued on page 36))

34

HANDELSMAN FREAKY FABLES

The Prophet

O wise master! What is in store for us all in 1984?

And watch it: one reference to Orwell and I'll clobber you

"IT IS WELL THAT YOU SPEAK THUS, FOR IN 1984 CRIME WILL BE INSTITUTIONALISED IN ALL CIVILISED COUNTRIES.

Your worldly goods, please. I am a registered Crook.

Sorry! My Victim's Licence has just expired.

"INFORMED OF POSSIBLE CUBAN INFILTRATION, THE U.S.A. WILL SEND MARINES TO ALL ISLANDS FROM 'A' THROUGH 'M'.

... those God-fearing men whose heroic sacrifice saved the Isle of Dogs from falling under Soviet domination...

"A BOOK WILL APPEAR OFFERING EVIDENCE THAT A WELL-LOVED DECEASED FILM STAR WAS GAY.

Oh, no! Is it possible? The Duke was really a Duchess?

"THE SOVIET UNION AND CHINA WILL ATTEMPT TO NORMALISE RELATIONS.

We will shoot down your planes.

Fine! We will lock you in a cupboard.

Hurrah for normality!

"THERE WILL BE EXCITING NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN SURGERY.

Knife. Fork. Spoon. Mayonnaise.

What is this operation, Doctor?

It's called a gastronomy, or, in lay terms, eating the patient.

"MCENROE WILL WIN AT WIMBLEDON, THROUGH THE SHEER POWER OF HIS ARGUMENTS.

Of course you're right, sir! How stupid of me! Game, set, match, and two weeks at Butlin's.

...and your mother wears army shoes...

"U.S. MARINES WILL BE SENT TO ALL ISLANDS FROM 'N' TO 'Z'.

...and God bless all those gallant men who gave their lives on the Isle of Wight to keep me on television...

"MUSSOLINI'S DIARIES, AUTHENTICATED BY AN ITALIAN WAITER, WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE SUNDAY TIMES.

Listen to this! "When I'm a go to England I'm a gonna grabba Churchill and putta him in a bigga pail of cement [bites thumb]..."

"A DEMOCRAT WILL WIN THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, BUT NO ONE WILL EVER REMEMBER HIS NAME, OR HIS FACE.

And I'd like to say to all you fine people out there that lots of times I'm not sure who I am, either.

"AND, FINALLY, A MAN IN EAST GERMANY WILL FALL DOWN AND BRUISE HIS KNEE."

Verdammt!

Wo ist Ihre knee-bruising Licence?

Thank you! One final question: What is the —

Meaning of life? That old chestnut? I thought I had just made it abundantly clear that there ain't any.

MORAL:



LETTER COLUMN...Continued from page 34 .

"anyway. When someone writes or tells me something is NFP, I feel honored because he wants to tell me, of all people, something that apparently he doesn't want others to know. Someone who feels insulted is someone who is insulted so easily that he shouldn't be in this hobby.

Have I ever told you that the way you divide EE into games, press, articles, letters and all the rest is very confusing? Press continuing on page 27, this continuing there. It makes reading EE very tiresome. It's like walking through a town not quite knowing where to go. Shall I take this road? No, I'll take that one. Then second right and third left, and finally we reach the last page of EE on which we are told to continue on page 10. Of course I'm exaggerating, but it is confusing.

Phoning from cons is a good idea, why not phone me next time? (Or Hauke, Frank, Michel, Ivo, Thomas or other Europeans)."

□ I have to go to other's homes for cons and if they got stuck for a phone bill to Holland, who do you think they would come after?! Why don't you call or better yet come to one yourself since I went to Liège, ha ha!

I agree with you fully on Not For Print and wished I had said that in my own reply. On EE, I think once you understand how it's laid out, it will be quite easier for you to follow. I don't like to leave blank space anywhere so it often has footnotes or cartoons or the very end of an article to fill out the odd nooks and crannies.

Each game has its own page color so the players, and readers, can instantly find where the press is continued by merely looking at the color of the page rather than the page number.

In general, EE has a table of contents on page 2 as a "road map" for the "town". First are articles, then games, then announcements and/or subzines, then the letter column is always near the end. Think of it as an unexplored wilderness and you are one of the first pioneers. Another thing that some people don't like about EE, notably "Brucifer" Linsey, is that the letters are excerpted rather than printed in full. I don't know why people don't like that; you can have a lot of fun doing excerpts....



James Briggs(Texas, USA): "Well, here it is. Actually you would have gotten it sooner, but 35 copies were damaged by this hotel, so I had to get them reprinted."

Jim Meinel(Alaska, USA): "If not quantity, quality right? Thanks for the neat stuff!"

Joan Extrom(Oregon, USA): "Samantha's trying to grab this out of my hands!"

Bob Olsen(Kansas, USA): "What do I want...? Well, only the obvious, something that is obscene, that degrades and humiliates.....that is in abominable taste (so bad that it would embarrass Fluff Shaffer), that would offend just about everyone."

Doug Beyerlein(California, USA): "You are right in that it did turn out well. In fact I would like to get two more copies...and have enclosed a couple of dollars to cover the cost of the copies. Thanks."

Daf Langley(California, USA): "Steve and I had fun with it!"

Mark Luedi(Indiana, USA): "Anything on Diana yet?...Can you send me some...or at least direct me to someone who will provide me with some? Or should I shop around for the best one around?"

Kevin Tighe(California, USA): "The next Humboldt issue will mainly be devoted to those pictures. They really opened my eyes."

Don Williams(California, USA): "I survived...sigh...do they give points for surviving?"

□ Alright Briggs, you gotta start moving your tail! You can see the mailing list that I've already developed and these people not only want more, they want it on time. Luedi's already threatening to take his business elsewhere and Olsen's "desires", although a bit unusual, also deserve to be met on a timely basis. God, I hope that Dave Carter's and Steve Hutton's copies weren't some of those damaged ones. I haven't heard back from Canada yet on the latest shipment.

□□ (Letters Continued on page 37) (36)

LETTER COLUMN....Continued from page 36 .

Steve Hutton(Ontario, Canada): "According to Rod Currie, you told him that Second City was your favourite TV show. I think you told me the same thing when I joined your subscription list. Perhaps you should know that I was an SCTV fan before you even knew it existed!

SCTV started on a few Ontario TV stations that were collectively misnamed "The Global Television Network". Global was a new network, and was willing to take a chance on SCTV. (In the early days, they also took a chance by running French porn films but that's another (and more interesting) story.

Anyway, the original SCTV was a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour show that had some of the best comedy ever on TV. It was more consistently funny than Monty Python's Flying Circus (though nothing could match the "peaks" of Monty Python) and was right up there with Saturday Night Live at its best. Many of SCTV's characters were created for the original series, and bits and pieces of the original show were discreetly slipped into the $\frac{1}{2}$ hour NBC series.

When the show was stretched to $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the quality seemed to drop. But, even this not-quite-as-good show was very well received by the critics.

Back when SCTV was a cult show, I was also watching Fernwood 2-Nite. Did you ever see that show? If you like Second City, you'd probably like Fernwood too. The cult success of Fernwood apparently surprised everyone especially its producers who therefore felt obligated to change the show enough to make it fail. Those were the days to be a TV junkie! P.S. How many issues is the enclosed worth?"

□ Steve sent me a Confederate \$10.00. Steve, even better than issues, you are now an honorary Tennessee Colonel! Thanks for telling me more details about SCTV, which is my favorite show. I liked them better when they were on NBC for the $\frac{1}{2}$ hours when the "McKenzie Brothers", Catherine O'Hara and John Candy were regulars, instead of visitors as they are now on the cable 45 minute show. Being in the Army and working nights has gotten me out of the habit of watching TV. I only watch Falcon Crest, Saturday Night Live, SCTV and a few movies. I don't have cable yet and with the post office making me work on Fridays, I cajoled my parents into videotaping these shows for me on their VCR. Steve is the pubber of No Fixed Address, so named because he moves around so much. But you can see a sample by writing him at: 704 Brant St., London, Ontario, CANADA N5Y 3N1. Go to the post office and ask for an international reply coupon(IRC). They cost 65 cents apiece (you'll probably need at least two). Send these with your sample request to Canada or anyother foreign country and the pubber there can exchange the IRCs into his own currency. Outside the United States, the amount is roughly the same and non-Americans can also purchase IRCs and receive samples of U.S. zines.

The next letter is a follow-up to my DafCon III report on page 3 . John and Janet were the only two that I didn't get to meet and this letter was so funny that I wanted to print it. John does a new subzine called Corn Off The Cobb and details about it are on page 46 .

□□□

John Schuler(California, USA): "I was going to call that night, then I figured no, I'd wait till the morning. Which I did. Only then I found out you'd been driven to San Francisco at 4 AM in the morning, so I'd missed. But Larry said he and Mike would wait for us and we could "all" have something to eat.

We followed Mike (who was driving) and Larry, who turned left off El Camino into what appeared to be a Jack In The Box parking lot. I groaned at this cretin move but Janet insisted Mike was headed for some Mongolian restaurant I hadn't spotted yet. Sure enough. I forget what it was called, but I doubt they'll forget what they called us. Having lunch with Mike Maston and Larry Peery is an experience everyone should share once. It went something like this.

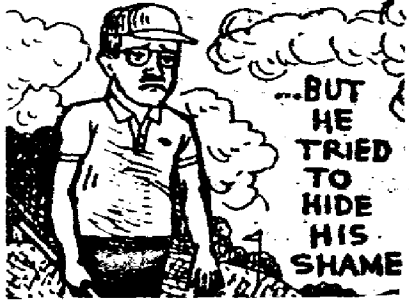
The first thing through the door Larry delivered himself to the opinion that the video game table to our right against the wall was probably played with chop sticks. Good Larry. Then we found ourselves a booth and proceeded to make fools of ourselves.

Now you've got to understand that Mike isn't at all normal. For one thing he's friends with Larry Peery and for another he says he can speak 37 languages, including a dozen or so sub-dialects thrown in. Good Mike, you can order. He did, though what came out of his mouth sounded like acute indigestion. He went

((Continued on page 38))

(37)

IT WAS HUMILIATING.



LETTER COLUMN.....Continued ~~from~~ page 37 .

"on and on, grunting and grimacing in this dialect or the other, until finally the waitress, who was Mongolian(?) furrowed her brow and, while attempting to politely hide her laughter, asked Mike "You want a tall pitcher of hot vodka?"

Janet and I ordered a Number 1, as did eventually Mutt and Jeff, and I sampled a Chinese beer (not too bad, but nothing to write home about, either). The food was served, but we had to arrange our own bowls with vegetables, then top them off with frozen meats and sauces. Mike must have been awful hungry for he was heading back to his table already before someone pointed out to him that if he wanted, the cook would be happy to put all that raw shit on the skillet for him. Good Mike.

Of course we all got the number system screwed up. You see, when you take your bowl for the ritual piling on of vegetables and such, you're supposed to have a number, too. There are numbers for every table and booth--we had "4"--and then all the same numbers are colored differently. The idea is to leave your colored number, say a yellow "4" on a plate number under your bowl by the cook, then when he's finished cooking the dish, the waitress takes it to your table, where, if everyone's got it together, they will recognize their color and retrieve their dish. Only none of us recognized our colors, but Mike came to our rescue. He's a very practicably-minded person. While the smiling waitress looked on, Mike reached into each of the bowls with his hairy hand to examine the contents.

"Let's see," he declared judiciously, "I didn't have any green peppers, so this must not be mine. Janet? Is this one yours? Okay. Hmmm. This one's got too many onions for me. I'd never take that many onions."

"That's probably mine, Mike," I interjected, retrieving my dinner from his grasp.

"Larry," Mike continued calmly, holding up a wad of light brown worms before his nose, "you took the big pile of bean sprouts, so this one belongs to you." And so on.

Our conversation was interesting too. Mike babbled on about things I didn't understand in four languages while Larry told me you were not at all like what he had expected. "What Larry means," Mike cut in for my benefit, "is that Gary wasn't eating out of his hand all the time." Larry began pouting at this, so Mike and I made him go soak his head in the lavatory. When he returned, we all managed to agree that Janet's better-looking than I am and that Dips don't write letters in their games as much as they used to.

Mike tried his Mongolian out on the waitress again when we paid, but with mixed results. She wasn't frowning so much as before when he spoke, but then again she was forced to translate into English everything she said to him. Good Mike.

Out in the parking lot, I mentioned that I wasn't sure where I was, so Larry went into the rear of the car and produced a world map and pointed to Sacramento, or rather he pointed to north central California and said, "You're here." Good Larry.

And then somehow on the way out of town I was able to get lost. Beats me but all of a sudden I wasn't on El Camino anymore. Same thing happened when I was driving on 16 to Rumsey. All of a sudden I found myself driving down Road 105 and turning right at a rural T. It might have been all those onions.

One more thing. If you ever need my support in defense of all those charges about you being a drunkard, no problem. I tried to give Steve and Daf a 12-pack, but he refused on the grounds that his ice box was still overflowing with beer. Now I can't believe that Larry's that distracting even when he is arguing nonsensically into the night about the meaning of the word "it". And I figure everyone else must have drunk their share if they brought so much to begin with. So, by deduction, I suppose you were, and are, a straight arrow by comparison with the rest of that crowd. Take that Martin, you ninny you!"

□ A Mongolian restaurant? Oh well, I believe every word you say, John!

□□

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Evans Givan (California, USA): "I just had some mighty fine hush puppies, thanks to you. No catfish to go with them, but I guess you can't have everything."

II. BEST SUBZINE

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. MOS KISLEY SPACEPORT(2)---96 | 5. FIAT BELLUM(18)---15 |
| 2. KATHY'S KORNO(1)---54 | 6. BENZENE(3)---13 |
| 3. EXPLETIVE DELETED(6)---26 | 7. STRAIGHT FROM THE DIMMER'S MOUTH(*)---12 |
| 4. HUMBOLDT(*)---15 | |

Subzines receiving less than 12 points:

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 1. Alex's Column(3) | 13. Maneater(5) |
| 2. Cathy's Ramblings(3) | 14. Mass Murders(2) |
| 3. Diplomatic Immunity(2) | 15. MeANNderings(2) |
| 4. Dip City(3) | 16. No Fixed Address(1) |
| 5. Dippy Daddy(3) | 17. Northern Lites(3) |
| 6. Dot's Incredible(1) | 18. Return of the Dip(1) |
| 7. Elephant Heart(4) | 19. Sleepless Knights(3) |
| 8. E*S*A*D*(2) | 20. Snafu!(2) |
| 9. Folding Soon(1) | 21. Strange Doings(4) |
| 10. Free Speech Alley(2) | 22. Thrill of Agony(1) |
| 11. Jim-Boob Report(3) | 23. Hai! Jikai!(1) |
| 12. Magus(2) | ((Wonder why some zines were voted as subzines?)) |

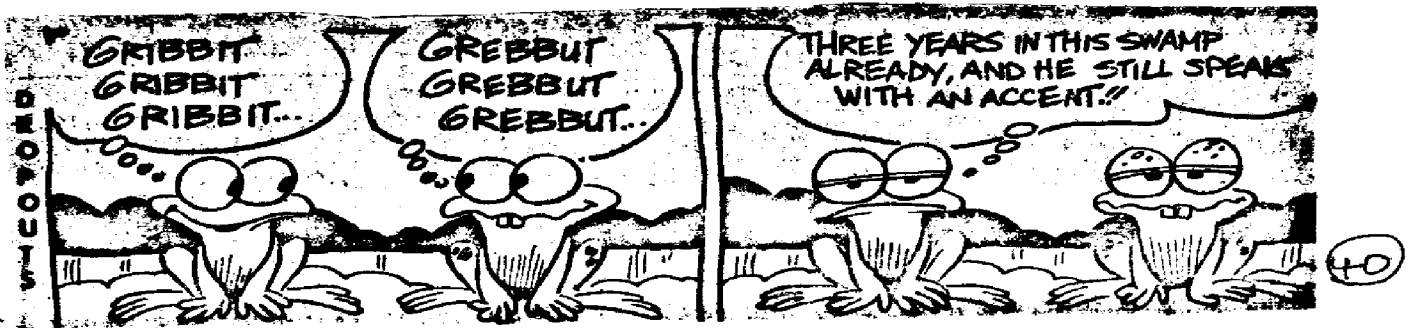
III. BEST GM

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Gary Coughlan(1)---62 | 10. John Caruso(11)---24 |
| 2. Andy Lischett(2)---60 | 11. Mark Luedi(*)---21 |
| 3. Mark Larzelere(3)---54 | 12. Paul Rauterberg(*)---20 |
| 4. Jim Meinel(40)---41 | 13. Scott Hanson(15)---20 |
| 5. Bruce Linsey(5)---36 | 14. Roy Henricks(13)---20 |
| 6. Ron "US" Brown(9)---34 | 15. Keith Sesler(*)---18 |
| 7. John Daly(7)---32 | 16. Ron "Canada" Brown(19)---17 |
| 8. John Boardman(6)---31 | 17. Steve Hutton(*)---15 |
| 9. Doug Beyerlein(10)---28 | |

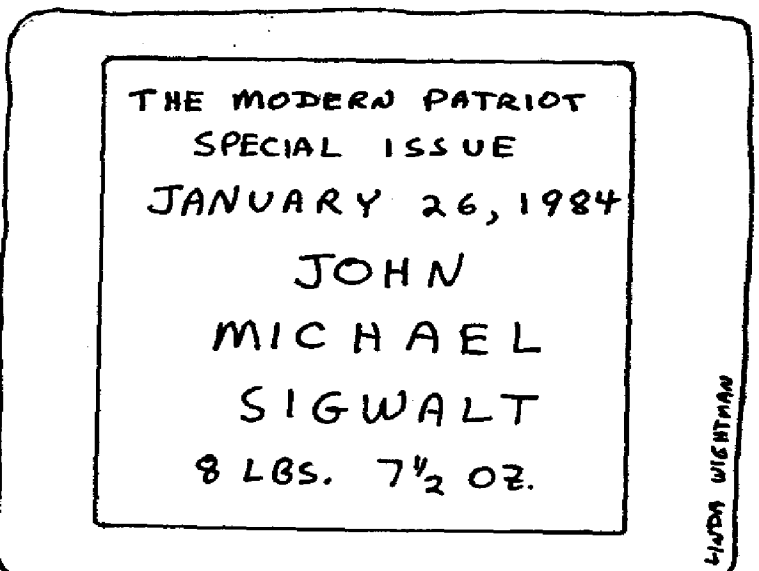
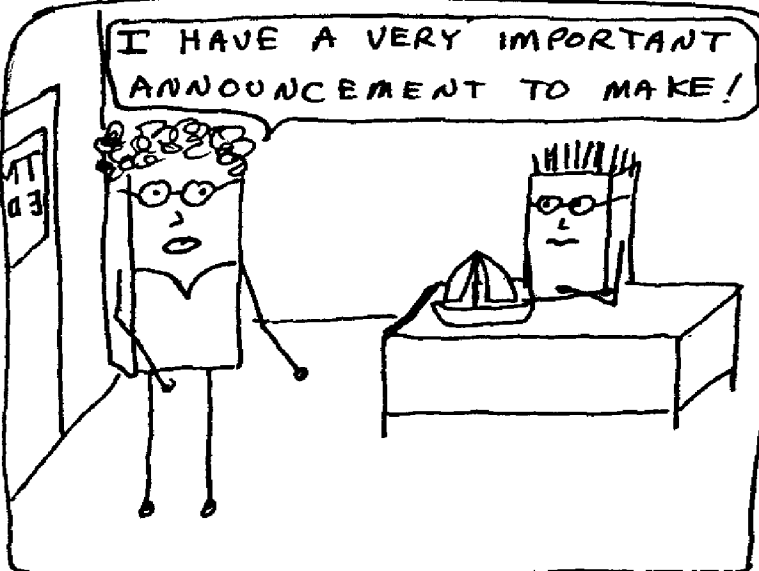
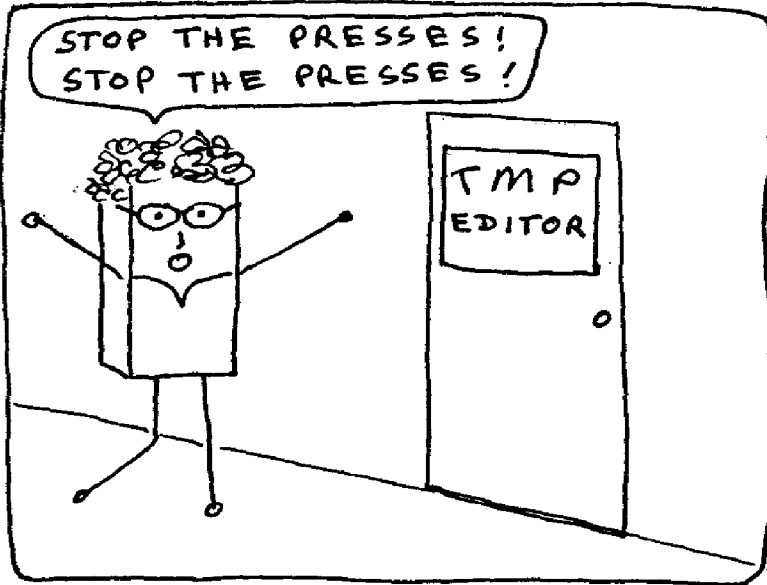
GMs receiving less than 15 points:

- | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Steve Arnawoodian(9) | 11. Claude Gautron(1) | 21. Eric Ozog(1) |
| 2. Konrad Baumeister(8) | 12. Steve Heinowski(9) | 22. Larry Peery(6) |
| 3. Mark Berch(2) | 13. Eric Kane(9) | 23. Russ Rusnak(3) |
| 4. Jim Bumpas(5) | 14. Dave Kleiman(12) | 24. Randolph Smyth(9) |
| 5. Kathy Byrne(4) | 15. Steve Langley(12) | 25. Tom Swider(6) |
| 6. Dave Carter(11) | 16. Tom Mainardi(6) | 26. Terry Tallman(3) |
| 7. Mike Conner(4) | 17. Dick Martin(4) | 27. Bernie Tretick(2) |
| 8. Fred Davis(3) | 18. Mike Mazzer(3) | 28. Don Williams(8) |
| 9. Don Del Grande(11) | 19. Mike Mills(3) | 29. Judy Winsome(10) |
| 10. Jack Fleming(10) | 20. Bob Osuch(11) | 30. James Woodson(2) |

FINALLY!!!! He is now three years old and I've been waiting for two years to be able to use this cartoon. I got it from a New Jersey newspaper when I went to GenCon there in 1981. I hope it turns out well, it's rather faded.



DIP CITY



Thanks Linda Wightman! Linda does this comic strip in The Modern Patriot usually but was gracious enough to do one for EE. Don does the zine Hoof and Mouth and now he and Angie are proud parents. Also congratulations to John and Betty Daly who publish The Dogs of War on the birth of their first child, Stephen Roy Daly!



THE BEHOLDER #17

MFP/EE

This is the 9 December 1983 issue of The Beholder, a subzine devoted to the discussion of topics related to the postal Diplomacy hobby, and edited by John Kelley, 209 McMahon Hall GO-10, UW, Seattle, WA 98195 USA, in cooperation with Gary Coughlan. Letters are welcomed.

Got no personal responses to my opinions last time, so I hope there are some in this issue of EE. In the meantime, I'll have to try to find something else entertaining to talk about.

Thought of something. This Thanksgiving, I could not go back to Klickitat (I have suffered worse crises), and word got back to my ROTC unit commander, LTC Smith, and so I was ~~extended~~ invited to Thanksgiving dinner at his home in Tacoma. Apparently my close friend Randy ("Fuzzbrain") Hayes, who is from Connecticut and had already been ~~extended~~ cordially invited. I thought, what the hell, it's gotta be good food even if I will be terrified of committing some awful fuck-up, and at least Hayes will be there. So we planned to leave.

The trip was eventful. Tacoma is maybe 30 or 60 (can't remember which) miles south of Seattle, and the weather was typical Puget Sound driving rain with heavy winds. Worse yet, I lack a vehicle so our mode of transportation was doomed to be 'the Bitch', Hayes car. It's in pretty sad shape; the muffler was/is missing (Randy decided he didn't need it) and its appearance, shall we say, does not inspire absolute confidence.

We found his car (he expressed hope beforehand that it was still there; I reassured him that no one would run off with it), and set out to get gasoline. Having done with that, we were off to the land of smelters and lieutenant colonels. The Bitch was pulling severely to the left, and this concerned us in the rain and wind, so we pulled over into a suburb to put air in his tires. As my Irish luck would have it, his hubcaps had to come off to get the airhose on the valve stem. After a few haphazard pulls with fingers, in which Randy participated enthusiastically by standing there and offering no assistance, I went to ask the attendant for advice. He loaned me a short, blunt instrument with a rubber knob and crowbar tip. To Hayes' consternation, I emerged from the building brandishing this ugly weapon. He exclaimed, "What are you going to do to my car?!?!". I quieted his fears and quickly pried the hubcaps off, following that up with a lousy job of airing the tires. Trouble was, we couldn't figure out how to get them hooked on again, so we threw them in the back seat and fired up the Bitch.

Somehow we made it there, taking many wrong turns along the way. I expect the Colonel heard us coming in advance; the Bitch sounds like an M60 or maybe a lift helicopter without that muffler. We made no faux pas, got a good meal (and were loaded up with practically all the loose food in the house by Mrs. Colonel; a fine woman, to be sure), and survived intact. Hayes still hasn't got his hubcaps back on yet.

I echo Michalski's comments on Peery's expensive gimmicks. I've only heard from him twice in my life, both times with offers for some utterly useless hobby service for some outrageous sum of money. No thanks, Larry.

Been actually playing FTF Diplomacy lately. Oddly enough, I've been doing well and not being wiped out.

Has anyone gotten TMP recently? Haven't gotten it for awhile here.

Thanks to Rebel for all the nice fanfare he gave me. Little does he know what this damYankee will conspire to do to him.

This has been an odd night, punctuated by several men on my floor (cell block 2N, McMahon correctional facility) dashing by me in the hall with towels on and nothing else. One of them even exposed his genitals, a sure sign of finals week (which it is). I wonder if exhibitionism is a typical reaction to freshman calculus.

The Beholder continues on page 43.

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My job here at McMahon is that of a Re the way I describe it; from an evaluative star hands out light bulbs, trash sacks, toilet paper freshmen that they're not dumb, the class is ju around the hall with a page unit and master key. it. I try to sidestep the disciplinary side of it .

About time to fill out fucking income tax form but it beats hell out of ending up in the slammer.

Actually, I folded TB originally due to lack of School was hardly time-consuming; my main goal was to not study and get good grades, grim testimony to the quality of a Klickitat education. I'll stay at the UW.

What's really odd about re-entering the active hobby is all the unfamiliar names. I lack a clue as to names like Russ Rusnak, Al Pearson, Mike Mazzer, etc.; Frauke Peterson and Kerry Blant draw a blank. It's really weird. I'm sure they're all good people, that's not the issue; but I don't know anyone anymore. Too bad I don't have time to write about twenty intro letters.

I'd like to get to know the British folks better, too, but I hesitate because I hear so many anti-American cracks from the UK nowadays I wonder if they'd be able to avoid making disparaging remarks about my nation. This makes me unhappy because my ancestry is very British and I am very interested in the UK. I even got to function as an escort/usher/guard (if things had gotten tough, my unspecified job was to defend Her Majesty with my flesh and blood; thankfully nothing violent happened) for QE II. Oh, well.

I'm impressed by Ivo Bouwman. Having read his views in past EEs, he's welcome in my country any time. With any luck I'll make it to Europe one day; but that's a lot of languages to learn.

It's late and I'm going to bed. Merry Christmas, Happy Hanukkah, and Season's Greetings!

JK²



Gary here, not John! EE has always tried to have something for everyone's taste, not matter what that is. Like other zines, for instance Life of Monty and The Prince, one way is bringing in subzines to the main zine. EE has three subzines now, with an occasional fourth subzine. All four appear in this issue.

The oldest is Mass Murders, by Bob Osuch of Arizona, which features a 2-week deadline black press game(see page 21). On page 15, is CHOMPS & MIAMS, by Michel Liesnard of Belgium featuring food and quizzes and you name it. Mos Eisley Spaceport roves everywhere in the hobby, appearing in many zines, and this issue has a MES on page 44 . MES is done by John Michalski of Oklahoma. Very popular.

And on this page and the preceding page is The Beholder by John Kelley. Until Issue #15 and 1980, TB was a full-fledged zine and recently John has returned to the hobby and I'm pleased to have him in EE. So far, based on his first issue in EE #30, two comments have come in: Konrad Dolata(West Germany): "The Beholder looks quite interesting(balancing the "Mass-Murder-thing", eh?)" and from Dustin Laurence(Montana, USA): "Speaking of subzines, The Beholder looks like it could be good. We'll have to see how the next ish turns out."

Y'all write these subzine editors directly if you wish!

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LETTERS



PARTS

MOS EISLEY is a roving subzine of assorted stuff from John Michalski, Rt 10, Box 526-Q, Moore OK 73165. I usually invite your response here, but in view of the trouble I will have in putting out any further ones, I'm not really sure it would be worth your while. What with the Economic Recovery roaring along like it is, I am once again laid off (I should have labelled this the Scott Hanson Dept.), the third time this year. Makes 1983 one to forget, hey? Oh, well. This one may only last a few months. Or many. Or forever. Maybe.

MARK LEUDI has some two week game openings that I would like to plug. I used to run 2-wk and 10-day-deadline games way back when, and two 7-day ones. Short deadline games are an awful lot more fun, unless your idea of fun is sitting around waiting for weeks for anything to happen at all, or reading XENO, or something sick like that. If you enjoy Diplomacy, fast deadline games are the way to go. They keep you on your feet, and more important, they keep everyone else on their feet. NMRs are always less of a problem in fast games than slow ones, despite what the casual observer might think. More time does not lessen NMRs, because NMRs are not caused by slow delivery: they are caused by people waiting (and forgetting) for weeks before doing anything. In a fast deadline game, this cannot happen--turkeys will vanish in 1901--and only serious players will even try by signing up. With a faster pace, interest stays high for all, keeping the game going, unlike say, CHEESECAKE or EMHAIN MACHA or some of those other tardies and pokies. Give it a try. P.O. Box 2924 Bloomington IN 47402

I'm not in the mood for much right now, so let me jump on to LETTERS

MARK LARZELERE (Apalling Greed)

I just wanted to say that I appreciate your comments in MES. The news media do twist stories around, make things up, etc, but its often not so innocent as your example of how an Oklahoma station reported a rain s torm. "News" people don't seem to realize or care that most people really take their stories seriously and believe everything they say. Or that their stories affect people's lives.

Any news medium, whether its the NY Times, the National Enquirer, or Pravda appeals to a certain audience, and they will arrange their stories in a way that this audience wants to hear. If this audience is predisposed to believe that (e.g.) all our problems

are caused by eastern intellectual troublemakers, then they'll slant their news to blame E.I.T.s for everything.

Some newspapers are more responsible than others, for sure, but this is only true when the paper is trying to reach a more intelligent audience. NY Times readers just wouldn't believe the stuff that's printed in the National Enquirer, so it's not printed. The money is there for being more responsible, so they are. A devotion to some "higher standard" has nothing to do with it. As you said, even the mainstream press can get pretty ridiculous. (The Washington Post just had a week of stories about some crack Ed Meese made which didn't look nearly so bad when his whole interview was printed—I guess they just hate Meeses to pieces).

Before you can take any news story seriously, you must take into account the method of journalism they used—if people just believe everything they hear, it's their own fault, and they do nothing to improve the quality of reporting in the future. (An audience that does nothing shares the blame.)

If news people are reporting about somebody with power they have to be careful, because such a person can easily get his side of the story heard by some rival news organization. But if they're reporting about someone who's powerless, they can make up pretty much whatever they want (provided enough people will be interested in the story.)

If news people are reporting about something that's not common knowledge, they will play on people's basic prejudices and ignorance to make that something sound mysterious. As an example for this, 4½ years ago hardly anyone had heard of Dungeons & Dragons, but when a 16 yr old freshman at Michigan State University named James Dallas Egbert (who was hooked on the game) turned up missing, all kinds of crazy stories about D&D and young geniuses were run in Michigan newspapers and TV (as well as elsewhere). The concept of D&D (fantasy role playing) was something new to most people, and people certainly have preconceived notions about "young geniuses". All the elements of mystery were there.

All kinds of speculation about Egbert was printed—they speculated he disappeared into some underground steam tunnels, that some bulletin board had its thumbtacks arranged into a "secret pattern" which would give a clue to his whereabouts, etc—just crazy stuff, none of which turned out to be true. They also printed things about his personal life, at one time reporting that he was a homosexual. And they printed things about D&D which would just seem ridiculous to anyone who knows anything about the game.

The basic story should have just been: this kid is missing, here's his picture, if you've seen him call _____, like they commonly do with "missing person" stories. The other stuff was just crap.

He finally turned up about a month later in Louisiana or someplace. But a year later he shot himself.

It's hard to imagine what he must have gone through in that year, having to deal with people who'd heard the stories and believed them. That'd be hard enough for anyone to deal with, let alone a bright sensitive adolescent who obviously had some personal problems to begin with. Does anyone reading this know what you'd have done when you were a teenager if the paper had printed you were gay? With that just part of the iceberg?

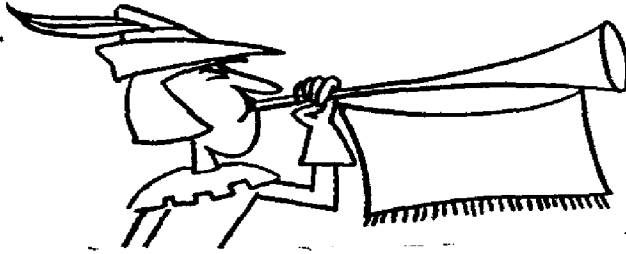
You can use labels like "computer genius" to label someone like him, but he was just a person. I can't know if the media caused his death, but they certainly couldn't have made things any easier. (When you're 16, it's much easier for problems to seem like the end of the world).

((Thanks much for a long and thoughtful letter. ~~I hope now you guys will show more respect for Bill Highfield.~~ Thanks for sending it to MES. You've said it all, so I won't elaborate, or try.)) *JM*

Final quick note: Congratulations on Steve and Daf again, and to Eric Kane for his kind remarks re MES on the phone when I called the New Year's ByrneCon. Aside from that, that's it for this one.

(5)

HOBBY-WIDE NEWS



§ FOLDING ZINES:...Two zines have announced upcoming folds by the end of 1984. Irksome, pubbed by Scott Hanson and Franke Petersen, and Snafu! published by Ron Brown. Both zines will run their games via fliers after the folds and both will be missed.

§ NEW ZINES:...Several new zines have already appeared in 1984 both here and in Europe. In the U.S., we have Electric Penguin from John Mirassou, 966 El Rio Dr., San Jose, California 95125 USA which made its debut at DarCon III (see page 3). John published back in 1977 a zine called Sya-Dasti-Sya-Nasti-Sya-Davak-Tav-Yaska. \$3.50 gets you 7 issues and he has Dip game openings for \$2.50. This zine has humor and cartoons. John is a great guitar player so invite him to your cons!

England gives us Flame, published by Simon Billenness (who turns over the editorship of 20 Years On to his brother Mark. Both addresses are on page 8). Flame intends to feature a "long and rambling letter column" and free issues will be handed out for your letters to him, at least at first. Here is your chance to cheaply see a British zine. Simon says his interests in Flame will be "postal games, politics, university, Science fiction, music, America, life in general." He will also be in New York and Long Island during March-April.

West Germany's 1984 offering is Der Netztroller from Konrad Dolata, Hermann-Loens-Weg 34, D-5650 Solingen 11, WEST GERMANY. He offers non-Dip games as well as Diplomacy, including United and already has many British subbers. Konrad teaches English and intends to have a letter column. This is another way to improve your German.

§ REVIVAL OF OLD ZINES: Rod Walker has brought back his Erehwon by putting out issue #100. I don't know how he does as much as he does but you can see what I mean by sending \$6.00 for 10 issues to Rod at: 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas, California 92024 USA.

From Oxymoron, Jaap Jacobs' zine from Holland ^{it is said} Richard Sharp (27 Elm Close, Amersham, Bucks, United Kingdom) is re-publishing Dolchstoss and refunding any money to previous Dolchstoss subbers who were burned by his earlier fold. He is also the man who wrote the entertaining The Game of Diplomacy.

§ NEW SUBZINES: Al Pearson has returned to publishing after folding his Just Among Friends a while back. He now does the subzine Temporarily Delayed in Roy Henricks' Envoy. Write to Roy at: 128 Deerfield Dr., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15235 USA. Al is a very witty writer who has been missed.

Corn Off The Cobb is a new subzine in Xenogogic written by John Schuler. John has written several entertaining articles around the hobby (some under his own name!) and this is a good chance to read him on a regular basis. You can write him direct at: PO Box 571, Cobb, California 95426 USA and get COTC by getting Xenogogic from Larry Peery, PO Box 8416, San Diego, California 92102 USA, another good investment.

§ LATE NEWS: Just in the mail today, the British zine Putty Riffo, done by Rob Chapman is also folding. It was Putty Riffo's system of doing the letter column that I adapted for EE. Aren't you glad I didn't bring Reggae into the zine as well!

§ POLLS: Remember that the Freshmen Zine Poll (for all zines which began publishing in 1983) is, beginning this year for the first time, only for zines. Its deadline is March 14, 1984 so get those votes in. If anyone wants to do a poll for the new subzines, I'll print a ballot for that in the March, EE but let me know soon... Corrections to the Whitestonia Players Poll. 66, not 65, people voted. Kathy Byrne is still the Best Diplomacy Player but with 125 points instead of 120. Mark Larzelere has 14 points, instead of 9, and becomes 18th on the Best Writer's list. The previous #18 and below drop by one number.

§ If you are a GM or are thinking of becoming a GM, you will want to read Doug Beyerlein's Adjudicating Postal Diplomacy Games, a 10-page practical guide. It costs \$2.00 and is well-worth it, as Doug is a premier GM. Write to him at: 640 College Ave., Menlo Park, California 94025 USA. ((Continued on page 47)) (46)

§ ORIGINS INFORMATION: ORIGINS will be June 21-24, 1984 in Dallas, Texas according to Al Pearson. Al says that ORIGINS will begin sending out pre-registration information in early March. Plans call for a variant tournament on Friday, a panel discussion Saturday morning, Round I at 1 PM (of Diplomacy), The DipCon Society meeting at 9 PM Saturday night. Round II will be at 8:30 AM Sunday. Delta Airlines may be giving 30% discounts out of New York and other cities for this tournament. Anyone interested in bidding on the 1985 DipCon to be held in your city should contact Al Pearson, Box 898, Charles Town, West Virginia 25414 USA.

§ REGIONAL CONS: Several coming up in the new few months....LepreCon is March 16-18 at Ken Corbin's and Lady Joan Extrom's home at Rt. 1, Box 26W, Philomath, Oregon 97370 USA. Their phone is: (503)-929-3223. This will be your chance to see Cathy Cuning, Terry Tallman and maybe Jim Bumpas, John Caruso and Rotunda!.....Texas will be having a con either near Dallas or probably in Austin depending on your vote. Choose either Austin or Dallas and one of these weekends: March 23-24, March 30-31 or April 6-7 and send it to Pete Gaughan, 509 Sandpiper Drive, Apt 130, Arlington, Texas 76013 USA as soon as possible. This con will be held in someone's home--it's not a tournament.....
....MadCon II is May 25-28, 1984 on Memorial Day Weekend in Madison, Wisconsin. The so-called "Mad Lads" always have a good time (see page 31) and I will be going to this one! For further information contact Mark Frueh, 1013 Milton St., Apt #304, Madison, Wisconsin 53715 USA. His phone is...(608)-256-2459.....
....MaryCon '84 is June 1-3, 1984 at Mary Washington College, Fredericksburg, Virginia. Everyone spoke of the good times they had at this one last year. You stay in dorms so you will need reservations. To get them, contact Ed Wrobel, PO Box 3463, Arlington, Virginia 22203 USA.....And on Labor Day Weekend, in September, 1984, will be PudgeCon at Bob Olsen's home. Bring your squirtguns. This is the second con that I will be able to attend this year. For more info write Bob at: 6818 Winterberry Cir., Wichita, Kansas 67226 USA.

§ ZINE DIRECTORY! Pubbers, make sure your zine is accurately presented in the next ZD which will be published in July, 1984. Roy Henricks will be sending out registration sheets for your zine's statistics. If you don't return the sheet, your zine will not be listed. If Roy hasn't sent you one (I've not got mine yet), write to him at: 128 Deerfield Dr., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15235 USA. The deadline for submitting info is April 30th for North American zines and May 15th for European zines. Once again Cathy Cuning will be doing the non-North American zines. Make the ZD complete!

§ PDO Auction: The Peoples' Diplomacy Auction last fall was so successful that another one has been planned for May-June, 1984. However whatever you put up for bid, you must let Mike Mills know what it is by March 17th. You can donate anything Dip related or whatever. I'll be donating Elvis Presley postcards, grits and hushpuppies and the Dutch anti-nuclear pad sheets which appeared in EE # A issue on page 27 among other things.

This auction is a chance to have fun but it also helps the hobby custodians very much, and that is where all the money raised goes. Scott Hanson, Orphan Games Custodian, asked that I print the following: "You were one of the big pushers of the PDO Auction, right? Well, the Orphan Service already has its share of the money--\$48.10, which was 15% of the take. Thanks!" The custodians work hard, and often at a loss of their own money, so let's have fun and help! Send a list of what you'll donate to Mike Mills: 26 Laurel Road, Sloatsburgh, New York 10974 USA. Ask him for a sample of his great Emhain Macha while you're at it. EM offers Dip, variants (some of Mike's own design which have been professionally marketed), Irish tidbits, sexy pics, and of course he is the PDO!

§ Format Changes: Festings Hof, pubbed by Bob Howerton, 4510 Treeline Dr., Pensacola, Florida 32504 USA, has switched over to digest. His most recent issues give an inside look to real backstabbing in the large company that he works for. Bob survived!.... Jim Meinel's The Prince is now printed on a Lisa computer. With Jim's articles on his new life in Alaska, plus 4 subzines, you should really check out The Prince. Write: PO Box 832, Anchorage, Alaska 99510.

§ DIPLOMACY WORLD still needs an artist, who'll work at his own pace. If interested, write Rod Walker whose address is on page 46 . (47)

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