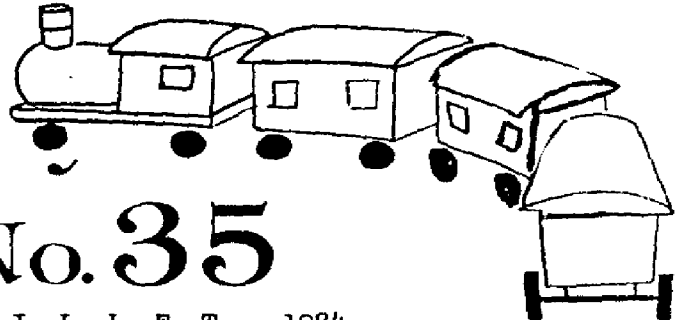


# Europa Express

THE PUBBER: Gary L. Coughlan

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USA (901)-362-7206

One page to go on this EE and I'm FREE, FREE, FREE!! The summer is usually a difficult time for me to put out the zine but this has been worse since it's been extremely hot here. If you don't believe me, just ask "Honest Al" Pearson on page 8 or so. He's visiting me.



## No. 35

2 J U L I E T 1984

§ Yes, Al Pearson is visiting me this week after sending his two daughters off to Mississippi to visit their grandparents and I'm coercing him into writing something for this issue. He follows Jim Briggs, Patrick Conlon, Steve Knight and Mark and Margie Fassio, all of whom have visited Memphis in recent weeks. You can get the gory details beginning on page 3.

§ Speaking of Jim Briggs, he is now in West Germany where the Army has stationed him and is currently looking for a printer to do his zine, The End Justifies The Means. Until he gets settled and adjusted, TEJFM may be delayed. In the meantime you can write Jim at: SP4 James M. Briggs, D Btry 2/57 ADA, Box 1043, APO New York 09452.

§ Don't forget the PDO Auction. It's probably too late if you haven't already bid, but do not send your bids to Mike Mills. Tom Swider is the man that you send your bids to and his address is: 1183 Robinson Hill Road, Endwell, New York 13760 USA. Mike has received several bids and had to forward them on to Tom.

§ On July 7, I will be working new hours at work. My new hours will be 3 PM until 11:30 PM. If I have overtime, I will get off at 1:30 AM. As of now, I do not know if I will continue to have Fridays and Saturdays off.

§ I finally got cable TV! They intended to install it back in January but it took them until June to do it. Now I have TV news anytime I want. Since I work nights, the thing I've really missed is seeing the national news shows as I am an information freak.

§ Inside we have much for you. Bob Osuch has the Mass Murders endgame statements beginning on page 22 and says he is "retiring" from the hobby. I don't know any publisher that doesn't feel that way at one time or another and I hope Bob will remain a part of the hobby. Femme Fatale(page 20), The Beholder(page 19), and Chomps & Miams(page 30) all make an appearance in this issue. My MadCon II report begins on page 4 and EE's two new games "Iliad"(page 15) and "Chocolate Soldiers"(page 17) begin.

§ Speaking of games, I've made several GMing errors lately which are mentioned in two of the games' reports this issue. No one got any free issues for catching my errors as no player or regular subber brought it to my attention. Remember you can win issues of this zine by spotting my errors as a GM, first.

§ I'm getting so much stuff from some of y'all on nuclear weaponry and Grenada that I may have to do issues devoted to nothing else. I'm also thinking of going back to an old EE system whereby one issue was articles only followed by the next issue which was letters only. If I had the energy and money, I might should publish a monster issue and clean out my files, but neither is available!

§ Something I've never had before is massive overtime in the summer. I've got it now!

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

Ever heard of a drink called a "Greyhound"? I hadn't. See page 4. (1)

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DIPSCRIPTION is a word coined by Pat Hart of South Carolina and is about EE subbers based on what Pat reads about you in EE and other zines. You could be next! But this time it's Marc Peters, pubber of the newest Dip zine called So I Lie(His address is on page 8 ) and one of sponsors of the fun-filled MadCons(see page 4). He lives in Madison, Wisconsin with his wife Debi and Pat tells us more....

<u>NAME:</u> Marc Peters	<u>SEX:</u> Only in Wisconsin
<u>NICKNAME:</u> Mad Dog	<u>HAIR:</u> Slick
<u>HOME:</u> Madtown	<u>EYES:</u> Glassed
<u>BIRTHDATE:</u> You ask!	<u>LOOKS:</u> Shifty
<u>BIRTHSIGN:</u> Animal Shelter	

NOTED FOR: Robert Redford lookalike

AMBJTION: Be Frank Sinatra lookalike

TURN-ON: Driving listening to Ted Nugent

TURN-OFF: Driving within the speed limit

<u>FAVORITE COUNTRY:</u> Yours	<u>FAVORITE CITY:</u> Madison
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<u>FAVORITE DRINK:</u> Beer	<u>FAVORITE FOOD:</u> Pretzels
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<u>FAVORITE MOVIE:</u> The Godfather	<u>FAVORITE CHARACTER:</u> Sonny
--------------------------------------	----------------------------------

<u>FAVORITE APHRODISIAC:</u> Toothpicks	<u>FAVORITE CHARITY:</u> Mad City Mafia
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FAVORITE PHRASE: Which is my best side?

FAVORITE POEM: Marc Peters runs with these lads,  
That party hearty in all the pads,  
The only thing which makes him glad,  
Is that he's one of the mad.



SHALL WE DANCE? Naw, let's Malmberg instead! Be called only once and get up to 6 EEs added to your sub. Join these 3/4 considerate Malmbergers: Ieapo Stabo, Peter Ansoff, Steve Arnawoodian, Ken Corbin, Don Del Grande, Mike Ehli, Bob Foote, Mark Frueh, Claude Gautron, Evans Givan, Scott Hanson, Pat Hart, Steve Heinowski, Nelson Heintzman, Hauke Jansen, Matt Kazur, Mark Keller, Pierre Kotschoubey, Mark Larzelere, Dustin Laurence, Michael Lee, John MacFarlane, Tom Mainardi, Bob Osuch, Jane Proskin, John Pack, Clark Reynolds, Carl Russell, Jeff Sandelin,

Helmut Schmidt, James Wall, Dan Wilson, Rob Winslow and James Woodson. Thanks to all of you for agreeing to standby in EE!

The articles on nuclear weaponry and responses concerning it, Grenada and some other topics will be put on hold this issue. I am toyng with the idea of going back to the time when articles and letters alternated in EE, i.e. one issue was all articles and no letter column, then the next issue was all letter column and no articles. I am getting a large backlog of material and I'm going to have to make some decisions. Let me know your ideas, eh?

In this issue, we have articles by me about some of y'all who have come to Memphis and about my trip to MadCon. I'll have these in order.

First up though is Dustin Laurence who lives in Terry, Montana and during most of the year wanders across the country. His article concerns the way I categorized y'all in the last address list which was luhtisibles and who jiggelates them. If you had ( ) around your name, it meant you jiggelate your luhtisibles, a ( meant you never jiggelate your luhtisibles, ) meant you didn't know how to jiggelate your luhtisibles and nothing at all, " ", meant that you didn't know what luhtisibles are. Now Dustin will tell us all about his experience with luhtisibles.....

CONFESSIONS OF A ( ): I WAS A BLACK MARKET LUHTISIBLE DEALER  
---by Dustin Laurence

My name is Dustin L-----. I'm 32 years old, and am divorced. With me, it started when I was 12, with luhtisibles jiggelated behind the gym at school. After high school, I went to college, where the Philosophy teacher would jiggelate your luhtisibles free of charge. With this kind of "service", my habit grew rapidly. By the time I was kicked out of college after being caught by a rather square teacher who looked as if she had never had her luhtisibles jiggelated in her life, I was a 5 luhtisible a day man.

I married a sweet, innocent girl who didn't suspect my terrible secret until two years after we were married. Once discovered, I promised her that I'd quit, but I never could shake the terrible hold that it held on me. Finally she caught me jigglelating in the meat freezer, and left me for a " ".

After that, life lost all meaning for me. Things went from bad to worse, and I lost my job and found myself heavily in debt. I was soon reduced by hunger to a level I once told myself that I'd never sink to: A black-market luhtisible dealer. With the help of Gary C-----, the notorious king-pin of all that is evil in the cesspool of Tennessee, I soon became one of the biggest dealers in that pit of sin and degradation, downtown Memphis.

My future seemed assured, until I was arrested, hospitalized and jailed by the Martin Morality Squad after I lost control of my bootleg luhtisible-filled van. I have a limp to this day, from being thrown out of the van, onto the Public Library lawn, and being buried by 487 jiggelating luhtisibles. I served a two-year sentence, since it was my first conviction.

When I got out, I knew I had to find some answers, and get away from Gary's satanic influence. I moved to Terry, Montana, a huge western town of 873½ people. I knew that he would never be able to find me among those "Yangkeahs" he so detested. I was drowning my sorrows in the Sleepless Knights Bar, a house of ill-repute, when I decided to end it all.

I decided to jump from the highest building in Terry. I sprained my ankle after falling 1½ stories, landing in what must have been enough "natural fertilizer" to reclaim Flushing.

Now I wander the slums of Ekalacka, scrounging a meager existence selling the tubes out of toilet paper rolls to easterners who come to Montana for their vacations. I write this, hoping to warn all you innocent dippers: don't let some one take advantage of you, like Gary C----- did to me. Keep your nose clean, and don't let your luhtisibles be jiggelated by strangers.

(( "Yangkeahs", Dustin? Thanks for an entertaining article!))

VISITORS TO MEMPHIS PART I

---by Gary L. Coughlan

In recent weeks, four EE subbers have traveled through Memphis for various reasons and stopped by to see me. Fortunately, I had prior warning so spent many hours getting my home in shape so that the normal messy appearance wouldn't be seen.

James Briggs, pubber of The End Justifies The Means, said he was flying into Memphis on Thursday, May 17, but wouldn't see me until Friday as he planned to rent

((continued on page 4 ))

3

((Continued from page 3 ))

a car at the airport and drive to Russellville, Arkansas and visit his girlfriend.

Imagine my surprise when Jim turned up on my doorstep Thursday (the airport is very near my home). The house was still a mess! ("Still got your Christmas cards up in May, eh?" Jim smilingly said). Anyway, he soon headed out for Arkansas and I went back to cleaning with a vengeance.

Friday, he showed up, having gotten lost on Elvis Presley Boulevard. (He didn't want to go and see Graceland having seen it while being lost) and my home was in pretty good shape. I went out and bought some munchies and Jim showed me a new drink. Now vodka and orange juice is called a "screwdriver" but have any of you heard what vodka and grapefruit juice is? A greyhound and they're good.

I took him to see Mud Island, which is like a theme park but with no rides. It has a magnificent view of Memphis. I was surprised to see how high the Mississippi River had risen due to spring flooding. We called several people over the weekend, including Mike Mills, James Woodson, Keith Sherwood and even Jim Meinel in Alaska!

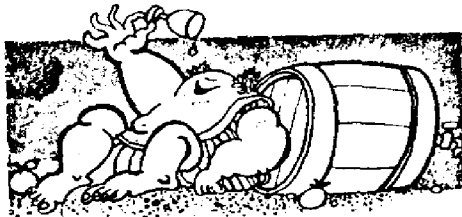
Jim was on his way to West Germany as he's in the Army. His next stop was Steve "Woody" Arnawoodian's in Pennsylvania. I enjoyed Jim's visit even though he left his subber filebox here and got me hooked on Taco Bell. Jim left at 9:30 AM Monday, May 21 and is now at Amburg, West Germany near Nuremberg in Bavaria about 15-20 miles from the Czech border.

Wednesday, May 23, Patrick Conlon who does a subzine called Free Speech Alley, rode his motorcycle in. I'd met Pat before and he was coming up to also ride in Steve Knight's car to MadCon in Madison, Wisconsin. We called Mark Frueh and James Wall that night and they were busy cleaning up James' place---I knew just how they felt! We went and saw Indiana Jones and The Temple of Doom; there were no crowds surprisingly. Pat had ridden up from Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Thursday, May 24, Steve Knight got to Memphis after visiting his girl friend in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. He started out from Virginia the day before. I was making a tape for Joan Extrom and got both Pat and Steve on tape. We headed out with Pat driving Steve's Honda Civic. I was carrying EE #34 for all that I thought would be at MadCon. We thought it would be an 18-hour trip but it was closer to 13 hours.

Along the way, we stopped in Missouri and bought some firecrackers and other fun things. Steve had a book on how to talk Southern ("We don't talk funny, y'all lissen funny") which I had not seen before. Since we were making such good time and didn't want to pop in on the "MadCity Mafia" at 5 AM, we decided to stop at a motel in Bloomington, Illinois. I told the night clerk what we wanted and he said: "Somebody's from the South. Where?" I never think I have an accent.

Pat conked off to sleep right away while Steve and I watched "Brainstorm" on the cable TV system. Next day, we headed for Wisconsin listening to Steve's music tapes by Jean-Michel Jarré. They were called "Oxygene" and "Equinoxe (Solstice)" I had never heard them before. Are they well-known to you? We also heard a take-off of Boy George's and Culture Club's "I'm a Chameleon" called "I'm a Milwaukeean" and decided to greet Paul Rauterberg of Milwaukee that way when we met him. We rolled into Madison about 3 PM and were ready for...



SO I LIE...OR YOU CAN LEARN A LOT FROM  
~~EXPLA~~ MADISON...

--by Gary L. Coughlan

MadCon II was held on Memorial Day Weekend, May 25-28 in the homes of James Wall and Mark Frueh near the University of Wisconsin in Madison.

Outside of major organized cons, MadCon II sets the record for most people. There were 44 and if they do a zine or subzine, it follows their name and there might be a MadCon report by them. Those attending were: Dave Anderson, Dale Bakken, Mike Barno, Bill Becker, Mike Cannon, Stan Casella, Dick Chatlosh, Karen Christenson, Patrick Conlon (Free Speech Alley), Gary Coughlan (EE), Cathy Cunning (Cathy's Ramblings), Rick Delzer, Boots Dicks, Jeff Ellis, Randy Ellis, Matt Fleming, Mark Frueh, Scott Hanson (Irksome), Sandy Haasz, Tom Hurst, Nancy Irwin, Chuck Kaplan, Steve Knight, Mark Luedi (Thirty Miles of Bad Road), Robert Manion, Randy Munson, Eric Ozog, Kurt Ozog, Keith Paulsen, Debi Peters, Marc Peters (So I Lie), Frauke Petersen (Maneater), David Pierce, Mike Quirk, Paul Rauterberg (Midlife Crisis), Russ Rusnak (Who Cares?) (4)

((continued on page 5 ))

MADCON II....Continued from page 4

Carl Russell (Reagan's Youth Newsletter), Chris Ryan, Don Schliefer, Chris Seymour, James Wall, Rob Winslow (galimatias), James Woodson (Raging Main) and Tim whose last name no one knew. The previous record for a con in a private home was DafCon last New Year's which had 38. They were expecting about 30-32 instead of 44!

To get to MadCon, people came from 13 states: Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and Wisconsin.

Madison is a rather small city of 170,000-200,000 built upon 4 lakes and is the capital of Wisconsin. The con itself was held in James Wall's and Mark Frueh's homes which were about 1½ blocks away from each other. Both places were on the 3rd floor of their respective buildings. The weather was cold, rainy and windy and I didn't have a jacket. But that was the only thing I didn't like at MadCon II. These people know how to throw a great party and if you find yourself only able to go to one con a year, as I was, this is the one to go to.

Several firsts that I know about: More females than any other con and most of them part of the hobby. I counted 5 out of the 44. This con had the best music, something I usually miss at cons and Kurt Ozog(?) was the excellent DJ. And a multitude of games were played among them: Diplomacy, both regular and gunboat, Civilization, Poker, Risk, Oh Hell, Acquire, Cosmic Wimpout, Dune, Judge Dredd, Titan and at the Big 10 Bar some pool, darts and hockey (similar to Fussball).

There were 44 stories at MadCon II and this one is mine from my perspective. Friday afternoon at 3 PM we 3 walked into Mark Frueh's place to find that the New Yorkers, Rob Winslow, Mike Barno and Carl Russell, along with Russ Rusnak were already there. Nancy Irwin had gone to the airport to pick up Mike Cannon. We drank some Genesee Beer from New York while Mike Barno blew his nose with a Confederate Flag handkerchief! I passed out EE 34 and after awhile we walked over to James Wall's place. This is where I would spend most of my time in Madison.

We all went to a bar called Brat und Brau where we ate supper, along with the free popcorn. Don Schliefer passed out movie passes for General Cinema. We found out that Mike Barno had accidentally slammed the car door onto Carl Russell's hand and that the door was thus locked. Instead of kicking and screaming in pain and agony, they said Carl very calmly asked them to unlock the door as his hand was caught!

Another myth bites the dust! Wisconsin, home of beer drinkers and partiers extraordinaire, prohibits liquor sales after 9 PM! (In Tennessee, it's 3 AM!) although you can buy alcohol in bars after that time. After eating, we went to the local store and bought the start of what would be a river of beer. The clerk there had a real deep voice which made him sound like Lurch, the butler on The Adams Family ("You rang?").

Back at James', the gaming had already started. I played in a game of Risk, something I hadn't played in years. Most of the crowd arrived late Friday night and I finally got to meet Cathy Cuning who is as nice as her letters and telephone voice. She didn't mention Glover Rogerson once! Scott Hanson and Frauke Petersen came in from Minneapolis bringing with them some real German beer, Flensburger. Mike Barno burned one of my Confederate flags (plus talked in an ersatz Southern accent all weekend) and Debi Peters reminded me of Jutta Hoffman, Thomas Franke's girl friend (in Germany). Nancy Irwin (whom Pat Conlon and I were to ride back home with) told me that two cats would also be riding back in her Volvo with us and that they were going to introduce the two cats to each other this weekend.

Dale Bakken pointed his finger at me and said "Wasted". I didn't feel wasted but waited to see him wasted which I would later in the con! I went to sleep in one of James' 3 roommates' rooms. (He has 3 roommates and all of them left upon hearing about the upcoming cons. Mark Frueh's roommate also left!). Above me were twinkling stars. Was I outside? Later I would find out that this roommate had stuck reflective stars all over the ceiling and walls of his room to give the illusion of a starlit heaven.

SATURDAY: I started the day learning how to play Acquire and Cosmic Wimpout, the only two games I won at. Later I played the only regular Diplomacy game I would play (I hate face-to-face negotiations; they are so draining). My France and James Woodson's England were ganged up on by the rest of the board even though we were willing to vote for any draw proposed. Boring. I missed out on the one Civilization that was played in the kitchen.

We heard that the two cats "Cowboy" and "Shad" had got along reasonably well  
(Continued on page 6)

and I met "Shad" for the first time. His name is short for "Shadrack", one of 3 men thrown into the Fiery Furnace in the Bible. I petted Shad until I heard someone say, "Look, he's not biting Gary!"

We drank beer until the wapatuli was made. The ingredients for this batch were: Southern Comfort, 2 Cherry Brandy, 2 Vodka, 1 Rye Whiskey, 1 Amaretto, Seven Up, Club Soda, Sour Whiskey, orange juice and fresh fruit. It looked like fruit punch and even tasted like fruit punch but it worked very quickly. It was mixed in a plastic bag which was inside a garbage can. Try it, you'll like it!

We discussed a lot of things, among them the differences between the North and the South. Nancy lives now in St. Louis, Missouri which she considers a Southern city--which I do not and I asked her why she would say that. She said it was Southern to her when girls, as debutantes, were "introduced" to society and when sales people would call her "hon" or "honey". What I call "pronto pups" are known as "corn dogs" up north. In Memphis, milk cartons are labeled with the date upon which the milk is considered no longer good; in Wisconsin, Nancy says there is no such stamp. In Madison, blacks form only 3 to 5% of the population whereas in Memphis, it is about 50%. Frauke showed the difference between German accents by saying a sentence as "normal" Germans (read Frauke!) would say it, then the Berlin dialect, Bavaria and Switzerland.

After this, we played poker, a game I'm not familiar with so constant explaining was going on. I remember winning with a pair of Sevens and Debi Peters in agony because she had folded and she had a pair of Nines!

Some callers to MadCon that I got to talk to were Kathy Byrne and Bruce Linsey. James' phone was strange to me. It looked like a phone but it didn't have a "cradle". You just laid it face down. Its ring reminded me of a bird tweeting. Chuck Kaplan did a Russ Rusnak imitation in an attempt to fool Kathy.

Then to sleep. For a con with as many people as MadCon II had, there was no crowding. 2 of 4 nights I got a bed and there was no stepping over masses of bodies or sleeping like sardines.

SUNDAY: I felt kind of zonked this day so I didn't bother putting my contacts in, so all day long I felt hazy. James Wall took a few of us to eat pizza and pointed out University of Wisconsin sites, such as a building built upside down.

After this, I went over to Mark Frueh's place and watched a Dip game being played there. Frauke told me she had read EE #34 and that "Rob Winslow's article sucked." (The one about the "Useless Europeans"). Frauke had not met Rob and he was sitting at the table when she said this. It was funny when she discovered that he was the author! She felt embarrassed at first but they had an interesting discussion about Americans, Europeans and Russians.

I went to buy some Schnaps with Frauke from Lurch and then went with Rob to eat at the Brat und Brau. He said he didn't go to Detroit last year because he thought it too far to drive and now here he was in Wisconsin. He does a subzine called galimatias in Jim Meinel's The Prince and did cartoons of MadCon.

Back to James Wall's and it was now raining. The paper said the weather was unseasonably cold; I could have told them that! A few people went to see the movie El Norte but several of us went with Dale Bakken and Karen Christenson to a Madison bar called Dooley's. They swore to me, up and down, that it would not be a country and western bar (I hate most country music except when I'm really drunk) but some country singer was warbling it out when we walked in.

I picked up my quarters and headed for the juke box to remedy the situation. I don't know what kind of clientele that this bar tries to attract but the songs ranged from Tammy Wynette's "Stand By Your Man" to Prince's "1999".

We drank beer and bet on who was the oldest. Bakko thought he was until I produced my driver's license and won. He hid my license but I knew how to get it back as I had control of the pitcher of beer and declared a beer embargo. Voila! Instant driver's license. Carl Russell asked Rob if he was wasted, saying that he knew he was. Bakko put his cap on backwards and everytime that Van Halen sang "Jump", he did! I gleefully pointed at him and said, "Wasted!"

Back to James' place where we drank Schnaps with Scott and Frauke and played

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MADCON II...Continued from page 6

a German game called Hase und Igel (Hare and Hedgehog) where you are a rabbit who must get rid of your lettuce and carrots and be the first rabbit to get to the final resting place. Since you need carrots to move, you must use strategy to get rid of them gradually, not all at once. I came in last.

The beer ran out and the choice came down to the nitty gritty of some home-made beer by Scott and Frauke which they called "Badewasser" or some hot Leinenkugel beer. Karen Christenson had talked about how bad and awful Leinenkugel beer was and how she hated it; one sip of "Badewasser" and Karen gratefully drank <sup>not</sup> Leinenkugel! Scott and Frauke did say that they had only had three weeks experience as brewers.

We brought out our Missouri fireworks and no one had any more fun than Frauke did hurling the little bombs against the walls, the ceiling and the doors where they would explode with a loud pop. I brought out my Republic Airlines duck whistle and Debi Peters had Cocomo, her monkey hand-puppet which makes an appearance at all the MadCons. Karen fell asleep and Frauke surrounded her with empty beer bottles and placed in her arms, Cocomo. This picture was published in Marc Peters' new zine, So I Lie. Then I went to sleep in the room with the stars.

MONDAY: This day I put my contacts in and went out to breakfast with Steve Knight, Karen Christenson and James Woodson. Karen told how wierd it was to wake up and the first thing she saw was Cocomo. They had watermelon so I got some and put salt on it, like most Southerners do. James Woodson even tried it and didn't die. All 3 of these breakfast companions of mine are from the Midwest and they told me that up there, y'all put sugar on tomatoes. AAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGGGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!

Back to James' place where we all go to the International House of Pancakes, which I was told was sort of a MadCon tradition. Steve Knight left after this, going to Minneapolis and most left Monday morning. The New Yorkers, Pat and myself stayed the longest of anyone and we had come the furthest. We played Oh Hell!, a card game, and then Poker for a long time. Dale "Bakko" Bakken has the perfect poker face and he really raked in the chips.

That night we went to the Brat und Brau for supper and beer after Geo, one of James' returning roomates, loaned me a jacket. Thanks again Geo! Then we went to another bar called the "Big 10" where pool and darts were played. I played a hockey game with James and I'm not good at games which involve manual dexterity, but I enjoyed this one. One I like is air hockey. We went back home since we would be leaving early in the morning with Nancy.

TUESDAY: After Pat Conlon boastfully told me that he would wake me up and be up-at-the-crack-of-dawn-ready, he slept until it was almost time for Nancy to arrive. James was going to take the duck whistle to work(how'd it go, James?) and left his radio playing for me until it was time to leave. They have fake beer commercials for "Heini Beer", which are suggestively done and imaginatively. The whole city of Madison seems to have an easy-going, funtime attitude which I liked very much.

Nancy came over and we ate breakfast at Hardee's, another place that doesn't exist in Memphis. I went back for another orange juice but the computer system had gone down. (The girl said: "Our things aren't working."). They didn't even know what the tax was without the machine being there to tell them. Then we were off to return south.

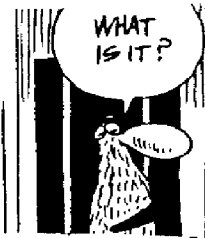
After getting outside Madison, Pat took over the driving. I was in the front seat with Shad and Nancy was in the back with Cowboy. Shad was used to riding in the car but not Cowboy, who meowed and whined and cried the entire trip getting hoarse near Springfield, Illinois where we ate lunch. Pat told us about the Mardi Gras he had seen at New Orleans.

Cowboy only whined when the car was rolling so during our lunch he recovered his voice and went into high gear again. Nancy said she was looking for a vet to sedate him in the towns we passed through. I didn't really believe her until she put Cowboy in the ice cooler for a few seconds! Shad and I quickly came to an agreement whereby he could go wherever he wanted to with my blessings. He preferred Pat's lap while Pat was driving. Nancy told us that what appeared like empty giant bird cages to us was actually a storage area for corn cobs.

We got to St. Louis where Nancy lives and went to the airport where we rented a car. A Ford Tempo is certainly a come-down from a Volvo! We got into Memphis about midnight and Pat left the next morning.

We were told at MadCon that the "MadCity Mafia" planned to put out a zine in June called So I Lie. They let me use the title for this con review and if

((continued on page 8 ))



MADCON II...Continued from page 7

you like to see the newest zine in our hobby today, along with pics of MadCon II, send some stamps to Marc Peters: 29 E Wilson #202, Madison, Wisconsin 53703 USA.

I met a lot of people at MadCon that I had never met before and saw some that I hadn't seen for a long time. I had one of the best times that I've ever had at any con and can't recommend this one to you strong enough. Go to a MadCon and you'll see the hobby at its best, which is very good indeed. Thanks again to James, Mark, Marc, Debi and Dale who make it great and to Steve and Nancy for making it possible for me to go. And Patrick Conlon, you were dead wrong about Bob Woodward and the National Enquirer!

VISITORS TO MEMPHIS PART II

---by Gary Coughlan

After MadCon II, I had a weekend to recuperate before I had to go back to work. The next weekend after that, on Saturday, June 9, Mark "Faz" Fassio and his wife, Margie came to Memphis. Faz was in one of my very first games in the hobby and I've known him for 4½ years without having met him so I was looking forward to this meeting.

We went out to eat at the Steak and Ale, where Faz and Margie treated me to a good meal in old English surroundings. Coming out, they commented on the Southern accents, and had the same thoughts I've had when in the north: "These people look so normal until they open their mouths and out comes an accent." I carried pictures of hobby people for Faz to see and pictures of Monterey, California for Margie to see, which is where Faz is now being stationed to learn Russian.

I took them to see the gaudy souvenir shops devoted almost wholly to Elvis (there was a Thriller T-shirt somehow in there) where you could buy Elvis plates, garbage cans, mugs, lamps, playing cards, pictures etc. Graceland itself was closed but we crossed over to see it as close as possible, the musical notes on the gates and the graffiti on the walls. In five minutes, their agony was ended!

Then we drove downtown to see the Mississippi River, swung back by my home (when I clean this place, people are going to have to see it!) and then back to the Holiday Inn where they were staying. I was the first hobby person that Margie had met so I hope she doesn't drag Faz out of the hobby, ha ha! Both were very nice and I wished they could have stayed longer but Las Vegas was beckoning!

Now today is June 23, Saturday and Al Pearson is staying a few days with me. He is doing some work for his company at Collierville, which is near here and I've put him in front of the cable TV(which finally got hooked up, YAY!!) watching the adult channel while I type the rest of the zine up. Instead of me telling y'all about Al, I think I'll let him do one of his travelogues which he used to do in his folded zine, Just Among Friends. So take it away, Al.....

Well, all I can say is that the weather in the South hasn't improved since I moved north in 1971. It's over 90 degrees here, yet the humidity is still above 80%. Walking out the door is like getting hit in the face with a wet towel.

I happen to be down in Memphis to install a computer system for a small police department about 10 miles from Gary's house. So for those of you interested, you should be able to write in a couple of weeks and I'll have Gary's complete criminal history file. And none of this petty traffic stuff, we'll have all those felony convictions that should prove to be soooo juicy.

Life in the South is still the same as when I left. Everyone moves really slow, and they all act real dumb, and most of them are really dumb. As the old saying goes, "Dumb as Dirt." I went out a few minutes ago to get some fried chicken for supper (Fried Chicken is the National Food of the South), and I went to a drive-in just down the road. They advertised "Free Ice tea with any Chicken purchase." I drive up and order a chicken dinner, and the clerk says, "Do you want the free ice tea?" Since I didn't order a drink I said sure. I just wonder how many people turn down free iced tea with it over 90 degrees in what little shade there is. Fortunately Gary has air conditioning; unfortunately when the unit kicks on, it sounds like the shuttle spacecraft being launched into orbit. It started up again a minute ago, and I went to the door because I thought a thunderstorm had hit.

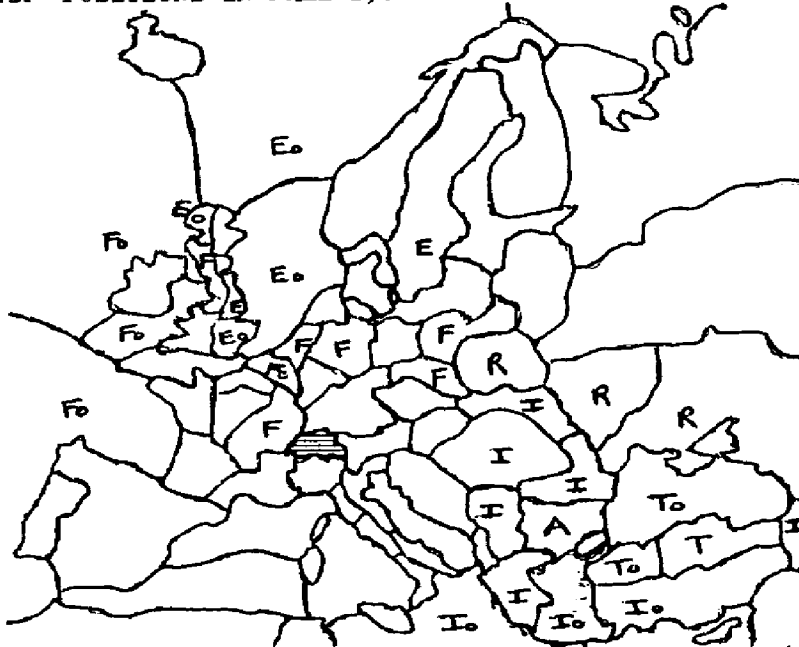
((Al's ~~11~~ story continues on page 14))





FRENCH TROOPS MASS ON RUSSIA'S BORDERS WHILE ENGLISH FAIL TO RECAPTURE LIVERPOOL!!!  
 SEVASTOPOL SURVIVES ATTACK BY ITALIANS AS TURKEY BEFRIENDS BOTH SIDES!!  
 AUSTRIANS ABANDON GREECE TO OCCUPY BULGARIA!!!

Ω POSITIONS IN FALL 1906 Ω



§ GAME: "Alsace-Lorraine"  
 1981 IC

§ GM: Monsieur Gâréaux L.  
 Goughlânniqué

§ NEXT SEASON IS: Spring 1907

§ ZAT: Friday, July 27, 1984

§ GAME COLOR: Or

¶ GAME NOTES: Thanks again for no NMRs! Y'all lost your chance at winning free issues though; and so did any EE subber who follows this game because there was a GM error last time!

Last season, I mistakenly, in the orders, listed England's unit in Sweden as a fleet. It is an army. Check me out closely!

Your 1906 Supply Center Chart is on page . Now that there is a tie in supply centers owned, your game next season will be in Korean.

Your cartoon comes from Shoe this time. See you in July!

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR SUMMER 1906 §

Russie: Army Silesia retreats to Warsaw

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR FALL 1906 §

ANGLETERRE: F (CLY)-Lpl, A (YOR) S F Cly-Lpl  
 (Monsieur Mike Close) F Nwy-(NWC), A (SWE)-Den  
 F (LON) Holds, F (NTH) S F Lon

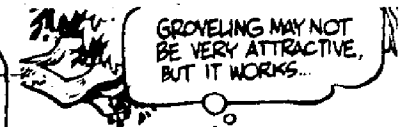
AUTRICHE-HONGRIE: A Gre-(BUL)  
 (Monsieur Jim Burgess)

FRANCE: A Wal-(LPL), F (IRI) S A Wal-Lpl, F Eng-(BEL)  
 (Monsieur Thomas Franke) F (NAO) S A Wal-Lpl, A (KIE)-Den  
 A (HOL) S F Eng-Bel, F Spa(sc)-(MAO), A (BUR) Holds  
 A (SIL)-War, A Ber-(PRU)

ITALIE: A (ARM)-Sev, A (RUM) S A Arm-Sev, A Ser-(GRE)  
 (Mademoiselle Kathy Byrne) F (ION) S A Ser-Gre,  
 A (BUD) S A Rum, A (CAL) S A Rum, F (AEG) S F Smy, A Tri-(SER), F (SMY) Holds

RUSSIE: A (UKR) S A Sev, A (SEV) S A Ukr  
 (Monsieur Doug Beyerlein) A (WAR) S A Ukr

TURQUIE: A (ANK) S F Con, F (CON) S Italian F Smy  
 (Monsieur Jaap Jacobs) F (BLA) S Russian A Ukr-Rum(NSO)



Austria Pleaded For Survival(See Press) And Lives! Was It By Groveling?!!

Italy to Austria: Believe it or not, I did you a favor by helping you out of this torture!

Jim-Boob to Kathy: Boo hoo! You must read Midlife Crisis. In Missionary Position I've come back to haunt the players after they crushed me. Please don't crush me. Please....(a sound of crushed chitinous cavities could be heard in the background as crows carried carrion away as food)

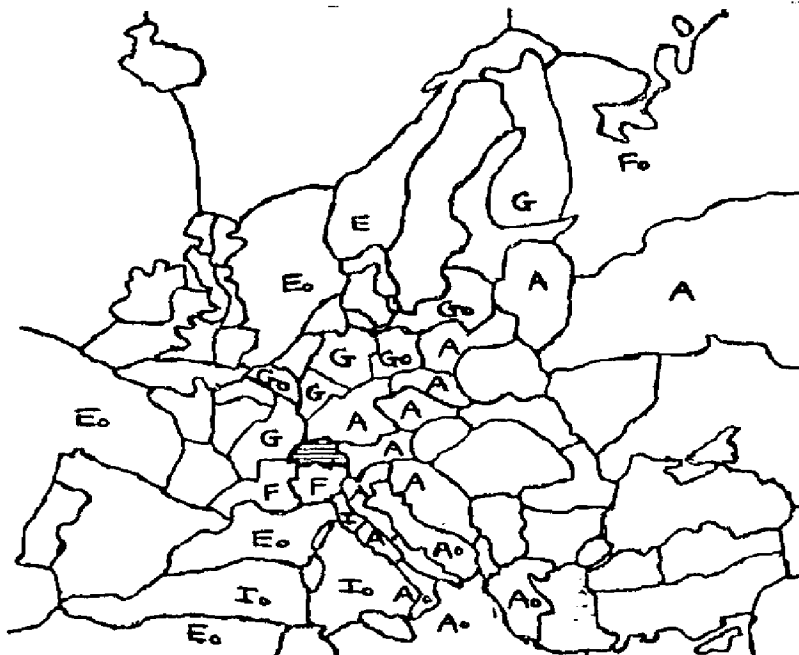
France to Italy: Tsss--that's not nice what you did with your Austrian-Hungarian toady!

Memphis to Alsace-Lorraine: Your press continues on page 10 .



ENGLAND PREDICTS ALLIED "BIG PUSH" WILL RESULT IN A "DRAW" IN "1-2 MORE TURNS"!!!  
 AUSTRIA RETAINS NAPLES WHILE MASSACRING ITALIANS IN ETERNAL CITY BLOODBATH!!!  
 HAPSBURGS WANT CO-OPERATION WITH GERMANY, OFFER RETURN OF MUNICH!!!

Ω POSITIONS IN FALL 1912 Ω



§ GAME: "Windsor" 1981 AN  
 § GM: Garlás L. Kőullányi ur  
 § NEXT SEASON IS: Spring 1913  
 § ZAT: Friday, July 20, 1984  
 § GAME COLOR: Z81d  
 ¶ GAME NOTES: Next time, your game name reverts to Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Another 3 years has gone! Faz is keeping everyone up to date on his addresses. All proposals failed. Reproposed are E-A-F-I and E-A-F-G-I.  
 § Annihilation This Time:  
 Italy's Fleet Rome.  
 Your supply center chart is on page . Your cartoon is from Judge Parker.  
 Michael Lee, pubber of The Concert of Europe, used your game to illustrate the maps he will be using in his second issue. 7 different colors. Address is: 3480 Danna Court, Eugene, Oregon 97405 USA.

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR FALL 1912 §

ANGLIA: A Bel-(NWY), F (NTH) C A Bel-Nwy, F (MAO) Holds (Mark Fassio ur) F (NAF) S Italian F Tys-Tun(NSO) F Spa(sc)-(LYO)

AUSZTRIA-MAGYARORSZAG: A Apu-(ROM), A (VEN) S A Apu-Rom (Kerry Blant ur) F (NAP) S A Apu-Rom, F (ADR) S A Ven F (ION)-Tun, F (GRE)-Ion, A (TYO)-Pie, A (TRI) S A Ven A (MUN) Holds, A (BOH) S A Mun, A (SIL) S A Mun, A (PRU)-Ber A War-(LVN), A (MOS)-Stp

FRANCIAORSZAG: A (PIE)-Tyo, A (MAR)-Pie (John Marsden ur) F (STP-nc) Holds

NEMETORSZAG: F (BER) Holds, F (BAL) S F Ber, A Swe-(FIN) (Jack Fleming ur) A (KIE) S F Ber, F Hol-(BEL), A (BUR)-Muh A (RUH) S A Bur-Mun

OLASZORSZAG: A (TUS)-Nap, F (TYS) C A Tus-Nap (Allen Pearson ur) F (ROM)@@@ S A Tus-Nap, F (WES)-Tun



France to Germany: Well, I tried for you, Jack, but I guess Faz wants to run the game his way. The one thing we must not do is throw the game to Kerry.

England to France: John, I admit at times that my ideas are a little nutty, but we are in need of constant shifting and transference of centers, just to get better re-positioning of forces for the Big Push against The Fiend in Red. Bear with my plans, old friend; at least we have reached this level of success against Kerry, and, with the passage of 1-2 more turns, should enjoy a well-deserved respite and draw (I hope).

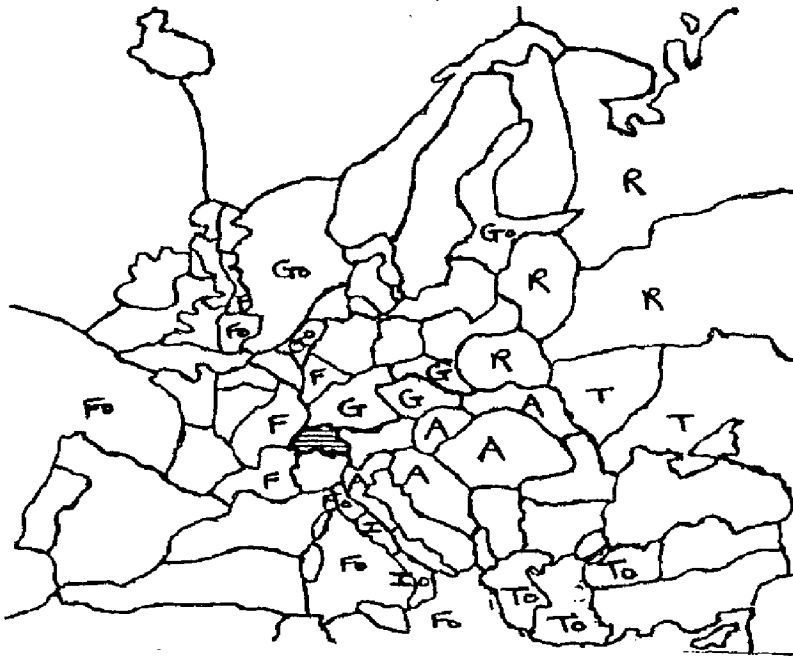
Austria-Hungary to England: If I have to go for a 2-way, it will be with Germany, not you.

Austria-Hungary to World: I too would never settle for a 4- or 5-way draw--you're talking sour grapes not fun. ((Continued on page 12 )) (11)



EUROPE HAS A WINTER REST WITH FRANCE AND TURKEY SLEEPING SOUNDLY!!!

⊙ POSITIONS IN WINTER 1907 ⊙



§ GAME: "Rhino" 1982 U  
 § GM: Monsieur Gâreaux L. Coughlânniqué  
 § NEXT SEASON IS: Spring 1908  
 § ZAT: Friday, July 13, 1984  
 § GAME COLOR: Jaune

¶ GAME NOTES: Due to request, your game is a winter only this game. This next time only your game has 4-week deadlines to get you back on schedule.

I hope Marc and Bert will be back but as Malmbergers I call John Morris for France and Don E. Williams for Turkey. All addresses will be on a separate sheet. I'm saving some press.

The concession to Italy failed. Y'all lost free issues as there was a GM error last time. I listed an Italian unit as "Army" Piedmont. It was a fleet. Always check me out!

Cartoon is from Grin and Bear It.

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR AUTUMN 1907 §

Italie: Army Venice retreats off the board

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR WINTER 1907 §

- ALLEMAGNE: No Change  
(Monsieur Walter Loy)
- AUTRICHE-HONGRIE: No Change (Playing one short)  
(Monsieur Russ Rusnak)
- FRANCE: NMR!! ☹☹☹ Plays one short ☹☹☹  
(Monsieur Bert Schoose???)
- ITALIE: Removes Fleet Piedmont  
(Monsieur Jim Briggs)
- RUSSIE: No Change  
(Monsieur Ed Jacobs)
- TURQUIE: NMR!! ☹☹☹ Plays one short ☹☹☹  
(Monsieur Marc Peters???)



"Take five, men...Cry if you have to."

There Are Probably Some Tears In Paris And Constantinople Over The Lost Builds!

Russia to Italy: Try as we might we cannot find any manifest or other paper documenting the shipment of Polish sausages. We have, however, misplaced a load of boiled dog penises. The boiled dog penises were "liberated" from a Turkish field kitchen during the recent southern offensive. The Turks, as you may or may not know, love to suck these boiled dog penises for nourishment. Please check your "polish sausage" for teeth and gum marks.

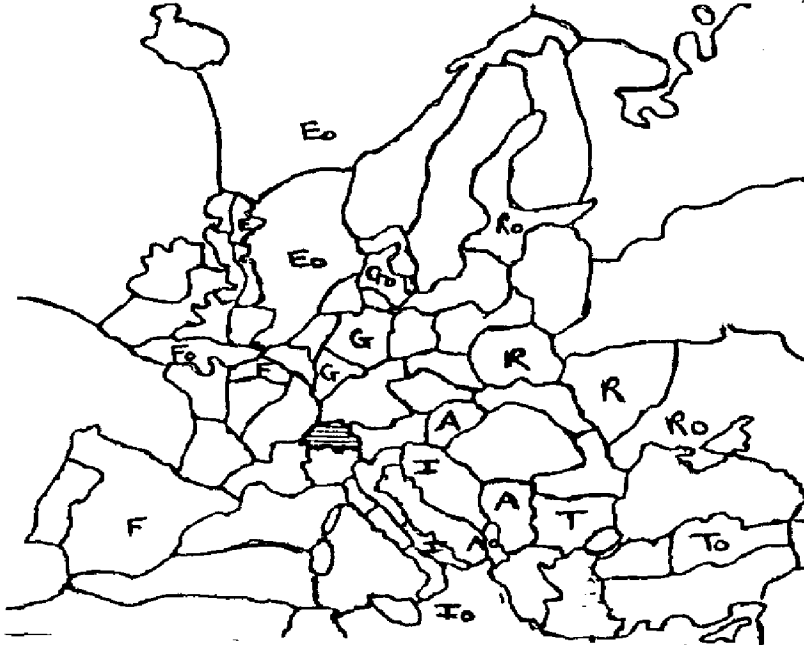
Italy to Russia: I think 'Heathen, Infidel, Pagan, Stupid, Moronic, Pathetic, Jerky, Oafish, Dogish Backstabbing, Dirty, Cheating, Lying, Idiotic, \$%#\*, SOB's' is perfectly suitable for the Turks.

Russia to World: The "Epithet for Marc Peters" poll has generated very little interest. There were only two replies (although several people stated that "they (continued on page 14 )) (3)



THE SULTAN MOBILIZES AGAINST THE TSAR AS EASTERN FLEETS COLLIDE IN THE BLACK SEA!!!  
 ITALY SEIZES TRIESTE WHILE AUSTRIA CLASHES WITH RUSSIA OVER GALICIA!!!  
 CITING ENGLISH SILENCE, THE FRENCH SEND THEIR NAVY INTO THE CHANNEL!!!!

Ω POSITIONS IN SPRING 1901 Ω



§ GAME: "Iliad" 1984 AG  
 § GM: Herr Garmar L. Kaufflandsson  
 § NEXT SEASON IS: Fall 1901  
 § ZAT: Friday, July 13, 1984  
 § GAME COLOR: Grün

¶ GAME NOTES: Who lied?! Your game now goes on 5-week deadlines. As promised this season is in Swedish as are the nations and my name. Under each of your orders is a name and some figures. Most opening moves have names and statistics have been compiled on their use. These facts were derived from Sweden's The Baltic Battler which derived them from England's New Statesman. Statistics were taken from 232 games. The first percentage is how many used these moves as their opening. The second number is how many won with that opening. The last

percentage is how many of your country's wins were won using these openings. Wins not draws! Your cartoon is from The American Spectator. See you in July!

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR SPRING 1901 §

ENGLAND: F Edi-(NWC), A Lpl-(EDI)  
 (Herr Tom Mainardi) F Lon-(NTH)  
 NORTHERN OPENING EDINBURGH VARIATION  
 31% - 11 - 37.9%

FRANKRIKE: F Bre-(ENG), A Par-(PIC)  
 (Herr Mark Frueh) A Mar-(SPA)  
 ENGLISH ATTACK  
 6.4% - 4 - 14.3%

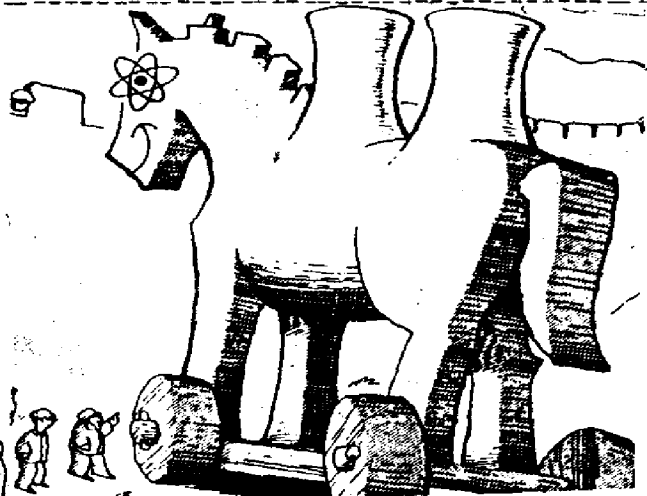
ITALIEN: A Ven-(TRI), A Rom-(APU)  
 (Herr John Schuler) F Nap-(ION)  
 KEY LEPANTO  
 5.3% - 1 - 4%

RYSSLAND: F Stp(sc)-(BOT), A Mos-(UKR)  
 (Herr Matt Kazur) A (WAR)-Gal, F (SEV)-Bla  
 SOUTHERN DEFENSE  
 22% - 12 - 24%

TURKIET: A Con-(BUL), A Smý-(ARM)  
 (Herr Jerry Lucas) F (ANK)-Bla  
 RUSSIAN ATTACK  
 32.1% - 15 - 55.5%

TYSKLAND: F Kie-(DEN), A Ber-(KIE), A Mun-(RUH)  
 (Herr Jim Burgess) BLIT'ZKRIEG OPENING DENMARK VARIATION - 41.6% - 16 - 51.6%

OSTERRIKE-UNGERN: F Tri-(ALB), A (VIE)-Gal, A Bud-(SER)  
 (Herr Mike Mills) BALKAN GAMBIT GALICIA VARIATION - 18.5% - 8 - 24.2%



ILIAD Begins As The European Powers Get Their War Machines Geared Up!





FRENCH AND ENGLISH HURL WAR MACHINES AT EACH OTHER WHILE THE KAISER MOVES EAST!!!  
 THE TSARINA AND THE ARCHDUKE KANONBERG QUARREL OVER GALICIA!!!  
 ITALIAN ARMY ENTERS TYROLIA; DOES OIL MAKE THE TURKS "PRETTY SLIPPERY FELLOWS"??!

Ω POSITIONS IN SPRING 1901 Ω



§ GAME: "Chocolate Soldiers"  
 1984 AH

§ GM: Herr Garmar L.  
 Kaufflandsson

§ NEXT SEASON IS: Fall 1901

§ ZAT: Friday, July 20, 1984

§ GAME COLOR: Gul

¶ GAME NOTES: Gul is yellow in Swedish, the language of your game in 1901. You are also now on a 5-week deadline.

The players have known for weeks but Chuff Afflerbach resigned as England and Pat Hart got it.

With your orders is a name and some figures. Most opening moves have names and statistics have been compiled on their use from Sweden's The Baltic Battler via England's New Statesman. The first percentage is how many used these moves as their opening in the 232 games compiled for the study. The second number is how

many players won with that opening. The last percentage is how many of your country's wins were won using these openings. That is wins, not draws. Nelson, your opening moves apparently don't have a name unless Richard Sharp can let me know what it might be called! Your cartoon is from Fred Bassett.

§ ORDERS OF BATTLE FOR SPRING 1901 §

ENGLAND: F Ed1-(N'W), A Lpl-(WAL), F (LON)-Eng  
 (Herr Pat Hart) FRENCH ATTACK WALES VARIATION  
 7.5% - 4 - 13.8%

FRANKRIKE: F (BRE)-Eng, A Par-(GAS), A Mar-(SPA)  
 (Herr Dave Carter) ENGLISH ATTACK GASCONY VARIATION  
 5.1% - 2 - 7.1%

ITALIEN: A Ven-(TYO), A Rom-(APU), F Nap-(ION)  
 (Herr Ken Gestiehr) GERMAN ATTACK  
 3.6% - 0 - 0

RYSSLAND: F Stp(sc)-(BOT), A Mos-(UKR), A (WAR)-Gal  
 (Fru Daf Langley) F Sev-(RUM) AUSTRIAN ATTACK  
 16.9% - 14 - 28%

TURKIET: A Con-(BUL), A (SMY) Holds, F Ank-(CON)  
 (Herr Dustin Laurence) JUGGERNAUT PRELUDE  
 17% - 4 - 14.8%

TYSKLAND: F Kie-(DEN), A Ber-(KIE), A Mun-(SIL)  
 (Herr Nelson Heintzman) ??  
 1.1% - 0 - 0

ÖSTERRIKE UNGERN: F Tri-(ALB), A (VIE)-Gal, A Bud-(SER)  
 (Herr Mike Cannon) BALKAN GAMBIT GALICIA VARIATION  
 18.5% - 8 - 24.2%

F  
R  
E  
D  
B  
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S  
S  
E  
T  
T

Friend or foe?



That question Finds  
 Some Answers As Chocolate  
 Soldiers Begins!

17

Memphis to Chocolate Soldiers: Your press begins on page 18 !



# THE BEHOLDER #20

This is the 23 April 1984 issue of The Beholder, a subzine devoted to the discussion of postal Diplomacy, and so forth, and edited by John Kelley, 1 J. Neils Drive, Klickitat, WA 98628. Please not the change for my summer address; the above is effective 9 June 1984.

Steve Langley's article was a good analysis of nuclear war. While I feel some of his reasoning to be flawed, he expresses himself well and clearly. Is anyone sick of the issue yet besides me, though? Being at a large college I hear so much anti-nuclear discussion that I become quite bored with the whole thing. If we spend all our time worrying about whether we will be toasted in a nuclear war, we will all soon be so neurotic that we might welcome it to liberate us from life and its fears. Time to move on, I say.

The piece by Rob Winslow illustrated a very good point. Many Americans are indeed feeling rejected and insulted by Europeans. It's a very sad situation, but it won't be solved until both sides decide to quit whining and bitching and choose instead to try to accommodate one another. They're supposed to be our fuckin' friends, folks. If we hang around and badmouth them, they won't be—and I don't think America should lose Europe's friendship. For a great percentage of us, Europe is a grandmother; our grandparents or ancestors came from there in some form or another, our language was developed there, we eat their food. This isn't the American Revolution; we don't need to rip ourselves away from our cultural brethren by main force. Now some minorities may not feel they share the heritage, but the fact remains that they also got everything but their physical characteristics from Europe in most cases. Can't we be friends?

Three cheers for Michel Liesnard's subzine. Something about his style makes C&M highly entertaining.

Discovered the other night that I have the technology to put away half a bottle of Murphy's in 1 1/2 hours without putting it on the rug. Of course, that tended to cause me to become more than a little bit plowed, and before a staff meeting too. Ah, well.

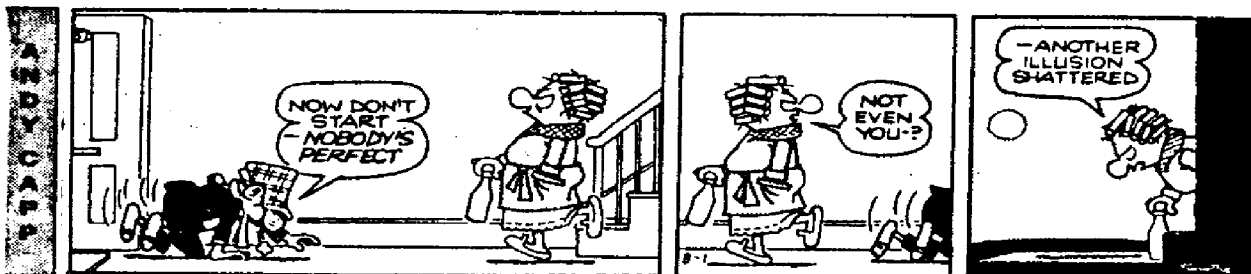
Sorry about the margins, Gary. I didn't realize it until I'd set them for this issue, though, so they may be worse this time.

I cannot believe that the Soviet hegemony has pulled out of the Olympics. Their biggest propaganda coup every four years, and they toss it away. Either Chernenko knows something I don't about the quality of their athletes, or he's been smoking hemp plants.

John Caruso presented an interesting view of Europe. I wonder if it really is as squalid as he describes, though, or if that's just the cities. I mean, most cities tend to be less than fresh, the bigger the more noisome. I agree with his feelings about the USA at the end of p. 19 for sure, though. I'd love to visit other countries, and hope to do so in the future, but when it comes down to a place to live the USA is the only real homeland for me.

Saw some break-dancing the other day. I think I understand why it is called 'break-dancing'. Five guys stood around and took a break while one danced. Stimulating entertainment, that, watching people stand about while one of their number flops around on the floor.

Time to cut it off for now..hope the weather's better everywhere else.





Since this is the third issue, I guess I should have some kind of introduction. FF is a subzine by Robyn Finley, 1466 Bonair Rd. #71, Vista, CA 92083 USA. Devoted to subjects other than Diplomacy, each issue should have some sort of slice-of-life story. This month we have:

### Dinner With George

I must be strange---I actually like my in-laws. Carol is warm, funny and more friend than mother-in-law. Then there's George. First, let me describe him: he looks like a combination of Walter Mathau, John Wayne and a grizzly bear. An ex-Navy WWII salt, he now saunters around, smoking cigarettes through a gold filter, his 6'4" frame slightly bent, like a ship's sail meeting a gentle breeze. When he goes to collect rent on his old houses at the edge of town, he first dons his sharkskin suit, dark sunglasses and spends a half hour in front of the mirror trying to look mean. He's the kind of grandpa who hoists his grandchildren to his knee and teaches them dirty limericks and songs like, "I love to go swimm'n' with bowlegged women and dive between their legs!" I've seen him palm a piece of chocolate and reach in his grandson's diaper, hold up the brown lump and exclaim, "Oh, what do we have here?" pop it into his mouth and laugh madly. No wonder Jim's so crude.

When you go out in public with George, be prepared for the unexpected. Jim tells me his step-father sang and danced his way up and down the aisle of a movie theatre doing old vaudeville acts while they waited for the film to start. To Carol's relief, there were no other people there.

The last time they came out to visit, we went to a seafood restaurant with Atmosphere: fish tanks built into the walls, portholes, red and green navigation lights. Even the waiters were dressed like the crew from "Love Boat". The rest-rooms were marked "buoys" and "gulls". It was that kind of place. Since our service was abominably slow, we got to hear a few of George's stories that night. During the war, he had been stuck on a small ship somewhere in the west Pacific. The crew had been at sea for months on end with no liberty when one of the guys had his appendix burst. George, acting as the ship's doctor, sent him to a nearby hospital ship. Since there were female nurses on board, this was like a trip to heaven. When the guy returned, a wave of appendicitis broke out. It turned out that the nurses wore nothing under their loose smocks because of the heat, and did a lot of bending over for these appendicitis patients. These guys were willing to get their guts slashed just to look down a nurse's dress!

Everytime our waiter passed by with no food for us, our stomachs growled. We got some strange looks when Carol started cawing, "Where's the beef?" (before America said it to death) and our conversation turned to the subject of food and restaurants. My in-laws had stayed in Las Vegas before visiting us. In one club the maitre d' gave them seats where they couldn't see the stage very well, even after George gave him a good tip. Well, George settled down and got comfortable and stretched his legs out in the only place they would fit, the aisle, and tripped the maitre d' every time he passed to seat another party. When the man turned on George in anger, George apologised, then smiled and said that his legs were so long, it was probably going to happen all night. The guy gave them a better table.

In another restaurant with Atmosphere, they were seated, given menus printed on mock wooden cleavers and asked if they would like a drink. They both declined and the waitress sniffed and walked away. They waited patiently, drank the ice water, ate the ice cubes, but still no waitress. George was starting to get mad, feeling like they were being ignored because they didn't patronise the bar. Cleaver in hand, he stalked to the swinging kitchen doors and waited. When their waitress came through, George jumped from the shadows and bellowed, "How about some SERVICE!" The girl, shaken, dropped what she was doing, took their order and was very attentative to their table for the rest of the evening.

When our waiter (impudent snit who kept injecting himself into our conversation) brought us the bill and sniggered, "I hope the chef prepared everything to your satisfaction?" As if to say, "If anything was wrong, it wasn't MY fault. " George couldn't resist messing with him.

Pointing to the navigational lights, he thundered, "Did you know that your lights are backwards? The red one is supposed to be on the port side!"

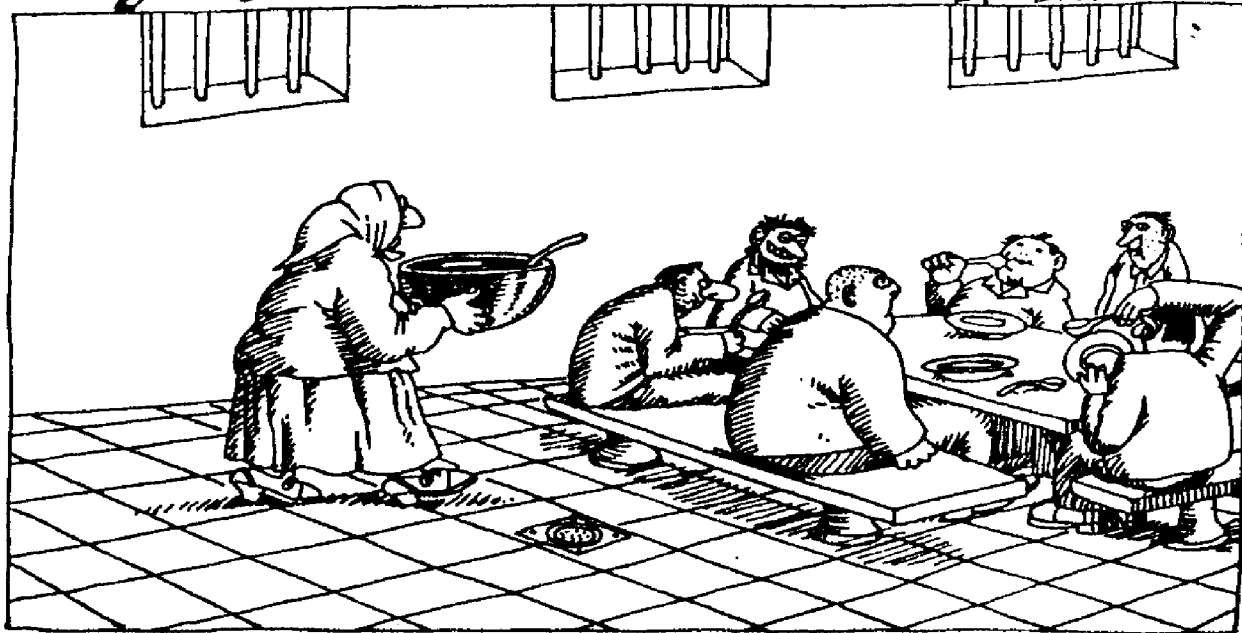
The waiter looked flustered. He didn't know whether to take George seriously and his tip was riding on it, so he mumbled something conciliatory.

George continued, "You'd better tell your Captian to change them before this restaurant gets rammed and we all go down! Ah ha ha, ha ha..."

As a child, George was conned into pedaling his toy car of the roof of a two storey house by his brother who told him he'd fly if he pedalled hard enough. Jim thinks that this warped George's mind. I think that after all these years of pedaling, George is finally flying.

## Soup to Nuts

BY B. KLIBAN



ANNIE'S BEEN A'WORKIN'  
ON THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT

	<u>01</u>	<u>02</u>	<u>03</u>	<u>04</u>	<u>05</u>	<u>06</u>	<u>07</u>
AUSTRIA	4	4	4	6	6	6	7
ENGLAND	4	4	3	3	1	1	0
FRANCE	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
GERMANY	5	6	7	6	5	4	0
ITALY	4	4	6	5	4	4	4
RUSSIA	5	5	5	6	9	9	12
TURKEY	5	5	2	0			

GM: Bob Osuch  
 Gamestart: March 5, 1983  
 Game End: April 23, 1984  
 NMRs: 4  
 Result: Four way draw (AFIR)

## The Cast:

Austria: Mike Mazzer (drew '07)  
 England: Brad Wilson (quit S '02); Mike Barne (quit W '05); Terry Tallan  
 France: Cathy Cunning (drew '07)  
 Germany: Gary Coughlan  
 Italy: Eric Ozeg (drew '07)  
 Russia: John Michalski (drew '07)  
 Turkey: Pat Conlon (quit S '04); Daphne Fritz

GM commentary: I started this game because I liked the cast of players. In retrospect, it was probably a mistake because I had a hard time sustaining my interest, but I suppose it all ended fairly well. The analysis is fairly simple. It was RT and FI from the beginning, and when Turkey proved unreliable, he was replaced by Austria. That left Germany holding the bag, with nothing to offer but home dots. It mattered little that they were offered, as they were dead meat anyway. Call it a foregone conclusion. After all, why count on somebody else to order a unit as you wish when you can do it yourself?

Much ink was devoted to the "Love Alliance" of Ozeg and Cunning. Had I realized beforehand that their relationship was so, er, intense, I would not have allowed them to play in the same game. Alas, the fact became obvious after gamestart. Yes, it became well known that they were engaging in sexual practices so hideous that decorum prevents describing them here, yet there was nothing that could be done. I'm quite sure Eric would have stabbed her anyway had a win been possible.

I would say that the best game was played by Mike Mazzer. Always in a precarious spot, he managed to tread water and eventually became a power to be reckoned with. The worst game was played collectively by the English contestants. The way things shaped up, the English position was a crucial one, but it was so totally decimated by inept play that it was never a factor. Eric Cunning also played a strong game.

This will be it for me. I've retired as a player and now as a GM. Sorry I wasn't more punctual, but I did see it through. Congratulations to Mike, Cathy, Eric and John. Oh yeah, John, you played a wonderful game, I forget to mention that. Also, thanks to Gary, Terry and Daf for finishing things out. I have endgame statements from John, Terry, Mike and Gary which I'll forward to Gary for EE. I'd show them to you now, but Gary has his and I thought you'd like to see them all together.

I guess that's it. Time to devote some time to the real world. And remember, "Happiness runs in a circular motion; thought is like a little boat upon the sea; everybody is a part of everything anyway; you can have everything if you let yourself be." Deep, huh?

Mass Murders Endgame Statement for Austria (Mike Mazer)

Now this game had a lot going on in it. It began with a powerful Russian Turkish alliance in the East, which led to a strong alliance between Austria and Italy to counteract it. There was an understanding between France and Germany which led to a quick French assault on England. Since England adopted the curious strategy of NMR'ing every other year, France quickly got the upper hand, so that Germany was free to join the fight against Russia/Turkey. Pretty standard stuff so far. But there was more to it than that. I discovered that France and Italy had more than just the usual early game neutrality pact. By '03, we had the the upper hand against Turkey while Germany was driving hard against Russia (Gary said he was heroically saving me from Russia at the expense of German ambitions in the West, and he generously took Warsaw and Moscow. He would later further show his generosity by relieving me of the duty of defending Vienna ... but I'm getting ahead of myself.) I called Eric to discuss long term plans after the demise of Turkey, ie a western push against France. Eric said that he and Cathy had gotten to be rather "close", and that he was going to meet her for the first time at Origen's, which was coming up in a few weeks. He wasn't about to stab her ... at least not before Origen's "if you catch my drift". Well, I was young once too and I understood that there were higher issues involved. Of course, if it were me, I'd have had my fun at Origen's and then stabbed her rotten, ... which is why I never had much success with women.

Well I accepted the situation. I actually had no choice since it was at that time that Gary decided to relieve me of Vienna. He then sent me one of the more remarkable Diplomacy letters I've ever received. He basically told me that I was treacherous, unreliable and "glib", and compared me with Bismark holding a toy balloon. (I dunno, it made sense when he said it.) He was so convincing, I was all set to beg his forgiveness when it occurred to me that the creep had taken Vienna from me! Eric and I turned our efforts north, and when France turned east and Russia regrouped, then Gary was in a bad way and he knew it. For you Europa Express European readers, I've got to tell you there is nothing more maudlin than a Southerner in trouble. Thus it was that at PudgeCon II that Gary begged, pleaded and cajoled me into reestablishing an alliance with him against Italy. He was just too pathetic to resist. Of course, Gary, true to form was doing likewise with Eric, and he induced Eric into stabbing me. Fortunately for me, Gary chose me for his "real" ally, which was probably unfortunate for him since it left him at the mercy of France and later Russia, who grew rapidly. Gary made a spectacular 4-center exit in '06. The 4-way was inevitable, especially after Eric and Cathy moved in with each other.

The press was, of course, outstanding, especially Gary's. Since it was a "Black Press" game, not only did Gary take everyone's centers, he also wrote everyone's press. As for Cathy, I can certainly understand Eric's infatuation.

((Continues on page 24))

(23)

Mass Murders Endgame Statements (Continued  
from page 23))

Michalski, as Russia, played a solid game, though I really think he should have won. I think he could have stopped France in the north and stabbed me at the end for the win. I'm certainly glad he didn't. I'm not criticising John at all for I know he is a fine player. His objectives tend to be not obvious, that's all.

My thanks to Bob Osuch for his usual excellent GM'ing. Bob will certainly be missed in the hobby, and my best wishes to your father, Bob. My thanks to the other players for a great game, truly one of the hardest fought and most challenging that I've ever been in, but let's not do it again for a while. I'm getting too old for this.

Endgame Statement, Michalski

Hey guys, thanks for a good one. Except for all that Jan Cremer garbage, anyhow. Who did that anyway? In any case, I'm glad this is over and I won. Or drew. Or did I? What country did I play? I forget. Anyhow, thanks much to Bob, and to my co-players, whoever you are, or were. This game really kept me at the edge of my chair, just like Bob lately, as you can see. Let's do it again sometime. Next life maybe, whatever you reincarnate as. I'm going to go play THIRD REICH instead. Whoopee.

ENDGAME STATEMENT-TERRY TALLMAN

You know Bob, this game adds yet another jewel to my crown as king of the ruptured English one or two center standbys.

I've told a lot of gm's that I'll only standby for them if the country is England and the situation is hpeless. And ghod knows you came through for me here.

I guess a lot of credit has to go to Barno or whatever braindamaged individual had the position originally. He violated the Toadfather's First Rule of Dip Survival-Promise the Val Anything But Give Her Someone Elses Dots. The original Englander failed in this, Gary did also.

Fortunately for me by the time I got here the only dot I still owned was Denmark so there was no real problem-the Val already owned my dots.

I offered my soul and several stamps to Michalski if he would allow me to puppet for him. He sent both back.

Gary managed to offer a few vague ideas but he was wallowing in press, having realized that neither abuse nor his winning smile would turn either the Orc or his handler.

My one hope was for Michalski or the Val to be run over by a truck and for Daf to be called as a standby. My stamps were not returned from Mr. Rico's Fly By Night Deisel Service. Obviously Mr. Rico had no concern for my plight.

Who was Austria? He never seemed to take an visible part in all this. He blocked the orc, didn't seem to write much press and in general was the classic chunk of dead-wood that I recently accused him of being.

Turk? I think the Turk was dead when I got here.

I tried to convince Cathy of the potential for a two-way with Michalski and a survival for me and while the idea appealed to her, particularly envisioning the orc in chains but she had to many stories about the rituals involved in becoming an allie of John's if you are female. She was up for everything except the yogurt massage.

The gming was very...very...adequate I guess? The publishing was very confusing. Unless someone was pulling my leg I heard that the game was being run in EE, Retail, Le Front, Graustark and Ladies Home Journal. Great exposure Bob.

Speaking of guest gming, I've got Bernie signed up for a game and I was just wondering.....

(Mass Murders continues on page 25))

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ENDGAME STATEMENT FOR GERMANY(Gary Coughlan) in MASS MURDERS 1983 P

Despite my elimination, in front of ALL my subbers, and the fact that this game ended in a 4-way draw the very next turn, I thoroughly enjoyed being a part of Mass Murders. This was my first 2-week deadline game, my first black press game, and the first time Bob Osuch was my GM. I had observed his games before this one and knew them to be well-run and a lot of fun and that held true here.

My plans were to keep the other players embroiled with each other while I stayed on the sidelines building up my strength. In the west, I promised Belgium to both France and England then stood both of them out of it. The English players constantly NMRed and followed one another in rapid succession so that France had an easy time of it so Cathy became my main ally, or so I thought.

In the east, Michalski had moved into Silesia(I found out that he had a plan of having France, Italy and Austria also move to Burgundy, Tyrolia and Bohemia respectively to scare the bejesus out of me, but not take Munich. Only France moved to Burgundy), but I bluffed and kept both Berlin and Munich. In the early years I was very lucky. Turkey and Russia formed a powerful alliance from the beginning with the Russian Fleet conveying a Turkish army into Rumania. Italy had apparently attacked Austria although this wasn't the case. They wanted me to destroy the Russian army on my borders. I only cut its support. My aim was only to stop it from taking Austria down not to enable Austria and Italy to gain the upper hand. I pushed against Russia with no real plan in mind except to keep Russia from allying with anyone else. I eventually got Warsaw and Moscow and later Vienna, which caused me some embarrassment when the "Love Alliance" made its presence known.

Postally, there was a lot of joking that a romance existed between Italy(Eric) and France(Cathy) which I mainly discounted since they had never met. They met at Origins after the game had started. I called Eric after that and was told he had gone to Seattle for a week! The scales rapidly fell from my eyes and I was on the phone to Austria and Russia for an alliance. At this time, England was nearly gone and France would have to choose to turn on me, who had been her good ally, or Eric's Italy. I had no illusions. Later at PudgeCon, Eric told me that Cathy had moved against me into the Ruhr. Imagine Italy telling Germany that France had attacked him. Seeing was believing. I did feel at this point that outside influences were affecting how this game was being played and saw no way that Italy and France could be split up. Austria(Mike Mazzer) was also there so I groveled!

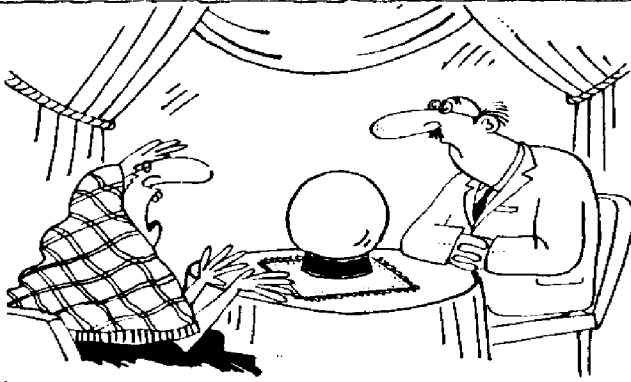
When Italy offered an alliance, a 3-way, I said yes. I was under the French-Italian guns, Munich was gone, I had nothing to lose by saying yes. But I told England, Russia and Austria and we formed a Grand Coalition that held a few seasons until Michalski's Russia inexplicably stabbed first England, then my Germany thereby ensuring that France and Italy could not be held. Eric and Cathy could have probably gotten a 2-way draw if they had continued the fight. Had Michalski continued to support England and Germany, we would have weakened France and perhaps(this was iffy) pushed Cathy back. Russia could then pick up the pieces. I really still don't see what Michalski's game plan was by stabbing so early. Perhaps John prefers 4-ways to a possible win.

Everything I had was committed against France and Italy running away with the game so when Michalski's Russia stabbed me, I was helpless to respond. In the last few seasons I did exactly as Mike Mazzer's Austria requested. I didn't trust Mike at all at first but grew to see him as a good ally and we worked together very well. He was very forgiving over Vienna, which he let me keep a long time so as to keep up the front against Cathy and Eric.

I might not have enjoyed everything that was happening to my Germany on the board but I totally enjoyed the press. Bob Osuch thought I might be sensitive to some of the items written about me in this black press game but I think I convinced him that I could more than hold my own. In fact, I wrote most of the press it seemed to me. I not only wrote for Germany but had a good time trying to imitate everyone else. It was I who did the Jan Cremer excerpts(I got this out of a real book called I Jan Cremer written by Jan Cremer) to see if I could gross out Michalski, known for his gross press. I did the Michalski Love Secrets(although I ran out near the end and Bob Osuch supplied me with a real gem which I submitted) and most of the Marie Antoinette items and the Fairy Tale Stories. I was disappointed to see the game end right after my elimination because I wanted to see just how much press would have been written by the others. I hope everybody kept their "Effie" poster of Michalski's "Minus 10" girl-friend! Thanks again to Bob Osuch for a great game!



LETTER COLUMN



"I see you being the sole survivor of a global  
thermonuclear war."

ugly head about the PDO. The letter column should return in full next issue.

I know definitely beyond a shadow of a doubt that the letter column will be a small one, at least in terms of content for reasons probably explained on page 1.

I did not get a picture rebuttal from Paul Rauterberg yet. James Woodson had a guess which will be printed about Paul Rauterberg's pic. The present pic contest (see page 29) is being extended until a deadline date of July 18, 1984. The only other letter concerns the PDO, alias the Peoples' Diplomacy Organization, and what it means to you, the hobby member, especially since dissension is rearing its

James Woodson (Texas, USA): "The most distinctive thing in this picture are the dark glasses. Why would this person wear them? Well, we've got three possibilities. (1) He's a shit-hot Navy pilot, (2) He's a Michael Jackson groupie, (3) He's hiding something to do with his eyes.

We can quickly dispatch (1). Just look at his hair and beard! The US Navy would never take him. (2) could be possible, but I'll guess no. That leaves us with (3).

The fact that he's a Diplomacy player enforces the chance that he's hiding something. He could be blind? Maybe a drug addict? Or he may just want to hide his "Lyin' Eyes". Could he be Nixon Award Winner Mark Frueh? I say not.

This has got to be the person who hid his/her gender from the hobby for two years. This must be Jerry Lucas/Judy Winsome. Either that or it's Paul Rauterberg."

□ James's guess came before he got the EE which revealed that the man in the pic was indeed Paul Rauterberg. All guesses which do not make publication are forwarded to the people in the pictures and printed in the following EE. The latest pic contest is on page 29. And now for one of the hobby's newest publishers, Michael Lee who does The Concert of Europe (see page 11).

(11)

Michael Lee (Oregon, USA): "First off I have a few questions about the hobby. I don't know if you saw the last issue of Whitestonia, but in it there's a discussion of changing the boundaries of the regions. What on earth are they talking about? Does it have anything to do with anything, or is it just another ludicrous plan to "organize" the hobby?

Along similar lines, what can you tell me about the proposed Diplomacy tax and this auction business? What is the purpose of raising funds? How will funds be used? I'm sorry to pester you with all these questions, but you seem like one of the only people who publishes and keeps distant from all these aspects of the hobby."

□ Mike Mills, pubber of Emhain Macha, thought up the PDO. He is the Grand Kommissar. Among his subbers, he divided up North America and Europe into Zones to be administered by Zone Kommissars. He intentionally selected persons who were known for not being ones who wanted to organize the hobby as Zone Kommissars.

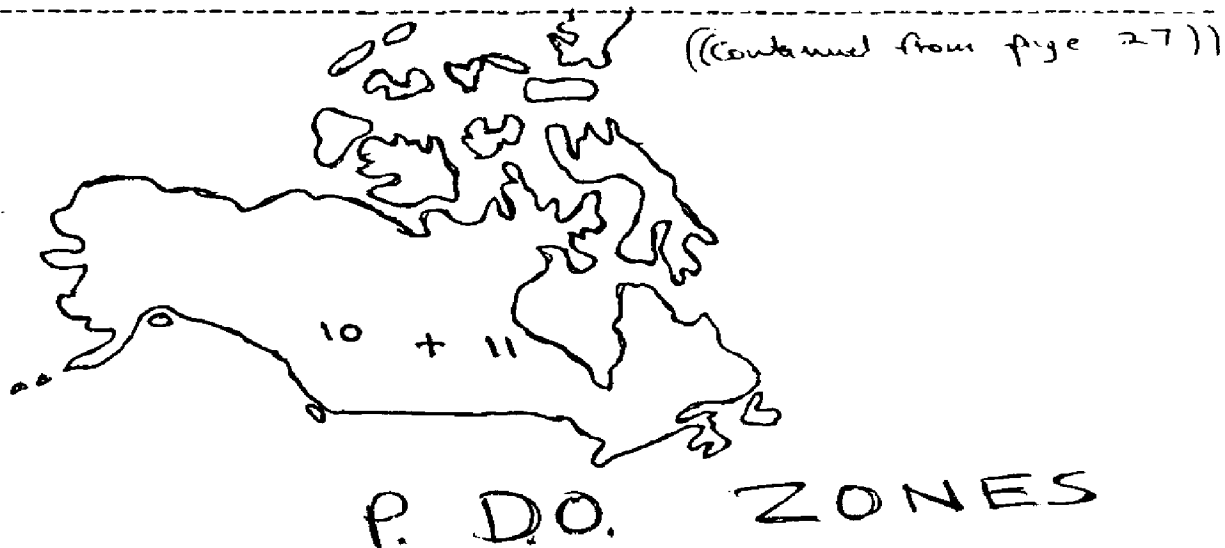
I, for instance, was selected as the Kommissar for Zone 3. When the Zone 4 Kommissar didn't fulfill his duties, his territory was given to me to administer and the former Zone 4 was abolished. Remember this fact, it becomes important later. Most of this was only known to Emhain Macha subbers.

Then Grand Kommissar Mills decided to hold an auction which would not only be fun but which would raise money for the important hobby services. All games need Boardman Numbers, all games need stable homes in zines, all games need help being relocated if they are abandoned, it is nice to know what games are available in what places in a convenient manner---dedicated people perform these jobs for us and much of the time, money comes out of their own pockets and this is not how things should be.

The auction last year proved to be an excellent success in raising money

((continued on page 28 ))

(27)



((CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ))

to alleviate some of the burden our hobby custodians face. It is entirely voluntary, it's fun and it's very helpful and appreciated. The Diplomacy Tax was only a proposal and it did not come from, nor is supported by, the PDO.

Right now due to the controversial Caruso Commission, whose "report" you saw in Whitestonia, a possible schism may develop in the PDO. In the maps above which are the current boundaries of the PDO zones, the Zone Kommissars are:

- ZONE 1: Bob Slossar of Connecticut
- ZONE 2: Steve "Woody" Arnawoodian of Pennsylvania (includes Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands)
- ZONE 3 & 4: Gary Coughlan of Tennessee
- Zone 5: Al Pearson of West Virginia
- ZONE 6 & 7: James Woodson of Texas
- ZONE 8 & 9: Steve Langley of California
- ZONE 10 & 11: Dave Carter of Ontario, Canada
- ZONE 12: Hauke Jansen of The Netherlands (This Zone is all of Europe)

Until mid-May, 22 of the United States had no Zone Kommissars. ~~Zone Kommissars~~. Zone Kommissars Carter, Langley, Woodson and myself, who have always been loyal PDO supporters, took many of these unrepresented states under our wings and urged the Grand Kommissar to see ~~all~~ Zones ~~5~~ received attentive Zone Kommissar.

At the same time, the Grand Kommissar had instructed John Caruso, pubber of Whitestonia, to submit suggestions for new boundaries. Caruso had written to the Grand Kommissar these words: "I propose a slight rearranging of the zones" (28)

((Continued on page 29))

((CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28))



"to coincide with familiarity of the well-known cliques. It would pacify the populace somewhat."

John Caruso did not consult with even one Zone Kommissar and he greatly exceeded his authority by printing new boundaries for the PDO zones without seeking approval or cooperation of the Zone Kommissars. This was most certainly not the Grand Kommissar's intentions. And "cliques" have never had anything to do with the PDO zones. The boundaries as you see them on page 27 are the only acceptable boundaries of the PDO. Caruso cannot enforce his "report" without causing a schism in the PDO.

I know that for myself I have loyally served the PDO and I will not give up any of my zone as Caruso is demanding. And Zone Kommissars Carter, Langley and Woodson feel the same way. I do think the Zones should receive only one zone number though.

The Grand Kommissar issued passports to each of his subbers. I, as the Zone Kommissar of my region will do the same in the near future. Other Zones may do the same and anyone can request a "passport" from my zone. Within each zone, the Zone Kommissar is urged to appoint State Kommissars and I will also be doing this.

As a final answer, the "report" of the Caruso Commission is a dead letter and is totally unenforceable. We four Zone Kommissars refuse to allow "cliques" to have any say-so in the affairs of the PDO. We are confident that the Grand Kommissar will come up with some compromise which will avert a schism.

Oops! LATE BREAKING NEWS! The Grand Kommissar had just decreed that the state of West Virginia should be detached from Zone 2 and added to Zone 5 and that the Zone 5 Kommissar should ~~be~~ "Honest Al" Pearson. So the map on page 27 needs to be slightly adjusted. Can you tell?

□□□



THE PICTURE CONTEST!! This contest is being continued until July 18, 1984 so get those guesses in. I have misplaced my half-tone of this couple so that is another reason I'm extending the contest. If this shot doesn't come out clearly, see page 21 of EE #34, the last issue.



Water Dolorosa! We haven't even finished Robyn's lasagna and here comes already LIESNARD with his obnoxious

MLPubl 260

CHOMPS & MIAMS

N° 7

Obnoxious perhaps, but not infamous! In fact, the reputation of C&M is so wide that even people living in such odd places like Santa Monica (California) send us recipes and live in hopes seeing them published in these pages. Mike MAZZER, for instance, who bribed the whole editing staff with his

MIKE MAZZER'S WORLD'S GREATEST PANCAKES:

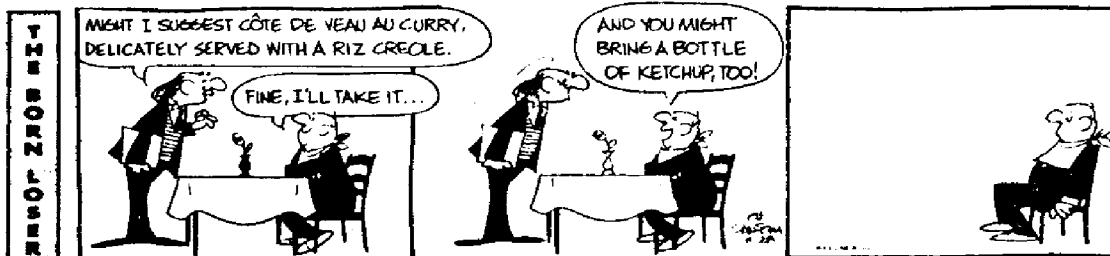
- Step 1: Take 1 cup (237 ml) of buttermilk, 8 oz (118 ml) of sour cream and one egg.
- Step 2: Mix it all up in a blender... or put it in a bowl and beat, either by hand, with an electric mixer or by tromping vigorously on it with your bare feet ((in which case this becomes "steps 2, 2', 2'', 2'''', etc" I suppose?)).
- Step 3: Add 1 cup of flour, 1 tsp of baking powder, 1 tsp of baking soda, 1 tblsp of sugar and 1/2 tsp of salt.
- Step 4: Repeat step 2.
- Step 5: Take 1/4 cup of the mixture and smear it on your chest and stomach (this is not part of the recipe, but it's fun). ((I pity Mike's wife. Really.))
- Step 6: Pour out pancake-sized dollops onto a 350° F (177° C) griddle (buttered) and do standard pancake schtick until done.
- Step 7: Eat with butter and maple syrup, or dry in the sun & use as frisbees.

Note from the sticky editing staff: It's almost impossible to find maple syrup in Europe.

But it can be reasonably replaced by strawberry or raspberry jam. Also note that pancakes, if smaller, can be eaten with smoked ham, smoked salmon or even caviar. In which case they are named "blinis" and become Russian. Of course, blinis need buckwheat flour, but this is a subzine about good food, not about the subtleties of the Marxist doctrine...

In the beautiful city of Brussels where all our editing staff is well and alive, though a little hung-over sometimes, we eat pancakes with salted butter and dip them into coffee. In Soignies (near Mons), they even salt the coffee. I wonder if this is the ideal country for candy bars?

C'est pas tout ça. Once upon a time, we told you that we would use this subzine to publish typical recipes from each of the provinces of the Dip board. We have given you the recipes for snails (Burgundy), for Königsberger Klopse (Prussia) and for that delicious "jugged rabbit with Chimay beer" (Belgium). Perhaps is it time, now, to pay a little more attention to Spain (both coasts)?



## Chowps & Miams (continued from page 30)

There is no "Spanish" cooking. Spain, in itself, is a small continent and its various cuisines reflect the great variety of its populations and climates. Like they say, "in the north, we boil; in the centre, we roast; in the south, we fry". Usually, the tourists eat a paella a la Valenciana in Santander, a merluza (cod) con tomate y mahonesa in Madrid, an arroz con camarones y gambas (rice with shrimps & prawns) in Salamanca, and they are disappointed. It is their fault, not the one of the Spanish cuisine.

Moreover, the fishes from the Mediterranean are almost totally different from those of the Atlantic. And much rarer (the Mediterranean waters are not abounding with fish). The scorpion-fish, the red mullett, the basis of any good Mediterranean fish soup, do not live in the colder waters of the ocean. Yet, there exist dishes which are common to all Spaniards, and one of them is the "gazpacho", a cold soup particularly refreshing on hot Summer evenings. It is prepared like this:

Squash a clove of garlic in a salad bowl. Add 2-3 tbsps of olive oil and stir. Add 5 sliced tomatoes, 1 sliced onion, 1/4 tsp pepper, 1/2 tsp salt, 1/4 tsp paprika, 1 + 1/2 tbsps wine vinegar and a glass of cold water. Leave for half an hour. Ten minutes before serving, add chopped cucumber, slices of bread, more water (if necessary) and cubes of ice.

For those who have played Austria several times in games where Kathy BYRNE was Italy, there even exists a "caldo vegetal para niños y enfermos" (vegetable stock for children and invalids), the recipe of which follows:

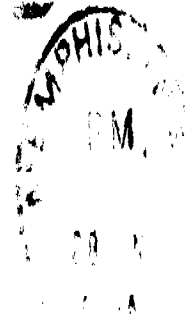
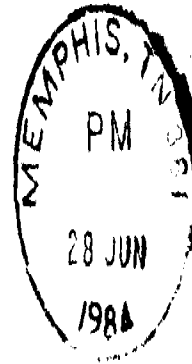
1/2 lb sliced carrots; 1/2 lb diced potatoes; 2 oz dried peas (soaked overnight); 1/4 lb chopped leeks; 2 oz kidney beans (soaked overnight itou); salt.  
Put all ingredients into 5 pints of cold water, bring to the boil, skim, simmer until liquid is reduced by half.

Ho yes, this is important. "Mayonnaise" is not a French sauce, but a Spanish one, named after its city of origin, Mahon, in the Balearic Isles. In 1750, when the Duke of Richelieu defeated the British fleet in these waters, his cook prepared him a "mahonesa", and it seems he liked it so much that he imported it to France. Many recipes have been created "after the battle", like the chicken Marengo for instance, invented by QUALIOTTI, NAPOLEON's chief-cook, in the evening of June 14, 1800. There is also a "beef WELLINGTON" recipe, "but this you will never find on the menu's of the small restaurants in Waterloo..."

One last word to fill this page: fried skid rings are not typically Spanish. This recipe is called "alla romana". But they are typical "tapas", i.e. cocktail snacks, like olives or anchovies. They are designed to enhance the flavours of sheries, rioja's or amontillado's, about which Edgar Allan POE talked much better than I.



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