

INFIDEL

The Zine With The Distinctive Edge

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

INFIDEL #12 Page 2

The electronic silence is broken, suddenly, by a ragged burst of static over your headphones. The volume increases rapidly and soon you have to snatch the 'phones from your head. You rub your bruised ears and lift the telephone handset to call H.Q. to tell them that the infidels have started to jam your radio frequencies.

"Hello, Headquarters, this is Radio Listening Post Twelve. We have 'infidel' static and jamming on all frequencies. We request further instructions."

"R.L.P.12, this is H.Q., there is a massive infidel attack on all sectors. It is absolutely imperative that you. . ." CLICK! the line goes dead. You hurriedly try to call again, but all the lines are out. This is terrible!

You try the Field Telephone, but no one seems to be listening. You are alone, a bare half-kilometre behind the weakly-held front lines. The only unit between you and the enemy is the 1st Klickitat Explosive Demolitions Brigade, and they are totally depleted from recent actions. You try the line to codename MINDFLAYER, but the only answer you can get is a woman repeating the unrecognizable code words "JOHN HAS GONE TO FOOTBALL PRACTISE". You suspect that the woman is an enemy infiltrator who is giving out misleading info.

Either way, you're a deader if you stay put. You grab a Submachine Gun and some magazines and head for the door. Just as you reach it, a hail of heavy machine gun slugs rips through the far wall, destroying your radios and telephones, as well as setting the table on fire.

You wrench the door open and dive out into the cold night. The entire horizon is swarming with shadowy figures with their weapons flaming shots all around the building. You hit the ground and open fire on the enemy troops.

Your gun spews messages of death to a half dozen of the hated Infidels, but you're all alone, and badly outnumbered. The concentrated fire of all the troops in sight is zeroing in on you, and the enemy is starting to work around you.

The fire slackens, and you start to wonder why. You don't have time to take advantage of the situation, though, because the infidels have called in some mortars to take you out.

The earth heaves and shakes as the infidel mortars get the range. You hug the ground and try to make yourself as small a target as possible, but to no avail. The intense pain in your back and shoulder tell you that you're out of luck.

The last few explosions are well off target, and soon you are under fire from the Infidel infantrymen again. You put the last full magazine on your SMG, and wait for an incautious infidel to come forward.

Your patience is finally rewarded, as you hear a small noise to your front, and you empty the gun at the source. Three more Infidels won't go home.

The enemy is determined to get you now, but you're starting to lose consciousness, and the pain from your wounds is getting less and less distinct. You manage to open your eyes, and the world is strangely multi-coloured and fuzzy.

As you're blacking out, your mind grasps the blinding truth of all of your worst fears. . .The Infidels are winning again.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Infidels is
Clive Tonge 2402 Edenhurst Dr, Mississauga, Ont, L5A 2K9 (416)277-2638
and the Chief of Staff of the Empire is
Nick Russon 2503 Hurontario St, #353, Mississauga, Ont, L5A 2G7 (416)279-
the Imperial General Staff is: 2075
Vic Dupont 24 Old Mamaroneck Rd, White Plains, N.Y. 10605

Barry Hickey 679A St Clair Ave W, Apt B, Toronto, Ont, M6C 1A7 (416)653-
and 0666
Hugh Polley 314-20th Ave, S.W. Calgary, Alberta, T2S 0E6
and, recently promoted to the General Staff is that great
strategist and Diplomat,
Trevor Baillie 576 Bedford Park, Toronto, Ont, M5M 1K3 (416)787-7684

Headlines

1. Sub Fees to this rag are at the rate of 45¢ per 12 to 16 pages and 65¢ for 20 pages. \$1.60 for this particular issue, for obvious reasons. Game fees are on average \$3.25, varying upon the actual game and other circumstances.
2. Current game openings are:
 - i) Fornost Brain-a regular diplomacy game, game mastered by Parry Hickey. So far, there are 2 people signed up.
 - ii) Gundabad-a tentative dead-man game, game mastered by Nick Russon. So far, no one has signed up.
 - iii) Henneth Annûn-a regular diplomacy game, for new subscribers only, game mastered by Nick Russon. Signed up so far, are McAuley, L. Jensen, and C. Columbo.
 - iv) Ithilien-a regular diplomacy game game mastered by Clive Tonge. No sign ups so far.
 - v) Khazad-Dûm-a diplomacy variant, game mastered by Trevor Baillie. Rules to this variant will be printed next issue if space permits.
3. Our standby list contains the following names:
Acheson, Albrecht, Carter, Carroll, Cusack, Davies, Gauthier, Gantron, Wickey, Jensen, Kelly, Mercer, Norton, Palter, Plante, and Wilkie. Please volunteer for our standby list as we are running low (as usual).
4. Note from the typist: Hi guys! You'll notice that, against my better judgement, I've been signed up for a Diplomacy game. (see Henneth Annûn) So, to the other players who have or will sign up, have pity on a poor defenseless little girl!!!
5. And finally, our quote for the month, specially dedicated to Pierre Idiot Trudeau:
"You say you'll change the Constitution,
Well, you know,
WE ALL WANT TO CHANGE YOUR HEAD!!!"

Beatles

IT WAS 20 YEARS AGO TODAY SEARGEANT PEPPER TAUGHT THE BAND TO PLAY THEY WERE GOING!

The Skulking Cavorter

And now, dear readers, the moment you've all been waiting for. After months of arduous work, we have compiled every bit of data we could find on the Skulking Cavorter. Then, our resident computer programmer (alias the Mystery Typist) fed it into an IBM /360 computer. We now have a picture of what the Skulking Cavorter looks like. Now hold on to your booties, girls, and turn the page. (Guys too). Be prepared to pant and drool. He's a hunk!!!!!!!

I mean if they had at least had a sign saying it was the 5th Whelton's Courtesans. So what if 192 were virginal, so what if only 63 were of age, everyone's entitled to a mistake. Not one of them tried to stop me (only 288 ever even said no).

If you were wondering what I was doing on Kuuzbaen, I shall explain. It's like this; Me and Marv Da Whip (Don't ask how he got the name 'Marv' it's really weird) were sitting around the old box one day when an invitation to the "Ad Infinitum Kuuzbaen Fizzbinn Tournament" arrived. So I sez to "Da Whip", "Ya want to go?" And he sez "I'd rather have sex with a goat". Realizing he was as thrilled as I was, we set off.

Needless to say we took some much needed provisions: 10 cases of Brador, 5 kegs of draught, 2 bags of Oreos and (a Partridge in a pear tree) a deck of marked deck of Fizzbinn cards (Don't leave home without them).

Upon arriving on the planet we we're greeted by the Grand Imperial Kuuzbaen Fizzbinn Dracmar T.P.T., R.D.C., K.O.N., K.B.N., F.Z.B.N., (M.O.U.S.E.). We were then escorted to "THE" Fizzbinn tourny.

I was playing against 王. So I was quite thrilled
 to watch such masters play. OH! By the way I heard the funniest
 joke while there and I thought you would like it:

I almost thought I'd die laughing when I heard that. Well in any instance when they gave me the run of the town so to speak. That the minor skirmish occurred, so caught with my pants down (so to speak). Marv and I beat a hasty advance to the rear. I hope nick and clive have managed to decode the Fizzbinn rules so that you may enjoy the game yourselves. If you remember when this zine started "MWA" promised you diplomacy dirt, well I really got some dirt, It's so dirty that I'm kinda trying to decide whether or not I should(tink, tink, tink). Yea. O.K. I will.

Seems a fellow zine type has this ongoing "thing" with another zine type, namely a Phallus Fetish, that he keeps talking about. Really I don't mind such things but, Bill LaFosse, you're married and a cop to boot (which is what he probably does to Pepsi Curēā with spiked heels yet no doubt borrowed from his wife).

Clive has again asked me not to mention him. So I won't mention you Clive, but if you asked me to I would Clive. Don't get me wrong if you wanted me to I'd only be to glad to mention you Clive. But you asked me not to so I won't, Clive.

you give! yes you should be... (WHA?)!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

In a church one Wednesday before confessions the good father falls down with a heart attack. He siad to one of the choir boys, "You're going to hafta go in for me." "O.K.," sez the boy. Everything goes O.K. untill Sunday when the boy gets found out. The cardinal sez to him "Son you can fool some of the paple all of the time, all of the paple some of the time, but you can't fool all of the paple all of the time:

time:
????????????????????(WHAT)????????????????????

Bye till next time.

The Skulking Cavorter

P.S. I hope Clive didn't use that stupid banner headline again.

CAVORT CAVORT CAVORT

Game: 1976 HF
Season: Winter 1914 / Spring 1915

GM: Vic Dupont
Due: Dec. 5/80

'To The Tune: "IT'S THE WRONG TIME, AND THE WRONG PLACE"

England (Ripper) Builds a edi, a lon. f swe s f nwy, f nwy s f swe, a edi-den, f nth
c a edi-den, a bel s f hol, f hol s a bel, a lon-pic, f eng c a lon-pic, a bre
s a lon-pic, f mid-naf, f wme s f mid-naf.

Germany (Fisher) Removes a fin. a ruh-hol, a kie s a ruh-hol, a stp h.

Italy (Albrecht) Remove a bur. Retreats f gre to alb. f alb-tri, a mun-tyo, f ion h/d/,
f tun s f ion, f nap-rom, a par-bur, a ven s f nap-rom.

Turkey (Hickey) Build a ank, a con, f smy. Retreat f nap-apu. a bud s a tri, a tri h,
a war-sil, a ukr-gal, a sev-ukr, f eas-ion, f apu s f eas-ion. f gre s f eas-ion,
a mos-stp, f smy-aeg, f bulsc s f gre, a ank-arm, a con-smy.

Retreat:

Italy retreats f ion to tyh, nap, adr, or OTB.

RANDOUTOFSTYLEBUTTHEY'REGUARANTEEDFORAISEASMILESOMAYIINTRODUCETOYOUOHE

Game: 1977 AF
Season: Fall, 1911

GM: Nick Russon
Due: to lack of
opposition!

TURK CRUISES TO VICTORY!!!

Austria(Gautron) Retreats a war-sil. a ber-kie/a/, a mun s a ber-kie,
a sil-ber.

England(Norton) f hol-hlg, f bel-hol, f nth-ska, f eng-bre,
a par s f eng-bre, f por h.

France(Kelly) a gas-bre, a spa s f mid-por, f mid-por.

Germany(Carroll) f swe-nwy, a den s a kie h, a kie s a pru-ber,
a pru-ber.

Russia(Cuerrier) a mos h/d/, a stp s a mos h, a nwy h.

Turkey(J. Jensen) a pie-mar, f lyo s a pie-mar, f wes-spasc,
f tyh-tun, f aeg-ion, f ven h, a sev-mos, a ukr s a sev-mos,
a war s a sev-mos, a gal s a war h, a arm-sev, a tri-tyo,
a vie-boh, a bud-vie.

Retreats: Austrian a ber annihilated.
Russian a mos-lvn or OTB.

Centres: A(1) mun, ~~W14~~, ~~W17~~. Remove One.
E(8) home, por, bel, bre, hol, par. Build Two.
F(1) spa, ~~P17~~, ~~P17~~. Remove Two.
G(4) kie, ber, swe, den, ~~P11~~. Build One.
R(2) stp, nwy, ~~P14~~. Remove One, or even, depending on the retreat.
T(18) home, bul, rum, sev, tun, gre, ser, bud, nap, rom, ven,
tri, mos, vie, war, mar. Build Four!

Press: London to World: "Todai, moto kurashi!"

Game Statistics: Started March 21, 1977, (Janus #41) GM: Cal White (to S'07)
Electra Glide Blue (to S'07) Doug Hayward/
Arrakis (to F'07) Dave Head (to F'07)
Infidel Nick Russon

A: Claude Gautron
E: Tom Tompkins (res S'03); Chris George (dro F'07); Wayne Norton
F: Mario Cauz (dro F'07); Martin Holley (dro W'10); Ron Kelly
G: Tom Gutoski (dro W'01); Mark Fecenko (dro F'07); Mike Carroll
I: Duane Skuce (dro F'04); Civil Disorder (out W'04).
R: Pete Wynnyczuk (dro S'03); Francois Guerrier
T: Jan Jensen (WIN F'11)

	01	02	03	04	05	06	07	08	09	10	11
A	4	6	8	9	8	9	9	7	5	3	1
E	4	4	4	4	4	5	5	5	6	6	8
F	5	6	5	5	6	5	5	3	3	3	1
G	5	5	6	6	6	6	6	5	5	5	4
I	4	3	1	0	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
R	6	5	4	3	3	2	2	2	3	3	2
T	4	5	6	7	8	7	7	12	12	14	18

And there we have the final resting place of the mortal remains of this child of Ghod. May we each go our separate ways, secure in the knowledge that. . . Sermon's over, kids, so why don't one or two of you write end-game statements?

ACTYOU'VEKNOWNFORALLTHESEYEARSSEERGEANTPEPPERSLONELYHEARTSCLUBBANDWE'RE

'I'm Sorry, the City You've dialed...'

Santa Barbara, Calif.--A prankster who used a mechanical device hooked into the telephone system yesterday told incoming telephone callers that Santa Barbara had been destroyed by a nuclear blast.

Telephone company officials said the prankster apparently used a device called a "blow-by" box to intercept direct-dialing calls calls coming into the area.

He told callers that a nuclear accident had destroyed Santa Barbara and the surrounding area.

The message brought alarmed calls from as far away as Florida and Alaska demanding details of the "tragedy" and asking whether a third world war had begun.

Telephone company officials said the hoax apparently continued for about a half an hour.

They said there is little chance of arresting the prankster because the interception could have been done from "just about anywhere"

SERGEANTPEPPER'SLONELYHEARTSCLUBBANDWEHOPEYOUWILL ENJOYTHESHOWSERGEANTP

Reprints, yes we do reprints! This article first appeared in Arrakis #89, roughly two years ago. I hope that those of you who are still around from then will forgive this little transgression. . .if not, tough.

The Health and Welfare Dept. (Eating Habits Division):

Are you sick and tired of jocks and health nuts who make you feel inferior by taking meticulous care of themselves? Are you ready to vomit at friends' healthier-than-thou attitudes, when they order a vegetarian salad after you've ordered pages two and three of the menu? Is your only sport excess!?

If so, then you, too, know how all of those IQ tests are slanted towards white, middle-class brats, and all the fitness tests are slanted towards jocks. Well, here is the test that will show all of those people just how sick they really are.

The Out-To-Lunch Health Quiz (edited version):

- 1/ The Canadian Minister of Health and Welfare said to eat breakfast like a king, lunch like a prince, and dinner like:
 - a. you've got the runs
 - b. a fat monk
 - c. somebody else is paying for it
 - d. there's no tomorrow
- 2/ The most ecologically sound dietary thing you could do is:
 - a. eat like a rabbit
 - b. buy only mouldy food
 - c. save a tree-eat a beaver
 - d. swallow as much junk food as you can before it escapes into the atmosphere
- 3/ The best remedy for a hangover is:
 - a. two raw eggs, a tablespoon of frog urine, a quarter cup of cold-pressed coconut curds, and a stomach pump
 - b. a transfusion
 - c. champagne out of the bottle with a long straw
 - d. a .38 to the temple
- 4/ The last time I threw up was after I:
 - a. ran a marathon
 - b. tried one of the above hangover remedies
 - c. washed down a whole pizza with scotch
 - d. heard someone suggest I run a marathon
- 5/ After a light meal, the best exercise is:
 - a. a quick mile
 - b. polishing your plate with your tongue
 - c. dessert
 - d. a heavy meal
- 6/ Before a heavy meal, the best exercise is:
 - a. a quick mile
 - b. grace in sign language
 - c. stretching your jaw muscles
 - d. jockeying for the best seat at the table
- 7/ After a heavy meal, the best exercise is:
 - a. a brisk walk to the men's room
 - b. trying to rebuckle your belt
 - c. standing up
 - d. lighting your cigarette on the flambe
- 8/ One-hundred-year-old Russians suck yoghurt all day:
 - a. because it keeps the lead in their pencils
 - b. because their mothers tell them to
 - c. because they have no teeth
 - d. because American TV coin is good
- 9/ You should chew your food:
 - a. until you forget what you bit
 - b. just enough to make sure that it's dead
 - c. then swallow and take another bite, all in one smooth, graceful motion
 - d. if there's time
- 10/ "You are what you eat" means:
 - a. you're in big trouble if you eat a lot of pork
 - b. you're in big trouble if you're a vegetarian
 - c. you're probably double-jointed
 - d. you're in a frenzy; one of your fingers got in the way

- 11/ With a vegetarian meal, the best wine:
- a. matches the colour of the beans
 - b. must be filtered for microscopic grape maggots
 - c. should be poured over everything
 - d. is wasted
- 12/ The best way to deal with greasy, heavily salted, or supersweet food is to:
- a. avoid it like an elephant farting plutonium
 - b. eat it only when friends insist
 - c. eat it while the grease is hot, the sugar dry, and the salt just tingling to get at your blood pressure
 - d. tie your teeth behind your back and let your tongue have all the fun
- 13/ The only good Indian food:
- a. is dead Indian food
 - b. is too expensive to bother with
 - c. must be served by a waiter who speaks no English
 - d. are the recipes found in the Kama Sutra
- 14/ The only excuse for gorging yourself on a mountain of food is:
- a. to save a life
 - b. to glorify God
 - c. because children are starving somewhere
 - d. because
- 15/ Fast food is good:
- a. if your taste buds are on vacation
 - b. when your date won't come across
 - c. to relieve constipation
 - d. always

Scoring

OK, fitness buffs, for every "a" answer give yourself a big fat goose egg. For every "b" answer, give your self 1 point; for every "c" answer, give yourself 2 points; and for every "d" give yourself 3.

If your score was between 0 and 15, you probably wash your hair with fertile egg yolks and cold-pressed soybean oil.

If your score was between 16 and 23, check your pulse. You're alive-barely.

If you scored between 24 and 30, there's real hope for you. You're the average, middle-class, semi-slovenly bastard.

If you scored between 31 and 38, you can feel a little proud of yourself. You're definitely above average when you put your mind to it, but you won't turn any heads or win the secret disgust of your friends unless you internalize your behavior. Learn to pig without really trying. Psych yourself into it by repeating; "...more...more...more..." when in a state of deep relaxation.

If you scored 39 to 44, you should see a doctor immediately.

If you scored a perfect 45, you most likely:

- a. cheated
- b. are reading this in a hospital, or in the waiting room of your psychiatrist
- c. are an emotionally disturbed Diplomacy player
- d. deserve our congratulations: You healthy F ker, you!

FOPPERSLONELYHEARTSCLUPBANDSITRACKANDLETTHEEVENINGGOSERGEANTPEPPERSLONE

Game: 1977 AR
Season: Spring 1913

Gm: Hugh A. Polley
Due: Dec. 5/80

FRANCE MAKES HAY? WHILE GREAT POWERS IDLE

Austria (Cusack) f tri, a bud, a vie, a ruh, a mun, a pru, a sil, a gal, a sev, a ven,
a tyo, a tus, f nap, f wes, a boh.
England (Maclellan) f edi, a lon, a stp, f lvn, a war, a ber, a kie, f hol, f bel, f pic,
f eng, f mid, a por, f spasc, a bre.
France (Carroll) Remove a par, a pic. f apu-ion, a gas-mar.
Russia (Gautron) a mos h (Unordered)
Turkey (Jensen) f tyo h (Unordered)

Note: There was a typing error last issue: England built a london not f london.

LYSERGEANTPEPPERSONELYSERGEANTPEPPERSONELYHEARTSCLUBBANDIT'SWONDERFU

GAME:1977 AU

DUE: Jan 10/81

SEASON: SUMMER-FALL 1909

GM: BARRY HICKEY

ALLIANCES STALEMATED ON THE NUMBERS

ENGLAND(W.Norton)Retreats F Lva-Bot & F Swe-Bal
F Bot-Fin, F Bal-Lva, A Den-Swe, F Nwy S A Den-Swe, F Nth-
Den, F Eng-Nth, F Stp(nc) H
FRANCE(J.Jensen)F Spa(sc) S ENGLISH F Eng-Mid(NSO), A Por S F Spa(sc),
F Pie-Lyo, F Mar S F Pie-Lyo, A Bre-Gas, A Boh H, A Mun S A
Boh H, A War-Lva, A Pru S A War-Lva, A Sil-War
ITALY(Wiedemeyer)F Tun-Naf, F Lyo-Mar/a/, F Thy S F Lyo(IMP), A Ven-Pie, F
Tus S A Ven-Pie, A Vie-Boh
RUSSIA(Maclellan)F Swe H/d/((ret to Ska or OTB)), A Fin S F Swe H, A Ukr-
War, A Mos S A Ukr-War, F Lva-Pru/a/, A Gal-Sil, A Rum-Gal,
A Tri S A Tyo H, A Tyo S ITALIAN A Vie-Boh, F Wes-Spa(sc)

PRESS:

England-France...Thanks for the offer, but would prfer you keep the Vodga
((Vodka))?? and spagheeti out of the Atlantic.

Russia -World....I propose a R/I draw

BB - All.....Vote on the above. A failure to vote will mean a YES vote
in favor of the draw. So don't blow it

SUPPLY CENTRE CHART

		GNS	LSS	NET
England: Home, Den, Swe, Hol, Nwy, Stp	Build 1	1	0	8
France : Home, Por, Spa, Bel, Mun, Kie, Ber, War	Remove 1	0	1	9
Italy : Home, Ser, Bul, Vie, Tun	Build 2(2 ann.)	0	0	7
Russia : Mos, Sev, Sep , TURKEY, Bud, Rum Gre, Tri, War	Build 1 or 2 dpnd. on ret(1 ann)	1	1	10

L'OPREH'REIT' SCERTATAI YATHRILLYOU'RESUCHALOVELYAUDIENCEWE'DLIKETOTAKEYO

Always store beer in a cool place. Lazarus Long.

Most "Scientists" are bottle washers and button sorters. Ibid.

Zine Reviews

By Nick Russon

(Oh Boy! We're a gonna blow your minds friends and enemies!)

oops!

1. Baltic Sea - ~~Peter Walker~~ RR 4, Cmemee, Ontario, Canada, K0L 2W0
Peter Walker

Published as a vehicle for a variant game "Stonebolt" (whether that's the title, or just the designation, I don't know). Baltic Sea seems to average one 8 1/2 x 14 photocopy sheet per month. At the last report, Peter has almost got enough people together to start a regular dipgame. Not recommended for novices, as it is pure warehouse, but players may find it up their street. *

2. The Baltic Battler - Torbjörn Strom, Länsansvägen 19, S-370,
10 Bräkne-Hoby, Sweden.

This is one of my few overseas zines, and I am playing in a game, "Danger", which is my first international game. I would give Torbjörn a higher rating. but...he started TBB as a method of getting the postal Diplomacy hobby started in Sweden proper, not as a primarily International zine. Due to this aim, he is not accepting any other foreign subbers or trades. If you can read and write Swedish, however, I expect that Torbjörn will make an exception. ***

3. Cheesecake - Andy Lischett, 3025 N. Davlin Ct., Chicago Ill.
U.S.A., 60618

One of the top zines in North America, as far as I am concerned, Andy certainly has a price to appeal to every taste-FREE!!! And for the money, it is fantastic. He seems to fluctuate between warehouse and chock-full-of-stuff. His GMing is of the first rank and repro is super legible. How else can I convey the superlative quality of this zine, than to say it was one of the two zines that I voted higher than Infidel in the Zine Poll! *****!

4. Diplomacy Digest - Mark Perch, 402 Naylor Place, Alexandria Va.,
U.S.A., 22304

This zine is one of the "pillars" of the U.S. postal hobby. It carries no games, and tries to act as a forum for what I can best describe as "Bull sessions". The recent Lexicon of Postal Diplomacy is a worthwhile investment at \$1.25 for trivia freaks and other diplomaniacs. Other back issues are only available to subscribers. Photo-offset, digest format looks rather like Infidel without the Photocopy edges. **

5. Emhain Macha - Mike Mills, 1585 Quaker Rd., Macedon N.Y., U.S.A.
11226

Another good zine for readers. An inveterate Hibernophile (no, he doesn't attack hibernating little furry creatures in the woods) which means that he's an Irishman's Irishman. If you like a little history thrown yourn your way, EM is made for you. As this review

is being typed up by one of our local "colleens", I'd better not say anything nasty about the micks, or I'll get a typewriter smashed over me noggin! ((You're absolutely right, boyo)) Oh, before I forget, Mike's variant based upon 11th Century Ireland is very good. EM is mimeo'd with the cover ditto'd. ***½

6. Empire - John Boardman, 234 East 19th St., Brooklyn N.Y., U.S.A.
11226

This is not a dippy zine, but deserves a plug anyway. John runs wargames other than Diplomacy in E, currently Empires of the Middle Ages (SPI) and the PRESTACS series of games. John seems to be able to create a groundswell of left-wing criticism wherever or whatever he does. Perhaps he's too open about his point of view (which is anathema in some circles)?! ***

7. Pol Si Pie - Randolph Smyth, 275-3rd St. S.E. #314 Medicine Hat,
Alberta, T1A 0G4, Canada

What can one say about the second oldest zine still running in Canada? ~~Yehhhhh//Yehhh//Yehhh//Yehhh//Yehhh~~. Ditto reproduction is fair to good, and 14 pages is average. My complaint about FSF is that he is following François Guerrier's example and filling pages with his lettercolumn-which would be fine if Randolph couldn't write-but he can.

Randolph's articles are among the best in the hobby at the moment but he doesn't seem to have time to write them anymore. It is a shame that he can't invest a bit more time in writing. GMing is moderately good, although recent sub-issues of FSF are entitled Mea Culpa. Recommended. ****

8. But John, It's Supposed to be! - Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way N.,
(Grab Dots!!)
(Vice-Retaliation) Rockville, Maryland, 20854,
U.S.A.

I don't know how to describe this one, as it took some time to get here (Mailed 14 August, arrived-POSTAGE DUE-October 23) and required ransom to free it from the insidious clutches of the dreaded postie. The contents of this unnamed zine were cute, amusing, lackadaisical, and dumb, in that order. What more could, would, or should I say! ***½

9. Invasion - Bruce Schneier, 455 East 17th St., Brooklyn N.Y.,
11226, U.S.A.

This pubber really wanted me to trade/mutual sub - I mean I am really impressed when someone goes to the trouble of sending me 4 copies of his new zine. Bruce, yes I am willing to MS - I'll credit you with \$4.00 and you do the same for me (Nick). Ask him for a sample - or else! ***½

10. Life of Monty - Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Dr., Greenbrae Ca.,
94904

This new pubber didn't want me to trade/M.S. - he only sent a copy to Clive. But he's out of luck because I want to trade/M.S..



Don, I hereby credit you with \$6.60 credit in Infidel. Like it or lump it!! I express a interest in Kingmaker, Third Wretch, and Squad Leader. **½

11. Lone Star Diplomat - Mike Conner, 3214 Beverly Rd., Austin, Texas, 78703

Another new kid on the block, with very high quality reproduction. Oh, by the way, the Trivia Quiz answers are:

- 1) Hugo Gernsback
- 2) "And did those Feet in Ancient Times" (Jerusalem)
- 3) USS Pantam, 43 injured
- 4) 47 watts

So, Mike, I expect a free issue of LSD for these wonderful answers. Write him for a sample. **½

12. Prospectus - Fred C. Winter, 400 W. Madison St., #2400 Chicago, Ill., 60606, U.S.A.

Four new ones in a row, and not a one of them Canuck! This has got to change! Prospectus is planned as a vehicle for Fred's massive variant - Colonialism (it was published in Runestone over Six Months). It requires 17 players and has an unusual feature - each player can suggest rule amendments and map modifications after the first year. Fred also intends to run a Tolkien Variant which was designed by Brian Libby, and four worldwide regdip or variant games. As far as I can see, only players and standbys are eligible to receive Prospectus. **½

13. Runestone - John Leeder, 121 19th Ave, N.E., Calgary, Alberta, T2A 1N9, Canada

John is the senior publisher in Canada, and one of the most respected pubbers in North America. Runestone comes out once per week and has recently published #305. John has also re-opened his games, and is offering 1 regular Diplomacy game (2 spots left), 1 new subbers regular Dip game, (3 spots left), 1 worldwide regular game (6 spots open), 1 French game (4-6 left), and a variant game, Gesta Danorum (8 vacancies). John, if you read this, sign me up for G.D., please! John's GMing is of the first rank, so I honestly recommend a sub to Runestone. ***½

14. Spirit of the age - Peter Calcraft (et al), 13 Ridgeway Rd., Long Ashton, Nr. Bristol, B518 9EX

SOTA is the only British zine that I trade with or sub to. Perhaps it is because Spirit doesn't dabble too deeply in hobby politics, or the collaborators all have terminal halitosis, but SOTA is not popular with the "in" crowd of British publishers. The most recent example of this was that persons unknown circulated the rumour that spirit had folded, and several major publishers accepted the rumour at face value and didn't try to confirm it by talking to the pubbers. Physically, it is very much like Infidel, but again, no photocopy edges. Contents are also quite similar to Infidel, with SF Book reviews and Wargame reviews weird contributors' articles (no Skulking Cavorter, though I sometimes wonder), a small, but potent letter column, etc. Their games are carried separately in a Flyer/subzine. ****

15. Voice of Doom - Bruce Linsey, Bldg 11, Apt 21, Leisureville, Watervliet, N.Y., 12189, U.S.A.

I recieved an unsolicited copy of Brax's zine, and by God! has it improved since early this year. He's started naming each issue, and this one was the "Mellow Yellow" issue. The calibre of VOD has increased immensely. In fact, it has increased so much that I suspect that it is a FAKE!

This "Jack Masters" fellow - how did he know about me and Vashti? The Police said that the case would be kept quiet for the sake of her parents!

I point the finger of blame at YOU, FRANÇOIS CUERRIER, and at YOU, DICK MARTIN!! Come out and confess! Why can't you do this in your own zines? It's soo much better than the crap you turn out individually! ****

16. Volker wanderung-Kay Arnett, 1500 Waterway CrcL., Chesapeake, Virginia, 23320, U.S.A.

Volker placed 2nd overall in the Leeder Poll this year, with 50 people voting for it (Infidel only motivated 23 of you to vote for us this year). They have no game openings at the present time, but the zine (pronounce it "line" - they like it that way) is worth subbing to just for the articles. ****

And now a special mention, PASSCHENDAELE, or as it is affectionately known 'round HUP, PASSWATER. That's all, just a mention.

So there, François!!!

A note from the typist:

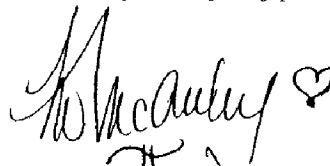
I'm sorry, but being a helpless female that has played the game Diplomacy once in all of her XX(I'll never tell) years, most of the "stuff" in these reviews went right over my head (moon shots, in fact) and at this point, I'm totally lost! I would just like to say,

H E L P ! ! ! ! !

Thank you.

Signed:

The mystery typist!



IF YOU FEEL US WE'D LOVE TO TAKE YOU HOME IF DON'T REALLY WANT TO STOP THE SHOW BUT I THOU

What a wonderful world it is that has girls in it! Ibid.

It's not our fault!!!

MORE ZINE REVIEW

By Clive Tonge

Cheesecake - Andy Lischett, see above address.

Cheesecake, when reviewed, is given praise for its excellent GMing, cost (it's free), and occasionally for its reproduction. I've decided to review a new aspect about Cheesecake.

Its typing! Yes, that's what I said, its typing.

I have always been impressed with Cheesecake's typing. Andy has mastered the use of his typewriter. ((which is not easy let me tell you)) The only thing wrong with Andy's typing is that it lacks errors, but nothing else. You know, I wish I could type like that. ((So do I))

Compendium - John Hopkins, 35 Onslow Cdns, Banderstead Surry, CR2 9AK, U.K.

Compendium is a listing of all the known British zines, has the listing of the variant bank and a Playtest service. It's well made (reproduced) and very useful for new and old players alike. There is not much more that I can say. But it is worth looking into if you are considering going international with your diplomacy play.

Everything - Lee Kendter, 4347 Banner St., Philadelphia PA, 19135 U.S.A.

Everything is the official journal of the Boardman Lumber Custodian. It contains all of the starts and finishes of the diplomacy games.

It is important for new publishers to list their new games with Lee, so that if there are any problems in the games history, there will be a common reference point.

The Home Office - Fred Hyatt, 400 State St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11217 U.S.A.

The Home Office runs games of Diplomacy and "Selected Variants" primarily Colonia 4 and 5. The games are well run and the zine is quite legible.

The Home Office is, well seems to be, a warehouse. But don't let that put you off, its a great zine to sub to if you want to play.

GHTYOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW THAT THE SINGER'S GOING TO SING A SONG AND HE WANTS YOU ALL AT

Unfortunately, due to lack of space, among other things, I must terminate my zine review at this point. But, there is always a but, I hope to continue in the next issue of Infidel. Below is a list of the zines I hope to review in the near future:

Kobold	Publisher and GM - Bob Albrecht
The National.....	Publisher Bill LaFosse
Fasschendaale.....	Publisher and GM Francois Guerrier, GM Steve Berrigan
Retaliation.....	Publisher and GM Dick Martin, GM Don Sigwalt and a host of others, but you can't expect me to remember all of their names; Can you.
Prospectus.....	Publisher and GM Fred Winter
Shogun's Sword.....	Publisher and GM Tom Swider, Editor and GM Mike Barno
The Tetracuspid.....	Publisher and GM Richard Kovalcik, GM's Ira Rosen and Donald Blasland

Volkerwanderung..... Publisher and GM Bob Arnett, Editor Ray Arnett, I know that Bob GM's but I may have their roles reversed. GM Roy Henricks (Publishes Envoy)

Invasion..... Publisher Bruce Schneier (or is it Conquest)

And now a special zine that I can't review (No space) but deserves a hearty endorsement. (I won't say if it is better or not, but I've got a big mouth...)

Plague Times..... Editor and Publisher Marion Bates, Managing Editor Timothy Bates, Contributing Editor Nikita Frobish, Press Corpse Lenny Bruce.

Send a stamp(or two) and a self addressed envelope(Or three stamps) to Marion Bates P.O. Box 381, Mankaska, MI 49646. (Or) For a Sample .

OSINGALONGISOLETMEINTORDUCEPCYOUTHEONEANDONLYBILLYSHEARSANDSERGEANTPEPP

Game: 1978 O
Season: Fall 1905

GM: Nick Russon
Due: Jan 10/ , 1981.

MASS ANNIHILATIONS OCCUR AS BALANCE OF POWER SWINGS WILDLY!!!

Austria(Grabar) a vie-bud, a rum s a vie-bud/a/, a ser s a vie-bud.

England(MacLellan) f nth s a wal-bel, f eng c a wal-bel, a wal-bel, f mid-por, f spasc s f mid-por, a bre-par.

France(Davies) f por-spanc/a/.

Germany(Baillie) f swe-nwy, a fin-stp, a lva s a fin-stp, a war-mos, a boh-vie, a gal s a boh-vie, a tyo s a boh-vie, a pie-tus, a mar-pie, f bel h/d/.

Italy(Tonge) f adr-tri, f apu-ven, f wme-tyh, a naf-tun.

Russia(Hickey) a bud-rum, a sev s a bud-rum, a stp-nwy/a/, a mos-stp.

Turkey(Norton) a bul-ser, a ank-con, f con-bla, f gre h, f eas-ion.

Retreats: Austrian a rum annihilated

French f por annihilated

German f bel-hol, pic, or OTB.

Russian a stp annihilated

Centres: A(2) ser, bud, ~~xxx~~, ~~xyx~~. Even.

E(9) home, bre, nwy, spa, por, par, bel. Build Three!

F(0) ~~xxx~~. And into the box he goes!

G(10) home, hol, den, swe, war, mar, stp, vie, ~~xxx~~, ~~xyx~~. Even, or build one, depending upon the retreat.

I(5) home, tun, tri. Build One.

R(3) sev, rum, mos, ~~xxx~~, ~~xyx~~. Even.

T(5) home, bul, gre. Even.

Press: England-World: Okay, now that I've made my move on the German WAR MACHINE, who's with me!

Rome to Berlin: Hello, would you like an alliance?

Thanks to Dan Palter for unused standby orders. How about a little bit of press? You slackers seem to be incapable of writing anything worth printing. Try to rouse a little bit of spirit for the game!

ERSLONELYHEARTSCLUBBANDWHATWOULDYOU THINKIFISANGOUTOFTUNE.WOULDYOU STAN

A motion to adjourn is always in order. Ibid.

It's not our fault!!!

"No More Mister Nice Guy..."

By C. Tonge

I've been in this hobby now for 16 months. That doesn't sound all that long, but trust me right now it sure seems long. "Why", you ask. Simple, everytime things start to run smoothly, Bang! I run into an obstacle. Not the type the average player finds or a well known publisher, but an obstacle that can only bother me.

For example; our ditto machine gave me trouble until the week after we started to publish using xerox. But that wasn't bad enough. Nick and I had decided to publish an average size of sixteen pages for 45¢. That sounds peachy, the figures worked out with about a 2¢ profit per copy. Only I had overlooked two little items, 9% Federal Sales tax and 7% Provincial Sales tax. That brought the cost per copy up to 50¢, plus a little bit.

I've been paying for that mistake for a year. Of course the most annoying point about the whole thing was when John Leeder realized the difference between what Infidel cost and what it should cost. (Xerox isn't all that cheap). John came to the fair conclusion that we had access to a xerox machine. Unfortunately, when John did a review of Infidel in Runestone, it sounded as though we were pulling the wool over everybody's eyes.

Oh fuddle-duddle, the only one being fleeced was me. (Nick was at school, I was working) I say, was, because by publishing only 12 and 20 page issues, I only lost money on the copies that I didn't sell. And, because as Infidel gained subscribers, the printing costs went down, just a little bit.

Now, though things might be changing. If Infidel were to get up to one hundred subscribers, I would lower the price of Infidel. But here comes another obstacle. Oh! Better make that plural, a few obstacles.

The Postal Strike is the first. It works something like this. How do you explain delaying an issue for over five weeks, when all that any of the subscribers have heard is that the strike itself lasted about a week? You can't! No matter how legitimate your reasons, and they are, no one will believe that the strike affected you for more than 5 weeks. So people get upset and we lose goodwill. Just ask Gary Coughlan or Bob Arnett if they aren't ticked off (they are).

Well, I and I can live with that,...it happens. Even so, before I can lower prices, Infidel must be ahead of the game, which is only fair.

Don't you believe it! On January first nineteen eighty one, first class postage will be going up to 20¢. In the next six months, the cost of printing will be going up and I don't know by how much. (But it'll be 10% more than we allow for, you betcha!)

So, "No More Mister Nice Guy", there is no way, this side of the St. Lawrence, that I'm going to lower the price of Infidel. Not even if Infidel were to get two hundred subscribers.

Clive Tonge

...Of course, I could always send it to a friend in the States!

DUPANDWAIKOUTONMELINDMEYOURSANDI'LLSINGYOUASONGANDI'LLTRYFOTOTOSING

Dr. Who

By Mary Leppik

Well, in spite of the interest shown by literally singles of you, we are unable to print Mary's latest DR WHO column. She has been doing research on the subject in England, and has not had the time to write a column.

Why is it that I seem to be writing more apologetic explanations than anything else these days?

IMRAHIL

Game: 78 F
Season: winter 1905 /Spring 1906
Time Zone: E.S.T.

Gm: Clive Tonge
Due: Jan 10/81
Tel: 416-277-2638

Austria (Norton) a vie s a bud/d/, a bud s a vie/d/.
England (Dupont) Builds f lon. f eng-mid, f bre s f eng-mid, f lon-eng, f nth s f lon
-eng/d/.
France (Russon) f mid s a pic-bre, a bur-par, a pic-bre, f spasc s f mid h.
Germany (Cusack) Builds f kie, a ber. f nwy-nwg, a swe-nwy, a stp-lvn, a mos s a ukr,
a ber-sil, a ukr s Austrian a bud-rum, f hol-nth, f den s f hol-nth, f kie-hlg,
a bel-bur, a mun-bur.
Italy (Urabar) Builds f rom. f rom-tyh, f ion-tun, f adr-ion, a tri s a tyo-vie,
a tyo-vie, a gre-alb.
Turkey (Acheson) f gre Retreats aeg. a ank-arm, f aeg h, a rum-bud, a ser s a rum
-bud, a bul s a ser, a ser h, f bla s a sev h.

Retreats:

Austrian a vie to boh, gal or OTB.
Austrian a bud to gal or OTB.
English f nth to yor,edi, ska or OTB.

Press:

Berlin to Budapest: Wanna migrate East???

Paris to London: No Negotiations are possible while English troops are occupying sacred French soil. Retreat and we may find some means of resuming cordial relations. Vive l'Empereur !!! Vive l'France !!!

Paris to Rome: I assume that your lack of a reply means that you don't intend to attack Das Reich. Good Luck!

Paris to Berlin: Hoch der Kaiser! Mit uns der Welt! wir haben einen wunderschöner chance to dismember das Engländer. Gott strafe England!

Ankara to Paris; Italy is going against who! How soon?

Ankara to Rome: I'm amazed . In tis game I could have very easily settled for second place behind Germany; As an alliance was offered. Instead I try to make a game out of it and for the past two successive moves I've been attacked by you. If this occurs again, I'll propose a concession to Germany because the outcome will only be the inevitable.

Berlin to Paris: Sie haben eine elegants Art in der Nase zu bohren.

London to Paris: The French government acts under a false impression if he beleives an English ambassador existists. A certian Meinie Van Schlab agreed to carry messages to the doorstep of Paris. Because he did not put enough black powder effort into the letter~~ppp~~ work, he was recalled as agent and repatriated to the Kranz Home-land. He is serving in the vanguard keister kapp/ canals on its quest for a scatological ending.

London to Austria: Hoch der Kaiser von Austria-Hungary! (We send you some hock) Mit uns der grossfarhten (We are going on a long journey). Grabben dem Iron (was es?) und mit den eis und schnee ein aktion machen. (The pen of your aunt was dropped into her tu-tuu).

Paramir to world: Whew!! What a batch of tipwritten, keep eet com'on.

OUTOFKEYIGEOR WITHALITTLEHELPFROMMYFRIENDS.WNIGETHIGHWITHALITTLEHELPPF

The author of the next article is, as many of you know, a Canadian Nationalist to end all Canadian Nationalists. Francois Guerrier looks like a backsliding Yankee running dog compared to this one. After we read this article, we realised that we were pampering the Americans in each of our games, so from now on Clive and I will do just this:

Stab An American First! Gary Coughlan

The first goal in Diplomacy is survival, your survival. Therefore you must quickly make someone else the target. A most convenient scapegoat is the American in your game.

They are usually few in number, usually one, or at the most, two---easy pickings. The American is isolated by virtue of his postal system (even worse than ours). Unlike our fellow Canadians, it is too expensive to call Americans on the telephone. Besides, they will never call you. These characteristics make the Americans among us the perfect scapegoats.

Not only do their letters take too long to reach Canada, but Americans are unfit as allies for Canadians, as their history amply verifies. Our southern neighbours repeatedly fought against our sovereign and against us and approved the sack of York (Toronto!) and Newark in the War of 1812! Incidents like these prove that Americans have no sense of honour---indeed they don't even know how to spell that word (it comes out as "honor")! And that's not all they don't know how to spell.

The following is an excerpt from a letter I received from an American in one of my games. The misspelled words are underlined in hopes that Infidel's American subbers will learn to correctly spell these words in the future:

"Hello, neighbor! Rumor tells me that you are practicing saber-rattling and organizing a program of conquest which includes my supply-centers. My favorite ally, in this game, would be you if we could establish a favorable connection which would "humor" both our "colors" ambitions in a civilized manner. Otherwise the specter of mutual annihilation haunts us both. Together we can establish a safe harbor for ourselves."

See what I mean? Even morons from Mississauga know how to correctly spell these words. ((watch it, old son; we "morons" can still read!))

The faults of American individuals are mirrored in the names of the American zines. Cheesecake shows the inherent falseness of its very name. No female legs or thighs are found there. The name, Brutus Bulletin, implies the extreme briefness and lack of details which characterize Americans' letters to Canadians. Murd'ring Ministers shows what Americans would like to do to Canadians. Stab an American now. You won't be sorry.

Naturally, my views are influenced by nationalism. I don't want to see Americans take over our Canadian zines like their people have taken over our television and movies.

Canada would be better off if we sent the Americans on a "Volkerwanderung" back to his homeland, lock, stock, and barrel. But, in the meantime, he makes a most convenient scapegoat.

(Author's Note: This article appears in response to a shocking anti-Canadian article which recently was published in Volkerwanderung, an American zine.)

Well, thanks Gary, for sounding that cry for nationalism in this decadent hobby. It IS about time we showed those Yanks just who is boss around here. Further comment on this question is invited from all concerned Canadians--and maybe one or two others, too.

IMRAHIL

POEYFRIENDSGOINGTOTRYWITHA LITTLEHELPFROM YFRIENDSWHATDOIDOWHENMYIOVE

Game: 1979K
Season: Spring 1905
Time Zone: E.S.T.

GK: Clive Tonge
Due: Jan 10/81
Tel: 416-277-2638

Austria (Polley) f pre-alb, a tri-ven, a rom s a tri-ven, a vie-gal, a ser s a bud,
a bud s a ser.
England (Russon) f nth-den, f den-swe, f kie-ber/d/.
France (Cusack) f nar-lyo, a par-bur, a bel-ruh, f bre-mid, a edi h, f cly-nwg,
f pic-bel, f lon-nth, f iri-eng.
Germany (Albrectht) a sil-gal.
Italy (Colombo) f adr-alb, f ion h, a ven-apu.
Russia (Mickey) f nwy-swe, f bal-kie, a ber s f bal-kie, a war-mos.
Turkey (Kelley) a rum-ukr, a stp s a sev-mos, a sev-mos, a ank-bul, a bul-rum,
f smy-eas, f bla a ank-bul, f con-aeg, f smy-eas, f bla a ank-bul, f con-aeg.

Retreats: English f kie to hol or OTB.

Press:

England to Berlin: Guarding your homeland doesn't seem to have helped you, chump.
Kiel to Munich: So you want France to do to me what I've done to you, eh? Toughski,
Tschiski, Kamera, Fatski Chanceski!
Denmark to St. Pete's: You're next on my hit list, Charlie. So you have two seasons
to evacuate the board or me 'n' me boys are gonna pull our our Roscoes and ventilate
yer zoot-suit!
Imrahil to you-know-who: So, I pulls out my Roscoe, and I sez to the guy, "Guy", I
sez, "your zoot-suit with my Roscoe!
Paris to World: Buy all shares possible Pioneer Aviation, soonest!
Kueters: The Turks have an incredible position! Turkey's home centers are now
untakeable, with f say, f lon, and two armies, sev and ank ready for the offensive.
Gre will fall quickly and a-h surrounded. By 1907 Fall, Turkey should own most of A-H
parts of Italy and Germany. France by then should own the other half of Germany and
Italy, and will be his only opposition. Things will be hot for the next turn or two.
Paramair to Imrahil: I tinks you mean "so I pulls out me Roscoe and I sez to the guy,
"Guy", I sez, "If ya don't hands over the fifty thousand potatas, I'm a gonna ventilate
yer zoot-suit with me Roscoe."

Another note from the typist:
Next time, English please!

ISAWAYDOESITWORRYOUTCENALONEHOWDOIFEELBYTHREEDOFTHEDAYAREYOUSADBECAU

The Despatch Box

Well, I don't really know what to say at the moment. . .you see, I
got a letter in the post a few days ago, from Gary Coughlan, and I know
that I intended to publish parts thereof, but I can't find it! Maybe it
accidentally got put in with my copies of Passchendaele (insulation is
expensive and Pas has come in so handy lately.) and was filed. . .if so,
I may never find it!

Tell ya what, though. I'll let Ralph Morton talk at you for a while,
and I'll try to find the other letter. Back soon.

Dear Nick,

I arrived home this evening to find my pup howling in anguish
and trying to hide under the sofa (he's a 125 lb. German Shepherd, so
you can imagine what all of this does to my furniture). I therefore
knew that either my copy of the latest Infidel had arrived, or the
Mongol Horde was camped in my backyard; washing their socks in my well-
water. A quick check of my backyard confirmed my worst fears. Infidel
had arrived.

When I read François Guerrier's alarming response to my erudite letter contained in the Despatch Box of Infidel #9, my first reaction was to take the strongest possible exception to François' strongest possible exception to my statement that he's not a "Mother Hen" (hmmm... I hope I said that right). After a moment's reflection, however, many things began to gell, and I realised that François could well be telling the truth. ((I would hesitate before I thought anything of the sort, Ralph!)). This would account for the eerie crowing noises that float across the city of Ottawa at dawn. It also accounts for the strange mutterings from his landlady. . . something about having to clean out his "coop". It's peculiar, though, that he signs off in Passchendaele with "jig-a-doo". One would think it should be "cock-a-doodle-doo". But, then, maybe that's the French version. So to François I say: "Gee! I didn't know. Put me down for a couple of dozen, will ya? Grade A large, please." ((I'd also be careful about asking him to "put me down", too!)).

It's curious that Randolph Smyth has been silent about all of this. After all, it was his letter that started all of this (although it's really mostly your fault, Nick, what with the "Captain Bligh" and "Mother Hen" labels). Do you think Randolph's flown the coop? In any event, it must have been quite a hen party when François visited him last spring.

As far as François' comment about Randolph is concerned. . . well, what can one say? One would think that Randolph is on a dedicated course of trying to shock and outrage the hobby. I sometimes think he wants to see how far he can go before he has a mutiny on his hands (hmmm. . . that must be the "Captain Bligh" in me coming to the surface. . . sorry). Randolph is the only one I know who goes about surrounded by a mysterious aurora of organ music. . . like something straight out of Phantom of the Opera. When Randolph's in the vicinity, I half expect to see Lamont Cranston lurking nearby saying: "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men! . . . the Shadow knows! . . . Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! Hee! Hee! Hee! Hee!" (if any of your readers know what I'm talking about. . . man, they're old).

As a matter of interest, I use my copies of infidel to line the bottom of my birdcage (I have to do something with them. Keeping them loose around the house just upsets the pup). I once had an old buzzard in the cage, but. . . shortly after reading Randolph's letter in issue #7. . . it died. I've often wondered if he did it because he wanted to make some sort of social or political statement, since, at the time, it somehow seemed symbolic. Anyways, the birdcage is empty. But, with your help I'd like to get a parrot to put in it (I had a parrot once but it ate the cat, so I had to get rid of it. Imagine my surprise when the guy who'd bought it told me that it wasn't a parrot at all. . . it was a Condor! No wonder I had so much trouble getting it into (and out of, for that matter) the birdcage). Anyways, as everyone knows, all sailors wear long beards and walk around with parrots on their shoulders. So, if any of your readers who live on the coast would care to send me a parrot (preferably without the sailor attached. . . I don't want to get in trouble with the government), I'll put it in the birdcage. This will ensure that Infidel is given the justice it deserves. Okay?

Best Wishes and Happy Stabbing, (signed)
Ralph Morton

Oh, hi again, no I still haven't found Gary's letter, and I've looked literally everywhere. It's a good thing that I was listening to Ralph, or else this space would have been totally blank! Well, I'll try to find that damned letter, so here's Bill (Stabber) Plante to tell you why you should trust him, chuckle, guffaw, hahahaha!!

This piece of trash comes to you addressed to ". . .Idioter, Infidel Ragazine. . ." I assume that you are all awake. . .well, I see that I guessed wrong. So, without further ado (or adon't) we take great shame in forcing you to read:

Dear Pal,

Well, it seems most apparent to me that you've made up your mind to slander the good name of Plante and thereby screw up my negotiations before they've even gotten underway (as if I don't already have enough problems to contend with).

I always knew you had it in for me after the "Big O Tent Affair" in Streetsville 'way back when, but those last comments were really too much. How do you expect me to make deals when everyone is wondering "Is this guy really like that?" or "Is Russon serious?". I'm never going to get anywhere (and I bet that's just what you want, isn't it?).

Well, allow me to clarify a few things for the readers and in particular for the Carn Dum players. I am emphatically NOT a backstabbing type. I like to make precise commitments and then stick to them. The fact that I recognize backstabbing as a last resort for self survival shouldn't scare anyone who plays Diplomacy (remember, I'm trying to establish a reputation as a good ally; Nick notwithstanding). I most certainly am not the way Nick describes me, except in certain circumstances like: Nick is a player in the game.

Nick and I have been "Friends" for nearly 10 years. We have always been competitive, always trying to best the other guy every step of the way. No doubt there'll be an idioter's comment at the end of this letter, as Nick always likes to get the last word.

So, what was I to do when it was nearly supper-time, space was getting crowded, and Austria's (Nick's) supply centres were looking so warm and inviting. I did what any Frenchman would do to any Englishman given any opportunity- I "Brutusized" him. Actually, I did feel a little guilty in backstabbing a friend- but only a little. Nick, when he feels like it can "just happen to remember a rather interesting affair a while back. . .". He never forgets and he rarely forgives (Bob Albrecht, you have been given fair warning!).

Also by backstabbing Nick, I received my favourite compliment from him "Plante, fuck off and die!" It always warms my heart when I hear that phrase. It also makes me feel good to know that I've given Nick something to scheme and connive about-which I'm still looking forward to!

Just off the beaten track a little, does anybody know who the Breakfast Kid is? Does anybody know WHY there is a Breakfast Kid? And for that matter, what is the aforementioned "Big O Tent Affair in Streetsville" that Nick would like to forget. If anyone is interested, the facts will be published in the next issue of Infidel, Nick permitting. And, as a bonus, anyone guessing the real identity of the Skulking Cavorter and why there is such an animal will become privileged ((?!)) to a premiere publication of his/her/its yet-to-be-released book, SKULKING THROUGH THE EIGHTIES (BECAUSE I LIKE THEM REALLY BIG) by the S.C. him/her/itself.

If this ever gets published, I'll be really surprised. Well, anyway, guys, I hope that this cleans up any missed-conceptions that might have been directed your way due to Nick's frauduleny attempts to even an un-settled score. Like I said, I'm basically a trustworthy person-just DON'T ask Nick for his opinion.

(signed) Bill Plante

Well, Bill, I'm not sure just what to say to a letter like that, so I won't. Well, while this demented Diplomat was talking, I managed to track down Gary Coughlan's letter-see I just knew I had it somewhere! So, on with excerpts from that. . .

((This will probably be the most Editorial insertion that you'll ever see in the Despatch Box, so enjoy the unbroken train of thought present in the other letters!))

Dear Nick,

Surprise! ((AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHH!!!!)) I just went out and bought myself a typewriter today! ((Oh, NO!)) And yours is the first letter that I'm typing in what I hope will be a long career in typed letters. ((Clive! Do we know a Gypsy who'd be willing to curse a typewriter?))

-----circa 1000 words omitted-----

. . .And I subbed to Infidel when I knew it wasn't going to fold (the samples I received openly hinted at such a possibility) and because it is always well-written and I like the Skulking Cavorter. ((I swear I didn't force him to say that!))

-----another 200 words deleted-----

Well, that is about it, except for my view on Infidel for your letter column, which is here right now, coming up, almost there, coming into view, just around the corner:

"'Two heads are better than one' and that's what a sub to Infidel means to me. I get two (count 'em, two!) talented and witty pubbers when most zines give me only one. An attractive zine format, the Skulking Cavorter (cavort, cavort, dadada, cavort), and the many articles make Infidel a "must have" zine and provides a natural meeting ground for Americans and Canadians to better understand each other and have fun. Also convenient is the fact that Infidel's pubbers eagerly accept cheques drawn on American banks. Only one complaint: When do I get my next note from Caren, Canada's answer to Sue Martin? But overall, Infidel has made a believer out of me!"

Sincerely (signed)

Gary Coughlan

SEYOU'REONYOUROWNNOIGETBYWITHALITTLEHELPFROMMYFRIENDSIGETHIGHFROMALIT

Game: 1979 AE

GM: Nick Russon

Season: Spring, 1903

Due: Jan 10/81

ITALIAN GOV'T ABDICATES! RUSSIAN STEAMROLLER ROLLS BACKWARDS IN RETREAT !!!

Austria(MacLellan) a vie-tri, a gal s Turkish a rum-ukr, a bud-rum,
a ser s a bud-rum, f gre-ion.

England(Acheson) a nwy-stp, a fin s a nwy-stp, f nth-nwy/d/, f eng-nth.

France(Davies) a par-bur, a pic-bel, a gas-mar, f spa s a gas-mar/d/.

Germany(Wilkie) f bel-nth, f den s f bel-nth, f kie-hol, a sil-war,
a mun-bur, a ruh s a mun-bur.

Italy(Lynch) a mar-spa, f wne s a mar-spa, a pie-mar, f tyh-ion, a ven h.
We finally found this set of orders in OCTOBER!!!

Russia(Jensen) f stpnc-nwy, f swe s f stpnc-nwy, f bla-rum/a/,
a sev s f bla-rum, a ukr h/d/.

Turkey(Carter) a smy-arm, f ank-bla, f con s f ank-bla, a rum-ukr,
a bul s Austrian a ser-bul.

Retreats: English f nth to lon, yor, edi, nwg, ska, hlg, or OTB.
French f spa to por, mid, lyo, or OTB.
Russian f bla annihilated.
Russian a ukr to mos, or OTB.

Over ⇒ . . .

Press: Austria to Italy: Just playing it safe!

Black Sea to Russia: Wither goest thou now?

Deep and rather belated thanks to Barry Hickey for the unused standby orders. Thanks also go to Kathy Lynch and her minister for Diplomatic affairs, Don Tinker, for recovering the Italians from the ignomy of civil chaos. . .How about appointing a press secretary?

THEHELPFROMMYFRIENDSGONNATRYWITHALITTLEHELPFROMMYFRIENDSDOYOU NEEDANYB

There was a young man from Sweenie,
Who spilt Gin all over his Weenie.
Just to be cooth,
He added vermooth.

And slipped his girl a martini.
(without the weenie... you might know that SEX I am!!!)

17 things a Man has that don't work.

10 nails that don't nail
2 balls that don't roll
2 buns that don't toast
2 tits that don't milk
1 stick that don't shift.

(Ha Ha I'm lucky that I'm not a guy, everything on me works)

And now kiddies your arithmetic lesson.

Add: 1 gal + 1 guy
Subtract: the clothes
Devide: the legs
and finally you can multiply
Equals: KINKY SEX

The Female Mystery Writer.,

ODYINEEDSOMEBODYTOLOVECOULDITBEANYBODYIWANTSOMEBODYTOLOVEWOULDYOUBELI

THE MEMORY OF YOU

I hear a song,
And the memory of my summer of you comes back.
The fun I had just sitting with you and talking.
Walking with you under the star lit sky.
With your hand in mine,
My security blanket.
You made me forget all my troubles.
I felt so safe while in your arms.
With your warm body pressed against mine,
As you kissed me good night._

"Please! Help My Editor!"

- C. Tonge

Since you will be reading (I hope) about many of the problems I have when publishing Infidel; I have decided to talk about my newest and biggest problem to date, Nick.

Nick is a good friend and we enjoy working on Infidel together, even if we are at each others throats 20% of the time. We have stayed clear of hobby politics as a rule. And kept hoping to expand subscribership, by remaining neutral and friendly with all parties.

Well it just isn't working! So stuff the appathetic neutral policy and stand clear; and when I'm finished saying my piece, give my friend a hand.

Sometime ago Nick read that there no longer was a Novice Packet set-up and that new dippy games didn't have a play by mail offer. The cause of the problem was that the post office box, (kept for Novice Packet Requests) had been closed because there was no one to check up on it. After Waddingtons House of Games* received a number of letters from Inquiries saying that there was no reply to their request for information about postal dippy, they (Waddington's) stopped adding the play by mail offer to the Diplomacy games.

Since Nick and I live only a few miles away from Waddingtons, Nick gave them a phone call. He was able to talk with the president, Mr. Rubens. Nick was told that if there was a new P.O. Box opened and checked by someone responsible, Waddingtons would start adding the play by mail offer again.

It took 4 months, but Nick finally was able to get a P.O. Box. (They're hard to get) Nick had talked to Randolph Smyth, who was in charge of Novice Packet, and between the two of them, they worked out that Nick would be appointed the new Novice Packet Director, after the CDO elections (if Randolph was re-elected, that is!).

Briefly, the play by mail offer is in the games, there is a post office box, and Nick is the Novice Packet Director, and Cepheids has been printed. (Cepheids is the Novice Packet)

Now, along comes a nemesis in the form of the N.A.D.F. (North American Diplomacy Federation), or more specifically Bruce Linsey. Part way through the production of the Cepheids, Nick received a letter from Mr. Linsey. The letter requested Nick to stop work on the Cepheids and allow him (Linsey) to take over the production for the N.A.D.F.

You may note that the letter didn't ask Nick if he cared to cooperate, but to cease and desist. Nick, to my knowledge, politely ignored the letter.

Since that time I haven't heard much about the matter, until recently. Nick was reading through Diplomacy Digest, when he came upon a blurb about the three great achievements, in the Diplomacy Hobby, in the summer of 1980. One was the, to our knowledge, as-yet-non-existent Linsey Novice Packet.

Then I heard it. It seems that all Nick has read about is the N.A.D.F. Novice Packet, and there is not a word about the Cepheids. That's a depressing thing.

So now is your chance to, "Please! Help! My Editor". Those of you who are publishers, mention "The Cepheids#8. Those others to players and alike, put some pressure on the N.A.D.F. so that all novices receive both Packets. Or if the N.A.D.F. Packet isn't finished, let Nick have a try.

Publishers send in your blurb NOW!!!

PS: I slipped This in when Nick wasn't around. I like my neck. *ct.*

Game: 1979 KL

Season: Winter 1902/Spring 1903

Time Zone: E.S.T.

GM: Clive Tonge

Due:

Tel: (416) 277-2638

Jan 10/81

GM FINALLY STRAIGHTENS OUT THE GAME; MAYBE?

Austria (Palter) Build a vie. f gre h, a ser s a rum, a rum s a gal-ukr, a gal-ukr, a bud s a rum, a vie-gal.
England (Carroll) Build f edi. a yor h, f nth s f nwy, f nwy s f nth /d/, f edi-nwg.
France (Lynch) Build a par. f por-mid, f eng s f por-mid, a bel s a par-bur, a pic s a bel, a spa s ger, a bur-mar, a par-bur.
Germany (Schafer) Build a mun. a ber-par, a hol-bel, a ruh s a hol-bel, f den-nth, a mun-tyr.
Italy (Carter) f mid-spa s c /d/, f lyo c a tus-mar.
Russia (Acheson) a stp-nwy, f swe s a stp-nwg a lva-stp, a mos-uhr, a sev s a mos-uhr /a/.
Turkey (Mercer) a arm-sev, f bla s a arm-sev, a bul-rum, s con-ank.
Note: Please welcome the new players:
Bob Acheson, Russia
Mike Carroll, England
Keith Mercer, Turkey

Retreats:

English f nwy to bar, ska or OTB

Italian f mid to naf, gas, bre, wes, nao, iri or OTB

Russian a sev annihilated

Press:

Italy to World: A special GM economy package tour of Marseilles can now be had. The tour will include the Oaklyn Institution for the Morally handicapped, The Bob Arnett Home for Beggars and the Michalski Sewage Plant. Guests will stay at the luxurious Hotel Russon (paid for by profits from Infidel). For more information contact B. Tretick at home or at one of his branch offices.

EVEINACVEATFIRSTSIGHTYESI'MCERTAINTHATITHAPPENSALLTHETIMEWHATDOYOUUSE

The War of 1812-Canadian Viewpoint-Part 1 of a series
Imrahil

This article, and the succeeding ones, (if this one meets with any response), gives a point of view which most Americans may find difficult to reconcile with their history lessons in school. It will be even more difficult for many Canadians to accept, as our history lessons sheer away from war as much as possible.

I plan on writing this article as an overview of the first year of the War of 1812. The next article will deal with 1813 and 1814. Other articles will follow in course if the response is positive.

Any readers are requested to send feedback to me in whatever form they wish. If you feel that I am glossing over any particular segments of the history of the war, then feel free to write an article to compensate. I especially wish to have an American write about the War of 1812 from his point of view.

The War of 1812-A Canadian Viewpoint-1812

Canada after 1783 consisted of the colonies of Quebec and Nova Scotia. In 1793, Quebec was divided into Upper and Lower Canada. The regular garrison consisted of roughly 2000 British regular troops. By 1809, when increasing tension between the British and American governments caused the British Parliament to approve an increase in the garrison to 8,000 men.

In Nova Scotia the naval base of Halifax was probably the strongest in North America. Due to this strength, Nova Scotia was to all intents and purposes invulnerable to American attack. The worst fear to be coped with was of privateer attacks from the New England states.

In Lower Canada, recent improvements to the fortifications of Quebec City had turned it into a major defensive work. Montreal, on the other hand, was in very poor shape as far as defenses were concerned. The old French forts on Lake Champlain were falling into severe disrepair, in fact, in 1812, the British had to reconstruct the fort in stone in different locations.

The top priority for defending Upper Canada had to be establishing naval superiority on Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. To this end a naval base at Kingston was constructed and the Provincial Marine started building ships at neck-breaking speed.

Land defense of Canada depended upon the Militia and Fencible units of the colonies, rather than on the British regular army. In 1800, the Militia numbered, on paper, 37,904 men with 292 captains and 16 staff officers, of a total population of 160,000.

As the Militia consisted of every able bodied male between the ages of 18 and 60, this cannot by any means be considered the actual strength of the Militia. In 1810, the maximum number of Militiamen who could take to the field in time of war was 11,000. Of these, general Issac Brock said "It might not be prudent to arm more than 4,000."

Brock was very conscious of the threatening attitude of the American press. In January of 1812, he managed to get an Act through the Upper Canada Assembly which provided for mobilizing the Militia and extra training for the "flank companies" (these being the two best trained companies in each Militia battalion who would be mobilized first in an emergency).

On the 18 of June, 1812, President Madison signed the Declaration of War on Great Britain. Rioting broke out in many American cities, and the mobs burned, looted, and destroyed the property of British companies and of suspected British sympathizers. All in all, the war was seen as totally justified by the majority of Americans.

At the start of hostilities, the American army had an authorized strength of 35,000 men but they were an unbelievable 22,000 under strength! However, the Americans had a much greater pool of manpower and industrial resources with which to wage war. Another benefit for the Americans was that Great Britain was in the midst of a life and death struggle with Napoleon, and could spare little to help the Canadian garrison!

Overall, the Americans could be confident of eventual victory in British North America. A benefit for the Canadians was that most of the Indian tribes on the border favoured the British over the Americans. A second benefit was that the Canadians had managed to establish naval superiority on the Great Lakes.

Con't ➤

The American commander General Dearborn, who has served without distinction in the American Revolution was a plotter. His plan was to launch two attacks simultaneously at widely separated points into Upper Canada. The first, commanded by General Hull, was to start from Detroit and drive through what is now southern Ontario to join with the second near present day Hamilton. The second attack, commanded by General Van Rensselaer was to start from Niagara and meet with Dearborn's forces, hopefully trapping the British forces between them. Once the British and Canadians were in retreat, a third attack was to proceed up the Champlain Valley towards Montreal. Even if Dearborn had been an active attacker, this plan was highly unrealistic. The eventual result, should the plan have worked, would have been to stretch the American lines of communication through hundreds of miles of hostile territory and to allow the British to concentrate near Montreal.

Hull, in command at Detroit, was a great procrastinator. After several weeks, he crossed the Detroit River but allowed a small British force to retreat to Amherstburg, and act as a constant threat to his flank.

The fall of the American force at Michilimackinac brought the Indians over to the British cause en masse. When Hull heard about the surrender of Michilimackinac, he hastily withdrew across the river. Brock followed Hull across the Detroit River and attacked him in Detroit. Brock was gambling on the American morale cracking, because he was outnumbered 3 to 1!! Hull surrendered and 35 guns were among the captured munitions.

The Eastern attack under Van Rensselaer who was an even slower mover than Hull, didn't get started until October. By this time, Brock had been able to return to the Niagara Peninsula. He had 1,500 men to guard the entire frontier. Van Rensselaer had 6,300 troops, of whom 3,650 were regulars.

Brock was convinced that the American attack would be against Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara River. The Americans preparations seemed to bear him out, so that when the American troops started crossing the river south of Fort George, he assumed it was a feint. The American attack actually came in the Queenston area and easily brushed off the few defenders. Brock came with some reinforcements and personally led the counter-attack to try to regain the Queenston Heights. Brock was mortally wounded in the assault and died a short while later.

General Sheaffe, Brock's successor, brought a few hundred men as reinforcements, and eventually forced the surrender of the American troops. 958 men were captured, including a brigadier and 4 lieutenant colonels.

General Dearborn leading the third attack along the Lake Champlain route didn't get much further than the north end of the lake.

Throughout 1812, the Americans were crippled by extremely poor leadership, poorly trained troops, and fossilization of the general staff. The death of Brock, however, was a severe blow to the British cause, and his absence was to cause several British setbacks in 1813.

EWHENYOUTURNOUTTHELIGHTICAN'TTELLYOUBUTIKNOWIT'SMINEOHIGETBYWITHALITT

All men are created unequal. Ibid.



LEHELPFROMMYFRIENDSIGETHIGHWITHALITTLEHELPFROMMYFRIENDSGOINGTOTRYWITH

Never try to outstubborn a cat. Ibid.

It's not our fault!!!

Game: 1980 AM
Season: Spring, 1902

GM: Nick Russon
Due: Jan 10/81

NEW TSAR MOUNTS THRONE UNDER DURESS! AUSTRIANS STEAL AWAY IN NIGHT!!

Austria(Martine) NMR! a's bud, tyo, ser, f gre all hold unordered.

England(Jensen) a nwy-stp, f edi-nth, f nwg s f edi-nth, a lon-yor,
f den-swe.

France(Carroll) f por-spasc, a spa-mar, a par s a bur h, a bur s a bre-pic,
a bre-pic.

Germany(Gautron) a mun s Italian a ven-tyo, a kie-den, a ber s a mun,
a bel-ruh, f hol-bel.

Italy(Albrecht) a rom-ven, a ven-tyo, a vie s a ven-tyo, f nap-ion,
f tun s f nap-ion.

Russia(Carter) a ukr s f rum, a sil-ber, f swe-nwy, f rum s Austrian
f gre-bulsc/NSO/.

Turkey(Lynch/Tinker) f bla-rum, f ank-bla, a bul s f bla-rum, a con s a bul h.

Press: Russia-World: I hope that all of you who have a grudge against me
from other games will use this game to purge yourselves
of it. Unless you really hate me, in which case really torture me even
further by letting me live.

Imrahil to Russia: I can't get my grudges out because I'm supposed to be
a neutral party in this game and I'm not allowed to pull
little nasties on you in the course of the game. Or, I'm not supposed to
.....!

ALITTLEHELPPFROMMYFRIENDSDOYOUUNNEEDANYBODYIJUSTNEEDSOMEBODYTCLOVECCOULD I

FUEL INFECTED STEET LEGAL VOLKS
OR HOW TO BLOW THE DOORS OFF VETTES

BY HENRY A. MAMMARY

I was fed up with my 1600 cc. Volks. The damned thing got 50 mpg., needed oil changes every 3000 days, and ate through tires like they were made of titanium. No matter how often I decided to wax the car, it would always since like a brand new coat of paint; I was wasting my time. Once my neighbour accidentally opened his door folded over liked toilet paper.

Needless to say, aggravation like this could not be tolerated for long. One day while I was pulled over to the side of the road by some cop for failing to see a class of schoolkids at a crosswalk, I saw a Vette through the bloodstained windshield. I flicked on the wipers to get a better look, and broke three of the cop's fingers while he was ticketing the car.

The Vette sneered at me, the passenger shouted our "'Wanna drag '" in a very sarcastic tone, and squealed away on the policeman's foot. There was absolutely no way I was going to stand for this. I slammed the stickshift into reverse, backed out over the OPP motorcycle, slammed it into forward and took off, spinning the cop into the path of an oncoming tractor trailer.

After 50 seconds of hard acceleration, I finally managed to shift into second gear. I glanced into the rear-view mirror and saw that the trailer had tumbled across three lanes of traffic, and had hit a propane truck heading the other way. The entire block was enveloped in a fiery cloud of liquid death.

I might have switched into third gear easily within the next half hour if only I had gassed up the month before. Having foolishly neglected this, I glided to a stop three miles up the road. I resolved then and there to modify my Volkswagen, and then to seek revenge on all Vettes.

I went back home by tow truck and locked myself in the garage so I could begin planning my new "'Amazo-Volks'" as I fondly called it.

After a month of work, my health was low but my spirits were high. I had carefully built everything into this car so that it appeared as unpretentious as possible. Looking at the through the side windows gave the impression of a normal back seat. This was a bit of clever trickery on my part because I pasted a picture of back seat on each rear window to hide the new engine within.

I took the beast out on the roads and anxiously awaited the arrival of a Vette. My car sounded rather sickly, and, as it was idling on three cylinders instead of four, it seemed a bit rough. Clouds of thick blue smoke poured out of the exhaust as quarts of oil successfully evaded the rings. There was the distinct clacking sound of a muffler with a gaping hole in it.

Sure enough, a Vette pulled up and looked over. He had an insipid grin his face. Jokingly, he gunned his engine; the beautiful bass sounds of his well-tuned engine rattled the headlights off my car. He gunned it again and put a crack in my windshield.

I couldn't contain myself. I looked over at him and said "Wanna Drag", with all the sarcasm and rudeness that working on this magazine had taught me. He doubled over with laughter, and kept laughing for so long that he vomited on the dashboard.

That did it. The light turned green, and I flipped the switch marked "Engine" and chose sub mode V-16. The three pistoned starter motor slowly brought the slumbering V-16 to life, and it announced itself with the deep throaty sounds that only 1300 horsepower could produce. The entire carborundum reinforced heavy duty frame shook as the engine turned over at 200 rpm.

I looked over to the Vette and saw a puzzled, questioning look on the driver's face. Meanwhile, behind me I spotted an OPP cruiser carrying two cops. I'd waited so long for this opportunity that I decided to go ahead with it anyway.

I flipped the switch marked "Headers" and the usual, cheap VW mufflers fell off (I hadn't quite perfected this yet) and massive headers were manoeuvred into place by sophisticated servo mechanisms. I tapped the pedal lightly, and the tack needle jumped up to 12,800 rpm; the oil pressure gauge groaned out loud while the liquid nitrogen cooling system temperature gauge signalled "cold". The Vette was decidedly confused, so I eased the gas pedal down to half way, putting a huge fracture in the sidewalk.

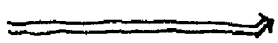
I looked the driver right in the eye, then I hammered the pedal to the floor so hard that I bent the linkage. The engine roared like a Saturn V and a massive ball of orange flame literally exploded behind me. Unfortunately, this incinerated the police car behind me, leaving only what looked like two briquettes and a pistol lying on the pavement.

I flipped the switch marked "Hydraulic Clutch" and the first gear slipped in comfortably. The tires squealed horrendously as the pavement became molten below them. The spray of rubber coated the cars behind me as the Vette stepped on his pedal hoping for an early lead. I began to lose sight of the ground as the front end lifted into the air. The tack needle wrapped itself around the stop pin three times; the oil pressure gauge let an agonizing howl and committed suicide; the cooling system signalled "Warn" so I decided to switch into second gear.

I dumped the clutch pedal and the the temperature gauge evaporated. Suddenly the wheels got a grip, and I was accelerated with a force of 6 g's. I felt my heart bounce off my spine as the backup digital tack which reads in scientific notation came on.

People on the curbs looked on in horror as they saw my intake manifold creating such a powerful suction that it was pulling pedestrians off the road. I decided to really impress them so I switched to V-20 submode. The orange flame gave way to ultraviolet as the last four cylinders came electrically alive. The tack went nova and the carpets ignited as I was thrown back into the seat with a further 3 g's.

I looked into the rearview mirror and saw that the Vette had caught the tail end of my flame and had burst on fire. The windows in the buildings all around us suddenly shattered as the Vette's gas tank detonated. Figuring that the race was over, I flipped the switch marked "Power Brakes" and a single three inch steel bar punched into the pavement from under the chassis, bringing the car to a standstill, and me to near death within a tenth of a second.



I looked around in a daze as I stepped out of the car. Then, out of nowhere, a Civic literally rocketted by, spinning me through some dog dung and into a sewer.

When I awoke, the doctors said I had radiation burns of the type people suffer from severe exposure to nuclear piles. Apparently, I have a year at the outside.

So, anyone interested in modifying their VW's should get in touch with me in the maximum isolation intensive care unit at TGH. In the meantime, I've been working on Fusion drive for a Mini, and I fully intend to go after that Civic as soon as the boys at the Clarke certify me as street legal again.

TPEANYRODYIWANTSOMEBODYTOLOVECHIGETBYWITHALITTLEHELPPFROMMYFRIENDSMMGE

GAME:1980 DURIN
SEASON:SPRING 1915

WW I MADMAN

GM:BARRY HICKEY
DUE

Jan. 10/81

KAISER MISPLACES THE GERMAN EMPIRE, ALLIES ROLL ON WITH WEAK OPPOSITION

ALLIED POWERS(NICK RUSSON)

England..F Nwy-Swe,A Den-Kie,A Edi-Hol,F Nth C A Edi-Hol,F Lon-Eng

France..F Spa(SC)-Wes,A Por-Spa,A Mun S ENGLISH A Den-Kie,F Bre-Mid,F Mar-Lyo,A Par-Bur

Russia..A Gal-Rum,F Sev S A Gal-Rum,A Sil-Ber,F Swe-Bal,A War-Mos

AXIS POWERS(BILL PLANTE)

Austria..A Tyo H,A Ser-Bud,F Adr-Ion,A Vie H

Germany..F Bel-Hol,A Pie-Mar,A Lva-Mos

Turkey..F Arm-Bla,A Bul-Gre,A Con-Bul,A Ank-Arm

MADMAN(ITALY)

F Tyn-Lyo,A Rom-Apu,ANap H

PRESS:

London-Contanstinople--My dear Sultan, please give your utmost consideration to an unconditional surrender of all your forces.

It will save untold thousands of innocent lives.

Your troops may lay down their weapons on 30th June,

1915 at 12 noon.

Paris-Vienna --Why not try something new....STAB YOURSELF !It would be a great way to make a name for yourself!!Think it over.

NOTE:::The Turkish ~~X/X~~(oops)Build last year in CON should have been in ANK.

TEIGHWITHALITTLEHELPPFROMMYFRIENDSCHGONNATRYWITHALITTLEHELPPFROMMYFRIEN

What is the S.C.A.?

"The Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc. is a non-profit educational organization concerned with the study of the Middle Ages"

"The S.C.A. recreates the arts and skills of medieval Europe within the framework of the events of the times."



These brief descriptions, however true, tell very little about the real life of the Society. Any written explanation will be rather pale compared to the actual experience of a chivalric tournament or a ten-course medieval feast. But since I must start somewhere, let me begin with a little Society history.

The first S.C.A. event took place in Berkeley, California in May of 1966, when a group of students staged a tourney in a backyard. They enjoyed themselves so much that by midsummer they had put together a second one. More importantly, they began to publish Tournaments Illuminated so that people outside of the Bay area could get in on the fun. By 1969 there were groups in New York, Chicago, and Phoenix, which became the foundations of the Kingdoms of the East, the Middle, and Atenveldt respectively. Now the Society has 150 groups of various sizes throughout the United States, three provinces of Canada and several places in Europe, and there are Kingdoms centred in the Old South, (Meridies) and in Southern California (Caid).

Kingdoms? Yes. The Society, as I said above, tries to recreate the arts of the medieval past, but it brings them to life by providing a framework that binds them together. Thus we have monarchs, selected by tournament combat and reigning for half a year; a nobility who are those members who excell in some way, whether on the field of battle, in the arts or in service to the Society; officers, such as heralds, marshalls and seneschals who provide a civil service; and principalities, baronies, and shires, which are subdivisions of the larger kingdoms.

But what do we actually do, you ask impatiently? Our most widely known events are our tournaments, where chivalric combat (usually on foot) is recreated with wooden weapons and real armour. Our battles, both individual and group combats (melees), are quite spectacular, and in the past twelve years we have developed what is fast becoming a very sophisticated martial art. Tournaments in the High Middle Ages were social events, and so are ours. There are usually many peaceful activities to be found at them, including gaming, music, and informal conversation with a surprisingly diverse group of people.

After most tournaments, and often independently as well, there are revels and feasts. The feasts can be simple or elaborate, and feature authentic and delicious dishes of all sorts. Revels include both entertainment to be watched, such as music, magic and drama, and entertainment to participate in, particularly period dancing, which varies from stately to spirited.

There are other types of events that add variety--we also have quests, fairs and the occasional war. But this is really just the surface of our activities. The big events are the sum of the efforts of many individuals. Society people tend to be very creative, because achievement is awarded with intelligent appreciation, and because our arts are living ones. Our costumers, calligraphers, illuminators, embroiderers, armourers and all the rest expend great ingenuity and work on their creations because they all have a use within the Society. Many people find the S.C.A. context just the encouragement they need to start them in an activity they've always wanted to pursue, be it weaving, metalwork or brewing. And though we strive for authenticity, we try to keep, above all, a sense of fun.



How can you participate? The best way to start is to come to an event and see what we have to offer. The only requirement for attending a Society function is to wear period (pre-1600) costume or an attempt at such. The Society is not a show for spectators, it is a community, and we want you to join in. If you feel inspired, you may want to devise an original medieval name and identity for yourself. This is common practice in the Society and adds atmosphere to the proceedings. You are not restricted to a Western European identity (or persona). There are a number of Moslems, Africans and even Japanese to be found visiting our medieval kingdoms.

Between events local groups have meetings where much of the practical work of the Society is done, such as teaching skills and organizing the events. Generally these meetings are purely "present day." They are twentieth century people gathering to communicate, plan and socialize.

To get the most out of the S.C.A. and to find out what people are doing outside your local area, a membership in the Society for Creative Anachronism, Inc, is recommended. Included in one fee is membership (ta deductible in the U.S.A.) and subscriptions to Tournaments Illuminated, our quarterly journal of medieval culture, past and current, and to the newsletter of your kingdom, which will tell you about upcoming tourneys, revels and other events.

The Society includes many activities and almost unlimited potential. The next step is up to you!

Yours for the Society,

Finvarr de Taahe
Middle Kingdom Information

DSVF SIGETBYEITHALITTLEHELPPFROMMYFRIENDSWITHALITTLEHELPPFROMMYFRIENDSLOW

Game: 1980 HM (Carn Dum)
Season: Spring 1901

GM: Nick Russon
Due: Jan 10/81

AUSTRIA TAKES A CHANCE AND TRUSTS ITALY! FRANCE DECLARING SELF NEUTRAL?

Austria(Mercer) f tri-alb, a bud-ser, a vie-bud.

England(Horn) a lvp-wal, f edi-nth, f lon-eng.

France(Gauthier) NMR! a's par, mar, f bre all hold. unordered.

Germany(Bradley) a ber-kie, a mun-bur, f kie-hol.

Italy(Plante) f nap-ion, a ven-pie, a rom-apu.

Russia(Colombo) f sev-bla, f stpsc-bot, a war h, a mos-ukr.

Turkey(Hickey) f ank-bla, a con-bul, a smy-con.

Press:

Vienna Vindicator: News has been leaked that the First Royal Gypsy army is headed south for winter. How far south is unknown. It is hoped that the Sultan of Turkey will grant them rights to vacation in Crete but this information has not been confirmed.

London: The British Navy set sail for the coast of France today. When asked for comment, Prime Minister Sidney Snit-Raspberry replied that it seemed the only appropriate response to the ominous silence from across the Channel.

Battle on →

Berlin to Moscow: Where's mine?

Munich-Paris: See you in Spain.

Rome to Vienna: I hope that some solid arrangement can be made as per your request. I need some help.

Imrahil to Rome(BP): You realize that you can't survive this game, don't you? I wanna see you slowly crushed by my faithful henchmen! Will no one rid me of this meddlesome Plante?!

Imrahil to Italy: Hm, I can see that one of your opponents has a touch of realism! But, seriously Bill, I'd like to have this game go as smoothly as possible. . .and if there were one less player, then the game would go a little bit faster and easier. . .no, I'm not suggesting that you SHOULD be destroyed like ~~the vermin you are~~ a mad dog, all I'm saying is that a six-player game is faster. Now, aren't you feeling better?

Rome to Paris: Unsociable, or what! Not even a hello, very bad PR.

Venice to Paris: This move is for defensive purposes only.

Italy to GM: I don't want to panic you at a later date, so please let me know who the Ombudsman is now, so that I can have you impeached if you screw me up.

Rome to Ankara: Guess who's coming to dinner!

Ankara-Sevastopol: Sorry, my anchor slipped.

Constantinople-Bulgaria: Thank you for the Victory Parade, it was most inspiring.

Turkey-England: I'LL MEET YOU HALF-WAY!

Imrahil to World: To quote Dave Head in Arrakis #95, "Boy, are you guys ever mouthy!" at least one of you is, anyway. How about you silent ones? Not enough guts to try writing press??

An interesting statistic cropped up on this game. I'm asking YOU, John Davies, of RR#2, Hope, British Columbia, VOX 1LO, to submit standby orders for France. John has been called three times in Infidel, twice in issue #1 as France-he took over both positions. He's been through the list twice (because if you take over a position, the next time you come to the top of the list, you're missed), and now I call him to submit for France again!

FILOVELOVELOVELOVELOVELOLOVELOLOVETHERE'SNOTHINGYOUcandoTHATCAN'TBEDON

Game: Eowyn
Season: Spring 1901
Time Zone: EST

GM: Clive Tonge
Due: Jan 10/89
Tel: 416-277-2638

The DEADMAN GAME STARTES. ((AMAZING))

Press:

Italy to Turkey: I'm just a little power don't pick on me.

Italy to World: Look out for Germany, he knows the rules.

Italy to Austria: Peek a boo. I see you.

Italy to France: Agree to your taking of Spain and Portugal and your sphere of influence over German (soon to be French) centres.

Italy to Russia: Do you want a peice of Germany too!!!

Italy to Germany: Boy, you need some help!!!

Paramir to Germany: Yes, the super special soap for all occasions.

Berlin to Rome: Which way do we go!!

Paramir to Berlin: Well I tell ya George...

00000000000000000000

Moscow To Rome: Beware of your neighbours. It is said that a Turkish-Austrian advance surge will diminish your camp.
Paris, Winter 1900: Little can be said you nits. This round is mine.
would you like to know my set up f bre, f Mars allies, and a paris.
Germany to the Eastern allies Get lost.
Austria to England: Kiel in '02!
Austria to France: The iedmont inder is prepared.
Austria to Germany: Anschluss ist Verböter!
Austria to Italy: Key-lepanto is OK by me, so prove your good intentions.
Austria to Russia: Who ever thought that you would be where I want to be?
Move, Sucker!
Austria to Turkey: OK Russon I don't expect fair play from you, but I don't want a repeat of you know what.
France to Russia: Sounds good to me, but how can I trust you?
Paris yo London: Write to me!!!
Turkey to Germany: Thanks for the note, you're one of the few who took the time to write.
The Sublime Porte, Sultan of the Otterman Empire, Caliph of the Prophet, Praise unto Allah to the mere mortal Archduke McAlbrecht: Hi, GUY!!!!!!
Faramir to World: the short form of that last Turk title is SOE, CoP, PuA. Pronounced soo cop puu.
SOE. CoP, PuA to the mere mortals everywhere else: Hello!

ENOOTHINGYOUANSINGTHATCAN'TBESUNGNOTHINGYOUANSAYBUTYOUCANLEARNHOWTOP

MURPHY'S LAW

1. If anything can go wrong, it will.
2. Nothing is ever as simple as it seems.
3. Everything always costs more than you can afford.
4. If you fool around with something long enough, it will eventually break.
5. If you try to please everybody, somebody isn't going to like it.
6. If you can explain something so clearly that no-one could possible misunderstand, someone will.
7. It is easier to get into something than it is to get out of it.
8. Whatever you want to do, you will always have to do something else first.
9. It is a fundamental law of nature that nothing ever quite works out.

10. If you are going to travel on the Titanic, you might as well go first-class.
11. If there's one book in the library that's not labelled, that's the one that will be stolen.
12. Left to themselves, things will always go from bad to worse.
13. Nature always sides with hidden flaw.
14. Mother Nature is a bitch.
15. If everything seems to be going well, obviously you've overlooked something.

LAYTHEGAMEIT'SEASYNOTHINGYOU CANMAKEIT ATCAN'TBEMADENOONEYOUCANDO BUTYOU

The Greatest Good

(religion)

I assume that most of my readers also receive both Diplomacy World and Paroxysm. If this is not so, you'll just have to take it on faith (there's your religion!) that Len Lakofka's article in the Spring 1976 issue of DW on "The Good Ally" was one I found interesting, but not requiring rebuttal, though I didn't agree with him entirely. The figurative snatching of the gauntlet by Harry Drews in Paroxysm #27 provided me (and you) with the two extreme sides of an argument which confronts every player who survives long enough to be a major power in the late middle game, in alliance with someone of equal size.

The question of whether to stab a game-long ally develops into a multitude of side topics. Does even a successful stab, leading to a win, improve a player's rating in the long run; i.e. is his reputation set back so far that he finishes seventh in his next five games? Is it morally right, even when permitted and encouraged by the wording of the Rulebook; will the stabber himself get more enjoyment out of winning at the expense of a friendship which only incidentally used Diplomacy as its medium? Is the hobby as a whole best served by such opportunists: how does the frustration of the loser stack up against the interest generated for the spectators?

Harry used the term "old boys" to describe those of the opposing (stabbing) school. Whatever else, these are the people that have survived from the early days; they may argue that the positive reinforcement of absolute success is essential to truly long-term interest. Those who can't "take it" (the victims) are usually a bit immature and their commitment to the game and contribution to the hobby are uncertain anyhow; no loss even if they do drop out. A player satisfied with more mediocre results (that isn't a put-down---check your dictionary) will also be less well-known and tends to drift away from the hobby with greater frequency. Besides; every kid has heard of sharks and killer whales; dolphins, squids, etc. only enter the vocabulary after a few years. The core of people who will attract others to the games they play will also be the most spectacular---recruitment outweighs repulsion.

The "nobles" (to contrast with the "nasties") may pull out any of a dozen rebuttals. The overall style in the old days was more gory, and anyone who was attracted to the game at that time was naturally a "nasty". Small wonder that most of the old-timers seem to fall into the latter school. Or have the less aggressive players from days of yore remained in the same ratio after all, but are simply less visible and vocal? Is a high profile associated with low reliability in a game situation?

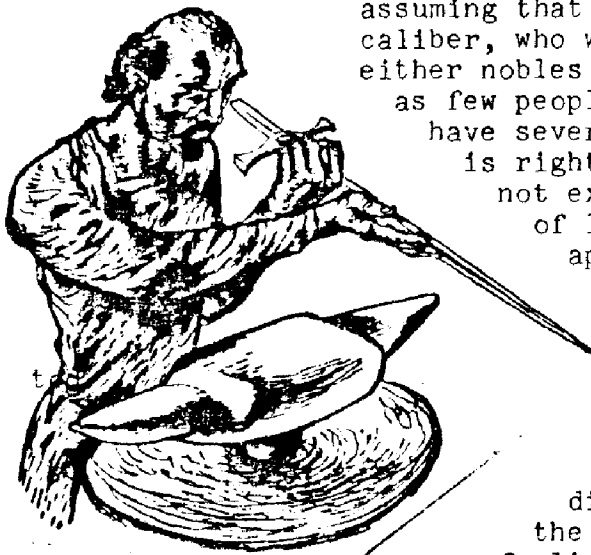
To digress from the main subject temporarily, I advance (and copyright) the "high-low theory". Should a "noble" steer away from a novice on the basis of the latter's unusually quick involvement in the hobby (participation in hobby politics before getting enough game experience to establish a reputation in this area)? Does a gravitation to extra-Diplomacy diplomacy imply a "nasty" propensity? How do the reputations of the newer members of the various hobby councils (one must leave the "old boys" out of this calculation) stack up against the "average" reputation of the hobby at large (which Len and others say is becoming more and more "noble" as time goes by)? [Personally, I think my own theory is all wet. The newer members of councils that I know fairly well all seem to conform, in general, to the developing "noble" ideal in most of their games. I am inclined to reject the possibility which started this train of thought, that hordes of "nobles" existed from the very beginning. The hobby was, initially, a "nasty" preserve.]

Back to the subject: the arguments of the "nobles" are all defensive in the area of long-term commitment. Wait ten years and see how many survive. In the meantime, chalk one up for the "nasties" on the question of giving the hobby some personal continuity, and of attracting novices. "The greatest good" for the hobby as a whole is probably an increased ratio of nasties, or at least a halt to the present erosion of their numbers.

By the same token, though, why are the nobles supplanting the nasties? Everyone agrees that this is so---Len voiced it as a complaint in the original DW article. Harry's side thus has an almost unanswerable counterpoint as far as game success is concerned: the old style is dying because it's simply inferior in the long run. To answer one of the above questions, I don't think that player reputations are a major factor in poor results following a stab, unless the same thing happens in game after game---then people get wise. The exercise of reasonable restraint should ensure the continued respect of your fellow players in the majority of cases. The figures will bear this out, methinks.

Consider an individual game, though. The final question in Harry's article: "pit good allies against an equal number ((=???)) of stabbers and see who wins" hardly requires an answer on a theoretical basis (in practice, such a game would be impossible to set up on purpose, as the very circumstances would alter normal player behavior; assuming that seven players could be found of adequate caliber, who would be willing to label themselves as either nobles or nasties). Perhaps the question is unfair, as few people are "pure" in either camp and the old boys have several vendettas among themselves. The philosophy is right, though, or the swing to "noble-ism" would not exist. Score one for the nobles in the realm of long-term success---"survival of the fittest" applies to philosophies as well as anything else. "Success" here has other components than the number of wins, which seems to be the prevailing opinion in the hobby today. If you disagree, you'll doubtless cite the Rulebook, ignore most of the rating systems in vogue, and remain a nasty---but most of the hobby's current participants will disagree with you, and the absolute tenet of the game is that you can't ignore the majority feeling in any sphere and remain successful.

It all seems to depend on whether you prefer the occasional photogenic win tied to a poor result, or a less spectacular but more solid record. I don't think it's the place of any article to try and change this basic preference, but only to point out the alternative. Can a general article be of any help in the ethical sphere: is it "right" to stab a game-long ally?



The author of the article can only offer his own personal views, and leave the reader to accept or reject them. The phrase I use is "not without reason". Then my opposite number is competent, I embrace Drewsian principles, even when the random actions of a third party may make a military victory feasible. Several of my games have been moving in this direction recently. However, if the ally commits a "crime" (a mistake on any level), I feel no qualms about meting out "punishment" in the form of a stab or other attempt at victory.

Perhaps the view expressed so far doesn't vary much from Harry's: he also expressed a willingness to stab "a turkey that gets in (his) way", although he gave the impression that this was done at an earlier stage if at all. The difference which keeps the endgame more interesting for me is that I attempt to provoke such an error until the final gun sounds. A military blunder which leaves "free" centers on our common

frontier without a well-thought-out demilitarization policy is fair game; so is diplomatic laxness to the point where a smaller power can be persuaded to suicide in my favour.

[In the latter case, the deliberate, orchestrated preoccupation of a tiny enemy with a less vigorous "ally" must be differentiated from general shit-disturbing by the third man as mentioned above. That is, the win gives me no pleasure unless I feel I've earned it by my own efforts.] Thus, my rationale for stabbing an ally may well depend on the progress of my negotiations with a nominal enemy. Since the ally may be unable to tell what's up until too late, perhaps in such positions you'd be best to consider me a Lakofkoid after all!

A note on the reaction of the stabbee: I'd love to be able to stab myself (?!), because there would rarely be hard feelings. I prefer to be attacked successfully---it implies that my opponent thought things out well and the mistake was mine. It's in cases like this where I'm most likely to continue helping my old ally on to the inevitable win, with admiration as an additional component of the friendship.

On the other hand, a bad stab does bother me. (That's not to say I've never made one in my time.) I first assume that my new enemy has a diplomatic surprise up his sleeve, on the premise that no one could

be that dumb. If this turns out not to be the case, the "cooling-off period" while I discover this leaves me with more sadness and pity than anger (which is of some help in maintaining personal relationships in most cases). The friendship may suffer, but overestimating the stabber initially helps to prevent hot words on the spur of the moment.



We still have this problem: which style is better?

Were you expecting a resolution? Why, you dolts, I wouldn't resolve it if I could; maybe this way I'll be getting some feedback to pad future issues with. The best minds in the hobby aren't unanimous, which is terrific, since the hobby is best off with a good mix of both schools. If Len's information on the progressive loss of the "nasties" is accurate, I can only echo his moans; but I'm an optimist. We'll always have a diversity, whatever is said: why write an article on it?

Since the above was written (a couple of weeks back, actually, with Harry's article fresh in my mind) Paroxysm #29 has appeared with two attacks on his conclusions. In both cases the main squawk with relevance to the above effort seems to be that he was too superficial in his assignment of all the "old boys" to the "nasties", and in his assumption that people fit neatly into philosophies. I would agree with these objections (in places, I've indicated above that a black-and-white situation cannot exist). I'm sure that Harry would also, but he's made some unspecified simplifications for the purpose of his article. If my own style was more direct, without constant hedging to carry me over the occasional patch of thin ice, I could have cut the length of the above articles in half.

It is fair to say that "nasty" play was more prevalent in the old days: the "old boys" didn't get their reputations for nothing. I still think that several of Harry's statements are valid in a statistical, though not in a personal, way. (For one thing, it is probably true that the "old boys" have modified the old "rock 'em, sock 'em" style in recent years to keep abreast of the changes around them.) I'll withdraw my above characterizations of "Drewsian" and "Lakofkoid" players on this basis---best to stick to "Nobles" and "Nasties" as classes, while keeping hands-off on assigning a given person to either group, or discussing impossibly specific situations such as the "nobles vs. nasties" game.

CAN I LEARN HOW TO BE YOUR QUINT? IT'S EASY! ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE! ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE! ALL YOU

Now a quick word from the Editor., Nick Russon

Over the past few days, more of you have been getting in contact with us on the phone, generally to ask about the delay in publication of this issue. The answer is basically that the Post Office has been so badly screwed up in Ontario that our mail is still arriving with month-old postdates, and some are taking longer than that!

No, contrary to some American publisher's opinion, Infidel is still very much alive and kicking. . .it's not our fault! . . .honest!

This issue has really taken it out of me, though. I'm even getting confused over who is what or whom, and why. The Skulking Cavorter, the Mystery Typist, The Female Mystery Writer, The Phantom Poet, et al. I keep expecting Ralph Morton to come out of the walls, dressed as Lamont Cranston, laughing "He he he, ha ha ha, ho, ho! The Shadow Knows!", or to have Francois Guerrier lay an egg or six, and send them in the mail (six weeks later--gas warfare when the package is opened!); or, worst of all, have Randolph Smyth come traipsing down Hurontario Street, wearing a tutu and carrying a machinegun, all set to "The Dance of the Sugar-Plum Fairies"!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Of course, don't get "sucked in" by the latest issue of Passwater, I don't even like vacuum cleaners!!! I think I'd better leave you all wondering about that reference. . . 'bye!

IMRAHIL

The Average Diplomacy Player

This hypothetical individual is fairly incompetent by the standards of anyone who's been in the hobby for a while, since a good many novices contribute to his level of ability. I am frequently amazed at the number of players, apparently under the age of ten, who become interested enough in the game to plunk down a gamefee and start negotiating. However, I know of none that have survived for more than a year in a hobby dominated by members of at least twice their age. The problem seems particularly chronic south of the border: I have personal experience with one American zine where there were no less than five dropouts by 1903: and a couple of other cases aren't far behind.

Perhaps it would be best to consider players that have been active in the hobby for over one year when making up our "modular man". Novice players are such a mixed bag that the only criterion possible is a personal one based on letters received. While players with a year's experience also appear to vary widely in outlook, some of you may be surprised at how similar most of them really are. Think of the last time you played a really clueless novice: remember how odd he seemed? Relative to these types, the rest of us are homogeneous: only in a game where slight differences are the basis of the course of play could these differences loom so large. People with "that much" experience almost invariably show a certain basic competence. It may, of course, also be present in a novice (hey, guys, I'm not down on novices per se)---but it may not.

A guy with a year in the postal hobby will know enough to send in moves on a regular basis. This is modified only in a poor position (where he's lost interest in the game) or with personal problems (where he's lost interest, temporarily or permanently, in the hobby). If he has a good position with a chance to improve it further, he knows that he'll never make much headway on his own: he has to keep writing, if only to a single ally. He knows the mechanics of submitting orders and discussing them with his fellow players. He has an idea of what he wants, even if no more specific than "More centers. Faster." (or, "'Lose less. Slower." if he's on the other end of the stick.) He has a good grasp of the rules; the more obscure ones quite naturally tend to escape the notice of all but the most astute beginners. If he came from the face-to-face hobby, he's adapted to the special requirements of postal play.

Having spewed generalities all over the page (but did you recognize them beforehand?--of course it's easy to say "of course" from the experienced viewpoint), I'll end the article for the moment. However, I promise you more in future issues, after I dig up some data to support specific assertions that I plan on making.

Of course, I planned it to fill the page perfectly.

Bandolph Berald Bmyth

'NEEDISLOVELOVELOVEISALLYOUNEEDTHERE'SNOTHINGYOU CANKNOWTHATISN'TKNOWN

A "critic" is a man who creates nothing and thereby feels qualified to judge the work of creative men, There is logic in this; he is unbiased--he hates all creative people equally.

Lazarus Long

Does history record any case in which the majority was right ?

Lazarus Long

It's not our fault!!!

THE PUBLISHER'S NOTES

By Clive Tonge

Hello again dippy fans! This is Clive Tonge here at Infidel headquarters, bringing you the latest news and happenings. And as a special feature a look at Infidel's earlier months...

Infidel is celebrating its first anniversary. That's right Infidel is now a year old. And what a year its been.

On Sept, 10, 1979 Infidel made its first apperance, from the old Ponytrail headquarters. Things looked promising, the machinery was working well, subscriptions were pouring in and morale was high.

But, Infidel was destined to falter. During production of the second issue, one thing was becoming very apparent; I couldn't type. At that time, Nick had attained the incredible typing speed of ten words a minute; Meanwhile I was plodding along at a quarter of that rate. Because of this Nick was over worked and as the production date for the second issue came and went, Nick's other commitments started to pile up.

Three weeks after the production date, I hadn't talked to Nick for a week and I hadn't published Infidel.

The future of Infidel looked bleak. But then things got bad. I was preparing to finish Infidel (the typing) when Mississauga was evacuated due to the train derailment.

By the time I got home and finished publishing Infidel it was five weeks late. Still, hope remained. I had proposed a guest GM (Gamesmaster to the Newlies) system, to reduce our work load and we had nearly 40 potential gGMs.

Nick in the mean time hadn't talked to me and had no idea of what was going on. But he found out fast. Due to the fact that I was moving, I had directed all of the mail to Nick.

What a surprise, Nick was receiving requests to be a gGM and orders for games. But he didn't know why! He was pretty quick about giving me a phone call and with that, I explained what I had done.

A week later Issue number three (The Christmas Issue) appeared. The Christmas Issue was a lot of fun to work on. So with the completion of issue three the crisis was over and we at Mississauga Upstarts Publications have only looked back nine times since.

Things have improved since then. One of the best examples of this is Nick becoming the new CDO Novice Packet Director. Nick, from myself and on behalf of Infidel's subscribers. Congratulations!!

As our subscribers will have noticed, this issue is late. It will be obvious to most, that the reason for this, was the recent Postal Strike, that totally stopped Southern Ontario mail service. You may also have noticed that the strike ended two to three weeks ago.

The reason for the delay was two fold. (No not that type of fold) Firstly to allow the post office some time to gear up and secondly to allow Nick and I some time to gear up, its been over ten weeks since last issue.

Speaking of Post Office I just received Passchendaele, it was One Hundred and Four pages long!! No wonder it took a month and a half to get here. (Actually François delayed mailing Passwater until October 23) (Oh! If you receive Passwater I disclaim any resemblance to page 41. François probably couldn't read the Canadian Medical Journal if he received it in the first place.)

The Publishers Notes would never be complete without
The Thank You's:

Victor Dupont, gGM, and all around nice guy.
Hugh Polley, gGM, who even supplied the game.
Barry Hickey, gGM, who nears martyrdom with every season of Durin.
Trevor Baillie, gGM, (well not quite, but he's trying. ((very)))
Randolph Smyth, who was good enough to allow us to reprint an
Article from Pol Si Pie number 50.
Gary Coughlan, a most patriotic Canadian American (????)
Ralph Morton, an officinado bird expert. (Condors and Hens)
The Skulking Cavorter Our wide roving reporter.
The Female Mystery Writer. Not a bad poet either.
Mrs. Tonge (mum) has been good about providing an 'office' for I .
And

To Infidel's Subscribers a great bunch of 'dippy' Fans (Fen?).

More of the Thank You's (That's what I get For typ ing this a bit early)

The Mystery Typ ist, whom we both thank very very much.

The Mystery typist Two, who aided us in our last hours.

The Mystery typist Three, alias The Female Mystery Writer.

I hope that that's everyone, somehow I don't think it is.

NOTHING YOU CAN BE THAT ISN'T SHOWN NOW HERE YOU CAN BE THAT ISN'T WHERE YOU'RE MEAN

BEWARE !

Contary to popular ~~believe~~ / ~~depend~~ opinion,
there will be another issue of INFIDEL
coming out soon. Yes, the Christmas issue
is coming soon o your local newstand. You
saw the movie, now read the book. Infidel in christmas splendor.
DON'T MISS IT!!

"TO BE IT'S EASY I READ THE NEWSTC DAY OH BOY ABOUT A LUCKY MAN WHO MADE THE GRADE AND TH

Well , that's this issue completed . I hope
that you have all enjoyed it .

Chiv Tonge
(Publisher)

Your Sub Credit is \$

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SAMPLE

**A PRODUCT OF
M.U.P.**