

NO FIXED ADDRESS

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

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London, Ont.
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Waterloo, Ont.
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NEW

as of next issue:

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

\$7.00

\$6.00

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Note the new address above. Yes, this issue is late, but the game results were sent on ahead. (Just like old times, eh?). I made the mistake of setting deadline weekend on the same weekend that I had to move to Waterloo. As of last issue, I expected to have a week off in London between work and school. After last issue, my employer offered to give me lots of money and put me up in a nice hotel if I would stay an extra week. As a result, my frantic mega-overtime schedule continued right up until I had to move.

It now seems definite that C.F. Machiavelli, published by William Christopher Seth Afflack Anch Lowe, has folded. It only had one game, which had not gotten very far, and had had lots of GM errors, and contained a number of people who seem to be personal friends of Bill. Dave Carter, the intrepid CDO Orphans Officer, is seeing if there's any interest in rehousing the game. Unless at least 2 or 3 players want to continue the game under a different GM, the game will join Bill in Oblivion, B.C..

SNAPU recently put out its final issue. It started out as an ugly, badly reproduced, one page 'zine and grew to become the best 'zine in the Canadian Diplomacy hobby. Over the last several months, it had begun to slip in quality as Ron Brown devoted more and more attention to the begetting and raising of children. Ron will continue to GM all his games except for the international games, which he dumped off on me. We could really use a new, reliable, Canadian 'zine to fill some of the void left by SNAPU.

Eric Kane announced in the latest issue of Anduin that the next issue of his fine 'zine may be his last. Univeraity and girls were among the factors blamed. By the time you read this, he should have let us know for sure.

I plan to go to Europe for three or four months this summer. I hope to get to see a lot of Europe, and meet most of my European subscribers. Any ideas on good places to go or good months to go to a particular place?

See the last page for information about NFA's new price structure.

Once again, I have an active letter column this issue, which I like.

But, I think the time has come to "pull the plug" on a few of the discussions. If you are writing about something that has already been extensively discussed in NFA, please restrict yourself to new information, and less than a page of that.

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Diplomacy and Turkey

by Linda Carson

A test of the most sexist 'zine publisher in the postal Diplomacy hobby, and his convictions. Is Steve Hutton so desperate for material that he will publish what is, essentially, a cleverly-disguised recipe? Will his readers sit still for this break with tradition? Will they try it? Will the lovely Pauline be freed from her perilous perch on the pyramidal peak before plunging painfully from this pinnacle?

Turkey, and the Middle East, give us an inspiring range of cultural treats, not the least of which is food. Since a truly devoted Diplomacy player throws himself totally into his role or nationality, I feel it is high time that someone provided Turkey players (as opposed to turkey players, for whom no one does any favours) with a little help and insight. Besides, playing Turkey seems to be a pretty thankless task, in my limited understanding of the game; you guys need all the help you can get.

And you'll get help, and increased popularity, and maybe even a greater chance at future alliances with your finicky eating friends, if you can offer them this tasty Middle Eastern snack next time they stop over for a quick all-nighter of Diplomacy! For those of you in the postal hobby, try mailing your co-players attractively-wrapped care packages with the ingredients, and top it off with this easy recipe! You and your warring buddies can battle all the more heartily for knowing you're all snacking at home on this filling treat! What a feeling of togetherness!

Hummus, spelled with two n's, is a creamy paste made, basically, of chick peas. It's tastier than it sounds; think of it as a dip, rather than glue. To make it, you'll need vegetable oil (clean stuff, not the brown gunk you already tried to do french fried in), garlic (fresh is good, salt or powder will also do fine; if you don't like garlic, skip immediately to the next joke page, 'cause you don't deserve this); lime juice (one of those cute little plastic limes will do fine, and you'll be set the next time a sultry blonde stops by to borrow a cup of daquiris), and chick peas. These are also known as garbonza beans (really!) and are easiest to come by in tins. In fact, I've never seen them any other way. One tin (about 19 oz., I think) should do it for four to eight people. To dip, one (or even two) pita breads per person.

Heat the pita bread in the oven until warm and a little crisp, while you do the rest of this. About a cup of oil, a couple of teaspoons of lime juice, and a teaspoon or three of garlic (to "taste", as they say) go into the blender, and give it a whirl or two to mix. If you're using fresh garlic, throw in a clove or four, and blend til reduced to as much foam in the oil. Now open and drain the chick peas. Some fanatics now pop the skins off the chick peas, but after you've done the first twenty, you'll discover the wisdom of my attitude: skins add bulk, nutrient value, and are rapidly pulverized in the blender anyway. Gradually add the peas to the oil and blend, a few tablespoons at a time. You're aiming for a thick, creamy texture, with enough oil to absorb all the peas you have, enough garlic to make it worthwhile, and enough lime juice to cut them both. Monkey with quantities to suit your taste.

Hummus is served on a wide flat bowl, with a little oil on top to keep it from getting crusty. Hot pitas are broken into Dorito-sized pieces, and used to scoop up the dip. This is less an authentic recipe than a practical one, but unless your Middle Eastern friends are fanatical, it'll pass muster. And your Diplomacy friends will love it! Doesn't that make playing Turkey all the more worthwhile?

Wall St. Spared Wanda's Whips

Since my apartment was rented as of September 1, and the company I worked for wanted me to stay and work for the first week of September, they offered to put me up in a hotel for the week. After finding out that the hotel had plush upholstery, an indoor pool, and in-house movies, I accepted.

My first task, on entering the room was to figure out how the TV worked. I had no trouble figuring out how to turn it on, but ended up having to go to the front desk and ask how to turn it off. I sensed more than a little irony in this, since I was employed as a technical writer, whose job it was to explain complicated computer technology to the layman. I must add, in my own defence, though, that every computer I have written manuals for has at least had an on/off switch!

Once I had learned the spells and incantations required to get the great TV god to shut itself off, I was faced with the question "What should I watch on this marvelous machine that I can turn on and off with ease?". In addition to the local and cable channels, there were three movie channels. These contained such popular features as Terms of Endearment, Moscow on the Hudson, and Wanda Whips Wall Street.

The latter seemed particularly interesting. I've long been of the opinion that Wall Street deserved a whipping, and that Wanda was just the person to do it. Since there was a certain fee involved, I decided to check with a local pornography expert before ordering the movie. He informed me that, in his experience, all porno movies were boring after the first ten minutes. Nonetheless, he advised me that \$6 or so for this financial flagellation flick would be money well spent.

I suppose I should have guessed it. I already knew that my TV set was possessed of evil spirits; certainly any movie service run on this set would be similarly accursed. It turns out that the list of movies to be shown was not the list posted on the top of the TV, nor the quite different list shown when you turned the TV to the movie channel and asked for samples, but a third list that was posted nowhere for the benefit of no one. I'm inclined to believe that this movie service was run by the same people who designed my TV set.

And, though I stayed in the hotel for six nights, I was never offered the opportunity to see Wanda Whips Wall Street. Why not? Did Wanda's whip arm get tired? Did Wall St. somehow make it up to Wanda and get off without a whipping? I, for one, would like to know the answer to this question.

A young female university student went up to her professor and said, "I'll do anything to pass your course?". "Anything?" asked the professor. "Yes, anything," she said, breathily. "Good," said the professor, "study!".

A man went to his dentist for some dental surgery. As the dentist put the drill in the patient's mouth, the patient reached out and grabbed the dentist by the balls. "Now, doctor," said the patient, "we're not going to hurt each other, are we?".

abc letters xyz

((I'll print letters from just about anyone concerning just about anything. If you don't want your letter to appear here, label it 'not for print'.))

Alain Martine Are you still publishing? If so, would it be possible for you to send me a sample of your 'zine. After a two year absence, I am interested in re-entering the postal Diplomacy hobby. Any information you can give me as to where I can receive a novice packet and, the names and whereabouts of any publishers of 'zines affiliated with the Canadian hobby will be greatly appreciated.

((An excellent novice packet, called Supernova is published by Bruce Linsey. I expect you'll be hearing from him soon. Any other publishers who want to send Alain a sample can reach him at: 47 Chartres/Dollard des Ormeaux, Quebec/H9A 1J6 CANADA.))

Jim Robertson I have finally come to my senses and decided to write a letter to you. I warn you that my letter writing skills are shaky, since most of my letters have consisted of the Liturgy of Christmas Past: HOWAREYOUIAMFINETHANKFORTHESOX.

I must press on. There is a variety of reasons that I am writing to you:

1) To prove to you that I actually do read NFA and not just leave it around on coffee tables during major social teas and the like. (Hopefully, this will deter you from pulling pop quizzes on me at inopportune times.)

2) To improve my general state of well-being. (I am still hard pressed to believe that writing for NFA could improve one's health/sanity/sex life, but it's worth a try.) ((Perhaps I exaggerated just a little when telling you the benefits of writing to NFA...))

3) To ask the great questions:

1) What is the truth behind Linda Carson's "42" fetish?

2) Who is the Rod Walker guy and why does he write such long letters?

3) Are those really your lips, Steve?

After your persistent hinting to write you something, I figured I'd start with the basics. This is my token attempt to prove that even Science students can be literate for brief periods of time (not exceeding 11 minutes). It's still far off from my "A Day in the Life of a Sarcoma Virus", but you gotta start somewhere.

((To answer your questions:

1) I gave up trying to keep track of Linda's fetishes years ago.

2) Who is Rod Walker? I explained this last issue in response to Linda's letter, as you would know if you really did read NFA and not just leave it on your coffee table. (Dear person reading this on Jim's coffee table: please write to let me know that you've read this and call Jim "liar, liar, pants on fire". Actually setting fire to his clothing is, of course, optional.) Why does Rod write such long letters? Because he's not a lazy bum like you.

3) Yes, Jim, I cut off my lips and glued them to the outside of your copy of NFA. That's why I've been going around with my hands covering my face for the last two weeks.))

Ken Peel You should feel particularly pleased, because I happen to be in the process of cutting back my monthly 'zine intake due to acute fiscal constraints.

I should have a refund coming any day now from VoD. I finally decided that it makes no sense to pay to have my sleep disturbed once a month (or more). I am recently out of another 'zine too, which I actually like, because my sub was up and I was forced to stare blankly at the cruel fact that it was either him or you. If you have ever taken an Economics course, you know all about opportunity costs. Next on my "to get" list is that fine little 'zine down Texas-way. But, alas, it will just have to wait until fate forces me into another brutal decision or my \$\$\$ situation improves.

I forgot what your sub rate currently is, and, of course, I have no idea what your "current" address is. How about if I start out with \$2.40, and you credit my account accordingly?

((OK, and welcome aboard. Personally, I think you're crazy to choose a subscription to NFA over The Voice of Doom, but I've never turned down the money of the insane before, and I'm not about to start now. If you're short of money, you can always pay for your NFA sub by writing articles for me. I'm always short of good, funny stuff. Some of my subscribers (affectionately known as "leeches") have never paid a cent to receive NFA.)

Pete Gaughan I really enjoyed "The Dippy Horror Show", having only seen the original one about six months ago. (My sister raved so much I had to see what was happening.) But why not "Let's pay a DiTax again" or something else which might 'fit' better? ((Would you believe "artistic judgement"? I didn't think so.)) Still the Golden Age and There's a Fight pieces were prime. Thanks...

If you need a Mensa standby for 1983V, I'm available, but I don't think I want to sub to NFA so don't call me if that can't be worked out.
Best wishes to the new CDO guy,

((Thanks for the offer to stand by, but I only take standbys who subscribe to NFA. Thanks again for your help in dredging up statistics for Mensa 14.))

John Caruso Quick note -- since Kathy has resigned as the BNC ((Boardman Number Custodian)), would you care to switch your trade from Everything to Whitestonia? ((Sure.)) Hope so, because we love NFA and want to continue getting it, and getting phoney money (i.e. Canadian) is not that easy. ...Take care. In solidarity,

((It's too bad that Kathy resigned as BNC. She seemed very conscientious, and always gave good service (to me, anyway). Then again, I was surprised she was willing to take the job in the first place.))

Simon Billness

Hello. Remember me? I certainly remember receiving many interesting copies of No Fixed Abode as a trade for 20 Years On. ((20 Years On is the British 'zine directory which, under Simon's care, never failed to call my 'zine "No Fixed Abode".))

I was wondering if I could interest you in a rather cute British variant called 'Range War'. Fred Davis reckons it is a refreshingly different idea -- instead of units, in this variant you have gangs of outlaws and instead of supply centres you have herds of cattle, which can be moved. As Glover Rogerson says, the idea of capturing an opponent's supply centre and then running off with it is 'somewhat appealing...'

Anyway, I was hoping you might open up a mailing list for 'Range War', or, if you're full up with games, reprint it in No Fixed Abode. I'd love to see the variant get some attention over here in America. ((This was written while Simon was in the U.S. for a few months.))

...I'm thoroughly enjoying my stay here in America. It's great to cuddle my fiance Barbara again, and I've met BRUX Linsey again, who is a very friendly guy. He brought Joan Extrom over the other week and I gave Joan her first copy of a British 'zine (Flame). "I've never had a British dipzine before, though Cathy Cuning let me hold some Denver Clonts once." Barbara and I even autographed it for her!

It's taken me three days (you guessed!) to write this letter and I've several more Range Wars to send out. Maybe I'll see you sometime if you ever visit England.

((Thanks for the letter, and expect to see me next summer when I come to Europe!))

NFA isn't much of a variant 'zine, though, sorry. I'll be happy to send my copy of Range Wars to the first interested subscriber to ask for it. It is an interesting looking variant. I mean, how many games have you seen that have a Branding Phase?))

Frej Wasastjerna

Some time ago you asked an important Question, and I suppose that, being your tame expert in that field, I ought to answer it (though I think Ake Jonsson could answer it too, and for that matter, why don't you ask him the same question? His name might not be so easy to pronounce either for somebody who is used to English.)

My first name is easy to pronounce. Just pronounce it as if it were written "Frey". In fact, some people do spell it that way.

In my family name, the W is pronounced like V. In fact, modern Swedish spelling (it's a Swedish name) would call for a V, but my family name retains an archaic spelling, probably current in the early nineteenth century when an ancestor of mine acquired that name. Further, "stj" is simply pronounced as "sh". Of the vowels, the first and third are stressed and long, with the primary accent on the first. It is pronounced like the a in "far", and the other a's stand for shorter versions of the same sound. The e is pronounced rather similarly to the a in "bad".

Now that I've answered your question correctly and exhaustively, does that qualify me for a standby position in a Mensa game? ((The ability to breathe qualifies you for a standby position in Mensa 17!)) (Actually, I don't want one. I'm currently playing in 3½ games, or will be once Paula Dodge gets her "Alien Conquest" games going again. Hey, Paula, when will that happen? Two games would really be enough for me, it's hard to find time for more. ((I wouldn't count on Paula restarting her game.))

What? Oh, that half game -- it's the 7 Nations game. With its slow turnaround, it involves only about half the work load of faster games, though for twice as long.

Arthur Majoor How are things going with you? I'm reasonably OK, having returned from a nightmarish series of field exercises. Each one had a different name...but we just redid the same thing over & over &...

I'm getting a real kick out of the most recent series of feuds and goings on in NFA, especially since I don't know what anyone is talking about.

Why are people carrying their fights to NFA? I know you're on a debating team, but skill in arguments (in the philosophical sense, that is) should be reserved for your own disagreements, not to let yourself be drawn into debates about fascism, Marxism, etc.

Perhaps I put that badly, but I think you get the idea. People who don't subscribe to all those magazines end up like those people listening to a telephone conversation being carried on upstairs...

((In the end, I think the reason that feud stuff appears in NFA is that I'm willing to print it. There are few things I won't print if the author clearly wants me to print them. If someone wants to make a fool of himself, he can do it in NFA..))

Gary Coughlan I enjoyed NFA #21/22. And I really like the plays; I don't know how you keep that up but please do. The hobby needs to laugh, especially with all the feuding that is seeping into so many 'zines now. It's a welcome distraction.

I'd also like to mention that Larry Peery did clearly announce that I had nothing to do with screening the list of nominees for this year's Rod Walker Award for best writer in the hobby. My letter that you printed last issue was written before the results came out. I support this award and think it is a good positive idea. More committee members have been added too, among them Steve Knight.

The editorial cartoon by Arthur Majoor was great! You should try to cajole him and/or Linda Carson to keep it up. ((Arthur, Linda, consider yourselves cajoled!)) One of my favourite pastimes is laughing at clever political editorial cartoons. Did you see the one where Trudeau laid down in a casket, put a stake through his heart and asked, "Do you believe I'm resigning now?" or some such? Your plays and their cartoons would be a winning combination hard to beat!

((No, I didn't see the cartoon you mentioned, but I did get a good laugh from reading your description of it. I hope Linda, Arthur, and others, will continue to send in drawings to NFA. I have avoided asking Linda for drawings in the past because I think she should concentrate on making professional sales.

I'm glad to hear that the RWA committee has been expanded. I'm especially glad to hear that Steve Knight will be on the committee, though it will look sort of strange when a committee member wins the award (as Steve seems likely to for "Press Wars"..))

Randolph Smyth I like NFA's format. Why did I say that? Hmm...oh, because you mentioned something about the 'zine becoming "standardized" or something somewhere in the issue. (Yes sir, I have the minutest details right at my fingertips...) If I could standardize my 'zine the way NFA is, I would! ((It's easy, Randolph. Just start with some Helen Keller jokes and the rest will follow naturally...))

Don Del Grande You're slipping -- I was actually able to complete one of your acrostics. (I did have some trouble for a while until I realized that the fourth word in the quote was not "human" ((but "woman")), thus throwing off any previous answers to clues 1 and 3.)

...That crossword last time was rather hard -- I managed to fill in six words, only five of which were right. (I figured that the appropriate word for 21 across was ICE ((not SKI)).)

Oh, by the way, you seem to have some misconceptions about the language those of us south of the border -- "data" happens to be plural down here too, and "indices" is in as well. (As for "appendices", I'm not so sure...you know about "neighbour" and "colourful" already.)

And should, by some luck of the draw, I happen to win the 5 issues, you can do something strange with them -- things like putting them in the next PDORA ((Peoples' Diplomacy Association Relief Auction)), doubling the next contest prize, or even just drawing another name and handing the five freebies to him/her/them...

((It's interesting that you found the last puzzle easy. I heard from one other person that it was "impossible". I think it was one of my harder ones.

According to Webster's, "appendixes" and "indexes" are the preferred American plurals of "appendix" and "index". Pretending that "data" is singular is a problem of the company I work for, not American spelling.

When someone with whom I trade wins free issues, he can give the issues to someone else, or I'll agree to write him an article, or I'll agree to not write him an article. It's really up to you what is done with the issues you won.))

Blair Adamache

To my respected, if arrogant, editor, Steve, ((Does that mean you don't respect me if I'm not arrogant?)) How are you doing (whatever it is you're doing)? I'm back in Montreal, of course, still settling into my new apartment. I register tomorrow. If you don't get this in time, it's probably just as well. You see, I have no camel jokes. I suppose they could be adapted by substituting the word "camel" for the words "jew", "cow", "girl", and "gods", and the word "dromedary" for the words "champagne", "nuns", and "hot dogs". Then again, that wouldn't work at all.

...Anyway, let the jokes begin: Lenny Bruce (a lot of people think that anti-semitism is acceptable if it's in material created by jews, but then, Hitler was part-jewish ((this seems to be a folk myth -- I haven't seen any reliable reports that Hitler was "part-jewish" to a greater extent than every German of his generation))), ...again, Lenny Bruce:

I'm a jew. That means I killed Christ, right? Well, I'm just glad we did it way back then, and not today. Imagine nuns walking around with little silver electric chairs hanging around their necks?

That was Lanny Bruce, back from the dead to be on our show and tell that joke, ladies and gentlemen, and Steve. And now, Blair Adamache's entry for the 1985 Dave Carter 'most sexist joke' contest:

Girls and champagne -- they're no fun when they're flat.

And the corollary, from Lou Fournier:

Unless they're wider twelve.

And the corollary to the corollary, from Blair Adamache once again:

That's months for champagne, years for girls.

And now, the most sickening anti-cow joke:

Eating tongue is like being french-kissed by a cow, but then think of the intimate relations you're having with many barnyard animals all at the same time when you eat a hot dog.

Dick Gregory (a lot of people think that racism is okay when it comes from a black man; this is probably the origin of minstrel shows. ((Probably not. Minstrel shows were popular at a time when racism coming from a white man didn't seem too bad, either.)) It's okay for Richard Pryor to say "nigger", but you'll never catch Steve Martin saying it. The people who think this often forget that Warren Harding was part black. He attributed his enormous sex drive to this ancestry, and was known to have said, "Sure, I've got a touch of the tar-brush; one of my forefathers probably hopped a fence to get some white meat."

Harding was also the man who coined the word "normalcy". ((Actually, Webster's gives 1857 as the year that "normalcy" was first used.)) He first used it in his inauguration speech in 1921.) Whew! Quite the parenthetical thought.

Anyway, Dick Gregory:

There's this black guy. He's standing on a street corner and looking up and talking to God. Like, they're on a first name basis. He says:

"God?"

"Yes, my son?"

"God, why is my skin so black?"

"So you could take the heat when coursing over the savannah in pursuit of the wildebeast."

"Yeah. Makes sense. God?"

"Yes, my son?"

"Why are my legs so long?"

"So you would not tire when running through the jungle in pursuit of the wildebeast."

"Yeah. It's cool. And why is my hair so curly?"

"So it would not tangle in the brambles as you stride through the bushes in pursuit of the wildebeast."

"Sure, sounds cool. One more question, God."

"Ask, my son."

"God, why am I in Cleveland?"

And finally, the article: ((elsewhere this issue))

Larry Peery

Just got NFA #21/22 and had to write you.

Linda Carson's article on Diplomacy was great. It was funny and in today's hobby literature that's a prize commodity. I don't know Linda personally but please tell her I thought it was one of the best things I've read in a long, long time.

I suggest you be very careful about your camel jokes. I have a lot of very good ones told to me by my Iranian friends. Most of them are terribly gross, obscene, wicked, etc. etc.; just the kind of thing that's perfect for NFA. But I won't send them until I'm sure you'll be at your worst. We do have a new bar in San Diego called the Camel's Breath Inn. It was started by a bunch of ex-military types as a place for flag wavers to hang out. A typical American bar with wall murals depicting camels doing what camels do best: pissing, shitting, and spitting. It has become very popular with some of the Iranian community, which isn't what the owners expected. But I noticed they aren't too proud to take Iranian petro-dollars for their booze.

Since I don't suppose anyone cares about my opinion regarding the status of DW in the hobby, I won't share it with you. Sometimes it is possible for me to keep quiet. Shocking thought, right? ((It would be rude for me to disagree with you...))

A couple of thoughts on Gary's letter regarding the RWA. Apparently, some people thought this was a joke. It very definitely was not. What upsets me about all the criticism is that it comes after the fact from the people who couldn't be bothered to put any input into the project when it was getting going. Ten minutes of preventative medicine (input) would have eliminated all the problems people are complaining about.

((A lot of us aren't as interested in these awards and things as you are, Larry. I didn't participate in the Rod Walker Award this year, and do not feel at all ashamed of this fact. Nor do I feel that I am any less entitled to point out its faults. Of course, you don't have to pay attention to me if you don't want to...))

I do want to clear up one thing. Although I am a member of the committee, I serve in the same status as I do on the DMMA ((Don Miller Memorial Award, for hobby service)) Committee. I have no vote in the committee's deliberations, I make no nominations, mine is an administrative function.

I am amused that people are attacking the way the nominations were derived, and the fact that DW had so much influence on the voting. Actually, there was probably no more influence or input from DW on the voting than there was from any other major hobby pub. That's based on my analysis of the voting, who voted, and where the ballots came from.

((I find it hard to believe that The Voice of Doom, Whitstonia, and other major publications that didn't plug the poll had as much influence on the voting as DW, which plugged the poll and had 5/7 of the nominees.))

The Committee will have 3 additional members next year and anyone in the hobby can nominate anyone's material. The more nominations, the more pressure on the committee since they have to do the screening. Just look at the fussing and caterwauling this year over the DEMA. It amuses me that although many say these awards are meaningless and not important, others treat them just like the Oscars, or Nobels, or Olympic golds. Also, no one has said that the RMA was for the best writer in the hobby, but only for outstanding literary achievement. The final judgement boils down to the end result ((??)) and I really think the Shep Rose piece was the best (if you want to use that term) piece produced by the hobby last year. But that's my view. So much for that.

I have a confession. I have never seen The Rocky Horror Picture Show. However, my specialist in such stuff says it was well done and very funny. So I'll pass that on.

You used one other phrase that I wanted to comment on but unfortunately I can't find it. I thought it was the best line in the issue and terribly revealing about your own attitude toward things. But I can't find it, damn it. ((So you leave me hanging there. I don't believe it! Larry, you've just convinced me that you deserve all the terrible things people say about you.))

I hope the CDO does whatever it is supposed to do and does it well. I'm terribly sad to see that Snafu is going to fold. I'll miss it. Ron send me a Canadian yachting flag which I'm adding to the Archives collection of such stuff. ((The archives has a collection of yachting flags??)) If anyone in Canada ever decides to establish an Archives, have them get in touch with me and I'll be glad to pass on what materials I can. I've got a lot of the old Canadian 'zines, ones I've never seen mentioned in the modern Canadian press. Some of them are classics.

It has been a wild couple of weeks. FEERICON IV was lots of fun. We had about 30 people for the weekend, 15 players in the tourney, and 6 games played. Only one game ended in an outright win. Sigh...what can I say? I played Russia from 1900 until 0500 ((??)), I managed to NME in Fall 1901 in a FTP tournament game, and I still won. Eight of the participants, more or less, went to the Olympics in Los Angeles. Roger McAulay, who is a swimmer and water polo player, saw the water polo finals. I, and Ron Lay, saw the finals in baseball (Japan beat the USA 6-3 for the gold demo metal). Dave Villadsen, his brother, Mike Maston, and I got to see France beat Brazil for the soccer gold. We even played a demo Dippy game at Dodger Stadium for the 55,000 people there for the baseball game. We got a lot of attention, mostly from the security guards. But it was all fun, ever so much more than reading the garbage that is flowing from so many hobby sources these days.

'nuff, I really wrote only to congratulate you on Linda's article. If, come next year, we don't get a RMA nomination for that piece from you, I will be mightily pissed off. Remember that. And camels piss...

Well, never mind.

((A year from now, you may well be "mightily pissed off". I agree with you that Linda's article was very good, and I was pleased to have it for NFA, but I don't know if it's one of the best 5 articles to appear in the entire Diplomacy hobby over the entire year. If you are convinced that it's one of the best, you should nominate it yourself.))

Mark Berch Thanks for the courtesy copy.

I wanted to respond to your comments (and Gary's) on the Walker Award, and then tie this into a broader concern that I have for the direction the hobby seems to be headed in.

Yes, of course Peery didn't do nearly as good a job on this as he should have; it wasn't even close. Yes of course there was insufficient publicity. Naturally I would have preferred that my piece won in a stronger field, and certainly I'd prefer to have won without the controversy, which in a way tarnishes it a bit. It's just terrible that life isn't perfect.

But, on the other hand, this is being blown WAY out of proportion. Judging from what I've seen in print, not only in NFA but elsewhere, this is being treated as some sort of hobby scandal of major proportions, and I've gotten private letters from one hobbyist which has suggested even worse. Let's have a little perspective here! It's not as if the item which won was a second-rate piece, which could not have won but for the inferior competition. The general consensus is that it was a fine piece of writing which, however, may or may not have won if some pieces which should have been nominated had been nominated. (I say "general consensus" only because I know that it's not unanimous. Gary says this year that "the choices this year are a pathetic joke", which would include my article.) You ridicule the claim that "the winner has any legitimate claim to being the best writer in the Diplomacy hobby", but you miss the point that the election was for a piece of writing, not a writer (otherwise it would have been impossible for two of my items to be nominated). You say, "As presently constituted, the RNA is essentially a poll of DW readers to see what their favourite article from DW was this year". But there were nominees from outside DW's pages. As for the first part, fair enough, but is that so far off the mark? DW has over 1/3 of the postal hobby as subbers. If you exclude those who only get 'zines which don't normally run articles, DW's readership, I would guess, is well over half the hobby. (I don't mean to belittle the "gamers"; of course they are vital, but they are unlikely to vote.) Of course it should have been done better, but where's the more productive approach? I don't see you or (in NFA) Gary saying something like "Despite its problems, the idea of an award to recognize excellence in writing is a great one, and next year, I'm gonna nominate my personal favourite to see if I can get it on the list". Instead, it's all negative and talk of "farce".

Look, this isn't the first project to run into trouble its first year. If you look at the first 'zine directory by Mills, he missed quite a few 'zines. An even better example would be the first year of Leader's 'zine poll. Now, this is the most successful poll of any sort in the North American hobby, in terms of number of people voting, 'zines reporting the results, and longevity. In the first year, it got terrible publicity, and landed up mostly as a poll of the readers of Leader's 'zine, Rumestone. Guess how many votes this hobby-wide election got? 19! Guess who won? Rumestone, and you'd have a very hard time making the case of Rumestone as #1 'zine. People did not issue thundering denunciations. The second year was much more successful.

And this leads me to my broader point. In my 8+ years in the hobby, I have never seen people in such hyper-critical, negative, destructive stances. And I'll be undiplomatically specific. I am referring especially to you, Rod, Caruso, Linsey and Tallman, with some other people to a lesser degree. I'll give a few examples.

The first is this criticism of the Sandy Ego item in DW. I cannot believe that people are making such a huge deal about this, so many months later. And look at the remarks. Ed Wrobel points an accusing finger at the "catchy headline". Oh, the horrors of a "catchy headline". And he and others have noted that this was --gasp-- an entire page. People are presently paying less than 4½¢ per page for DW. So, even if the informational aspect of the item is treated as having zero value, even if we have only a blank page in front of us, people are only out 4½¢. Does that justify this level of criticism? Yes, the item combined plug and information/news, but both of those are types of things which commonly occur in DW. Yes, it's the first time that's been combined in one item, but so what? Do you think that a significant number of DW readers are going to be unable to figure out that this is such a combination? We're not that stupid. So where's the big harm? Who is being hurt? I have yet to see a case made that people are going to be deceived by such a combination, and without such a showing, I don't think this level of criticism is at all justified.

Here's another example. You complain at one point that Rod is trying to get subbers "to sub to DW out of duty". To begin with, I think you've really stretched the editorial to get that far, but even if so, so what? Look, we all have our ways of trying to coax those we want to sub to do so. I have mine, you have yours, and Rod has his. Why is this something to complain about? Further in the same paragraph, you say "you seem to be trying to get people to feel guilty for not having contributed to DW". Well, now, let's have a look at the little note that you wrote on my copy of NFA: "If you ever subscribe, I'll save a fortune in courtesy copies". I have no objection to that note at all, but let's face it, you're using guilt as a ploy to get me to sub -- I should feel bad about your spending a fortune in courtesy copies.

As for the issue about Rod calling DW a custodial project, again, I cannot see what the big fuss is about. What HARM is there in calling DW a custodial project, and if it's not harmful, why are people condemning it, or even making a fuss about it? Look, he's defined what he means by a custodial project, and clearly it meets that definition. He has certain obligations, for example, to find a successor when he's ready to quit, in exactly the same way that the BNC ((Boardman Number Custodian)) is obligated to find a successor. Yes, DW aims to serve the hobby in general. You counter "So does Europa Express...". I disagree. EE is a very fine 'zine, one of my top favourites, but it does not do that. For example, there's a community of people in the hobby interested in variants. EE does not normally run variant material. I'm not saying that Gary has something against variants. If he got material on that topic, he'd probably treat it the same as any other kind of article. But the fact is, it doesn't appear. If EE did aim to have, as you say, "something for everyone", then Gary would, as Rod does, make it his business to obtain such material so that there would be something for everyone. I'm not criticizing Gary for not including this material. I'm not that interested in variants, just as I'm certain that there are people not interested in my play-of-the-game material, or in Scott Marley's dippy poetry, or the DTRS rating systems, all of which appear in DW. This reminds me of the huge flap of 1982 when I said that I felt that DW was the flagship 'zine of the postal hobby. I could not believe the resentment this caused. I kept asking people what harm was caused to the hobby by that characterisation, and I never did get a clear answer. Calling something a custodial project per se does not obligate anyone to sub, any more than we feel obligated to sub to Everything. If he uses it as a selling point, so what? Caruso calls his 'zine the "#1 funzine", and what of it?

I see in Gary's letter that Gary is grouching about which 'zines Rex Martin doesn't get. Really, now...

I'm not saying that people shouldn't disagree. Of course, they can. But there should be some sense of proportion to this. People are using language grossly out of proportion to the offenses. Walker's letter in #20 was a prime example of this, though your responses were not so great either. Yes, by and large, you were right, but there was no need for such a nasty edge that you often put on them. And I think people ought to consider whether the practices they are hammering are really causing any harm.

I don't mean to single out NFA, but I don't want to repeat Rod's error of dragging in things your readers might be unaware of to criticize.

As for subbing, well, I wasn't terribly impressed with the lettercol in 21/22 as you see, and the puzzles don't interest me at all. But your "Dippy Horkor show" was extremely funny, even though I haven't seen the movie, and your "gushing like Red Adair's worst nightmare" I thought was a very clever simile. Plus, Brux ((that Linsey creature)) keeps telling me that there's so much good writing in NFA that I'm an idiot not to get the 'zine. So, I'll give it a try. You don't want me to get mad at Brux ((well, actually...)), so you'd better keep up the good work.

P.S. On the meaning of "In Six": The term was first used, as I recall, by John Caruso, who has never specifically said who was intended by the term. As a result, it becomes an all-purpose term, allowing people to criticize whomever they like without saying who they mean. This leaves it up to the reader's imagination, which is why I never use the term, and don't like to see it used. The fact that I have the uncomfortable feeling that it might refer to me has something to do with it, too.

((I've had people subscribe because of my jokes, or my plays, or my articles, but I think you're the first person to subscribe because of my similes.

Now on to the rest of your letter. First a couple of notes.

One: I take no responsibility for what other people say or do. I feel no obligation to defend what other 'zines or "one hobbyist" have said about the Rod Walker Award. Or what Ed Wrobel and others have said about "It Came from Sandy Ego".

Two: I strongly object to you making accusations against Bruce Linsey, John Caruso, and Terry Tallman without giving any specifics. Either you should have left them out of this letter, or you should have given at least a sentence saying what they did wrong. That way they would have some chance of defending themselves. They do not deserve to have their names dragged through the mud like this.

Concerning the Rod Walker Award, I'm glad you agree that it wasn't handled well this year. Gary didn't want his name associated with the "pathetic joke" nomination list. I see nothing wrong with this. I certainly wouldn't have wanted people to hold me responsible for this year's nominees. Neither Gary nor I has ever said that your article wasn't good. Gary said that the nominees (taken collectively) were a pathetic joke, not that every individual nominee was bad. I agree with him that the nominees did not reflect the best writing in the hobby.

My initial response to the "Sandy Ego" piece consisted of one paragraph, which cost my subscribers approximately 1/4c each. I do not think that this was excessive or "making such a huge deal" about it. In this paragraph, I poked fun at Rod for calling Diplomacy World a "hobby custodial project" and, at the same time, using DW as a vehicle for promoting his other 'zine.

My position on the "Sandy Ego" piece has always been that it was not wrong since DW is Rod's 'zine to do with as he pleases. I, for one, do not plan to sue Rod for cheating me out of 1/4c.

I do not think that DW is a hobby custodial project, any more than Whitastonia is the #1 funzine. (If John called W the #2 funzine and acknowledged that NFA was the #1 funzine, then perhaps I'd agree...) And, if Rod used the term "hobby custodial project" only in the way that John uses the term "#1 funzine", I probably wouldn't argue with him about it.

Conversely, if John said that Whitastonia was the #1 funzine and therefore publishers should urge people to subscribe to W, and people who cared at all about the hobby should subscribe to and contribute to W, and that W was looking into other sources of funding, I might have the same argument with John that I've just had with Rod.

You have grossly misinterpreted me when you accuse me of trying to get you to subscribe to NFA out of guilt. If you would not subscribe to NFA but for guilt feelings, then I urge you to cancel your subscription. I'll refund the full amount that you sent in, and you will continue to get cost-free, guilt-free copies of any NFA issue in which you are prominently mentioned, including this issue. My note was merely meant as an acknowledgement of the fact that you have been receiving a lot of free issues of NFA lately (because you have been mentioned here a lot).

I still maintain that Europa Express attempts to have "something for everybody". Gary has said, in EE, that he tries to have something for everyone, and I see no reason to accuse him of lying. You seem to be saying that EE doesn't succeed in its attempt to have something for everyone. I agree. I don't think either EE or DW has something for everyone, though each has something for most of the people in the hobby.

"Gary is grouching about which 'zines Rex Martin doesn't get." Really, now... Do you think this is an accurate portrayal of what Gary said, Mark? According to Gary, Rex Martin, who plays a major role on the nominations committee for the BWA, receives only 'zines with circulation of over 100, and only two of these. This would hardly make him a good judge of the best writing in the hobby.

I don't know where Gary got his facts from. The only letter I have seen from Rex Martin appeared in Xenogogic XVIII.2, page 3/119. In that letter, Rex said that he thought one factor in choosing the Rod Walker Award-winning article should be the circulation of the 'zine that carried the article. He wouldn't consider an article from a low-circulation 'zine unless it was "exceptional". Thus, both the voting procedure and the nomination procedure were biased against articles from low-circulation 'zines.

I still don't think I have been "hyper-critical, negative and destructive".))

Rod Walker Ah brevity. The soul of wit, perhaps, but not its body. I'm sorry my last letter was so long but you did ask for an exposition on things...or at least you asked for facts, which amounts to the same thing. I have a couple of minor rejoinders.

First, I don't consider the D.W. article on Erehwon as in the least silly, since I see no reason why I should not do for my own 'zine what I would do for other similar publications. See this issue for the review of Costaguana, for instance, and nextish I plan a similar review of Voice of Doom on the occasion of its 5th anniversary and 100th issue. No definite plans for 1985 yet, but DW 40 will definitely feature somebody. Now that I have a format worked out and now that I get most of the 'zines in the hobby, I have the tools to do this on a regular basis.

Second, I see no real reason to change or retract my assessment of John Caruso. I might not phrase it quite that way now, but that's beside the point. Now, if he wants to do some retracting, I would no doubt follow suit.

((In other words, "I'll stop lying about him when he stops lying about me"? If you think your statements about Caruso were accurate, I don't see any reason why you should retract them, either. If you don't think they were accurate, no action (or inaction) of Caruso's can excuse you from retracting them.))

Third, I am puzzled by your repeated references to how little your readers are interested in all this, since my entire letter was a response to your request for specifics...and if specifics were not going to be of interest to your readers, why did you request them? I know...you made a simple request and instead you get back a pageant... Oh, well; as Jupiter auides omnibus placet. ((23-8-25 4-15 25-15-21 21-19-5 1 12-1-14-7-21-1-7-5 20-8-1-20 9 4-15-14-1-20 19-16-5-1-11 6-12-21-5-14-20-12-25? 9-20 15-14-12-25 15-2-19-3-21-18-5-19 3-15-13-13-21-14-9-3-1-20-9-15-14 1-14-4 23-1-19-20-5-19 15-21-18 20-9-13-5!)) That (I believe) applies to most of what you have to say. We'll let it go at that.

((I asked you for specifics concerning your charges against John Caruso. These specifics took up approximately 1/4 of your letter. The other (damn! I don't have a key for it) 3/4 of your letter concerned the Erehwon advertisement (1/4) and DW as a hobby custodial project (1/4). So, only 1/4 of your letter was a legitimate response to my request for specifics.

The specifics I was most interested in were untrue statements of John's that appeared in NFA. They would be most relevant and interesting to my readers. Unfortunately, you went on at length about the Gordon Anderson affair, which had not even been mentioned in NFA before.

I would have had no complaint had you written twice as much about John Caruso's "vicious hate mongering" in NFA. I think you went on too long in not-particularly-relevant discussion concerning Gordon Anderson. Also, I think your points about Erehwon and hobby custodial projects could have been made equally well in far less space.))

Gary Coughlan's letter: Gary did write, and I forwarded the note on to Larry. It's his project & I figure he can handle it. I picked up the results of the RWA from Larry's publication on it, and frankly, I don't recall seeing anything about what Gary had said...so I then didn't pick it up. Gary gets awfully put out by such things, so no doubt I'll get a letter. I wish this were more earth-shaking.

The important point is that there must be a different system on voting next year. I believe you give insufficient emphasis to the fact that nothing like this has been attempted before, so the first time is very likely to get glitched...which is exactly what happened. Larry knows that.

I am hopeful that next year what we will see will be a more wide-spread participation in nominating items to begin with. Then a small committee to pare the nominees down to a manageable list ...say, 5 items. These items would then be reprinted and sent out to editors who would print them in their 'zines or would be available to anyone who wanted to vote for, say, SASE ((a self-addressed stamped envelope)). This way everyone who votes will have seen the nominated items.

It was a lucky happenstance this year that the winning article probably was the best item which was printed in 1983. But many things which should have been nominated weren't. I nominated a few things under the impression that others would nominate other deserving materials (DipWarz in Life of Monty, for instance). I was surprised when I saw the resulting list; Larry was disappointed he did not get more nominations.

((Larry seems, with many of his projects, to not allow enough time for people to respond to him. I received Larry's plea for nominations and published it in my next issue of NFA, but by that time it would have been impossible for any of my readers to get in any nominations on time. (To be fair, other people often make the same mistake as Larry.) If these awards are to be annual, why not announce the nomination deadline several months earlier. That way, people will have lots of time to think about and submit nominations.

The nominees, 5 articles from DW, 1 article from (I assume) a non-Diplomacy 'zine, 1 non-article ("unspecified press" by Bob Olsen), 0 articles from Dip 'zines other than DW, did not accurately reflect the distribution of good writing. Particularly galling was Larry's statement that perhaps this distribution of nominees wasn't surprising. It's hard to imagine how he could have put his foot further into his mouth. If more time were allowed for nominations, you would get a better distribution.

It will be difficult to distribute copies of all the nominated articles. Imagine that "The Wizard of Dip" and "DipWarz" had been nominated. "The Wizard of Dip" was 7 pages long; "DipWarz" is a continuing saga that, put all together, would be enormous. Still, I agree that without some way of letting the voters see the nominees the award will be a farce.))

My feeling is that it is easy and pleasant, perhaps, to point accusatory fingers and view with alarm. It is far harder to make constructive proposals for improvement and to volunteer to do some of the work involved. In the present instance there will be plenty of critics but very little in the way of constructive criticism. The idea is a very good one and simply needs better execution. I fear, however, that too many people will just be in haste to engage in some more Peerybashing. This is an unfortunate aspect of our hobby, that people are much more willing to vent spleen unconstructively. My question to Gary and to you is: what are you doing to make sure that next year we get a better result??? If you do not have a positive answer to that one, then I hope you will let those who do have a positive answer do the talking. Frankly, I hope you do have a positive answer to that question. The more people are concerned and volunteer to help with this sward, the better things will be in 1985. If I had my druthers ((brief pause as the editor recalls his participation in a high school production of Li'l Abner, from which the expression 'if I had my druthers' is taken)), this would have been the "John Koning Award", but I wasn't asked. (Yes, I was certainly flattered that Tom Shaw and his crew thought so highly of me.) Be that as it may, I would like to see things go really well next year because the good writers in the hobby deserve recognition like this. My concern now is all the unnecessary and unproductive carping and criticizing that will inevitably go on.

And that goes for the hobby in general. We spend a lot of time attacking and villifying each other, and some of it recently has been so nasty that I question whether a "good healthy feud" is even possible any more. It would be so much better if we could spend that energy and time constructively. I realize that's just a utopian notion on my part...there are some people in the hobby who really relish the nastiness and others who don't want anything done unless they can control it. See how nicely I avoided names? Anyway, I don't see why that should limit the people of good will in the hobby. And that is the key: good will, the capacity to look past minor blemishes to what's good and sound underneath. We all have a problem with that...I do, you do, etc....but it is something we need very badly and are going to need more in the future.

End of sermon.

((First, I don't think that I have any particular problem looking past blemishes to see what's good beneath. I mean, I like some of the most fallible members of the hobby, and I can't think of one hobbyist for whom I feel strong dislike. Nor can I think of a single hobbyist whom I would call a "vicious hater" or "character assassin".

Re the Walker Award, I have a few constructive suggestions. Allow more time for nominations, by announcing the nomination deadline far in advance. If the award is to be for the best piece of writing, restrict the nominees to individual pieces of writing. (Thus, Olsen could be nominated for a particular press release but not his press in general; Del Grande could be nominated for a particular episode of DipWars but not DipWars in general.) Otherwise, there's no way you'll get all the voters to read all the nominees. Can you imagine trying to package all of Bob Olsen's press releases for a year together and send them out to voters? Even with this restriction, you should still be prepared for the possibility that the nominees will take up 10-20 pages. I can't imagine the publisher of a 12 page 'zine being willing to reprint 20 pages worth of Walker

Award nominees in his 'zine, especially when 90% of his readers would have seen the nominees in another 'zine. And, if every small publisher uses this reasoning, virtually no publishers will carry the nominees. My suggestion: put out a small one-time 'zine (name it after some fictional place with an unspellable, unpronounceable name, like you always do) that would carry the nominees for the Walker Award. Make the 'zine available at cost, and put ballots in the 'zine. The 'zine wouldn't cost more than a buck or two, and I expect most people would be willing to part with that paltry sum for the chance to read the 5 (or 7 or whatever) best articles of the year. It wouldn't be an act of charity -- they would be getting their money's worth and more. And, all we publishers would have to do is plug this one-time 'zine, which we could also do well in advance if we knew it was coming.))

Bob Olsen I am outraged!!! ((He even punctuates his sentences like Kathy!!!)) Your vicious personal attack on me was certainly the most savage VPA I have undergone in the last three hours! To insinuate, to even hint that I am a Byrne toady -- shocking. I barely know the woman. To suggest that she has any influence over me is patently ridiculous, and I'll expect a full retraction on the front page of the next issue of Newsweek. I'm my own man and don't you forget it. In fact, Muffin herself says I'm a real independent guy.

((Humm...let me get out my copy of the Gary Coughlan Thesaurus (companion-piece to the Dick Martin Dictionary). I see here that "barely" means the same thing as "without any clothes on" and "know" means the same thing as "have sex with". Now, what was that about you "barely knowing" Kathy?))

Since I know that you have been concerned with the matter of Dick Martin, I have important news for you. I have just received an unconfirmed report that the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel have been sighted in Martin's nose. This is definitely the biggest Martin-nose-news of the year. I think it's pretty obvious at this point that in view of the large number of animals, people, etc. living in Dick Martin's nose, we must recognize Dick as one of the hobby's most important custodians -- and I hope that everybody will deal with Martin in a soothing and friendly manner, lest he get his Hobby Nose Custodianship out of joint. ((I'm just trying to imagine Dick and Julie's courtship: "Oh, Dick, your nose is so...so...so custodial". Who says romance is dead?))

I guess I'll throw my 2c in on the "Sandy Ego" matter. Moriturus te salutamus. When I first read the piece, I assumed that it had been written by someone other than Rod Walker, and that the byline had inadvertently been left off. I rather thought that Larry Peery (my guess for the author) had a thing or two to teach Jim-Boob Burgess about toadying, but I was wrong. Imagine my surprise when I found out who actually wrote it.

I suppose the rationale for running such pieces is to bring the postal end of Diplomacy to the attention of people who aren't acquainted with it ((a number of DW's subscribers are involved in face-to-face, not postal, Diplomacy)), and this, per se, is not a bad idea. However, a novice who sends away for Erehwon will find himself presented with a 'zine which runs a couple of games and nothing else aside from repulsive rehashes of Big-Bad-Caruso-and-Byrne-Are-Picking-on-Me -- the 'zine of late consists of nothing but feuding, and isn't likely to win the postal hobby many friends. As for the revived Costaguana, I haven't seen it, but I understand it to be a humble and unpretentious warehouse 'zine with a couple of games, and that's it. Nothing wrong with that, it's an honest and honourable way to publish, but again this is not the thing to inspire a novice. What these 'zines were like way-back-when is really irrelevant; are these top 'zines now?

((No, they're nowhere near to being the top 'zines now. But, I think you're being a bit hard on Erehwon. It's not exactly my cup of tea, either, but it does contain more than feuding and weeping about Caruso and Byrne. Rod often has clever cartoons and covers. Also, he tries to have a humorous 'zine. Granted, most of it isn't a sort of humour that I particularly like, but (as I know all too well) you can't please everybody in the comedy business.))

If there's going to be a plug of a postal 'zine, there are certainly plenty of good ones to choose from. Just look at the latest Runestone Poll -- Europa Express has now been Number One three years in a row, an unheard-of achievement. Now, admittedly, Gary Coughlan needs another plug like I need another 1903 elimination or a VPA from you, but who deserves a plug more? Of course, a policy of plugging the winner might lead to a lot of repetition if Gary continues selfishly to hog the glory (these Southerners... the man is dug in at the top spot like Robert E. Lee in the works of Richmond...) but there are plenty of deserving 'zines -- maybe the 'zine that showed most improvement in the poll, or the top freshman 'zine, or whatever. But ipso facto, we do novices a disservice with an indifferent attitude of caveat emptor.

((I don't really like the idea of basing anything on Runestone Poll results. The relationship between quality and poll-placing is weak at best.

If the purpose of Rod's reviews is to introduce new people to the best of the hobby's 'zines, I agree that he's reviewing the wrong 'zines. But, I really don't know what Rod's purpose is...))

I am enclosing a copy of something that appeared in Diplomacy Digest, #7/8, Jan-Feb 1978, concerning the matter of Rod Walker vs. Gordon Anderson. Having this stuff on record can be so embarrassing...it may be true that Walker didn't "run Anderson out of the hobby" or whatever the phrase was, but I believe that whether in error or not, Caruso's statement was an honest opinion honestly arrived at, and this whole big snit about it strikes me as completely phony.

((The Diplomacy Digest article quotes Rod Walker as saying, "...It seems to me that Anderson has been given more than sufficient opportunity to cease his orgy of self-seeking, anti-social, hate-mongering behaviour. There is no cause to encourage him further. I urge all publishers to cease trading with El Conquistador...". At the time (1976), it appears that a substantial part of the postal Diplomacy hobby shared Rod's view of Gordon Anderson.))

Archives are such fun at times...I believe that what John Caruso is referring to in "Walker called me a fascist" was the following little gem, from The Voice of Doom #57, 1/26/82, page 15, a letter from Walker to Caruso reproduced there: "You are not yet Il Duce of postal Diplomacy, John, so please do not try to tell me what I may or may not publish."

((I just figured out the context of that quote, I think. Rod Walker publishes a list of 'zines with game openings, quite a useful service. John Caruso had asked that Rod not list game openings from Whitestonia (John's 'zine) since John didn't want any 'new blood' in his 'zine. Like many publishers, he wanted to limit the size of his circulation. Rod published John's game openings anyway, for reasons which had nothing to do with the desire to be an asshole.))

As you can plainly see — quod erat demonstrandum — Walker did not call Caruso a fascist, since Walker is clearly unaware that Benito Mussolini was referred to as "Il Duce", and that Mussolini was a fascist (he's also unaware that people remember what he says, but that's another story...). Clearly, rather than a reference to Caruso's political leanings, what we have here is merely an ethnic slur ((John Caruso is Italian)), racism if you like. Maybe he should have settled for fascism?

((Your letter confirms what I had suspected: that Caruso got some things wrong, but stated "honest opinions honestly arrived at". (i.e. he wasn't deliberately attempting to deceive anyone.) As for the "Il Duce" quote, Rod seems to think that linking non-fascists to fascism is ethical and humorous, whereas I regard it as neither.))

John Boardman Thanks for sending me the two copies of No Fixed Address. (And best wishes in your new one.)

Actually, I find I am not awfully interested in what bats currently inhabit Rod Walker's belfry. It has been my experience, over the past 15 years, that just about every major problem in postal Diplomacy started because someone paid attention to something that Rod Walker said. If people would stop doing this, we'd have a lot friendlier and more enjoyable hobby. Stay well,

((John Boardman, for those of you who don't know, is the founder of the postal Diplomacy hobby. He has had many...er...um...encounters with Rod Walker over the past 20 years. He, like Mark Berch, has received a lot of courtesy copies of NFA, because people keep mentioning him in their letters.))



Intrepid guerrilla publisher prepares to strike at the "Gang of 6".
(by Arthur Majoor)

Steve Arnawoodian One thing I'll say for Rod Walker, he is persistent (as well as being long winded). Way back when, like March of this year, John Caruso wrote in Whitestonia that Rod Walker condemned Gordon Anderson and that Gordon was re-entering the Diplomacy hobby and we should all be like Rod and welcome him back with open arms.

Rod does not agree with that statement. To attempt to shut Rod Walker up, below are statements taken from Diplomacy Digest 6/7, where Mark Berch quotes from Walker's Erehwon ((Actually, he quotes Scott Rosenberg quoting Rod Walker.))

It makes little difference if what Rod claims is true or not. The point is he went after Gordon Anderson.

(Olsen tells me he sent you the same stuff. If you'd rather print his, it's OK.)

Enclosed is a \$5 sub. ((I'd hate to accuse you of being a liar (first step towards becoming a vicious hater), but you did not enclose any money!))

Ed Wrobel Your blatant attempt to seize control of the Hobby Letter Typing Custodianship by printing the names of your correspondents in BIG letters will not go unrewarded. You already have a semi-professional "stat" of my name, so I can save you several minutes by writing once again, and there's plenty of potential feud material for me in NFA so I won't need to spend much time writing a letter as long as some others. (Not to mention as amusing and of interest to your readers.)

Congratulations on becoming the strong man of Canadian Diplomacy (CanDip) through deceit. It's always best that way; no one can accuse you of fascism. Speaking of politics, I'm pleased to see Matuschak coming out of the authoritarian closet. The Buzzard's Breath has long been a bastion of glorification of "The Third Reich" ((i.e. it contains several "Third Reich" games, just as NFA contains several Diplomacy games)) and it's high time that the larger Canadian hobby took cognizance of this burgeoning threat to high-spending welfare statism, especially while dropping hints that one is due to enter the extremely thin atmosphere of upper middle class legal fiction. It is surely a tribute to Adam Smith that capitalist society reserves its greatest rewards to those who are most effective at confusing others -- lawyers and advertisers come to mind -- while making a contribution that is of questionable value. ((The "greatest rewards" currently go to those who are extremely successful at entertaining others (actors, musicians, athletes) or at creating wealth for others (venture capitalists, corporate executives, entrepreneurs). Their rewards are paid by those who don't question the value of their contributions.)) Your own graphic depiction of Matuschak's nasal droppings, replete with gravity-prone arrows, can only serve to disseminate such obfuscatory class-dependent inequities. And you call yourself a ribtickler! ((When??)) Better we should erect a confiscatory DipTax to fund Martin's game reserve than submit to Huttonesque power plays. Perhaps, you'd like to reveal precisely what was provided to that unknown person of the female persuasion to include you as a member of the ruling Diplomatic troika? What an absurd notion!! Obviously, she is not appraised of the notion of the South Coast Clique, the one true centre of secret power in the hobby. ((It's not very secret any more, is it?)) The SCC has now become so full of ((...)) itself that it has dared to flaunt publicly its nose at you, dear reader.

((Let's pretend that Ed broke up the paragraph here, since what follows belongs in its own paragraph.)) A quick glance at the '82 DipCon Committee papers demonstrates the sheer gall of leader Mario Baribaldi (of the south coast of the mighty Potomac, who stated emphatically that there will be no discussion of where the money goes -- "None"), associate Frederick Davt (south coast of social Darwinism) who eagerly agreed to packing the DipCon Society meeting with supporters for Detroit) and ex-officio Runners World (south coast of the west coast, who reminded Baribaldi & Davt to have Bear-Ants appoint him as parliamentarian and pointed out the need for careful floor management, including massaging appearances of disagreement among The Three).

((Again, let's break up the paragraph here. Ed, you seem to be trying to be funny and attack people at the same time, not an easy task, and one at which you fail. If you have a genuine case, it is ridiculous to hide your charges behind pseudonyms. (About as ridiculous as if I, say, marked a letter confidential and sent it out to all my subscribers.) If you don't have a case, your remarks are no less libelous for being veiled by transparent pseudonyms.))

This is the origin of the In-Six joke, although, yes, there are only 3 ((mis))named here -- the other three being so incredibly secret that to name them publicly can only result in a barrage of felonious, though vague, threats. Thus, Ms. Carson's conspiracy theory is not only naive but also completely devoid of even oblique references to reality, known or unknown, for-print or not. Unbeknownst to Mark Luedi (apparently), I am indeed the target of these prominent papparazzi; hence, the vital importance attached by certain gamesmasters to a claim to Wrobel-favoured zinaship, even if it has to be established by a bogus poll. Further, it has been asserted by some, including the titular head of the Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly Organized Gamesters, that I am indeed the secret guiding hand of that esteemed quasi-organization.

Beyond all that, kudos on your cogent responses to Rod "Golden Age Custodian" Walker, "The Dippy Horror Show" (lovely lips!), and, to Ms. Carson, for her incredible photo-essay of humorous Canadians. As my favourite 'zine's editor might write, "hyork, hyork".

? PUZZLES?

This issue's puzzle is different from my other puzzles. It is an acrostic, and the clues are words from the punch lines of jokes. Some of the jokes are quite old, so I expect most of you will have heard them before. A couple of them I deliberately made easy. It seems to me that if you know many jokes, you will find this puzzle easier than my cryptic puzzles.

Joke #7 is quite good, but if you're like my mother you may want to cross it out and try to solve the puzzle from the other 9 jokes.

5 free issues to one randomly-selected person who submits the correct quote. An extra free issue if you guess the correct author; yet another free issue if you correctly identify the work this quote is taken from. If Don Del Grande wants, I'll give away his 5 issues for the last puzzle as a second prize for this puzzle.

THE DUNG - MIMICKING INSECT
 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
 WALKER

1. A guy lost his entire left side in a car accident. It was touch-and-go for a while, but he's ... (3,5,3)

42 69 82 77 17 16 45 32 65 61 25

2. What would you do if your nose was on strike? ... (6)

4 1 6 2 7 1
75 83 34 13 54 87

3. What do you get if you pour boiling water down a rabbit hole? ... (3,5,7)

4 0 1 6 R O S S
2 67 35 78 47 62 24 19
B U N N I E S
38 5 43 15 23 26 19

4. What's brown and sits on a piano bench? ... (10,4,8)

4 9 74 46 81 2 67 73 20 59 24
L A S T M O L L E N D A M
27 86 19 40 10 31 73 57 8 36 52 22

5. A conversation between two married men:
A: My wife is an angel.
B: You're lucky, ... (2,4,2,5,5)

M Y W I F E I S
8 53 25 11 71 33 58 24
S T I L L A L I V E
19 44 64 28 69 51 60 14 73 79

6. The nun at a Catholic school asked her grade five students what they wanted to do when they grew up. One girl said, "I want to be a prostitute". "What did you say?" asked the nun, shocked. "A prostitute," replied the girl, calmly. "Oh, thank God!" said the nun, "I thought you said you wanted to be a ..." (10)

P R O T E S T A N S
29 89 61 1 30 24 87 42 6 22

7. Mickey Mouse was in court trying to get a divorce from his wife of many years, Minnie. The judge said, "Im sorry, Mr. Mouse, but I can't give you a divorce just because your wife is insane." "But, your honour," replied Mickey, "I didn't say she was crazy. I said she was ..." (7,3)

F U C K N O G O O N L I
71 88 21 84 9 80 66 7 62 31 71 70

8. Jesus returned to Earth, walked into a hotel, put a handful of nails on the counter, and asked the innkeeper, "can you ..." (3,2,2,3,3,5)

P U T N I L P N A I L
75 39 35 10 76 39 29 71 67 30
4 2 N I L L
40 45 85 68 72 56 2 81

9. A scientist was experimenting with a machine to raise or lower IQ. He accidentally turned the setting to IQ 20. He immediately switched off the machine and asked the test subject, "are you OK?". The subject smiled and replied, "..." (3-4,4,5)

T E N - 4 G O O D B U D D Y
44 48 18 16 61 62 37 49 5 4 90 70

10. Sam was a good egg -- whenever you told a joke, he ... (7,2)

C R E P E T L E F
12 47 51 41 63 3 55 88 29

1. Body part that's not good for much (or so we hear) (5)
2. Modest/response to reduced inflation? (9)
3. Part of a large band/ lumber crooks (9)
4. Ask/about a search (7)
5. Unsteady/path to the hospital? (7)
6. Interrogation/of a FBI (3,6)
7. Beach of a fool/beyond comprehension (2,4,5)
8. Concerning this year's) conductor in lower Los Angeles (9)
9. Giant/pair of insects in Matti's capital (8)
10. Polish workers/employed in shocking conditions (7)
11. All articles by author/are detected (8)
12. Fine, cracked train seat/is a little too much (11)
13. The ocean anniversary fourth year (6)
14. Trouble, you say, with/ bear (3)

W A I S T
 9 10 11 12 13

R E T I R I N G
 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22

W O O D W I N D S
 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

R E Q U E S T
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38

W A Y W A R D
 39 40 41 42 43 44 45

T H I R D D E G R E E
 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55

A T W I S E
 56 57 58 59 60 61 62

O R W E L L I A N
 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71

B E N E D I C T
 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79

B U F F E R S
 80 81 82 83 84 85 86

A N A T H E M A
 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94

I N F E S T A T I O N
 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104

S E A S O N
 105 106 107 108 109 110

A L L E
 111 112 113

To the left, we have last issue's puzzle, completed. In case it doesn't come out, the quote was "Oh, being a woman is so interesting, don't you find it? What are we, ladies; what are we? We are waitresses at the banquet of life." Don Del Grande was the only person to submit a solution, so he wins 5 free issues of NFA. The quote was said by Bette Middler in The Rose.

This issue, I'm going to give you a detailed description of the clues from last issue's puzzle. This should help those of you who had trouble with the last puzzle, or who have trouble with my puzzles in general.

If the stuff to the left doesn't come out, refer to your copy of NFA #21/22.

- O H . B E I N G A W O M A N I S S O
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17
 I N T E R E S T I N G . D O N ' T Y O U F I N D
 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35
 I T ' W H A T A R E L A D I E S ?
 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54
 W H A T A R E W E ? A L L E
 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73
 A I T A S S E S A T T H E B A N Q U E T
 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92
 O F L I F E .
 93 94 95 96 97 98

1. WAIST. The literal definition is "body part". "Not good for much" is a definition of waste, which sounds like wrist. The words "(or so we hear)" indicate that this is a homophone (sound-alike) clue.
2. RETIRING. This is a double definition clue. "Modest" is a definition of retiring, as is "response to reduced inflation" (if the inflation of your car tires is reduced, you will re-tire your car). Yes, this was nasty.
3. WOODWINDS. The literal definition is "part of a large band". "Lumber" means "wood", and "crooks" means "winds" ('to crook' means 'to wind'). This gives wood + winds = woodwinds.
4. REQUEST. The literal definition is "ask". "About" means "re", and "a search" means "quest". This gives re + quest = request.

5. WAYWARD. The literal definition is "unsteady". A "path" is a "way", and "the hospital?" indicates "ward". This gives way + ward = wayward.
6. THIRD DEGREE. This is a double definition. An "interrogation" is the *third degree*. Also, a PhD is usually the *third degree* one gets, following a bachelor's degree and a masters degree.
7. AT WIT'S END. The literal definition is "beyond comprehension". (If you are *at wit's end*, you are beyond comprehension.) "Death of a fool" is a definition of *a wit's end*, which is a homograph of *at wit's end*. (i.e. it contains the same letters, in the same order.)
8. ORWELLIAN. The literal definition is "concerning this year". (This year is 1984, and anything concerning 1984 could be considered *Orwellian*.) *Orwellian* is an anagram of "in Lower L.A.". The word "confusion" indicates that this is an anagram clue.
9. BEHEMOTH. The literal definition is "giant". "Haiti's capital" is, of course, "H" (the capital letter in "Haiti"). A *bee* and a *moth* are a pair of insects. This gives bee + moth (with "h" in) = behemoth.
10. BUFFERS. This is a double definition. People who work with polish ("polish workers") could be called *buffers*. Also, *buffers* are shock-absorbers. Thus, they are "exploited (i.e. used) in shocking conditions".
11. ANATHEMA. The literal definition is "detested". "All articles by mother" refers to the three English articles (an, a, & the) beside mother (Ma). This gives an + a + the + ma = anathema.
12. INFESTATION. The literal definition is "a little too much". The word *fine* is anagrammed ("cracked") to *infa*. The *seat* (location) of a train is a station. This gives infa + station = infestation.
13. SEASON. The literal definition is "every fourth year". (Every quarter ("fourth") year is a season.) "The ocean" is also known as the "seas". This gives seas + on = season.
14. ALE. The literal definition is "beer". "Trouble" is a definition of *ail*, which sounds like *ale*. The words "you say" indicate that this is a homophone (sound-alike) clue.

The important thing to remember with any cryptic clue is that you can divide it by drawing a line in the middle of the clue. On one side will be a literal definition of the word; on the other side will be the cryptic part of the clue, which gives you another way of arriving at the same thing. (Cryptic definition clues, as in the previous puzzle, are an exception to this rule.) Sometimes a short word (e.g. "of", "is", "are", "with", "'s" (short for "is")) will separate the two parts of the clue.

Terrible Moments in Sport #4: "Cowboys and Steers"

This is the story of the one time in my life that I got what could be described as an athletic injury. No, I did not break my neck skiing, or twist my ankle when 500 football players piled on top of me. No, I injured myself in an unconventional sport that has never gained wide popularity: "cowboys and steers".

Let me take you back to grade three. Not your grade three, but mine. In grade three, we played a number of games that one particularly creative member of our class had invented. These games all showed signs of having been invented by someone who, however creative and intelligent, was still under 10 years old.

There are two aspects of "cowboys and steers" which point out our ignorance of ranch life as it really is. First, our game took no account of what a steer really is (i.e. how it differs from a bull). In retrospect, this is probably just as well. They still had corporal punishment in those days and one sure way to get a couple of spankings was to attempt to perform the bull-to-steer operation on one of your classmates. Also, five or six years later, when he began to realize the full implications of his pretending to be a steer, a very angry young man would come looking for all his former playmates.

The other major area in which reality was left in the dust is the ratio of cowboys to steers. I'll admit that I haven't done much research in this subject, but it seems to me that the ratio on real ranches could best be described as "many steers, few cowboys". Our ranch, by contrast, was a parody of trade union featherbedding: many cowboys, one steer.

Whenever we played the game, one of the same few people ended up being the steer. Some people, I guess, are just well suited to the role of bovine castrato. Teachers know this. They can look at a group of children and say, "this child would make a good doctor; this child would make a good lawyer; this child would make a good steer".

Unfortunately, back then I didn't know what I know now about the division of labour, nor did I fully take into consideration the fact that the "steers" had willingly volunteered. To me, egalitarian that I was, it seemed a grave "social injustice" that some people always had to be the steers, while others always got to be the cowboys. It only seemed fair that I should take my turn at being a steer, too.

Now, many of you have seen me do stupid things in the past. But, I don't think any of you have seen me do anything half as stupid as volunteering to be a steer. Even now, my physique doesn't inspire fear in the hearts of men; in grade three, my physique didn't inspire fear in the hearts of most small rodents.

The end result is that I was piled on by a mob of third grade gauchos. I got torn ligaments in my leg, and ranch simulations were thenceforth looked upon with great disfavour by the school administration.



Issue #30

Aug. 22, 1984

This is FIM, the #1 International roving subzine, probably because it's the ONLY International roving subzine. It's put out by me, John Caruso, and if you care to write, just send your material to 160-02 43 Ave Flushing NY. 11358, and this, basic funloving, down to earth, OK guy will print your stuff. It doesn't matter who you are, I will print your words, and you can even request where your material appears, publisher willing.

This issue of FIM is making a return appearance in NFA, Steve Hutton's excellent product. I hadn't planned to come back here so soon, but Rod Walker makes any other option impossible to me. You'll see why in a minute. I hate this having to answer this nonsense, again. When are people going to realize that the nonsense in FIM, usually is, nonsense! Oh well.....

I didn't even mention Rod Walker's name in issue #20, yet Rod went on his merry little way attacking me and spreading the Walker-Anderson affair into NFA. Since we are in the process of resolving our dispute thru an ombudsman, I am not at liberty to discuss this matter here. I am obliged by my ethical beliefs, to not discuss this matter publically, when I've already made a promise to Gordon to not discuss it publically, and that it is in the delicate position of being resolved by an ombudsman. I truly hope that Rod's flamboyancy doesn't in any way, injure, impede or upset all together, the ombudsman proceedings, or the work of the ombudsman. However, I will be happy to comment to your readers, once the ombudsman's decision and solution is made.

However, please note, I object strongly to Rod Walker spreading this matter to yet another zine publically, while engaged in an agreed upon ombudsman route, only after he balked at resolving it privately.

I stand corrected by Steve on my Highfield remark, tho, what kind of material must be printed for the reader to be to the right of Mussolini? Yes, I also made the remarks about Highfield as Walker quoted from DL. Did I ever deny it? But where did I mention Fascists in my remarks in DL? Right wing does not necessarily mean Fascism. And where did I say it was "wrong" for Walker to use his references to Fascists and Fascism? Quite the contrary I agreed with Walker. Here's my quotes from NFA 19 from FIM- "but he's allowed to do that" and "And you((Steve)) are way out of line to even question him."

I could always get a statement from John Boardman about Walker's "Herr Doktor" references, but Walker may just use it as an excuse to attack, and discredit John, or perhaps even say that John's words mean nothing. So I'll abstain on whether Walker meant Nazi's or Communist's, tho a lot of people associate the Soviet Union with Communism, and Germany with Fascism, contrary to what Rod Walker told the readers.

However, I shall accept Walker dare- enclosed is "documented proof", a letter from Walker to me, printed in VOD 57 1/26/82- "You are not yet Il Duce of postal Diplomacy, John.". Now, to quote the World Book Enc. Dictionary twice- "Il Duce: The title of Benito Mussolini as head of the Fascists of Italy. It means 'The Leader'" and "Yet: At some time in the future; before all is over or done; eventually; ultimately". The word "yet" in Walker's usage above, is very important, since I'm not yet Il Duce, it infers that I'm trying to be. In order to attempt to be the Leader of the Fascists, one must first be a Fascist. Rod Walker owes me an apology for saying that my original statement "is an outright lie." I consider Walker's own letter in VOD, and The World Book Enc. Dictionary constitute "irrefutable proof". Don't you Steve? Accurate enough Steve?

I didn't want to get into 6 pages like Walker did last month, as your space is more valuable than to waste on this nonsense. You have better things to discuss, like DL. Rod used the better part of 2 1/2 pages on me, I scarcely used a page to respond. (Copies are John Caruso's)

We didn't get to KaneCon, and I'm assuming that you didn't either Steve. Ken and Joan were over at the end of July, tho their visit was less than great, what with Joan being under the weather. Ken taught me a couple of new card games, which I promptly mastered. Eric Kane and John Ferguson popped over for a few hours. You know Eric, Ken forgot to get pictures of you and John. Why don't you send them a picture of each of you. I have one of you Eric, tho it isn't the greatest, but I don't have one of John.

Steve you already know my position on Rod Walker's full page ads in DW. I feel its his zine, and he can do whatever he wants with it. I still think the publishers "special preferences" takes precedence tho. Nothing wrong with that, for an independent publication.

Gee, I haven't said this in a long time, but NFA does keep getting better and better. And now even a lively letter column. How do you do it? I'll bet that your letter column picks up for next month as well. Especially with that "The Dippy Horror Show". I know it was intended in fun, but I can see some people getting all bent out of shape over it. The only offensive part of the whole thing was the omitting of me, AGAIN, from another play. What's the matter? Aren't I a good role personality? So if anybody complains, just point out to them that they could have been treated like John Caruso, and abused by being IGNORED, AGAIN!

Will be going to PudgeCon in a week or so. Should be a good time for all, what with the "In-6" passing it up. Little do the people of Dipdom realize that there is a new "In-6", consisting of the following- John Caruso, Kathy Byrne, Steve Arnawoodian, Dick and Julie Martin and, of course the Big Man himself, Rod Walker. So 5 of the new 6 will be present at Pudgecon, but we authority to speak for Rod as well.

Will you be here for New Year's Steve, or Thanksgiving? We are having cons at both times. In fact, you are welcome for both. As are all other Canadians. I wonder what we are going to do with all of the people. Bob Olsen plans to be the attraction at Thanksgiving. We need a drawing card for New Years. What with James Woodson busy with flying, and Gary allegedly used up all of his vacation already, not to mention his extra cash, Dave Crebar keeps balking, and Steve and Daf move around more than you do. Hey, maybe I can get a BIG NAME out of the past, sort of like an old timers Byrnecon. We could try to get Edi Birsen, Conrad Von Metzke, Glen Overby, Marion Bates, Ron Kelly, and maybe I can talk Dennis Agosta and Bob Beardsley into showing up. Worth a try? Hmm, I wonder if anyone ever hears from Andy Cook anymore?

SPECIAL SECTION CANADIAN JOKE TIME IN HONOR OF DAVE CARTER INFAMOUS JOKER

Did you hear that there is a Bush on both teams?

Its Wally and the Beaver, back together again!

What do you call it when Reagan goes to sleep in the afternoon?

A stiff meeting!

The Democrats slogan- You have nothing to fear but Reagan's policies.

The Republicans slogan- All Mondale can offer you is fear.

The Communist slogan- We offer you peace and jobs.

I guess this about wraps up another issue of FIM, the #1 International roving subzine. Due to the contents contained within, I will accept rebuttals to my positions and will print them, if sent to me, in the zine of your choice, if you prefer to take it out of NFA. Take care and have fun.

IN SOLIDARITY

(Copies are John Caruso's!)

((I don't really see your point about not having mentioned Rod Walker's name in NFA #20. Of course you didn't mention his name -- you didn't say anything at all in NFA #20. Rod's letter last issue was in response to things that I said, not to anything you said or didn't say.

I also don't know anything about this ombudsman business. But, if it means that the two of you will stop talking about Gordon Anderson, I approve.

Yes, "a lot of people associate the Soviet Union with Communism, and Germany with Fascism", but that doesn't mean that Rod is linking a person to fascism if he calls that person by a German name! I mean, if he called you "Sauerkraut" or "Wiener Schnitzel" you'd have a hard time convincing people that he was linking you to the Nazis! Rod's offense wasn't linking Boardman to fascism, but repeating decades-old in-jokes that nobody still alive would get.

No, Rod didn't call you a fascist; yes, he did come close. I also don't think that to attempt to become leader of the Fascists, you must first be a Fascist (though it wouldn't hurt).

I did go to Kanecon and had a great time.

I may make it down for Thanksgiving Byrnecon. It would be nice to get to meet Bob Olsen in person. I'm definitely planning on going to the New Years Byrnecon. I plan to spend a couple of days at Bruxcon, then a couple of days at Byrnecon. (Sort of like a child after the divorce, eh?)

Glad you liked "The Dippy Horror Show". Nobody's objected so far. When will I include you in one of my plays? When you cease to be a bland, boring nobody. I mean, the way you avoid controversy there's just nothing interesting to say about you...))

Bons Mots

Some recent statements by Rod Walker (*laudator temporis acti*), publisher of Diplomacy World (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) have left me, frankly, *au bout de mon latin*. Señor Walker has faced criticism for the way Diplomacy World of all 'sines is being used to promote another 'sine. (*Corruptio optimi pessima*.) But, *nil desperandum*, Herr Walker has not been left speechless: to critics of the Rod Walker Award, he says *abusus non tollit usum*. I'm sure most of the readers of NFA join me in hoping that Monsieur Walker will, in the future, treat us to foreign-language phrases *ad kalendas Graecas*.

Terms

laudator temporis acti - one who praises the past
honi soit qui mal y pense - shame to he who thinks badly of it; motto of the Order of the Garter
au bout de mon latin - at the end of my Latin (at wit's end)
corruptio optimi pessima - the corruption of the best is the worst of all
nil desperandum - never despair
abusus non tollit usum - abuse doesn't deny use (that something has been abused is no argument against using it properly)
ad kalendas Graecas - at the Greek calends (since the Greeks had no calends, this means "never")

Camel Jokes

Submitted by Phil Dancause: The sexual desires of the camel are stronger than anyone thinks. One night, in a fit of passion, a camel tried to make love to the Sphinx. Now, the Sphinx is made out of sandstone and rock that outcrops on the Nile. Which accounts for the hump of the camel and the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Submitted by Rod Walker: In the dear, dead days of "What's My Line", the panel had been unable to guess the occupation of one particular guest, so John Daley asked the wizened, brownish gentleman to reveal what he did for a living. "I castrate camels," he allowed. "Oh, my!" interjected Dorothy Kilgallen, "does that require any special technique?" "Oh, no, ma'm," the castrator stated. "I just get a couple of big rocks, creep up behind 'em, and...WHAM!" Ariene Francis was very puzzled. "Why, doesn't that hurt?" she asked. "No, ma'm, not usually. Only when they kick."

Submitted by both Rod Walker and Arthur Majoor (slightly different versions): A new Legionaire was being introduced to the routine of his fort in the far hinterland. At one point, he was introduced to the small fort's sole camel and told that every Friday night lots were drawn for her use. "Her use?" he inquired. "Of course," his sergeant told him with a wink and a leer. "After all, there are no women in the fort." This revelation upset the young man, who was of a rather pedestrian upbringing. He noted, however, that at least the Friday night winners rode her out of the fort rather than taking her to, say, the barracks. That concession to fastidiousness gratified him...all the more so since, as the weeks wore on, Fatima the camel began to look more and more attractive. Then, one Friday, he won the lottery. Just at dusk, as the others had done, he rode Fatima out of the fort and into the dunes beyond. Riding a prudent distance, he dismounted and undertook to enjoy himself as best he might. Finally, he rode her back. As he came up to the gate, the sentry hailed him. "What are you doing back so early?" "Early?" he inquired. "Hell, man, you've only been gone an hour and the village is a good 40 minutes from here by camel!"

The following jokes were not submitted by anybody.

An Arab was wandering lost in the desert, certain that he would soon die. He decided to have sex with his camel, but, unfortunately, was too weak to hold it down. He continued to wander with the camel until he came to a small oasis. A beautiful young woman came running out. "I am so grateful you came by," she said. "My wicked stepfather abandoned me here because I wouldn't let him have his way with me. If you will only rescue me, I'll do anything you want. Anything." "Great," said the Arab, "hold down this camel for me."

"What do you do here for recreation?" asked the new Foreign Legion recruit. This was a major concern of his, because the base was in the middle of the desert, 200 miles from the nearest town, and contained not a single woman. "Wait 'till sunset," said the corporal, "you'll see." At dusk, a large gong was sounded and a thousand camels were released from the corral into the fort. The men chased them, intent on having their way with them. "Why is everybody in such a rush," asked the recruit, "there are only a hundred men and a thousand camels, more than enough to go around." The corporal replied, "no one wants to get stuck with an ugly one."

International

NFA #23/24

(33)

An error was made last season. Ake Jonsson should never have been called to stand by, and thus should not have taken over the position. The Austrian adjudication should have read as follows:

Austria (Gerry Van Alkemade, Greece? Ake Jonsson, Sweden?): NMR! A Bud H, A Gal H, A Ser H, F Gre H, A Vie H.

The standby for Austria is Ake Jonsson. No other country's moves were affected by Austria's NMR. Gerry is still the player of record for Austria.

In addition to pointing out this error, Gerry Van Alkemade asked, "what happened to A BUD? Did Ake forget to order it, or did Ronald forget to list it? I'd like to know; for, with its additional support, A GAL-RUM succeeds, and that makes a bit of difference, I would say." I have no idea what Gerry is talking about; I think he must be confused. It's pretty much irrelevant now, but Ake ordered A Bud-Rum, A Gal S A Bud-Rum, as both Ronald and I clearly showed in our adjudications.

Under the circumstances, I don't think I can call on Ake to stand by again for any country other than Austria in this game. I hope I have cleared up all of the confusion.

The deadline for Fall 1902 only (no builds) is October 11. If any of you object that this is not enough time, I'll extend it to November 15.

~ H.K.

WINTER 1904: A NEW PRESIDENT STEPS FORWARD IN FRANCE'S DARKEST HOUR...

Austria (John Ellis): Build A Vie, A Tri.

England (Dave Lincoln): Build F lpl.

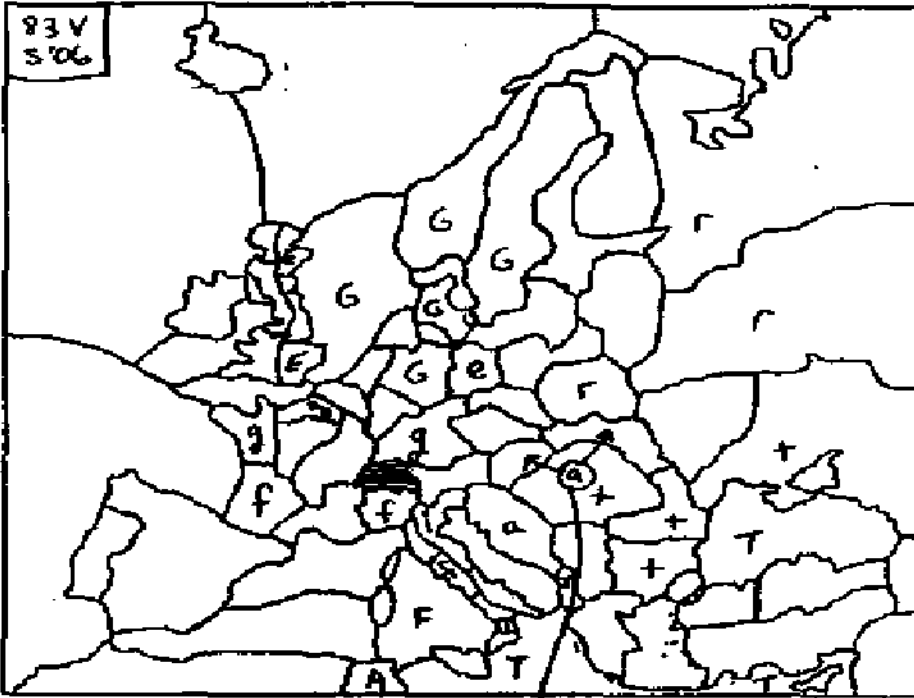
France (~~John Ellis~~, ~~John Ellis~~, Brown): NMR! GM removes F Iri, in accordance with the rulebook.

Germany (Steve Berrigan): Build A Kie.

Italy (Drew Post): Build A Ven.

Russia (Bob Acheson): No adjustments.

The replacement for France is Kevin Brown. This time, we did winter only, as requested by two of the players. John Ellis has been saving up for months and finally come up with the money to buy his very own postal code: M3C 1A9. The deadline for Spring 1905 is October 11.



The draw was defeated:
1 Yes, 2 No Vote=Yes, 3 No,
1 NMR.

A concession to Germany
has been proposed. Please
vote. Remember no vote=yes.

The standby for Austria
is Ken Hager.

Congratulations are in
order for John Ellis who is
the father of a brand new
bouncing baby postal code.
Its name is MJC 1A9, after
John's grandfather.

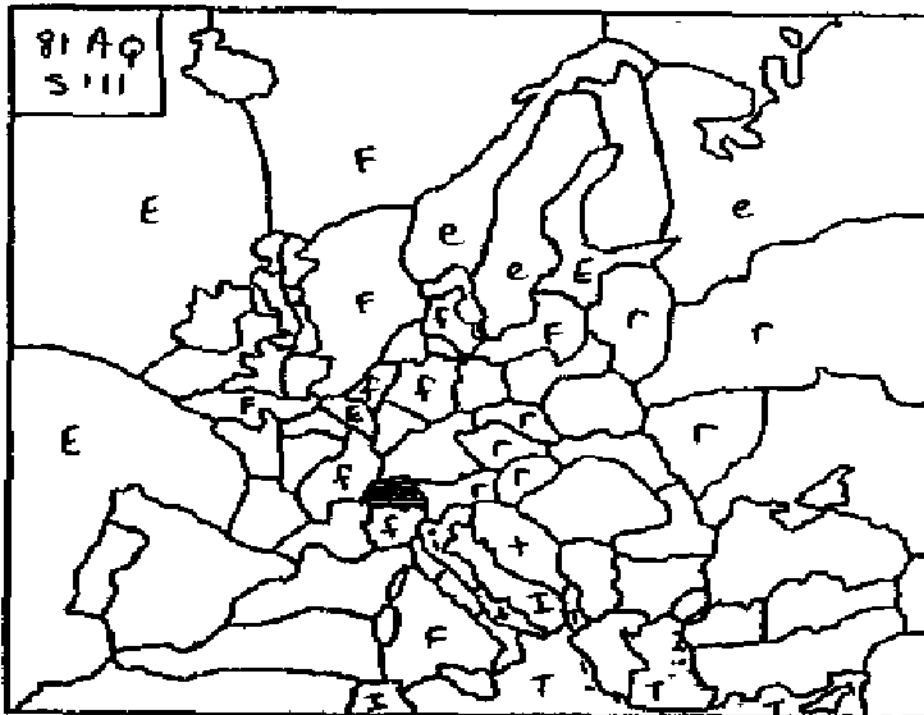
The deadline for Fall
1906 and the concession vote
is October 11.

SPRING 1906: DID YOU KNOW THAT THESE HEADLINES ARE REPRINTED IN DIPLOMAG?

- Austria (Mike Ehl? Ken Hager?): NMR! Will play one short. A Bud H (ret...
...-Gal, Vie, OTB), F Tun H, A Tri H.
- England (Kevin Brown): A Ser H, F Pic-Eng (ANNIHILATED), F Lon-Nth, F Nwg-Edi.
- France (John Ellis): Build A Mar. A Mar-Gas, A Pis-Ven, A Rom S A Pis-Ven,
F Tyrh S A Rom.
- Germany (Ron Brown): A Bel-Pic, A Bre S A Bel-Pic, F Nth-Eng, F Bot-Swe,
F Den-Nth, F Nwy S F Den-Nth, A Mun H, F Kie H.
- Italy (Dave Carter): F Nap-Rom, A Ven S F Nap-Rom.
- Russia (Dave Lincoln): F Kie ret -OTB. Build A Mos. A StP H, A Mos S A StP,
A War-Ukr.
- Turkey (Paul Milewski): Build A Con. F Gre-Alb, A Ser-Bud, A Rum S A Ser-Bud,
F Aeg-Ion, F Smy-Eas, A Con-Bul, A Sev-Ukr, F Bla-Sev.

Press

- France-Germany: Take all the centres you want! You need them more than I do.
- France-Head Anarchist: If someone fails to submit orders (unlikely as it
seems) do they count as yes votes for the draw?
- Head Anarchist-France: No. If there are no "no" votes and a player NMRs,
the draw fails but is automatically repropoed the next season. A
draw won't pass when a player NMRs which means, of course, that Mensa 17
will never end in a draw or concession.
- Italy: What's so special about 14 NMRs and 15 different players? Didn't
Cuerrier's games always go that way?
- Turkey-France: I had a horrendously disconcerting experience the other
day: after reading my press releases, I realized I have been pretending
to be me.



The standby for Italy is Bob Acheson.

The standby for Russia is Pierre Touchette.

The deadline for Fall 1911 is October 11.

SPRING 1911: RUSSIAN BEAR SLEEPS, IGNORED BY FRANCE!

- England (Craig Regas): Build F Liverpool. F Bel-Nth, F Lpl-Nac, F Bre-Mid, F Bot S A Sws, A Swe H, A Nwy S A Sws, A StP H.
- France (Dave Lincoln): A Livonia ret -OTB. F Tyrrh S ITALIAN F Tun-Ion (NSO), A Pie S ITALIAN A Ven, F Mid-Eng, F Edi-Nth, F Nwg S F Edi-Nth, F Bal H, A Den H, A Kie-Hol, A Ber-Kie, A Mun-Bur.
- Italy (Paula Dodge? Bob Acheson?): NMR! Will play one short. A Ven H, F Adr H, F Tun H.
- Russia (Ralph Bety? Pierre Touchette?): NMR! A Livonia H, A Mos H, A Ukr H, A Sil H, A Boh H, A Vie H, A Tyrolia H.
- Turkey (Ken Hager): A Bul-Apu, F Aeg C A Bul-Apu, F Ion C A Bul-Apu, F Eas S F Ion, F Alb S F Ion, A Tri S RUSSIAN A Tyrolia.

Press

London-Paris: I can keep this center switching business for a long time, but Russia will crush you.

Did you hear that Ronald Reagan has chosen Vanessa Williams as his running mate? The Republicans think she's the only person who can lick Ferraro.

Dave Carter (France, won): When I came in as a standby, France was in a mess, but using my God-given brilliance and shrewd tactical advice from Bob Acheson (he told me his moves), I drove towards greatness. Picking England as my next target, I wrote to Peter Ashley and told him I was going to attack him. He promptly NMR'd out. The south was fairly stable as both Austria and Turkey were fighting each other for the honour of being my puppet. In fact, the only problem was when Paul Milewski came to replace Ashley as England. My immediate response was to leave the hobby, but Acheson persuaded me to fight on for a while. My thanks to Bob Acheson for his help and loyalty. To Paul, all I can do is ask I'm supposed to apologize for winning? Isn't that what you're supposed to do?

West Side Story

When I was down in Great Neck, I saw a production of West Side Story that was described as "amateur". Eric Kane had to go because his girl friend and others were involved with the production, and he dragged Kevin Stone and I along, too. Since Eric's friends were involved, he did not feel that he could give an objective review of the performance, at least not without police protection. He therefore committed me, in print, to producing a review for this issue.

Unfortunately, my mother, who has definite ideas about the amount of viciousness that is acceptable in reviews of high school actors, caught wind of this scheme. Now, I personally think that I'm old enough that she can't spank me any more, but I really didn't want to turn this into a "test case". Fortunately, Dad came up with a compromise solution: two reviews — one for Eric, and one for Mom.

1. As Eric Kane Wanted Me To Review It

It all started with two boring old men. They told the audience about all of the wonderful things that were being done in Great Neck to keep the youth from rioting, including this play. One of them, named Myron (who talked and acted exactly as you would expect someone named Myron to talk and act) amused the audience by placing the microphone about two micrometers from his mouth and shouting into it "can you hear me?". (He was funny, and they called him Myron.)

Myron was followed by the director, a Richard Simmons impersonator. He thanked people who had worked on the sets a lot, said "oh, come on" a few times, and reminded the audience that this was not a professional production.

His words were born out when the orchestra played the overture. This was followed by an avant-garde dance number. In traditional choreography, there are two possibilities: either everybody is doing the same thing in the same time, or they are doing noticeably different things. The choreographer of this production turned tradition on its head by having the dancers do the same thing in a slightly different time, thus skillfully creating the illusion of incompetence.

This illusion was not shattered by the male lead as he sang his first song, "Something's Coming". Despite the suggestive title, this song could hardly be described as orgasm-inducing. The actor who sang it was possibly the only cast member who was able to sing in as many different keys as the orchestra could play. Particularly effective was his sudden shift into a pseudofalsetto voice when he had to reach the high notes. Looking around at the smiles on the faces of the audience, you could tell that they were entertained.

The girl who played Maria, at first showed signs of following her partner's lead when she started singing different notes than the orchestra was playing. It later became clear that the notes she was singing were much more pleasant to listen to than the notes the orchestra was playing. Her duets with "Tony" were rather sad. Her beautiful voice hit all the right notes; his voice, which wouldn't have been any great treat to listen to even if he hit the right notes, consistently missed.

"Tony" was at least as good an actor as a singer. He aptly demonstrated the *less is more* school of inflection. Who could forget his leaning over to "Maria" and saying in his expressionless monotone, "but I have you"? It got one of the biggest laughs of the evening.

Ken Halpern, the noted Diplomacy player, did a competent job as Officer Krupke. Unfortunately, he wasn't made up properly and ended up looking like a ghost (Casper the friendly policeman?).

In summary, the orchestra was terrible, particularly the violin section (which contained Eric's girl friend). The male lead should never see the inside of a theatre again, since he can neither act nor sing, and I'm inclined to doubt his competence to even be an audience member. Ken Halpern was pretty good. Some of the acting and singing was actually quite good, particularly the female lead's. Also, if Eric Kane ever offers to take you to a show, don't go!

2. As My Mother Wanted Me to Review It

I recently saw an amateur production of West Side Story in Great Neck. Some parts of it might not have been up to professional standards, but all of the kids gave it their best, and you could tell that they all had a really good time.

The orchestra sometimes missed a few notes, but they never gave up. It really warms my heart when I think of all those young people putting in all those hours of practice. While other kids were out on the streets beating up old people, or taking drugs, or talking back to their parents, these kids were working hard to get ready for the big show.

The boy who played Tony was a real sweetheart. I mean, just by looking at his face, you could tell that he loved his mother very much.

And the girl who played Maria had a really beautiful voice. You could tell that she stuck to her singing lessons instead of going out and having a teenage pregnancy like so many other girls do these days. I'm sure she now knows that she made the right decision. I hope that a lot of other girls in the audience will decide to follow her example.

In summary, these were a bunch of really wonderful kids who had a really good time. Some day, many of them will look back fondly on this as the first time they appeared in a full-scale production. When they do, they won't remember the mistakes that they made, or the hard work that they put in, but the fun they had and the friends they made.

Graffiti of the Gods

by Blair Adamache

(a study of mysterious phenomena in the tradition of Chariots of the Gods and Gold of the Gods, which really are scientific studies)

Rising over the littered north shore of Lake Ontario is one of the great wonders of the New World: Scarborough Bluffs, an awe-inspiring sight of the same order as the tide of the Thames and Fred's Caves and Giftatorium. Scarborough is a suburb of Toronto, Canada. It is named for a city in England, which is also called Scarborough. Is this a coincidence? If so, it is the first of many "coincidences" that one encounters when making a study of the Scarborough Bluffs.

Toronto sits on the north shore of Lake Ontario, which is the most inferior of the Great Lakes. Scarborough lies to the east of Toronto, behind the towering bluffs. Curiously, Scarborough is not a borough at all, but actually one of Canada's ten largest cities. This would prompt some to change the name of Scarborough to Scarcity, but as there is plenty of Scarborough to go around, this has not happened. ((Scarborough is also known as "Scarberia", for reasons that are obvious to anyone who has ever lived there.))

The bluffs of Scarborough rise, in places, a spectacular 100 metres out of the water. This natural wonder is also the site of an artificial wonder that has baffled scientists, priests, learned men, and sewage engineers since the discovery of the New World by Europeans.

At the place in question, the bluffs stand a colossal 20 metres above the water. At the water's edge is a beach approximately 2 metres wide, strewn with empty champagne bottles, the remains of campfires, and dead fish. The height of the cliffs at this point (deadly, but friendly) has led them to be chosen by many as a place for suicide. Of those who have jumped, I can only relate tales of woe. Most have broken a limb, or become stuck in the mud and been forced to wait four humiliating hours for the firemen to arrive and rescue them. Any who jumped and landed on the beach on their heads would surely suffer instantaneous death from a broken neck, cracked spine, or severe head ache.

The place in question is the site of the famous East Scarborough Water Filtration Plant. This complex provides more-or-less clean water for a small portion of Scarborough (which is also called Scarboro for some arcane reason which the scientific community can't (or won't) explain.)

While digging a foundation for this plant, workmen saw something which led to gasps and speechlessness. They had unearthed two stone walls, formidable and primitive beyond question. Puzzled sewage engineers built the plant on top of the walls, saving the cost of a foundation. This was twenty years ago. No one cared much about North American archeology in those days. Only the great strength of the prehistoric walls and the business acumen of the engineers left the walls intact.

In the last two decades, the past of North and South America has come under study. Scientists began asking questions like "Why did the Nazca Indians land planes on runways shaped like animals?" and "Why are there no Mammoth skeletons in Mammoth Cave?". This strain of scientific inquiry led to the Scarborough Bluff dig. Actually, it was more of a scrape than a dig. Archeologists scraped away debris on the walls beneath the East Scarborough Water Filtration Plant, seeking answers to the questions "Who built the walls?", "Why did they build them?", and "Why did they build them in such an excellent location for a water filtration plant?".

The men and women involved got a lot more than they were expecting. Painted on the walls, in places too high for human hands to reach, were two archaic masterpieces. They were composed of a substance that bears an eerie resemblance to spray paint. One picture was in black. It was of a distorted human face, probably male, with buck teeth, and a twisted tongue sticking out of an open, possibly screaming, mouth. The other picture was of an elephantine head with a short snout, terrible tusks, and steam coming from its nostrils. This picture was painted purple. The two figures had much in common. Each had bloodshot eyes, an expression of pain, and seemed to be screeching or roaring. There was something else they had in common: each character had an inscription under it, in the same language.

Dozens of linguists, veterans of the Rosetta Stone team, were called in. The year was 1970. After weeks of analysis, the language was adjudged to be garbled English. The inscription under the human head reads "Motorhead"; under the beast's head, "Black Sabbath".

Subsequent study of the walls has not produced significant results. Obviously, the pictures speak for themselves. Carbon dating has proved fruitless. The walls and the artwork on them could be anywhere from ten to ten thousand years old. Has some sort of force field been placed on the walls to keep them from being carbon dated? Such queries have netted a brisk "no comment" from those who worked at the dig.

This reporter phoned the head of the University of Toronto Archeology department, asking for his thoughts about the origin of the Scarborough walls. He hung up.

The McGill archeology team left the dig following the disappointing carbon dating results in 1972. Members of that team have been instructed to not speak to the press. One who did, and has since been expelled from the archeological associations he belonged to, was Orville Acidhead. The following are excerpts from his interview with *Omi* magazine:

Omi: Why were you drummed out of the scientific community?

O.A.: Because the Scarborough dig showed me that there are some questions science can't answer, such as "Why is LSD bad?" and "Who built the walls?"

Omi: Who, in your opinion, did build the walls?

O.A.: Like, it was aliens, eh?

Why is the scientific world so close-mouthed about the walls? Because they have no more of an answer to its questions than the layman. Those who do talk say that Indians built and painted the walls. But, they can't say why.

It is obvious that the walls were not created by humans. The Indians of the area worked with wood, not stone. The pictures averaged five feet in height. Mathematicians have calculated that one would have to be eight feet tall to have painted them. Missionaries who penetrated the area in the 18th century wrote that "...the native peoples of the region have no equivalent to our ladder; as a result, they live in wooden wigwags." An advanced technology is indicated, perhaps even more advanced than our own. How else can we explain the height of the pictures, the spray paint-like substance that was used to create them, and the fact that the inscriptions were written in English, a language that was not to be invented for another 9000 years??

My theory is that beings from another planet visited the Scarborough Bluffs. They enslaved the locals, or coerced them into building the walls under the direction of supra-genius alien architects. These spacemen from worlds away had shrines erected to honour themselves. Indians of the area, living on reserves and reading old magazines, still pass down to their children legends of "Gods who came from the sky and left a mess behind".

This theory answers many questions, but not the most mouth-watering of all: what were "Motorhead" and "Black Sabbath"? The very gods of the visitors themselves? Or, perhaps the leaders of the alien mission. There are some questions that archeologists, Indian priests, and even reporters can't answer.

Ch-ch-ch-changes

As you probably noticed, NFA has been undergoing changes lately. Recent issues have been much bigger than usual. The letter column has suddenly expanded into a major forum for the discussion of hobby issues. I have also had more and more-varied articles.

There are two major consequences of this. First, NFA has become more expensive to produce (but also, I hope, worth more). Second, since most issues have been double issues, NFA has become more expensive for you. It doesn't make much sense for me to call every issue a double issue, so I am raising the price of NFA and raising the limit on the size of a single issue.

In the past, 20 pages was my limit for a single issue. If I just went over by 4 pages, I absorbed the extra mailing expense myself and just charged for a single issue, but for 28 pages or more I charged for a double issue. Since I have 20 pages of just letters in this issue, I doubt that I'll see many 20 page issues anytime soon!

In the future, my limit on the size of a single issue will be 32 pages. I won't charge you extra if I just go over by 4 pages, but an issue that has 40 or more pages will still count as a double issue. I'll try to avoid going over by just a few pages. In other words, I'll try to make sure that if I'm charging you for a double issue, you'll get significantly more than you would get in a single issue.

The new prices for 10 issues are \$9 in Canada, \$8US in the US, \$10US elsewhere. I'm not adjusting your subscription balances. Thus, if your subscription ran to issue 32, it still runs to issue 32 despite the new price.

Personal Message:

Re Gary Laughlan's letter!