

"There are a dozen views about everything until you know the answer,
Then there's never more than one." —C.S.Lewis

Don't be alarmed if Midlife crisis strikes

NUMBER TWELVE

THIS IS MIDLIFE CRISIS # 12, owned and operated by Paul G. Reuterberg, who resides at 4922 N. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, WI. 53208, 414-778-0750. I'm usually home between 10 and 2 PM daily, or after Midnight any night but Thursday, Friday, or Saturday. Why the weird hours? A man's gotta eat.

AC/DC

AH, WITH A SUB-HEADING LIKE THIS you'd figure on some juicy gossip about somebody! Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but this is only a fragmentary account of my quick trip to Atlantic City and Washington DC.

I had a hunch that the weather was going to be abominable this Easter, here in the dreary Midwest. It always is. The only way to avoid it is to 1) sit at home and sulk or 2) hop a train and keep on moving until it warms sufficiently to please you. I chose the latter, as I had been sulking the weekend before and that was getting "old." My choice was the proper one. Most of my time on the way east was spent with a very attractive Industrial heiress (too bad she was married, but at least her husband wasn't on the train). In Washington, I stayed at Konrad Bausewister's in Georgetown—I

hadn't slept in the upper half of a bunk bed in twenty years—a town which used to seem distinguished and 18th century-ish to me, but now seems rather commercial and pretentious. There are still good used bookstores and record stores, though.

I didn't have time to visit with everyone I know in the area, but I did get a chance to see ~~old~~ Mark Berch in his home environment. You know, the guy really does make a pretty attentive father for his son, Joshua. We whiled away several hours talking about what we do "in real life," and about the Dip World Demo game (a disaster for all three of us, and, if it ends up in a five-way draw or a "throw" game, a disaster for the rest as well). I also had a chance to wish Steve Burent well in his new incarnation as a researcher for the Library of Congress. I hope to feature his articles on Russia again, once he's had a chance to get settled.

Easter Sunday was spent gambling in Atlantic City, losing at Blackjack and at the slots. What would Easter be without "business"—we felt obligated to check out the hutch at the Playboy club, where we were fleeced for \$5.00 per mixed drink.

I really intended to do some writing for this zine, and for an article on "the play of Russia," on the return train trip. Instead of my attractive heiress, I was stuck with a Harley biker-type as my seating companion, and didn't count on much of a conversation. Humph. We headed for the club car almost immediately, and proceeded to pour Molson Ales down our thirsty gullets (at \$1.25 per bottle, it would have been cheap even in Milwaukee!). A card game of sorts drew us a few more companions, creating a party atmosphere. At one point, we led the entire club car in a rousing chorus of "Knock Three Times on the Ceiling if you want me" (in Jamaican accents, no less). A half-hour stopover in Pittsburgh gave us time to head for a roughneck bar across the street where we fended off some very aggressive hookers, dope-dealers, and fat, ugly pool hustlers. Ah, Pittsburgh.... The remainder of the entire night was spent helping a pretty Loyola University coed (with the unlikely name of "Fallois") write a paper on juvenile gangs in Chicago. I knew next to nothing on the subject, but she thought my observations were "enlightening." Blush. Student readers: if you want easy "A's", try Sociology courses.

MIDLIFE CRISIS MAY HAVE YET ANOTHER expanded game settling here next month. I have volunteered to take over one of the little rascals, abandoned callously by Keith Sessler's long-maybe forever—overdue Manifest Destiny. Call Keith, and he'll still tell you the results will be out "by the end of the week."

THE POST-STAB LETTER:
ADDING INSULT TO INJURY?

The dirty deed is done. The adjudications arrive in the morning mail, and the stab is printed right there in black and white. Once again, you have wielded the knife and have betrayed an ally. You're elated, or at least grinsly satisfied. Perhaps you experience a twinge or two of guilt and remorse. Now armed with the benefits of 20/20 hindsight, you wonder if you might have gotten further sticking with your former partner. If the stab succeeded, the second guessing is probably limited in scope. If you blew it, though, you're likely to be scrambling for excuses, new allies, and maybe a new game start.

Your thoughts wander, and you wonder what your "victim" is thinking. He's probably calling you every four-letter word in the book, plus a few in foreign languages just to prove his worldliness. You can bet he's out for revenge, and will be casting about for allies to further his crusade of vengeance. You'll have to make a point of writing to those same "other people" yourself, countering these efforts and courting new allies. The very act of stabbing itself may have won you new friends—they may even have urged you to do it in the first place—but you dare take nothing for granted. They urged treachery against someone else, so why should they be expected to go easier on you?

Right about now, you'll be considering the advisability of writing a "post-stab letter" to your victim. You may be sincerely sorry about your transgressions, and be possessed of a desire to at least explain why you did what you did. You may not be sorry at all, but might want to explain, in all fairness, that the course of action undertaken in the past season was the right one, within the context of the game. You may wish to see if your victim is willing to accept the "fait accompli," due to the fact that the only alternative is his annihilation, in order to win his continued cooperation as a junior member of a reformed alliance. Or, you might want to scold your victim: "I told you that if you didn't make those northern maneuvers, our alliance would be fatally weakened!" "You missed moves again last season, and I could no longer count on your even being in the game." "You weren't writing consistently." "You've lied to me for the last time." "Hey, I saw my opportunity, and I took it." "You don't deserve to win, the way you've been playing." "The rulebook says that the players need 18 centers to win the game. It says nothing about two-way draws."

In determining whether or not you should write such a letter, you have to weigh the possible benefits against the probable liabilities. You must remember that your victim is in a very bitter state of mind; you may even have made something of a fool out of him. His first reaction to your "calm and rational" explanations may well be, "once a liar, always a liar." If he perceives you to be rubbing salt in his wounds, he might be goaded into a much more strenuous defense of what he has left. Many players, especially novices, will simply drop out in disgust, or roll up in a little ball and wait for a quick and painless demise. But, if goaded into a rage, he might be induced to do something unpleasant, such as to "throw his centers" to a third party. If you expect your opponent to do these things anyway, why waste your time, and maybe more of your credibility, with a superfluous missive? One player's reaction to one of this writer's "post-stab letters" was to publically wonder "...what this guy is like in real life." Whenever they bring up what you're like in real life, you know things have gotten out of hand! The truth, after all, is always stronger than the fiction.

So when will a post-stab letter be useful? Well, it certainly can't hurt if your stab didn't meet with the expected successes, or if it didn't net the new alliance structure that others were promising. How often a player will go through with a stab, only to find that the other co-stabbers didn't make the requisite moves at all, and they are now all standing together in a circle, snickering at the redfaced "sucker". The mark of a good player is the ability to face facts, and to deal with his own mistakes and/or failures. Many "victims" are as mature, or much more mature, than their attackers, and can be induced to forgive and forget if given the proper incentives. The victim may co-incidentally have been planning to stab you somewhere down the line, and he might take your own "quicker draw" in stride. If the new overtures don't succeed in winning the person you stabbed back over to your side, you lost nothing with the attempt. He certainly wouldn't have been dissuaded with no communications between you after a stab!

POST-STAB LETTER, continued.

In most cases, the only safe time to write a post-stab letter is when your victim writes to you first. Often enough you'll get a frustrated request, asking for the reasons why you did what you did. If your explanations ring true enough, the victim may stoically accept them (although he will not be induced to LIKE them!). In other cases, you may come up against a victim who is willing to overlook the stab, if only you will spare him. There is no harm in writing back to such a person, if only to set him up for yet another stab, or just to get "the measure of the man." And who knows—he may succeed in giving you alternatives to a continuation of the stab! Not all stabbers, after all, are mindless dot-grabbers.

In my first postal game, my England was stabbed by Edi Birsan's Germany. A week or so later, I received my first post-stab letter. It opened with a line which I have myself employed innumerable times in the succeeding decade: "I usually don't write to victims of my stabs, but I thought I'd make an exception here." The veteran proceeded to lecture the novice on topics such as "learning to read the rulebook," "sending clear and consistent signals in negotiations," and lessons in plain, ordinary tactics. He also told me that it did no good to send a "scolding" unless I could back it up with solid reasoning. All in all, he almost had me believing that I, the victim, was the bad guy; my own screwups and hangups had hamstringed the alliance, and I wasn't carrying my own weight. What's more, I had foolishly left myself wide open to a stab, veritably asking for the "Browning Automatic Knife" to make its indelible marks in my backside. I don't recall being "grateful" for that letter at the time that I received it, but the fact that I still clearly remember its contents goes to prove that I took its messages to heart. One can learn from setbacks, as well as from successes.

I HAVE SOME SPACE LEFT OVER for a few more letters, the first being from Jim Burgess:

Happy birthday. Just don't think about age. I really do think it is basically irrelevant.

Terry Tallman always bad-mouths everyone. Then he can't remember what he said, five minutes later. BUT, if you're ever in a game with him you have to learn to work with his real fast. It must be his animal charm. He has a large part of the Crane game eating out of his hand (did you see the write-up in the latest Game magazine?).

Great letters from Steve and Rod. I had intended to write something and agree with both for the most part. ((Well, I guess you've done just that!))

AND FROM BEN SCHILLING:

Much as I hate to do so, I have to agree with Rod Walker about the "taste" of the masses. In general, I find that which is popular is generally of low value. Of course, Shakespeare only wrote thirty-seven or so plays, which wouldn't have made for a very long TV series and they really aren't connected. There doesn't seem to be much that we can do about it, especially as TV has become our bread and circuses.

MAD CON! MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND!
BE THERE or BE SQUARE! (NO EXCUSES)

contact

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COME AND TRY TO OUT-DRINK DALE BAKKEN!

L*S*T*T*E*R*S A*N*D S*U*C*H

FROM ED WROBEL: A more timely happy three-oh to you. Your ruminations on reaching this watershed struck a chord with me. I was 30 in June of last year and I'm now racing headlong towards 31, having collected most of the trappings of a stable adulthood. Yet with all this "stability", I feel younger than I did years ago. Perhaps it is the relative comfort that makes me feel so. For some reason I can "Be Here Now" (you're of my generation—you must have read that, or similar books) more easily than years ago when I reached frantically for some meaning of some kind. Sure I feel job pressure and other pressures (like commuting!) but I'm not driven to "do something significant." You mention Michener—yeah, he's rich and famous, but he's not writing anything significant. Someday I'd like to write something significant to me—and it would be nice if it was recognized by at least a few people—but something like that can only come from within. It cannot come from striving alone. In fact, too intense an ambition can obscure those inner signals that tell you what is really significant. Well, excuse me—to a lighter subject.

"Damn Orioles," eh? Good name for a musical. But they aren't as evil—as corrupt—as decadent—as the Yankees, you don't think, do you? I would bet the Orioles against your Brewers, but you've already picked the O's first, so how about an alternative bet? I'll take Detroit to finish ahead of the Brewers (and not just because of their fast start—in fact, that may be a bad omen). ((Paul here. As of this moment, the Tigers are 18-2, and I'm not inclined to wager against them. If, at any moment, the Brewers and Tigers come within 3 games of each other, I'll be willing to accept it as a "sporting" wager.))

If you send me a map, I will standby for your WWIIb game. Are you using those funny canal rules?

((Paul again. What funny canal rules? The ones which allow a fleet to move from the Gulf of Panama to the Carribean without stopping for a season in Panama? Yeah.

Thanks for your comments on turning 30. Now that I'm past that damned birthday, it's no big deal anymore. My "ambition," such as it is, remains a vaguely defined longing to make peoples' lives a bit less miserable than they are right now. I view life as a "Tragi-comedy" in which we all muddle through somehow. The current film "Moscow on the Hudson" sports this same theme—Robin Williams' character says something like "our misery is our own. We take it, and revel in it."

I like what Michener is doing with his books on "area histories." He is taking history and making it accessible to the masses. Popularized history may not be necessarily accurate or well-focused, but if it gets people interested, perhaps at least a few will pick up the more serious works after reading Michener, or Clavell, or (someday) Rautenberg.

NOW FEATURING, BRAD WILSON: You're hardly over the hill. Casey Stengel was in his late 50's when he won his first pennant with the Yanks. Or...my father is 52 and has been through 4 wives already. Now that's no stability, right? ((No, that's consistency.)) You've got 50+ years ahead...with your intelligence and wit, you'll get somewhere. (Maybe only to the bottom of the glass, but...).

I hope you're not offended by my Mad Lads cartoon; I couldn't tell from the context if you were reprinting it because you thought it was funny or because you thought it was offensive. ((It was hilarious—I wanted the MadLads to see it, but none of them ever said word one about it.))

Aren't the Blasters great? Much better than the Stray Cats. Of course, you won't hear them on the radio much. What is "slow soul." Marvin Gaye? Diana Ross? Aretha Franklin? ((Aretha? No! I'm talking about slow, sappy stuff like the Temptations and their modern heirs, but I never listen to it long enough to hear who is doing it. I get to be closed-minded on a few insignificant topics, don't I?)) On Woodson's article and that general topic, well, the current art form of rock is the album. An album can be written with a concept in mind, some examples being Aqualung, Born to Run, Who's Next, or just about anything by pre-1980 Genesis. If we accept the album as today's "standard" piece of popular music virtuosity, then I think we might be able to come to some kind of agreement. If not, then forget it.

Many classical critics today roundly dislike the habit of playing Bach/Mozart/Beethoven, and they want orchestras to play some new classical music. Fat chance, because the subscribers want the Bach/Brahms. Today's great composers? My guesses: Springsteen, Dylan, Wynton Marsalis, Randy Newman, Miles Davis, Leonard Bernstein, John Lennon, Bryan Ferry, Stanley Clarke, and Ray Davies. Not all-inclusive, and certainly opinionated, but there it is. ((Good comments on "albums", and I like most of the people on your list even if you did forget Brian Auger and David Byrne.))

ANONYMOUS GAME

Fall 1905

AUSTRIANS GET UNWANTED IONIAN; ITALIANS EATEN ALIVE; F/G DRAW PROPOSED

AUSTRIA (Vienna Waits for You); F Adr-Ion, A Tri-Bar.

FRANCE (Casual Sutterby); F Tun-S-TURK F Nap-Ion (NSO), F Rom-Nap, F Tun-Rom, A Mar-Pie, A Bur-Gas, F Eng-Mid, F Pic-Eng, A Lon Holds, A Edi holds.

GERMANY (Konrad v. Kriegen); A Stp to Mos, F Bal holds, F Nth-S-F Bel, A Ruh-Mun, A Bob-Vie, A Ven-Tri, A Tyr-S-A Ven-Tri, A Mun-Sil, F Bal holds, A Bar-S-A Mun-Sil.

ITALY (Erin Thomas); A Bar-r-Sil, F Aeg-r-Gre. A Sil-Bar (dis, ret to Pru, Boh, Gal, OTB). F Alb-Gre, F Gre-Bulac (dis, amputated).

RUSSIA (Herpes II Rutarukuckoff); A War-Mos, A Bud-S-F Rus, A Ukr-S-F Rum, F Rum holds.

TURKEY (Rhusty Underwhere); F Aeg-Gre, A Bul-S-F Aeg-Gre, F Btk-S-A Sev-Rum, A Sev-Rum, F Nap-Rom, F Say-Eas.

ANONYMOUS GAME

Winter 1905

AUSTRIA: Has ~~Y/I~~, Ser. (1). Must remove one.
 FRANCE: Has Bre, Par, Mar, Spa, Por, Lon, Lpl, Edi, Tun, Rom. (10). May build one.
 GERMANY: Has Mun, Bgr, Kle, Hol, Bal, Swe, Den, Nwy, Tri, Vie, StP, Ven. (12). May build two.
 ITALY: Has ~~Rdi~~, ~~Sts~~, ~~Mds~~. (0). OUT.
 RUSSIA: Has Mos, War, Rus, Bud. (4). Even.
 TURKEY: Has Con, Ank, Say, Bul, Sev, Nap, Gre. (7). May build one.

There is a proposal for a French/German draw. Please vote with your next set of orders. No vote received equals NO, unless it is an NMR, which counts as a YES. Vienna, your sub is up; please re-ante. Most of the rest of you are close to that point, unless you are not subbers at all. Who knows?
 THE DEADLINE FOR DRAW VOTES, WINTER 1905 and Spring 1906 is Saturday 26 May 1964.

ANONYMOUS PRESS

RHUSTY TO CASUAL: Say, big boy, why don't you come up and write me sometime? I know we could make beautiful music together.

UNDER TO YOU: ...over, come in? We lost contact over....please land on runway 4-niner-delta-over....don't become a runaway of love to the strings of KvK, over!

ET TO UNK NO: You mean I'm playing against Wall?

UNK NO TO ET: Anybody who knows me as a player knows that I don't mean anything I say.

GERMANY TO FRANCE: There's been a notable lack of press emanating from your country, sir. How about a contribution now and then? Lord knows the press for this game could use any improvement or additional volume.

GERMANY TO AUSTRIA: Me? A pig? How unfriendly of you. And after I vacated Vienna, too. Just for that, dog breath, I'm moving right back in. (I hope!) Furthermore, you may even lose friends!

AUSTRIA TO GERMANY: Viallsicht, ein Tod in Venedig? Nicht diese Jahr. Diese Jahr Tod hat ein Feesttag mit Italien und Osterreich. Aber wer ist nachst?

AUSTRIA TO UNK NO: What do you mean "the Walls" are closing in on Austria and Italy? Is James' sister in this game, too? Well, don't that take the cake!

AUSTRIA TO ANONYMOUS GAME: The Ionian sea seemed so popular last season I thought I'd try to go there myself! ((Better late than never.))

UNK STAN TO KRIEG: Oh no! I forgot! You're Lew! You will be incredulous when you discover my identity. You're playing just like the game we are in together.

UNK STAN TO UNK RON AND UNK JOEL: Yes, just imagine all those Russkies that hadn't seen a woman in four years (Stalin never had enough breathing space to give them leave). The women of Berlin disguised themselves as pregnant, hunch-backed cripples, all to no avail. I could say that the Russians couldn't tell the difference but that wouldn't be very kind.

UNK STAN TO KvK: I know how you feel. At least Paul tries to call potential NMRs. P.S. Bauesister? Boy, am I insulted! I may never speak to you again.

KvK to ERIN: I'd say I hate to say I told you so, but the fact is I love to say I told you so.

WORLD WAR IIIB

Winter 2101

Dwayne Shreve has finally surfaced at 3916 Lancaster Pike, Apt. A, Wilmington DEL, 19805. Due to personal difficulties, he is resigning the Russian position, so Marc Peters is the player of record for Russia.

In the supply chart last month, Japan's ownership of Sakhalin was overlooked, giving him a third build. And, as all the players have been previously informed, Jim Burgess did NOT NMR last season. Peru's moves were F G of Pan to Panama, A Cuzco-Bolivia, A Colombia holds.

ARGENTINA (Pierre Touchette, 1 Rue Georges, Masson, Quebec CANADA J0X 2H0); Builds A La Pampa, F Buenos Aires. Also has A Cordoba, F Uru, F Falk Is.

AUSTRALIA (Eric Ozog, 1526 N. Lawler Ave, Chicago, IL. 60651); Builds F Wes Aus, F N. South Wales. Also has A Java, F Timor, F N. Zealand.

BRAZIL (James Wall, 27 N. Mills St, #3, Madison, WI. 53715); Builds A Mato, F Bahia, F Belem. Also has A Bolivia, F Venezuela, F Surinam.

CANADA (Ron Brown, 70 F Chesterton Dr, Nepean, Ontario, CANADA K2E 5S9); Builds F Quebec nc, F Brit Columbia. Also has F Iceland, F Alaska, A NW Terr.

CHINA (John Jordan, PO Box 9516, Moscow, Idaho, 83643); Builds F Hbman. Also has F Borneo, A Singtang, A Inner Mongolia.

EUROPEAN COMMON MARKET (Mark Keller, 9536 Shunway Dr, Orangevale, CA. 95662); Builds F UK. Also has F Norway, F Wes Med, Army Spain.

INDIA (Neil Kiersz, 108 Humphrey Rd. Great Valley, NY. 14741); Builds F Madras, A Pradesh, A Rajasthan. Also has F Iran, A Pakistan, A Bangladesh.

JAPAN (Jim Makuc, Box 111, Monterey, MA. 01245); Builds F Hokkaido, F Kyushu, F Honshu. Also has A Sakhalin, F S. Korea, F Philippines.

KINGDOM OF U. & L. EGYPT: (James Woodson, POB 18645, Corpus Christi, TX, 78418); Builds F Somalia, A Sudan, F Egypt. Also has A Libya, A Kenya, F Saudi Arabia wc.

PERU (Jim Burgess, 100 Holden St, 3rd Left, Providence, RI. 02908); Builds F Ecuador, F Inca. Also has F Panama, A Colombia, A Cuzco.

SOUTH AFRICA (Don Swartz—COA—155 Vernon Ave, #2, Louisville, KY. 40206); Builds A Angola, F Transvaal. Also has A Zambia, F Malagasy, F SE Atlantic.

USA (Michael Quirk, 3630 Chester, Glenview, IL. 60025); Builds F Dixie, F Calif. Also has F West Pacific, A Honduras, F Haiti.

USSR (Marc Peters, 29 E. Wilson St. #202, Madison, WI. 53703); Builds A Kazak. Also has F Baltic, ~~Romania~~ E Turkey, A Turkenen, A Mongolia, F Sea of Okhotsk.

WARSAW PACT (Mark Frush, 1013 Milton St. #304, Madison WI 53715); Builds A Hungary, A Poland, F Yugo. Also has A Austria, A Rumania, F Greece.

WEST AFRICAN FED: (Chuck Kaplan, 742 Grouse Ct. Deerfield, IL. 60015); Builds A Mali, F Guinea, Also has F Gabon, A Cameroon, A Algeria.

THE DEADLINE FOR SPRING 2102 moves is SATURDAY 26 May, 1984. The standby list for this game includes Bakken, Lowe, Wilson, and I thank you all.

WWIIIB press

WAF TO AFRICA: How about no "tats" for "tits"?

WAF TO ECM: You shouldn't have done that. You made me cry. And my brothers don't like to see me cry.

WAF TO PUPPY: I'm thinking of getting a dog. What breed are you? You're so cute.

WAF TO BRAZIL: Are you as paranoid as I am? In that case, you need to see a shrink. I still don't know why you insist on attacking China this year, but it's good to think big and the men in white coats should encourage your ideas.

OUTSIDE OF TIBET: Mark, in order to become the head monk of Buddha-ala-Richard (N), had to pass a test which required him to get the inhabitants of Nepal to climb Mt. Everest (which stripped of their boots). Mark laughed, "easy. The road to heaven lies in Mt. Everest." But you cannot offend the lord with the hides of animals on your feet. If you want to go to heaven, follow the white covered road with your toes leading the way. For if anyone wears a covering on their feet an abominable snow-quirk will reach out and kill you. Forever feel the touch of Michael against your bones, and it will be the truest hell imaginable.

press cont. next page

WIIIB press, cont.

MARK TO JIMMY: Blow it out your ear! You should know better than to listen to a Nixon anyway. ((You're only a Nixon-clone, Mark. One original's bad enough))

WARSAW ANNOUNCES: A state of war exists between the capitalistic, imperialist warmongers of the USA. Come and get us, scurvey.

USSR TO WARSAW: Well, I guess this was inevitable; I take over for an NSMing country right next to you, and you've planned on gutting it the whole while. Sigh. The more things change, the more they stay the same.

USSR TO ECM: Please let us have Sweden—consider it the request of a dying man. What? You'd refuse the request of a dying man? No class, Mark, no class. What about a favor because we share the same name?

US TO "GRAMP'S" KAPLAN: Hey, since all old black men can sing the blues, why don't you give us a tune, Chuckie boy. I'd like to hear "the Mark Frush collected my Little Boy Blues."

US TO ECM: Don't take anything from Frush laying down. Frush likes the men to be on top. Show some balls and you will have Frush on his knees.

BURGESS TO THE GANG: Has Paul shown his red face yet? Through that "alcoholic haze" of St. Paddy's Day, Paul forgot to mention my phone call. I was tracking down some Midwestern types for some last minute negotiations and figured I'd find them all at Rauterberg's. Paul took down my WIIIB orders and stashed them in his bedroom ((wastebasket))...forgotten. Thanks for fixing things up with no hassle, Paul! ((Anytime I'm hosting, or attending, a party, one must assume that I have once again issued my "automatic, pre-paid, blanket apology for any actions undertaken until the break of day." "Spacing" your phone call was par for the course.

INCALAND: The greatest civilization the world has ever known is rising again after many years of dormancy. As the sun rose this morning 2000 kangaroos could be seen hopping along the ancient mountain roads. A Spokesman for the Inca ruler ((sic—the "Inca" IS the title of the ruler—the inhabitants are Quechuas)) said, "These hopping llamas arrived by boat yesterday and starting fighting each other. The Sun King was most distressed and ordered them separated. We are using them to deliver messages along the post roads. They have built-in mail pouches, apparently designed for that purpose. Many thanks to the anonymous gift-giver."

CANADA TO ALLIES AND OTHERS: As the PM anxiously awaits the birth of his second child, he trusts you will understand the lack of diplomatic letters for the next while. Not to worry, his armed forces already have their Spring orders, standing by any agreements reached with any of you.

ERIC TO PAUL: Nothing wrong with nymphomania, nothing at all. Better to be a nymph any day than a politician, I always say.

OZOG TO THE WORLD: Half-Zif and Prairie Prince agree—James Wall spends too much time studying obscure politicians.

FRUSH TO WALL: Russell I can put up with. You, though, I'll gag you with something better—how 'bout a noose?

EAST GERMANY: "This demonstration had better be worth it, Poppy. I've come a long way," said the Governor-General of Australia to the head of the Warsaw Pact. "Are you sure this guy's your friend?" Orozog pointed to Keller.

"Positively, secret buddy. And my friend and I know that phoney press last season was instigated by Wall, don't we?" said Frush.

Keller, looking decidedly green today, just grunted and grinned. The Governor-General was unswayed at the sight of 'his own oro-like face, reflected in Keller's mirrored sunglasses. He must not like the sun too much, Frush waved them to the only window of the penthouse apartment, saying "show 'em your stuff, FUNGUS!"

Keller pulled the trigger on his spear gun almost nonchalantly, not even aiming. The deadly missile sailed over the rooftops of a full three blocks on Deutschland Street, finally lodging itself in the head of a life-sized cardboard cutout of the pointy-bearded professor, perched on a chimney. "I kill Quirks," said the Fungus with a vicious smile.

AN "X" here means that you sub is out,
or is running out. See your address label!

1983 Y

MISSIONARY POSITION

Spring 1985

A LULL BEFORE THE STORM? CENTERBOARD QUIETUDE

AUSTRIA (Nelson Heintzman, #C-4, 2255 Delaware Ave, Buffalo, NY, 14216);
 A Vie-Tri, A Bud-S-A Vie-Tri, A Alb-S-RUSSIAN F Aeg-Gre (dis, annihilated),
 A Bul-S-RUSSIAN F Aeg-Gre, F Spy-S-RUSSIAN F Con-Aeg, A Ark-S-F Spy.

ENGLAND (Jim Makuc, Box 111, Monterey, MA. 01245);
 F Lpl-S- F Edi-Cly, F Edi-Cly, A Lon-Yrk.

FRANCE (Konrad Baumeister, Box 6039 Henle, Washington DC. 20057);
 F Iri-Mid, A Eur-Bel (dis, annihilated), A Mar-Spa, A Bre-Pic, A Par-S-A Bre-Pic.

GERMANY (Pat Frye, 6904 Scotch Drive, Laurel, MD, 20707);
 F Eng-Mid, A Cas-Spa, A Pic-Bur, A Mun-S-A Pic-Bur, A Suh-Bel, A Kia-Ruhr.

ITALY (Russ Rusnak, 16 West 536 Honeysuckle Rose, Bldg 6, Apt. 105,
 Hinsdale, IL. 60521); F Ion-Alb, F Adr-S-F Ion-Alb, A Tri-S-RUS A Rum-Bud (NSO),
 A Ven-S-A Tri, F Gre-S-RUS F Aeg-Bulso (NSO), F Eas-S-RUS F Con-Smy (NSO).

RUSSIA (Nancy Irwin, 4109 Magnolia Ave, 1 North, St. Louis, MO, 63110);
 F Ska-Mth, A Cly-Edi, F Nwg-S-A Cly-Edi, F Aeg-Gre, F Con-Aeg, A Rum-Ser,
 A Ukr-S-A War, A War-S-A Ukr.

GHOST OF TURKEY (Jim Burgess); A Syr-S-Russian F Aeg-Smy (no such A Syr).

THE DEADLINE FOR Fall 1985 moves is SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1984. Nancy and Pat,
 you still owe me a resub check.

MISSIONARY PRESS

PAUL TO KONRAD: Thanks again for playing host in D.C. I still say your
 apartment isn't worth the \$1000 per month. Georgetown sure has gotten
 pretentious in the past 8 years, or else my perception of it has changed.
 They don't even deserve a European bar out there. Four dollar cover charges
 for new wave bars? Ruh?

GHOST TO ITALY: I thank you for the compliment, though I'm not sure how
 well I deserved it. Good luck. I'll do what I can, but with only a ghost
 of a chance I'm afraid you had better start praying.

RUSS TO NANCY: I can see I trained you well; even if you were lying, at
 least you negotiated. ((Way to go, coach!))

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: Nice cartoon, Russ, real tasteful...such a class act
 you are....

RUSS TO NELSON: While I doubt Nancy went through with her promised moves,
 if she did I am going to have a hell of a lot of fun making fun of your
 pompous ass. At least she realizes that this is a game of negotiating
 regardless of personal likes or dislikes.

BUDAPEST TO ROME: I see you are tarting this "novice" crap. Well, boy,
 this game is more than half a psych job, as you well know; and shit, man,
 I was into serious head games while you were still swilling your milk and
 cookies learning your ABCs....I'm waitin' on ya, bro.

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA: C'mon Tserina, this guy can be had...believe me.

GHOST TO NANCY: You aren't afraid of me, are you? I can be very friendly.
 ((Is your name Jim-Bob or Casper?)) Let me help. You don't need Austria.

GHOST TO ARTIST: Wow! What a drawing! A solid F (for you know what) on
 the bathroom stall scale. Poor Austria. All tied up and no place to go.
 If I weren't such a wisp of my former self, I know what I'd do....



1983 AR

PORCELAIN GOD

Winter 1984

SEASONS SEPARATED WHILE KAPLAN AND TALLMAN SQUARE OFF FOR PRESS WAR

AUSTRIA (David Blaylock, Rt. 1, Box 630, Canton, N.C., 28716);
Has A Tri, A Vie, A Qal, A Rum, F Ahr.

ENGLAND (Bob Acheson, c/o Echo Bay Mines, Lupin, NWT. CANADA XCE 1MO);
Builds F Lon. Has F Lon, F Sra, F Dev, A Yrk.

FRANCE (Bill Becker, 81C Turwill, Kalamazoo MI 49007); A War-r-Gas.
Has A Gas, F Lpl, F Wal, F Mid, A Spa.

GERMANY (Russ Rusnak, 16 West 536 Honeysuckle Rose, Bldg 6, Apt. 105,
Hinsdale, IL. 60521); Has A Boh, A Mun, A Ber, F Nth, F Hel, A Bel.

ITALY (Jim Makuc, Box 111, Montarey, MA. C2145); Builds F Naples.
Has F Nap, A Ven, A Pie, F Mid, F Spa sc, F GOL.

RUSSIA (Dale Bakken, 1116 Ann st, Apt. 12, Madison, WI 53713);
A Mos-r-StP, Removes F Bal, A Sil. Has A StP, A war.

TURKEY (Chuck Kaplan, 742 Grouse Ct., Deerfield, IL. 60015);
Builds F Sny. Has F Sny, F Tyn, A Bul, F Blk, A Sav, A Mos.

TEMPORARY ACHESON COA.—May 10 til 7 June— 959 Coxwell Ave, Toronto Ontario

David Blaylock was only saved from an NGR due to the separation of seasons. N4C 3G3
Just to be on the safe side, I am calling Carl Russell, 21 Morgan Rd,
Binghamton, NY 13903 to submit standby moves for AUSTRIA. David, I also
need a resub check from you.
THE DEADLINE FOR SPRING 1985 moves is SATURDAY, May 26, 1984. I have orders
on file from everyone save Germany and Austria.

PORCELAIN PRESS

LONDON TO STP: Poor Russ, he's just not having it easy.

LONDON TO BAKKO: C'mon Dale, admit it. You really wanted to see the
knife in this game.

LONDON TO A/T/I: All attacks on Russian territories should cease. Besides,
in another couple of game years it'll be time for you three to start fighting
over the F/G spoils.

SMYRNA TO MUNICH: Da Slezze is alive and hiding in Cleveland. As an
honorary MadLad, it is my duty to screw around in a game or two. This
could be such a game.

UNK NO TO PLAYERS: The "Seattle" press is guest press.

SEATTLE TO DEERFIELD: You're doing the same thing you do in every game:
"I promise I won't pork you if you pick up that soap I dropped in front of
you." Well might go for it, but few others—more than once, at least.

AN OUTHOUSE IN SEATTLE: Ooof! Aaaargh! Sigh. "Nothing like taking a
nice healthy Kaplan.

DF to MILW: How are you doing, old timer? I've told all two of my friends
and relatives that I will not be celebrating the big 3-0, just letting the
day go by. Just in case, I bought two cans. You need one? Or do other
parts need to be supported? ((I feel lots better now that the big day has
passed, and I'm still alive and kicking.))

SEATTLE TO BAKKEN: Without even knowing you I'd trust you before I'd trust
Chi-tween Chuckie, the Mad Clone.

SEATTLE TO MILWAUKEE: This is pretty good stuff. I hadn't been reading
your press but if you add this whole crew up you get an I.Q. nearly high
enough to be Beroh's yes lad.

SEATTLE TO DEERFIELD: "I never lie." Uh huh. And Wall never froths at
the mouth when a MadLad comment is made.

SEATTLE TO MADLADS EVERYWHERE: The name won't stick if you ignore it and
fail to live up to it. Otherwise....

SEATTLE TO MARC PETERS: As for you!

PRESS CONTINUED, P. 10

PORCELAIN QOD PRESS cont.

SEATTLE TO THE NON-MAD LADS: As hobby nickname custodian I have declared the following nicknames: 'Mad Clone' Kaplan; 'Boy Dale' Bakken; and the ever popular 'Papa Surf' Ruzhak.

VENICE TO TRIESTE: What's up, Doc?

NAPLES TO SMYRNA: Thanks for being a friend.

RUSSIA TO GERMANY: How do you know that you are the only person who has been straight with us this game? The fact of the matter is that no one has written me since Spring 1902 except you. And then for a season and a half, you didn't write either! I just decided to play 'kingmaker' for a while and make something happen. Well, my self-preservation instinct is taking over so I'll leave you alone.

SEATTLE TO MILWAUKEE: At last, a replacement for the old "Down and Dirty" press.

1983 AI	PORNOGRAPHIC PRIESTESS	Fall 1904
WALL WIELDS THE BLADE AND NETS HIMSELF FOUR BUILDS: G/T IN RUINS		
AUSTRIA (John Kador, 505 2nd Ave, Melbourne Beach, FL. 32951); A <u>Bar-Kie</u> (dis, annihilated), A <u>Tyr-Mun</u> , A <u>Vie-Tyr</u> , A <u>Ven-Rom</u> , F <u>Tri-Ven</u> , F <u>Aeg-Say</u> , F <u>Ion-S-FREN</u> F <u>Tyr-Nap</u> (NSO).		
ENGLAND (David Pierce, 13521 Pleasant Lane, Burnsville, MN. 55337); A <u>Bel-Nwy</u> , F <u>Nth-C-A Bel-Nwy</u> , F <u>Hol-Bel</u> , F <u>Eng-Bel</u> , F <u>Mid-Spa</u> sc, F <u>Por-a-F Mid-Spa</u> sc.		
FRANCE (Michael Quirk, 3830 Chester, Glenview, IL. 60025); F <u>Tyr-Tun</u> , A <u>Gas-Mar</u> , A <u>Bre</u> holds, A <u>Par-S-A Bre</u> .		
GERMANY (James Woodson, POB 19645, Corpus Christi, TX. 78418); F <u>Den-r-Ska</u> , F <u>Ska-Nth</u> , A <u>Mun</u> holds, A <u>Ruh-S-A Mun</u> .		
ITALY (Don Swartz—COA—155 Vernon Ave, #2, Louisville, KY. 40206); F <u>Weg-Tun</u> , F <u>Spa sc-Mar</u> . (dis, ret. to GOL, OTB), A <u>Apu-Nap</u> , A <u>Tus-Rom</u> .		
RUSSIA (James Wall, 27 N. Mills St. #3, Madison, WI. 53715); F <u>Con-Bul</u> sc, F <u>Say-Con</u> , A <u>Pru-Bar</u> , A <u>Boh-Gal</u> , A <u>Sil-S-A Pru-Bar</u> , F <u>Swe-S-A Den</u> , F <u>Bal-Kie</u> , K <u>Den-S-F Bal-Kie</u> .		

1983 AJ	SUPPLY CHART	Winter 1904
AUSTRIA:	Has <u>Vie</u> , <u>Bud</u> , <u>Tri</u> , <u>Ser</u> , <u>Gra</u> , <u>Edi</u> , <u>Ven</u> , <u>Say</u> . (7). Even.	
ENGLAND:	Has <u>Lon</u> , <u>Edi</u> , <u>Lpl</u> , <u>Nwy</u> , <u>Bel</u> , <u>Hol</u> , <u>Por</u> , <u>Spa</u> . (8). May build two.	
FRANCE:	Has <u>Bre</u> , <u>Par</u> , <u>Tun</u> , <u>Edi</u> . (3). Must remove one.	
GERMANY:	Has <u>Mun</u> , <u>Edi</u> , <u>Kie</u> , <u>Den</u> . (1). Must remove two (one annihilated).	
ITALY:	Has <u>Rom</u> , <u>Nap</u> , <u>Edi</u> , <u>Mar</u> . (3). Must remove one.	
RUSSIA:	Has <u>StP</u> , <u>War</u> , <u>Mos</u> , <u>Sev</u> , <u>Swe</u> , <u>Rus</u> , <u>Con</u> , <u>Ank</u> , <u>Edi</u> , <u>Bul</u> , <u>Den</u> , <u>Kie</u> , <u>Bar</u> . (12). May build four!	
TURKEY:	Has <u>Edi</u> . (0). OUT.	

Don, James Woodson, and John, I need resub checks for you, please.
THE DEADLINE FOR Winter 1904/Spring 1905 is SATURDAY, 26 May, 1984.

PORNO PRESS

FRANCE TO THE WALL: What are you so smug about? Kador is a pro, and he doesn't like two way draws. You will get your comeuppance in this game. ((Yeah, but he seems to be coming up in the center count!))

QUIRK TO OLD MAN RIVERBERG: What are you complaining about? With taxes going up, Social Security going broke, and the world going to hell, you wouldn't really want to be young right now, would you?

ONE NO TO GRIZZLY QUIRK: I'm on the verge of middle age, but "old" is pretty strong language to be using around me. Social Security will be all tapped out long before I ever get to draw from it. I AM happy to be past the age where I'm eligible for the draft, though.

PORNO PRESS, continued.

WOODSON TO PORNO: (with special thanks to Jackson Browns and Glen Frey);

Well I'm runnin' 'cross the board. And I'm prayin' to the Lord
I've got seven powers on my mind. Pierce, he's got to stab me,
Wall just wants to have me, Neil says he's a friend of mine.

Take it from me, take it from me. It's just the time for my own words
to drive me crazy. Writin' press while I still can,
gonna try and understand, I got no place to make my stand, take it from me.

Well, I'm sittin' in the middle, and it's lookin' like a skittle,
Not a nice sight to see. Dave and James have come and they're just about done,
They've almost finished cookin' me.

Come on Johnny! Someone save me! You wouldn't let this go on now
(or would you, maybe) Guess I'll lose, I sure won't win
But you're all sure to see me again,
I'll be at Madcon with my bottle of gin, so take it from me.

Well I'm gonna leave this board, I'll go with this final chord
No more trouble on my mind. I'll just go after Frush, in WWII b,
I'm sure he won't mind.

Take it from me, take it from me, but don't forget that I was here,
I'll still be watchin'! I'll bow out, if I must, I now know who to trust,
Now it's just Madcon or bust, you took it from me.

GERMANY TO RUSSIA: Enclosed find my Spring catalogue, complete with order
blanks for Kaiser Woodson placemats, doormats, T-shirts, Ball caps, and
cigarette lighters.

1982 HQ

SLEAZE ONE

Fall 1987

FRANCE SHARES THE WEALTH WITH RUSSIA: AUSTRIA ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO

AUSTRIA (Mark Frush, 1013 Milton St, #304, Madison, WI. 53715); A Tyr-Mun,
A Boh-S-A Tyr-Mun, A Gal-Ukr, A Rum-Sav, A Bud-Rum, A Vis-Gal, F Con-Ank,
A Bul-S-A Bud-Rum, A Sky-S- F Con-Ank.

ENGLAND (David Pierce, 13521 Pleasant Lane, Burnsville, MN. 55337);
F Was-Tun, F Bre-Mid (dis, ret. to Pic, OTB.), F Eng-Lon.

FRANCE (Darwood Bowen, 1643 Graniteway Ln, Columbus, OH. 43229);
F Con-r-Blk. F Blk-S-AUST A Rum-Sav, A Mun-Kie (dis, ret. to Bur, OTB).
A Rub-S-A Mun-Kie, A Bel-Hol (dis, ret to Pic, Bur, OTB), A Gas-S-A Par-Bre,
A Par-Bre, F Wal-Lon, F Wng-Nth, F Edi-S-F Wng-Nth, F NaQ-Mid.

RUSSIA (Michael Quirk, 3830 Chester, Glenview IL. 60025); F Bar-Wng,
F Wng-S-F Bar-Wng, F Nth-Bel, A Hol-S-F Nth-Bel, A Kie-S-A Hol,
A Ser-S-A Kie, A War-Sil, A Ukr-War, A Sev-Ukr, (dis, ret to Arm, Mos, OTB).

TURKEY (Keith Sherwood, 8886 Cliff Ridge Ave, La Jolla, CA. 92037);
F Ank-Con. (dis, ret to Arm, OTB).

1982 HQ

SUPPLY CHART

Winter 1987

AUSTRIA: Has Vis, Bud, Tri, Ser, Bul, Rum, Gre, Ven, Sky, Ank, Sev,
Mun, (12) May build three, room for only two.

ENGLAND: Has Lon, Edi, Wng, Tun, (2) Must remove one, or ret. 1 OTB.

FRANCE: Has Bre, Par, Mar, Por, Spa, Gal, Edi, Rom, Nap, Nth, Lpl,
Edi, Con. (10). Must remove 2, 1, or even depending on retreats.

RUSSIA: Has StP, Mos, War, Edi, Sev, Den, Wng, Kie, Ser, Hol, Bel.
(10) May build one.

TURKEY: Has Ank (0). OTB.

It was nice having you aboard, Keith; thanks for playing it out to the end.
THE DEADLINE FOR WINTER 1987/Spring 1988 is SATURDAY, 28 May, 1984.

SLEAZE ONE PRESS

RUSSIA: We are proud to present another excerpt from Mark Frueh's autobiography, The Naked Civil Engineer; I hate it when people call me a flaming homosexual. I mean its like they expect me to spontaneously combust or something. And what does "coming out of the closet" mean? I've never come in a closet. It happens on a bed or it doesn't happen, sweetie.

FRANCE TO LONDON: Any idiot can grab unoccupied real estate. The challenge comes from taking the occupied stuff.

FRANCE TO UNK MO: This is a guessing turn. I made my guesses; how'd I do?

UNK MO TO FRANCE: You were too generous with Russia, and that English pirate is going to hurt you badly. With friends like Austria, who needs enemies?

DERWOOD TO UNK MO: I turned 30 a couple of years back. Once you get over the idea it's not that bad. See you at Madcon. ((Thanks. I'll be there.))

FRANCE TO PPP: Poisoning England too?

TURKEY GOES OUT WITH A FLOURISH: When I find myself in times of trouble Bruce Linsay comes to me, eating cans of cat food (time to leave). And in my hour of darkness, I ask myself why I could not see Mark Frueh's words of deceit (time to leave).

Time to leave, time to leave, it's time I should be going, time to leave. And with the spectre of elimination, staring coldly down at me, there will be an answer, time to leave.

Fox though Le Front is folded there is still a chance Barchis will see And invite me to Silver Spring (time to leave).

Time to leave, time to leave, yeah.

Mark Barch has done it too, time to leave.

And though for me it's over, there is still a side that's bright for me.

Count Vlad I am ready, time to leave.

I wake up to the sound of music, And Bob Olsen comes to me

"Please don't worry, Keith, (time to leave), one elimination isn't such Its happened to me times fifty three"

Whisper words of wisdom, time to leave.

MARK TO DAVIE: Your thinking is wrong—I want you to suicide out on Russia—not France and I.

MARK TO MICHAEL: Trying again to achieve a low blow, eh? Well, may you kiss Ruznak on the lips. ((Yuck. You're getting gross, puppy!))

MARK TO KEITH: It's been fun, really! I've enjoyed your style of play and letters. May we meet again in more favorable circumstances. I salute you—a 21 gun salute to your heart! ((Parting is such sweet sorrow...))

PLAYLIST

RADIO: Brewers vs. Yankees. The Brew Crew is looking better, and Fingers is back. Detroit's incredible winning streak is putting a damper on things, though.

TAPES: My cassette deck is finally repaired, and I've been listening to a bunch of new wave tapes from summer 1981 radio shows.

RECORDS: Japan, Tin Drum. Somber New Romantic stuff. Don't listen to it while you're studying for exams....

MARIANN FAITHFUL, A Child's Adventure. A weird one. She's got an incredible ability to convey emotion, especially frustration. Evidently, a lot of it has to do with alcoholism.

SHADOWFAX Shadowfax. Mellow jazz with folkish undertones.

PAUL KANTNER, Planet Earth Rock and Roll Orchestra. Jefferson Starship refugees finally came up with the sequel to 1970's Blow Against the Empire. This album sports a nice, full sound to go with its sci-fi lyrics, and Grace Slick helps out too. Her daughter "China" doesn't yet sport a voice like Mommy's, though. Ruznak should like the fact that background vocals are done by Flo and Eddie.