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# NO FIXED ADDRESS<sup>①</sup>

is a magazine of postal Diplomacy, etc. (especially etc.) published by Steve Hutton

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Welcome to NFA: Ed Wrobel's least favourite 'zine  
The official 'zine of the Walker/Caruso/Hutton love-in  
The 'zine that makes Mark Matuschak nasally expel fluid

Steve Knight and Doug Rowling have started the International Subscription Exchange. Through them, you can pay for a British subscription in U.S. dollars, or an American subscription in British pounds. For more information, contact Doug Rowling/194 Hawkhead Rd/Paisley PA2 7B5/Renfrewshire/SCOTLAND, or Steve Knight/11905 Winterthur Ln, Apt 103/Reston, VA 22091/U.S.A.

Congratulations to Lee Kendler Sr, winner of the Don Miller Award, and Mark Berch, winner of the Rod Walker award. Neither of them get this 'zine, but if any of you see them, congratulate them for me.

Rod Walker has asked me to publicize the fact that Diplomacy World is moving to a Jan-Apr-Jul-Oct schedule from its present Dec-Mar-Jun-Sep schedule. This new schedule will fit in better with Rod's life.

"Judy Winsome", a female impersonator from California, has awarded me with the Dave Carter Award, given to the most sexist member of the Diplomacy hobby. The competition was not particularly impressive.

Bob Albrecht's 'zine, Battle Stations appears to have folded. (Whether or not it has folded, its games are being rehoused by Dave Carter.

I have just taken over two games, and am about to take over a third. I have "Mensa 14", an orphan from Manifest Destiny's fold. I also have "7 Nations", which Ron Brown gave me. This game features players from Canada, the U.S., Germany, Finland, Sweden, Greece, and Venezuela. I'll soon be taking over another international game from Ron.

Standbys: Acheson, K. Brown, Carter, Davies, Ehlí, Ellis, Gautron, Hager, Husk, Lincoln, Lowe, Milewski, Paulson, Touchette.

Subs expiring this issue: Bill Brown, John Ellis.

Subs expiring next issue: Steve Arnawoodian, Ben Schilling, Andre Torres, Ralph Morton, Pierre Touchette, Eric Ozog, Mark Lundi, and Ake Jonsson.

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((If this issue's letter column doesn't convince you that I'll print anything under the sun that's not labeled 'not for print', you're beyond hope.))

((Rod Walker)) 1. Nice puzzle. The quotation is ...((the correct answer)). One suspects Mark Twain to have said it, save that Clemens is known for drinking stronger stuff ((than water)). Amazingly, this rather piquant quotation is not in the centennial Bartlett, nor in Bergen Evans' collection. For me, the key to that one was realizing early-on that these were cryptic clues and that the "capital" of Germany was therefore the Mark and not Bonn.

((Glad you liked the puzzle. I don't take quotes out of quote books because I don't trust them, and don't own one anyway. Thanks for reminding me that if I ever offer a significant prize for a quote, I'll have to make sure it's not in a quote book.))

\*2. What is it with you guys back east that you have to take every possible opportunity to attack and be nasty to people who have not attacked or provoked you in any way? And, again, why is it necessary to get nasty in your 'zine before you have at least tried private communication? I refer to your rather ugly comment about a "shameless plug" for EREHWON in DIPLOMACY WORLD. Did you ever stop to consider that when a defunct 'zine restarts, and that 'zine is the second oldest Dipzine in the world, that is news? I do wish you had written to me on this first...but then perhaps Brux has a point about you kissing up to Caruso. See DW38 for a bit more on this, since someone else did have the courtesy to write me directly first.

((I'm sorry you found my comments "ugly"; they were not intended so. I don't think what you did was wrong, just silly. Had I thought you were wrong, I would have probably written you a letter about it, but I refuse to send someone a letter saying, "Here is a list of ways in which you are silly; reform or I shall make fun of you".

I acknowledge that the restart of Erehwon had some news value, but I think that what you published was an advertisement, not a news story. If I have space, I'll reprint the ad/news story and let my readers judge for themselves.))

\*3. Speaking of Caruso, I regret that you have given space to his latest shot in his feud with me. It's really too bad that John has decided to carry out such a concerted campaign of lies, innuendoes, half-truths, and distortions against me. But this is of course how he and the rest of the so-called "In Six" operate. They have gone after Bruce Linsey, Gary Coughlan, Mark Berch, and now me. Each time it's a very ugly "hate" campaign. Too bad for the hobby they have to spend so much time and space being nasty to others. You just never know when you're going to cross some whim of Caruso's and then the whole gang comes after you. I expect that Caruso's anti-Walker vendetta will cool down after a while, when he gets tired of swearing me or when he decides on a new target for venting his spleen. In the meanwhile, however, I would appreciate it if you would decline in future to give space to Caruso for his personal campaign against me (or against anyone, for that matter; he is one of the most vicious hate-mongers this hobby has seen in a long time).

((Specifics, specifics, we cry out for specifics! I would have thought that you had learned by now that vague, unsubstantiated allegations won't get you very far in NFA. If you have any specific complaints with any specific statements of John's, you're welcome to state them in NFA. Otherwise, I'd suggest that you stop making yourself look like a fool.))

\*4. Terrible Moments in Sports #2.

I took golf in college. Didn't everyone? An easy sport, of course. I'd never played the game before and my dad was an avid golfer. So I figured, why not? Most of the course was learning how to drive and putt and all that on a sort of little range at school. But for the end of the quarter, we got to go out on a real golf course. I borrowed my dad's clubs and everything. Bought a new ball. And, amazingly enough, I shot a 75! I was so pleased with that, in fact, that I didn't even bother with the second 9 holes.

5. Items marked \* are for print.

6. Anything not so marked you can print if you wish, but they're not for that purpose.

7. If you choose to regard DW as not a hobby custodial project, that's up to you. However, it was founded as such in 1974, and has always been run that way. It's sort of silly for someone totally uninvolved to come along and decide that he's going to change unilaterally an arrangement which doesn't even apply to him anyway. Your being nasty about this is not going to generate any positive end product and probably does nothing but make you feel emotionally satisfied because you got to be snide and make me feel down. ((Sorry, gentle patient reader, but I just can't wait to the end of the paragraph to answer this charge. Rod, I have had it up to here (I say, my hand raised above my head, a position in which it is very difficult to type) with your accusations that I'm being nasty, or kissing up to Caruso, or going out of my way to make you feel bad. Are you capable of writing a letter in which you do not make vague personal attacks or ascribe evil motivations to peoples' actions? If so, please do so in the future. If not, you have no business calling yourself a writer.)) After all, I've devoted a lot of my own time and money to the rescue of DW and to keeping it going, and only because it was a project. If it were "just another 'zine", I wouldn't have bothered and I wouldn't bother now. I have my own 'zine, after all, and a good many other better things to do with my time. I suppose it's selfish of me to hope that my efforts would be appreciated for what they are. I'm afraid that every time I read unsupportive comments like yours, I seriously consider shutting down the 'zine and telling you all to go eat cake. Why should I bust my butt for "just another 'zine"? I am dead tired of being badgered, smeared, attacked, and harrassed by Caruso and his little in-crowd and by other people who seem to figure that if you can't say something nasty about someone, don't say anything at all. I complained about Caruso only after he had refused me the right of reply in his 'zine, and the Berch matter is simply another example of the kinds of tactics he uses to malign others. Poking fun is one thing, but Caruso and his in-group are out for blood...just as they were out for Linsey's blood, and Coughlan's blood, and Berch's blood (and they apparently are still after Berch).

((If you'll step down from your crucifix for a moment, I have a reply for you. If you have better things to do than publish DW, do them! The only reason I publish NFA is that I don't have any better things to do. I enjoy publishing NFA so much that I can find the strength to continue even when very few people consider NFA a hobby custodial project.

There's an old saying that if it looks like a duck and flies like a duck and quacks like a duck, you should call it a duck. To me, Diplomacy World quacks more like a magazine than like a hobby custodial project. I calls 'em as I hears 'em.

As I recall, you said in Erehwon that you sent Caruso a letter, and you later asked him not to print it. Now you are saying that Caruso refused you the right of reply. Did I miss something here? In any case, your attack on Caruso is woefully short of specifics.)

Sorry if I sound bitter, but I am. This hobby ought to be spending its time on other things, not conducting massive smear campaigns (as Caruso is) nor defending against them (as I am forced to do). Frankly, if you are a friend of John's you might do better to use your good offices with him to convince him that a simple solution to the problem which he created in the first place would be to retract his lies about me, to stop maligning me in print, and to be at least civil. We all ought to be able to spend our time more productively. If you can help, fine; but I hope that in future you will not continue to help John add fuel to the conflagration.

((Hmmm, John is supposed to retract his lies about you, although you never say what those lies are, and you have shown a marked reluctance to retract untrue statements that you have made yourself. John is to stop maligning you in print, although you feel free to write a letter for print which is full of vague, vicious attacks on John. John is to be at least civil, but you feel free to write the most hateful and unpleasant letter I have seen in my life. Eric Kane take note: this is what I consider hypocrisy.

When I was in the Boy Scouts, we used to put out fires by pissing on them. This seems an apt metaphor for my treatment of you and your incendiary remarks. I am willing to print just about anything in NFA, but I will not stand in the way of my readers realizing the foolishness of what someone says. And, when a person abandons the rules of rational discussion in favour of the debating tactics of the gutter, as you have done in this letter, I am not inclined to be gentle.))

((Let's try for something a little more pleasant, now: a letter from Michael Kortzen)) Never apologize, never explain...just include errata sheets. How many sleepless nights with a pen & a bottle of white out? ((Too many!)) Dear Steverino:

As we say here in Sleeveless Nighties territory, I'm in Katimavik now. (("Katimavik" is the Inuit word for "make work program".)) 3 "communities", 3 months each. And you thought you moved around a lot (TWO WORDS, Caruso), as we say in No Fucking Address land. You, as we say here in Thirty Pounds of Bored Toads ville, are on the long & honourable list of folks to whom I owe mail. Real mail. Ah well, so it goes, here in the Quimmartinique region. You are dead, as we say here in the greater Erestwhile zone, right about the Rod "Imperial" Walker brouhaha, but it would take a fellow debater to see why. Some, but not enough (as we say here in the land of Diplomacy Ward) debating clubs have banned references & allusions to Hitler (read 'neofascism') 'cause we're sick to death of 'em!

I'd standby for M-17 in a nictitation if I weren't 400 miles away from home & Dipsy board. (Ah, but I'm free & clear as of Aug 9th! Tempus fugit.)

((I've never debated in a tournament where Hitler references were explicitly banned, but in most tournaments anyone who mentioned Hitler or, conversely, Mother Theresa would be ruthlessly heckled.

What does 'tempus fugit' mean? Knowing you, I suspect it's Latin for a sex act that's illegal in most parts of the world.))

((Ron Brown)) Ballots are starting to arrive ((for the CDO constitution plebiscite)). Already we have twice the number of voters as in the last referendum...

...All are well. James looks a lot like Christopher. (I did tell you about that, didn't I? Born 4 June. All healthy and well. Can't remember who I told and who I didn't any more.) ((James seems like a strange name for the girl that you knew you were going to have...))

Big exam for permanent job on Monday. Four or five others are in competition -- and I've heard it's all on FORTRAN. I have to do better than everyone else to get the job. Nervous. Better get back to the manual.

((I still have trouble believing that civil service promotions are given based on who does best on a written test! Best of luck anyway...))

((Mark Fruch, the man who gave Madison Wisconsin a bad name)) Darn. I thought I was a shoe in for Mensa 17. Even Randal Husk's orders were identical to my own. Maybe Randal is smarter than everyone gives him credit for or I'm just as dumb as Ran... Nah, no one could be so stupid as that.

It's been fun reading your 'zine -- every 3rd issue or so is really spectacular. ((Such a nice way of saying "two thirds of your issues aren't any hot shit"!)) Unfortunately, my funds are so low that I can not resub at this time -- I will once I get a job in the real world in two months or so.

Thanks again -- hope to see you again.

(("A.S.A. Chromochrome")) Required Paragraph: How are you? How's work. How is the big life ...in T.O? How's your folks? How's your guinea pig ...oh, I'm the one with a guinea pig.

Anyway, thanks for the magazines, and thanks for the retraction in NFA 18. And what do you mean "Despite A.S.A.'s best efforts"??? I'll talk about that in September.

Work's fine. I like the Apple Lisa and MacIntosh ((registered trademarks of Apple Computer, no doubt)) as they're very user-friendly and I need that. Mining companies are fun to work for since I get to make calls to Australia and New Guinea frequently. I'm in the cost-estimating group for new mine prospects. Fun, wow. Vancouver is great, and living alone has had its ups and downs. The trouble is what to do on these infrequent blah days? I thought of you when the word blah came up and decided to write you a note on my life in the big V. But I thought of your editorial policy and my negative subscription and decided to write a letter AND an article. Wowwy! Six, hoped for, free issues. That'll tide me over for another year. ((Not a chance, Lance. You get 5 issues for the article, no more and no less.)) I hope you don't mind editing it as I wrote it extremely poorly due mainly to the fact that B.C. air is not right for writing. ((So, what's your excuse for all the schlock you produced in Ontario? Seriously, though, have I ever minded hacking your writing to bits?))

Anyway, I wrote you so that you can still at least think of me here whilst having a good time in T.O.. I'm cycling, scuba-ing and picture taking (not at the same time, si-ly). I plan to go whale watching in August on Vancouver Island up north. Naturally, the whales will be in the water, so we'll have to rent a boat or something. I'll quit work here on Aug 29 and travel south to San Fran and L.A. to visit my brother and get a tour of J.P.L. ((Jet Propulsion Laboratory)) and Pasadena. I'll give you a report on Disneyland, which I'm sure you're dying to read! I fly back to T.O. on Sept 9 or 10, depending on when school officially starts.

...I'm enjoying Vancouver immensely, and Terry loves NFB ((the National Film Board of Canada)) and Montreal. You could mention to Bill that if he needs any inside information on NFB, he'd better write a nice article about my musical tastes or my lips are sealed.

I'm bored now, and it's 11:15 pm. Time for bed. Of course, it's 2:15 am at your place, and you wouldn't believe how tempted I was to call you up right now to say hi. But I said "No, Steve's my buddy and will LOVE to publish my ~~WIP~~ creative writing". Nice guy, eh?

...P.S. Have an o.k. summer and don't wrestle any blind people, you hunk.

((Let me get this straight: Bill is supposed to be nice to you so that he'll have the privilege of hearing you gloat about how your girl friend got a job with the National Film Board, which wouldn't even let Bill sit in the reception area. It scarcely seems possible, but I think you may be overestimating how much of a gumby Bill is.))

((Ed Wrobel)) OK, you got it -- a place of honour on my enemies list!

So you voted Voice of Doom a "10" in the Runestone, eh? How could you do that? ((It all works out in the end. I gave Politesse a "1" and so did nine of my friends, so you're even with Bruce.)) In the same issue you state that you had to call Linsey up to find out what he had printed about NFA. I suppose you'll make some lame excuse like "it was in the mail to my permanent address". You know that Julie and I demand absolute loyalty, you disgusting Linsey toady.

Furthermore, you have scooped Politesse by engaging in undue and excessive Walkerbashing. Politesse had "The importance of being Erehwon" long before you changed your address last time, and yet here it is on page 15 of NFA #19. I can't believe you would stoop to such a level of Wrobelstabbing. Is this a practically humorous hyperbole or merely a reminder that I stole the Linsey intelligence quote from you back at the Detroit DipCon? Explain yourself, you jack-booted brown shirt!

EE ←oops, more to come!

Furthermore, you insinuated that I am a win-only player in your commentary on my feud with Fred Davis over the now-defunct Timor Sea. Since your comments were published, I have been stabbed 8 times. You have ruined my playing career in DipDom. I hope you're happy, neo-national socialist son of a canuck! Your friend,

(("Friend"? That's a hot one. Never have I seen a more blatant case of Huttonattacking and wordputtingtogether. Seriously though, you can call me anything you like in NFA, but if you called me a 'jack-booted brown shirt' in another 'zine, in front of readers who don't know any better, I would be upset.

What's wrong with being a win-only player? Diplomacy is a win-only game! The game is pretty much pointless unless all of the players are making at least some effort to win, no matter how many ratings systems give you points for losing.

"The importance of being Erehwon" was brilliant. If my comments about a shameless plug were "ugly", your article must have been too unsightly to be believed.))

((Arthur Major)) Here it is -- a magnificent rhino captured as he waits for the morning bus to work! ((See elsewhere this issue))

Also included is an "editorial" cartoon concerning the cruise missile. While I may not agree entirely with the test program (especially the deception behind it), I'm also unhappy with the government's response to the situation.

Stuck in the middle, as usual. If it looks good in NFA, I might re-draw it for a real newspaper.

Other news: I'm in and out of Wainwright for quite a while, but a real chilling plan has surfaced. Winter warfare exercise Rapiere Thrust '85 will be replaced by training in the Yukon, near Whitehorse. Brrr...

Anyway, have a good summer and cheer up, Christmas is coming (me too!)

((I didn't think your cartoon would reproduce well, especially after reduction. Glad to hear you'll be back for Christmas. I hope you didn't reveal any secrets in this letter!))

((Steve "Cupcake" Knight)) Thanks for the sample NFA. Liked it enough to sub, even though I've got too many 'zines already. I'll probably be deadwood, but I hope that's okay. Wasn't sure whether a U.S. funds cheque would be okay, so I sent cash.

((Cash is fine. So are cheques, negotiable securities, precious metals, etc.. If it's money or worth money, I'll find some way to spend it!))

Don't apologise for being deadwood -- somebody has to pay to receive this 'zine. Stand tall and say, "I'm deadwood, and damned proud of it!". Hey, maybe you could write me an article about how to be deadwood...))

((Mark Matuschak)) First, I have a question -- are all Canadians funny or is it just a coincidence that all of them I have corresponded with leave me wretching from either laughter or pain, I'm not sure which. ((It's just a coincidence. All Canadians aren't funny; all Canadians are arrogant. Don't you read House of Lords?)) At least between you and Ralph Horton's submissions to TBB ((The Buzzard's Breath, Mark's 'zine)) ("Saga of Siegfried" -- have you seen any of them?) it's enough to keep the old iced tea choking up through my nose (known in some circles as "nose-boot").

I was originally going to write something for your "Great Moments in Sports" feature, but once I started thinking about humour, I got off on a different track. For some reason, I started thinking about "elevator etiquette" -- you know, how everyone looks up at the numbers with great concentration (as if maybe it will reverse direction suddenly) rather than look at their companions (those they don't know, at least). Notice that people always face towards the door, too. That's not funny you say. Well, you'd think it was funny if you walked into an elevator and some guy in there was standing with his face to the back wall.

Anyway, I started thinking of similar things (I remember reading about elevators somewhere else, so I can't claim original credit for it). Subways are another place where you're not supposed to look at your fellow passengers, at least not for too long or too directly. This is easier in New York where there are lots of ads ((and graffiti!)) to read (when it's not crowded) or when you can only see the minute detail of the overcoat pressed into your face (when it is crowded). In Boston, there aren't enough ads, at least in the Green Line cars that are really trolleys. At least there are big windows you can look out of when it's above ground. In DC, the seats don't face each other, so that makes it easy. In Boston and DC, though, you can always take advantage of the "clean subway reflection technique" to watch someone in thereflection of the window while appearing to look outside. From the lookee's perspective, it's impossible to tell if you're really looking outside or not. Naturally, this is impossible in New York, where the black paint on the windows doesn't reflect as well.

Subways also have the rough equivalent of the elevator "face the front" rule. This is more prevalent in Boston and DC as opposed to New York. It used to be said that "no one's ever seen the middle of a Green Line trolley," because everyone always crowds by the doors. In New York, that's likely to result in the receipt of two pushes and three elbows to the stomach at rush hour (and maybe a swinging purse).

Cars are another one. Why are drivers so unfriendly? When was the last time someone you didn't know drove by and looked over and waved? I don't mean that middle finger wave, either. I mean lost-in-the-middle-of-nowhere-on-an-interstate-and-don't-care waves, just friendly. Nope. Car ettiquite requires you to look straight ahead ((at the road!)), acknowledging no one, except with mean glances, exasperated hand gestures or the toot of a horn. I think I figured out the reason. The 50,000 or so people who are killed on the highways in the U.S. each year are probably the ones who look over at everybody and wave in a friendly, neighbourly fashion, just as the 18-wheeler in front of them is slamming on the brakes.

Now that you're entranced by this phenomenon, here's another. No talking while standing at a urinal or between stalls (you know, "hey, got any extra toilet paper over there" -- most people would rather do without), and always leave one empty urinal or stall between yourself and another person. Actually, the urinal one is a little overstated, since people who know each other commonly talk to one another there (like elevators, cars and subways), and there's not much time to discuss anything ("Wow, what a smell").

Well, that's the extent of my vivid imagination this month. Have fun, ((I can't wait 'till next month. Perhaps you could write something about hemorrhoids or vaginal itching. (I have to start early if I'm going to win the Dave Carter Award two years in a row!))

Your bit about the elevators reminds me of an experiment we did in my Social Psych class; you should try it some time. Get a group of people (3 or 4 minimum) together at the top or bottom floor of a building. Get on the elevator and face backwards. Enter another elevator passenger. He is faced with a conflict. On the one hand, there is a social convention (an eminently sensible convention) in favour of facing forwards; on the other hand, in order to conform he must face backwards. Conformity wins quite often. As I said, try it yourself. One danger is that you will crack up if someone asks "why are you all facing backwards?" (I always did.). If you are doing particularly well, you may want to try having everyone turn 90° or 180° in mid-ride. Will the pigeon conform? University campuses, S.F./wargame conventions, and other places with more than their share of oddballs aren't good places to try this.



I once saw a woman laugh on the subway. She was sitting by herself, and the train was nearly empty. She started laughing for no reason that was obvious to the other passengers, and kept laughing for 5 or 10 minutes until she reached her stop. (For all I know, she may have kept laughing for the rest of her life; I didn't get off at that stop.) She was red-faced, and extremely embarrassed, but just couldn't stop laughing. Unfortunately, I lacked the presence of mind to break into my notoriously unsuccessful stand up comedy routine. That would have stopped her if anything would. If nothing else, though, she did spread a bit of good cheer to the other passengers.))

((Now, letters about the puzzle. First up is Mike Ehli)) If Kathy wants to smear me in KK that's fine with me. All I have to lose is my obscurity. Gee, sex last time, drugs this time...I suppose you have a rock-n-roll puzzle ready for next issue.

At least GBS had someone to make his offer to (sigh) ((sigh)).  
Guess that's all for now. See ya next month.

((Dave Carter)) I really have to admit that the booklet on cryptic puzzles worked. I never even opened it and I was able to do the "definition" puzzle in 1 sitting. For me, this is in the realm of landing a man on the moon! ((Does that mean I can bill you for a couple of billion dollars?))

((Kbill Kbecker)) Thanks for the crossword booklet. I'm up to lesson 4. Your puzzle again proved to be easier than I had become used to although I got side tracked on #10 the sun (5-5) when I inserted SOLAR POWER. I concluded CUD for #12. ((The sun was a clue for "earth-mover", of course.))

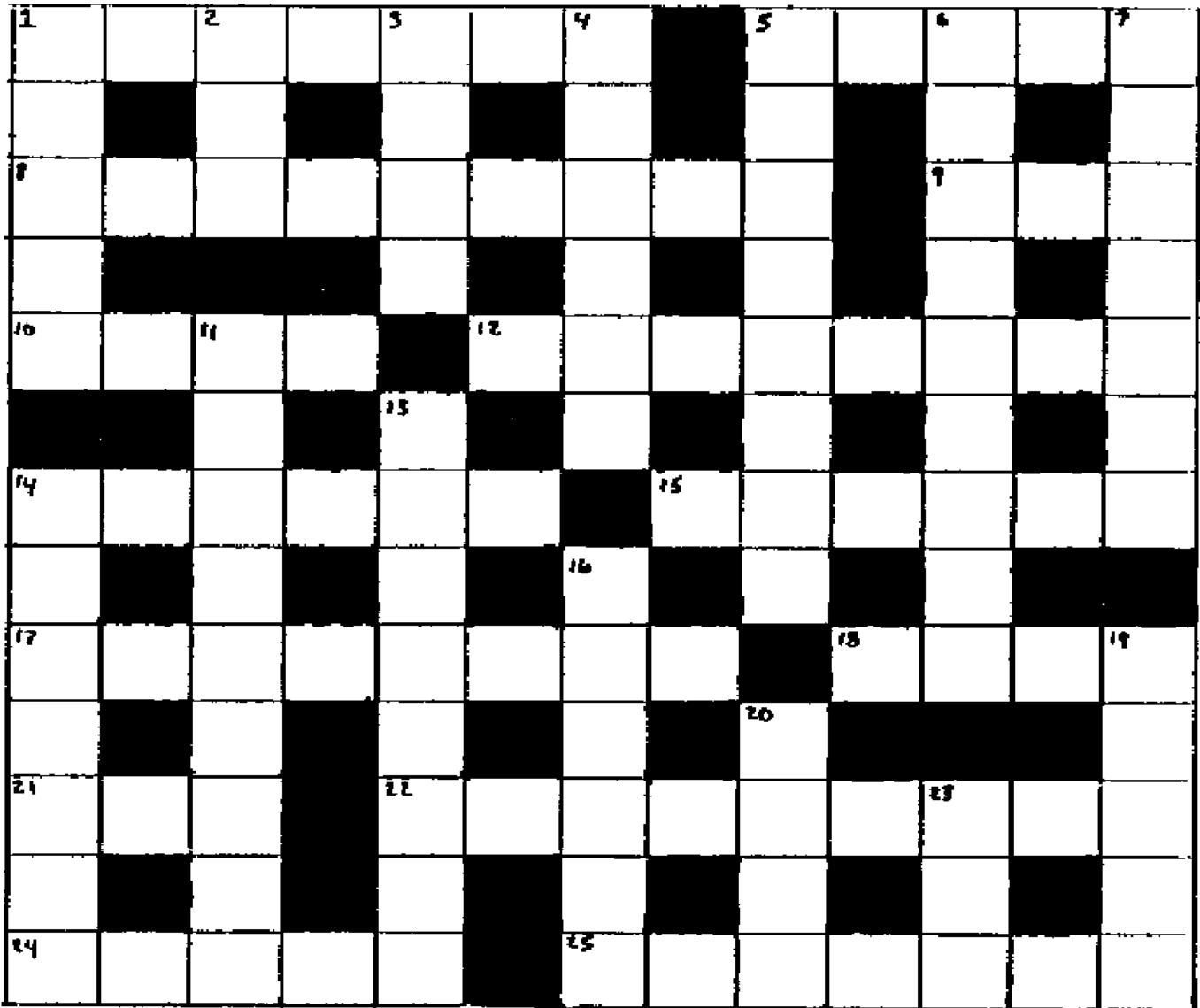
((Mike Barno)) Yes, I dared to deface my NFA ((and rip out a page and send it in)) rather than transcribe this. Good issue, as always. I want freebies! Too bad you couldn't make Madcon. 'Twas a great time. Nothing clever to say.

((Steve Knight was worried about being deadwood; you have to worry about being deadmeat. How dare you wangle such a work of art as an issue of NFA? And you weren't the only one. That Linsey creature did the same thing. Some day, years from now, your great-grandchildren will be visiting and going through your attic. They'll stumble across your copy of NFA #19. "Geewillickers, great-grandpa Blarfo," they'll squeal, "NFA #19. That's worth millions or even zillions of dollars." Tears will roll down little Johnny's cheeks as he thinks of that new pogo stick the family can finally afford. Little Suzie's cheeks will alight with a warm glow as she realizes that the family won't have to sell her into prostitution after all. All will be sweatness and light in the Blarfo household until you shatter their dreams like the cruel, heartless beast that you are. "Sorry kids," you'll say, "it's worthless; I tore out pages 17 and 18 and submitted them for a contest". And the children will cry.

I'm sorry, Mike, but I love kids. And the cruel way you two are shattering the dreams of your future progeny makes me sick. From now on, you will be known in NFA as Mike "deadmeat" Barno, and Bruce will be known as "that Linsey creature". And for the next person to pull this stunt, I have reserved the nickname "breaker of small childrens' hearts".))

((And that's it for what must be the longest letter column I've ever had. That's one good thing about bickering with Rod Walker -- you'll never want for space filler. I shudder to think what would happen if I started fighting with Larry Peery...))

# ? PUZZLES?



Across

1. Place of anger ?! (7)
5. Bums, each a foot back (5)
8. Boxing equipment for a group of jokers (9)
9. Creature of the electric variety! (3)
10. Run like animals (4)
12. Music maker returns in time to set off (8)
14. Rocky, perhaps, and frightening... (6)
15. ...is the primary follower of gender! (6)
17. Overturned chair, and a spinner? (8)
18. By no means impossible (4)
21. Be sporting in winter (and probably fall) (3)
22. A place beneath humiliation (9)
23. Musical has heavy Los Angeles backing (5)
25. Place of steel or another substance (7)

Down

1. Bring down some women in curlers (5)
2. Eastern track will go the wrong way (3)
3. Pop group that's immune to reversals (4)
4. Artist is part of "The Bureau" (6)
5. Solar power (8)
6. An uplifting experience (9)
7. No solution is possible without it (7)
11. Flower of the U.S.? (9)
13. Hold in reserve a party of insects (8)
14. Pair of earphones leads a visitor from afar (4,3)
16. Hello, John, let's go to Cuba (6)
19. Attended to silk (5)
20. Depend upon a broken lyre (4)
23. Act in a more modern way! (3)

The solution to last issue's puzzle was "I am glad to have drunk water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to the opium-eater's heaven". Correct solutions were submitted by Rod Walker, Mike Ehli, Bruce Linsey, Mike Barno, Bill Becker, and Dave Carter. Since there were six of you, I got out my trusty six-sided random number generator and rolled one more than Eric Kane (i.e. '2'). This means that, much to my embarrassment, Mike Ehli wins it for the second issue in a row. Mike Barno guessed that the quote was by Julie Martin who is, I think, capable of responding to Mike for herself. Bill Becker seems to have hit upon a winning strategy for these quote contests: 'when in doubt, guess Thoreau'. Bill wins one free issue for being so observant of my taste in quotes. Had he guessed that it was from Walden, he would have won a second free issue.

Response to this puzzle was varied. Some people seemed to like it better than my usual puzzles, and some solved it who haven't submitted any of my other puzzles (Walker and Barno). Dick Martin hated it. (This isn't too surprising since Dick is a big fan of my more cryptic puzzles.)

In case you haven't noticed, this issue's puzzle is a crossword (cryptic, of course). I still have lots of FREE copies of a cryptic crossword course, available for anyone who asks for one. 5 Down in this puzzle was thrown in just to annoy Bill Becker (see his letter, elsewhere this issue).

The clues for 14 and 15 across contain ellipses, just as Ed Wrobel's letters don't. These just mean that the clues for 14 and 15 together form a complete sentence. (Granted, it's not such of a sentence, and it has a reversed sentence structure, but maybe I'll get better with practice.) Some clues end with exclamation marks, just as Kathy Byrne's sentences do. This may mean that the standard definition and cryptic part are the same, or it may mean that the clue contains both a standard and a cryptic part but that the whole sentence is also a definition of the term, or it may be just put there to mislead you. Have fun.

# IT CAME fro

What appears in the centre of this 2-page spread is a reprint from the latest issue of Diplomacy World, copyright 1984 by Rod Walker.

This, the infamous page 15, has been the subject of much controversy in NFA and Politesse. In "The Importance of Being Erehwon", Ed Wrobel described this page in metaphors so dense, extended, and internally inconsistent that I can't do them justice in a summary in this small space.

It is reproduced exactly as it appeared in Diplomacy World, except that it is not likely as clear. In case the centre part doesn't copy well, you should know that it's a much-reduced copy of page 1 of Erehwon #120.

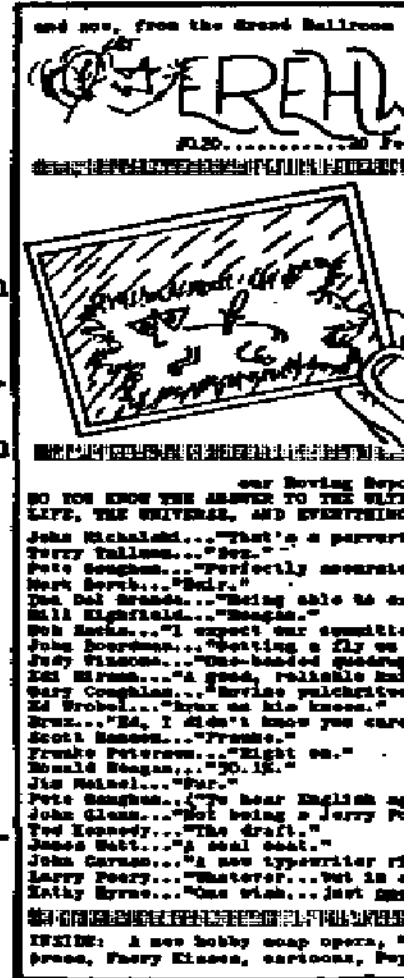
All opinions expressed in this reprint are Rod Walker's, and were expressed in his role as editor of Diplomacy World.

EREWON (spell it backwards) was one of the well-known 'zines of the so-called Golden Age of the hobby. It was named for the fictional country in Sam Butler's novel Erehwon, a grand old hobby tradition shared by most of the early 'zines...GRAUSTARK, COSTAGUANA, BRODDINGNAG, RURITANIA, FREEDONIA, TRANTOR, BARAD-DUR, and others. EREHWON was published by Rod Walker from various locations (but mostly the San Diego area) from 1966 until 1976 (with one break of about a year). It then folded after issue #99, thus becoming the first hobby 'zine to avoid the Big One Hundred!

EREWON was known for its humor (often weird), its kinkily-shaped cartoon character "Big Brother", its various feuds with members of the Hobby Establishment (Boardman, Reinsel, Lakofka, and others), its quizzes and contests, and various other stuff. One thing the 'zine never was: it was never boring.

EREWON went through many guises, in both ditto and mimeo formats; and many sizes, from huge issues of 30+ pages to its later standard 10-page format. But the humor never stopped. EREHWON became the home to such characters as Pope Joan II, King Pandemonium V and Queen Vendetta of Poderkagg, and many others. EREHWON games usually had a lot of press...real press with datelines and characters and events and all, not the infield banter you get in games nowadays. Various serial features, such as the History of Poderkagg and the Chronicles of req-Lav, appeared regularly. It was good fun.

Alas, gone forever. Or is it? No, by golly! For behold, EREHWON has



come back! It is now in xerox digest format, not more than 20 pages per issue...and a facsimile of the February issue, #120, is shown on this page.

The revived EREHWON is a clone of the good parts of the defunct one. It carries 2 games, one of them an "Invitational Press Spectacular" featuring some of the hobby's better writers. Regular features include a new hobby soap opera, "Megadip Place", a revised

History of Poderkagg (including actual pages from the Scott Catalogue for Poderkagg postage stamps), Pope Joan II's campaign to assert Her position as Hobby Sex Goddess, ongoing contests...including one to "Stump the Editor"...awarding of Faery Kisses and Faery Slaps, and other things as they occur to the editor or are suggested to him by others. Above all, EREHWON is a reader's 'zine; it is a thinking reader's 'zine, designed for the Diplomacy buff who likes a little flair and style, "who (the Editor says) wants his humor and Diplomacy with some literary merit instead of kiddie corn".

Rod advises that the big blow-out issue, #100, finally came out at the end of 1983, only

7 years late, and costs \$2.50. A sample issue is 50c, and subscriptions are 10/\$6.\* There are no game openings.

The return of one of the hobby's oldest publications is something of an event, even more so when the 'zine in question was, in its time, one of the most popular and widely circulated of its kind. It is interesting to note that in England, Richard Sharp has just revived his popular and influential DOLCHSTOSS. Must be something going around. \*((Contact Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Dr., Eminitas CA 92024.))

So, what do you think? Is it, as Mr. Walker suggests, a news story, or, as Mr. Hutton says, "an outrageous puff piece unconvincingly attempting to masquerade as a news story", "so obviously self-serving that the mind boggles at the thought that anyone could try to palm it off as legitimate news", and "the biggest contribution to hobby humour since Steve Arnawoodian bought hamsters"? The decision is yours. Of course, I wouldn't dream of trying to influence you one way or the other.

copyright (©) 1984, Rod Walker

the Marriage Mites, this is

January 1984

"...and, Jackson, is that the first time you know that Mark Smith, your father, played Diplomacy?"

...the question of

...shaly question!

...another small job."

...the special Inquisition."

...will report on it eventually."

...the first link."

...building."

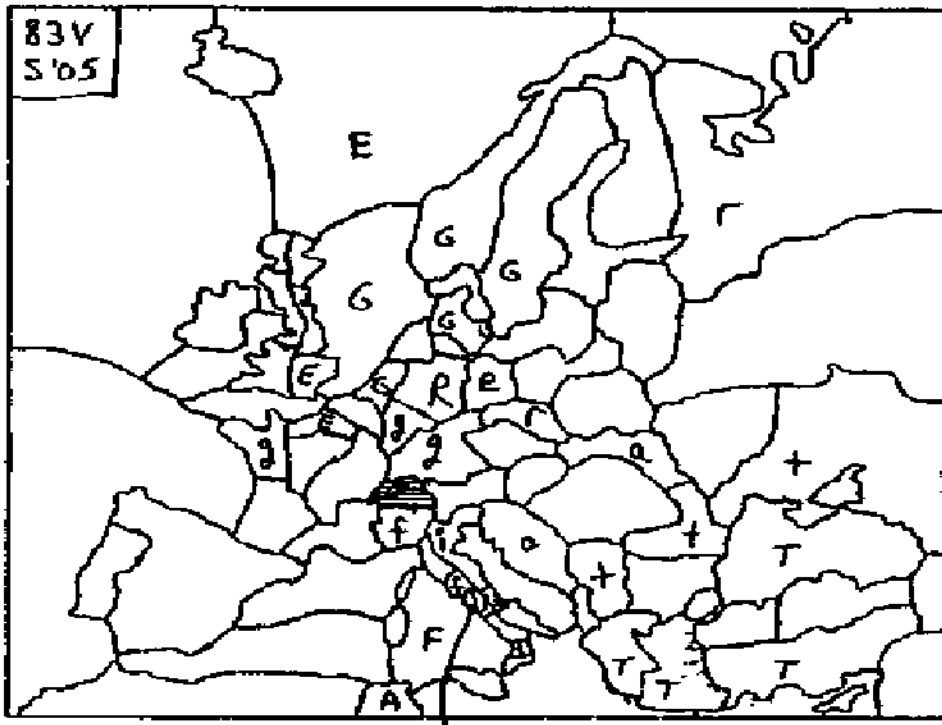
...Ford class."

...small hills."

...is with; get that, Derek?"

...Place", game, headline of

...the last II, ... Abandon hope...



The standby for England  
is: Kevin Brown  
100 Patton Dr  
Warner Robbins, GA 31093  
USA

The standby for Turkey  
is: Paula Dodge  
PO Box 35  
Warren Center, PA 18851  
USA

Since these are my only two available Mensa standbys, I'll keep using them until they get positions (which may not be long). After that, I'll use other members of my standby list.

The deadline for Fall 1905 is August 2.

## SPRING 1905: GERMANY REGROUPS!

- Austria (Mike Ehli): F Ser ret -Bud (NO SUCH UNIT), A Ser unordored-retreats OTB. A Vie-Gal, A Tri-Ser, A Bud S A Tri-Ser (NSU), F Tun H. Playing 1 short.
- England (Randal Husk? Kevin Brown?): NMR! F Nth ret -OTB. Will play one short. F Nwg H, A Ber H, F Lon H, F Pic H.
- France (John Ellis): Remove F Lyo. F Tyrhh S A Tus-Rom, A Tus-Rom, A Pie-Ven.
- Germany (Ron Brown): Build A Mun. F Ska-Swa, F Nwy S F Nth, F Nth S F Hal-Den, F Hal-Den, F Hol S F Nth, A Mun-Ber, A Par-Bre, A Bel-Ruh.
- Italy (Dave Carter): F Tyrhh ret -Nap. Remove A Tyr. F Nap-Rom, A Rom-Tus (ret -Apu, OTB), A Ven S A Rom-Tus.
- Russia (Dave Lincoln): A Mos-StP, A Sil-Mun, F Bal-Kie.
- Turkey (Keith Sealer? Paula Dodge?): NMR! Will play one short. A Sev H, A Rum H, A Ser H, F Bla H, F Gre H, F Aeg H, F Smy H.

## Press

- Austria-World: Take anything, but leave me Tunis!
- Austria-Italy: I have a better idea. Let Brown have his win, but make him fight for it. When he does win, the rest of us petition BNM Byrne and have the game declared irregular. We do have a good case, you know. Fnord.
- Head Anarchist-Austria: You do not even have a bad case; you have no case at all.
- Austria: It figures that the one country that still has its original player is the one that's stomping me. C'mon Keith, don't be such a non-conformist and NMR out like a good little Republican. Fnord.
- Head Anarchist-Austria: That's enough! You're not allowed to pick on Keith in this 'zine. Just because he's a Republican is no reason to accuse him of being good.

Austria-Italy: S'all right.

England-Germany: Go suck an egg!

France-Germany: That wasn't very nice.

Germany-England: Russia offered me peace if I destroyed you. Do you really want an ally with such a proven track record? I know you won't change your present course, but it's something to keep in mind for future reference. I wouldn't let him get very large if I were you...

Head Anarchist-Germany: As if Russia is in any danger of getting too large! Sorry Ron (or whoever is pretending to be Ron), but if you're going to do your negotiating through the press, try to make it a little less ridiculous!

Germany-World: No NMRs! An alliance against me! Wow. This game might even get interesting.

Germany-Russia: I already gave you one chance. This time, if you attack a single German centre or position, I will throw everything at you. And this time I won't stop at your borders like I did last time. I don't give a damn about winning -- only revenge. ((Yuk, yuk.))

Italy-Russia: What about your agreement to destroy Austria? Don't forget me.

Rome-Germany: Thanks, pal.

Russia-France: Do you want to join in the slaughter of Germany?

Head Anarchist-Russia: Apparently not!

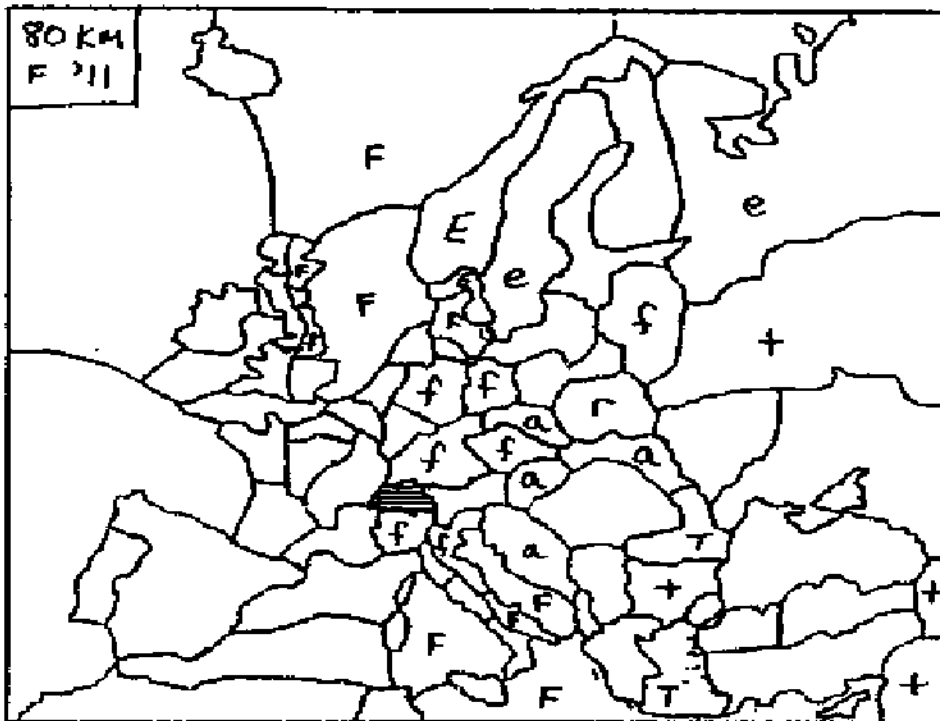
Life isn't all it's cracked up to be at Notre Dame cathedral. Quasimodo made a list of complaints about working conditions and took the list to upper management. Chief among his complaints was that he never got a day off, because he was the only one who knew how to ring the bell properly.

As a result of this complaint, an ad was put in the paper for a part-time bell ringer. Only one person answered the ad: an armless dwarf. "How can you ring a bell with no arms," asked Quasimodo. "Just watch me," replied the dwarf. He stepped back, got a running start, and smashed his face into the bell. The bell rang beautifully. He stepped back to ring the bell again. But, this time, as he was running for the bell, he slipped and fell out the window and plummeted to the street below and his death.

The police came by to investigate. Since Quasimodo was the only witness, they asked him some questions. "Do you know this man's name," they asked. "No," Quasimodo replied, "but his face rings a bell."

An old whore walked into a bar with a parrot on her finger and said, "I'll fuck the first guy here who can guess the parrot's weight". A drunk shouted out "five hundred pounds". "Close enough," she replied.

A recently married man went into the doctor's office. "I have a problem, doctor," he said, "it's my wife -- she eats like a horse". "That's no problem," the doctor assured him, "many young women have hearty appetites". "You don't understand, doc," the patient continued, "she gets down on all fours in the barn and eats hay and oats". "I have just the thing for you," said the doctor, as he scribbled a note on a piece of paper. "What is it," asked the patient, "a prescription?". "No," replied the doctor, "it's a permit so that she can shit in the streets". ((And to think I was named worst sexist in the hobby before printing that joke...))



The response to the concession vote was: Yes: 2

No Vote=Yes: 1

No: 1

NMR: 1

Since there was at least one no vote, the proposal was defeated.

At the end of 1911, France has 18 Supply Centres, so he is the winner.

Feel free to submit game end statements for next issue.

#### FALL 1911: TO THE VICTOR GO THE SPOILS...

Austria (Gerry Paulson): NMR! F Ion ret-OTB. A Tri H, A Vie H, A Gal H, A Sil H.

England (Paul Milewski): A Den ret -Sve. F Nwy S F Ska, F Ska S F Nwy, A Swe S F Nwy, A StP-Livonia.

France (Dave Carter): A Sil ret -Ber, F Ion-Adr, F Nap-Apu, A Ven S F Nap-Apu, A Pie S A Ven, F Tyrr S F Tun-Ion, F Tun-Ion, A Syr-Smy (ANNIHILATED), A Ber-Sil, A Livonia S RUSSIAN A War-Mos, A Mun-Boh, A Ruh-Hun, A Kie S F Den, F Edi S F Nth, F Nth C A Yor-Nwy, A Yor-Nwy, F Nug S A Yor-Nwy, F Den H.

Russia (Bob Acheson): A War-Mos.

Turkey (Ken Hager): A Mos S RUSSIAN A War (SUPPORT CUT, A WAR ORDERED TO MOVE), F Bia-Rum, A Bul H, F Apu-Nap (ANNIHILATED), F Aeg S AUSTRIAN F Gre (NO... ..SUCH UNIT AS F GRE), A Smy-Syr, A Arm S A Smy-Syr.

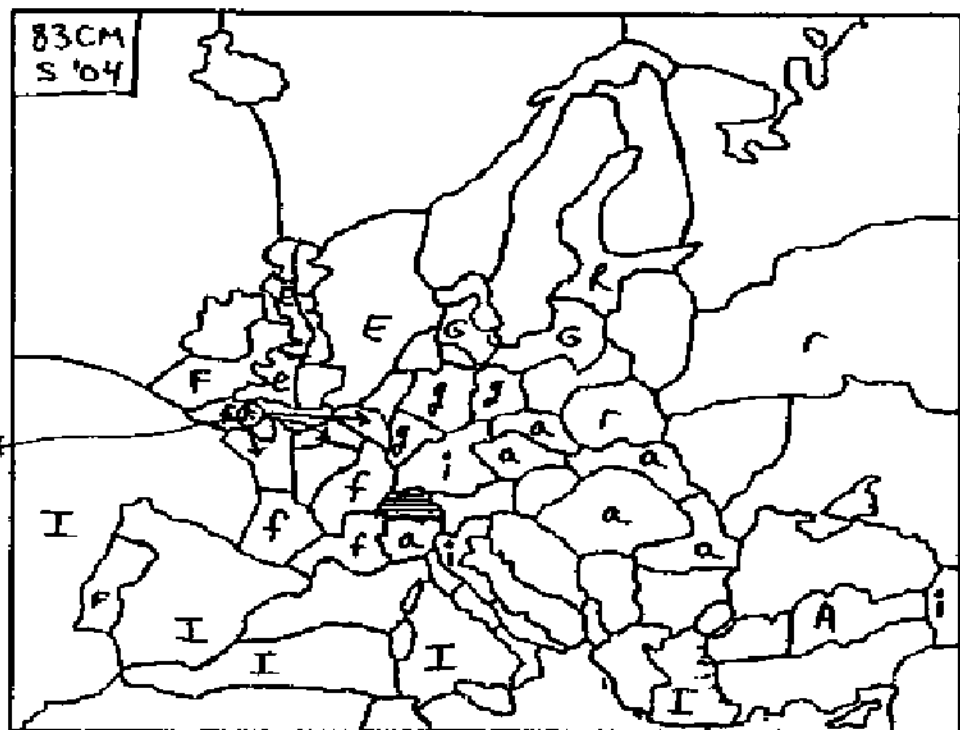
#### Press

England-Head Anarchist: So far as I am concerned, France has won only after he controls 18 supply centres. I wish to point out that had I not put up the resistance I did, this game would have been over long ago, all other things being equal. My vicious, tasteless press releases have been intended to make me appear to be a jerk like everyone else.

Head Anarchist-England: It's good to set attainable goals for yourself!







Thanks to Kevin Brown for submitting unneeded Russian standby orders.

The deadline for Fall 1904 is August 2.

SPRING 1904: ITALY BUSTS OUT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN!

Austria (John Ellis): F Bla H (NO SUCH UNIT), F Ank H (unordered), A Rum-Ukr, A Bud-Rum, A Vie-Gal, A Boh S ITALIAN A Mun, A Sil S ITALIAN A Mun, A Pie-Mar.

England (Dave Lincoln): F Liv-Iri, F Lon-Eng, F Nth S F Lon-Eng, A Yor-Wal.

France (Gerry Paulson): F Mid-Pro, F Iri-Mid, F Eng S F Iri-Mid (ret -Bre,...  
...Pic, Bel, OTB), A Bur-Mar, A Cas S A Bur-Mar, A Bel-Bur.

Germany (Steve Berrigan): F Bal S A Ber, F Swe-Den, A Ruh-Mun, A Bur S A Ruh-Mun, A Kie S A Ruh-Mun.

Italy (Drew Post): A Smy-Arm, A Ven- (A VEN- IS AMBIGUOUS!), F Nap-Tyrrh, A Mun S AUSTRIAN A Sil, F Lyo-Spa(sc), F Wes S F Naf-Mid, F Naf-Mid, F Bul(sc)-Aeg.

Russia (Bob Acheson): F StP(sc)-Bot, A Pru-War, A Mos-Ukr.

Press

Vie-Mos: I offered Berlin to you guaranteed with no risk. You declined. Am I supposed to believe that you're not allied with the Kaiser?

((This is the ninth in the "...and Diplomacy" series. The other 8 are "Magic & Diplomacy", "Photography & Diplomacy" (in which A.S.A. Chodachrome first used that utterly unconvincing pseudonym), "Sex & Diplomacy", "Music & Diplomacy", "Diplomacy And Zen", "Breeding and Diplomacy", "Illicit Substances & Diplomacy", and "Computers and Diplomacy". The authors were Arthur Majoor and Michael Kortzen (twice each), Bill Brown, Bill Becker, A.S.A. Chodachrome, and Mike Ehli. Only two of these authors (Becker & Ehli) subscribe to any 'zine other than NFA. Three of these authors (I won't name them) have no idea of how to play Diplomacy. Much of the best stuff in NFA has come from people who have no real interest in the Diplomacy hobby, and who know nothing of Rod Walker except what has appeared in NFA. I thought it was about time I acknowledged this fact.

Mr. Chodachrome, the author of this article, is in my class at the University of Waterloo. I have divided the members of my class into two groups, based on the answer to the question "Could I imagine having an enjoyable, intelligent conversation with this person?". Mr. Chodachrome is in the smaller group.))

Hookers, Gays, Drunk Indians, and Diplomacy      an ARTICLE  
by A.S.A. Chodachrome

This is one of the first articles in NFA to address a major social problem: free issue generation. You see, my friends, there are a few things a man can do when his subscription runs out. 1) Pay for a renewal ((Stop laughing, all of you -- this is a serious option worthy of your consideration.)) 2) Threaten the editor until he renews the subscription 3) Write a letter, and receive that issue gratis or 4) Write an article, thus receiving 5 free issues of the 'zine. This writer has chosen the latter method of receiving his deserved ((???) subscription renewal.

One may well ask, "What is the purpose of an article entitled "Hookers, Gays, Drunk Indians, and Diplomacy"?" And what a valid question it is. Perhaps a little explanation is due.

I have been a longtime friend (?) of Mr. Hutton and have helped him win several awards in debating, astronomy, and racquetball. ((All I know of racquetball I learned from Mr. Chodachrome...)) He owes me a lot. Just recently, the team of Chodachrome and Hutton demolished every opponent in a classic debating match that was described as "Good!", "The best one yet", "Who won?", and "Fantastic" by the vast audience. Mr. Hutton and I carried away the huge trophy and walked around the huge trophy and walked around the auditorium with it on our shoulders in a similar fashion to Mr. Gretzky and the Stanley Cup ((that Mr. Caruso thought the Islanders would win)). Of course, we received slightly more applause. Anyway, that very evening, Mr. Hutton was said to have mentioned that my subscription had run out. Surely, this couldn't be true...I mean, after all we've been through...he was...cutting me off! Well, I mentioned all the fame I've brought him, but this "iron-clad" or "stiff" editor stood firm. He suggested writing a letter to him or, better yet, writing an article so that I might continue my subscription without consulting my accountant. The result of that conversation is before you now.

Of course, my basic problem was "what should I write about?". Looking outside my apartment window in the heart of downtown Vancouver, I see highrises, streets, cars, hookers, gays, drunk Indians and Bill Bennett ((the immensely popular Premier of British Columbia)). Well, I thought, how can I tie a thread through these items to come up with a reasonable article for Mr. Hutton? I thought. I thought some more, and then it hit me: Steve publishes letters and articles from the likes of Mr. ((William)) Brown and Mr. Majoor...he's got to publish this! So, I entitled it "Hookers, Gays, Drunk Indians and Diplomacy", leaving out the inanimate objects: highrises, streets, cars, and Mr. (mega-personality) Bennett.

Now you know how the article started and why it has its name. Now, you are just dying to find out why I'm calling it an "article", rather than just a "letter". ((I, for one, can feel rigor mortis setting in...)) Remember, "letters" get you one free issue, while "articles" get you five. A letter usually doesn't contain a story, whereas an article has a definite theme, this theme being somewhat related to Diplomacy. Well, I've decided to do something a little different in this article, namely write about my stay in Vancouver. You may ask, "What has that got to do with Diplomacy?" Well, the "Diplomacy" comes after I see if Mr. Hutton publishes this article. If not, our diplomatic ties (not to mention some other items) will be broken. If it is published, our long friendship will continue to flourish (for at least five months).

Anyway, I'm living on the west coast for the same reason that Mr. Hutton is living in Toronto: money. Unfortunately, Vancouverites love money much more than normal Canadians. It is very expensive to live here, but the beauty surrounding the city makes it worthwhile. I live in what is called the West End of Vancouver, only two blocks from the legendary Davie Street Strip where the film Hookers on Davie was shot. Now, coming from a small Ontario town, I was shocked to find so much solicitation going on in the streets near where I lived. I mean, these scantily-clad females actually get picked up and dropped off, just like in the movies! This fascinated me. It also seemed to fascinate other residents too. They have formed a "Shame The Johns" group to diplomatically (who said this didn't have anything to do with Diplomacy?) persuade prostitutes not to solicit. They operate by standing "en masse" on the opposite street corners to the hookers and scare away potential johns. They are not armed with guns or knives, but with the almighty pen. You see, the pen is mightier than the sword, especially when these guys jot down the license plate numbers of the johns and "greymail" them into not coming into the neighbourhood any more. It seems to work.

In the course of doing research for this article, I had to walk past a few of these ladies to see whether or not they were soliciting. After a number of tries, I finally got one to say something, and I was surprised to hear her say "Nice Ass" as I was walking by. ((I'm surprised, too!)) Who said these girls weren't observant? Anyway, the ongoing battle continues: "Hookers vs Residents", and I'll keep you informed if anything comes up. (No joke!)

On another side trip through the seedy areas of Vancouver, I stumbled upon a man lecturing Canada geese. Yes, he looked and sounded like one of my professors at school. Certain clues led me to believe it was...((a particularly incoherent UW Professor)); smelly, drunk, frothing at the mouth, and clothing longer on the left side than the right. Of course as I stepped closer I could see that it definitely was not my professor as this fellow was coherent. He, upon my arrival, asked the ducks to put on a show for me. They seemed to flicker their lips (ducks have lips?) and then flew away. It seemed these ducks paid as much attention to him as I did to my professor. "Oh well," he said, "I guess they didn't like you". Lucky me.

Unfortunately, some other people like me. In fact, these people like you or anyone else with a male physique. (I think in your case, Steve, the word "physique" is pushing it.) As you may or may not know, Vancouver is Canada's gay capital. It's where all the closet gays come to, well, come out of the closet from all across this fair land. I have three gay bars of my choice within 2 blocks of my apartment building. If I'm feeling butch, I'll go to Buddy's to show off my manhood. ((Should I? Nah, it's too easy...)) If I'm feeling a bit down in the dumps, I'll go to Pats to perk me up. And, Neighbours is for ANYONE and I mean anyone. I must admit, the research for the above items was done purely through word of mouth ((a remarkably adaptable orifice)).

Anyway, to close this ARTICLE, I suppose I have to tie Diplomacy into the above and make some earth-shattering conclusion about how good life is, or how bad school is, or even how sort-of-bad-but-tolerable I am. Here it is, what you've been waiting for, the ending: hookers, gays, drunk Indians, and Diplomacy are nice. Thank you for your attentiveness and good bye.

((I should clarify a couple of things here. First, you do not get a free issue of NFA for sending in a letter. But, if you are not an NFA subscriber and I print all or some of your letter, you get that issue free.

((The laws concerning sex differ widely from country to country. To put the above article into perspective, here's a brief run-down of Canada's laws concerning prostitution and homosexuality.

((Over 15 years ago, the laws against prostitution and homosexuality were repealed. Pierre Trudeau, then Minister of Justice, said, "the state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation", one of his more famous quotes. Unfortunately, the state wasn't getting out of the bedroom, just out of the bedroom closet. Laws against solicitation, living on the wages of prostitution, keeping or being found in a common bawdy house, and "obscenity" still existed.

((The courts have since ruled that to be guilty of solicitation, you must be "pressing and persistent", which means, among other things, that you must make the offer more than once. This ruling was a major milestone in the history of Canadian prostitution. It left the police powerless to do anything about street prostitution (just as they are powerless to do anything about dentistry and accounting).

((Governments at various levels are trying to "do something" about street prostitution through various forms of legal and quasi-legal harrassment.

((The governments have had to search harder and with less success for legal grounds on which to harrass homosexuals. A few years ago, bath houses frequented by homosexuals in Toronto were raided, and those found inside were charged with being found in a common bawdy house. No one was ever convicted; the only results of the raid were that several legitimate businesses were vandalized by the police, and several innocent men had their private lives invaded. The publishers of The Body Politic are being subjected to double jeopardy, triple jeopardy, and as-many-times-as-necessary jeopardy in the Ontario government's attempt to obtain an obscenity conviction.

((The closest I can come to understanding the Canadian governments' policy is: prostitution and homosexuality are legal, but neither prostitutes nor homosexuals are entitled to the full protection of the law.))

((This article was already a bit dated when I wrote it for the last issue. Still, I decided to delay it until this issue because Arthur Majoor promised to give me an illustration (see next page).

This article is part of "the new NFA", a 'zine that tackles serious issues in a serious way. Like Bruce Linsey and the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, "I am not afraid of controversy!"))

### On the Campaign Trail

In recent months, we have seen dramatic one-on-one fights for popularity: between Chretien and Turner in Canada, between Hart and Mondale in the U.S., and between Magomba Mighty Spear and Abindu Killer of a Thousand Water Buffalo in Gazimbaland. But all of these clashes of titans pale by comparison to the ferocious battle between Messrs Coughlan and Martin.

True, things have quieted down a little. It's been months since the last ritual execution or purge trial. But, under the surface, the fight continues.

Each candidate has his own circle of solid supporters. Campaigning under the "Martin Morality Squad" banner, Dick is supported by moral, clean-living hobbyists everywhere. Coughlan, on the other hand, thanks largely to his charismatic running-mate Elsie, has the solid support of the animal lovers faction. Until late March, each candidate conceded the other's "home ground" and concentrated on wooing the uncommitted.

That all changed when ace reporter Bob Olsen, writing in the east coast scandal sheet Kathy's Korner broke the story of a lifetime: Dick Martin has a rhinoceros up his nose. The reaction was immediate. Martin's moralist supporters were appalled at this blatant kinkiness, and promptly defected to the Coughlan camp. The Martin campaign was a shambles.

It looked like Martin would have to throw in the towel. Then, in a characteristic act of brilliance, his running-mate Julie turned the situation around. She placed full-page ads in several prominent animal lovers' magazines. They read, in part, "The mighty rhinoceros. Threatened with extinction. No refuge from the hunters. Dick Martin grieved for the rhinoceros. But he did more than cry. He offered a rhinoceros a home. He sacrificed his own nostril to save this noble beast."

Coughlan's supporters were stunned. Not only had Julie eliminated the kinkiness issue, she cut to the heart of Coughlan's own support in the animal lovers faction. In desperation, Gary put a pair of whooping cranes up his nose. Critics in the Martin camp called this "cynical and opportunistic". It caused other problems for Coughlan, as well. Gary's speech, heavily accented at the best of times, became virtually incomprehensible when two full-grown birds started flapping about in his nasal cavity.

As this issue goes to press, it looks as if the Martins have won a major propaganda victory. But, Gary has bounced back from similar setbacks in the past. Stay tuned for further developments as they happen (or two months later if I want to include an illustration).



The inside of Dick Martin's nose (artist's conception).

by Arthur Majoor

# WARRANT for MURDER

in TORONTO.

## Dennis Melvyn Howe



**\$100,000 Reward**

CONTACT YOUR LOCAL POLICE.

The distinguished looking gentleman on the left is suspected of having raped and strangled a 9 year old girl. Should he show up as, say, a substitute teacher at your local elementary school, or a guest-speaker at a Rotary club lunch, call your local police department.

The suspect is a 43 year old male caucasian. His distinguishing characteristics include "little fingers that are crooked on each hand, a scar under his chin, his habit of walking very quickly, a gap in his front teeth and a weathered complexion".

A reward of \$100 000 (Canadian currency, sorry) has been offered for information leading to his arrest. If an extra \$100K of income would cause you tax problems, feel free to report him in my name.

If you're a Canadian, \$100 000 is equivalent to 153 846 issues of NFA, or one copy of the next issue of Xenogolic.

PERSONAL MESSAGE: