

Midlife crisis strikes singer Midler at 37

VOLUME ONE

NUMBER SIX

LABOR DAY 1983

I SUPPOSE THERE COULD BE NO MORE appropriate day to be writing this than Labor Day, in view of fact that I've been on strike for five weeks, and there is no end in sight. My original intent was to write a satirical article on Capitalism as "the American Way," concluding that we should change the title of the holiday to "CHEAP LABOR DAY." That seems, after all, to be more reflective of the nation's mood. If American Business had its way, all jobs would be performed by Puerto Ricans, Taiwanese, and Yezans, who are willing to grind out the product at \$2.00 per hour. This would, however, result in the creation of a permanent and widespread "welfare state," which American Business also seems to fear and oppose. They can't have it both ways, I'm afraid. So, as an ode to American Labor, let's remember the words of Ray Davies (of The Kinks): "Sit right back in your rocking chair, you need not worry; you need not care. You can't go anywhere."

THIS IS MIDLIFE CRISIS, a monthly forum for the discussion of Postal Diplomacy, topics of interest to hobby members, and such. Subs are 10/\$4.50, payable to Paul G. Rautenberg, 4922 W. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee WI 53209, (414) 778-0780. I have no current work schedule, but that doesn't mean I'm home all that much. Players are advised to submit their own phone numbers in case of pending NER's or whatever.

ON CROSSGAMING: THE COMPLICATING FACTOR

WHEN I FIRST ENTERED THE HOBBY, the term "crossgaming" referred to a very specific offense. It involved a situation where two players were playing together in two separate games at the same time. In game one, player "A" enjoyed the better position, and player "B" was doing his best to see that "A" won as a result. In game two, it was player "A" who threw the game to player "B", in direct repayment for favors rendered in the other game. Obviously, these two players enjoyed advantages not available to the other 10 players. No amount of "diplomacy" or "reasoning" could sway someone from an arrangement which was leading these players-conspirators to win. This was a fundamental perversion of the hobby ideal, in which each game is regarded as a separate entity, and the performance of the player is to be judged solely on the basis of what he has done in that specific game. If a player engaged in vicious backstabbing in order to win one game, ideally the other players would not automatically expect him to perform the same way in the next. Ideally, the player would not feel obliged to maintain a previous image. A lot of this ties in with the general problem of reputations. Unless one is playing in only one game before he leaves the hobby, there is bound to be some carry-over of impressions/emotions from one game to the next. If a player has proven himself to be unreliable in one game, it is natural for his fellows to regard him as unreliable in general. A player may have to lose a couple of games in the process of "rehabilitating" his reputation—proving to skeptics that he can, indeed, be reliable under different sets of circumstances. It is not doubted that a player can be a Jackall/Hyde; steadfastly loyal to one or more players in one game, and a bloodthirsty villain in another. But impressions, especially first impressions, cannot always be laughed off in pre-Spring 1901. More often they have to be lived down.

So where does one draw the line? It would be a genuine shame if a player limited his options in one game, just so that he wouldn't be judged harshly in all the others. We don't need to go out of our way to generate dull games! Conversely, we shouldn't have to prove that we aren't always "predictable" either. If someone wants to portray a certain image that is succeeding for him in game after game, who are we to fault him? For example, let's say a player has a reputation for "hating players who dwell in Wisconsin, and always attacking them, no matter what the other factors may be." The Wisconsin gang

THIS IS ONE OF THOSE ONEROUS TASKS that I've been meaning to get around to, but that I've had damned little trouble avoiding up until now. But Dick Martin has doublecrossed me by declaring his intention of doing another hobby census, so now I guess I'm obligated to publish a...

LIST OF MIDLIFE CRISIS SUBBERS

1. Robert Acheson (11), c/o Echo Bay Mines, Lupin, NWT. CANADA JOE 1M0
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If YOUR NAME isn't on this list, you will probably miss this issue and should complain immediately. Or, if your name isn't here because you aren't a subscriber, send me some \$\$\$ and I'll add yours to the list at no extra charge.

Oops, here's two changes. Peter Goughan requests that he be removed from the subscription list, so consider him off.

COA for Andy Lischert, 2402 S. Ridgeland Ave, Berwyn, IL. 60402.

BACK...IN THE USSR
 With Steve Buzant

November 7, 1983. Impressions.

Today is the sixty fifth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution. The Bolsheviks would have done better to revolt in the summer because the weather is better that time of year. We had that foresight. It makes the celebration so much nicer.

Moscow is all decked out in a blaze of red and colored lights. The physical appearance reminds one of Christmas in the States, but, of course, the atmosphere is far different. To the Soviets, this is merely a day off from work.

Actually, if you think about it, this celebration makes you sick. One looks around to see the slogans praising the party, the people, the 5 year plan, and the armed forces (ZIT) to note the contrast between the ideals and dull, grey, boring Soviet reality. A reality that is fundamentally repressive: the lines in the stores, absence of living space, the physical repression. Soviet power has accomplished much in sixty-five years. However, one cannot help but wonder whether their power vis a vis the rest of the world is more apparent than real, i.e., a matter of incorrect perception rather than actual fact. One is reminded of the Russia of Nicholas I, which for twenty-five years acted as the "gendarme of Europe" ((1830-85)), threatening the International and the other European powers alike, only to lose the Crimean War debacle. Too, I am reminded of a friend of one of my friends, a Komsomol leader who had the opportunity to see the US, and after having been there, commented that the USSR lived in the Stone Age by comparison.

I just watched 15-20 minutes of the parade on Red Square. Troops from various military units, academies, etc., marched in goose step, followed by armored units. At the appearance of each unit, the announcers cited the accomplishments of that unit in the war. (Not Afghanistan, WWII). For a country dedicated to "peace and friendship," the stress they place upon pure militarism is frightening. However, they don't have much else going for them. Neither did Nicholas.

That night I had dinner at my friends home. Igor and Natalia had leg of lamb plus many trimmings. I must say, I really stuffed myself. You don't get food like that in Soviet cafeterias.

SPIRAL CHORD #3 by "Atré"

I remember, once, sitting high in the air with a pleasant and attractive woman. Upon meeting, we seemed to have known one another, yet there was no memory of such a meeting. Where had we met? When? In what circumstances? There was no recollection, only suspicion—it may have been in our dreams. Our legs dangled in the warm dark sunset air, and we could feel each other's coldness.

The memory returns, for I am in the same high place and it is the same kind of sunset evening. Memories haunt us like shadows of late afternoon. Do we watch our shadows as we grow old? There is such magic in shadows when we are young. Youth is full of magic, isn't it?

THE ANONYMOUS GAME

Autumn/Winter 1902

The seasons have been separated by player request. I have moves on file from all but one of you for Spring 1903; you can stay with those moves, or revise them if you like. The moves for one of you arrived late on the deadline day, via special delivery—this is the second season that your moves have arrived barely on time, and I don't have a phone number for you on file to call you in case of an NMR. Can you supply one?

AUSTRIA (Vienna Waits for You); A Rum-r-Gal. Has A Gal, A Bud, A Ser, F Tri.

ENGLAND (Unknown Standby): A Lon-r-OTB. Build F Edi. Has F Edi, F Nth, F StP.

FRANCE (Casual Sutterby): Builds F Mar, F Bre. Has F Mar, F Spain so, F Mid, F Bre, F Eng, A Lon, A Wales.

GERMANY (Konrad v. Kriegen); Builds F Kis, A Mun. Has A Mun, A Rub, A Sil, A Sea, F Balt, F Kiel, F Nwy.

ITALY (Erin Thomas—E.T.); Has A Ven, A Alb, F Tur, F Adr.

RUSSIA (Anastasia Romanov); F Sve-r-OTB. Has F Blk, A Rum, A Ukr, A Mos.

TURKEY (Cherokee Chuck likes to...); Builds F Con, F Say. Has F Con, F Say, A Ank, A Bul, F Gre.

SPRING 1903 moves are due Saturday, October 8, 1903.

ANONYMOUS PRESS AND LETTERS

PETER GAUGHAN: I'm sorry for throwing you off—but I did send an explicit "resign" notice, with final orders, before I left for the summer (to Japan). It would help "clear" me if you would publish a notice of such.

PAUL TO PETER: I'm sorry to hear that you were "burned" by the USPS; your resignation never did arrive. I'll refund the \$2.25 left on your sub. Bye.

AUSTRIA TO UNK NO: A certain someone told me you weren't really sick at all, that it was all a big act to get sympathy. What's the story?

UNK NO TO AUSTRIA: I wasn't sick; I was busted up. Ouch.

AUSTRIA TO TURKEY: Play your cards right and I'm yours. I'm real easy and I follow instructions very quickly.

AUSTRIA TO UNK NO: You shouldn't have picked on Mark Frush! Now he'll take his articles elsewhere. And then you jumped on Michalski over separating seasons ((in various Voices of Doom letters)) —that's no more Max Easley for you. And, by gosh, if you let them take all my centers you won't even have this scintillating Austrian press. So shape up and fly right!

UNK NO TO AUSTRIA: Another Max Easley has been promised for next month's issue. When did I pick on Mark Frush?

RUSSIA: As a token of mourning for the loss of Sweden and St. Petersburg, the ambassadors from England and Germany have been ordered to fly at half mast from the Kremlin's Bell Tower, "Ivan the Terrible". In the meantime, the Empress Anastasia Romanov was heard making cooing and moaning noises at the Turkish and Austrian ambassadors. And the French and Italian ambassadors were entertained at an all night demolition derby held in Red Square.

E.T. TO WORLD: Maybe I should go home!

ITALY TO TURKEY: You are one.

CAZ TO AUSTRIA: Sorry to disappoint you, but I love water sports.

ENGLAND TO AUSTRIA: I agree—Liverpool is French, but Edinburgh? Never!

STAN TO CAZ: Now is that a nice thing to say to someone you don't even know? I might be Woody, and like it that way.

UNK STAN TO UNK DAN: It is simple deduction really. You had to be winding, and you had to be attacking me. Thus if you're not France, you must be Germany. Hi, Konrad! I'm not Tro, either. I'm insulted that you don't know who I am after our long and storied relationship. Neither a Seattle-swaniac? Oh, tell me it ain't true.

UNK STAN TO UNK NO: Now if only people would write and let me have all their centers, this could be a fun game. Come on guys, I wouldn't charge you a cent. I'll take your dots for free! Lord knows I couldn't get them for real!

1983 Y	Missionary Position	Fall, 1902
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CON, LOW, DUMPED. Is That an omen for Conlon?

AUSTRIA (Nelson Heintzman); A Bul-Con, F Aeg-B-A Bul-Con, A Gre-Bul,
A Bud-Ser, A Tri-Ser.

ENGLAND (Pat Conlon); F Nwy-r-Weg, F Nwy-Edi, F Ska-Den, A Bel H,
F Eng-S-A Bel, F Iri-Mid.

FRANCE (David Schaubert); A PLC-Par, A Mar H, F Spa so-B-A Mar.

GERMANY (Pat Frye); A Den H, F Nth-Lon, A Rub-Bel, A Hol-S-A Rub-Bel, A Bur-Par.

ITALY (Russ Rrrrusnak); A Ple-Tyr, F Tyn-Ion, F Wes-Tun, A Ven-Tri.

RUSSIA (Nancy Irwin); F Swo-S-A Nwy, A Nwy-S-F Swo, A Ukr-S-A Rum, A Rum-S-A Ukr,
A Sev-Ark, F Ank-S-A Sev-Ark, F Blk-S-F Ank.

TURKEY (Jim Burgess); A Con-Ark, A Ark-S-A Con-Ark. (A Con retreats Say, Otb).

Deadline for Winter 1902/Spring 1903 orders is Saturday, October 8, 1983.

1983Y	SUPPLY CENTER CHART	Winter 1902
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AUSTRIA: Has Vie, Bud, Tri, Ser, Gre, Con. (6) May build one.

ENGLAND: Has Kid, Edi, Lpl, Mdf, Bel. (3) Must remove two.

FRANCE: Has Bre, Par, Mar, For, Spa. (5) May build two.

GERMANY: Has Mun, Ser, Kle, Den, Hol, Lon. (6) May build one.

ITALY: Has Ven, Bom, Nap, Tun. (4) Even.

RUSSIA: Has StP, Mos, War, Sev, Rum, Ark, Nwy, Swo. (6) May build one.

TURKEY: Has Mdf, Kid, Say. (1) Must remove one.

MISSIONARY PRESS

AUSTRIA TO ITALY AND RUSSIA: Methinks tis now the season of the witch,
when the obnoxious shall become revealed....

AUSTRIA TO GM: Joe Adcock, Felix Mantilla, Johnny Logan, Red Schindlerst,
Del Crandall, Eddie Mathews, Del Rice, Andy Falbo, Wes Covington, Hank Aaron,
Lew Burdette, Warren Spahn, Juan Pizarro....who'd I forget?

GM TO AUSTRIA: Gess, I was 3 years old when the Braves won the World Series.
Who managed them in '57?

LONDON: The beefy English leader, Sir Winston Salem, was quoted as saying:
" We shall never surrender. We shall continue to aid and abet the westward
expansion of the Russian behemoth until the Prussian fools are crushed and
all of Europe cowers beneath the Tsarina's shadow."

TURKEY: Well, that should be about it. The last thing I needed was a mis-
written order. What hurts all the more is that I guessed right and would
have blown that silly Russian fleet out of port. Then I would have been
able to hold my home country for one more year. Oh well, maybe I killed
that fleet this time. Did I Paul? ((Nope.)) Also...Nelson, you should be
thanking me since I'm trying to take Nancy's knives away. Look at the posi-
tion. Who is going to be stabbed next year? Good luck guys...at the rate
this one is going (no press, no letters) I may be the lucky one.

TURKEY AGAIN: I was going to write more press but then again why bother?
Good luck goes to David Schaubert, who may be joining me soon. ((Oh yeah?))

RUSSIA TO BOARD: I'm sorry it took me so long to reply to your letters, but
I was in Madison until 27 August, unexpectedly. So consequently I didn't
see mail until very late in the season.

1983 AI

PORNOGRAPHIC PRIESTESS

Spring 1902

AUSTRIA ISN'T A RUSSIAN PUPPET AFTER ALL, IS HE JAMES?

AUSTRIA (John Kador—note COA in address list): A Vie-Gal, A Bud-S-A Vie-Gal, A Tri-H, F Gre-Bulg so, A Serv-S- F Gre-Bulac.

ENGLAND (David Pierce): F Noy-S-GERMAN F Dem-Sov, F Lpl-Iri, F Low-Eng, F NCh-Sovg, A Bel-S-GERMAN A Hun-Bur.FRANCE (Michael Quirk): F Spain so-Mid, A Por-Spa, A Har-Pis, A Pic-Bel, A Par-Gas.GERMANY (James Woodson): A Bar-Sil, A Hol-Rubr, A Hun-Bur, F Dem-Sweden.ITALY (Dov Swartz): A Pic-Har, A Ven-Rom, F Nap-Tyn, F Tur-Mes.RUSSIA (James Wall): A StP-Noy, F Swe-S-A StP-Noy, A Gal-Rum, A Ucr-S-A Gal-Rum, F Rum-Slk, F Sev-S-F Rum-Slk, (A Gal dislodged, retreats to War, Boh, OTB).TURKEY (J. Taylor Washburn): A Ank-Ara, F Blk-S-A Bul-Rum (dislodged, retreats to Ank, OTB), A Cop-S-A Bul (Otm), A Bul-Rum (dislodged, annihilated).

Deadline for Fall 1902 moves is Saturday, 8 October, 1983.

PORNO PRESS

TUR ENG: Let us once again renew diplomatic relations as kindred witches. Advice as to "project law student" is proceeding.

TUR-EUROPE: Sorry for the drop in correspondence. I just finished the bar exam process and cherish the hope of lasting peace with all peoples of this planetary sector.

AUSTRIA TO FRANCE: Trust in the lord, brother, and your prayers will be answered.

TURKEY TO RUSSIAN WALL: Strange, you're writing only when you need my help, which was given. He makes me wonder.

WALL TO QUIRK: Here is a nifty rumor for all of you; A 3-way attack on you is imminent, and boy do you deserve it you lying son of a bitch. No, I will not help you, all you have done is lie to me since your first letter. He he he he he. Bye now.

WALL TO BOARD: I deny writing that.

WALL TO WALL: You are obviously lying to yourself. No one would ever lie to you.

QUIRK TO WALL: Who, me?

WALL TO QUIRK: Sorry, wrong number, click.

JAMES WALL TO BOARD: This move is dedicated to all those who do not write and are not of the faith.

BERLIN TO RUSNAK: Oh! So you might not even be who you said you were.

RUSNAK TO PORNO: Acknowledge me as being more obnoxious than the likes of Coughlan and Martin, and you win dates with Paul for the ~~shida~~ girl of your choice.

UNK NO TO RUSNAK: Shut up, you asshole.

RUSNAK TO BERLIN: Who's to say you're really Woodson?

BERLIN TO RUSNAK: You're right! I wonder who I am, really.

BRESE: Alarmed by the lack of concern shown this port city by the central government in Paris, the mayor declared that he would do what he could to save the city. "I'll do anything needed to keep Brest on its feet, and if that means letting foreigners in, that's what I'll do."

IRELAND: Uprisings in Dublin have caused the Royal Navy in Liverpool to go on full alert. HM Government would like the people of France to know that Britain has no designs on your territory.

BERLIN TO ST PETE: Go, Go, Gophers! Fuck up Bucky!

GM TO BERLIN: People who bet on college football games seldom see patterns emerging over many seasons. Yet, year after year, the handicappers pick Wisconsin as a sure bet to cover the spread against Minnesota, if not to win.

1982 HQ

Sleeze One

Winter 1904

The seasons are separated by player request. If your moves are on file (I have Spring 1905 moves for all but the one who requested the separation) you can stick with them, or you can revise them.

AUSTRIA (Mark Fresh); Build A Bud. Has A Bud, A Ser, A Bul, A Gal, A Gre, A Tyr, F Ess.

ENGLAND (David Pierce); Has F Lpl, F Lon, A Yor, F Bel, F Nth.

FRANCE (Darwood Bowen); A Bel-g-Rubr. Has A Aps, F Aeg, A Hol, A Rub, F Eng, F NAO, F Iri, A Wal, F Mid.

GERMANY (Tandy Ellis); Has A Munich.

RUSSIA (Michael Quirk); Builds F St Pete no. Has F StP no, F Kiel, A Den, A Sil, A Ber, A War, A Ucr, A Sev.

TURKEY (Keith Sherwood); F Aeg-r-Say. Removes A Syria. Has F Say, F Blk, F Con.

Deadline for Spring 1905 moves is Saturday, October 8, 1983.

SLEAZY PRESS

TURKEY (To the tune of "Hotel California"):

In a silly little game
To Turkey I was heir
To all my neighbors
I have sought to be fair
But ahead in the future
An ally was a must
My thinking was frantic, my letters sincere
I needed someone to trust.

Then he wrote from Wisconsin
I thought I'd found the one
And I was thinking to myself
This could be bad news or it could be fun
Then Mark made up a promise;
Said our draw would be two way
There were letters from across the sea
I thought I heard Quirk say

Watch out for the stab-happy Austrian
Such a lovely guy, says nothing but lies
Plenty of wounds from the stab-happy Austrian
Any time of year, he may attack your rear.

Part two next time.

LONDON TO THE WORLD: Help! I need an ally. Somebody please save an unlucky standby player.

PORNO PRESS continued from p. 6

BUDAPEST TO CONSTANTINOPLE: By now you have felt the beginning of the potential of the combined A/R forces. Your immediate capitulation will guarantee your survival while we turn our attentions to the West.

MOSCOW TO CON: We can still work together, if you will abandon the Blk and join us vs. Austria.

NYU-BER: The gallant forces of Mother Russia have liberated NYU from the fags of England. In concert with the best of German manhood we will proceed to England where the women will soon learn that there are other reasons for sex than to produce hordes of English brats.

FRANCE TO ITALY: How many centers do you think you will get before I am overrun by England and Germany?

GERMANY TO AUSTRIA AND ITALY: Why not take out Turkey quick. Worry about Russia later.

ITALY TO THE WORLD: Any press other than this does NOT come from Italy! I do NOT write black press. If you see something datelined from Italy in the future, ask yourself who would want me to believe that it had come from Italy?

1983 AR

PORCELAIN GOD

Spring 1902

SELF-DISLODGMENT PROHIBITED!

AUSTRIA (David Blaylock); F Tri h, A Bud-Gal, A Vie-S-A Bud-Gal, A Rum-Ukr,
A Ser-S-TURK A Bul-Rum (rulebook, p. 5, ex. 2).

ENGLAND (Robert Acheson); F Neg-Ney, F Nth-Lon, A Yur-Lon.

FRANCE (Bill Becker); F Bre-Eng, F Eng-Iri, A Por-Spa, A Pic-Bur.

GERMANY (Rugg Rrrrrusnak); F Kle-Hel, F Nth-Nth, A Bel H, A Man-Tyr, A Ber-Sil,
A Den-Holds.

ITALY (Jim Makuc); A Ven-Pis, A Gre-Apu, F Ion-C-A Gre-Apu, F Nap Tyn.

RUSSIA (Dale Bakken); F Sev holds, A Mos-S-F Sev, A War-Ukr, F Sas-Ney, A StP-Lvn.

TURKEY (Dan Stafford); F Ank-Blk, A Bul-Rum, A Ara-Sev, F Con U.

DEADLINE for Fall 1902 orders is 6 October, 1983 (Saturday).

SLEAZE TO UNK MO: Guess I'll have to show you how a T/A is supposed to work. Watch carefully now.

UNK MO TO SLEAZE: Yeah, I'm watching, but a re-show makes the going slow.

MADMAN TO UNK MO: I'd like to present a new award called "The vegetable of the Month Award". This month's recipient is Dabi Peters for sitting in my car like a vegetable while she was getting sick. She didn't open the door, didn't stick her head out the window, or didn't even tell me she was gonna Ralph all over. She just sat there and puked; not once—but twice! Thanks, Deb. You really lost it that night but now you can have this. Congratulations, veggie!

PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION OF MADMAN: A psychological evaluation of Dale Bakken, age 27, was requested by Dr. Paul Rauterberg. On dates 8/1/83 and 8/12/83 the client was tested and interviewed. Tests administered include the Rorschach, TAT, MMPI, and WAIS. WAIS Verbal of 90 and Quantitative of 85 show the client to be in the dull normal range of intelligence.

The subjective tests (Rorschach and TAT) consistently indicated stunted sexual development. TAT pictures portraying women evoked stories of the client being stabbed by a woman wielding a poison pen. The Rorschach blots evoked odd interpretations as being wounds inflicted by a poison pen. The projective scale (MMPI) showed high Mf and Ne scores. The scale clearly indicates a neurotic with an animus/anima conflict.

The interviewer concludes that the client is unsure of his role as a male. "Stabbing" indicates the client is desirous of being a female and wishes to act the female role during intercourse. Intensive Jungian analysis is indicated to aid the client with the presenting problem. Thank You, Nancy Freud.

MOS-ANK: It was me who invited the Italians ass! Sleaze meet Grouch. Grouch, meet da Sleaze!

MOS-LON: You air—have my front. I think Stafford still wants my ass.

PARIS? GAME? HERE? Is that what all this noise is about.

BURGUNDY: God, its an F/G/R and I pulled sentry duty. If its OK with the rest of you lets pack it in.

PARIS TO MOSCOW: After all that about not being able to throw a Rusnak as far as you'd trust him, you're telling me now to kiss up to him ((how repulsive, Bakhol)). Ptoocia!

PICARDY: Ah September when I can finally get down to just setting around again and writing.

KOO: I took my car to Makuc and thought they'd give it a nice new paint job. But instead he just kicked a hole where my prize winter of '82 rust used to reside. Oh yeah, the bill was only \$199.95 to take care of the rust.

GREECE TO ANKARA: Watch your language! My mother reads this! ((Why?)) Besides, I'm leaving, Greek food doesn't agree with me.

APULIA TO WORLD: Pizaa! Ahhh....

VENICE TO VIENNA: Since when is Greece in your sphere of influence, you conehead! I was just on a slave trading run anyways, so go down in the Adriatic.

TYRRHENIAN SEA TO WORLD: Begin operation: raise Atlantis. We must find the lost continent and raise a zombie army ((hey, this ain't Comic Dip!)).

... .. that one before.

L-E-T-T-E-R-S TO ME

From John Kador: It was good meeting you in Detroit and picking your brain about Peru. Much of the info you gave me came in handy.

I had a wealth of experiences in Peru. On balance, I found the negative outweighed the positive. On the plus side, I definitely liked the ruins and quiet of the countryside. The nights were cool and clear.

But the worst part was the way the natives experienced me. I was a rich American. No more. As a consequence, I was treated with a certain attitude that I found objectionable. For example, everyone wanted to tell me what they thought I wanted to hear. So if I asked if a train would arrive by 5:00 o'clock, for example, I was invariably assured that it would. I learned to be careful in asking such questions.

I didn't like the feeling of constantly being ripped off. The hard part was that I felt guilty for worrying about incredibly small sums that apparently make quite a difference to the natives. But after repeated instances of being short-changed, after being rocked for admission to worthless attractions, after being made to pay extra for merely carrying a camera, I got disgusted.

I don't want to judge the people harshly. Peru is a poor, emerging country. The people have to put up with a lot barely to survive. And naturally they resent tourists who incessantly come and go and seem to look right through them. Another hard part about being a tourist is that it's so difficult meeting "real" natives. We were constantly surrounded by guides, travel agents, craftpeople, and other assorted parasites that live off the tourist host. I would have liked to socialize with real natives, see how they live, how they spend their days.

After Peru, my wife and I were in a sort of despair at the wretchedness of life and the unsanitary conditions. We had five more days, so we went to Grand Cayman, one of the three Cayman islands. The contrast between the wealth of the British colony and Peru is astounding. There's no unemployment in Grand Cayman. Everyone is well off. Prices reflect that. A good dinner for two can easily cost \$90 without wine. By contrast, a similar dinner in the US would cost \$30; in Peru, \$4.00.

Of course, it's crystal clear. After three weeks in Peru, just drinking the water was a treat. Another contrast: taxis. Although very cheap in Peru, taxi drivers try to get as much as they can from you. It's good practice to set the price in advance. In the Caymans, taxis cost more, but you don't have to worry about getting ripped off. On our first taxi ride, I gladly paid \$8 for a ride from airport to hotel. A half hour after I paid the driver, he returned to the hotel and left \$2 for me. Apparently, he overcharged me. But can you imagine such a scam being played out in Peru?

We're now settled in Melbourne Beach, Fl. It's good to be home.

((My brother John and I did find some fleeting moments alone with the "natives" in Peru. For one thing, it was impossible to converse with them; our Spanish was fragmentary, and theirs was worse. They speak Quechua, the language left to them by the Incas. Non-tourist Indians live in cramped adobe structures out in the countryside. There is no plumbing, or electricity. They farm during the daylight hours, or practice handicrafts such as weaving llama wool to send to their "tourist" cousins. The "real" natives avoid the gringos, for we have nothing to say to them, much less offer them. Their babies like our blue eyes, though.))

FROM KEITH SHERWOOD: What's this nasty rumor that you faked your bicycle accident? Were you holding out on us, Rautenberg? Making up an excuse to be late, eh..?

((Huh? Oh, you've been listening to the guy who should have won the award as the most Obnoxious Hobby member--Russ Ruznek. Come on over to my place, I'll buy you an Angel Ale and you can put your fingers in my wounds.))

FROM DALE BAKKEN: Well, I guess we didn't get to stop by your place last Sat. night after all. Remember, Peters was driving--not me. ((That's OK; Busselator and I didn't wait around for you guys anyway.)) We all decided to stop at a bar instead, because one of the females who came along didn't like beer! Oh yeah, now I remember--we stopped at Harvey Kusan's ((a bar owned by the Manager of the Milw. Brewers)). I also remember spending a lot of money trying to get the 3 girls drunk. The girls must have thought I was Gorman Thomas ((the baseball player who holds the all-time season record for striking out) because I struck out with all three: ((Don't miss the press release in 1983 AR (Porcelain God), in which "Nancy Fraud" analyzes Dale)).

MTWTFSS TWISTED TWISTED TWISTED SPACECRAFTED

#41 Aug-Sep 83

MOS MISLKY is a roving subaine of assorted filler put out for sub credit by John Michalski, Rt 10 Box 520-G, Moore Ok 73165. Your comments are appreciated.

How about if I realign these margins just a bit? There. Fit for me even; adequate for anyone else.

I'm tired of typing my own reviews of PudgeCon II, and that is the only lingering bobby news that left any impressio on me, so how about if I let Eric Ozog, Bob Oisen himself, and Kathy comment on it for me instead?

LETTERS

ERIC OZOG (late of DIPLOMACY IN MOONLIGHT, a strange but highly rated team)

Another PudgeCon come and gone. I had a great time, and I loosened up a lot more than last year (Bob told me, "Gee Eric, last year you wore long sleeve shirts and was very formal, this year you're wearing shorts and dancing around the living room," note how Cathy C. has brightened my outlook.), but the con had its weak moments. The weakest was when about a dozen people were sitting in the LR staring like zombies at the computer/video screen, watching one guy play. What a yawner. No one seemed like moving from their seats to play a game, so I went outside to lay in the sun for a while. You seemed temporarily bored yourself, I suppose that's why you escaped in your T-bird to the store. If we do a PudgeCon in '84 I vote we pull the plug on Bob's Atari. We shouldn't drive hundreds of miles to play video.

Other than that I had a grand old time playing Dip in the back yard in the hot sun- the other players conceded the win to my 13 center England right before they keeled over from heat exhaustion (humans can't take the sun like us desert elves). Also I had fun playing Civilization after drinking three beers- I think Coughlan & Hanson were drunk, I won that game too.

I dunno about the squirt gun fights- I and Marzer declared our neutral zone in Bob's office, hiding out. I'm sure all who were squirt gunning were having fun, but if it was my house I'd send the squirt gunners outside.

It was nice seeing everyone again (esp. meeting my ex-Chi-town PTF veteran cohort Pete Ashley plus all the others, 18 in all). Less of a turnout than expected but that didn't count. It made my day when Peters and Rusnak showed up Saturday morning- I thought all the Midwest Mob had dropped out but no. Thanks for washing my car Jim-Bob, you're a good toady. And the drive home through the Flint Hills was beautiful, this time I had tears in my eyes. And upon seeing the thunderstorm rolling across the plains and the violent lightning strike Carl exclaimed with fear, "Oh shit!"

((UN, it reminded him he left his flash camera in Wichita? Seriously, I guess you are right in retrospect about that video stuff; it did take a lot of wind out of the sails compared to #1, though I think Kathy's absence had a part too. The thing I remember about that outside game you mentioned was how everyone playing in the ba event where I was, kept looking out to check the view of Frauke in those short shorts of hers. I remember seeing Rusnak talking to her and gesturing wildly, and she just standing there coolly and laughing. She picks up on these American ways quickly, doesn't she? Too bad more of the Chi-Milwaukee group didn't make it. I hardly remember seeing Ashlye but a moment; did he leave early or something? Maybe he was in on those CIVILIZATION games that replaced he at year's RAIL BARON. I'm

an old stick in the mud and prefer regular missionary-position Dip. (My didn't Rauterbooger or Korredski or some of the others come? And, why didn't someone warn us Russnak was Jewish? Gary could have brought him some pork sausage in his sack of 'gifts'... Thanks for writing.)

JOE OLSEN: (excerpt)

I got a letter from Dan Stafford the other day. Stafford is as you may know the hobby's #1 tactician (or so he believes)--well he said that at Origins he was in a gunboat game with Julie Martin, and her mode of dress ("less than most people wear to the beach") so distracted him that he forgot how to push his blocks! This is something to look forward to at Fudgecon...but better not tell Claudine!

- ((Dick and Julie missed the Con; Dick missed the THIRD MAJOR game I was ready for, I missed Julie, and those two missed the dictionary Gary brought as a gift for them, one with the pages torn out that had "drunkard" and "alcoholic" ~~in~~ of them. Such senses of humor should write to WHITESTONIA))

Gary called me twice last Saturday, the second time all ecstatic because he'd talked to you and found out about your new job. That is good news; that ~~NEWS~~ MRS was a pretty depressing one, wasn't it? I just hope that being busy again will not cut off the flow of Lisa Sisley's; a sine without a ~~MS~~ is like...Lip Digest.

After Gary swore me to secrecy about his coming to the con, he goes and puts it in ~~MS~~. Boy! That's the last time I keep one of HIS secrets. And I was so discreet too--when Haxner asked "Is Gary coming?" I cleverly replied, "I'm not allowed to say!" Fooled him completely!

Well, see you next week. I guess I'll put the map on another sheet so you can throw this away. By the way, you can't come up Woodlawn; it's been under construction the last 3 months.

((Shit, if Rock Road was better, they must have lost a few lives on Woodlawn! Yes, Gary called just a bit after I learned of the job switch, and it was kind of nice to see the degree of interest he had taken; Daphne Fritz also, plus others. One of the rewards or a few years in this hobby, such as some of the letters I received when the old BEAUTIFUL BULLETIN folded up. Ah, well.

Thanks for the "bumper sticker" that follows this column, unless I forget. It was so appropriate, I couldn't think what sine to use it in except MODERN PATRIOT, but who ever reads THAT? ~~So it goes to the hobby prize sine.~~)

K...

I really thought I could make it ((FudgeCon II)), then my boss hit the ceiling he just won't give me the time off! He pointed out that the company can't run itself, and he had to run it through two of my trips to the hospital this year! Can you imagine the Free of a company having to do something?! He has a point, so now I'm mad--but there is not really much I can do about it! So now I'm out again! John says, I should just go! Hm--maybe he's up to something! Nah, I'd never be that lucky.

Things are hot here too--I mean the weather--get your mind out of the gutter!

Used to hear that you got a job--that will make things easier for you! Even if it is with a state tax commission--you know how I hate those jerks! Well, from now on, I'll try and remember--maybe the tax guy isn't so bad--maybe he's just a Toots clone!

Say hi to Claudine--and enjoy Nickits for me.

((Dons, I'm really disappointed to hear you went to MOODY'S though instead. What a terrible insult to your money!

Sait, now you've got ME putting !! after every sentence! I'd better get a hold of myself! (Don't say it..)

You know, I did see a company president once that did stuff. He even opened the mail (good idea when there's big bucks flowing through, but it sure messed up the flow of information). He built the business himself and made himself a multi-millionaire, but he also laid me off. Grrr. But, making these dudes answer their own phones, EVERY time, makes them appreciate you.

The IRS gives all tax people a bad name, and I can see why, since I'd be prouder to say I was a pimp than an IRS man. Like the bumper sticker says, "Fight organized crime: abolish the IRS!". Actually though, I am in Unclaimed Property Division, which is in the business of giving BACK money that people abandoned, forgot about, or had stolen from them under various pretenses by utilities, universities, banks, nursing homes, oil companies, and other assorted shady operations. It is very satisfying work, although often boring on the day to day waiting. We get even in the end, at the appeals hearings though.

Hey, we did miss you there. Do plan for it next year. It will be earlier in the summer in 81, now that Bob's learned not to be dined by Amundson.

(CROSSEAMING, from page one)

will obviously resent such an attitude, while others who don't reside in that unfortunate state will derive great amounts of secure feelings thereby. But instead of constantly decrying the Wisconsin-hater's unreasonable nature, there is a good side for the Wisconsin residents to exploit. They know who their enemy is, from the very start. That sounds like quite an advantage to me! So, in the balance of advantaging/disadvantaging factors of carried-over impressions, we can find an element of security amidst the apparent chaos. If the effects of carryovers are difficult to pinpoint, perhaps they aren't all that critical after all.

It may boil down to a question of personal maturity; can you give someone the benefit of the reasonable doubt? Can you foresee the possibility of a player's improving in ability over time? Can you perceive a player's actions in one game within the context of that particular game? Perhaps what at one time appeared dishonest would be nothing less than exactly what you would do yourself, given the same sets of circumstances and opportunities. Not everyone will automatically and perpetually condemn a player for doing what it takes to win a game. We still do "salute the winners", after all.

One person has asked if there are any examples of two people being closely allied in one game, and at one another's throats in another? Well, that's the definition of the relationship between the Midwest Mobsters—we tend to find one other everywhere, and we can't afford to always be friends or enemies. Some of us do take other factors into account; who is writing most, who is coming up with constructive plans of action; what the setup of the board is like at a given moment. Also, if you start off the game secure in the knowledge that you have a good friend as an ally, isn't that taking an element of challenge OUT of the game?

The issue of carried-over impressions has been overplayed in this hobby. It isn't entirely unavoidable, but the effects are entirely predictable either. You make your own breaks in this game. If you're suffering from a bad reputation, don't cry about it. Write to people, and create a new image that you can live with; or play on that image, and let the others labor under mistaken impressions. The truth is most available, in this game.

PLAYLIST FOR MC 6

BERLIN, Pleasure Victim. Again and again, Ozog doesn't like 'em, but nobody's perfect! Techno-pop as art? Why not!

PINK FLOYD, Relics. The old Syd Barret stuff—pre-grandiosity.
MEN WITHOUT HAIR, Rhythm of Youth. Their hit "Sarty Dance" may be the weakest out on this impressive album.

KINKS, Kronikles. The hits that endure.

PAUL McCARTNEY, Rag. Second only to Venus and Mars as Paul's finest hour.

This summer, I saw three impressive "oldies" concerts: Steppenwolf, Eric Clapton, and the Original Animals. The Animals played as if they really gave a shit, and Eric Burdon didn't stint on the vocals. Bravo!

MES, concluded.

10. Capitol Hill News. Is there a bill coming before the Senate or House of Representatives that concerns you or your family? You don't have to wait till your local paper goes to press to find out what's happening on Capitol Hill. Instead, call the House Information System's Bill Status Office to get the answers to any legislative questions concerning you. The number is (202) 225-1772.

Another excellent source of information on the nation's Capitol is Washington Dial, a three-minute daily recorded newswire service of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. When you call (202) 472-1113, you'll hear highlights of the latest Congressional and Senate activities. Although these numbers are not toll-free, station-to-station phone rates for a three-minute call are reasonable and well worth the up-to-date details.

Rag, not a lot of space left, and I don't want to go over the number of pages I told Paul I'd send, so I'll just tuck in a few filler notes. The bottom notice is from Olsen, and much appreciated; it's close to the truth. I'd like to vote for a Nazi, or a black guy, next time. Someone different and radical enough to really bring about change. I am very pissed at the status quo. I wonder if having had only four weeks and 3 days of permanent employment this year had any part of that? And then there's the news. Budget is too tight to keep the temporary employees that are partially filling the gaps now, such as was the case with my temporary job at Tinker, but the damn welfare scumbage of the world need more money to pay interest on their continuing handouts, so the congress sips through approval of \$2 billion dollars to the International Monetary Fund! Shit, shoot the bastards down, one and all! You'd think we didn't have enough homegrown leeches for our money. Techn.

Don't Blame Me, I Voted for Hitler
