

NFA #21/22

August 9, 1984

NO FIXED ADDRESS ^①

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

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10 issues cost \$6.50 in Canada, \$6.00US in the US, \$7.00US elsewhere.

First, you should note the change of current address above. I expect to be in London for a few days around the next deadline. I move out of my current place (310 Bloor St W #832, Toronto, phone 416-960-0476) on August 31, and I'll be moving into a new place in Waterloo sometime in early September. I will not accept telephoned orders after 10 pm at my London address.

Sorry this 'zine is a little late, but it took quite a while to prepare. This is a double issue, at 40 pages long, which, for me, is quite a lot: It's Friday night. You put two slices of bread in the toaster. You examine your makeup and costumes. Which should you be tonight? The mad scientist? The asshole? The slut? The toaster pops. You have to make a decision and make it now. You choose a costume. Your favourite. The clock strikes 12. It's time! You turn to page twenty and begin to read...

The following are on my standby list: Acheson, K. Brown, Carter, Davies, Ehli, Ellis, Gautron, Hager, Lincoln, Milewski, Paulson, Touchette.

Subs expired before page 1: Craig Reges, Ralph Baty.

Subs expired on page 20: Andre Torres, Steve Arnawoodian, Ralph Morton, Eric Ozog.

Subs expired on page 40: Gerry Paulson, Bill Young.

Subs expiring next issue: Bruce Linsey, Bill Becker, Harry Drews, John Kador.

Uncertain subscription status: Ben Schilling, John Marsden.

The results of the CDO constitution plebiscite are in: 20 yes, 0 no, 1 "maybe" (spoiled ballot). So, the proposed constitution that appeared in NFA #16 is now the official CDO constitution. I am the CDO Coordinator; the other two Executive Committee members are Claude Gautron and William Christopher Seth Affleck Asch Lowe. Unfortunately, no one has heard anything from "Alphabet" Lowe for quite a while. It would seem a little silly if we had to dismiss Bill from the Executive Committee within days of his officially getting the position! Oh well, such is politics...

In the Runestone Poll, NFA received no 0's, 1's, 2's, or 3's, one 4, four 5's, one 6, eight 7's, eleven 8's, seven 9's and two 10's. Incomplete poll results have come out, showing NFA ranked 9th of 52 'zines.

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Diplomacy, the Universe, and Everything

A Conspiracy Theory Approach

An Article By Linda Carson, From A Concept By Jim Gardner, From A Title By Linda Carson

The answer, as every right-thinking (or left-thinking, or left-standing-in-the-dust-after-the-cows-come-home) young adult (that's us, you trendy SF-reading, movie-going, Saechuan and TV-dinner eating post-baby-boomers) knows, to the "Ultimate Question of Life, the Universe, and Everything", is 42.

Just what the Ultimate Question (U.Q.) is, is yet another question (the penultimate, I suspect).

But the important thing, as every healthy product of a parochial education knows, is the answer. 42. And that answer leads us, inevitably, to the conspiracy theory of Diplomacy.

Examine, for example, the very basis of Diplomacy, alliances. With seven participants battling it out, there are only a certain number of alliance invitations that can be issued, namely $7 \times 6 =$ (wait for it) 42. We begin to suspect an underlying conspiracy in the Diplomacy hobby. The number of characters in the very name ("Diplomacy/~~Game~~") is 14, which, when multiplied by the number of the Trinity of Diplomacy, 3, representing the central trio of Rod Walker, Kathy Byrne and Steve Hutton, gives us 42 again.

Furthermore, when we examine the numerological value (obtained by summing the numerical values of the letters (e.g. A=1, B=2, etc.), and then in turn summing the digits of those sums (e.g. 12 gives $1 + 2 = 3$) repeatedly until we arrive at a one-digit number) of "Diplomacy" (2), "Hobby" (7) and "NFA" (3), we are led back to $2 \times 7 \times 3 = 42$. No matter which way we turn, we are confronted by irrefutable evidence of this powerful but hitherto unsuspected conspiracy underlying both Diplomacy and the Ultimate Question!

Issue # 20 (the issue which inspired this dissertation on the Ultimate Question, which should appear, in turn, in Issue # 21; the timing of the conspiracy flawlessly leads to the publication of this treatise in # 21, which is, of course, half of 42) led the author to many indications of conspiracy. There are 24 pages, which is clearly 42 reversed. There are only 3 jokes, each one corresponding to one of the aforementioned Trinity (for legal reasons, we leave it to the reader to discover which is which). Puzzle clue 24 (42 reversed again) is incorrectly numbered 23, leading us to suspect a further level to the conspiracy, linking it with the notorious Illuminati; Mr. Steve Hutton's shoddy attempt at a cover-up is hopeless. On page 19, Mr. Hutton openly admits to dividing his classmates up into 2 groups, giving us $19 + 2 = 21$, which is half of "the answer", 42. Another link with the Illuminati conspiracy (which revolves, as all educated paranoids know, around the numbers 23 and 5) is revealed by the alleged campaign notes in this issue for Spring, 1904; the numerological value of 1904 is obviously 5! The drawing on page 23 clearly ties the Rhino Party with the Illuminati, and the \$6 and \$7 prices outside Canada for the zine multiply to give us 42 again!

Mr. Hutton's phone number, purportedly for his permanent address, initially appears to be above suspicion, since the digits add up to 53, but when we subtract the digit 1 required to telephone long distance, and the 10 issues per subscription, we arrive at 42 again. Mr. Hutton's shameful and inadequate efforts to conceal this semaphore in the address of his own parents demonstrates a depth of depravity to which only the Dave Carter award winner could sink. The date contains numbers 2 and 1984, whose digits add up to 24 (remember 42 reversed), a sign that Mr. Hutton's part in the plot stems back to the very beginnings of N.F.A., in his selection of the starting date such that the "Conspiracy Clue" issue, #20, would appear on this date.

Finally, on page 24 (need we remind you of the significance of that?), Mr. Hutton has the audacity to publish a doctored photograph of the Ultimate Question saint, Douglas Adams, and attempt to pass it off as the suspected rapist-murderer, Dennis Melvyn Howe. We are not fooled, Mr. Hutton. Furthermore, we see through your shallow attempts to pander to conspiracy hunters with such half-measures as the initials D.M.H. (numerological value of 7, but if you think we are going to multiply that by the 6 digits of the reward money, forget it; we don't fall for such cheap manipulations), the suspect's age (43; we are far too canny to pick up on Hutton's blatant invitation to subtract the 1, representing the # of copies of Xenogogic, to get "the answer"!), and his "weathered complexion" (though we know that "weather" leads us, in most circumstances, directly to the 40 days and nights of rain that Noah and his 2's of animals endured on the Ark -- hence, 42 again).

This last page, Mr. Hutton, is just conspirator-baiting of the lowest order. The fact that you made these childish attempts on page 24, though, indicates the higher, even Ultimate, nature of the conspiracy. You were guided by powers beyond your ken to publish these mockeries, this shallow facade of a conspiracy, on the very page that would alert the faithful to the continued existence of the Ultimate plot.

To those faithful, an Ultimate note: watch for exciting indications of the Ultimate Ultimate in the Diplomacy-Ultimate Question conspiracy. Canadian postal rates will rise to 42 c, Walker and Hutton will be at 6's and 7's, and N.F.A. will publish 14 issues in its 3rd year, through a dreadful photocopier accident.

A naive young priest from the country was posted in a city parish. On his first day, he decided to walk around the neighbourhood and get to know some of his parishioners. He hadn't gotten two blocks before a young woman with unusual ideas about what constituted fashionable clothes approached him and said "10 bucks for a blow job, buddy".

Naturally, he was quite curious to know what the strange woman had been talking about, so he returned to the church. He went up to one of the nuns and said, "Excuse me, sister, what's a blow job?". She replied, "10 bucks, just like everywhere else".

Sam and Frank were discussing their marriages one day. "There's just one problem with my marriage," said Sam, "ever since Mary went back to work, she's cut me down to having sex twice per week". "You're lucky," replied Frank, "she cut me off completely".

John played tennis with Bob every Tuesday night at the club, but he never stuck around and showered at the club. One day Bob asked John why this was so. "You see," said John, "I'm embarrassed to let people see how small my penis is". "Does it work?" asked Bob. "Yes," said John. "Well," replied Bob, "how would you like to trade it for one that looks good in the shower?"

IMPORTANT NOTE: NFA #22 will be dedicated to camel jokes. If you know any camel jokes, please send them in!

abc letters xyz

Linda Carson We finally broke down and wrote an article for you. Well, I wrote it. But it was from Jim's idea, which was based on my title. Anyway, maybe we can start earning our keep around this 'zine! ((Linda Carson and her husband, Jim Gardner, are NFA's only lifetime subscribers.))

Wondered if you wanted some help on layout, and a chance to stun the viewing audience with a breakthrough or two more? Your transparent tape (which I should not have laughed at) is the best answer I know, short of buying a waxer (several hundreds of dollars, but that's the final solution). You might find a blue pen (light blue felt marker sold especially for this purpose) useful for drawing up pages with straight lines and such, since they are designed to be invisible to printers and photocopiers. Handy for editing and marking things on the copy that you don't want the general public to read, too! ((I love it -- how many sleepless nights will Rod Walker spend wondering what I wrote in blue felt marker in the margins of his letters?)) It's always easy, if you haven't already done this, to standardize as much of teh repeating stuff as you can, and keep a good copy onto which you just stick this month's chatty intro comments, but the only really amazing pro trick I think would change your life is Letraline ((registered trademark?)); this very narrow black tape is available in a variety of widths (and fancy patterns, if you want to edge your pages with holly at Christmas) to create fast, even lines and borders. You might really like the stuff wherever you use the typewriter to underline a lot, or in making up puzzles, or, for that matter, to copy the Imprint ((the student newspaper at the University of Waterloo)) "racing stripes" on top and bottom of the page. Enclosed please find, among other things, some Letraline I had lying around. It's such a riot to use, but you'll want to practice for a while making a straight line, with no subtle wavers in the middle of the line.

Don't want to be pushy or rude, and I don't want to slight your monthly efforts at all. But comments about deadwood in this ((last)) issue hit home, and I thought maybe I could pull my own weight in layout!

((Thanks for the neat toys. I think the physical quality of NFA has improved dramatically since NFA #1 and is now at about the limits of my patience and manual dexterity. Just about everything that can be standardized in NFA is.))

More jokes, fewer letters!

Hey, now I'm on a roll! May I propose an ongoing joke contest; I am, as you may know, particularly fond of time-specific jokes, guaranteed jokes that couldn't have been retold by substituting Napoleon for Queen Elizabeth. Examples are the great favourites, "Why did Argentina invade the Falklands? To impress Jody Foster." , "The good news is that they've found a cure for Toxic Shock Syndrome/Herpes/AIDS. The bad news is that it's Extra Strength Tylenol. ((registered trademark))" , and the ever-popular "Guess what Brooke Shields's gynecologist found? Michael Jackson's other glove." , a joke that could keep you in the running for the D.C. cup next year too. Does anyone have any others, from our month, year, decade or otherwise?

((If you consider the Jackson/Shields joke time-specific, you have to allow "What kind of wood doesn't float? Natalie" and that Canadian classic of bad taste "What do you call a fox with one leg? Terry" . More time-specific, and even less tasteful, is the relatively recent "What's black and white and getting whiter every day? Atlanta" . Probably the ultimate in time-specific jokes, though, is the following, which could only be told on two days -- the day before the 1980 U.S. Presidential election (which Reagan was obviously going to win) and the day before Reagan's inauguration: "What's flat, black, and radioactive? Iran tomorrow" . Anybody out there have any more of these gems?))

The Diplomacy, the Universe, and Everything article must go in Issue #21 to work. I hope that, by typing it in advance, I can make it easier! But I take rejection well, too. I included a few articles (since I was already typing, why stop?) and hope there's something you like!

((DrU&E appears in this issue, your other articles will appear in future issues. Yes, the pre-typing helps, but it's by no means necessary or expected.))

Who is Rod Walker, and why does he take "feuding" so seriously? Add me to the list of people who know nothing of him except what happens in NFA. But I'm sure he's a very nice person in real life anyway.

((Rod Walker is known for being articulate (though less so than Mark Berch), opinionated (though less so than Bruce Linsey), and old (though less so than Fred Davis). When I saw him in person in Baltimore, he seemed friendly enough.))

If you go all out and publish the DrU&E article, you might invite readers to spot the most convincing instances of conspiracy drqen from previous issues. By the way, I missed the most conspicuous example, namely the DW article in the Rod Walker centrefold ((which, like all centrefolds was very revealing)) which actually mentions the Ultimate Question!

((What is this, instant errata? The article hasn't even seen print yet and already you're pointing out errors and omissions!))

And for you, Steve, and any of your postal friends, I recommend a great postal game that Brian Martin, Richard LeBer and I used to play. It is a natural variation on the parlour game, Fictionary. You, the GM, publish a list of obscure words that no one knows, along with a few possible definitions for each. One of those definitions is true, for each word. The others are cleverly disguised balderdash. You'd be good at this. ((At balderdash!?!)) This makes a nice postal game because you don't have to write the answers upside-down somewhere, or send them in the next letter. The reader, honest soul that he is, tries the game first, selecting the definition he thinks is real. Then, and only then, he goes to his home copy of some Unabridged to find out the truth. Then he pens a vicious letter to you about your clues, and all is happy.

For example, try these:

Marron 1. the unsharpened edge of a knife blade, or
2. candied or preserved chestnuts, or
3. substance for killing spores

Epigamic 1. attracting the opposite sex during mating, or
2. lying upon, or distributed over, the centre, or
3. of, or pertaining to, a yolk or ovum
((4. the sudden spread of a new game -- the Trivial Pursuit epigamic))

Cardon 1. stout pole such as those used for masts and booms, or
2. large cactus with clusters of spines and white flowers, or
3. northern wolverine
((4. what the Jack of Clubs gets when excited))

You will also find our reply to the cryptic of last issue. Correction, you'll find our answers to the cryptic. Our reply would be a little more like: Linda liked "Hello, John...", Jim wasn't so crazy about it! ((Sure, try to get your husband in trouble. Remember, he has the right to reply!))

Hope this letter finds you well, and that I can enliven and enrich your day by showing that someone cares about NFA and wants to flood you with material. Well, it looks that way, but the truth of it is that my energy comes in fits and starts, and so this unprecedented flood may be a rare thing (no comments from the peanut gallery). But I had fun!

((Having fun is what it's all about!))

Finally, may I ask one small "favour" of you? Spell the words in my letters correctly, if you please. You had 2 good shots at "etiquette", but missed both times. And what's this "colour" and "neighbour" stuff? It looks to me like one of those neo-punk-far-out-liberal-commie-whacko tricks to confuse us down-home Americans and soften us up for the final push to take over the American language and end freedom, truth, democracy, and the American way of life. I think Wrobel's secretly allied with you, calling you a "neo-national socialist" to help divert attention from your Red subversion of our language.

((I have to use American spelling, and pretend that "data" is singular, and avoid using the word "he" at work, but not in NFA. Here I can say, "My neighbour, a surgeon who has removed several appendices, browsed through the indices of several colourful books, which he had recently bought."))

P.S. I wrote this all after watching a U.S. Senate election debate and then studying Partnership and Agency law in Massachusetts for the upcoming bar exam. You can see my mind has turned to mush — now you know why,

((I think you would really enjoy the work of Jan Cremer. Ask Gary if he'll lend you his copy of I, Jan Cremer. Actually, now that Gary's in a black press game in NFA, maybe we'll all be treated to some of Jan's more memorable passages...))

Mark Luedi ...Oh, another entertaining issue of NFA (sigh).

Perhaps the solution to the propaganda of Erehwon problem is to somehow formulate and carry out a comparatively spectacular event and see if it gets a full page of attention in DW. Take, for example, a secret (until publication, that is) undertaking. Fly Terry Tallman, Bob Olsen, Dick Martin, Eric Ozog, etc., etc., etc., into Toronto for the express purpose of putting out the best issue of a Diplomacy 'zine ever. (The best, not the most.) Surely, such an event will catch the eye of the aberrant editor of Diplomacy World, everyone can rejoice with one chorus of "Hallelujahs", and then can petition the Hobby Nitpick Custodian for a new project. The day is saved, and everyone owes a debt of gratitude to Steve Hutton.

Alternately, a Dip 'zine should be taken aboard the space shuttle for a massive DW press bonanza. Competition for the space-bound 'zine would certainly be fierce. Less spectacular variations of the above would be: first 'zine at the peak of Mt. Everest, first 'zine to the bottom of the Mindanao Trench, first 'zine to experience a Mt. Hood eruption, first 'zine inside Reagan's brain; you get the idea. I mean, why all this fuss about being "Ed Wrobel's Favourite 'Zine"?! Who's Ed Wrobel to somebody in Topeka, Kansas? ...or southern California... I mean, if we're going to get all worked up about "Ed Wrobel's Favourite 'Zine", let's at least make sure that Ed Wrobel is the head of some great organization (Librarians Advocating Dualism?) or a target of prominent paparazzi before we indulge in such flightful fantasies of self-importance. I'd much rather find out what Wilt Chamberlain's favourite 'zine is. Or Soviet Premier Cherenko's. Next thing, they'll be asking George Steinbrenner who his favourite baseball team is (the Orioles, of course!).

Well, I'm in to my ankle now, my toes firmly implanted in my throat.

I'd give you my two cents worth on something else, but I doubt you have change for a dollar. As I haven't heard Terry Tallman say in a while...keep 'em flying.

((I don't really care about getting into Diplomacy World. I'm getting quite enough publicity in Rod's other 'zine. Of course, Olsen and Martin are welcome to contribute to the next issue of NFA. And, Eric Ozog is always welcome to "come out of retirement" and write something for NFA.

I think you would have a much healthier attitude about Ed Wrobel's favourite 'zine had I not beaten you to the punch by claiming that NFA was Ed's least favourite 'zine...))

Bob Acheson

Re the letter from R. Walker printed last issue. I must admit that I'm curious who are the "In-Six"? Are you an in-six sympathizer? Also, what was really wrong with a little self-administered back patting as seen in the advert in Diplomacy World?

P.S. 'On the Campaign Trail' was amusing.

((According to "East Coast Clique" mythology, the hobby is controlled by the "In-Six", who are out of touch with the desires of the average hobbyist. The people most in touch with the average hobbyist are (you guessed it) the East Coast Clique.

Rod Walker is a member of the In-Six; John Caruso is not. Caruso said sarcastically that he was throwing in his lot with the In-Six in NFA #19. In NFA #20, Rod Walker claimed that John Caruso and the rest of the In-Six were engaged in a campaign of vicious unpleasantries. I think this was an attempt at subtle humour that has nothing to do with fascism, which I must, on principle, applaud.

The East Coast Clique, by the way, is a very ill-defined group of hobbyists. To some, it consists of only a small coven of New Yorkers, to others, it includes people from all over the U.S. and even a transient Canuck.

As I say in my reply to Rod Walker's letter, there's nothing wrong with Rod Walker's self-promotion. Diplomacy World is his 'zine to do with as he pleases.))

Bob Olsen

Was that a sample? OK, I'll sub. I had heard that you ran some good humour, and I must say that Walker's letter was the most (unintentionally) hilarious thing I've read in months. As for your reply to him, I have just two single words for it — RIGHT ON.

((Two single words?? Glad you liked the last letter column. I aim to please. Walker's letter this time isn't nearly as funny.))

Ed Wrobel

Rod's assertion that "It Came from Sandy Ego" is a news story is ludicrous. The re-appearance of Erehwon may be news, but that article was an advertisement. There can be no question about it.

Rod is perfectly within his rights to plug Erehwon in DW and vice versa, but the Sandy Ego piece was clearly excessive, especially when, in the same issue, he implores us to recognize DW as a hobby service and re-subscribe for the good of DipDom. It appears that Rod is appealing to our sense of hobby patriotism to fund free advertising for Erehwon. (Hence, the mother's milk being spilled ((in the extended metaphor in Politesse)).)

It is true that plugs for other 'zines, including my own Politesse, have appeared in DW, but nothing on a scale like Sandy Ego. Surely a full-page ad with a catchy headline is more widely read than a brief item in the hobby news section. I was happy to see Politesse plugged and I think "Life, the Universe & Everything" ((the hobby news column in Diplomacy World)) was the appropriate place for such a piece. Perhaps it also should have been the place for a news item on the reappearance of Erehwon.

But then again, what do I know? According to Rod, I'm just a "backstabbing ingrate" who derives emotional satisfaction from Walkerbashing. Of course, others have been characterized in similar terms. Maybe I'm just one of many evil east coast in-sixers under the thumb of John Caruso. Or maybe Rod is living in a paranoid fantasy somewhere east of Erehwon.

((Your points about "It Came from Sandy Ego" are well put. I think Rod's stay in the land of the mentally ill has come to an end,

Were you attempting to defend your metaphors against my claim that they were internally inconsistent? You first made the Erehwon=widgets, Diplomacy World=rubber baby bumpers analogies. You then reversed the metaphor, making Diplomacy World widgets being hacked as mother's milk. There's no real harm in this. A metaphor's reach should exceed its grasp, or what's a critic for...))

Ron Brown ...Christopher was asking for you tonight at supper. Apparently, you made quite a strong impression on him. Every now and then he comes out with, "Steve, games?" or "Steve home?". James is not so easily impressed, however, as he has said nothing about your visit.

Re work, don't know what's going on. The exam was a fiasco with everyone failing miserably, and now there's a hiring freeze on. Which leaves me in limbo. My acting position runs until Aug. 30, so I'm making the most of it, writing programs furiously, chewing up CPU time until the axe falls and I get sent back to cleaning printers again. The whole situation is absurd, and would be laughable were it not for responsibilities...

((I'll probably be sent to a debating tournament in Ottawa sometime this school year. I hope so, since I'd like to see you, Ann, and Chris again. (I didn't really get to see James last time, since he was in hiding.)

I hope everything works out for you at work. If I am amazed at your stories of how the government "works", I wonder how "the government will solve all our problems" liberals feel.))

Ben Schilling First, I've asked Ron Brown to transfer my sub balance from Snafu to you. It should be about \$5 or so. (less?) Second, I've finally remembered to look up what Infidel owed me when it folded. It was the huge sum of \$0.71 (Canadian). Now you know why I didn't claim it before.

((I'll add 71¢ Canadian and whatever Ron sends me to your sub balance.))

Ake Jonsson ...I also GM. I run my games by computer printouts mailed directly to the players of each game. I own a personal computer that I use for the job. The computer does not do the actual GMing, it just handles the printouts and does sort of keep the books for the game, so that units are not lost or go astray, or end up in the same province as another unit. It provides a sort of starting list for each season, where I fill in the orders and results. I am enclosing a copy of a printout I made for 1983HW...

((Your printout looks like the sort of thing I would be tempted to do if I had a computer. Some day, maybe...))

Dave Carter This is coming to you from Belleville where I am spending the deadline weekend ((for Sleepless Knights)). My 'zine and games are all on a disk back in the real world...at least, I hope they are. If anything has happened to it, it's going to be a real small issue.

Re: law and sex. Legislating laws about sexual conduct is as impossible as reading Linsey's house rules. ((But, alas, some persist in attempting both!)) Instead of even attempting to pass such laws, the politicians should ask themselves about the sanity of the people who are so concerned about what their neighbours are doing. Of course, it's just another little bit chopped off of the basic laws of common sense. I hope all this talk about sex doesn't upset Milewski too much.

I wasn't surprised to find out that Dick Martin has a rhino up his nose. After reading the last few issues of House of Lords, I had independantly come to the same conclusion.

((For another view of Dick Marrin's nose, see the next letter...))

"Judy Winsome"

Dear Carter Award Winner,
Just read your 20th issue of NFA. You're going to have to do better if you expect to win the award two years in a row. Daphne Langley has a leg up on you. ((Strange that I didn't notice!))

It wasn't a rhinoceros that Bob said Dick had up his nose, but a rhinovirus. Well, that's better than Rhino saying Bob had a Dick up his nose.

Nice issue!

((Dick's nose is, it seems, a veritable game preserve.))

Gary Coughlan

Check out the Rod Walker Award winner for best writing when it comes out. I was not consulted (and due to overtime I didn't submit any nominees myself) and Peery and Walker are supposed to announce that fact when they announce the winner. Had I participated, you, with the wonderful plays you do in No Fixed Address, would have been at the top of my list. The choices this year are a pathetic joke and I have told Peery as much. Imagine 5 of 7 coming from Diplomacy World and 2 of the 4 committee members closely connected with DW (Peery and Walker) and a 3rd, Rex Martin, who wrote a letter saying he only sees high-circulation 'zines of over a hundred. Well, he doesn't get EE ((Europa Express, Gary's 'zine)) and he doesn't get The Voice of Doom, so that means DW and Xenogogic ((and Diplomacy Digest?)). I get burned when I think of Peery writing that the choices were "not surprising" since DW strives to be the best and have the best, and using my name as having "Screened" the list.

((Thanks for the compliment about my plays. Yes, the Rod Walker Award was a farce this year. The people I feel most sorry for are Rod, whose name is associated with the award, and Mark Berch, who won a farce award but would likely have won a more legitimate contest.

Yes, it's ridiculous that 5/7 of the nominees came from DW, but maybe it's just as well. Even if only one of the nominees had been from DW, that nominee would have certainly won. Diplomacy World has, by far, the largest circulation of any Diplomacy 'zine, and is one of the few 'zines that plugged the Rod Walker Award. Many of the voters had seen the DW nominees, but wouldn't have seen any of the other nominees. As presently constituted, the Rod Walker Award is essentially a poll of DW readers to see what the favourite article from DW was this year. To pretend that the winner has any legitimate claim to being the best writer in the Diplomacy hobby is ridiculous. Although, for the record, I think Mark Berch would have had a very good chance of winning a legitimate contest for the hobby's best writer.))

Rod Walker I do not have, nor do I want, any quarrel with you...but I assume we both understand that. I will have to admit that my last communications, both with you and others, have been a little (OK, a lot) strident in tone. I've been under considerable personal stress over the past several months and am now beginning to deal with it more effectively...

((No, I don't want a quarrel with you. If I wanted to be your enemy, I'd do something like call you "bitchy" on page 1 of my 'zine...))

Let's start with the John Caruso matter. You ask for specifics and tell me that my last letter was ugly. Well, as to the latter, so it was, but I feel I am dealing with a relatively ugly matter. Character assassination is not a pretty thing, and I have from the beginning felt that this is exactly what John is up to, with respect to me.

Let's start at the beginning. John published in Whitestonia a number of statements relating both to myself and to Gordon Anderson, an active player who was formerly a GM and publisher. None of the statements was true, insofar as it related to me, and over all these months John has produced no evidence that any of them is true. (He does occasionally demand evidence from me that they are not true, but the burden of proof, as you know, is on the one making the assertion.) There now come three letters from me to John into the picture. I wrote one letter, completely overreacting, which I made the mistake of mailing. One should let those things age a week before mailing. Anyway, I then write a second letter (still a mild overreaction, yes) in which I also told John not to publish the first. He did not publish it and did publish the 2nd letter. In the same issue he apologized for publishing the original statement, printed my correction to it (so far, so good), and then turned around and asserted that his original statements, each and severally, were completely true. That voids out any apology, in my opinion, since he reasserted the same untruths which began the whole problem. Thus my third letter, re-asserting the untruth of John's allegations and dealing with each of them specifically. It is this 3rd letter which he refused to print, thus denying my right of reply.

My attitude is that in the first place, John owed me the courtesy of checking his remarks out with me first to determine if I agreed they were true. He simply printed them instead. Secondly, apologies aside (and an apology without corrective action is little more than breaking wind, in my opinion), I have told John repeatedly that I expect him to prove his assertions unequivocally or retract them. This problem is complicated by the fact that I feel it unfair to rehash the old details regarding Gordon Anderson (and if not unfair, certainly uninteresting). Since John has no irrefutable proof (in fact, no proof of any kind), he owes me a retraction.

((Thanks, I guess, for setting the record straight on the Gordon Anderson issue. Still, I doubt that many of my readers care in the slightest about a dispute between you and John that, until now, had not been even mentioned in NFA..))

The situation is complicated by remarks he has begun to make in his subzine Foot in Mouth. Only two ((issues of FIM)) are at issue that I know of, but then I probably have not seen all of them and John is one of those people who don't send courtesy copies (at least not on all occasions) when he attacks you.

One of them is in NFA. I don't notice you howling after John for "specifics", and yet he makes some outrageous statements. ((John's statements, outrageous or otherwise, were specific; your statements, outrageous or otherwise, were vague.))

1. John alleges that I have called him "a Fascist on occasions" (sic). That is an outright lie. I have never called him a Fascist on even one occasion, much less more than one. I dare Caruso to produce irrefutable proof ...that is documentary proof... to the contrary.

2. He states that I said that Bill Highfield was "to the right of Mussolini" (sic). Quite true, if one also perceives that it was in a joking manner (although I suppose one must admit that this business of saying things in jest raises the danger they might be taken seriously). However, let me now quote you something Caruso conveniently forgot: namely, his IN PRINT reaction to my statements about Highfield. "Your review of TMP ((THE MODERN PATRIOT, Highfield's 'zine)) was accurate, maybe too accurate and overly nice. It is right wing...do you realize he is so far right that he makes Michalski look like a Pinko?" That was DW 36, by the way. So, then, my remarks about Highfield were "accurate...and overly nice". Now, when John Caruso has this feud with me, they suddenly become wrongful. Wouldn't this sort of sophistry upset you? ((You suggest that you were joking, but John was serious; on a first reading, I would have guessed that just the opposite was true.))

3. He also states that I have "been calling John Boardman 'Herr Doktor', in reference to the Nazis". Now, any schoolchild knows that Nazis do not go around calling each other "Herr Doktor", and the term is in no way a "Nazi" title. This is a very nasty innuendo and I object to it. The reference, for John's information, since apparently he needs to be told things like this, is to the stereotypical German academician who is utterly dogmatic and greets any disagreement with verbal (and other) abuse. (You know, I'm sure, that Schopenhauer for years slept with a gun under his pillow in case some Hegelian fanatic might try to assassinate him.) Furthermore, if Germany is the home of Nazism, it is equally the home of Marxism, and Karl Marx was a "Herr Doktor".

((I think you overestimate the knowledge of your audience. I had no idea what was under Schopenhauer's pillow or why you called John Boardman "Herr Doktor". I expect a lot of people were in the same boat. The curse of the enlightened is to be surrounded by the ignorant.))

Following these specific charges, John gets into a lot of innuendo which would simply be too time-consuming to set to rights. I feel you ought to ask him for specifics rather than telling me that I'm wrong to object to this sort of attack. ((end of John Caruso section of the letter))

((You got in some good shots against Caruso, and I might even be tempted to say that you "won the round", were it not for the fact that you are supposedly defending your claim that Caruso is a "vicious hater" and a "character assassin". I don't think there is sufficient evidence (and certainly there isn't in this letter) to support these claims.

You have shown that factual accuracy in emotional arguments is not one of John's strong points. I doubt that is news to anyone. (Certainly it isn't news to anyone who has seen the ridiculous spectacle of Caruso arguing with Mark Berch.)

For example, Caruso claimed that you called Highfield "to the right of Mussolini". You didn't. You only suggested that a reader would have to be to the right of Mussolini to enjoy Highfield's 'zine. (Mark Berch would probably have nailed John to the wall for this mistake; you repeated John's mistake.)

If you want to seem a level above John, I would suggest that you retract your claims that John is a "vicious hater" and "character assassin". If you were only claiming that when John is agitated the accuracy of his statements should be questioned, I wouldn't have any argument with you. (I suspect most of John's friends would say as much; maybe even John would say as much!)

I think John is basically a friendly and fun person who, like us all, has his faults. I also doubt that his character is interesting enough to merit such a detailed discussion in two consecutive issues of NFA.)

This business of the article in Diplomacy World basically leaves your primary objection unstated. That is where I am very bothered by your comments. I feel it is unfair to go around objecting to something before you state what your primary objection is. Yes, I know, you say I shouldn't have done it. So what? Why not? That is really an important question. Your objection must stem from one of 3 rationales:

1. It is wrong for me to combine in that fashion a news item plus a favourable review (or unfavourable, I assume) of the 'zine in question. That is, I shouldn't do this for anybody.
2. It is OK for me to do this for other 'zines, but not my own.
3. It is OK for me to do this, but you believe I would do this for my 'zine and not for any other.

If #1 is your real rationale, then I can only say, de gustibus non est disputandum. ((It must be rough to only be able to speak in Latin!)) That is a matter of editorial taste. I've been told by any number of readers that I don't give enough coverage to other 'zines.

If #2 is your rationale, then I reject it as forcing me to adopt a double standard. I do not believe in double standards, period. You also fail to notice, for instance, that my half-page review of Life of Monty in the previous issue of DW was in fact far more enthusiastic and promotional than the one I did of my own. I should also mention that it's pretty well known that if you plug a 'zine with no game openings, as is the case with Erehwon, very few new subscriptions will result. ((True. Totally irrelevant, but true.)) I've had 2 as a result of the article, less than the rather minimal 3-4 I expected. Life of Monty, which does have openings, got a much better response.

If #3 is your rationale, then I really take umbrage. ((Take my umbrage, please.)) This is, true, the first time I've attempted something like this, but you are going to see more of it in future issues. I will tell you now that I will probably do a review of Costaguana in #38 anyway, and a full-page spread on The Voice of Doom in #39 (Brux ((that Lindsey creature)) will have his 5th anniversary and 100th issue this fall). Thereafter, revivals, major anniversaries, and so on will be the occasion for a full-page spread, although in some instances I'm going to have to make choices.

So the question really is not whether I did or did not promote Erehwon... its revival is newsworthy, of course, but the promotional aspect is undeniable ...but whether it is in any way wrong for me to do this for that or any 'zine in similar circumstances. I deny it is wrongful, especially if the policy

(once established) is consistently and fairly followed. Your problem, it seems to me, is to prove that I won't do this. Or you can revert to rationale #1 and try to convince me to change my editorial policy.

((Your ability to miss the point is truly amazing. To quote from NFA #20, "I don't think what you did was wrong, just silly." Can I possibly say it more clearly?)

So, let's have none of this 'why was I wrong' nonsense. If you want to have that argument, you'll have to find someone who thinks you were wrong. I, personally, think that DW is your 'zine and you can do with it as you please.

Why were you silly? You printed an editorial claiming that DW was a "hobby custodial project", a term that you must have known would cause howls of derision from a significant portion of the hobby. Then, in the same issue, you print an "article" that you now admit contained a lot of promotional material for your other 'zine. This article was of a type never before seen in Diplomacy World, although you now claim that there will be more in the future. This article was almost a parody of "objective" reporting: you referred to yourself in the third person, and pretended you were reviewing someone else's 'zine, all the while gushing like Red Adair's worst nightmare about this product of the hobby's "golden age". You claimed that your 'zine was "a clone of the good parts of the defunct" Erehwon, a claim which no objective reviewer would have made after just two not-particularly-impressive issues.

You would have looked significantly less silly had you printed the Erehwon advertisement and the "hobby custodial project" editorial in separate issues, or established a precedent of puffery masquerading as journalism on someone else's 'zine before your own, or broken your advertisement down into a news story and a review (clearly labeled as such, and clearly stating that you were reviewing your own 'zine) instead of one tangled mess,))

((the rest of the letter asks "is DW a hobby custodial project"))

As to the custodial project thing. First of all, your basic assumption that a publication cannot be, in and of itself, a custodial project lacks logic. Why should this be so? Frankly, Everything is the heart of the BN ((Boardman Number)) Custodianship, since the mere assigning of numbers serves no purpose without the follow-on collation and publication of records. The BNC really exists for the purpose of Everything, not the other way around. But be that as it may, I do not see how you can prove that a publication cannot be itself a custodial project.

Well, then, is DW one? That can be answered in two ways. ((yes and no?)) First, DW was founded as a custodial project. Second, it operates as one.

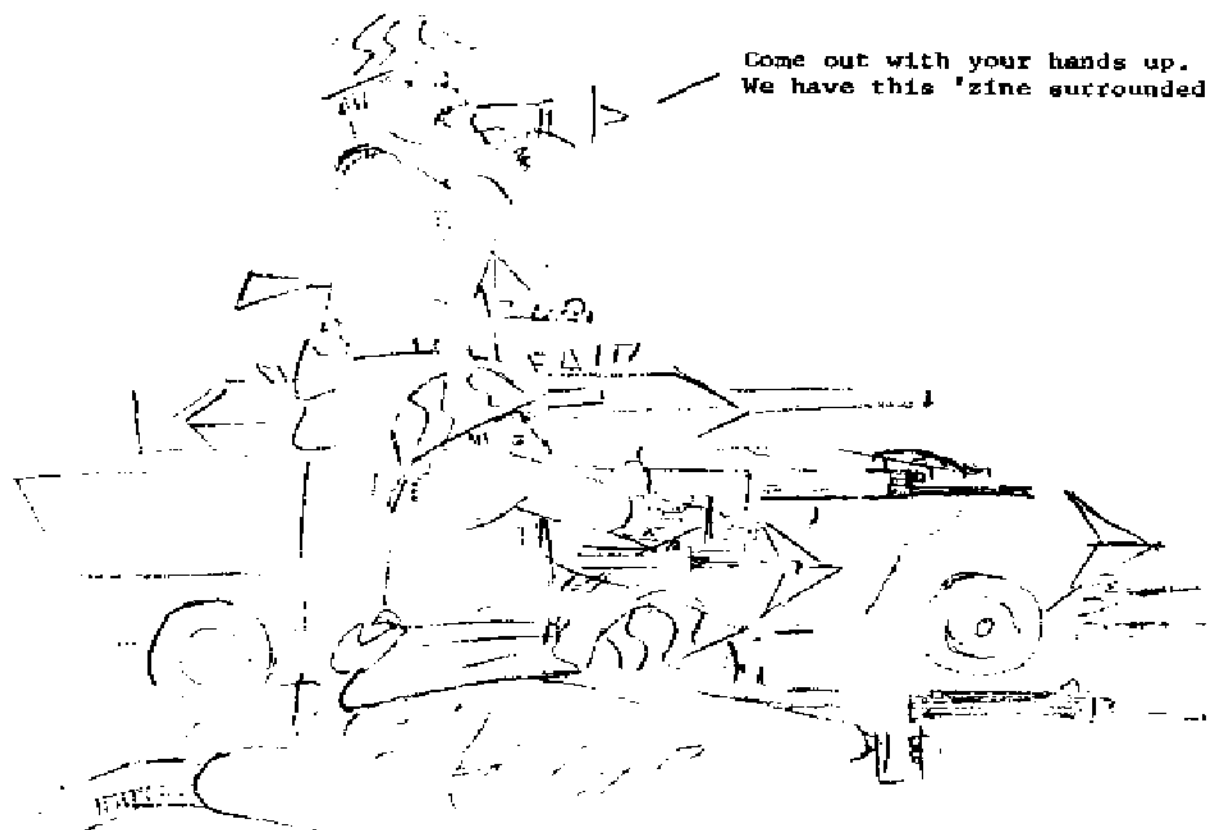
You weren't in the hobby when DW came into existence, insofar as I can tell. You will not remember, then, the discussions that took place about whether the hobby could support (it was generally agreed we should have) a 'zine which served the hobby in general. The IDA's ((International Diplomacy Association's)) Diplomacy Review did something like that, but it was organization-centred rather than independent. The idea then was that the hobby should have a more professionally produced 'zine which covered the whole hobby...as much of the news as possible, results of all polls, tournaments, and the like ("zine of record"), publish good articles of general interest, and avoid, insofar as possible, the restrictions placed on all other 'zines by the individual feuds and quirks of their editors. It would be a 'zine which would not get involved in the current feuds, would try to provide a round and balanced view of the whole hobby, and give reasonable access to its pages to any hobby member who wanted to place ads for hobby things, get his new 'zine reviewed, write articles, and so on.

The IDA and Games Research, Inc. ((then the owners of the game Diplomacy)) finally agreed to sponsor and fund Diplomacy World, so long as it met those standards. The funding was to last a certain term of years or until circulation reached 1 000, whichever came first. When Avalon Hill bought the game in 1976, it also inherited the sponsorship and funding of DW under the same terms. The Editor of DW was custodian of the 'zine, both on behalf of the hobby and on behalf of the sponsoring groups (IDA went defunct in 1980, however). The funding of DW ceased in 1977 or 1978, as I recall, but the unofficial sponsorship by Avalon Hill still exists and our obligations to the hobby still exist.

Now, those obligations are admittedly a tall order for any human being to meet, and I can't name a DW editor who has not had a lapse now and then, including myself. But a lapse does not cancel the obligations and does not cancel the custodial nature of the 'zine. DW still maintains a working relationship with Avalon Hill. The Editor Emeritus of DW (Walt Buchanan) still maintains a power of veto over the editorial succession. The Editor is still bound by the original conditions of DW's founding.

Now, of course, you can assert that the hobby does not need a 'zine of the type described above. There is no arguing with that opinion (de gustibus and all that). However, I believe it does. As a custodianship, DW has a set of goals, commitments, and obligations. To some extent, the specifics of these depend on the perceptions of DW's readership rather than the hobby as a whole -- to the extent that the former differs from the latter. The more nearly universal our readership is, as compared with the hobby, the more early ((??)) the Editor can make a judgement about the 'zine's content. DW is probably more responsive to its readers than any other Dipzine. You can complain to Caruso about the abusiveness in W/KK (Whitestonia/Kathy's Korner), and he'll just cancel your sub. You can complain to Coughlan about his breaking letters up into topics and he'll tell you that you don't have to read 'em. People will complain to you about this letter ((particularly its length and lack of humorous or interesting material)) and you'll say your right as editor is to publish anything you want ((but that I'll never again publish a letter that's so long and offers so little to most of my readers)). And so on. From me you get a periodic reader poll to determine how the readers respond to the 'zine...and many editorial adjustments have been predicated on those responses and/or individual letters.

A custodianship is a job being done to benefit the hobby by a volunteer person who acts to protect the hobby's best interests in so doing. No custodian will behave perfectly 100% of the time, of course. However, I feel DW does a tolerable job, one which I try to get better at. It is to the hobby's benefit to have a 'zine which it can depend on to review all new 'zines, to print all hobby stats, to cover hobby news, to print interesting and useful articles, and to serve the hobby as a whole, not some specific organization or narrow (regional or otherwise) interest group. DW was founded to meet that need, just as Everything (and its predecessors) was founded to meet a different set of hobby needs. Although, in the end (just as only the BNC can decide on "Irregularity") I have to make firm decisions on editorial policy, I welcome and appreciate all the input I can get from within the hobby. What I do not appreciate are the kinds of outright attacks (that's too strong a word here, but a better, milder one is not occurring to me) which happen now and then and only succeed in making me feel bad (in some way or another) and which make it increasingly difficult for the 'zine to exist as a viable entity. It is only viable with support...minimally subscriptions...throughout the hobby. I can understand people saying that they just don't enjoy reading the result, since ultimately DW, to meet its commitments, will not be everyone's cup of tea, alas. The polls and stats and ratings and all that, you know. But in general, when people express dissatisfaction with what I publish in some way,



Come out with your hands up.
We have this 'zine surrounded.

Rod Walker brings massive force to bear in his dispute with Steve Hutton.
(drawing by Arthur Majoor)

they always turn out to be people who have never attempted to write a single word for the 'zine. I would be extremely grateful for a much greater level of hobby participation...that means letters about things you particularly like or don't like about an issue (and the total number of similar comments from different people is an important factor), articles, and miscellaneous contributions. I repeat that DW is a custodial 'zine whose primary purpose is to serve the needs of the hobby in general. No other 'zine is set up to do that. Obviously we do not succeed 100% of the time, but considering the low level of input from hobby members, I have to make an awful lot of judgements on my own. Be that as it may, DW is not designed to be my personal 'zine, nor anybody else's personal 'zine, and so long as I am the custodial Editor, that's the way it's gonna be. I'm sorry you feel that DW is "just another 'zine", since that's just 10 years of hard work by 4 different editors down the drain insofar as your opinion of us. I have tried very hard to keep DW operating the way its founders wanted it to operate, since that's how I conceive my custodial responsibility. Perhaps the history of this thing will give you a better perspective on what DW is, or at least is supposed to be. I feel, as I've said, that my editorship has done a pretty good job, overall, of achieving the 'zine's obligations to the hobby. I can only say that if anyone wants to write me a letter about how well they perceive the 'zine is achieving its goals...from a hobby-wide perspective!...). A sufficiently heavy input on a given subject will inevitably yield an editorial response (that is, a change in editorial policy).

If the hobby at large, however, does not want a publication of the sort I've described (and feel DW fairly successfully has been), then I suppose that inevitably the 'zine will die. I would prefer not to see that happen, but then I also feel that the hobby at large does want such a publication. The only way to insure its continuance and its playing of its proper role is to make sure it has the support it needs, to interact with the custodial Editor via letters, and to submit articles and other materials for possible publication. (Yes, I have standards, but what I basically want is something that is interesting, fairly original, reasonably well written (I can always correct little glitches in spelling and punctuation), and which won't strain my eyes when I try to type from the ms.) More than that, I am still hoping for an increase of genuine, positive, and enthusiastic hobby support precisely because we are the only Dipzine committed to serving the Diplomacy hobby, the whole Diplomacy hobby, and nothing but the Diplomacy hobby. (Gee, that's a nice turn of phrase...where have I heard it before, I wonder...?) I would hope that this time I get a less negative response from you and/or your readers. And by "positive response", which is what I hope for, I don't mean a bland statement that, "Oh, well, Rod, everything's OK, I guess". I mean some positive suggestion for improvement of the 'zine, if you have any. Or an article I might want to publish. Or...well, obviously any other 'zine can run, if it has to, on its own editor's steam. DW needs hobby-wide input.

(Yes, a publication can be, in and of itself, a custodial project. Yes, some people will consider Diplomacy World a hobby custodial project. No, I'm not one of those people.)

I concede that there are differences between DW and other 'zines, just as there are differences between NFA and other 'zines. I don't think any of these differences, alone or taken together, justify placing DW or NFA in a separate category from all other 'zines.

You say that DW aims to serve the hobby in general (i.e. to have "something for everyone"). So does Europa Express and, to judge from the polls, it is far more successful. I would think that EE has at least as good a claim to being a hobby custodial project as DW.

Now, there wouldn't be all this fuss about DW being a hobby custodial project if "hobby custodial project" were just some meaningless, ego-boosting title like "Grand Poobah of West Poderkagg". But, you have made it very clear that you think hobby custodial projects should be treated differently than other 'zines.

In your "hobby custodial project" editorial, you asked publishers to urge their subscribers to sub to DW out of duty (rather than just allow people to make up their minds based on the objective merits of DW as opposed to other 'zines). You also said that you were looking into sources of financing other than subscriptions. In this letter, you seem to be trying to get people to feel guilty for not having contributed to DW.

I do not feel that there is anything about DW that justifies these presumptions. I would suggest that people judge DW as they would judge any other 'zine: if they think it's worth the price, they should subscribe; if not, they should not. The problem of getting people to subscribe to and contribute to DW is your problem, not the hobby's. And, while a fold of DW would be unfortunate, it would be no worse for the hobby than the fold of certain other, better, 'zines.

I think you have done a good job as editor of Diplomacy World, and ought to take pride in how good a magazine it is. But, if being just another editor of just another 'zine isn't good enough for you, then I would seriously suggest that you resign in favour of someone who doesn't think that publishing a good 'zine is "work...down the drain".)

In any event, on all of this...no hard feelings, OK? I do hope you recognize why I might be bitter in certain areas and why I might have some justice in feeling as I do. I agree with you that facts are essential, but an emotion is also a fact.

Hm. Now that I have filled your issue, what shall we do for the next one?

((We certainly won't do this again! Really, I appreciate your response, but your letter was far too long for NFA and consisted almost entirely of stuff that doesn't interest very many of my readers.))

What do you call a man with no arms and no legs who's been stuffed into a basket? Dunc.

What do you call a man with no arms and no legs sitting on the U.S. President's desk? Vito.

What do you call a man with no arms and no legs flying over the fence? Homer.

A man came home and discovered his wife in bed with another man. "Hey," he asked, "what's going on here?" "See," said his wife to the man beside her, "I told you he was stupid!"

Death in the Woods

an essay by Blair Adamache

Bridging. That's what it's all about. Bridges are connections between separate points. Engineers build bridges to link roads; writers build bridges between people. Bridges are bonds, they're common ground, something to share. We all need and use bridges, but few of us understand them. One who did was Henry David Thoreau: writer, poet, tax evader, and transcendentalist. Thoreau's writings are filled with examples of bridging -- descriptions, accounts, and discussions of the necessity of communication, verbal and physical. I picked the following selections out of Thoreau's diaries because they are of special interest to me...let's call them personal favourites.

If we look to H.D. Thoreau's Concord journals, we find the following entry:

"The neighbour's dog strayed onto my lawn today. If it does this again, I shall be extremely displeased." (1)

Concord. The word means agreement in French. Thoreau did much of his best, most feeling work in Concord. In the chosen passage, he was trying to create a bridge. He felt the need for a shared learning, a commonness between diversities. Undoubtedly he looked to his mentor, transcendentalist Ralph Waldo Emerson, on this occasion. Can we not detect the taste of Emerson's thought and prose in the next passage:

"That canine visited my lawn again today. I am displeased. If it does this once more, I shall club it with an axe handle." (2)

The problem continues. The gap is widening. The lack of a bridge is felt deeply by the grave Thoreau. Knowing him as only a transcendentalist can, I think that Thoreau must have gone to the classics for his answer. When faced with a dilemma, he would read Virgil and Homer, pondering his question as he turned the pages. Did Thoreau find an answer? I think that the next entry tells us:

"The dog came back to my lawn today. From my hiding place behind a bush, I snared its neck in a noose. While the little bugger howled, I sawed its legs off with a butcher knife. The pain put it beyond screaming. It closed its eyes and whimpered while I smashed the beast's skull in with a hammer. I left the bloody torso in the owner's milk chute." (3)

Yes, I think that Thoreau found his solution. If this article has worked, perhaps I have built a bridge too. Have I reached you? given you something to mull over the next time you are perusing Paradise Lost, or Caesar's Chronicles and Commentaries of Gaul? We can only hope so.

1. Henry David Thoreau, Concord Journals 1852-1857. Norton, New York, p168.
2. *ibid.* pp173-174.
3. *ibid.* p180.

"No man is an island, but many people are boating hazards when lying on their backs in shallow water."

Blair Adamache

Why are women like jello? Both wiggle when you eat them.

((I hope a lot of you have seen the film The Rocky Horror Picture Show or the play The Rocky Horror Show. If you haven't, go out and see one of them right away, before reading:))

The Dippy Horror Show

Dramatis Personae

DICK Martin, publisher of Retaliation and House of Lords. Possibly GARY Coughlan's best friend in the world (and possibly pigs have wings). Totally helpless without "the brains of the family", his wife Julie.

GARY Coughlan, publisher of Europa Express. Gary is a southerner, but that's the least of his faults. Totally helpless without "the brains of the family", his cow Elsie.

BRUCE Linsey, publisher of The Voice of Doom. His main claim to fame is having been in every play in NFA, a pretty sad commentary on his life, if you think about it. BRUCE has extensive house rules and attracts controversy the way a corpse attracts maggots.

Steve "WOODY" Arnswoodian, publisher of Coat of Arms. WOODY, according to legend, spurned BRUCE for a hamster. Known in some circles as "the sage of Lansdale Pennsylvania".

ROD Walker needs no introduction.

LARRY Peery, publisher of Xenogonic. LARRY is known for his Wile E. Coyote-esque schemes, most notably the "Dipfax" fund-raising plan. ((Comparison of Peery to Wile E. Coyote courtesy of Dave Carter.))

BOB Olsen, a true hobby heavyweight. BOB is considered by many to be the most spineless blob of jelly in Dippdom. (This is quite something in a hobby that contains Dave Carter!)

This play is guaranteed not to be written by Gregory Russel, not to contain any arrogant (but funny) Canadians, and not to contain any nobodies like John Caruso.

Note: While reading this play, please do not shout out "asshole" or "slut", or throw toast, unless you are at Eric Kane's house.



Don't dream it, read it!

The Dippy Horror Show: featuring Steve Hutton as the disembodied lips!



(to the tune of "Science Fiction, Double Feature")

: Larry Peery was here,
 And you should have no fear,
 That he told me when to pay.
 Then Rod Walker dropped by,
 And I wish I knew why,
 I said that he could be in my play.
 Then something went wrong,
 My play really got long,
 When Bob "Pudge" Olsen dropped in on me.
 It's at a deadly size,
 I don't believe my eyes,
 'Cause this is what it seems to be:

Unfixed Address, double issue:
 Walker's letters, toilet tissue;
 See lovers fighting: Bruce and Woody,
 And Dick and Gary (goody goody!)
 "Where's that," you say?
 In a brand new Dippy-fiction comic play.
 (in NFA)

(AS THE PLAY BEGINS, DICK AND GARY HAVE BY SOME STRANGE COINCIDENCE (FATE, PERHAPS) BEEN LEFT ALONE IN A ROOM TOGETHER. AT LAST, AWAY FROM THE CROWDS OF CURIOUS ONLOOKERS, THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO EXPRESS THEIR TRUE FEELINGS ABOUT EACH OTHER. A TRULY TOUCHING MOMENT.)

(to the tune of "Damn it, Janet")

Dick: Compared to Berch you are hairy, Gary.
 You aren't as chubby as Peery, Gary.
 Uncle Dan has called you a fairy, Gary.
 I can't tell you why,
 And it's scary, Gary, (but)
 I hate you.
 When I'm with you I am wary, Gary.
 The hatchet we don't want to bury, Gary.
 How strong our dislike? I say very, Gary.
 I can't tell you why,
 And it's scary, Gary (but)
 I hate you.

Read my 'zine, you'll see that I've no logic.
 There's three ways our feud can go,
 That's bad, worse, and xenogogic.
 Oh G-A-R-I-E * , I hate you so.

Gary: Oh, I truly believe you're a real prick, oh Dick.
 Your skull I think is a foot thick, oh Dick.
 Your ass, it deserves a great big kick, oh Dick.
 I can't tell you why,
 But Dick, I'm sick,
 Of you too.

* spelling taken from The Dick Martin Dictionary (abridged), 1984 edition

The Dippy Horror Show: featuring Dick & Gary as the young lovers!

Gary: Oh, Dick, did you really mean what you said about disliking me?
 Dick: You know that I've never disliked anyone so intensely. In fact...
 Gary: (FULL OF EAGER ANTICIPATION;) Yes?
 Dick: ...I get the feeling that our hatred could last for a long time...
 Gary: Yes?
 Dick: ...maybe even for the rest of our lives...
 Gary: You mean...?
 Dick: Yes, let's go before the Berch himself and take our vows of eternal loathing.
 Gary: Oh, Dick, I've been waiting for this day for so long. Let's do it right away, before you change your mind. (You're so unreliable!)
 Dick: Sure, I'll drive. (Imagine a drunkard like you behind the wheel!)
 Gary: No, I'll drive. (You're likely to imagine that the road is "crooked", when it's merely dishonest.)
 Dick: Oh, look, we're bickering already! I just know we've made the right decision.
 Gary: I know, we can each drive half way.
 Dick: OK, you can drive half way, while I complain and threaten to call an ombudsman...
 Gary: Then, you can drive the rest of the way, while I try to get your driving declared irregular.

(AND SO, THEY SET OFF FOR THE BERCH'S HOUSE. THEY DO NOT GET FAR BEFORE IT BEGINS TO RAIN. THIS GIVES THEM A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO ARGUE ABOUT WHOSE FAULT THE RAIN WAS. THE CAR STOPS -- IT HAS A FLAT TIRE.)

Gary: Great, Dick, what do we do now?
 Dick: There's a house over there, the one the lightning bolts keep hitting.
 Gary: Do you think they'd take us in, bickering and all?
 Dick: The sign says "chez Brux"...
 Gary: That's wonderful!
 Dick & Gary: (TOGETHER, BUT IN DIFFERENT KEYS)

(to the tune of "Over at the Frankenstein Place (There's a Light)")

If the hobby's boring,
 Controversy nil,
 One place still,
 Keeps you on your toes,
 No matter what your
 Style of clothes.

There's a fight,
 Over at the Voice of Doom place.
 There's a fight,
 Someone punching someone's face.
 There's a fight, a fight,
 Someone somehow
 Is ending someone's life.

Narrator: (READING FROM DICTIONARY:) Voice of doom, noun phrase, the sweet siren-sound that leads one to destruction. It is also a powerful and irrational master. But, since Gary tore this page out of Dick's dictionary, neither was aware of the danger.

(DICK AND GARY GO UP TO THE DOOR AND KNOCK. THE DOOR OPENS.)

Bruce: You're wet!

Dick: Our car broke down. Could we stay the night?

Bruce: Well, I don't know...

Gary: We promise to fight!

Bruce: Oh, that's different. I've never turned down a chance for controversy.

Now, who would you like to fight with? John "gas the gays for God" Pack?

Ed Wrobel? If worse comes to worst, you can always just say that my

house-rules are silly and call me a hypocrite.

Dick: Actually, we were planning on fighting with each other...

Bruce: I'm sure we can do better than that, Bob!

(ENTER BOB OLSEN, GROVELLING)

Bob: You called a great, wise, and powerful master?

Bruce: Tell these people something about yourself. ((blatant song cue!))

(to the tune of "Touch-a Touch-a Touch Me")

Bob: I was feeling done in,
 Couldn't win.
 I only had one unit left.

Dick: (You mean he...?)
 Bruce: (Uh, huh.)

Bob: I thought I'd start obeying
 What Ms. Byrne was saying.
 I said I'd be her toady
 And keep praying.

Now all I want to do
 Is puppet to you.
 I've licked her boots, now I want yours. (yours, yours, yours)

I'll put up resistance,
 I'll crawl for any distance.
 You want to kick my ass?
 I'll give assistance.

Stab-a stab-a stab-a stab me!
 I wanna be a toady!
 Beat me, cheat me, mistreat me!
 Loser of the fight.

Bruce: Would you folks like to fight with Bob?
 Dick: What's the point? He wouldn't fight back.
 Gary: I don't know...I think we should at least give him a chance.
 Dick: But it makes no sense, Gary.
 Gary: (ANGERED:) Oh, Dick, go stick a rhinoceros up your nose!
 Bob: What's this? Dick has a rhinoceros up his nose? I'd better tell Kathy at once! ((Yes, this is how it really happened!))
 Bruce: Well, if you don't want to argue with Bob, we'll have to find someone else for you...
 Bob: I know who they'd like to meet!
 Bruce: Oh, no!
 Bob: But, it would be fun!
 Bruce: No. I locked him in the cellar for a very good reason!
 Bob: Please. I'll make it worth your while.
 Bruce: You mean...?
 Bob: Yes, I'll play novice at boot camp with you.
 Bruce: And you'll disorder your units?
 Bob: I'll order them all to hold and support each other into Tro.
 Bruce: Well, in that case...

(BOB UNLOCKS THE GIANT DOOR TO THE DUNGEON. OUT COMES WOODY.)

Bob: Dick Martin, Gary Coughlan, may I introduce Steve Atnewoodian?
 Gary: How do you do?
 Woody:

(to the tune of "Sweet Transvestite (from Transsexual Transylvania)")

How do I do?
 You know I've left my
 Lover Brucifer.
 I've said "He's not very nice",
 "He's kind of slow"
 (And maybe something juicier!).

My new lover's bright,
 Like the stars above,
 He won't make love in a hurry.
 Bruce is more of a man,
 So they all will say,
 But I wanted a lover that's...FURRY!

(HE PULLS A CORD, RELEASING 1000 UNDERSEXED HAMSTERS. GASPS! FAINTS!)

I'm just a hamster lover,
 From asexual Pennsylvania.

The Dippy Horror Show: featuring Rod Walker as the meatloaf!

Bruce: Now you see why I wanted to keep him in the cellar.

Dick: Because he broke your heart?

Bruce: No, because the floor is covered with fucking hamsters. It took me a whole month to kill just one cricket; how will I get rid of these rodents?

Gary: It sounds like you need a custodian.

Bob: One custodian coming up!

(BOB OPENS THE BROOM-CLOSET DOOR. ROD WALKER COMES OUT OF THE CLOSET.)

Rod:

(to the tune of "Hot Patootie - Bless My Soul")

Whatever happened to those bygone days,
When the hobby ran in different ways,
And Peery says that we all were gays?
We had so much fun, we thought we were divine.

And old Dippy World was the best around,
As Carol Ann on the keys she'd pound,
She misspelled his name, so Lekky got wound
Up like an 'lastic! We really had some good times!

Hot patootie! Hear me rage!
I really miss that golden age.
Hot patootie! Hear me rage!
I really miss that golden age.

Bruce: Are you a custodian?

Rod: Yes. As I say at quite some length in the current issue of NFA, I am a hobby custodian because I publish a 'zine full of hobby news that never (what, never?) no, never (what, never?) no, never (what, never?) well, hardly ever contains a shameless plug for my other non-janitorial 'zine, that has extensive obligations to the IDA (which doesn't exist any more) and to Avalon Hill (which doesn't sponsor it any more), that doesn't get involved in feuds but contains really funny statements that The Modern Patriot is fit only for fascists.

Narrator: There are those who believe that reality is but a dream, that if you close your eyes typewriters will turn into fish and the world will disappear. If that is the case, perhaps Mr. Walker's last speech makes sense.

Bruce: Well, if you're a custodian, clean up these rodents!

Rod: Hah! I don't mess with rats! I leave that to my creation, I mean slave, I mean toady, I mean...

All But Rod: You mean Larry!

(LARRY, LIKE ROD BEFORE HIM, COMES OUT OF THE CLOSET.)

Larry: You called? No doubt, you want to talk about my great DipTax scheme.

(to the tune of "The Time Warp")

Rod: It's astounding!
Woody: Money's fleeting!
Gery: Peery takes his toll!
Dick: He has his hand out!
Bruce: (GRABBING AN AXE!) Not for very much longer!
Bob: He's got to get the dole!

Larry: I remember paying the DipTax,
Coughing up massive sums,
And though DipTax had put me
On the brink of starvation,
I paid the DipTax again.

It's just a dollar a game,
And then a dollar a night.
With my hand on the till,
The cost goes out of sight.
And when the game is over,
Though it might seem insane,
I'll charge you DipTax again.

Bruce: Never! Death before DipTax!

(BRUCE STARTS THROWING PAGES OF HIS HOUSERULES AT LARRY AND ROD.)

Rod: Counter-attack!
Larry: I'll get my latest issue of Xenogogic.
Rod: I'll get my last letter to NFA.

Narrator: The principles of structural engineering are little known to the layman. Still, prudence would argue against putting Bob Olsen and Larry Peery in the same room. And, adding a copy of Linsey's houserules, an issue of Xenogogic, a letter from Rod Walker to NFA, and a thousand hamsters in heat is a recipe for disaster...

(THE WALLS BUCKLE UNDER THE WEIGHT, DESTROYING ALL. THE LAST SOUND THAT IS HEARD IS DICK SAYING TO GARY (OR IS IT GARY SAYING TO DICK?), "THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!".)

The End

The Dippy Horror Show: featuring Larry Peery as the Dippy horror!

International

NFA #21/22

(27)



1901 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Home, Ser, Gre (5) ...build 2 (builds A Bud, A Vie)
England: Home, Bel (4) ...build 1 (builds F Lon)
France: Home, Spa (4) ...build 1 (builds A Par)
Germany: Home, Den (4) ...build 1 (playing one short)
Italy: Home, Tun (4) ...build 1 (builds F Nap)
Russia: Home, Swe, Rum (6) ...build 2 (builds F StP(nc), A War)
Turkey: Home, Bul (4) ...build 1 (builds F Smy)

SPRING 1902

Austria (Ake Jonsson, Sweden): A Bud-Rum, A Gal S A Bud-Rum, A Ser S A Bud-Rum, F Gre-Bul(sc), A Vie S A Gal.
England (Walter Compton, Venezuela): F Lon-Nth, F Eng-Pic, F Bel S F Eng-Pic, A Wal-Lon.
France (Bucheron Frank, France? John Davies, B.C.): NMR! A Par H, A Spa H, A Bre H, F Pic H (ANNIHILATED).
Germany (John Marsden, England): F Den-Bal, A Kie-Den, A Mun-Kie.
Italy (Pierre Touchette, Quebec): A Boh-Sil, A Tyro-Boh, F Tun-Ion, F Nap-Tyrrh.
Russia (Bill Young, U.S.): F StP(nc)-Nwy, F Swe-Bal, A Fin-Swe, A Ukr S F Rum, F Rum S TURKISH A Bul, A War-Gal.
Turkey (Paul Watson, Alberta): F Smy-Aeg, F Ank-Con, A Con-Smy, A Bul-Gre.

There are a few differences between the way Ron ran this game and the way I'll run it. (You have probably already noticed that I print maps with the game reports.) I shall not use the British system of "prophetic" retreats and builds, since it makes no sense to me. Each season, you should submit the previous season's retreats and builds and the current season's moves. In NFA "black press" is allowed. This means that you can submit press from any dateline you like, even another player's country. You can also use the double parentheses (()) and dateline "Head Anarchist" that I generally use. Please type your orders or print neatly, especially if you are submitting press that is not English!

This is a reprint of the last season GMed by Ron Brown. You will notice that I use a slightly different notation system than Ron.

The standby for France is John Davies. (Bucheron Frank apparently may be sent to Lebanon.)

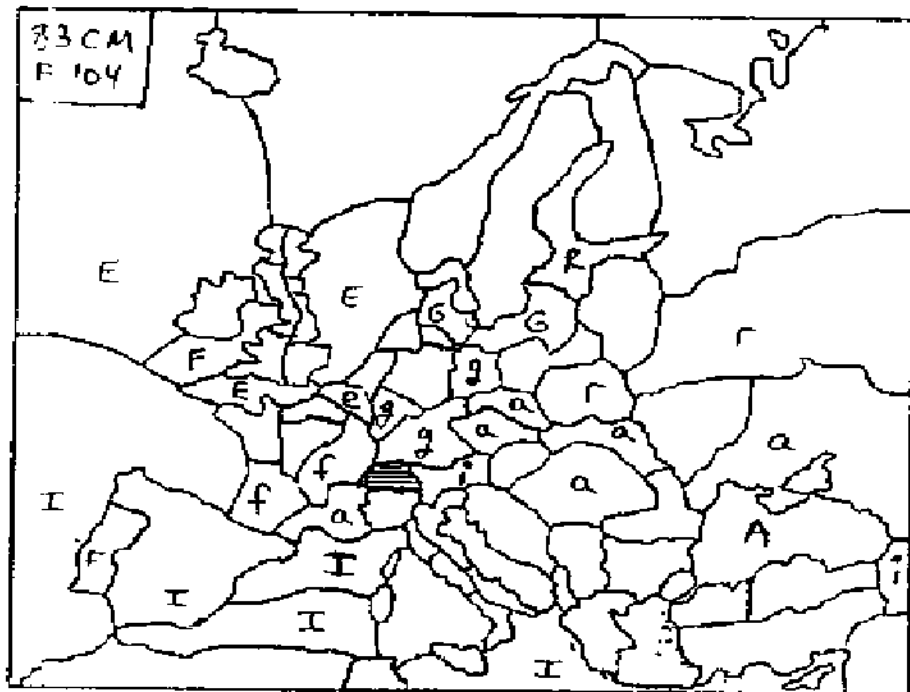
The deadline for Fall 1902 only (not Winter 1902) is September 6.

Always send orders to my most recent current address.

~ H.K.

NFA #21/22

(29)



The standby for France
is Dave Carter.

The deadline for Winter
1904 and Spring 1905 is
September 6.

FALL 1904: MUNICH, MARSEILLES NUKED AS WAR ESCALATES!

Austria (John Ellis): F Ank-Bla, A Rum-Sev, A Bud-Gal, A Gal-Ukr, A Pie-Mar,
A Sil S ITALIAN A Mun, A Boh S ITALIAN A Mun.

England (Dave Lincoln): A Wal-Bel, F Eng C A Wal-Bel, F Nth S A Wal-Bel,
F Lpl-Nat.

France (Garry Paulson? Dave Carter?): NMR! F Eng ret-OTB. F Iri H, F Por H,
A Bur H, A Gas H, A Mar H (ANNIHILATED).

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

Italy (Drew Post): A Ven-Tyrolia, F Aeg-Ion, A Arm S AUSTRIAN A Rum-Sev,
F Tyrh-Lyo, F Wes S F Spa(sc), F Spa(sc) S AUSTRIAN A Pie-Mar, F Mid-Por,
A Mun S AUSTRIAN A Sil (ANNIHILATED).

Russia (Bob Acheson): F Bot H, A Mos-Ukr, A War-Sil.

Press

Mos-Vie: Oh thank you master for the generous offer.

War-Vie: More, please.

St Petes-Vie: Okay, I confess, Germany and myself had a secret alliance that
would have taken us to global domination. I'm so embarassed I'll never
do it again.

Moscow-London: Picking up any wooden shoes this year?

1904 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Home, Ser, Rum, Con, Ank, Sev, Mar (9) ...build 2. (Has \$5CAN left in his NMR/dropout deposit)
 England: Home, Nwy, Bel (5) ...build 1. (has \$4CAN left)
 France: Par, Bre, Por, Waf, Spf, WfI (3) ...remove 1 as one retreated OTE, one was annihilated. (\$4.50CAN)
 Germany: Ber, Kie, Hol, Den, Swe, Mun (6) ...build 1. (\$5CAN)
 Italy: Home, Ton, Gre, Bul, Smv, Spa, Waf (8) ...build 1 as one was annihilated. (\$5CAN)
 Russia: Mos, War, StP, Spf...even as played 1 short. (\$4.50CAN)

80km

Game End Statements

Paul Milewski (England, lost): Now comes the opportunity to wax eloquent, take full credit for my success and explain away my failure as not being my fault at all. In that tradition of humility and critical introspection, let me say a few words. France grew fat due to an alliance with England and opportune NMRs of opponents. (Notice how I fail to give him credit for being clever, diligent, or even knowing how to dress and feed himself. Come to think of it, does he?) I took England over from Peter Ashley, who returned to his planet of origin after an NMR in Winter 1905 leaving England one short in 1906, an NMR in Fall 1906, and finally in Winter 1906/ Spring 1907, leaving England one short in 1907 and France well along with the stab. Somehow, France enticed Austria into licking his ankles. With his wonder dog Manfred, Tom Terrific was unstoppable. So much for Captain Kangaroo nostalgia buffs. Or Mr. Greenjeans.

Working with Turkey was severely impeded by slow mail. One letter dated Oct 24 was postmarked as having been through Steubenville (near West Virginia) before reaching me (near Cincinnati) on Nov 9. I wish I could have afforded helping Turkey more than I did, but France kept me too busy for that.

In summary, an interesting game on the board, but no meaningful negotiations after my entry into the game. The French steamroller had started.

Russia ((Bob Acheson, lost)) - France ((Dave Carter, won)) : Carter, this had better be good.

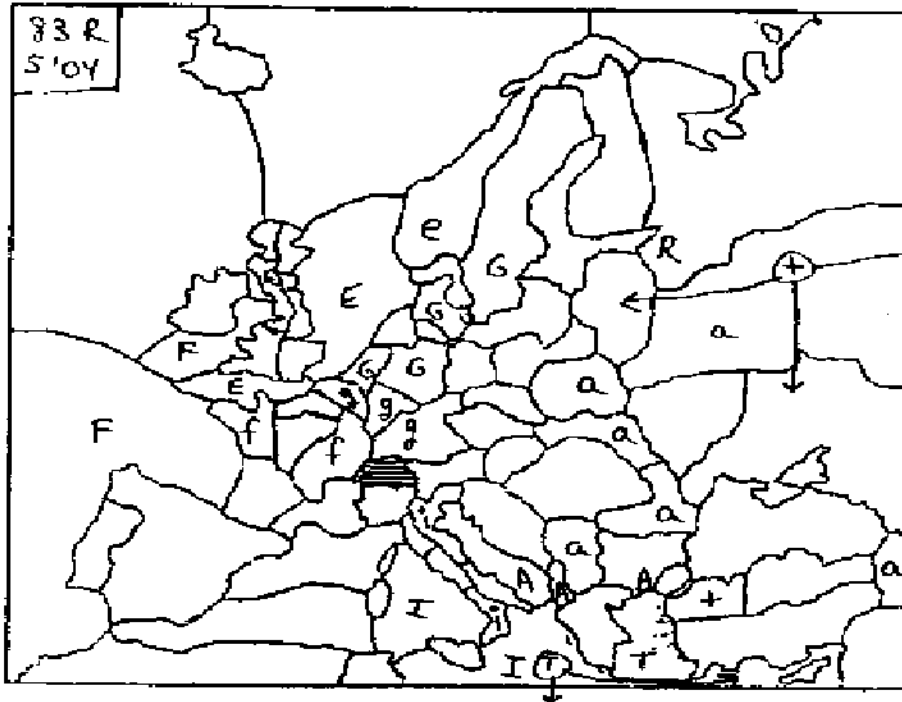
Ken Hager (Turkey, lost): Things were pretty grim when I picked up the option in this game. The Frogs had just captured Smyrna (amphibious invasion, naturally) and stood at 17 centres. The mere thought of those hideous little webbed-feet defiling the Holy land was enough to spur the countryside to arms. The ensuing struggle to recover our lost territory was a classic example of the never-ending battle between good and evil. In the end, when the last Froggie had croaked, Turkey was whole and untainted once more. The fact that he won anyway is completely inconsequential and should not overshadow the monumental efforts of the Turkish patriots who drove the cold-blooded invaders from their shores. ((Show this to Walter Mondale -- maybe he'll give you a job writing his "victory" speech...))

Seriously, I offer my congratulations to Dave on a well-deserved victory. We were able to string it out an extra year, but in the end his sound tactics prevailed and he got the win. Nice job.

7 Nations

NFA # 21/22

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Thanks to John Davies for submitting unneeded French standby orders.

Remember that all NFA games allow black press (i.e. any player can submit press from any dateline). This means that, unless proven otherwise, you should assume that all press releases were written by Gary Coughlan.

Turkey must send in two retreat orders, and all of you must send in Fall 1904 orders. You can make your orders conditional upon Turkey's retreats.

The deadline for retreats and Fall 1904 is October 11. Always submit orders to my most recent current address.

SPRING 1904: AUSTRIA FLEXES ITS MUSCLES!

Austria (Randolph Smyth, Canada): A Ukr-Mos, A War S A Ukr-Mos, A Sev-Arm, A Bud-Rum, A Vie-Gal, F Tri-Adr, F Alb-Gre, F Bul(sc) S F Alb-Gre, A Ser S F Bul(sc).

England (Gerry Van Alkemada, Greece): F Lon-Nth, F Eng S F Lon-Nth, F Lyp-Iri.

France (Axel Halfmeier, Germany): F Mid-Eng, F Iri S F Mid-Eng, A Gas-Bre, A Mar-Bur.

Germany (Ake Jonsson, Sweden): F Swe S F Den, F Den S F Swe, F Kie-Hol, F Ber-Kie, A Bel S F Kie-Hol, A Ruh S F Bel (NO SUCH UNIT AS 'F BEL'), A Mun H.

Italy (Prej Wasastjerna, Finland): A Nap-Apu, A Ven-Apu, F Tun-Ion, F Tyrh S F Tun-Ion.

Russia (Walter Compton, Venezuela): F StP(sc) H.

Turkey (Gary Coughlan, U.S.): F Ion-Gre (ret -Eas, OTB), F Aeg-Bul(sc), A Con S F Aeg-Bul(sc), A Mos-War (ret -Livonia, Sev, OTB).

Press

London: Apologies for lack of correspondence! My (business) travel schedule was upset, and accordingly, my vacation schedule too. After the deadline I will be more or less steadily in Athens and I hope to then take up a more faithful correspondence with all deserving combatants!

Berlin: In his Orders of the Day to the German Armed Forces, the Reichskanzler said, among other things: Because of the mess of unorder surrounding you, you are to proceed very carefully. You are not to shoot unless you are shot at. That soldier hiding out there somewhere in front of you may turn out to be an ally, after his commanders have finally made up their minds and decided what to do. Of course, if you are attacked, you are to strike back at the attacker with the full force at your disposal. While you are out there on patrol guarding your country, the diplomats of your country are doing everything possible to arrive at an understanding with one of our Western neighbours. Because of the turmoil in the Western part of Europe, this will necessarily take some time. Do not become weary in your vigil, their efforts will bear fruit.

Italy-Turkey: Huh? Whaddaya mean? (Presuming, of course, that you mean anything, which seems exceedingly doubtful.)

Head Anarchist-Italy: What's with this "Huh? Whaddaya mean?" business? Since when do Finns talk like people from Brooklyn?

Rome-Constantinople: Niin siinä käy kun hyökkää minun kimppuuni! ((That's better!))

Head Anarchist-Constantinople: And that goes double for me!

((Russia)): Austrian pigs must leave Russia for Turkish delights.

Head Anarchist-Russia: Sounds like "the password" in a bad war movie!

Home of the Buzzards

As I was walking down Bloor Street the other day, a woman asked for directions to "the home of the buzzards". I had never heard of such a place before. My first thoughts were of the buildings in India where the dead are placed, exposed to the open air, their flesh to be eaten by the vultures. It came as quite a surprise to me that there was such a place in Toronto. Apparently Toronto was a much more cosmopolitan city than I had imagined.

But, on the off-chance that she didn't really want to watch human carrion be devoured, I asked her for clarification. "You know," she said untruthfully, "the buzzards -- the soccer team".

I then realized that she was referring to The Blizzard, Toronto's professional soccer team, and I pointed her to Varsity stadium. It was all just a misunderstanding of the type that 99 times in 100 leads to hearty chuckles all round and one time in 100 leads to global thermonuclear war.

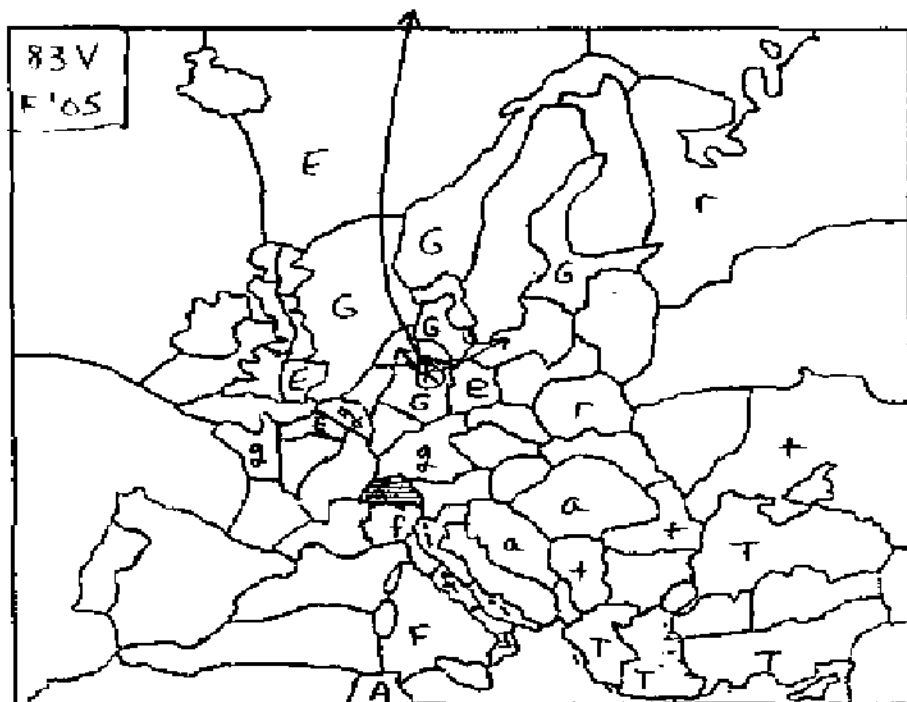
But, it got me thinking, why don't we have any sports teams named "the buzzards", nor are buzzards the only creatures so slighted. I would be quite surprised to see a match between the "Toronto Tapeworms" and the "Houston Head Lice". Think of the promotional possibilities -- every fan could own his own mascot. Indeed, total surface area above the neck is the only limiting factor on the number of mascots an enthusiastic Houston fan could have.

I'd better stop -- I'm beginning to sound like Mark Matuschak!

MENSA 17

MFA #21/22

32



Neither the Turkish player nor the Turkish standby submitted orders. The replacement player for Turkey is Paul Milewski.

A 7-way draw has been proposed. Vote with your next set of orders. No vote means 'yes'.

The deadline for Winter 1905, Spring 1906, and the draw vote is September 6.

FALL 1905: TWO MORE PLAYERS BITE THE DUST, INCLUDING THE LAST ORIGINAL PLAYER!

Austria (Mike Ehli): A Gal-Bud, A Tri S A Gal-Bud, F Tun wonders what the Turks are going to do with all of those battleships in Belgrade (Holds).
England (Kevin Brown): F Nwg-Edi, F Lon-Nth, F Pic-Bre, A Ber-Mun.
France (John Ellis): A Pie-Ven, A Rom S A Pie-Ven, F Tyrh S A Rom.
Germany (Ron Brown): A Par H (NO SUCH UNIT), A Mun-Ber, A Ruh-Bel, F Hol-Kie, F Den S F Hol-Kie, F Nth-Edi, F Nwy-StP(nc), F Swe-Bot, A Bre H (unordered).
Italy (Dave Carter): A Rom ret-Apu. A Apu S F Nap-Rom, F Nap-Rom, A Ven S F Nap-Rom.
Russia (Dave Lincoln): A StP-Nwy, F Kie H (ret -Hel, Bal, OTB), A Sil-War.
Turkey (Keith Sedlett, Paula Dodge, Paul Milewski): NMR! A Sev H, A Rum H, A Ser H, F Bla H, F Gre H, F Aeg H, F Smy H.

Press

Primus Illuminatus (Austria)-Head Anarchist: Whaddaya mean, no case? 14 NMRs (including NBRs and NRRs), 15 different players (including the original German player who never wrote at all, and not including the two standbys who never responded to their calls, or the two standbys called last season). That's a case. And it's only 1905. Goddess, Steve, ((I am not a goddess!)) by the time this ends, the list of players will be longer than my press release back in F'03. This isn't even one of those orphans from Passchendaele either. The game has had only one GM who, incidentally, should be complimented for hanging in there despite all of the chaos. The name "Head Anarchist" is very appropriate here. Fnord.

Head Anarchist-Primus Illuminatus: I'll agree with you that this game has been a farce, a waste of time, a parody of how Diplomacy games should be played. But, irregular it is not. Even if everyone in the Diplomacy hobby had a position at some point in this game (which seems increasingly likely to happen) the game would not be irregular. No number of NMRs or players can, by itself, make a game irregular.

Primus Illuminatus-Keith: I didn't think you'd take me seriously!

France-Russia: I'll decide when Germany is going to go, not you!

France-World: It's not fair! I enter this game with a lost position (solely for the \$\$) enter into months and months of secret negotiations with Germany for the take-over of France because I really need the money quick, and then Carter (of course) has to screw up my plans and let me into Rome! And the worst of it is that someone else has been writing press pretending to be me!

Head Anarchist-France: Maybe Carter needs the money more than you.

Germany-Russia: At least I don't have to depend on NMRing partners in order to survive. And to think, I was actually nice to you...

Germany-France: Hope you noticed I'm taking English centres in France. If you want them, drop me a line. (You wouldn't want me to feed you one, eh?)

Germany-Russia: There is no way I would let you win this one. England and France can have my centres. I'm going to suicide out against you.

Head Anarchist-Germany: See my note last issue about realistic press negotiations!

Italy-Austria: Which Brown are we going to let win before getting this Turkey declared irregular?

Italy: I NMR NEXT season, right? Whose turn is it now?

Russia-Germany: Oh goodie, now I finally have somebody to attack me and get me out of this ridiculous game. Do you think you have enough units to do the job?

Russia-Austria: Even one little letter from you might have enabled us to get together. What are you complaining about now?

Turkey-Russia: Cute trick, but I'm not impressed.

Brown-Brown: Hey, guy, why don't we get together and really do a number on Russia and France?

Brown-Brown: Sounds good. Get out of my home centres and I'll get out of yours.

1904 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Home, Tur (4) ...build 1 as played one short. (Has \$40US left in NMR/dropout deposit)

England: Home, Ber, ~~W~~ (4) ...even as played one short. (Has \$3.50US left)

France: Mar, Spa, Por, Rom (4) ...build 1. (\$3.50US)

Germany: Mun, Kie, Bel, Hol, Den, Swe, Nwy, Par, Bre (9) ...build 1, but has no room so must play one short. (no deposit)

Italy: Ven, Nap, ~~K~~ (2) ...remove 1. (\$4CAN)

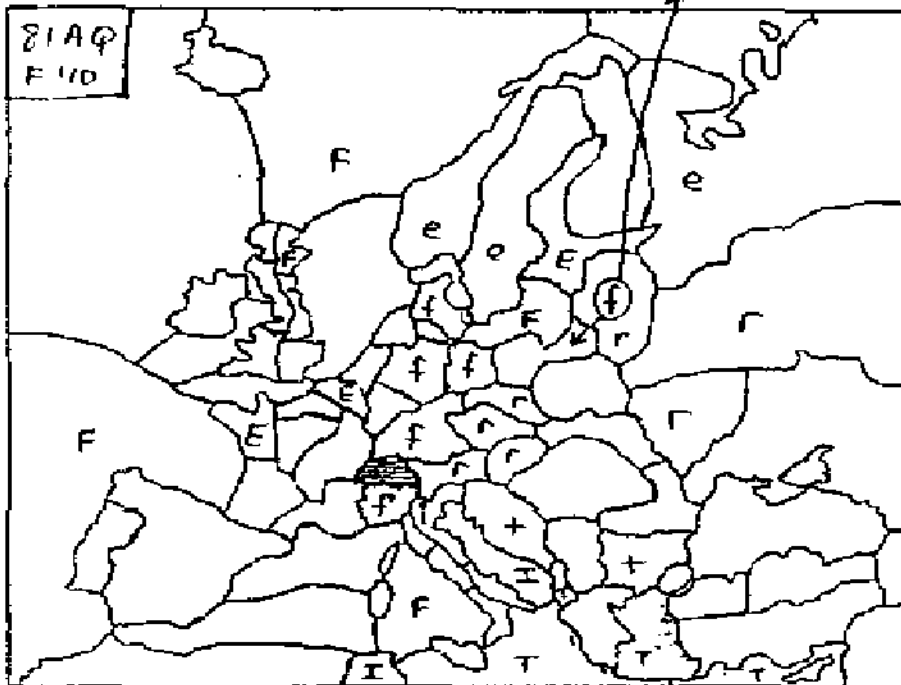
Russia: StP, War, Mos (3) ...even or build 1 depending upon the retreat. (\$4US)

Turkey: Home, Bul, Rum, Ser, Gre, Sev (8) ...build 1 as played one short (\$3.50US)

MENSA 14

NFA#21/22

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The 5-way draw was defeated (2 yes, 1 no, 1 no vote=yes, the standby didn't get a vote).

Please note that if you send in a revised set of orders I will ignore any votes or press on the previous set of orders unless you specifically ask me to do otherwise.

Richard Young has resigned. His replacement as Italy is Paula Dodge.

Since I have no more available Mensa standbys for this game, I'll have to use non-Mensa standbys.

The deadline for Winter 1910 and Spring 1911 is September 6.

FALL 1910: FRANCE AND ENGLAND GO TO WAR!

England(Craig Reges): A StP S A Nwy, A Fin-Swe, A Nwy S A Fin-Swe, F Bot S A Fin-Swe, F Nth-Bel, F Eng-Bre.

France (Dave Lincoln): F Tyrrh-Ion, F Wes-Mid, A Pie-Tyro, A Mun S A Pie-Tyro, A Kie S A Mun, A Ber S A Mun, F Nwg-Edi, F Bar-Nwg, A Liv-Swe (ret -Pru, OTB), F Bal C A Livonia-Swe, A Den S A Livonia-Swe.

Italy (Richard Young Paula Dodge): NMR! F Ion ret -OTB. A Ven H, F Adr H, F Tun H.

Russia (Ralph Baty): A Tyro-Mun, A Via-Tyro, A Sil S A Tyro-Mun, A Boh S A Tyro-Mun, A Ukr S A Mos, A Mos S A War-Livonia, A War-Livonia.

Turkey (Ken Hager): A Tri S RUSSIAN A Vie-Tyro, F Alb S A Tri, F Ion H, F Aeg-Eas, F Gre-Aeg, A Con-Bul.

Press

Paris: Napoleon is dead. Long live the world!

1910 Supply Centre Chart

England: Lon, Lvp, Nwy, Swe, StP, Bel, Bre, EdI (7) ...build 1.

France: Par, Mar, GERMANY, Spa, Por, Hol, Den, Edi, Nte, EdI (10) ...remove 1 or even, depending upon the retreat.

Italy: Home, Tun (4) ...build 1 as one unit retreated OTB.

Russia: Mos, War, Sev, Rum, Bud, Vie, Ser (7) ...even.

Turkey: Home, Bul, Gre, Tri (6) ...even.

Thanks to Pete Gaughan for filling in the gaps in this game's SC record.

Terrible Moments in Sport #3

by Drew Post

(Although this is unlikely to compare with our esteemed editor's wrestling tale, it is one in which I found myself to be equally humiliated.)

After having given a class in the theory of wrestling and showing some basic moves on the wrestling mat, my grade 9 Phys Ed teacher decided that it would be a great idea to hold a small tournament within our class time.

Let me tell you a bit about myself. At the time, I was 15 years old, weighed about 102 lbs. and I was singing soprano and/or bass in the church choir depending on how the hormones felt that week.

Fortunately, in the first round of the tournament I got matched up with a person of my own wimp-like stature. The match started, and my opponent landed a lucky blow to my nose, which started leaking copious amounts of blood. (Yes, wrestling not boxing is the sport I am describing.) I was hustled off to get it cleaned up.

Unfortunately for me, the bleeding stopped quite quickly, and I foolishly went back to the gym thinking to finish off the class watching the final few matches, safe for another year from the ravages of a physical contact sport. My gung-ho gym teacher spied me on the sidelines, and matched me up against my original partner. Now, I'm not one to hold grudges or anything, but through the red haze of anger (at the coach? or the opponent for being dastardly enough to strike me? I'll never know) I managed to pin my opponent in about 10 seconds.

I thought, "Well, now I'll be finished, and I'll be able to watch the final match." Unfortunately, while I was defeating my opponent, on the other mat the two best wrestlers of my class were having it out, and Steve Robinson won. (Not surprising: he was on the wrestling team and had come third in the city (London, Ont.) for his weight class.) The ever-generous coach announced that I and Steve would wrestle in the final match for the class championship.

After I recovered from the initial shock, I tried to convince the coach that it would not be a wise idea to do this to me. After all, I was young and didn't want to live the rest of my life maimed or crippled. But, all of my arguing fell upon deaf ears, and I found myself facing Steve on the centre mat.

Steve Robinson weighed about 140 lbs., and had been lifting weights since puberty at the age of 8. Personally, I had no doubt as to the outcome of the match, and tried once more to cowardly retreat from the mat. But, the teacher was there to make sure that I competed to the best of my ability. (I do believe the man was a sadist at heart, but don't all gym teachers need to be to get the job?) ((As Woody Allen says, "Those who can't do, teach; those who can't teach, teach Phys Ed"....))

Since I was going to have to face him, I decided on the most expedient course. I would take a fall as soon as possible and spare myself the agony. The coach called the start of the match, and I began to look for a way to take my fall and not look like too much of a loser. Steve approached me, and all of a sudden my back was pinned. Wonderful!! I didn't even have to do anything.

But what was this scream of pain rising from my throat, and why was the lower half of my body still face-down while both of my shoulders were pinned?? No, we did not wrestle our way into a tesseract, this was actually happening to me. Fortunately, the body is an amazing machine, and it snapped back into the correct orientations right after Steve let me go. I was even lucky enough to be able to get up and walk away ten minutes later, five minutes after the class had ended. The pain was gone by the time I got home.

The only good thing about the episode is that I learned to never take gym class in high school if you can help it.

? PUZZLES?

The solution to last issue's puzzle appears below, and this issue's puzzle appears to the right (assuming I laid this out properly). I only received one solution to the puzzle (from Jim Gardner and Linda Carson). Comments I received indicate that the puzzle was a bit too hard for most of you. This issue's puzzle looks pretty nasty, too, but being an acrostic, it's inherently easier to solve. Good luck, and 5 free issues to one person who solves it correctly. If you can identify the source of the quote, I'll give you 2 free issues.

This puzzle is an acrostic with cryptic clues. If you want to know more about cryptic puzzles (like how to solve them), I'm willing to send you FREE a booklet full of useful information. Cryptic puzzles are full of word-play, so I'd be quite surprised if anyone whose native language isn't English could solve any of my puzzles.

I think "Judy Winsome" might like this puzzle's quote (but I don't think "she" does cryptics, so we may leave "her" in suspense for 5 weeks).

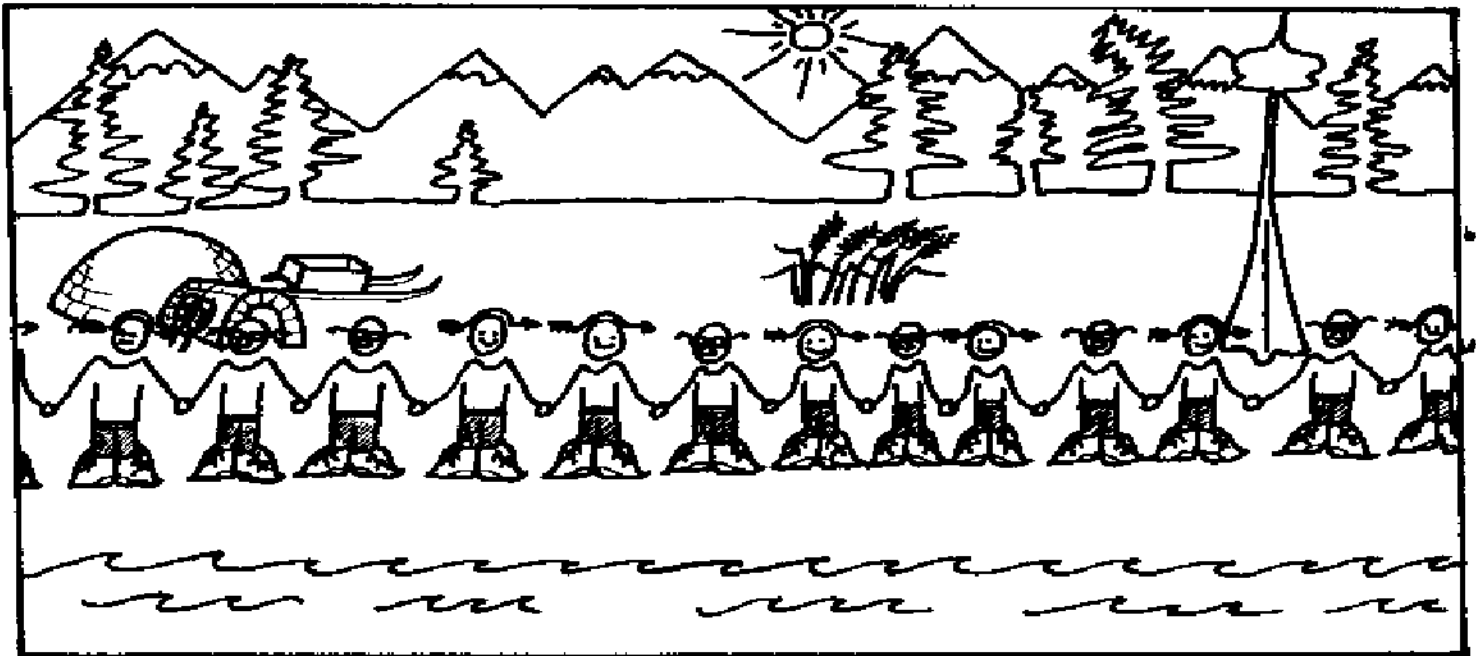
1	J	2	R	3	E	4	L	5	A	6	N	7	D	8	H	9	E	10	E	11	L	12	S
	N		R		B		R		Y		L		O										
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	T		O		N		A		L				K		R		Y		P		T		O

1. Body part that's not good for much (or so we hear) (5) 9 52 26 77 92
2. Modest response to reduced inflation? (8) 69 55 45 5 75 37 88 28
3. Part of a large band of lumber crooks (9) 71 93 10 53 42 40 19 29 15
4. Ask about a search (7) 47 63 89 35 23 78 82
5. Unsteady path to the hospital? (7) 57 72 33 49 87 22 39
6. Interrogation of a PhD? (5,6) 20 58 96 62 29 39 85 7 47 76 91
7. Death of a fool is beyond comprehension (2,4,3) 12 32 64 73 25 80 98 6 53
8. Concerning this year's confusion in lower Los Angeles (9) 30 69 66 4 51 95 18 46 13
9. Giant pair of insects in Haiti's capital (8) 86 21 84 70 11 17 60 43
10. Polish workers are exploited in shocking conditions (7) 3 90 94 36 79 22 24
11. All articles by mother are detested (8) 44 38 59 74 2 65 11 61
12. Fine, cracked train seat is a little too much (11) 54 27 97 50 16 83 81 41 14 1 88
13. The ocean on every fourth year (6) 56 67 8 77 34 31
14. Trouble, you say, with beer (3) 68 95 48

" 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39
 40 41 ? 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 ;
 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 ? 66 67 68 69 70
 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92
 93 94 95 96 97 98 "

In response, Steve, to Mark Matuschak's question of Issue # 20, "Are all Canadians funny?", I submit this recent photograph of all Canadians (cropped for publication), as proof that, yes, we are all funny. Boffer glasses and arrow-through-the-head kits are issued with our Social Insurance Numbers, and at puberty our voices all change to that of a gravelly, middle-aged man. Schoolchildren are coached daily; while American students are pledging allegiance, good Canuck youngsters are cracking, "Take my wife, please" and "How he got in my pajamas, I'll never know"! Comfort Mark with the knowledge that it's from something they put in the water, like fluoride, and that it's all the Republicans' fault, stemming back to their crushing defeat of the "Tampering With Mother Nature" Act of 1948.

Linda Carson



Dippy Does Dallas

Alright, I'll admit that I wasn't at the Dallas DipCon, but sometimes you come up with a title that's so good you just have to write an article around it. So here it is, my review of the DipCon in Dallas that I didn't attend.

First, let me note that I was inconspicuous by my absence. In fact, everybody who's anybody, and quite a few people who aren't, failed to attend DipCon this year. Some people weren't prepared to go all the way to Dallas for a DipCon, others had been prepared to go, but couldn't rearrange their schedules when the DipCon date changed. Amidst this widespread apathy, it's no surprise that the Soviet-led Dipcon boycott went virtually unnoticed in the press.

The big event of any DipCon, of course, is choosing the site of the next year's con, so that people can know which state to not go to when they win the next DipCon. It's no great surprise that Seattle won out over the competition. What is surprising is that Bismarck, North Dakota, despite a massive publicity campaign and the support of three prominent publishers (more about that later!) received not a single vote.

Now, I didn't vote for Bismarck because I wasn't there. Eric Kane didn't vote for Bismarck because he wasn't there. Mark Luedi, despite his public support for the Bismarck site, didn't vote for Bismarck, and he has admitted that he was at DipCon. Indeed, Eric and I were under the impression that Mark went to Dallas for the sole purpose of bringing DipCon to Bismarck.

Mark Luedi is guilty of gross duplicity. (Yes, I know that's a big word, and, no, I don't really know what it means, but I'm sure it's something bad, so it must apply to Mark.) In Eric's and my absence, the fervent hopes of Bismarck (indeed, the entire Flickertail State) for a place in the sun (or, at least, the solar corona) rested with Mr. Luedi, a man formerly believed to be "as honest as the day is long". It now appears that he's as honest as the day is long in mid-winter at the north pole!

The question naturally arises, what should be done about this duplicitous vermin? Even as I type this, I'm preparing for an emergency trip to Great Neck, New York (God knows, I'd never go there if it wasn't an emergency!) to discuss this matter with Eric Kane. Stay tuned for further developments.

NFA Players and Standbys

I would suggest that you make a copy of this list for yourself. It may be a while before I print another address list. I hope I didn't make any mistakes or leave anybody off the list who should be on it.

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 Ron Brown/70F Chesterton Dr/Nepean, Ont./K2E 5S9 CANADA
 Dave Carter/118 Horsham Ave/Willowdale, Ont./M2N 1Z9 CANADA
 Walter Compton/Apartado 70774/Caracas, 1071A/VENEZUELA
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 John Ellis/PH 12, 15 Vicora Linkway/Don Mills, Ont./CANADA
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 1'Infanterie/Quartier Guillant, 34057 Montpellier/Cedex, FRANCE
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 Axel Halfmeier/Stapelstr. 13/D-2000 Hamburg 54/WEST GERMANY
 Ake Jonsson/Regementsgatan 53/S-723 45 Vasteras/SWEDEN
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