

"Ask me what paper came to my desk last week, and I couldn't tell you."

—Ronald Reagan, June 1963

# midlife crisis

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER FOUR

FOURTH OF JULY 1963

THIS IS THE RETURN OF MIDLIFE CRISIS, from a state of suspended animation. I am now recovered from my recent bicyale accident, which briefly impeded my involvement with publishing. This remains a forum for the play and discussion of Postal Diplomacy, or whatever comes to mind. Subscriptions are 10/\$4.50. There are no current game openings, except for one 15 player variant called World War IIIb (see announcement inside). The publisher and GM is none other than Paul G. Reuterberg, 4922 W. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, WI 53219. I can be reached by phone at 414-778-0760, but only if I happen to be at home. Don't count on it.

## ON REALITY, AS IT RELATES TO LIFE AND THE PLAY OF DIPLOMACY

But how can I explain, how can I explain to you?  
You will understand less after I have explained it.  
All that I can hope to make you understand  
Is only events; not what has happened,  
And people to whom nothing has ever happened  
Cannot understand the unimportance of events.

—F.S. Elliot

One of life's great preoccupations is the attempt to discriminate between "true" reality and "perceived" reality. If at all possible, one tries to act upon what is known, leaving to others the dangers of acting upon what is believed. Yet, the reliance upon concrete and irrefutable fact is in itself a delusion. No one has a monopoly on fact, and few bother to limit themselves to what can be proven. If illusions suit one's purposes better than facts, and one can get others to act upon those illusions, the fiction becomes the new fact.

Here is an example. At a recent face to face gathering of the Midwest Clique, the Austrian and Italian players elected to pursue a "Key Lapenta" opening. In Spring 1901, Italy was to send A Ven-Fri, to create the illusion that he was attacking Austria. In Fall '01, A Tri was to shift to Serbia, giving the I/A alliance a solid front against Turkey. Unfortunately, when it came to be time to read the Spring 1901 moves in this particular game, the Italian move disappeared! The Italian player stated, "...honest to God, folks, I WAS going to move A Ven-Fri, A Rus-Aps, and F Nap-Isa. I wouldn't lie about that!" Since the Austrian was the direct "victim" of this announced opening, the other players agreed to let him decide whether to allow the Italian move, or to declare an MSL.

What a stroke of incredible luck this was for the secret A/I alliance! The Austrian wisely declared that he was obliged to "take a friend at his word" (we Miscovinites are all friends) even if, in this case, it was to be an exercise in "slitting his own throat." Everybody got a good chuckle out of their pal's dilemma. The Turk believed that Austria was in dire trouble, and didn't see the Key Lapenta in the offing.

Later, the Italian and Austrian players were able to tout the "lost move" as being part of their intentional plot to get up the unsuspecting Turk. They came out looking like geniuses, and their foes were properly intimidated.

The Turkish player's feelings of betrayal were tempered by the grudging admiration he felt for this dastardly plot. After all, if one is to stab someone, the ideal way is to portray it as: 1) an inevitability; 2) a stroke of genius; or 3) as a lucky break. Sell your victim on any

—continued, page two

of these points, and he may still be receptive to future overtures for friendship later in the game. Or, at the very least, he may be resigned to the quiet acceptance of his fate, with an absence of will.

Thus had the Austrian and Italian players begun the game with the creation of an illusion of hostility between their respective nations. An "accident" lent additional credibility to the scenario. Then, false explanations were invented to "explain" the "accident." Layer upon layer of deception combined to form a new reality for the unfortunate Turk; that of his quick demise.

Once...long ago, he'd thought of himself as an inventor of government. But the invention had fallen into old patterns. It was like some hideous contrivance with plastic memory. Shape it any way you wanted, but relax for a moment, and it snapped into the ancient forms.

—Frank Herbert,  
Dune Messiah

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AND NOW FOR A CHANGE OF PACE, I'll bring you something far removed from "reality."

SPIRAL CHORD #2  
by "Athe"

"So I say to him, 'why not a centralized data bank to check these things?' And the boss says, 'you're crazy! You're fired! Get out of here before my foot starts itching to kick your miserable ass!' I kinda chuckled—I doubt he can get his foot that high— and said, 'Sure boss, anything you say,' winked at him and added, 'Good luck getting out of this mess!' He coughed, turned red; I thought he'd explode or have a heart attack. He knew I was right and didn't have the guts to admit it. That was it; I left his office, cleaned out my office that afternoon, waved goodbye to my secretary; I got to watch the collapse from the outside, I guess."

The story-teller drained his glass. You could see the man waver as he joked about his tale. Perhaps it was something he wasn't sure he could live with. He seemed to be joking about it to justify his actions. Some of the half-drunken people listening chuckled for a moment. I had only been on the fringes of the listening group, and only heard the last part of the story.

Somebody standing next to me bumped me roughly, causing me to spill my drink. The man who had been speaking produced a towel almost instantaneously. I surmised that he was the host.

"I don't seem to know you. Have we met?" he asked.

"No, I just arrived; this is my third party tonight. So far, this one looks to be much better than the previous two."

"Looks like you already know where the drinks are had around here. Lots of food—last time I looked, anyways— in the kitchen, around the corner there. Help yourself." He hurriedly wiped up the remainder of my spilled drink, and glanced at some of the people close by.

I wanted to say "Thank you", but a notion in the back of my mind persisted, suggesting to me that I should say something with more substance....

"I once stood on a strange beach, by the ocean. I was marooned, deserted, lost, I do not know. It was almost like a dream. A native confronted me, and it seemed that he would either do me great harm, or great good. He looked at me curiously, and threateningly. We could not understand one another's language. I picked up a nearby stick and drew a circle in the sand. He looked at me, as if to grant me time. I drew a second circle in the sand closer to him. I then drew a larger circle around both the smaller circles. I could see that he was keenly thinking. I then proceeded to draw a much larger circle, around where both he and I stood, then another circle the same size as the third, and within that, a circle the same size as the first two. I pointed at this last circle, then the first circle, then myself. He understood my meaning."

"Welcome to my island. Have a pleasant time." He reached into the sack he had and handed me a coconut.

"Thank you." I sat on a large rock, watched the ocean, and ate the coconut.

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A number of people have volunteered as standbys for this game. Thank you! YOUR names are on file.... Last month, "The Unknown Standby" was called to submit moves for England. Also, "Gheroske Check Lines to..." has been called to standby for Turkey. Here are the Winter 1901 builds, as adjudicated in my mid-winter notice. By unanimous player vote, the MEMS of England and Turkey stand. There is also lots of prams left over from last month, so....

AUSTRIA (Vienna writes for you): Builds A Bud, Has A Gal, A Rus, F Tri.  
 ENGLAND (Pool on the Hill): No build received. Has A Lov, F Nev, F Nev.  
 FRANCE (Casual Subberby): Builds F Muz; F Bro, Has A Bel, A Por, F Eng.  
 GERMANY (Konrad von Kriegen): Builds F Kie, A Mus, Has A Hol, A Dem, F Nth.  
 ITALY (Erin Thomas—E.T.): Builds F Nap, Has A Ven, A Gre, F Ion.  
 RUSSIA (Anastasia Bonyonov): Builds A Sev, Has F Sev, A Mos, A Ukr, F Bk.  
 TURKEY (Joe Frelator): No build received. Has A Ser, A Ank, F Con.

THE SPRING 1902 moves can be found on page 14. Both Standbys are in.

UNKNOWN STANDBY TO GAME: OK boys and girls, it is now time for the Standby to enter his guesses as to the true (gag) identities of the players in this game. I know Leodi and Ruzak are hiding out in this one. Ruzak has been complaining for years about his rep ruining his fun in the games (he is undoubtedly playing Germany). Leodi is here too, playing as if he were out to lunch, as he usually is (clearly, a Turkish Sultan).

Don Stafford? De Blasse? He wouldn't care nice it! I'm sure he's upset that Ruzak's not in it for him to kick around (he could be a natural for the missing English player!) but nevertheless Don is sneaking around this one. He's France, no question about it.

The crazy Italian has got to be that surf punk from the beaches of Santa Barbara, Mike Muzzo, with his honey pal Bob Olsen playing England. Poor Bob has been stabbed by the Blasse once again. They can't stay away from each other for too long.

I'm not sure who the others are yet, but stay tuned....Cathy Canning may be Russia and Kathy Byrne may have her long neck stuck in here somewhere. I'm also considering Langley, Jim-Bob, Michalski, and Love as candidates for the other positions, and wish I could employ De Blasse de-vestive service to help me, but he's otherwise occupied with his new "roomie." I'll sort 'em out yet, just you wait and see!

AUSTRIA: Okay, whoever said I was Hitowal is in BIG trouble.

GERMANY TO ENGLAND: Go North, young man!

FRANCE TO ITALY: You're a gentleman and a scholar; well, would you settle for just gentleman?

CAZ TO EDW: You and me against the world.

FRANCE: Look out, here I come!

FRANCE TO GERMANY: Make that ya!

CAZ TO GM: I'm wondering why you chose the name MIDLIFE CRISIS for your mine. Now \_\_\_\_\_ thinks it's a deeply personal statement about the status of your love life, but I think you opened a dictionary, thumbed through the pages and landed on it with your eyes closed. Who's closer to the real story?

UNK NO TO CAZ: The Midlife Crisis is that of the Hobby, not of mine own self. Last time I looked.

UNKNOWN STANDBY (GRAVESITE (Hamburg Mass Service reporter Whirly Sluggoppe reporting...)). Yeah, we is here in Oxishford at thish mostest famous of monuments, the thotube of the unk-no-an standby. There's a statue of this funny lookin' guy with a beard and wire rim glasses (reind you of anyone you know? a certain GM perhaps?). I've been here all day an' my slings 'ave jus' been collecting lil' white flavarin' pills. Somethin' called a resurrection was supposed happen, but the statue's not doin' a thin (it does look hard, tho). Mabee next month, stay tuned...Whirly out.

ANONYMOUS PRESS CONTINUED

CAZ TO GM: What does the "G" in "PGR" stand for?

PGR TO CAZ: Must you really persist in poking into my personal life like this? It is a letter to go behind P and R, that's all.

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: All you have to do is tell me when and where you want support. I should be able to take Russia this coming year and I'll be happy to support you into Bulgaria, Budapest, Trieste, and Greece (if I can figure out how to do that...). I would like to have Vienna so that I can see Austria's brilliant opening moves down his throat.

FROM THE INDIAN TERRITORIES: With the necessary removal of Joe Freebee, Cherokee announces forgiveness to the Waiting Slave of Mid Land. You had better give Bulgaria to the rightful owner, namely the Chuckles and their followers. We give our income to Cherokee Chuck for he has divine wisdom...best of all, its tax deductible....\$10 gets you divine happiness...or at least an autographed picture of Chuck and a personal (kind of) message to you....

RUSSIA TO AUSTRIA: The shine on those opening moves doesn't look quite so brilliant now, does it? Don't worry, you'll find I can be very forgiving, once I'm securely in Vienna.

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA: Keep your Ohhhhhing and Abhhhhing to yourself, Anastasia. You overrate me, but then you always have.

KVK TO AUSTRIA: Sorgen Sieh nicht. Ich habe kein interessieren für der Weg durch Österreich.

KVK to JOE: Sind Russland sein Freund? Ich kann nur hoffen das Russke sein Freund sein--ich kann diese nicht, da er schreibt nicht.

PARIS: The War Department here has been in a quiet uproar recently. The untimely death of M. Tricheur, found dead outside the British Ambassador's residence four weeks ago, was labelled a suicide, but apparently the French War Department is not satisfied with the British Government's investigation into the mishap. Relations between the two governments has been extremely uneasy to say the least, and suspicions of foul play are suspected. M. Fortuit himself has been appointed to the investigation. He was immediately quoted as saying "no coverup would be permitted."

UNK NO TO PARIS: Suspicions are suspected, eh?

AUSTRIA TO UNK NO: Ok, I'll bite...why was Midlife Crisis mailed from Jackson, Mississippi? This ought to be good....

UNK NO TO AUSTRIA: That's the closest mailing station to where I happened to be, that's all.

AUSTRIA TO ENGLAND: First you NER. Then you lose the North Sea. What's next?

AUSTRIA TO ENGLAND: I see what's next! You NER in your build! This is going to be hard for you to top now!

AUSTRIA TO UNK NO: I'm experiencing a midlife crisis! What advice do you have for me?

UNK NO TO AUSTRIA: Pour yourself a Chevas on the rocks, light up a pipe, and marry yourself a very wealthy college coed.

AUSTRIA TO UNKNOWN STANDBY: Why should I NER out when I'll be eliminated shortly? And I liked "Dirty Laundry." God, what it reveals about this hobby was more than coincidental. It was cosmic, man, cosmic.

RUSSIA TO ENGLAND: Hi there, I know the temptation to go for Norway is unbeatable. Right? Especially now that you've seen my build. But I don't think you are that stupid that you would attack a lady when her back was to you. Besides, you may have need of my help sooner or later.

RUSSIA TO ITALY: Gee, I didn't notice that you landed in Greece. How clever you are. I assume you must be allied with Turkey. That's OK, any ally of Turkey is a friend of mine. Delighted to have you aboard. Let's see, you get Greece and Trieste. Turkey gets Bud, Sar, and Bul. I get Rum and Vie, right?

RUSSIA TO GERMANY: Thanks, I needed that. Don't worry. I have no intention of interfering in your fishing expedition in the North Sea.

RUSSIA TO GM: Can we change our names and identification if we want?

GM TO RUSSIA: Every season, if it turns you on.

1982 HQ

SLEAZE ONE

Spring 1984

AUSTRIA (Mark Fresh, 301 N. Livingston, Apt. 1, Madison WI 53705):  
A Ven-Tyr, A Cal-Sun, A Bad-Ser, A Vic-Sal, A Ser-Gun, A Run-Sul, F Ion-E Med.

ENGLAND (David Pierce, 13621 Pleasant Ln, Marysville, WA 98037):  
F MAG-MLG, F Bal-Eng, F With-d-F Bal-Eng, F Hal-Sal, A Yoc-Lon.

FRANCE (Derwood Brown, 1643 Graniteway Ln, Columbus, OH 43229):  
A Pio-Sal, A Rub-S-A Pio-Sal, F Eng-Iri, F Mio-S-F Eng-Iri, A Lon H,  
F Bro-Iri (impossible) (Holdo), F Mar-Spa so, A Now-Apu, F Map-Lon.

GERMANY (Randy Ellis, 8310 Grandview Lane, Overland Park KS 66212):  
Army Berlin to Kiel, A Munich supports A Bar-Kie. (A Bar, annihilated.)

RUSSIA (Michael Quirk, 3830 Chester, Glenview IL 60025):  
A Pru-Bar, A Sil-S-A Pru-Bar, F Kie-S-A Pru-Bar, A Des-S-F Kie,  
A War-S-A Sil, A Mos-S-A Sev, A Sev Holdo.

TURKEY (Keith Sherwood, P.O.Box 6467, La Jolla, CA 92037):  
A Ark-Arm, F BSc-S-A Ark-Arm, F Spy-Ang, F Dulac-Cou.

TURKEY: (with apologies to the Pretenders):

I sent my moves to Ohio  
But the GM was gone.  
There was no Dan Stafford  
But the game went on,  
The game has been transferred  
It alices, it dices, MIDLIFE CRISIS.

I sent my moves to Ohio  
But the game had been covered,  
It was all taken care of  
There was nothing I could do,  
I was steamed and smited,  
I thought Dan had such oicet!  
My flater alcohohed, my eyes glated;  
Dan's roommate had kicked him out.  
It alices, it dices, MIDLIFE CRISIS.

I sent my moves to Ohio  
But my pretty yellow pieces  
Had been axiled to Wisconsin  
By a GM's roommate's caprices,  
The games of the Sleaze  
Have been usurped by nasty roomies,  
And pity filled the hobby  
From Terry's Toads to Bruce's Doonies.  
It alices, it dices, MIDLIFE CRISIS.

AUSTRIA TO TURKEY: I'm sorry--I cannot stab a novice. I can try to stab a pro.

RUSSIA TO AUSTRIA: Please note the new A Moscow, courtesy of your Turkish "ally."

FRANCE TO AUSTRIA: which way did the Sword of Damocles fall?

USK NO TO FRANCE: Tro-ward.

MARK TO DERWOOD: Trust me!

MARK TO KEITH: Stab me!

MARK TO MICHAEL: Forgive me!

MARK TO RANDY: Kill me.

MARK TO DAVID: Help me!

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: Fresh is coming! Hide your liquor and young boys.

RUSSIA TO FRANCE: I hope you now realize where your real enemies are.

FRANCE TO TURKEY: He said he would stab me to you, and you to me, so one of us is it.

FRANCE TO GAME: Did Falter NBR this time? GM TO FRANCE: Yup.

THE Fall 1984 moves are due SATURDAY, August 6, 1983.

AUSTRIA (Malcolm McIntosh, #C-4, 2285 Delaware Ave, Buffalo NY 14216);  
Builds A Budapest, A Trieste. Has A Bud, A Tri, F Gre, A Ser, A Alb.

ENGLAND (Pat Conlon, RFD 6, Adlene, KS 67410);  
Builds F Lon, F Lpl. Has F Lon, F Lpl, A Bel, F Nth, F Wny.

FRANCE (David Schaeber? PSC 2, Box 55358, Mather AFB, CA. 95655);  
No build received. Has F Por, A Pic, A Mar.

GERMANY ( Pat Frye, 6904 Scotch Dr, Laurel, MD 20707);  
Builds A Kie, A Man. Has A Kie, A Man, F Hol, A Den, A Ruhr.

ITALY ( Russ Ruznak, 6002 S. Nagle, Burbank, IL 60459);  
Builds F Nap. Has F Nap, A Pic, A Ven, F Turin.

RUSSIA ( Nancy Irwin, 309 N. Livingston, Madison WI 53708);  
Builds F Sev, A StP, A Mos; Has F Sev, A StP, A Mos, A Rus,  
A Ukr, F Sss, F Ankara.

TURKEY ( Jim Burgess, 66 Hall street, Providence RI 02904); # & Supermax;  
Builds F Cyp, F Gre, A Syr, A Sky. All impossible; has F Blk, A Bul, A Arm.  
Spring 1902 moves are due Saturday, August 6, 1983.

STANDBY FOR FRANCE: Neil Kieras, 108 Humphrey Rd., Great Valley, NY 14741

TURKEY TO ALL: A COM and COM is imminent. Most of you know what a COM is, but what about a CON? I'm moving back north and feel that my nickname is no longer appropriate. Therefore, send your future missives to Jim Burgess, Box B, Providence RI 02912. This is only a temporary maildrop; a more permanent one will be available soon. ((Oops, here is the new one now: 66 Hall st, Providence RI 02904.))  
HENRY J.: Missionary Position, is it? Does this mean that this game will be as much fun as sex, or does it mean we'll all get screwed?

AUSTRIA TO RUSSIA: Thanks for the offer. OK by you if we first live together for awhile? We'll make it good for each other, I know.

RUSSIA TO ITALY: Oh, Russ, I didn't write that awful bit of press about you. Please believe me! I don't think you are a nasty, greedy, win-only player. Honest, I don't.

RUSNAK TO ALL: Be careful what you write to Jim-Bob. His mother screens all his letters. She wrote me scolding me for using four letter words in a letter to her "dear, sweet, innocent boy."

FRANCE TO UKR MO: Of course she's trying to butter him up. You gotta butter Ruznak up before you can "take him." Didn't you learn that in Sex 1001?

ITALY TO RUSSIA: Out of butter already?

RUSSIA TO ITALY: Didn't take much, did it?

TURKEY TO RUSSIA (Ruznak, not Russia). You know...I think I see why one might get upset when people go around calling you greedy and a win-only player as an excuse for not negotiating with you fairly. One of the advantages of my various reputations is that people nearly always negotiate with me...but then again they aren't fair to me either. I guess you can't win.

GREEK GARD: Irwin is a very greedy, win-only player.

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: Let me know if the French women are really the way they say they are, will ya?

POPE: And do you, Austria, take this....

RUS TO ALL: Sing your last sweet goodbyes to the sorry Turk. The infamously low and dastardly Boob is soon to be washed out of his despicable Missionary Position. That's the last time he'll ever try that one on anybody.

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA: Tell him no! Not today!! Not ever!!!

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: I hope you're satisfied now, Jim-Bob. The game is all yours, you brought it down on yourself. See what can happen if you don't respond nicely enough to one of my alliance letters that I send to all my neighbors. Yours was by far the most repulsive and disgusting response. Good luck, you'll need it.

## GOING FOR THE SURE THING

AUSTRIA (John Kador, 20 Hilltop Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20910);

A Budapest to Trieste, A Serbia-S-F Alb-Cre, F Albania to Greece.

ENGLAND (David Pierce, 13521 Pleasant Lane, Burnsville, MN 56337);

F Norwegian to Norway, A Edinburgh to Belgium, F Nth Sea-C-A Edi-Bel.

FRANCE (Michael Quirk, 3830 Chester, Glenview, IL 60025);

A Spain to Portugal, F Mid Atl to Spain so, A Picardy-S-ENG F Nth-Bel (NSO).

GERMANY (James Woodson, PO Box 33082, Pensacola, FL 32508);

Army Munich to Berlin, A Ruhr to Holland, F Denmark goes to a ballgame. (H).

ITALY (Don Sharts, 6708 Strawberry Lane #408, Louisville, KY 40214);

F Ionian to Tunis, A Tyrolia to Piedmont, A Venice holds.

RUSSIA (James Wall, 1220 Meand Street, Madison WI 53715);

F Rumania holds, A Ukraine-S-F Russ, A Silesia to Galicia, F GOS to Sweden.

TURKEY (J.T. Washburn, 4021 NE 56th St, Seattle, WA 98108);

A Constantinople to Bulgaria, A Bulgaria to Greece, F Blk-S-A Con-Bul.

THE DEADLINE FOR WINTER 1901 builds is SATURDAY AUGUST 8, 1983.

1983 AI

supply chart

Winter 1901

AUSTRIA:	Has Tri, Via, Bud, <u>Bel</u> , <u>Eng</u> .	(5) May build two.
ENGLAND:	Has Lpl, Low, Edi, <u>Bel</u> , <u>Nor</u> .	(5) May build two.
FRANCE:	Has Bre, Fer, Mar, <u>Por</u> , <u>Spa</u> .	(5) May build two.
GERMANY:	Has Mun, Ber, Kie, <u>Bel</u> , <u>Den</u> .	(5) May build two.
ITALY:	Has Ven, Rom, Nap, <u>Por</u> .	(4) May build one.
RUSSIA:	Has StP, War, Mos, <u>Bel</u> , <u>Sea</u> , <u>Rom</u> .	(6) May build two.
TURKEY:	Has Con, Ark, Sev, <u>Bel</u> .	(4) May build one.

ISRAEL TO GERMANY: Our spies now know: Eng-Fra are in bed together and you are their first SLEEPER.

BARRY COSBORNER TO HUMANS: Oil Companies and banks are destroying Europe and Planet Earth. Love one another, now.

RUSSIA TO ENGLAND: Everytime I awake a member I think I see your eyes.

KADOR TO EUROPE: I will rule the world. So join me now, before its too late.

LONDON TO MOSCOW: The latest attempt by the Russians to steal the Crown Jewels has outraged the English people. Such perfidy must be revenged.

EDINBURGH TO WORLD: Highly trained troops began taking up temporary positions outside of town. Nobody knows for sure where they are going next, but there is an unusual amount of talk about the varieties of Danish pastry available on the continent.

MOS-SAE: Sure hope these Kreut-men bump the bear Wall. A brown bear is one thing, but this mewling immature and hysterical punk novice in StP makes me puke--Feed him to the lizard-people and be off with ya, lad.

BUL-VATICAN: Il Papa is most welcome in God's land. Join us in our songs and dances from Thrace and Macedonia. We luv ya, damn it.

VIENNA: Smokes of War have been running through the city for weeks. Supposedly the empire of the Tsar is preparing for a four-pronged attack from all directions. Officials of the Austro-Hungarian government have proclaimed they they have a non-aggression pact with Russia. Comments from the embassies of England, Germany, and Turkey were not available.

BERLIN TO StP: You have absolutely nothing to fear from me. 'Even if you are a Badger!

BERLIN TO PARIS: Do you really speak with a forked tongue (or long nose) like everyone says you do?

HUMPHREY STADKUN: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it is time to open the Minnesota Twins season. Starting pitcher is James (Hansen toady) Woodson

PORNO PRESS, continued.

...and the Power hitter is David the Knife Pierce. They are expected to win this year's expanded 7 team division and the winner gets a year's supply of Paul Sauterberg's empty Weisshier/Lowenbrau/Becks bottles, along with a chance to play in the World Serious.

FRANCE TO ENGLAND AND GERMANY: I hope I haven't made a mistake by trusting you two.

FRANCE TO RUSSIA: I hope you finally found an ally in the east.

SPA-PAR: Drive the faggin friends of Abdul Habib who dare to laugh with God, while loving the Universe.

ARM-VIR: As the alien who can never be trusted by the Great powers, how do you think you could place a communist in mother Russia? Foolish Pop. Dum-kopf!

MAF-LOW: At least you Brits are on the right side this time, in giving the axe and wastika to the Soviet Underbelly.

GER-CON: Dark Roses and Black Orchids in the highway to 'the infinite await your blissness' arrival.

AUS-TURK: The foolish idealism of the '60's is dead, and rightly so, but that doesn't mean all dreams are lost. People can learn to create instead of destroy, to love instead of suspect. Let free the winged dream, and all things are possible. Live in joy, for you are loved.

GOD TO WALL: Avoid eye-contact. Don't speak in complete sentences. Human companionship is overrated. Be a robot. Sing in the robot opera.

VATICAN TO FRANCE: There ain't no such thing as revolution; they got another thing called evolution. Go Slow.

TURKEY TO FRANCE: I applaud your equitable proposal. Lets keep the fire burning.

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA: 1066 notwithstanding, I think our nations are launching into a new dimension.

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: My move reflects my deep yearning for peace—let the East unite on a platform of non-aggression.

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: Sorry, but with Eng/GER on my ass, I couldn't risk anything in the south. I'm gambling as it is.

SWITZERLAND: Odds-on favorites: the early E/V deception machine.

RUSSIA TO EUROPE: I'm crying in the rain, full of pain. Why me? Can we talk? What do you want me to be? Don't you know I'm the last shining hope of man against the godless communists. My love is bigger than the universe. Feel it.

AUSTRIA TO GERMANY: The histrionics and panic of the Year bodes well for our coming revolution—all power to the Soviets!

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: Since you won't stuffle on the floss with me, I'll have to find another partner to cha-cha-cha with.

COSMOS 41- MOS: Your eye in the sky is reading the mind of the forces allied against you—their joint message is: "The new holocaust train is coming to your homeland."

GERMANY TO ENGLAND: East to victory—the frog is numbered between us, and my Austrian lackey is a pompous fop. Together, our peoples can bring a new freedom to Europe.

SWITZERLAND AGAIN: Someone is spreading vicious rumors founded in falsehood aren't they, Michkael?

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: Hope I'm not about to get carved.

RUSSIA TO GERMANY: How's this for friendship?

RUSHAK TO WALL: Fuck 'em, Bucky! Go Big Red!

MARSEILLES: The French War College has reportedly been working around the clock on plans for a war with Italy. Under strictest secrecy French military experts labored on a method for reducing their eastern neighbor's suspicions. This reporter learned of the project only through an elaborate matrix of contacts.

PARIS: A warrant for the arrest of Jacques Woodward, an investigative reporter for Estelle Paris, who wrote a story about a secret plan to attack Italy, has been issued. The Parisian government denied that there was any truth to the story.



1983 AR

FOURTHAIN GOO

Fall, 1901

RRRRRRRUSNAK BOLLS: BAKKO GETS THE BOOT: RUKINDS EXTINGCT

AUSTRIA (David Blaylock, Rt. #1, Box 830 Canton, MO 28718);  
 Fleet Trieste holds, Army Galicia to Rumania, A Serbia-S-A Gal-Rum.  
 ENGLAND (Robert Acheson, c/o Echo Bay Mines, Lupin MWT, CANADA XOE 188);  
 F Norwegian to Norway, A Yorkshire to Belgium, F Nth-C-A Yor-Bel.  
 FRANCE (Bill Becker, 810 Turvill, Kalamazoo, MI 49007);  
 A Picardy to Belgium, Army Spain to Portugal, F Eng-S-GER F Hol-Nth (NSO).  
 GERMANY (Russ Ruznak, 8002 E. Nagle, Burbank, IL 60458);  
 Army Kiel to Denmark, A Ruhr to Belgium, F Holland supports A Rh-Bel.  
 ITALY (Jim Makus, Box 111, Montarey, MA 01345);  
 A Venice to Vienna (Imp), Army Apulia to Gre, F Ionian-C-A Apo-Gre.  
 RUSSIA (Dale Bakken, 420 W. Wilson #205, Madison, WI 53703);  
 F Sevastopol-Black, A Ukraine-Moscow, A StP-Norway, F Bothnia-Sweden.  
 TURKEY (Dag Stafford, 1643 Greenway Ln, Columbus, OH 43229);  
 A Bulgaria-S-AUS A Gal-Rum, F Ankara-Black, A Armenia-Sevastopol.

1983 AR

Supply Chart

Winter, 1901

AUSTRIA: Has Tri, Vie, Bud, Sar, Rum, (5). May build two.  
 ENGLAND: Has Lpl, Edi, Lon, (3) Even.  
 FRANCE: Has Bre, Par, Mar, Por, (4). May build one.  
 GERMANY: Has Mos, Ber, Kis, Dan, Hol, Bel. May build three.  
 ITALY: Has Ven, Rom, Nap, Gre. May build one.  
 RUSSIA: Has StP, Mos, War, Sev, Sms. May build one.  
 TURKEY: Has Ank, Con, Bay, Isl. May build one.

WINTER 1901 builds are due Saturday, August 6, 1983.

ANKARA TO GM: I was hoping to see you use the ro-HAN notation in your GMing debut. On the other hand, it's good to see that there are still some ~~stupid~~/~~stupid~~ traditionalists around.

ANKARA TO GM: It's not that I don't LIKE people from Wisconsin; it's just that I don't trust people from that fair state.

SEV TO CON: You're right! Trust is so hard to establish. My apologies if we didn't bounce.

RUSSIA TO FRANCE: What in the hell have you been telling Ruznak? If it's anything about me, it's all lies!

DEAR CRUSSIA: What's this I hear about a gut grinder, vis-a-vis Georgashord and Sauskraut?

MOTHER RUSSIA: Instead of Apple Pie, eat Mom's Borsch.

HER INSURANCE AVAILABLE: Just send France \$5.00 and I'll name you as beneficiary on the policy I carry with the Rauterberg Agency.

HO-HUM CROSSROADS: I wish to propose that we vote on a sole victory for the country of your choice. Any country not garnering a vote will be eliminated and his centers will be given to the highest vote-getter.

SOUTHLAND: Upon a fair wind the Italian asafarin' men put about to gain influence in the east. Is he interested in Greek culture? Perhaps a liaison with the Turk is in the offing. And what of the Turk? Is he headed North or West? Should I worry....

THE ANSWER IS: Johnny Carson and Russ Ruznak. The Questions: Name a pair of late night comedians in Burbank. Please no early AM calls anymore B.R. Your Pres.

HE-ER: Come now, you wouldn't crossgame would you?

TO THE E.A.T. ALLIANCE: Why you cheap stasy penny pinching scrooges! Too lazy to negotiate, or else you're NGing out this turn. Surely you're not that Green a bunch of novices.

Pres continued, next page.

PORCELAIN PRESS, continued.

HEY PAUL! How about reprinting that old Arm Landers column, as the one I carry in my wallet has completely fallen apart. Thanks, Russ.

VIENNA VOICE: Are they doing the Shuffle? The Sev-Con Shuffle?

VENICE TO MURKIN: I've been warned that you are not to be trusted. You must have made some enemies along the way.

POPE TO CARDINAL GIUSSIPPE: Go and convert the lands of Northern Africa. Use force only as a last resort. God bless you on your holy crusade.

POPE TO GM: What I want to know is what made you accept this Kalamashoo from Kalamashere. Are you sure you know what the Kalamashock you're doing?

VENICE TO TRIESTE: I think we better watch our neighbor to the north!

NAPLES TO WHEEL: The Pope has banned the consumption of Frog's Legs in Italy. He has also limited the supply of French Fries, toast, and dressing in the hope that Napoleon won't pass this way.

MADMAN TO UNK MD: I don't like Black Press. Let's call it red press, or orange press, or baby-shit Green press! Anything but Black Press! Yoo! Yoo!

BABY-SHIT GREEN PRESS TO MADMAN: Are you trying to rival Russak for the title of Most Obnoxious Hobby member? I thought he had it in the bag....

RUSSIA TO ITALY: HELP!

SEVESTOPOL TO ANKARA: Hey—it's not too late to get together. Let's kick this Austrian's butt!

MADTOWN TO BURBANK AND MILWAUKEE: It was nice for you guys to drop in 'towa! Hope you had a good time.

MADMAN TO UNK MD: Sooner or later, we'll get together in a game. It'll be the day Krush stops stabbing and Russak turns nice guy!

UNK TO MADMAN: You're just a sack of shit according to Russak, so who needs you for an ally?

MADTOWN TO DETROIT: Ready or not, here we come!

DALE TO DAVID: You stayed away from Warsaw, right? ((Right.))

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: Hark, what yonder arises, that green thing to your west? Yes! No! Could it be a Lepanto?

MOS-MUN: I hope you understand that if there's anything in Warsaw, it's not for you.

MADTOWN TO ORIGINS: The Madison Mob will be there in force!

BAE-FRUEH: Had a great time at MadCon! ((He too!))

SEV-ARN: The only thing anybody has ever gotten off me by attacking me from behind is AIDS. ((Where'd you get it in the first place?))

KBILL-MED CARES? At least I can entertain the down and out by juggling in the unemployment line.

PARIS-WORLD: It's so degrading dealing with the Krauts. I don't write on time, I don't say nice things about his German Shepherd, I haven't found his a job. He writes me three times a week pointing out these indiscretions. All the guy wants is a pen pal, so give me a break and write Russ.

DEAR MR. ZIPCODE: Your straightforward style has already earned you a place among the Papal Saints. God bless all nine digits.

TO MY SILENT PALS: I have a strong psionic power and shouldn't you know that your thoughts are with me? ((Hey, this ain't COSMIC DIP!))

FOR SIMPLE MUSCLE PAIN, brought on by biker strain  
Rub gently with ease, the embarrassment it relieves  
Well, what did you think he Sprained?

LETTERS FILED W....

((First off, I'll thank those of you who sent "get well" cards, and/or messages of admiration, after my bicycle mishap. None of them quite matched the reaction of my barber, who said, "Well, at least you can feel better knowing it was your own carelessness that caused the accident." Now, I didn't know broken collarbones hurt more when somebody else was responsible for them. I'll consider myself fortunate!))

MARC PETERS sums up the reaction of the MADISON MOB when he says...

"Sorry to hear about your mishap. Hopefully it wasn't too serious, although it sounded like something less than a good time. Fractured skull? Sounds revolting! However, 'tis an ill wind that blows no good; perhaps some of your brains leaked out and you'll finally fit right in with the rest of the hobby."

BOB OSUSH's letter covers several bases:

"The Secretary of Defense? The scenario you set up sounds vaguely familiar. Don't get trends about patting yourself on the back, though. France is the easiest country to defend, in my opinion. The two builds is 'Ol allow France the luxury of hanging on for a while. Some may argue that Turkey has the best defensive position, or even England. Still, I would vie for France by merit of the two builds."

"About your 'rime...I like it. I know you would be able to write with some intelligence, but was unaware of your apparent (feeble) sense of humor. If you would write more, it would be better, but I understand why you don't."

((Now that I'm publishing, I'm writing more for my adoring hobby audience. Some of it might seem funny, but I am always deadly serious. That "Secretary of Defense article" is a serious attempt to teach young players how to maintain interest in their games, even if their positions are deteriorating right from the start.))

KALAMAZOO!

## Person of character does not blab secrets

Dear Speechless: People who blab professional secrets do so because it gives them a feeling of importance. They also like to dress down those at the top — to get even for not having made it themselves.

A person of character will stop the dirt distributor in his tracks by saying, "I'm sorry you told me that. It diminishes you in my eyes."



This and other moralizing from **SPEECHLESS IN KIDDO:**

"Some years ago I found an enjoyable hobby which involves pen pals in a game called Diplomacy. The first games I was involved with were showcases of good sportsmanship. But lately I've found people in the hobby to be ever so petty. The slightest indiscretion is now given hobby-wide coverage, with full documentation of the incident in the papers.

"And the joy of gaming with pals in the mails is wearing rather thin. Every day brings me more correspondence with nit-picky grievances or cries of an all-out vendetta against a rather worthy opponent. Worse still are the forgers and letter-passers so prevalent in this fun little hobby today. What can one do to protect one's Diplomatic integrity?

((Find a response on the next page!))

## L\*E\*T\*E\*R\*S, cont.

((Dear Speechless: This is not the place to be looking for Dear Abby. As a devoted follower of Russ Rusnak, I can say whatever I want, and feel unashamedly defiant. I don't bother discussing people's private lives in print, because they aren't interesting enough for readers of this rag. I hope.))

Here's BOB OSUCH again, to change the subject:

"I always thought 'crab lice' would be a good name for a Dip game. Has a nice ring to it, no?"

((Yeah, it beats "Mass Murders", which you've already overused.))

DALE BAKKEN continues this enlightened discussion...

"I see you decided to take me up on my suggestion(s)! "Missionary Position" and "Pornographic Priestess" were good but how did you choose "Porcelain God" as the name for your third game? I assume you were paying your dues to it, one rough morning after, and you thought of Rusnak! Maybe you ought to run a contest where everybody sends in their description of their "Porcelain Gods". I'll start: mine is more wooden than porcelain; has green shingles on the roof and the prettiest half-moon cut out right above the door. Inside it can accommodate two people and each side has its own "TP" holder."

((Mine is 100% white porcelain, except for the rust spots on the sides (I hope that's rust!). It currently doesn't flush without your reaching into the tank and pulling the plunger by hand))

BAKKEN CONTINUES...

"Oh, by the way, I met Nancy Irwin and the Puppy ((Mark Frush)) down at the Midland St. Block Party ((on the Univ. of Wisc. campus)) a little while ago. She said she thinks the "Missionary Position" is unimaginative! Hmm, I thought. I wondered what she did like! Unfortunately, my attention was diverted elsewhere and I never did ask her. By the way, Frush didn't know what the Missionary Position was, so...."

((It must have been one hell of a diversion to get your mind off its one track, Bakko.))

Finally, PAI CONLOW confides that...

"ROTC training camp has kept me very busy from 5 AM to 11 PM, six days a week. I've fired machine guns, several anti-tank weapons, the main gun on the MCOAS tank, etc. I feel like a kid in a candy store."

((Boys will be boys....))

## THE PLAYLIST FOR MC 4

"Stage" by David Bowie. Sides 3 and 4 of this live album are truly remarkable stuff, heavily influenced by Iggy Pop, Brian Eno, and the experimental crowd from Berlin in the late '70's. The lyrics are worthy of the Sex Pistols: "Don't look on the carpet. I threw something awful on it." "Baby, I've been, breaking glass in your room again."

"Greatest Hits" of Eddy Cochran. So who wants a cure for the Summer-time Blues?

"Psychedelic Dream: A Collection of 60's Epiphania." Most old stuff by Terry Reid, the Peasant Butter Conspiracy, Acosta, and the Head Shop. From the jacket cover: "The secret message lies written in chalk as the rain comes down on the other sidewalk." You had to have been there.

"Marwan," by REM. Their promoters are billing them as a Psychedelic Punk band. They sound like a new magic-dance band to me, with a nice, smooth sound. It sure beats Men At Work.

MUSIC RELATED LETTERS

Starting off with Beakle-maniae KEITH SHERWOOD:

"Keep those music commentaries coming—they're great. Some reactions: I ran from grocery stores, etc., screaming when I hear bastardized Beatles music, peeh.

David LaFlamme of It's A Beautiful Day was on Albuquerque radio a couple of years ago, and mentioned "Bonny Calling" vs. "Child of Time." He claimed the Purple ripped him off, and wrote their song after touring with Beautiful Day (quite a combination). A check of copyright dates would help, although not prove anything definitively.

T.Rex, along with David Bowie, were early exponents of "glitter rock." T.Rex was huge in the very early 70's in Europe. Teenybop idols. That's what McCartney was referring to, I think. Bowie used to open for T.Rex. Ringo played Mara Bolan in the film "Born to Boogie," a biography of Bolan."

BOB OBERN appears again, with...

"So you are a Ray Manzarek fan. Actually, Ray's first solo attempt could be considered along with the last two Doors albums, since he sang lead vocals, handled arrangements, etc. Morrison was gone (I hesitate to say "dead", but the material was pretty thin. Still, "Other Voices" (the first album without Jimmy) did have one exceptionally kickass rocker on it (at least I thought so) called "Tightrope Ride." You can buy the album in the bargain bins, and this tune alone makes it worth a couple of bucks. Manzarek's voice sucks, though; I wish I could have heard Morrison sing that one."

((Manzarek's voice was shaky on "Other Voices", but it did seem stronger on his "Golden Soarab" and "The Whole Thing Started with Rock and Roll and Now It's Out of Control" albums. I've always been interested in Third World influences on Rock n' Roll, and Ray is one of the few to employ Greek and Middle Eastern elements in his music. The only other major "Greek rock" group was the short-lived Apollodite's Child of the early '70's, which featured Vangelis on the keyboards. The avant-garde composer Phillip Glass has based a lot of his music on Middle Eastern concepts, as well. Much of it involves repetition to induce meditation.))

OBERN continues:

"You say that Lou Reed is essentially a nihilist. From what I've heard of the Velvet Underground (White Light, White Heat; Loaded) and Reed's solo efforts (Berlin; Sally Can't Dance; Transformer; Rock n' Roll Animal), I would say that he's more the existentialist, or perhaps both. But in much of Reed's material I get the message as being "you (society) fucked this or that up, now accept the fact", or "this is the way it is—fucked up". At any rate, I was a big fan of his, but what has he done lately? I do remember the VU album "Loaded" being one of my early favorites. I think that one came out in '69 or so. The first recording of "Sweet Jane" was on there, and was done well. Also "Head Held High", "Train Comin' Round the Bend" and "Rock and Roll" were three extraordinary rockers, the latter being an offbeat number that ended up being the "hit" of the album. Shit, I think that one even got some top 40 air play. At any rate, the album was the best I've heard from them, though my copy is so hopelessly overplayed that I cannot afford to play it for fear of destroying my stylus. I keep it around for sentimental value. I'm looking for a new copy. Let me know if you own that one and I'll send you a cassette to tape it for me. You are my last hope (besides Baumester perhaps).

"REO" is still listenable, though their last album sucked to the almighty heavens. Styx blows. "It's A Beautiful Day" was "white bird" and out. I had another album ("Choice Quality Stuff?") of theirs that was fairly mediocre, and still another ("It's A Beautiful Day...Today") that I used for target practice. "POLL!" KA-POW! Or was it a frisbee?"

((This is probably the first publication to discuss It's A Beautiful Day over a period of four months, in Rock n' Roll history. I don't have LOADED, but I think I know somebody who does—I'll check around. As for Reed as a nihilist/existentialist—they came together under Sartre, didn't they? Try Reed's great 1978 comedy album, "Live, Take no Prisoners" and see if you can discern any evidence of a value system inherent within.))

((By the way, I may have discovered the truth behind Lou Reed's lamentable "Metal Machine Music." Lou wanted to get out of his contract with RCA records, but they insisted that he follow through with his commitment to produce one more album. He gave them "MCM".))

-----WILLI-----

BY POPULAR DEMAND, I've agreed to GM a game of the popular Diplomacy variant World War Three-b, taking 15 players into the 1990's and beyond. I'll send maps and rules to anyone inquiring about them; essentially, the rules are the same as those of ordinary Dip. As soon as I have 15 people signed up, and each have sent me their \$5.00 NBR fee, we'll get the game off the ground. This game is identical to the one being run in ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

-----LATE ARRIVING PRESS FOR 1993Y (Missionary Position)-----

CON: Ancient supply lines from the East have been revived, and led by a mysterious figure dressed in red and blue tights, support has arrived for the starving, bleeding masses. The merciless Czarina's ships continue to cut massive slices out of the picturesque Turkish countryside. Where will it all stop? No time to answer now. Look! Up in the sky!

-----ANONYMOUS GAME-----

Spring 1992

New mystery players replace Peter Ashley of England and Peter Oughan of Turkey, who NBR'd out without a word to anyone. Another mystery player shall be called to standby for Russia, who has provided this month's NBR.

AUSTRIA (Vienna waits for you): A Gal-Rum, A Rum-Ser, A Bud-S-A Rum-Ser, F Tri Holdc.

ENGLAND (The Unknown Standby): F Nap-Edi, A Lon-York, F Nwy-Wh.

FRANCE (Casual Sutterby): A Por hold, F Mar-Spa (so), F Bro-Mid, A Bel-Wales, F Eng-C-A Bel-Wales.

GERMANY (Konrad von Kriegen): A Hol-York, F Nth-G- A Hol-York, A Man-Sil, A Den-Swe, F Kis-Baltic.

ITALY: (Erin Thomas): A Ven-Tri, F Ion-Adr, F Nap-Ion, A Gre-Alb.

RUSSIA (Anastasia Romanov?): NBR, F Swe, F Blk, A Mos, A Ukr, A Sev hold.

TURKEY (Charokas Chuck Likes To...): A Ser-Bul, F Con-Aeg, A Ank-Con.

FALL 1901 moves will be due Saturday, AUGUST 6, 1993.

-----ANONYMOUS PRESS-----

(STAN TO CASUAL): Let's have none of those "casual encounter bits." What's the story; I can take it. Give it to me straight...that's right, straight up the....

UNK STAN TO UNK MD: So I'm in, eh? Thanks an awful lot! I understand, but I wish I could have gotten the build in. I will go down with my ships fighting breathlessly, to my dying heartbeat.

UNK STAN TO ERIN: Thanks for the notes, though of course I was not the one to whom they were directed. Got a spare plane? I'll join you in Naples. A spring in the Mediterranean sounds like just the break I need.

NO FOOL AM I, TO NASTY GERMAN: Let me guess. You want me to get out of the way so you can move north and attack Russia, right? I've done my best to get out of your way, so your fleets should be in the Baltic and Norwegian Seas. Somehow, your orders don't look right...did you make an error in your orders, or did our cracked up GM...huh?

STAN TO CHUCK: Hey man, we guys gotta stick together, eh? I'll tell you what...if you get Sutterby and Kriegen off my back, then I'll get Romanov and that screwed up Joel clone off yours. Whadaya say?

UNKNOWN STANDBY TO BARELY CONSCIOUS GM: I guess you're okay, since you're going to MadCon. Have fun; sorry I can't be there, but then my secret identity would be revealed. Hunch: by the way, was my predecessor the Japanese expatriot, perchance?

UNK MD TO UNK STAN: Doan toha unk stan' English? Jap was turkey, man.

MY FRIEND, STEVE BURANT, recently returned from his seven month long research trip to the Soviet Union. I've invited him to be a columnist here, for as long as he feels the inspiration to write. So here we are...

HOW TO ORDER A DISSERTATION  
FROM THE LENIN LIBRARY

1. Remove your jacket and take it to the wardrobe where the attendant (a remnant of pre-revolutionary days) gives you a dumb-founded look because western jackets do not have hooks on them. After staring at the jacket and at you for a couple of minutes, she will hang up the coat.
2. Show your pass (propusk) to the policeman who guards this hall of knowledge.
3. Show your propusk to the victim of collectivization sitting next to the policeman. Fill out the card. She will initial it.
4. Find the call number of the dissertation in the card catalogue.
5. Walk thirty paces to the desk of the kommissary to have the call number approved.
6. Take the initialed call number to another person who will fill the order. If the dissertation was defended prior to 1972, wait until 4:00pm the next day to receive it. (That is, if the truck bringing them in from Irkutsk doesn't break down.)
7. Walk upstairs to the reading room. Take the dissertation off the shelf and give it to another kommissary who will initial a form. She will invariably look at the poor, helpless reader with a hostile glance for having the audacity to interrupt her running conversation with one of the other workers in the hall.
8. Read the dissertation.
9. The reader may freely skip the first chapter of the tome because it consists of quotes by Lenin which the reader, if he has read two or three works on the subject, has seen before and now knows by heart.

THE MIDWEST MOB will be swarming into Origins in a rented Winnebago mobile home. We may be a bunch of rabble rousing outthroats in the area of the East Coast Cliques and the Fearless-goers, but we manage to have a good time and drink our share of beer. The calibre of the Diplomacy being played seems to be rising, hereabouts. We're sure one of our number will walk away from Origins with the big trophy, so you might as well resign yourselves to the fact. See y'all there, or see 'ya at Pulgeon, but see ya!

RUBE BINKER is spending a lot of his time these days declining the honor of being named the MOST OBNOXIOUS HOBBY HOOPER. But we all know better. Even if North South, West George is no more (is it?) that is one poll crying out for all of our attention. Let's not forget Russ in his hour of need.

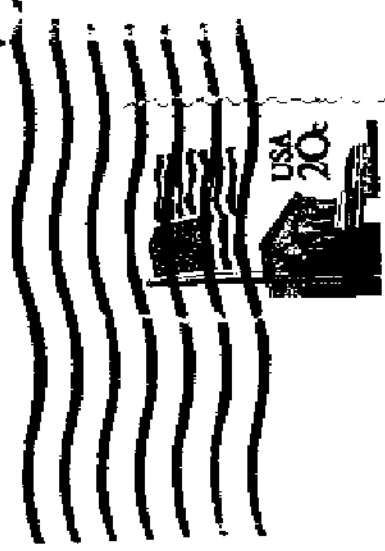
**MID-LIFE  
CRISIS**  
**Why women  
are immune**  
By Barbara Palmer  
USA TODAY

NEW YORK — Mid-life crisis — often ascribed by men — doesn't exist for women, a survey shows.

The stress of not being is perceived as:

- Lower expectations.

Most women in this age group have accomplished more than they'd ever dreamed of.



Paul G. Rauterberg  
4922 W. Wisconsin Avenue  
Milwaukee, WI 53208

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