

Flick of the Wrist!



IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE:

Prying Into
the Sex Life of Wild
Radishes

FLICK OF THE WRIST
ISSUE No. XXX
SEPTEMBER 1986



Fearing the Mask May Slip

OVERLOAD AND THE COMMON PUBLISHER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Hello, everyone, and welcome to the August/September issue of this rag. It didn't start out that way, mind you, but... well, I'm sure you can see why this took so long. The games went ahead smoothly, so all is almost well.

I have a lot of "business" to get to, so. . .

- 1) Desperation Game. I have asked Steve Langley to supply us with a turn-by-turn commentary of your game and he has agreed, provided that none of the players object. Please let me know with your next set of orders (and, yes, I will count No Comment Received as a "Super, let him do it" vote.)
- 2) Soldiers of Fortune. In your second game report (on page 14), you have the new and improved map, which will be used henceforth in both FLICK OF THE WRIST and FIAT BELLUM. (Comments telling me how wonderful the map is will be appreciated.)
- 3) I don't know if I did it elsewhere or not, so let me do it here. Conrad Minshall's new address as of October 1 is: 4106 Thain Way, Palo Alto, CA 94306. Until that time, use this address: 3790 El Camino Real #155, Palo Alto, CA 94306.
- 4) Soldiers of Fortune (Again). A mistake was made on the flier sent out last week; Italy's F ion-GRE succeeds, as does the move to the Ionian by Fleet Adriatic. The correction has been made herein. (Sorry George and J.R.!)
- 5) I am seriously considering a name change for FLICK of the WRIST. Said change would be gradual, and would be to the name, HEART OF DARKNESS. (Some of the Ghosts herein will remember that name, I'm sure.) Anyway, if you'd let me know what you think, I'll be better able to decide what to do. (FLICK got it's name from a song by the rock group, Queen, and because it was originally a two page flyer which I could get done with "a flick of the wrist". This issue should show everyone the serious nature of that discrepancy.)
- 6) As I'm now running a game here which CAN use standbys, I'm opening a standby section. In honor of the first standby section I ever ran into--and signed onto--I'm naming it "The Leper Colony". (Nobody call Woody, hey?) And, we already have one leper with us; Jim Diehl is our Charter Leper. Welcome aboard, Jim!

Coming up is the This Month's Readers section, but first I'd like to say something about Pete Gaughan and Perelandra. As some of you know, Pete folded Perelandra about two months ago, after a four year run. I'm a bit saddened, but hopeful that it will return in a year or two. In the meantime, Pete, take advantage of the respite and keep us entertained here and in The Melnbone Herald (Pete's subzine in MAGUS).

THIS MONTH'S READERS: Conrad "Mighty" Minshall, Hobby Holley, Ron, Flash Fassio, George Graessle, H.S. Ghod, J.R., The Favored One, The Sacto Sage, Iron Fist, Mike Mazzer, Ken Peel, Boobergeist, Lucky Lindy, Hank, PJG IV, Kathy Byrne (AND THE NL EAST CHAMPION METS!!!), John Crow, The Desperate Man, Gary Behren, Francine, Marshall Linder, Mark Luedi, Jim Diehl, Bill Quinn, Dave Villadsen, Tom Swider, and maybe others.

NEXT SEASON: Fall 1901
ZAT: October 15, 1986

GAME ID: 1986-AT
GM: Don Williams

Fizz, Movies and Whoop-De-Do

DESPERATION GAME OPENS WITH SOMETHING OLD AND SOMETHING NEW, AND LOTS AND LOTS OF PRESS. . . . THIS ONE'S SHAPING UP TO BE AN EARLY MASTER-PIECE!

THE PLAYERS

AUS	Melinda Holley	P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727
ENG	Greg Stewart	618 Short Dickey, Greenfield, OH 45123
FRA	Gary Behnen	13101 S Trenton, Olathe, KS 66062
GER	Pete Gaughan	3121 East Park Row, #165, Arlington, TX 76010
ITA	Bob Olsen	6818 Winterberry Cr., Wichita, KS 67226
RUS	Marshall Linder	RD #3 Box 218 Carmichael Road, Owego, NY 13827
TUR	Francine Byrne	29-10 164th St., Flushing, NY 11358

S P R I N G 1 9 0 1

AUS [3]	A bud-RUM, A vie-BUD, F TRI H.
ENG [3]	F edi-NMG, F lon-NIH, A lvp--LON.
FRA [3]	F bre-MAO, A par-BUR, A MAR S A par-BUR.
GER [3]	A mun-RUH, F kie-HOL, A ber-KIE.
ITA [3]	A rom-APU, F nap-ION, A VEN H.
RUS [4]	A mos-STP, A war-UKR, F sev-BLA, F stp(sc)-BOT.
TUR [3]	F ank-BLA, F smy-ARM, A con-BUL.

GAME NOTES:

- DISLODGEMENTS--None
- Please note address correction for Gary Behnen (sorry about that)
- ZAT for Fall 1901 is October 15, 1986
- An early reminder that the F'01 and W'01 seasons will be seperated
- Map of Spring 1901 is on the following page.

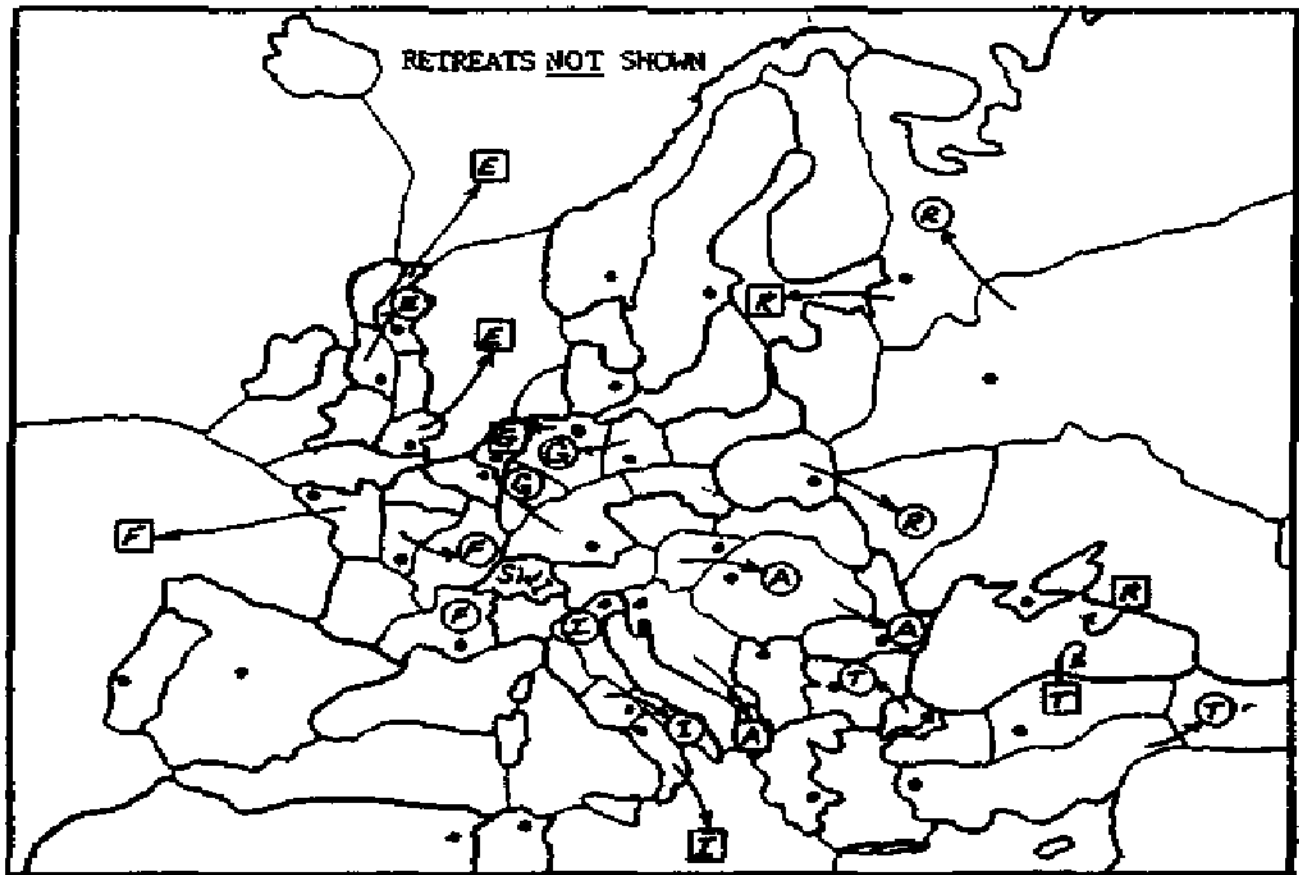
BLACK!!!!!!PRESS

THE FUTURE

BLACK SECTOR 00:14:26

The flat computer voice spoke from the lock's annunciator---
//Entry to Danger Room in twelve seconds. Initiate lock in procedure.//
Gaughan checked the megawatt load on his laser pistol, fumbled his fingers along the bandolier of shotgun shells...
//Ten seconds.//
...he typed in the test pattern on his computer terminal and found it was up.
//Six seconds.//
He powered up his motion scanners. He was ready.
//Two seconds.// The lock cycled its air and the external doors slid silently open. Gaughan pressed against the side of the lock, his pistol leveled, expecting at any moment to feel the fricaseeing fire of the opposition. He couldn't see around the corners, it could be an ambush. Suddenly, he was sweating.
//Mr. Gaughan.// intoned the annunciator //you must exit the lock.//
"Just a minute, just a minute." He swung up his motion detector; only one blip showed--aside from himself--but it was a good two miles away in Green Sector. Gad, it must be something massive to show up at that

SPRING 1901



distance. Still, someone could be out there, unmoving, waiting silently for just the right--even now a sniper's sights could be on him. He squirmed even flatter against the lock wall.

//Mr. Gaughan, you must exit the lock.// A mechanical hum started. The floor of the lock began to move...began to tilt forward. Gaughan realized that soon it would be steep enough to slide him right out of the lock...into the...open...into the ambush!

"Rule 14.27!" screamed Gaughan. "Rule 14.27!"

//What?//

"Rule 14.27. I'm declaring this a defensive position. Game Control systems may not force a player out of a defensive position," yelled Gaughan as he frantically backpedaled up the steepening slope of the lock's floor.

The mechanical hum silenced, the tilting of the floor halted. Meanwhile, the control computer downloaded to the referee computer, which brought in its rules interpretation subsystem. Gaughan had barely enough time to wipe his brow in relief when the decision was uploaded to the control computer.

//Lock Black, Main, affirmed as defensive position.//

Gaughan smiled. Ha, he had this beat. He hadn't pounded the books for naught. Yessirree, just your average college joe with his inherent studying abilities, and Gaughan's own quick wit, why, he was going to be more than a match for those cold-blooded mercenaries the other teams were surely using. Yep, a classic case of brains versus brawn. He had

~~~~~  
this thing whipped, use their own system against them, HA!

//Mr. Gaughan, Rule 28.52.//

"What..."

//Rule 28.52, Mr Gaughan. Delay of game rule. Munitions penalty.  
Five shells or five megawatts per five minute increment.//

"Wait...wait a minute..."

//The clock is running.//

"Sheeeesh..." Gaughan looked out the lock again, he couldn't see any ambushers. He took a couple of tentative steps outside the lock, then reconsidered and turned around.

Clang. The lock doors slammed shut in front of him. He was in; inside the Danger Room.

//Lock in procedure complete--Have a Nice Day.// The computer went off-line.

YELLOW SECTOR 00:15:22

//Ten seconds.//

Francine knew her weapons were ready. She didn't check them now.

//Six seconds.//

She did finger the dagger at her waist...almost tenderly. But then, she did have an emotional attachment to it; her mother had given it to her.

//Two seconds.//

She could hardly wait to make her first kill with it.

The lock doors slid open and Francine stepped into the Danger Room. The doors slid neatly closed behind her. She had her laser pistol ready.

//Lock in procedure complete. Have A Nice \*SCRAZZLE\*...// Francine had blasted the annunciator.

"Shaddup already! Youse talk too much." She wasn't leaving by that lock anyway. She swung her smoking laser pistol around as she checked her motion scanner. Nothing, except for a blip way over in Green Sector.

"Sheesh, must be a tank to show up at this distance." Francine turned and started down the corridor leading away from Green Sector. After all, she was vicious--not stupid...

BLUE SECTOR 00:15:28

//Lock in procedure complete. Have A Nice Day.//

The man's holster belt and ammunition bandolier hung loosely on him. They had been designed to be worn over body armor and the man had foregone the discomfort of wearing the body armor. In fact, he had foregone the discomfort of wearing any clothes at all. He was entirely naked.

The naked man held his laser pistol in one hand, his motion scanner in the other. Nothing in the immediate vicinity, just a blip over in Green Sector.

"To show up at this distance," mused the Naked Man, "it must be...." suddenly his teeth gnashed together, "...it must be Olsen." The Naked Man motioned to the Mutant Butler to follow, shrugged a bandolier back up onto one scraggly emaciated shoulder and silently, grimly, he set off toward Green Sector.

GREEN SECTOR 00:22:14

"That's the last of them," wheezed Olsen, sliding the last of the trunks from the lock into the corridor. He was out of breath from the effort. The lock doors clanged shut.

//Lock in procedure complete. Have A Nice Day.//

Even as it spoke the control computer was logging information from its scanners, noting the large number of crates and trunks Olsen had dragged in from the lock.

//Mr. Olsen,// the annunciator intoned, //I believe we have a violation

"Moi?" asked Olsen, incredulously.

"Hey," said Olsen, "you're the guys that said to pack a lunch..."

1) How much high-level nuclear waste is there?

That's how much helium it took to lift the "Destiny's Might". The Desperate Man, faced with an ugly deadline, stared out across the hills of southern Pennsylvania. Below lay the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant, the very place the Desperate Man would get the material needed for his radioactive postage stamp scheme. Now all he needed was a volunteer to take the book of stamps into the contaminated area. (Back in typical *Bizarro* fine form, aren't you?)

Well, here's one patriotic red-blooded Dipster who sez: Yes, even you're welcome here! Give us your tiresome, your intellectually malnourished, your unwashed masses yearning to babble on and on and on! Oh, by the way, congrats on your victory in Leviathan.

2. Who has the responsibility for nuclear waste isolation?

BUDAPEST - ENGLAND: Desperate? Shall we compare notes? [Have no fear, Peter is here and will make it all better.]

**BERLIN-ON-THE-HUDSON :**

(Stay tuned to see just what he found out.)

AUSTRIA - RUSSIA: Three for three? [Don't you dare! (You wanna bet I know what you're talking about?)]

GM - DOTSNATCHER: You're not really losing yet. . .it's just that Hobby Holley is the conservative type: so what if she supported herself into

Burgundy? So what if she doesn't believe a word of that, "Aw shucks, gee-whiz!" stuff you put out? Your cover is blown in this one, Dotsnatcher!!

GERMANY - WORLD: Already?!

STILL MORE ANSWERS TO YOUR NUCLEAR QUESTIONS (VIA ENGLAND):

3. Who "owns" the waste?

The Desperate Man walked into the sporting goods store. There were scads of purchasable whatnots in every nook and cranny. Sweats, shirts, shorts, jackets, windbreakers, sneakers, skis, bolo knives, basketballs, baseballs, bailing wire, and bowling pins. There were also the unusual bathtub surfboards, sand fins, liquid steroids, and disposable billiard balls. And there was a very unusual person who seemed to be running the store. [Not to mention the one writing this press.]

OLSEN - DUCK FACE: I hope you appreciate my unbelievably magnanimous gesture in taking this position. Won't you now end the madness of this feud? Won't you listen to sweet reason and cease and desist from this campaign of malicious blasphemy? [Ummm...uh-uh.] I offer you the hand of friendship. . .and you'd better take it, because in the other hand I hold Certain Press Releases I could send in which would rip the lid off your sordid, reprehensible nonsense. Yes, believe it or not, I could (if I wished) become pretty blasted obnoxious if I wanted to. . .a surprise, I realize, since I'm normally such a nice, even-tempered, unassuming sort of a guy. [Self-delusion is not pretty, is it guys?]

VIENNA - PARIS: You're popping up all over. [Feeling threatened? You and Bloodsucker Jr. got something to prove or what?]

TURKEY - GM: I don't have to prove nothing!

VIENNA - OON: Second generation, huh?

MOM - GM: I know why you called this "The Desperation Game", you had to be pretty desperate for players to let Francine play. [Hey, you know me, I'll do almost anything to get myself abused. . .]

ITALY-REDLANDS: Congratulations: this could well be the first game in history with two Kansans in the starting lineup. [Am I lucky or what? No one tell the Nit-Pick King, eh?] Somehow, that's just the sort of meaningless, pathetic, boring achievement I would associate with the summit of your entire life. [Yeah? I'm just glad that all Kansans aren't as big-mouthed as you.]

ITA - TUR: Your mom and I had great fun asking each other questions in another Williams game a while back. Let's try. Here are some real toughies:

- 1) What GM exists solely on a diet of Furry Cat Burritos?
- 2) What GM slanders and lies about his players and calls them "winners" (whatever that is) and all sorts of other disgusting things?
- 3) What were Don Williams' greatest blunders? Name the Top 100.

GM - WINNER: Why do you do this? Can't you find someone else more deserving of your witless barbs. . .surely somewhere there is an illiterate or two that can appreciate the mendacity of the Iron Fist of Wichita.

TURKEY - ITALY: We all know know that you don't have an iron fist!

GM - GAME: Yeah, I'll admit it, I'm losing it here in the bottom of the ninth. . .or sixth. . .or whatever the hell it is. . .

PENULTIMATE ANSWERS TO YOUR NUCLEAR QUESTIONS (VIA ENGLAND):

4. How long does nuclear waste need to be isolated?

"Ten thousand years is a reasonable period of time," said the hunchback clerk.

"Huh?" asked the Desperate Man.

"I said, 'Ten thousand years is a reasonable period of time.'"

"What do you mean?"

"That's how long I plan to bar you from this store."

"What did I do?"

"It's not what you do, it's how you look. And you hardly look mah-h-velous."

"I don't look 'mahvelous'? Have you seen yourself recently? The Elephant Man looks better than you!"

"You have insulted me, O thou Arnawoodian of grace. I have decided to place a curse upon you."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! You, place a curse upon me? I'll have you know that even the infamous P.J. Goggan placed a 'Deadwood' spell upon me and it failed!" [Maybe so, but it did nothing for your narrative skills.]

ITALY - ENGLAND: By the way, have you ever heard of those things they have now--"tenses"? They come in really handy. For example, in your Despicable Man story, on Page 11 you suddenly changed from past tense (whoever he is) to present tense in one paragraph, then back. I'm assuming of course that this was the way you wrote it and not some sort of bumble by the Redlands Renegade. [Nope, that was the way he wrote it. Actually, Greg always writes that way. . .easy enough to check, just go back three or four years. . .]

OLSEN - PUDGEON ATTENDEES: Next year I'll do whatever it takes--yes, up to and including toadying (No, not you?!)--to get Kathy to be here. Things are so much peppier...so much more vigorous...so much noisier when she's around. She wouldn't allow no computer nonsense, neither, noisiree.

TRIESTE - VENICE: How about a good neighbor policy?

GM - TRIESTE: No, she probably wouldn't allow that either.

FINAL ANSWERS TO YOUR NUCLEAR QUESTIONS (VIA ENGLAND):

5. What disposal methods are being considered?

It had been many days since Lt. Ave, the Communications Officer aboard the attack blimp "DESTINY'S MIGHT", had seen his commanding officer. At that time the skinny nude commander had a disturbed or even a painful look on his face when he had gone into his cabin. Since that day there had been a strange glow coming from the commanding officer's cabin spaced with groans. [That wasn't my dangling modifier either, Bobby-boy.]

THE GREAT UNWRITTEN PRESS RELEASES (VIA ITALY):

Unfortunately, I just don't have the time to develop the many brilliant and profound--don't interrupt, Don--ideas that occur to me from time to time. Here are sketches of just some of the great stuff you'll be missing:

- JIMBOB the BOOBARIAN--The epic saga (saga epic?) of a legendary superhero who toadied his way across the pages of history--his only weapon; his talent for inane, mindless drive!
- The REAL Houserules for this stupid game, including:
  - Number 3 "Spring 1901 NMRs will force a delay of game until a complete set of moves is available to be lost."
  - Number 7. "The GM may delay the game entirely if he becomes so hopelessly confused he forgets his own name, not to mention those of the players, his wife, and the town he lives in."
- THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DON WILLIAMS, A Farce In 87 Acts.



Well, like I say, there's just no time for me to jot down this sort of Golden Age excellence. Anybody who'd care to pick up on some of this stuff is welcome to it, except that if you happen to win a Clark Bar for your efforts, you are required not to send me any portion of any moldy, worthless foodstuffs awarded to you by Williams.

WICHITA - REDLANDS (By the way, that's where you live, Don; just take a gander at that slip of paper Venessa pinned to your shirt this morning): Are you sure you want to go through with this? I see the possibility of very heavy press in this game, and you without a word processor of personal scribe or nothin'. A 16-page Flip of the Wimp ain't enough for you? How about 50?

REDLANDS - WICHITA: Yeah, well. . . it wouldn't be so bad if most of ~~that~~ the stuff wasn't so bad, y'know? Still, I know how you old-timers are, and maybe you'll improve with age.

Sul serio, I'm hoping things get interesting--it's been quite a while since I've seen a 'Press Gang' type game, or even one that comes close to the old 'Heart of Darkness' in Flick. No doubt there are some going on somewhere, but why don't we try to have a little press party here, at least for a while?

GM - GAME: And that does it for round one, guys. I hope you'll all stick around and enjoy the rest of the show. The Soldiers of Fortune are busy plugging away at each other, and we have some new news on the still-smoldering Olsen-Williams Feud--Stay Tuned!!! (And see you next month.)

◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇ ◇  
UNTITLED (SO FAR)

The Hobby. It's a tough place, and the stories. . . the stories, they can turn your stomach. This was one of those.

It was Monday, and I hate Mondays. I had taken a break from my usual chores as an Urban Planning executive for the City of San Bernardino to gather some facts. Just the facts.

My name's Williams, I run a few games in the hobby, I print a few pages, I have some fun. Until now. Until Olsen.

Olsen. The name made me grind my teeth together. I'd had a good clean rep before he had decided to besmirch it. I talk like that; besmirch, I really do. Most people don't. Most people don't know what besmirch means. I'm not sure I do, but it sounds good.

Olsen had claimed he hadn't really won LEVIATHAN, a game I had GM'ed impeccably. Impeccably; good word, that one. It was as if he were casting wanton aspirations as to the quality of my character. Heh, heh, heh.

I figured all I had to do was show my side of the case to the public. The conclusion would be obvious. . .

So I was out to gather some statements from the people who had played in the game.

My first stop was John Crow. Crow. He's an old friend, but that friendship hadn't interfered in the conduct of the game. In fact, I'd had to call his office for this 10:00 AM appointment. Crow's office was located above a bar. Convenient. The gold face print on the door was worn and my knock was answered by his secretary, Simone, she had fantastic legs and long blond hair. It was the closest I'd been to a psychic experience since Lola.

She was also a hunchback. I wondered briefly if that had any connection to any of Crow's hunchback stories. . . nah, no way. . .

(Continued on page 16.)

GAME: "Soldiers of Fortune" 1986-AU  
GM: Don Williams

# Playing for Time

SEASONS SEPERATED AT THE REQUEST OF THE PLAYERS.....EUROPEAN  
ALLIANCES GROW UNEASY AS THE NEW FORCES FOR WAR MAKE THEMSELVES KNOWN...  
.....LOTS AND LOTS OF PRESS TO COME.....STAY TUNED.....

## THE PLAYERS

|     |                 |                                                |
|-----|-----------------|------------------------------------------------|
| AUS | Conrad Minshal  | 3702 Tarragona Lane, Austin, TX 78727          |
| ENG | Melinda Holley  | P.O. Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727            |
| FRA | Ron Spitzer     | 761 North Bundy Drive, Los Angeles, CA 90049   |
| GER | Mark Fassio     | 11579 Mohican Road, Woodbridge, VA 22192       |
| ITA | George Graessle | 800 West Ave., Apt #420, Miami Beach, FL 33139 |
| RUS | Terry Tallman   | 7239 Sand Point Way NE #308, Seattle, WA 98115 |
| TUR | J.R. Baker      | 3100 Meadow Lane N., Dickinson, TX 77539       |

## WINTER 1903

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AUS [5] Builds A TRI, A BUD. Has A BUD, A TRI, A VIE, A RUM, A SER.
ENG [6] Even. Has A NWY, A FIN, F NWG, F ENG, F MAO, F BRE.
FRA [3] Removes A MAR. Has A GAS, F POR, F SPA(sc).
GER [7] Builds A BER. Has A BER, A PAR, A MUN, A BEL, A PRU, F DEN,
      F BAL.
ITA [6] Even. Has A MOS, A WAR, F TYN, F ION, F ADR, F ALB.
RUS [3] Even. Has F AEG, A SEV, F STP(sc).
TUR [4] Removes F EAS. Has F SMY, F GRE, A BOH, A BUL.
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**GAME NOTES:**

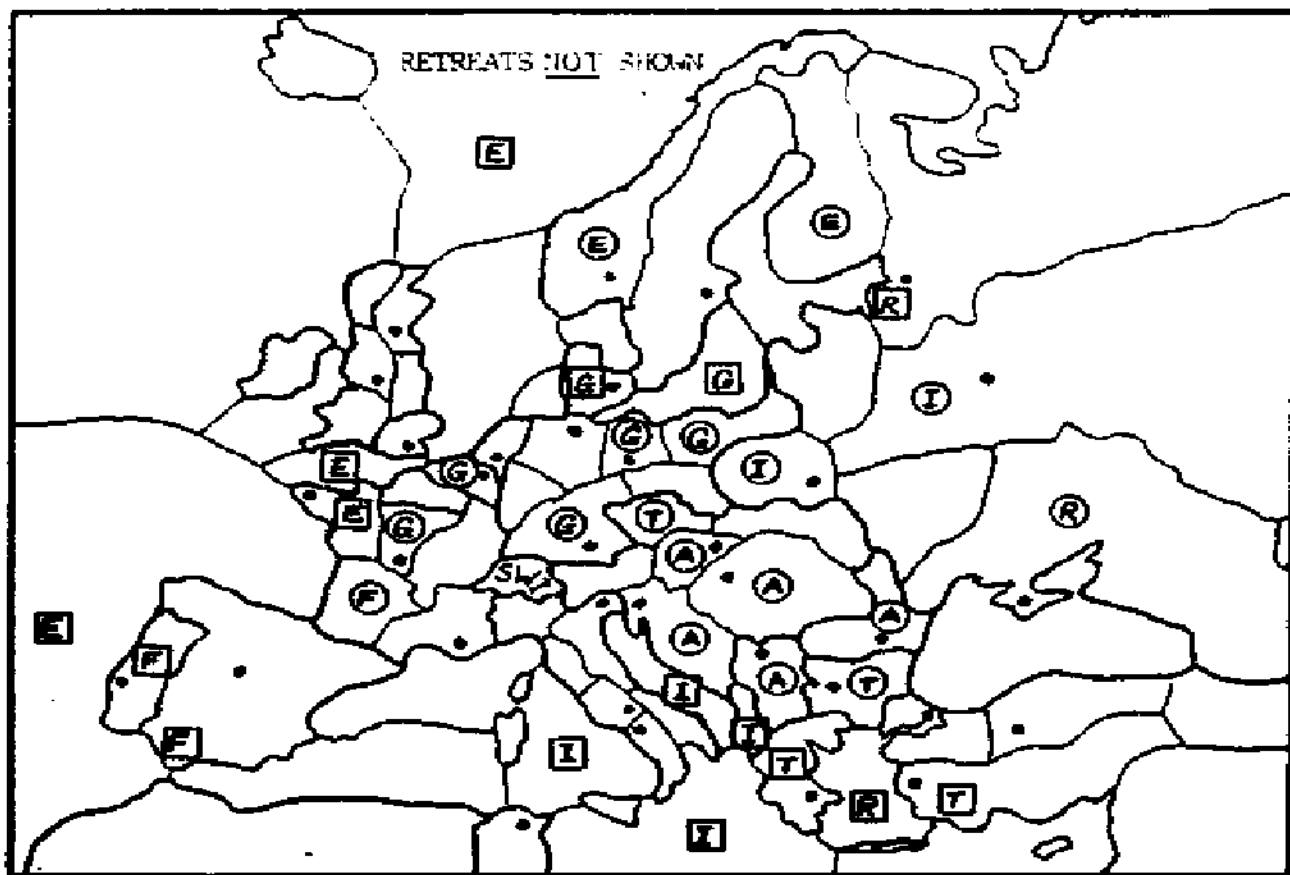
- Dislodgements; None
- As a point of information, there were three requests for the separation
- ZAT for Spring 1904 is September 12, 1986. This is a little longer than normal and will allow me to get FotW and FB off the same deadline (lately a real killer schedule)
- Map for Winter 1904 follows on the next page
- Russia did not submit orders
- Orders on file for A/E/F/G/I/T (kind of makes you wonder how seasons got separated, huh?).

**PRESS:**

PRESS JUDGE - FORTUNATES: Holy hand grenades. What a turn. Greg Stewart comes back (twice!) and his 4-pager is now in the annals (two 'n's, Don) [No shit, Sherlock.] but I have made a decision to exclude this surprise from consideration for press awards.

Which leaves us with plenty of contenders yet. Faz scores brownie points for asking me (Peej IVXIXCLMVII?) [It could be worse.] back. . . sarcasm or not. Byrne loses points--Kathy, you've dragged out the Mets too long , and bringing my kinfolk (Dutch Rennert is an NL umpire, Don) is a no-no. Black Presser does some wonderful work with "West of the Hobby"--manages to make everybody look good (no small accomplishment in this rag). ("Rag"? Egad, man, that's my publication you're relegating to the status of face cloths, dusting towels, and Kathy! Have a heart. Oh, and when did you become King of the Underlines?]

WINTER 1903



Don goes down one (I knew that was coming--it's become one of your regular features.) for claiming the HSC doesn't exist, but comes back up strong with his definition of a pimple-brained pisspot, and "Sports Eviscerated" (You always were a sucker for a skewed allusion.). Flash's negotiations have a little spice now--definitely improving. Hawk? Who's Hawk? (The killer-friend of the TV detective, Spenser?) Lindy is becoming one of the hobby's top insult artists (keep it up!) A loud raspberry to Don for talkin' baseball after complaining about everyone else doing so. [Eh, so I'm two-faced. . .it's not like you didn't already know that.]

So, overall it looked good. The best zine-long effort had to be Fassio's; Black Presser had the best single item but Flash is Press Writer of the Month, especially for his wonderment at "these funny comments inside of brackets". (Faz, you mean funny-strange, not funny-hahhah, right?) [A little brown nosing goes a long way with you, don't it?]

FAZ - PEEJ OF PRESS: Well, bucko, glad to see there's still some fire left in that scathing, appraising mind of your'n. As for 'NPR' being used for you, how about 'No Press Reported'? (I take it you are a Blake Woebegone fan, if you are an NPR listener, si?) [Nice to see you haven't lost your glad-handing technique--I'd hate to see a master lose his touch!]

BOOB - PRESS JUDGE: How come you always ignore me? I demand to be judged as an equal! [As an equal to what?]

MARK T. FASSIO, CAPTAIN, WITH TWO "GOLD" BARS ON HIS SHOULDER - BLACK PRESSER: Nice try, author; the rest of the story was magnifico, but this slur upon my exaltedness was too much--I am shattered with embarrassment. Make that two SILVER bars. And the name is Mark A. (as in ~~his~~ airhole) Fassio. James T. Kirk of the Enterprise, maybe, but hey, no biggie: We want more of Miss Kitty Holley!!!!!!!

GM - GRADUATE OF THE BYRNE SCHOOL OF UNDERSTATEMENT!!!: Whoa, there, Flash! The author last month was without fault--it was I who screwed up and added "gold" where it didn't belong. . .culpa mea. On the other hand, in your case it's probably tin-foil anyway. And as for more of Miss Kitty Holley, well, just how much more do you want? (Even more importantly, how will Hobby Holley react to the fun-n-frolic herein?)

HOBBY - GM: The Black Presser will get my undying gratitude or eternal vengeance. . .depending on how the story goes. [Yeah, but that begs the question; how do you want the story to go? Give ol' Black Presser a hint, eh? Oh, "eternal vengeance"? You've been reading too many comics.)

!!!!!! WEST OF THE HOBBY

"Compliments of the house, soidier," breathed Miss Kitty huskily.

"That's horse soldier, ma'am," replied Captain Fassio.

"Wha. . .?"

"Horse soldier, not house soldier. It's a colloquialism used to refer to a Cavalry trooper. Don't know exactly where the term comes from, probably some flotsam to do with--"

"S'ym!" snapped Miss Kitty, "Where's that beer?" If she could get a drink in his hand he might shut up long enough to be. . .persuaded.

"What brand, your Excellency?" inquired the lumbering hulk of the aardvark-like bartender.

"Captain," smiled Miss Kitty as she touched her full lips with the tip of her tongue and squared her shoulders to bring her assets to bear, "What's your preference?"

"My, my," said the Captain, "right down to brass tacks, is it? I like that in a woman. I'm heterosexual, a little kinky, not too much--"

"I meant your preference in beer, Captain. We have Budweiser, Miller, Stroh's, Lone Star, and Heineken."

"Oh. . .Heineken. Dark, naturally."

S'ym turned to the single spigot in the wall behind the bar, took the placard that read 'HEINEKEN' out of an unobtrusive box nearby and hung it over the spigot. He drew a large mugfull for the Captain. As he did so, two more Cavalry soldiers walked into the Austrian Arms.

"Miss Kitty, allow me to introduce some members of my command," said Captain Fassio. "This is my Chief Quarter Master, Sergeant Scott Montgomery--"

"Shore and begora'," replied the Sergeant, "Tis a pleasure to meet a lass as sweet as yerself, if you do na' mind me a' sayin' it." He swept his hat from his head and bowed.

"Sergeant," replied Miss Kitty, all warmth on the exterior, on the inside cursing the intrusion of these two on the opportunity to suborn their commander.

"It's 'Scotty' to m'friends," continued the Sergeant, "n' I'd be honored to count ye amonst 'em."

"Surely. . .Scotty," answered Miss Kitty.

"And here," the Captain continued, "is Lieutenant Spencer, my sciences expert, on loan from the U.S. Department of Geology and Mines. A geologist. He's here to do a geological study of the gold rush."

Miss Kitty, apparently momentarily oblivious to the effect her ample cleavage might have on the troops, leaned forward and squinted at the

Lieutenant.

"He looks sort of green to me."

The Captain spluttered into his Heineken.

"Tha-a-at's, uh. . .that's motion sickness. Lt. Spencer isn't quite used to riding horses. It makes him a little queasy." Lt. Spencer looked at his Captain, arcing one eyebrow in silent remark. Miss Kitty reappraised the Lieutenant; a geologist? That might dovetail nicely with her plans.

"Lieutenant, a pleasure," Miss Kitty gushed, proffering her hand and leaning forward with a dramatic gesture which also had the, not accidental, result of revealing what had to be the remainder of her cleavage.

"Fascinating," said Lt. Spencer.

Just then, the saloon door 'wanged' open and in walked a cowboy covered with trail dust.

"I say--I say--I feel the need for a bit of libation--a beer that is. Barkeep!" Miss Kitty Holley put her head in her hands--why, oh why, did she feel as if she were losing control?

"I say, I am the meanest, the suavest, the most determined--listen up there, boy, how ya gonna know who I am if'n ya don't listen up?--Diplomacy player--I said DIPLOMACY player, boy--that ever wore janglers--that's "spurs", boy--in these here parts. I am--I say, I AM--George--with a capital 'G'--George Grey-cell."

"Belly up to the bar, Mr Grey-cell," said Miss Kitty as she gave S'ym the handsign that meant to keep the newcomer out of her hair. Grey-cell swaggered stiffly up to the bar.

"Whut'll it be, mate?" asked the bartender gutturally, his hands shuffling the beer placards together below counter level.

"I want--I say--I want something low in caloric density. Something that'll help keep the lovehandles off, if you know what I mean." He winked conspiratorily at the bartender.

"You want something wet, something dry," said Bruce Willis, from the end of the bar. [...And completely throwing the GM...]

"Yeah--that's good, boy--I want a dietary imbibement of an alcoholic content--a light, that is."

THUNK! A flaming arrow buried itself into the woodwork of the bar.

"C'mon, boy, pay attention," snapped Grey-cell. "Beer--I say--I want beer."

"Brand?"

"Miller--I say--Miller Lite. I love that boy like a stranger," said Grey-cell, to nobody in particular. S'ym picked out the 'MILLER LITE' placard and deftly placed it above the spigot and drew Grey-cell a mug.

The Press Judge, who had unobtrusively entered the saloon unnoticed quite some time before, was sitting in a darkly shadowed corner of the room scribbling furiously on his note pad. Why, oh why, did he feel as if he were losing control?

GM to BLACK PRESSER: I dunno, but if you find out give me a hint. (And, Gentle Reader, if you thought that was bad, get a load of what's coming up.)

REGGIE JACKSON - GM: Did you say Golden Age Stuff?

GM - REGGIE: Who me? Do I look stupid to you? (And what are you doing here, you're not with the Mets.)

LUCKY - DUCKY: Um. . .Don, you just had to say it, didn't you? You just had to ask for Golden Age press. . .if I were you, I'd head for Newark rather than read what's in store for you below. . . .

SEPTEMBER 23, 1903. . .

To the dispassionate onlooker, the line of dirty-faced men appeared to be another group of refugees escaping from the war in the Balkans. There was the same nervous twitch about the mouth and the side-long glance at the hills. In reality, these were the remnants of the Sultan's elite First Army. They had been the first to answer his call to arms.

The First Army knew how to fight, and had done well in the Battles of Bucharest and Sophia. Now, though, they were cut off from their supply lines and wandering through the Carpathians. Most of their horses had been turned into rations for the men. The last of their cannon had been left behind on the rocky trails with a broken wheel. The commander reviewed his troops before he issued the orders to march west. He prayed to Allah that the winter would be kind.

DONALD to DUCKY: Golden Age enough for you?

DUCKY - DONALD: What did I ever do to you? (Whimper. . .stop, please. . .)

DONALD - GM: You've done all sorts of nasty things to me. Shooting at me in Fiat Bellum, when it wasn't even duck season. (My tail feathers have only just grown back.) [You're a loon! I wasn't in that game--hell, I didn't even GM it, Socrates did.] Waking me up in the middle of the night just because the sun hasn't set in California. Being able to afford to live in California. Need I go on? (No, but you probably will anyway.)

GM - GAME: And now, a third "story" for your mild amusement. . .hey, it's possible. . .

!!!!!!UNTITLED

He came through the doors of the Austrian Arms Saloon with a crash, bounced once on the boardwalk, and tumbled through the dust of the street before coming to a halt between the two mountain men. The little Frenchman stood up, brushing the dust from his fancy clothing, and grinned from ear to ear. His gold tooth gleamed in the sunlight.

"Whot happen, Frenchie?" asked the shorter of the two. "You bin cheatin' at cards agin?"

"Mas-no," came the reply, "Miz Kit-te, she iz taking ze offence at a casual comment I made in passing to the gentlemen in ze bleu uniform."

"Whell, wot you say, Frenchie?" asked the other.

The little Frenchman shrugged his shoulders in bewilderment.

"I only asked ze Captain if he agreed with me that ze Miz Kit-te would rate as a '4' on ze Borax Scale."

"Wot's a 'Borax Scale'?" asked the short one. Eye's twinkling, the Frenchman replied.

"Why, it is ze number of mules it would take to pull her off my face, my cheri!"

GM - GAME: Mine not to reason why. . .I just print it, I don't encourage it. (At least I hope I don't encourage that kind of stuff, do I?)

TURKEY LURKEY - CHICKIN LICKIN: You are so greasy that even the truth slides off your well-oiled tongue, but it got passed me before I recognized it.

GM - TURK: Uh, "...before you recognized it..."? How many well-oiled tongues do you know? (Never mind, I don't want to know.)

BOOB - DUCK: I know, I know, I'm late. [I'll say; this thing was ready to go a month ago.] I'll try to keep it short. Really!

COCHISE - BOOB: You're a pervert and a chief. Put that silver back!

(Press continued on bottom of page 16.)

NEXT SEASON: Fall 1904  
ZAT: October 15, 1986

GAME ID: 1985-AU  
GM: Don Williams

## "Hey, Are You Rotating?"

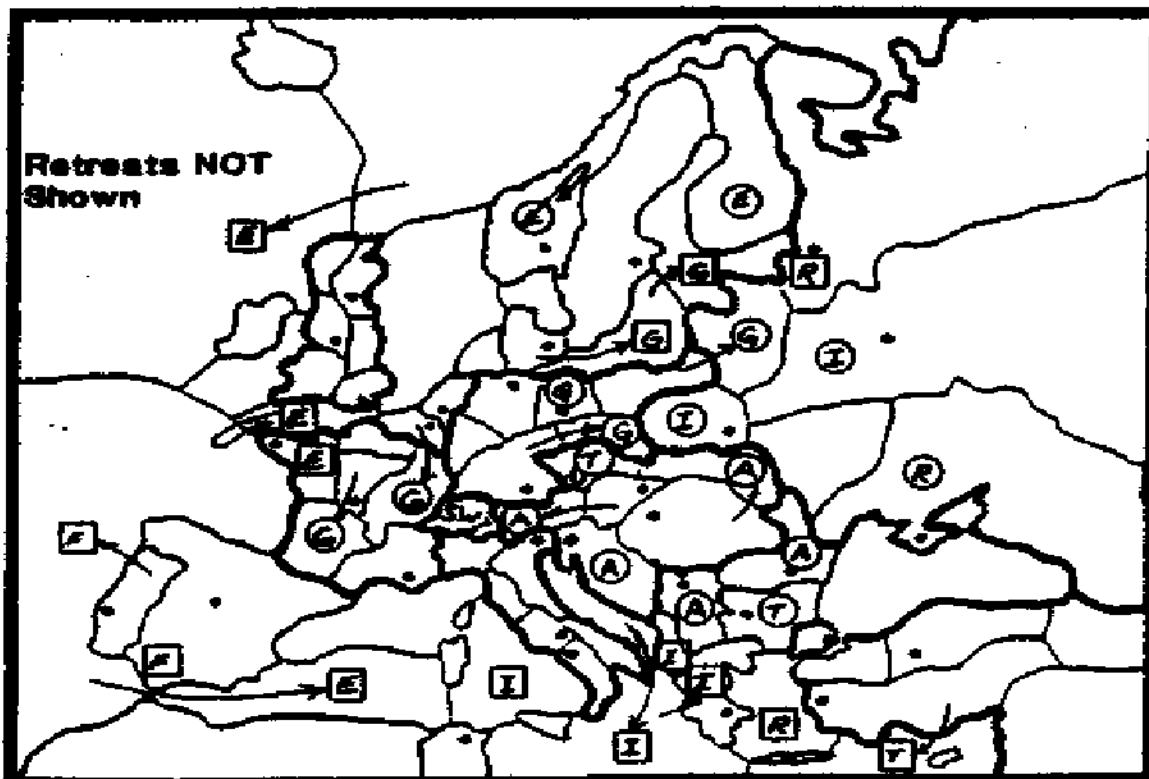
THIS MONTH'S HEADLINE HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH THE GAME IN PROGRESS!!! FURTHERMORE, GM HAS NO SNAPPY HEADLINES THIS MONTH, OR ANY HEADLINES ON ANY KIND WHATSOEVER!!! AND, BECAUSE OF THE GM'S DE FACTO PUBLISHING VACATION LAST MONTH, HE'S NOT EVEN GOING TO PRINT THE ADDRESSES OF THE PLAYERS HERE BECAUSE THEY'RE ALREADY PRINTED ON PAGE 9 (LAST MONTH'S GAME REPORT)!!! AIN'T THIS REALLY GREAT!?

### S P R I N G 1 9 0 4

AUS [5] A bud-GAL, A RUM S A bud-GAL, A SER S A RUM, A vie-TYA,  
A TRI S A vie-TYA.  
ENG [6] A FIN S A NWY-stp, A NWY-stp, F BRE S (GER) A par-GAS,  
F ENG-mao, F mao-WES, F rwg-NAT.  
FRA [3] A gas S (GER) A par-bre(nso;d;r Mar,OTB), F por-MAO,  
F SPA(sc) S F por-MAO.  
GER [7] A pru-LVN, F bal-BOT, F den-BAL, A mun-SIL, A BER S A mun-SIL,  
A par-GAS, A bel-BUR.  
ITA [6] A MOS S RUS F STP(sc), A WAR H, F ion-GRE, F ALB S F ION-gre,  
F adr-ION, F TYN S F ADR-ion.  
RUS [3] Civil Disorder. Has F STP(sc), A SEV, F AEG.  
TUR [4] F ary-EAS, ~~A GRE-mao~~, A BUL S F GRE(otm), A BOH-tya.

GAME NOTES: *Ege-ion(d;anh)*

- DISLOCCEMENTS--France's A gascony
- Russia did not submit orders, but can do so at any time in the future
- ZAT for Fall 1904 is October 15, 1986
- Map of Spring 1904 is below--do you like the new and improved style?
- Press follows, next page.



GM - GAME: First off, sorry to the GHOSTS for my de facto vacation last month, and I hope you'll all join with us again next time. (Come to think of it, though, most of you never saw the press which was printed for last month's game, so everything should continue smoothly, eh?)

For now, then, welcome to the Flash & Baker Show. . .

J.R. - MELINDA: The difference between Florida and Texas is like the difference between a pelican and a bull, or the difference between a retirement home and a rodeo. What's the use, if you don't know the difference you belong in Florida! [Guess what your illustrious GM just figured out--this belongs in last month's press. . .sigh.]

GERMANY - FRANCE: Ron, I was on a precipice, waiting to implement the plan. Then I chickened out, [Too bad for Ron you didn't fall off the precipice.] not having heard from George and also fearing your recuperative powers. When in doubt, there's always the safe way out. I'm sorry, guy.

GERMANY - RUSSIA: Calling all sometime-Russians. . .you still there, Terry? Glad to see you are still "into" this game as much as you were when you wrote me back in 1985 and told me so. Gosh, I was getting worried.

FAZ - HOBBY HOLLEY: Good hunting in St Pete, and here's to advances on the Western Front, too!

KAISER - SULTAN: Ah, the Roaring Silence. . .again! Do I assume that you are now a puppet of Austria's and not interested in anything in the West? If so, then good luck and here's hoping you didn't get a wild hair and try for Munich. I shall look exceedingly stupid (more so than usual) [Not likely.] if I moved out of there and lost the gamble.

GER - ITA: What's the story, George? No calls, no letters, rumored hassles with <sup>and</sup> other such stuff. . .all Europe wonders and waits to hear from the Pope.

GERMANY - AUSTRIA-HUNGARY: Conrad, good luck on the move west, and I hope that your game moves are west (or east) and not north! Life would be extremely a drag if you went where I feared you might. . .continued luck and cooperation between us, Archduke, and remember what I said over the phone. . .we both depend on timing.

SICK JOKE OF THE MONTH: Who's the greatest basketball player under six feet? Answer--Len Bias.

GERMANY - BLACK PRESSER/MYSTERY WRITER: WHO would give Capt. Mark T. Kirk Fassio two GOLD captain's bars? And what else does this Kitty Holley lady do besides LOOK voluptuous, leer, leer????

GM - FLASH: You really want to find out? Should be fun next month. . .  
. . .which is to say that's all there is this month, in this game--  
bye, all.

RATS!!! Another oversight. Please be advised that Conrad Minshall's address as listed on page 9 is good until the end of September. After the first of October, please direct all correspondence to--  
Conrad Minshall; 4106 Thain Way, Redwood City, CA 94061. (By the way, 'Rad, if you want to give me a telephone I'd appreciate it. . .I had three calls here looking for it.)



So I sat in the waiting room and waited. Convenient. There were magazines on the coffee table; Magus, Europa Express. . . that was convenient, too, and I browsed through them as I waited. I saw where Jim Keeney had penciled in his moves for Fall 1906 in Old Friends. Very convenient.

One other thing was convenient about the waiting room. As I sat on the couch reading, Simone sat behind her receptionist's desk filing her nails. Her hunch pushed her forward in the chair enough that I could see her cleavage clear down to her belly button. Like I said, convenient.

About 10:20, John buzzed Simone on the intercom and said that he'd see me. I walked through the door marked, 'John Crow, Valet Parking'. John was adjusting a boutonniere on his suspenders. On his desk were a revolver and a half-empty bourbon bottle. Valet, it's a tough racket.

"John," I said, "it's great to see you."

"Likewise, I'm sure," he replied.

"Look, I've got this little problem with..."

"Olsen," he finished.

"Oh. . . you've heard."

"Who hasn't?" said Crow, sitting in the swivel chair and throwing his feet up on the desk. "You've got twenty minutes, then I gotta catch a plane for Rome."

"Rome?"

"Yeah, the Pope's throwing a little soiree that he wants valeted."

"Wow. Valets to the Rich and Famous."

"Who're you, Robin Leach?" Like I said before, we're close.

"Look, John, Olsen says he didn't really win LEVIATHAN."

"Didn't win, eh?" Something about Crow changed then, but I couldn't say what. He slid open the top drawer of his desk and began rummaging around.

"Yeah, ain't it a scream?" But he wasn't listening. Suddenly, he found whatever he'd been looking for, a sheaf of worn and wrinkled papers. He handed them to me as he continued to mutter.

"So, Olsen didn't win..." he looked me straight in the eye, "...then I guess you'll accept those moves that I just happen to have here. You're holding moves and press for LEVIATHAN, Spring 2011." I stared in disbelief as Crow began to talk feverishly. He grabbed the papers back.

"They're really great; I swing around the flank into Siberia, and I'm able to get a raider into the North Atlantic--that'll be good for a center in the Fall, and here I move against Mazzer in Columbia, where he'll never expect it and..."

I had reached the door frame when Crow looked up.

"Of course, if Olsen doesn't want to play this one out, we can always go for best two out of three," said Crow, a smile of sheer enthusiasm spreading over his face. I did some quick figuring in my head; two more games of FINAL CONFLICT at four years each would take about eight years.

"Say, Don," Crow was talking again, "you wouldn't mind GMing them, would you?"

I bolted for the stairs.

[Next Month, Part Two of this charming little tale. Be there, Mazzer!]

(Press continued from page 13.)

BOOB - DESPERATE ONE: Oh goody, goody, goody! You're back! The desperadoes ride again! Sounds like you're also closely related to one.

HAWK - GM: Bzzzzzz. . . TIMBER! There goes another sequoia. I'm just harvesting some of your trees in Redlands. [Like I said...you're brain-dead. . .]

GM - HAWK: And another thing--we don't have any sequoias here; we've got loads of Mexican Fan Palms, Eucalyptus, Crepe Myrtle and, wherever development hasn't wiped them out, citrus orchards.

PRESS JUDGE - BOOB: Hey, who gave you the right to class us together?! You have no class, whereas I'm in Historical and Comparative Linguistics (again).

GM - BOOB: In the Great Directory of Life, you're an unlisted number. . .

BOOB - GM: You're giving everyone the wrong idea about me. For the life of me, though, I can't come up with the right one. [A dead dial tone?]

GERMANY - ENGLAND: So, Melinda, you prefer the dark-haired men of muscle and machismo, eh? Think of me as a more muscular Woody. [He's lying, I've seen his picture.] Build upon his solid, Herculean physique--improve it with good looks, taste, charm, etc. Add a fifteen inch... ah...neck size in shirts, and someone with wit enough to make Don Williams bow in his direction thrice daily, and who do you have? (Note: I now leave a blank space, known in vaudevillian terms as a "straightman lead-in", in case someone wishes to comment on that last question/statement.)

J.R. - FAZ: Well, I did call once (at midnight) but your wife said you weren't at home. If so, who was that she was talking to?

PRESS JUDGE - DUCKY: Okay, Typo Time! [Bug off, creep.] Page 6: suborn has one b. Page 12: ~~you~~ not ~~you~~/ré. Page 14: Darry Heep. Page 13: "you tell me what kind of wierdo I think you are" has to be a typo--you would never ask the Boob Master to tell you what to think! [You're right, I didn't; read it again, O linguist mine.]

ENG - PJ: Not only do I write gems, but I am a gem.

GM - PJ: Don't ask me.

PRESS JUDGE - MINSHALL: Well? So how's the Promised Land? Found a house yet? [Yeah, he/they did. . .best wishes to both, eh Pete?]

PRESS FUNSTER - GM: If Burgess had acne, would he be the Zitgeist?! (Hee-yuk yuk yuk!) [What do you mean "if"? (Caught the allusion... nice...ethereal, but nice.)]

GHOSTLUSTER - GM: It's not ether\_eal around here--it's just plain spooky!!

FLASH - BOOBERGEIST: You!? Here to "light up my life"? I'd prefer Debby Boone for that. . .even prefer gasoline. But (sigh) if all that's here is you, well. . .it beats commentary from Peej VII, aka the Press Judge. [Oooo-h-h! Dock him! Dock him!] But not by much, budro.

BOOB - FRANCE: I understand your feelings, but you have to admit that the magic of this game is in its unpredictability. The E/C alliance is very dangerous for Germany. I'm licking my chops as England in a similar situation, but Faz has every right in the world to try to pull this off.

GER - FRA: Yeah, Ron, I may yet regret my choice of allies in the end, but I'm a short-term player like I said before. Right now things look OK, and there are some loose ends to tie up this game before I decide on a new course of action.

PJ - BE-BOPPIN' BRIT: Love that scat music!

ENGLAND - DISCO DUCK: How do you feel about the Fabulous Thunderbirds? Shake it Ducky!!

DUCKY - M-M-M-MELINDA: They ain't T. Rex or Dire Straits or Queen, but

I've singed a feather or two whilst in pursuit of the Perfect Step. (By the way, don't get too involved with music here, or you'll get you-know-who going all over again.)

MH - GM: I sympathize. Boob sent press to REBEL, too.

FAZCIST GERMANY - BABBLE-ON BOOBERGEIST: The lessons of Stalingrad are not lost on Kaiser Fazdorf and his legions of luminaries, lunging leftward and leeward like lions and llamas against the luscious lands of France and Livonia. Even now, troops are trembling from trauma and titillation, as they are tasked to tap into the treasures of tens of thousands of tantalizing semi-Teutonic tails in Bur (not to mention trembling from the trauma of tens of tons of snow, as we try to advance further into Russia in the future!) No, the lessons of Stalingrad haven't been forgotten-- I'll make sure to do it again, hyork, hyork!

ENGLAND - BOOB: Just let me know when the class graduates.

PRESS JUDGE - GM: Douse the dunderheads with decaying denture cleanser. (Why am I doing this?) [I asked first.]

LINDA OF L.L. & DUCK OF D.W.: Here now, what's this talk of Margie flying off to Air Lansdale to meet and/or become enamored of the King of Rodents, Woody? Did you not know of my obviously superior qualities? (Read the description in the press to Ms Holley, see-voo-play.) (That's French, you know?) [No wonder they lost the war.]

Flashburn is not a bad thing to have, let me inform you. Millions have commented on its effectiveness in removing mundane times, cleaning up dog guano from the yard, and so on. Hey, I'm a regular Benny Goodman (or is it Henry Youngman?) [I don't know, she's your wife.] Margie wouldn't think of leaving me. She can't anyway--I have her chained in the rec room downstairs. [I'm impressed.]

ENGLAND - FLASH: Hose me down! I've got the fever!! [So, apparently, is Kitty. . .]

BOOB - LUCKY LINDY: Charlotte doesn't read this. . .and I think I'm very glad she doesn't. . .

GM - BOOB: For once, I know what you mean; Venessa wouldn't touch this with a ten-foot pole.

BOOB - DON: I'm sure Charlotte and Venessa would have much to agree upon should they ever have the opportunity to meet, eh?

DON - BOOB: You'd never get me to agree with you twice in the same issue, I've got a reputation to think about.

1111111111 - BOOBERGEIST: Don wouldn't touch that line last month with a ten-foot pole, but: it's easy to have Melinda tell Gorge and Faz apart--- it's not such a hard time. After all, Faz couldn't give her a "hard time", the way he's built.

GM - GME: It's at this point that I wonder whether I should have Melinda asking to be hosed down again. Oh, and about Flash; I won't pretend to know what you seem to know, but I'd like to be one of the very first to let you all know that Flash and Margie Fassio are about to become parents for the first time--Mark is pregnant! (Some kind of strange deal they worked out.) Congratulations to the parents to be!!! (And now, back to the boredom in progress...)

BOOB MCDUCK - DUCKY: Say it ain't so! I knew the Hobby Sex Ghod before the mass psychosis entranced everyone. Stop misleading Lucky Lindy.

DONALD - SOCRATES: Don't let Mr. Perdue catch you. 180° indeed.

AND NOW, DUE TO THE GM'S INABILITY TO GET THE FOLLOWING TO NIP AND TUCK NEATLY INTO THE REST OF THE PRESS, WE BRING YOU "FLICK FOLLIES"--

DONALD - DUCKY: That stuff under sepearte cover should have been kept under wraps; IT WAS DISGUSTING! How old was that Clark Bar? [If you'd been around when I came into the hobby you'd know that. To prove it, let me open this question up to all: How old are the Clark Bars Don Williams gives away as prizes? Winner gets a book of stamps. (Idea stolen from Steve and Lindy.)]

PRESS JUDGE - FLASH: Any "Rocky Horror" fan knows it's Fuck and Wagnall's. But I did like the obscure reference.

GM - FLASH: In the ~~Editor's~~ Press Judge's case, the obscurer the better.

BOOB - EL GM SUPREMO: Why can't a Game Master of your stature put the Red Sox back on the winning track? Do you have any idea what torture I'm in for with a born and bred Red Sox fan in bed with me. [I did; they are; and be thankful Charlotte's not a Mets fan...did you see what they did to Shea?!!] Explain to the multitudes (and me, too, while you're at it) why Red Sox fans are so impossible. [We're not. . .it's just that it's been a very, very, very long time.]

PRESS JUDGE - BASEBALL FANS: You want a real promising set of players, pick a team consisting of the best Cleveland Indians (my childhood favorites) [who but a child could summon the fantasy needed to make the Tribe winners?] and the Texas Rangers. [Cowboys and Indians, Pete?] These two clubs won't win pennants this year, but they have talent to challenge for the 5 to 10 years! (P.S. Nobody's going to catch the Mets, but the Astros will give 'em trouble in the playoffs. Angels and BoSox look good on the junior circuit, but bet the house on the Met pitching in October.) [You're on, pardo; my apartment against yours-- 86--NO FOLD!!!--86 G O R E D S O X ! ! !]

BOB OJEDA - WILLIAMS: I woke up in a cold sweat the other night after the worst nightmare I've ever had: I dreamed I'd been traded back to the Red Sox!!!

GM - KATHY: Shit, I knew you were going to start up sooner or later. Look, would you mind going back to your pit for a while, at least until I get the reasonably good press typed?

METS - BUMBLING IDIOT: First you beg us on bended knee to write press, and now you tell us to leave. Fat chance, we're NUMBER ONE--tell the sucky Giants to hit the road! ["...the sucky Giants..."?]

PRESS JUDGE - GM: Are we the only erudite ones in here? What say we split for a beer and Irish nachos at Gilligan's Bar? (Or do they have one in San Berdu County?) Dump these Neanderthals. [Nothing I'd like more than to split a beer with you, buddy-ol'-erudite-pal-o'-mine, but we ain't got no Gilligan's here. . .would T.G.I.F.'s slake the thirst? (One of those opened three-four months back in San Bernardino.)]

BOOBAROO - MINSHALL: You are not the pimple-brained pisspot! Congratulations on turning your position around. [Kiss-of-death time, eh, Boobergeist? Let's hope you don't help him as much as you helped Tallman.]

BOOB - GHOD: Don't let the faithless get you down--I still believe in you!

GM - GAME, GHOSTS, AND GAUGHAN: Kind of pathetic, isn't it?

FAZDORF - FANTOM TSAR: Hey, Terry, good moves last time, really. If you had made a few more moves, say since 1901, who knows how this game

ENGLAND - RUSSIA: Sorry, Terry. I'm just a greedy little girl.

LUCKY - NUDE: Great story! [Huh? Oh, I see, you put that here when it should have been there. . .better luck next time.]

BOOB - SOLDIERS: Merhinks I'll abandon you and take up with the Desperate Ones. . .but since they don't get underway for another month I'll clutter your press for a bit longer. [One down, one to go. . .]

WALLY BACKMAN - FAZ: "Hit spheroids with wooden sticks", huh? Let me put it this way; since Mitchell and I are tied for the highest batting average in the National League, why not let us use your head as the ball for batting practice? We wouldn't have to worry about doing any damage as the doctor took care of that when he dropped you on your head!

LINDY - HAWK: Fancy meeting you here! Looks like we both crashed a pretty wild V.I.P. party--check out all those Mets! But its getting too rowdy now. . .how about finding a cozy, intimate corner, just the two of us, away from all this noisy press? [Pete, they're getting ready to start slaking and cozening over there--will you, uh, cool them off? (I've got a comeback in my mouth, but I'll leave it to you.)]

8008 MCDUCK - LORD MASTER SOCRATES: I worship at the feet of your wisdom. I lick the hallowed sweat from your brow, yet still you shame me. What more can I do?

Except when dealing with that last item. [Well, it is Jim-Boob.]

WALLY BACKMAN - MELINDA: Psssst! Listen, cutie, if you don't tell Phyllis,

if I'll take you into the dugout and show you just how good the Mets really are!

ENGLAND - GERMANY: What can I say? I'm a sucker for a uniform.

OH - BOBBY: Why you telling him?

FASSIO - CARTER (OH BROTHER!): Hey, "Gary", thanks for the "throw-the-bum-out" line to use on people in this game. I think I'll use it. Hey, Rothenstein, come here for a minute, okay?

CARTER - GEDMAN: The only thing you can catch is fire!

"GEDMAN" - CARTER: Talk to me after the World Series, okay champ?

MOCKIE MITCHELL - ROOKIE THOMPSON: You call playing for the Giants playing in the Majors? You wouldn't even make the Double-A league with the Mets.

METS FAN - LARRY: 12 1/2 games in front on July 13th--we can afford to write home. We noticed your Sox aren't that confident! [Hey, the Magic Number is now 5. I know, I know, you've already clinched; but then, we weren't losers for as long as you guys either.]

BARDA - DENVERED DUCK: You wanted Sambito, you got him. As they say, there's a sucker born every minute.

SMILING - SPITZER: Speaking of suckers--what minute was yours?

MR JO & RAY KNIGHT - CHRIS BROWN: At least we know where 3rd base is, unlike you and Morrison.

MOCKIE - CHILL: Hot you're not! Chili always cools off, Mockie's last fear!

LARRY - MOCKIE: Then go play left field.

OH - GARY: You know, people, it occurs to me here that Kathy gets one hell of a lot of hot angst out of her system while she's writing this stuff. If for no other reason than that, then, let us continue to put up with this mindless drivel for a wee little bit longer, okay?

ROOKIE - LARRY: Hey, that's my job!

BOBBY - FOSTER: I assure you, that's only temporary.

METS FAN - DENVERED DUCK: Seaver deserves better than the Red Sox! It's a shame he has to play with a second class team. [That's it Kathy, let 'em out. . . get it all out of your system. . .]

ROOKIE - BOON: Only the Giants would think they could win a pennant race by picking up an old man with a 4-9 record.

ROOKIE - GORDON: Hey, leave Carlton alone, he has-been's gotta stick together.

MINNESOTA - JACKSON: Get out of here. You aren't a Met, a Giant, or a Soxer. . . you aren't even a Dodger!

THE MAFS - REGGIE JACKSON: You're not even a Golden Ager--you'll have to wait 'til they put you to pasture.

BOBBY - GH: Sorry, I had to keep it short this month, but the Mets are on TV. [Yeah, well I guess I should thank my lucky stars, huh? I think you're getting carried away with this.]

METS - GH: We will continue with this until you list us as readers, since we are supplying so much of the GOOD material.

GH - METS: You got it, guys--check the front page. To all those still awake and on-mind, have a super month. . . and we'll see you soon. Bye!!!

Don Williams  
~~1885 East Citrus Avenue, Apt 12-C~~  
~~Redlands, CA~~  
~~92374 (714) 793-6791~~

2479 N. WINDSOR DR.  
SAN BERNARDINO, CA 92404

FLICK OF THE WRIST

Just a friendly "hello"  
issue - sort of to let you  
know what I do for a  
bit for "living" - Don

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