

NO FIXED ADDRESS

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

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I made a bit of a boo-boo with my phone number last issue. Instead of giving you my phone number, I gave you the phone number of the people upstairs. I was able to receive calls there, and they were willing to give out my phone number if I wasn't in. Sorry if this inconvenienced any of you.

I'm always looking for good writing (particularly humour) for NFA. You can write about nearly anything. There's always the "Diplomacy and..." series, which consists of assorted articles that offer no constructive advice on playing Diplomacy. Also, there's the "Terrible Moments in Sport" series. I'm sure a lot of you have horrible, painful memories of athletic failures that you could share with us. It isn't officially a series yet, but I think Blair Adamache's article this issue on "The Wages of Sin" could be article number one in the "sin" series. Sin always goes over well in NFA! And, you don't need to send me an article in any series; it can be anything you want.

Something I've become quite aware of recently is that NFA, the ultimate "outsider" 'zine, is now part of the "establishment". The signs are all around: letters from Rod Walker, a subscription from Mark Berch, recommendations from Berch and Davis, my ideas being copied in The Voice of Doom. How did I reach this pinnacle of success? Easy. I got all the people who put out better 'zines to fold. I just had to know the weaknesses of various publishers. With Ron Brown it was babies. So, I trucked off to Ottawa (ostensibly to go to a vanguard convention) slipped about a ton of fertility drugs into his breakfast cereal and, two kids later, ENAFU had folded. With Eric Kane, it was school and girls. So, down I went to the greater New York City area with a suitcase full of sex hormones for Eric and bribes for university officials. A little while later, I go down to KanaKon to check out my progress, and he's going out with a "violinist" (believe me, the quotation marks are necessary) and he's been accepted at Johns Hopkins. Result: Eric has no time and there's a good chance Anduin will be out of commission soon. Now, I've heard a rumour that The Voice of Doom has folded, but I'm not revealing how I brought that about until I've seen evidence that it's really dead. Now, does anybody out there know Gary Coughlan's weaknesses?

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The Wages of Sin

by Blair Adamache

"Those are the wages of sin" is something we often hear. Have you ever wondered exactly what the wages of sin are? I've heard \$14.75 per hour, U.S. dollars (the unit of exchange in Heaven and Hell). Pretty good money for semi-skilled labour like sin. But, this may not be the answer. Does anyone know what we're really paying sin?

When's the last time you said, "I don't know what the wages of sin are, but it earned its money tonight"? Probably never. More likely, you or a companion pointed a finger at some poor unfortunate and giggled "those are the wages of sin". A lot of this happened after each world war. The poor Germans got locked into big long-term contracts with sin.

Hitler's problem wasn't paying the wages of sin. No, his problem was that he had a copy of Mein Kampf in his back pocket when he should have had a copy of The Prince in his back pocket. Have you ever tried to sit down with a copy of Mein Kampf in your back pocket? It won't even fit in my back pocket. However, I can stick two copies of Machiavelli's masterpiece (the original and an English translation) into the same pocket. It doesn't get in the way when I'm sitting down, and I can even perform vigorous physical activity (say, invading Poland) while Machiavelli remains within arm's reach.

Now I've done it. I've gone and mentioned Hitler again. I can't help it. Someone once said that if Hitler didn't invent Nazis, Hollywood would have. I mean, from an artistic point of view, they're great. All that black clothing, storm troopers, blitzkrieg. A close friend, when recommending Raiders of the Lost Ark said, "It's got everything: romance, action, and Nazis". There's always action where Nazis are.

Back to sin, or an investigation thereof. Good works have been mentioned as a way of paying for sin. Is it worth it, picking up all of the garbage in a metropolitan park so that sin can be employed? There's penance, fasting, Hail Marys (not the drink or the football play), self-flagellation, and Lent, all of which are wages that sin might accept. But is it worth it to beat yourself raw for one lousy weekend of forgotten pleasure (?) and then find out in the afterlife what sin was really earning? Eternal damnation has been mentioned as the wages of sin. Your most productive years (being immortal and all) spent on a slag heap in Hell, while sin goes out and blows its paycheque on a new sofa for the parlour or a week down south. Maybe it's poetic justice, like Claudius being stabbed by the poisoned sword he intended for Hamlet. That's sin bouncing back on you like your hardest serve in squash, and plunking you right in the eye.

Supposedly, we are all sinners. Sin works for everyone like the mercenary element it is. But, because of an ambiguous accounting process, we don't know if we're getting our money's worth. We don't even know how sin is being paid. Wouldn't it be great if we could set up a line of credit with sin? Your MasterSin card goes through the machine, and you know exactly where you stand. But we can't.

So, how does the intelligent consumer get an efficient marginal utility out of sin? I'm glad I asked that question. Don't sin at all? But you forget about original sin. Yes, that's right, Adam and Eve are munching on liver pate and whole wheat crackers in paradise while we come into the world owing sin up front. We're all paying for one bite out of a forbidden apple which gave us the knowledge of sin in the first place.

What is the answer, then? Sin hard and well. Get your money's worth. Your clergyman calls you a sinner; don't make him a liar. Kick a loved one, bad-mouth your dog, and bugger any authority figure you can get your hands on. Drink to excess, spit food on people, break into obscenities during important meetings. Live a life that would do Oscar Wilde proud, make James Agee goggle, and even force S. Rutton to stop yawning and take notice. Don't let sin loaf on you; make it earn its pay. We can pick up the cheque in the afterlife. Chances are that we're all going to Hell on some Calvinist technicality anyway.

((According to Christian teaching, the wages of sin is death. Sounds more like the wages of life to me.))

A missionary had been enjoying a very successful career in Africa. Then, one day the village chief came running up to him and said, "daughter of chief in next village gave birth to white baby. You only white man in country. You probably be strung up and eaten". The missionary, having some knowledge of genetics, and even more knowledge of the area's gruesome cannibalism practices, began to patiently explain. By way of analogy, he said, "your tribe has a flock of white sheep that have been white for generations. Yet just last month a black sheep was born". The chief thought about this a while and then said, "OK, you no tell on me and I no tell on you".

An executive was talking to his young mistress. "What would you do if you were left pregnant and abandoned?" he asked. "That would be terrible," she replied, "I suppose I would kill myself". "Good girl," he said.

God was weary of work and decided he needed a vacation. He asked his secretary ("a real angel") for suggestions on vacation spots. "How about Venus?" she asked. "ARE YOU KIDDING?" He thundered omnipotently, "I WAS THERE TEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO AND I GOT ROASTED". "How about Jupiter?" she asked. "NO WAY," He said, "I WAS THERE FIVE THOUSAND YEARS AGO AND FROZE MY BALLS OFF". "Well," she said, "there's always Earth". "THAT'S THE WORST OF ALL," He said, "I WAS THERE 2 THOUSAND YEARS AGO AND THEY'RE STILL ACCUSING ME OF KNOCKING UP SOME JEWISH CHICK".

How many Vulcans does it take to change a light bulb?
Approximately 1.0000000000000000.

WARNING: THE FOLLOWING IS A HIGH-BROW INTELLECTUAL JOKE

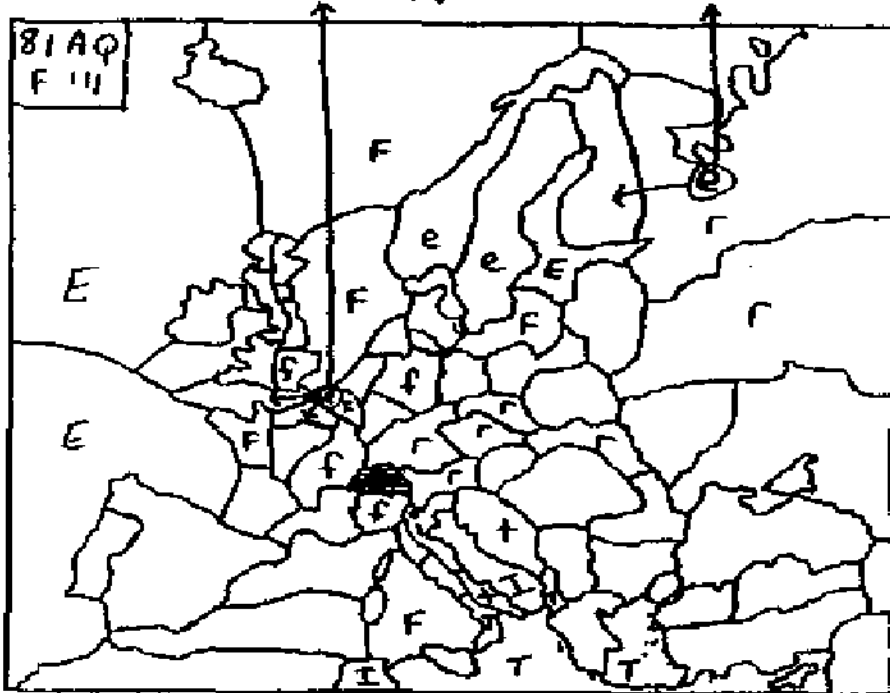
How many light bulbs does it take to change a light bulb?

Only one if it knows its Gödel number.

(This is the sort of joke that many people assume (wrongly) would be very funny if only they understood it.)

What's the difference between an etymologist and an entomologist?
An etymologist knows the difference.

This issue's high-brow humour was contributed by Jim Gardner, and is expected to leave you feeling that maybe leper jokes aren't so bad after all.



Thanks to Pierre Touchette for submitting unneeded standby orders for Russia.

The standby for England is Claude Gautron.

The deadline for Winter 1911/Spring 1912 is November 15.

FALL 1911: ENGLAND DESTROYED!

- England (Craig Regen? Claude Gautron): NRH, A StP H (ret -Pic, OTB), A Nwy H, A Swe H, F Bot H, F Bel H (ret -Pic, Eng, OTB), F NAT H, F Mid H.
- France (Dave Lincoln): F Bal-Ber, A Kie-Ber, F Nwg-Nwy, F Nth C A Den-Lon, A Den-Lon, A Hol-Bel, A Bur S A Hol-Bel, F Eng-Bre, A Pie H, F Tyrch-Rom.
- Italy (Bob Acheson): A Ven-Rom, F Tun-Ion, F Adr-Apu.
- Russia (Ralph Baty): A Liv-StP, A Mos S A Liv-StP, A Tyro-Mun, A Ukr-Gal, A Sil-Ber, A Boh S A Tyro-Mun, A Via-Tyro.
- Turkey (Ken Hager): F Ion-Nap, A Apr S F Ion-Nap, A Tri S RUSSIAN A Via-Tyro, F Alb S A Tri, F Aeg S F Eas-Ion, F Eas-Ion.

Press

- France-England: Who said anything about center-switching? Ans, yes, I might get clobbered by Russia.
- Rome-London: Ret your spring press release. Spoken like a true child; tell me, what is your real age and I.Q.?
- Rome: Proposes a RIT concession and votes yes for England. ((That's not quite allowed, Bob.))
- Rome-GM: Another fine position that you've gotten me into.
- Head Anarchist-Rome: What could I do? It had more than two supply centres, so I couldn't give it to Dave Carter.
- Russia-All: Sorry, I thought I had sent my moves in on time. Perhaps I was confused as to the deadline and the actual calendar date. I remember writing orders, but not when.

Moscow-Paris: During 1985, our Tear will probably spend a couple of months in each of Munich and Berlin. There is nothing personal, of course, in our move. We just want to prepare our way for a pleasant visit. Besides, we told you not to support Venice.

1911 Supply Centre Chart

England: Lvp, Nwy, Sve, Edd, StP, Bdl, Rfd (3) ...remove 4 or 3 or 2 depending upon the retreats.

France: Par, Mar, Ber, Kie, Spa, Por, Hol, Den, Edi, Lon, Bel, Bre, Mdd (12) ...build 2.

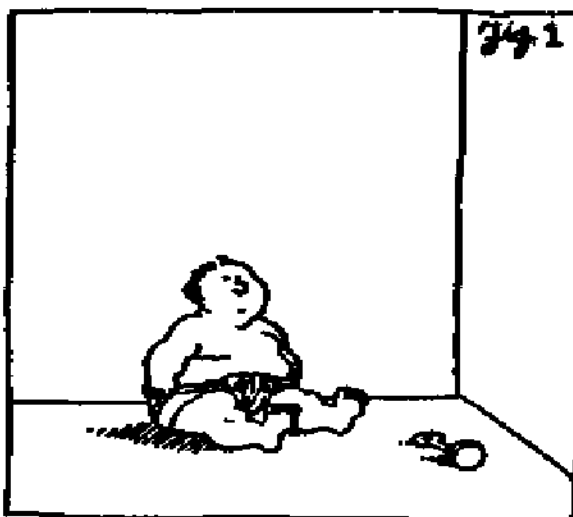
Italy: Ven, Rom, Tur, Mds (3) ...even as played one short.

Russia: Mos, War, Sev, Rum, Bud, Vie, Ser, StP, Mun (9) ...build 2.

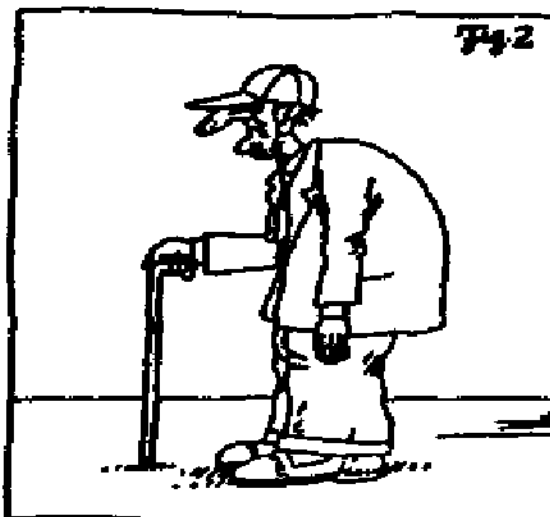
Turkey: Home, Bul, Gre, Tri, Map (7) ...build 1.

The gem below is by Dick Martin, and is reprinted from Retaliation #87/88. It refers to some things said in an old and possibly forgotten dispute between me and Rod Walker.

STEVE HUTTON



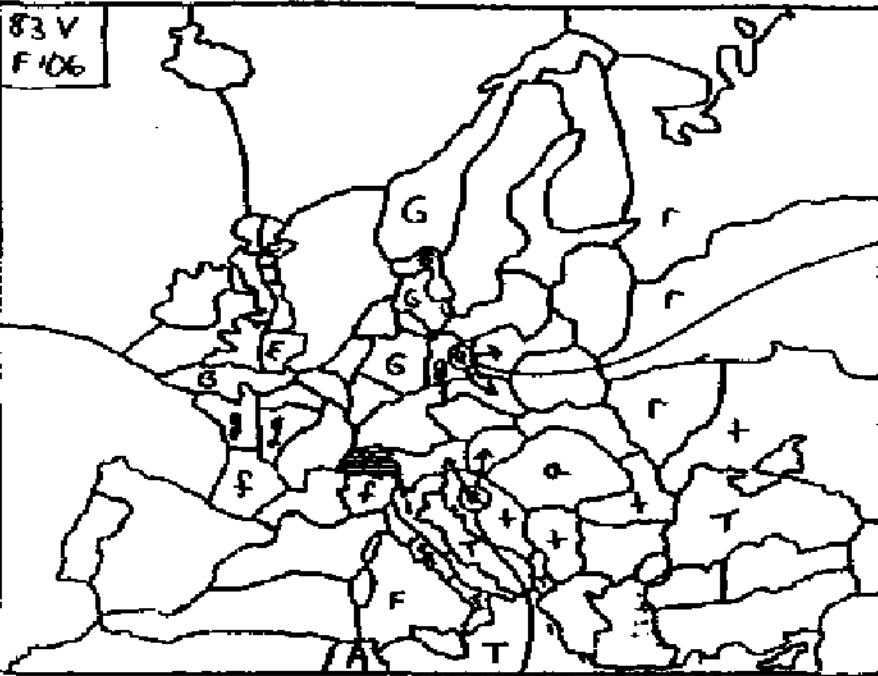
BEFORE



AFTER

WALKER'S LIES DID THIS TO HIM

83 V
F106



Thanks to Ken Heger for submitting unneeded standby orders for Austria.

The concession to Germany was defeated; 3 Yes, 2 No Vote-Yes, 2 No.

The deadline for Winter 1906 and Spring 1907 is November 15.

Fall 1906: I BET BRUCE POPPE WISHES I'D PRINT LEGITIMATE HEADLINES FOR THIS GAME!

Austria (Mike Ehli): A Bud ret -Via. A Via-Bud, A Tri S A Via-Bud (rat -Via,...
...Tyo, OTB), F Tun H.

England (Kevin Brown): A Bar H (rat -Pro, Sil, OTB), F Edi S F Lon-Nth,
F Lon-Nth.

France (John Ellis): A Mar-Gas (NO SUCH UNIT), A Gas H (unordered), A Pic-Ven
A Rom S A Pic-Ven, F Tyrrh S A Rom.

Germany (Rom Brown): A Mun-Ber, F Kie S A Mun-Ber, F Nvy S F Dan-Nth, F Nth-Eng,
F Den-Nth, F Swe-Ska, A Pic-Par, A Bra S A Pic-Par.

Italy (Dave Carter): Removes A Apu (There is no "A Apu", nor is this the season
for removals.) F Nap-Rom, A Ven S F Nap-Rom.

Russia (Dave Lincoln): A War-Ukr, A Mos S A War-Ukr, A StP H.

Turkey (Paul Milowski): A Bud-Tri, F Alb S A Bud-Tri, A Bul-Ser, A Rum S A Bul-Ser,
A Sev-Ukr, F Bla-Sev, F Ion-Adr, F Eas-Ion.

Press

Austria-World: I guess it was getting to be about my turn anyway.

England-World: You mean nobody else voted yes to the 7-way?

France-Italy: If you're pretending to be you, then who has been pretending to be me?

Austria: I'm not!

Italy: I know! Guerrier is pretending to be everyone!

Turkey: Nah. Even Guerrier wouldn't stoop that low!

Head Anarchist: Guerrier has enough trouble pretending to be a publisher!

Germany-France: Thanks. I'll take you up on your offer. You're a real sweet guy.

Germany: Free at last! All English pubs in Berlin will be razed and French Bistros erected in their place in honour of our loyal French allies.

Italy-France: C'mon John, this game's in its late stages for me and I want some action! Let's be innovative! Let's let our imagination soar! Let's leave Rome alone! And while I'm talking to you, I would like you to be less free with my sc's that you're giving to Germy.

Head Anarchist-Italy: Are you trying to start a feud or something? Where do you come off accusing Ron Brown of being "germy"?

1906 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Bud, Vie, Tun, Tri (3) ...even or build 1 depending on the retreat. Was playing one short. (Has \$3.50US left in his NMR/drop out deposit.)

England: Roma, Wif (3) ...even or build 1 depending on the retreat. One unit was annihilated. (\$3.50US)

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

Germany: Mun, Kie, Bal, Hol, Dan, Swe, Nwy, Par, Bre, Bar (10) ...build 2 as was playing one short. (no deposit)

Italy: Ven, Nap (2) ...even. (\$4 CAN)

Russia: StP, War, Mos (3) ...even. (\$4US)

Turkey: Home, Bul, Rum, Ser, Gre, Sev, Tri (9) ...build 1 (\$3.50US)

Diplomacy and Questionnaires

by Linda Carson

A survey that cuts directly to the heart of the postal Diplomacy hobby and tests the mettle of avid 'xine readers everywhere!

How many people will send in this survey? _____

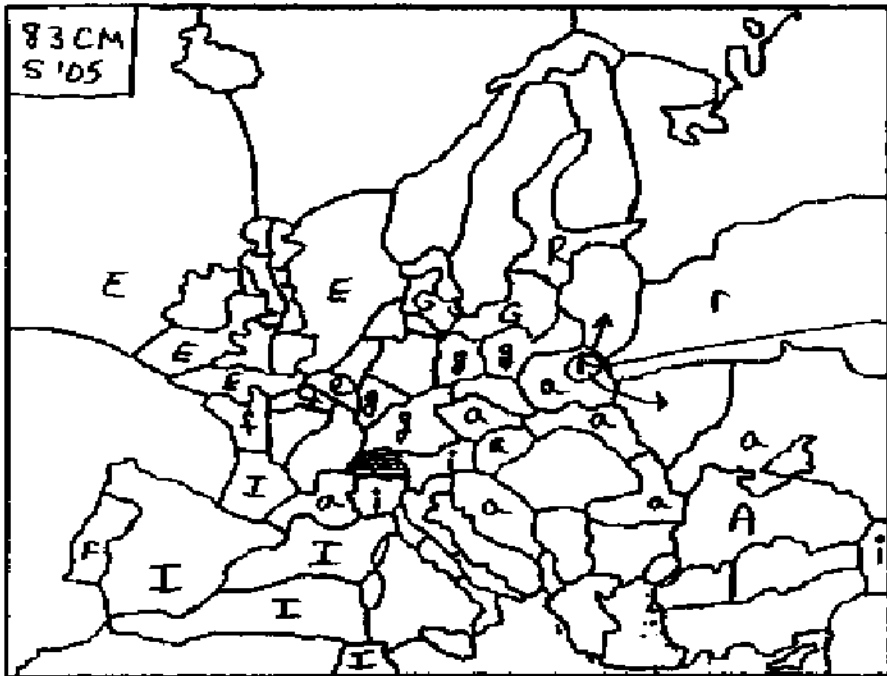
How many people will send in this survey too late for the next issue, and force a recount? _____

How many NFA subscribers paid for this issue? _____

Who will be the first reader to reply? _____

Your responses will be graded flexibly according to how close you are to the correct answers, and your reward will be the warm feeling you get deep in your heart from knowing how well you can predict the actions of your fellow readers. Unless Steve breaks down and hands out more free issues!

((5 free issues to the person who makes the best guess at the first question. You must fill in the complete questionnaire. 1 guess/person.))



The deadline for Fall 1905 is November 15.

Spring 1905: THE WHOLE WORLD WONDERS WHAT FRANCE IS UP TO!

- Austria (John Ellis): F Bla H, A Sev-Mos, A Gal S A Sil-War, A Boh-Sil, A Sil-War, A Bud-Rum, A Tri-Vie, A Vie-Boh, A Mar S ITALIAN F Mid-Gas.
- England (Dave Lincoln): F NAT-Mid, F Eng S F NAT-Mid, F Lpl-Iri, F Nth S...
...GERMAN F Den, A Bel S FRENCH A Bur (Ordered to Move).
- France (Kevin Brown): A Gas-Bra, A Bur-Pic, F Por-Mid.
- Germany (Steve Berrigan): A Kie-Pru, F Bal C A Kie-Pru, A Ber-Sil, F Den H, A Mun S A Ber-Sil, A Ruh S A Mun.
- Italy (Drew Post): A Ven-Pie, F Ion-Tun, A Arn-Sev, A Tyro-Mun, F Wes S F Spa(sc)-Mid, F Spa(sc)-Mid, F Mid-Gas, F Lyo S AUSTRIAN A Mar.
- Russia (Bob Acheson): A War S GERMAN A Ber-Sil (ret -Livonia, Ukr, OTB),
A Mos S A War, F Bot H.

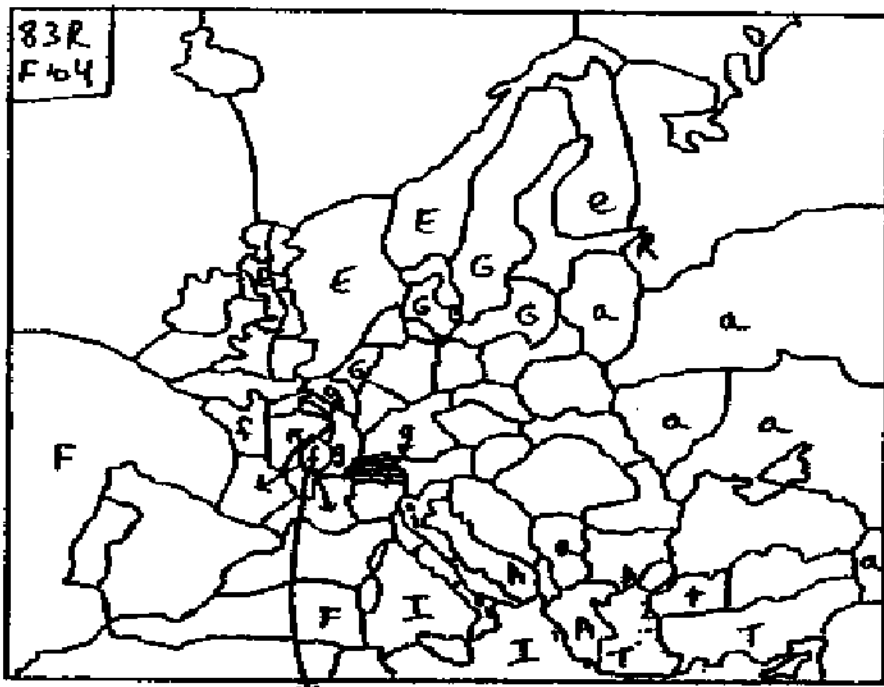
Press

- Vie-Mos: Think nothing of it.
- Head Anarchist-Vienna: Thinking nothing is Rob's specialty.

7 Nations

NFA #25

9



Note that England's A Nwy (unordered) was not listed with last season's adjudication. It did appear on the map. Thanks to Garry Van Alkemade for pointing out this error.

Garry Van Alkemade has a new address:
PO Box 65036
GR154.10 Athens
GREECE

If you aren't sure how the North American system of builds and conditional orders works, see my notes under 1983NW (International).

The deadline for Winter 1904 and Spring 1905 is December 20, 1984.

FALL 1904: PRESS SECTION SUFFERS FROM "FINLANDIZATION"!

Austria (Randolph Smyth, Canada): F Adr-Ven, F Alb-Gra, F Bul(sc) S F Alb-Gre, A Ser S F Bul(sc), A Arm-Ank, A Rum-Sev, A Gal-Ukr, A Mos S A Rum-Sav, A War-Iva.
England (Garry Van Alkemade, Greece): A Nwy-Fin, F Nth-Nwy, F Eng-Nth, F Liverpool R.
France (Axel Halfmeier, Germany): F Mid-Wes, A Bur H (ret -Pic, Par, Gas,Mar, OTB), A Bra R, F Iri-Mid.
Germany (Ake Jonsson, Sweden): F Swe S F Den, F Den S F Swe, F Kis-Bal, F Hol S A Bel, A Bel S A Ruh-Bur, A Mun S A Ruh-Bur.
Italy (Frej Wasastjerna, Finland): A Ven R, A Nap R, F Ion S AUSTRIAN F Alb-Gre, F Tyrh S F Ion.
Russia (Walter Compton, Venezuela): F Stp(sc) R.
Turkey (Gary Coughlan, U.S.A.): F Ion ret -Eae, A Mos ret -Sev, F Eas-Swy, F Aeg-Con, A Con-Ank, A Sev S RUSSIAN A StP-Mos (ANNIHILATED) (also, there is no such unit as "A StP").

Press

London: If anyone on the continent is still wondering about the reasons for Austria's success, try this: he seems to be the only diplomat in the game! That is to say, Randolph writes while others keep silent. No tactical skill or strategic planning can make up for a lack of diplomatic consultation and coordination of moves. If you guys out there do not want to take 10 minutes out of 10 weeks to jot off a note or two, let's just concede this game to Austria and get on with our other business!

Head Anarchist-London: And here I thought it was just the inherent superiority of Canadians.

((Russia)): Long live Russia!

Moscow: Austrian pigs snuffled further into Russia this season, intent on the total elimination of Good King Wenceslas and his Turkish Delights. Nations of Europe beware, for the disease known in Hungary as Turkish Delights is none other than the Black Death! Clean up your acts (and your bathrooms) or the plague may spread again!

Smyrna: Italy is an Austrian toady!

Constantinople: Austria is an Italian toady!

Sophia: What? A 9-centre power toadying to a power with 4 centres? That would be the first time in history!

Rome: The Pope indignantly denies that he is an Austrian toady. This, he stated, is filthy Moslem propaganda, and anybody who believes it is at the mental level of a jellyfish.

Vienna: The Emperor of Austria dismissed the allegation that he is an Italian toady with a snort. That is scurrilous slander, he said, and anyone who spreads or believes it is beneath contempt.

Head Anarchist-Vienna: Don't you think you're being a bit too strong? I mean, Gary believes that allegation and I think he's quite worthy of contempt.

Turkey-Austria: Dearest Randolph, Thanks ever so much for offering to eliminate Russia before you eliminate me. You're really quite a generous guy, aren't you?! However, I'll pass; if you want the Russians out of St. Petersburg so badly with my help, you should have thought of that before you stabbed Turkey whose moves were an open book to you.

Turkey-Germany, France, and England: While you 3 morons fuck off in the west, Austria and Italy are running off with the game. You remind me of 3 guys in a card game in the upper deck lounge of the ship, intent on winning the next round of cards and not paying any thought to the fact that Austria and Italy are about to sink the ship itself. ((Yes, NFA press has everything, even metaphors.)) And you can't say I didn't warn you.

Head Anarchist-Turkey: There go NFA's standards of factual accuracy out the window. These guys live hundreds of miles apart, so I doubt they were "fucking" anywhere, let alone "off in the west".

Turkey-GM: I really appreciate the map; it makes everything easier.

Head Anarchist: It especially makes GMing easier!

Turkey-7 Nations: Let's not forget a great American holiday which is in November. It's called Thanksgiving (I know that Canada has a Thanksgiving, too) and it's traditional to stuff a turkey in the oven and serve him for supper! Austria and Italy are certainly getting into the Thanksgiving spirit!

Constantinople-Rome: Niin sinä käy kun hyökkää minun kimppuuni????? Look who's talking invasion! You've picked up some nasty Imperial Roman habits. Here's my advice,....

Turkki-Italia: Kuinka monta hammasta menetin?

Italia-Venäjä: Olen kuullut että Pohjois-Suomessa on paljon sääskiä

Itävalta-Italia: Päiväsi, kulta, joko olet valmis?

Head Anarchist-Itävalta: Please, this is a family 'zine!

Saksa-Italia: Olettako te tyypillinen suomalainen tyttö, Frejnen?

Rome: Antautukaa! Totalkaa tai emmun!

Vienna-Rome: Mitä sinä mutiset siellä yksinäsi?

Constantinople-Rome: Kiton paljon.

Ranska-Italia: Olen varma että kun otamme sитеen pois, kasvonne ovat aivan paratuneet.

1904 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Home, Ser, Gra, Bul, Rum, War, Sev, Hog (10) ...build 1.
 England: Home, Nwy (4) ...even.
 France: Home, Por, Spa (5) ...build 1 or 2 depending on the retreat. (He builds 2 if he retreats A Bur Off The Board.) Played one short.
 Germany: Home, Hol, Bel, Den, Swa (7) ...even.
 Italy: Home, Tun (4) ...even.
 Russia: StP (1) ...even.
 Turkey: Home, Ad (3) ...even as one unit was annihilated.

Putting NFA in Its Place

by Jim Robertson

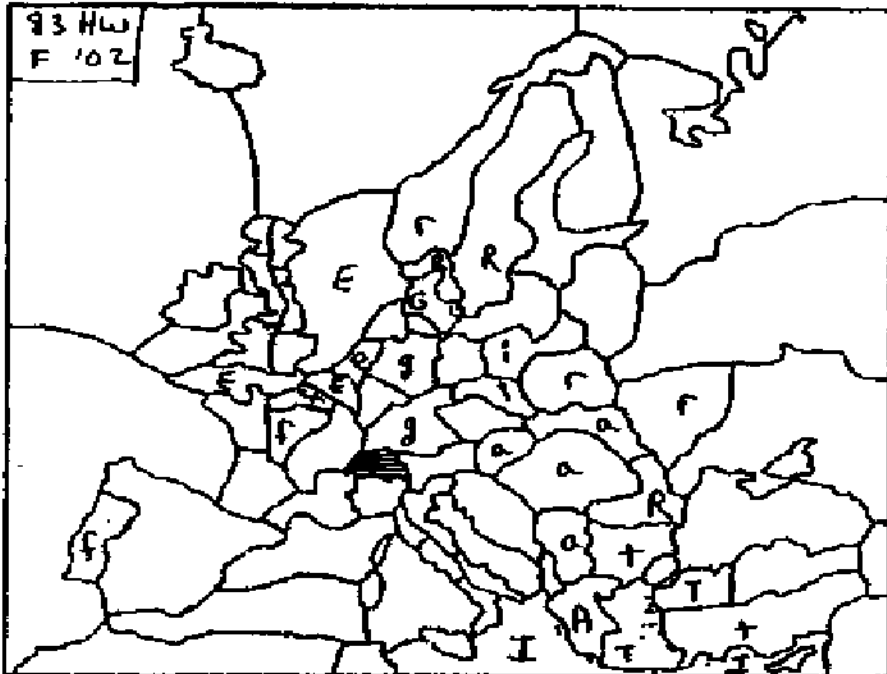
As I replaced my NFA in its hallowed spot on the coffee table, I wondered: are dipzines, especially NFA, left prominently on coffee tables during major social teas everywhere, or is it just the cultured few of us who know the 'zine's place in society? Rumour has it that Emily Post (Revised Ed.) will be bringing out a chapter on the placement of dipzines on coffee tables during major social teas, including the location of the plate of little sandwiches with the crusts cut off, in juxtaposition to the 'zine. I wait with anxiety for its release.

All I can hope is that there are enough cultured dippers out there that this time-honoured tradition does not die. It occurs to me that this is actually a western tradition rather than an international tradition. Perhaps your international readers can tell us of their local traditions. On which socially accepted surface do you leave your NFA?

Do you tend to turn your issue open to your letter so your friends will know right away that you wrote a letter, or is that too forward? Many people (myself included) leave it casually closed, allowing the guest to catch the flashy title and eventually discover one's letter.

Anthropologists report that in some primitive tribes in Africa dipzines are offered as sacrifices to the gods every spring to prevent fierce winds that are known to blow 'zines off coffee tables. It is said that these people have traditions of Turkey being played by a family for generations, passed down to the first-born male upon reaching manhood. Their elders even tell of the "before time" when tea was sometimes served as early as 3:00 pm and they left the crusts on their little sandwiches.

I'm sure that most of us today shudder at the very thought of such atrocities but we must be prepared to remember that we all come from different cultures and traditions, each to be respected in its own right. I still think I feel most comfortable with mine. Tea anyone?



Gerry Van Alkamade has a new address:
 PO Box 65036
 GR154.10 Athens
GREECE

The deadline for Winter 1902 (builds) and Spring 1903 (moves) is December 20, 1984. Note that mail slows down near Christmas.

I hope that all of you understand the North American way of handling builds, etc. With your next set of orders, please send in your builds and orders for spring. You can make your spring orders conditional upon what other people build. For example, England could order: "Build A Lon. If Russia builds F Sev, then A Lon-Wal. Otherwise, A Lon-Yor."

FALL 1902: ITALY ON THE MOVE, BUT WHERE?!

- Austria (Gerry Van Alkamade, Greece): A Gal-Rum, A Bud S A Gal-Rum, A Sar S F Gre, F Gre S ITALIAN F Lon-Aeg (No Such Order), A Via-Gal.
- England (Walter Compton, Venezuela): F Nth C A Lon-Hol, F Bel S A Lon-Hol, A Lon-Hol, F Pic-Eng.
- France (John Davies, British Columbia): A Spa-Por, A Bra-Pic, A Per-Bur.
- Germany (John Naraden, England): F Den-Swa, A Kia-Hol, A Mun-Bur.
- Italy (Pierre Touchette, Quebec): A Sil-Pru, A Boh-Sil, F Tyrrh-Ion, F Ion-Eas.
- Russia (Bill Young, U.S.A.): F Nwy-Ska, F Swe S F Nwy-Ska, A Fin-Nwy, A War-Gal, A Ukr S F Rum, F Rum S TURKISH A Bul.
- Turkey (Paul Watson, Alberta? Bob Acheson, North West Territories): NMR! A Bul H, A Smy H, F Con H, F Aeg H.

Press

Vienna: September 6 has been declared a legal holiday for all of Europe. On this day, in 1902, the Secretary General (or Head Anarchist) announced his historic decision regarding the problem of the Austrian Succession, restoring Emperor Gerhardt Peter Joseph III to his rightful position on the throne. Rejoice! REJOICE! REJOICE! We understand that this news was especially well received in St. Petersburg where the Tsar expressed his pleasure at the restoration and revived the Austro-Russian alliance. He promptly invited the Kaiser to a Turkey-shoot. The Kaiser has graciously accepted this invitation.

No word yet about the French government crisis. Who is in charge at the Quai d'Orsay? Ask your friendly local soothsayer.

((England)): Where are the Turks?

Germany: Hi Steve. Can you keep this mob in check, and stop them NRRing?

((I guess not!)) How about eight-week deadlines??

Head Anarchist-Germany: Unfortunately, eight-week deadlines would screw up my life. I would either have to run the international games separately from the rest of the 'zine (since the deadlines would not be the same as NFA deadlines) or change the rest of my games over to four-week deadlines.

Rome: His Holiness is praying for Europe. Hope there will be no more war.

Head Anarchist-Rome: That's what your units are doing: the fleets are on a crusade to retake the Holy Land, while your armies are trying to convert the Poles. Had I realized that yours was a religious government, I would never have written that headline.

1902 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Rome, Ser, Gre (5) ...even.

England: Rome, Bel, Hol (5) ...build 1.

France: Rome, Spa, Por (5) ...build 2, as one was annihilated.

Germany: Rome, Den (4) ...build 1, as played one short.

Italy: Rome, Tun (4) ...even.

Russia: Rome, Swe, Rum, Nvy (7) ...build 1.

Turkey: Rome, Bul (4) ...even.

The standby for Turkey is Bob Acheson. Bob works for a mining company in the North West Territories. The territories are an enormous area of cold, barren, uninhabited land in the north of Canada. Think of Siberia without slave labour and death camps.

Thanks to Ake Jonsson for submitting unneeded standby orders.

A very naive woman was about to get married, but she was afraid because she knew nothing about sex. Since she didn't want her husband to think her ignorant, she decided to ask her brother some questions. "What is the long thing that hangs between his legs?" she asked. "That's called the 'penis'," her brother answered. "What's the pink thing with the hole in it at the end of his penis?" she asked. "That's called the 'glans'," her brother answered. "What are the two round things about twelve inches from the glans?" she asked. "I don't know about him," replied her brother, "but on me those would be the cheeks of my ass".

An extremely attractive woman came to confession one day. She claimed that she had gone out with a young man who had done 'terrible things' to her. "Did he do this to you," asked the priest, putting his arm around her waist. "Yes, father, and much worse," she replied. "Did he do this to you," the priest asked, kissing her. "Yes, father, and much worse." "Did he do this to you," the priest asked, lifting up her skirt and massaging her private parts. "Yes, father, and much worse." "Did he do this to you," the priest asked, taking off his pants and mounting her. "Yes, father, and much worse." "My child," asked the priest, "what could he have done much worse than this?" "Well, father," she replied, "he gave me herpes".

?PUZZLES?

The solution to last issue's puzzle is "The dung-mimicking insect is well protected, but can there be any edge in looking only five percent like a turd?". Correct solutions were submitted by Bill Becker, Don del Grande, Jim Gardner, Rod Walker, Dave Carter, and Brian Lorber. (I hope I didn't miss anybody.) Don del Grande asked to be eliminated from the running for the 5 free issues. (The lengths to which some people will go to avoid getting issues of NFA!) The randomly selected winner is Brian Lorber. John McMullen, who didn't solve the puzzle, but looked at Jim Gardner's solved puzzle, correctly named the source of the quote: Ever Since Darwin by Steven Jay Gould. The quote is from an essay called "The Problem of Perfection...". The essay deals with one of the great problems Darwin faced: "organs of extreme perfection" — organs which have a complex 'perfect' balance of several different parts. The question is how such an organ (the human eye, for example) could evolve gradually. (An eye without a lens would be of no more use than no eye at all.) If you want to know the answer, you'll have to read Gould's essay for yourself.

The single part of NFA that I most enjoy producing is the puzzle. This is just as well, because it takes by far the most time. (Well, I guess my plays take about as long, but I only do a couple of them per year not one per issue.) This is one reason why I'm so glad when I can attract new people to solving the puzzle.

This issue, I was faced with the choice between putting out another seriously late issue and skipping the puzzle. I decided it would be better to skip the puzzle.

But, I have promised to give you a puzzle of sorts each issue, so here is a different sort of puzzle: a mystery. I received the note on the opposite page and a cheque for 60c recently. I cashed the cheque. I then noticed that not only had this person not put his address on the inside of his letter, he hadn't even put his last name. So, I had planned to get you involved in a search for a Diplomacy World subscriber of whom we only know that his first name is Mark. But then, just a couple of hours ago, the name "Stegman" popped into my head. I think that or something like that is his last name (which was printed on the cheque and the envelope). The usual prize of 5 free issues is offered to the first person to give me the correct address for the correct person. No one named Mark Stegman is in the last hobby census I saw.

While I'm at it, why don't I propose a question for you to think about (another puzzle, in a sense)? I recently read a newspaper article about the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. The reporter claimed that the acoustics in the building were so good that you could hear a pin drop anywhere in the building. This is, of course, impossible. Yet this reporter, and thousands of other tourists every year, come away convinced that they have witnessed this. How does the Mormon church create this mistaken impression? Hint number one: the Mormon tabernacle is a genuine marvel that I'm eager to see for myself. Hint number two: one of my high school math teachers was very impressed with the effect, but not with the integrity of those giving the tour since he saw through the deception immediately.

Dear Steve,

Could you please
send me a sample copy
of No Fixed Address?

I got the 60¢ rate
out at Pip World.

What is the regular
subscription rate?

Yours,
Mark

DISCORDIA WORLD

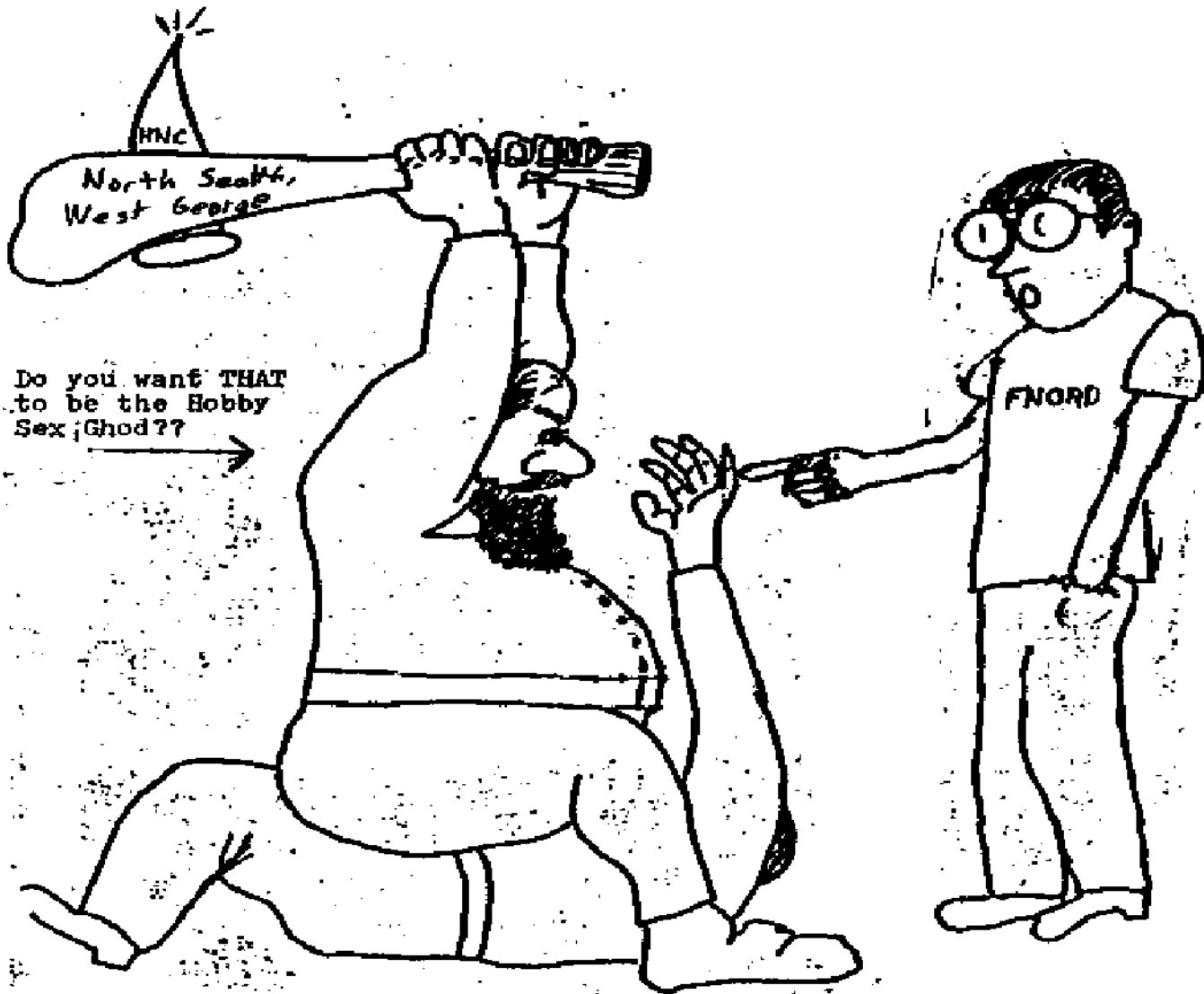
(alias FNORD)



9

FALL 1984

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Do you want THAT
to be the Hobby
Sex; Ghod??

(Adapted from Cover of DW 30...
Thanks Rod!)

YOU WENT "EHLI-BASHING" ONCE TOO
OFTEN, TALLMAN! I CHALLENGE THEE
TO A FEUD!

AN OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE POSTAL DIPLOMACY HOBBY

[Opinions are Mike "T-bone" Ehli's]

WHEREAS, Terry Tallman has been slandering me in the pages of his zine, North Sealth, West George; (An example: "Mike Ehli holds the record for getting eliminated before 1905")

WHEREAS, Tallman has insulted me by hanging the utterly unflattering nickname "T-bone" on me;

WHEREAS, at the recent Dip tourney at Dragonflight, Tallman grossly overstepped his authority as Tournament Director by telling vicious truths about my playing ability to all present; "This is T-bone Ehli. He's easy meat and he's always getting chewed up."

WHEREAS, according to semi-reliable sources, Tallman's affinity for slugs involves much more than merely printing pictures of them in NSWG; (That's right! Tallman is a slug molester! And you thought Woody was strange. At least Woody does it with fellow mammals!!)

WHEREAS, Tallman has shown himself to be totally incapable of spelling the word "zine" correctly; (Is there any such thing as a "szine"?)

WHEREAS, Tallman's claim to the title of Hobby Sex Ghod is laughable, at best; (That picture of him is as accurate as you'll find anywhere)

WHEREAS, I believe I am infinitely more qualified for the vitally important position of Hobby Sex God; (The picture of me, although a little flattering, I admit, is also accurate.)

THEREFORE...

I, MICHAEL WILLIAM EHLI, HEREBY CHALLENGE TERRY TALLMAN TO A FEUD! FURTHERMORE, I CHALLENGE HIM FOR THE TITLE OF HOBBY SEX GHOD!

Now, about how to resolve this feud:

I propose a hobby election to determine who shall be Hobby Sex Ghod. Everyone in the hobby is encouraged to participate. If you want to vote for me, send a postcard saying so. If you want to be a scum-sucking slime and vote for that overweight, bald, slug molester, send him a card.

When Tallman was given this proposal, he replied with a proposal of his own. Something about a demonstration of some sort. How undemocratic.

I think the "final showdown", where the new Ghod is crowned should be at the next DafCon, over New Year's in Sacramento. Or, failing that, the next LepreCon on St. Patrick's Day. But wherever the final tally is conducted, it should be quite an event.

This issue will be sent all over the hobby, and publishers are requested to print it, or at least publicize it.

Remember, send your "MIKE EHLI FOR HOBBY SEX GHOD" cards to;
Mike Ehli
Hamilton Box 60505
University of Oregon
Eugene, OR 97403-6005

Send your "Terry Tallman for Hobby Sex Ghod" cards to:
Terry Tallman
820 W. Armour St.
Seattle, WA 98119

People voting for both candidates will be shot.

NOTE: If it isn't already obvious by now, this is not a serious feud. I am quite serious about wanting to be Hobby Sex Ghod, but the rest is just for fun. Don't spoil it, okay gang?

(Editor's note: the author refers in this article to a Canadian Tire commercial that I've never seen. (Not surprising, since I don't own a TV.) I believe the commercial involves someone named Albert, who is a nobody but suddenly becomes a hero when he catches the winning pass in a football game.)

"ALBERT, ALBERT, ALBERT..."

While millions -- well, tens -- watched, I streaked down into the end zone, wide open, and turned to see the game-winning touchdown pass sailing through the air towards me. And how, you ask, did I, I of me become the intended receiver of the final play long bomb, having not caught a pass all year? Well, let me start at the beginning.

E
VAN
S
I

Our Grade 10 P.E. class split up into four teams and played a round-robin. The game: full-tackle football, no referees, no holds barred, no pads allowed. In East Vancouver, this is lunacy. East Van is filled with large Italian types, and fast Oriental types, that are natural rivals. Buildings are marked with the district's logo (at left), which, of course, shows allegiance to the church, especially when, as is usual, this is captioned by 'EXPECT NO MERCY', a slogan Satan himself would envy. (It is frequently misspelled.)

The first day, our team, the Rollers, defeated the Flyers easily. The real action was on the other field, where the "Italian Stallions" narrowly beat the "Chinese Connection". The highlight was the Stallions' quarterback trying to claim a penalty: after he had been sacked, he claimed that the rusher had counted steamboats* in Chinese. (His team was having trouble on defense, as their rusher counted thus: "A-wun-a-steam-a-boat-an-two-a-steam-a-boat", etc.)

We were lucky enough to have the second leg played the very next day, Thursday afternoon. I was relegated to line duty, since nobody could remember my ever having caught a pass, punt, or kickoff without dropping it. As I was getting proficient at counting steamboats, I kept hearing these whispers from the other field. This had to be, of course, the Stallions-Flyers game, which the Stallions won handily, 36 points and two sprained ankles to zilch. Indeed, four members of the Connection side were limping on the sidelines after the game the day before. Our having two defenders on each potential pass receiver, plus my steamboats (and the fact that nobody faced me across the line after I'd counted them) made it much easier, but their speedy defence was tough to beat. We won 14-7.

The stage was set for the Connection-Flyers Toilet Bowl, and the Stallions-Rollers Super Bowl. However, owing to the fact that the gym class Monday was preempted by Guidance, the game wouldn't be played 'till Tuesday. The Stallions were determined to make the best of this long wait. My home room class had three Stallions in it. When I walked in Friday morning, a chant of "dead meat, dead meat" was started. It was quite shocking to find out I was the one who was gonna be butchered.

All of the Rollers went across town for two secret weekend practice sessions. (No, I did not practice steamboats against a stopwatch.) And I actually caught a few passes towards the end of the practice.

* It is necessary with small teams to count 10 or 15 steamboats to replace the function of the line, so everyone can go out for a pass. They are counted aloud, and as quickly as possible. In English.

Monday morning I was stopped outside the door by a teammate. "Better wait 'till the counsellor gets here, there's a mean paper ball fight goin' on". I didn't hesitate. "Let's get 'em," said I. First I plastered 'em with a fake 'teacher's cowing'; after they sat down we got 'em good. Then, when he did arrive, we let them plaster us, in order that they would get shit for it! Score one for us.

Before the game, we all were certain we would win. And we did win -- the toss, anyhow. The Stallions captain said, "so what, dis'll be da lass time we gotta kick da ball, anyway". Our kickoff plan was simple: as they were running up to the ball, I would run towards it to try to block it. (Those were my innocent, stupid, and naive days.) Unfortunately, their plan, after the paper ball fiasco, was to beat the hell out of me, with a series of simultaneous drop kicks. Luckily, I slipped at just the right moment, and they all collided. The two guys they sent after the ball carrier were easily blocked, and we were up 7-0. Unfortunately, they ran back the ensuing kick for a touchdown and it was 7-7. Then we got the ball back, and I found out that Joe Miller (an honorary Italian because he wore stamping boots, even in P.E., and was known to shout "SMOKE 'EM" in the middle of library period) would be my lineman opponent. Joe was about 5'2" (I'm 6') but was, at that time, stronger. And filled with adrenalin.

A long drive culminated in a pivotal play on their five-yard line. Our quarterback tried a sneak, and fumbled on the one yard line. Joe and I recovered simultaneously. As we struggled to wrest the ball from one another, Joe used a cute tactic that I've not seen in any football game since. As they say in jock circles ((pun intended?)), he 'rang my ball' with his knee. Except that ringing a ball implies that there's a ball to be rung. I wasn't wearing one...

Most of the guys in the huddle were laughing, and I guess it was funny, but not to me. Our quarterback, helping me back to the huddle, praised me for trying, but when we got there, he burst with everyone else. Finally, he said, "Everyone guard a receiver. Bruce, I'll count steamboats for ya." "Whassay?" said I fuzzily.

After 15 steamboats, I remembered to rush the quarterback. But Joe had ideas of his own. He was going to try to get me in the balls again. This time with his head. He succeeded; I went flying -- and landed on top of their quarterback for a four yard loss. I didn't feel a thing other than the central pain...

They were just about to start on second and 14 when the teacher blew his whistle. He ran in and pointed out that the Stallions were scrimmaging the ball from inside their end zone. When the arguing was over, we were ahead 9-7 on my safety. And they had to kick off to us!

After the kick off, our first pass was intercepted and run in for a touchdown. 14-9 for them. We got the ball from their kick off. P.E. teacher blew his whistle: "Last play!"

I got to the huddle first. Our quarterback said, "Bruce, run way down there into the end zone. If you're open, I'll get it to ya". I said OK, went back to the line. Joe Miller said "Block again, huh?". I said, "Yeah, that's all I ever get to do". I looked around. The Chinese Connection had outrun the Flyers 63-0, and both teams were looking on. The teacher was explaining how the score had come to be 14-9. (14 they could figure, but how do you get 9 in a game without field goals?)

While millions -- well, tens -- watched, I streaked down into the end zone, wide open, and turned to see the game-winning touchdown pass sailing through the air towards me. Arms outstretched, I felt the football hit me on the chest, and I quickly bent the elbows, the slippery ball touching my palms now for the first time...

Albert's a goddam phony.



FOOT IN MOUTH

Issue #33

Sept. 6, 1984

Dr, dis is FK, da #1 International rovin subzine in da world, not to mention Don Brown's favorite subzine. It's put out by me, da 5th grade dropout. Actually, I was thrown out of da 3rd grade, do ta sucking up all of da olives, an stomping all of da grapes into wine. An dis Beabino loves a vino! For those people (non-Canadians) who wish to write to illiterate, average, normal(???) me, and have your letters see print, just send your junk to me at 160-02 43Ave Flushing, NY. 11358. Yesh, I'll even print a token Canadian letter, if I receive one.

I hadn't planned on returning to SK so soon, but due to circumstances beyond my control, (re- other peoples hatred, meanness, ugliness, scumminess and all around feud-mongering), I have no other choice. My thanks to Dave Carter for allowing me to reappear here, in his Infamously Gross, top-notch zine.

My, my, my, what big words John Kelley has picked up in 4 years, and employed. Its no wonder that we're just now coming out of a recession. I wonder how long it took him to look up the meanings, and to place them in context within his letter? If this ignorant person is allowed to speculate, I'd guess a couple of weeks! No big deal, his vocabulary may have improved, but his common sense capacities haven't improved 1 iota! Its good to know that except for the cosmetics of his words, he hasn't changed over the years, and that his vivid imagination is still at work, as usual.

I am of course referring to Kelley's statement "Not only do I lack any skill at karate (or any other Martial art), I do not remember ever having discussed 'kicking anyone's teeth in' with it." Please allow me to refresh poor, young John Kelley's failing memory. From VOD 14 5/6/80: ((Below))

From John Kelley:

Dear Bruce,

Why, thank you. I like to think of myself as a real SOB when I want to be, and I sure wanted to be in that letter to McKibbin. However, I certainly don't think it was trivial. For one thing, this guy obviously maligned a good friend of mine; he deserved a knuckle sandwich (why should I, a student of Tae Kwon Do (Korean Karate) resort to brawling when I can break his neck as easily as turning off a light switch? Must be my emotic Yankee streak.), but he was too far away for that, so this was the next best thing. And under very few circumstances is abuse of the GM tolerable, and never so in your case, so this phallopcephalic (hax, hax) had it coming all the way. And to think I was born in that very city (Anaheim!). Shudder... there goes the neighborhood.

Go back again. I also did some extra research into what the Kwon Do is. Guess what? It is the torching of fighting and defense with the hands and feet, predominantly, using the feet as a weapon. ((Feet, like in kick))

I think in light of the VOD letter, it appears that Kelley owes Dave Carter and the readers of SK an apology for trying to put one over on them. "I lack any skill at karate", indeed!

As for me threatening Kelley, lets not forget that I'm a wimp, and no fool either. I'd have to be crazy to threaten someone who might be able to "break" my "neck as easily as turning off a light switch". Besides, threats are not my style, as Dave pointed out last issue. It does appear however, that if anyone is capable of making a threat, that it would be more than likely, John Kelley, and not me.

I did not make the threat. And I don't care how many people Linsey tells the lie to, telling it to 100 people doesn't make it true, it only makes

it a deliberate and malicious attempt to smear someones name, with a libelous lie, besides the fact that he has no proof to offer. I'd be just as happy if Kelley would just state very simply in EE, where he made his false statement, that he was given false info, and that he withdraws the original claim, inferring that I had threatened him.

Oh, that brings me to Bruce Linsey, the other mad dog who seems to have broken out of his cage for a round of feud-mongering. Tell Novicebuster, I deny ever telling you anything about Kelley. I request documented proof of such a threat, or an apology, full and complete, or be known as a liar. I will even pay you \$50 if you can provide documented proof, from me, that I indeed threatened John Kelley.

Furthermore, Linsey claims that I don't know Alex's feelings. Gee, I don't recall stating her feelings, and couldn't find it upon rereading. All I said was that they appeared mutual, to me. My opinion of what I read. And now, anyone too can form their own opinion. For a simple request, I will supply, absolutely free, with no cost or no obligation, copies of how Bill and Alex feel, so you too can form your own opinions. Linsey is always screaming for the facts, well, I'm offering facts, in documented form. And the only one they can harm is Linsey himself, but he did ask "how should he know?" Sorry Linsey, but you did ask.

On to brighter, livelier things. I especially liked your GREAT MOMENTS IN DIPLOMACY section. I hope you keep it, as a reminder to those who feel that Dipdom is like the real world, and is supposed to be taken seriously. You should see the shape I'm in now. Boxing and all, why my job is worse than my bite!

PudgeCon was fun, except for the JR grudge match between me and John. John took Dick on his side and they ganged up on me. If it wasn't for Dick, I'd have beaten John to a pulp. Its all Dick's fault. (again)

Got to meet some old friends, and make some new ones, people like James Bill and Ty Hare and Nancy Irwin, and how could I forget Olga. She looks like a ratty cat tho. I wonder what Bob feeds her. I didn't have the heart to ask Bob. Poor Olga. There was also a tape from the Wrobel/Peel twins. Coops, I forgot, the tape was OTR/DNQ/NFP/NFA/die before mentioning, but if you do print this part of FIH tell your readers to not mention it, or pass it on to anyone else, and if they do, to inform the others that its OTR/DNQ/NFP/NFA/ die before mentioning, etc.

Hey, how about a letter....

John, ((from Ed Wrobel))

Thanks for the FIH- It's delightful! I was especially thrilled to have the honor of publishing your telephone bill. Is this a Hobby 1st? Maybe Dip World will feature Reudesse as its zine of the quarter!

Speaking of Reudesse, it's coming along very nicely and should be ready in a week. I know you'll just love it!!! (Trying to adopt Kathy's style)

((Aha! Kathy's style is copyrighted. You can't do that. Besides, you have a long way to go to fill her shoes. The FIH was my pleasure. They're easy to churn out, especially when so many people either submit items for print or request that I show proof of something. My phone bill a 1st? Maybe, but it isn't the 1st phone bill printed. I think Olsen's was. You know how he is the pioneer of all this Golden Age stuff. What's this zine of the quarter stuff? DN will run a full page ad on me before you. Do you realize that in less than 6 months, that I've turned out 33 of these. Get your specs ready u. In another year, this will be the 1st subzine to reach the magical, mystical, Golden Age issue of 100. You know what I just thought of, John Boardman's Crustark reaches issue 500 in Nov. IT'll be interesting to see if and how the Hobby Custodial Zine will handle that, given its editors close, friendly relationship with John. Nice to hear from you Ed.))

Time to end FIH. Take care, have fun, and In solidarity....

((Steve here. I guess you were a bit premature in thanking Dave Carter for printing this in Sleepless Knights!

I must say, you got John Kelley good on the "karate" question. It's a shame, though, that you two feel the need to be so vicious towards each other (with him speculating on which grade you dropped out of, and you speculating on how many days it took him to look up the words in his letter).

I think it was a bad idea for you to bring Alex Lord's name into FIN in the first place. Bruce Linaey, who knows Alex better than anyone else in the hobby, has said that she just wants to stay out of these things. You should let her!

I don't think you can show how Alex feels with one letter, written at a time when she was angry with Bruce. Sorry, John, but I think that you are dead wrong to spread this letter around the way you have. Not only is the letter largely irrelevant, spreading it around is certain to hurt an innocent person (Alex) in addition to your intended target (Bruce).

All the various accusations about things people said on the phone or in person eventually come down to one person's word against the other's. So, it's pretty easy for you to offer \$50 if Bruce can provide proof which could not possibly exist.))

abc letters xyz

((Unless your letter is labeled 'not for print', most of it will probably end up here.))

Jim Robertson I was recently sitting at my coffee table during a major social tea when I glanced over to notice that my coaster was in fact my most recent copy of NFA. Embarrassed about the possible social implications of not having the most recent issue displayed prominently for my guest to peruse, I quickly replaced it to the distinguished spot atop the National Geographic, which, too, resides on the coffee table.

I returned after my guests had left to thoroughly digest this literary work. I was delighted to find my last letter displayed with my name in big letters and everything in your 'zine. I was pleased that my guests, having glanced through NFA would speculate that I was associated with your magazine.

Many of my well read friends noted to me that you responded to my letter in somewhat of a sarcastic manner. I explained to them that this was your distinct, yet feeble, attempt at humour. They also asked me if my health/sanity/sex life had improved dramatically as a result of writing to your 'zine. It hasn't! As you know, Steve, since I wrote to you all have deteriorated rather dramatically, but I will persevere in my quest to better myself through literature.

((Gosh, I'm sorry, Jim. I really meant well. And, I feel just terrible that following my advice has turned you into a sexual basket case. By way of compensation, let me urge all of my subscribers to contribute generously to: The Save Jim Robertson's Sex Life Fund/ W6-112, Village 1/University of Waterloo/Waterloo, Ont./Canada.))

Bruce McIntyre Certainly I shall subscribe to NFA, and I regret taking so long to answer. There are a few reasons for this. Biggest one is at the top right hand corner of this page. I'm now living on my own for the first time, and am slowly learning the various tricks to survival. Second is the fact that I've not got your address due to the fact that I lent the copies of NFA to a guy I just convinced into the hobby. Maybe you'll get a sub from him, too. (He's a Hitchhiker's Guide... freak.)

Unfortunately, I'm not familiar with the Rocky Horror business, but it all seemed like much originality, and great hilarity. Have to say that I think anyone who publishes a 'zine can put anything (s)he wants to in it, but should not take up miles of space in another 'zine (i.e. Walker in NFA) to defend himself. Specially when nobody really cares. I myself wrote to Walker a while back requesting a sample of "your 'zine", completely unaware that he publishes two. He's probably still confused...

Not sure whether or not I should believe that bit about how one can write articles for issues, but if that is the case, I could be persuaded to write many. ((As you can see elsewhere this issue, Bruce quickly persuaded himself to write one.)) Interests (other than Diplomacy) of mine are Bridge, games in general, and watching the Whitecaps blow away the other NASL bridegrooms. I also have many 'great moments in sports stories' including the time, at a soccer match I nearly assassinated a former 'Caps coach with the very pencil I'm now writing with...

((Glad to have you as a subscriber. I hope your friend will subscribe, too. I, too, am a big Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy fan, although I've never mentioned it before in NFA. Did you hear that a fourth book in the series is supposed to be out soon. I heard that a while ago, but I don't remember whether or not it was from a reliable source.

As for printing Rod's long response, that was something I was prepared to do once. As a publisher, I can't really complain too much about the length of Rod's letter. No one forced me to print it.

Please write more articles! I'll accept just about anything, but my main interest is in stuff that's funny.))

Rod Walker (This letter was written before Rod received the last issue of NFA, as will become obvious.) I neglected, alas, to include in my last letter a comment on your sad admission that you spoke no Latin. A sad admission that is, indeed, and a piquant commentary on the state of the public education into which most children are forced in both our countries. It is my opinion that most children these days should be cloistered for a couple of years or so with some well-armed nuns who will make sure that they get a decent dollop of Latin. Then they will emerge from the education system sounding like people who have been there. ("sounding like" is the key phrase!) As you can tell from reading the hobby press generally, people frequently give the impression of having picked up whatever it is they know anywhere but in (a) school or (b) a book. One can only assume of such people that they can barely manage Shakespeare and would be totally lost with Shaw, thus reducing themselves to watching television sitcoms and bloodgoresextravaganzas. Pity.

The real trauma to which you are exposed, not being familiar with such things as Latin, is that you will not be able to appreciate, much less write, limericks such as the following:

Then up spake the young King of Spain:

"All I got from the Queen is a pain.

But it's not infra dig.

On occasion to frig.

And I do it again and again."

A variant version appears in Douglas, and also in Legman (I.513), and probably elsewhere, but this version (the variant is in line 2) is better. Douglas does not, alas, annotate this particular item, although he would of course have referred it to the Golden Age of Limericks, on account of its monosyllabic rhymes...oops, sorry, that's Golden Period. This is decidedly not Golden Period (too arty):

A three-headed thing haunting London (Ontario)

Likes to murder SoCreda in a horrid scenario:

With one of its heads

It will tear them to shreds,

While two sing the Star Spangled Banner in stereo.

((I have a reply, of course,

In trying to set Walker right

I listened to old Strunk and White

"Speak plainly (id est

Clear English is best)"

They said to my joyous delight.

In Elements of Style, Strunk and White have this to say about using foreign language words in writing: "...Some writers, however, from sheer exuberance or a desire to show off, sprinkle their work liberally with foreign expressions, with no regard for the reader's comfort. It is a bad habit. Write in English.

I agree, of course. There are few things more frustrating than reading something in which the writer felt the need to demonstrate how many languages he knew. I know a fair bit of French and German and, yes, even a little Latin, but I don't believe in rubbing my readers' noses in the fact that they don't know any of these languages.

You might enjoy some bits of Latin that I've picked up from plays I've been involved in. *Cito ergo sum* is one of my favorites. I must have heard the actor deliver that line a dozen times, each time wondering why on Earth he was quoting Descartes, before I clued in. Then, there was Caesar's description of his courtship with Calpurnia: *Vidi, vici, veni*.

I don't think any child should ever be cloistered with a nun unless some greivous crime has been proven against him. I think the lack of Latin education is the least of our education system's problems.))

Conrad von Metzke

Fred Davis has, at my request, sent me a list of half a dozen Diplomacy publishers worth offering mutual trades to. Fred generally knows what he's talking about, so -- enclosed is my latest issue. Consider yourself solicited for a trade.

If not interested, no problem at all. I do plan to start an obituary column soon, so please send me yours. ((Gee, you golden-agers really know how to negotiate!))

Rod Walker I trust you got my other (short) letter and that you will enjoy publishing it (as opposed to my major epistles). I hope this one will be not too long.

I frankly hope that your revived letter column can be an enjoyable one, rather than having so much useless feuding. It's fair to say that John Caruso and I have exchanged some harsh words, and that that particular phase of our disagreement was mostly initiated by me. I am chagrined to say that for my part it was very high blood pressure doing my talking for me...something now under control, leaving me very surprised to learn that a purely physical condition like that can in fact affect the way you think. But it does.

John and I had both said that we didn't want to push the old feuds involving Gordon Anderson back into public prominence...after all, it's really ancient history and the issues involved are totally dead now anyway. Suffice it to say that when Gordy resappeared, John made comments in Whitastonia about me, vis-a-vis Gordy, which I regarded as inaccurate (and I still do). Bob Olsen's summary of what John said omits the main points of contention. However, it seems better to me, now, to pursue this matter no further...particularly in your 'zine. ((Wild applause)) John and I have selected an ombudsman on the issue, and if I still feel in a mood to press the purely factual issue, we can go that route. My impression is that John would like to forget the whole thing. So would I. He has my apology for my extremely intemperate language (and my promise to take my pills regularly like a good boy).

My, the "Il Duce" quote is ancient, isn't it? No matter how one distorts it, however, it does not translate to "you are a fascist". I suppose I could have said "Tsar", but then you'd be accusing me of calling John a monarchist, da? ((Nyet. I have never accused you of calling John a fascist, either.)) You have the context only partly right. I do publish a listing of game openings, and it is a useful service, yes; thank you. The argument I was having with John was over when a given GM's (his or any other) game openings should not be listed. My argument was (and is) that if a GM says he has openings, and gives the rates, and nothing more, then this info (which is in the public domain) is fair game for anyone who wants to list it. John felt otherwise. Of course I'm not going to list game openings if I'm aware they're not meant for the general novice (e.g., the GM wants only established players in his 'zine to join). In John's case, the argument got started because I picked up his game openings from somewhere or other, he objected, I asked him why he objected, belatedly got his reason...but by then the argument had moved on to more general issues. You will notice the date of the VoD in question (late January 1982). If you had an archive of back issues of Pontavedria, you would find that the January 1982 issue has no mention of game openings from Caruso, and that is true of all subsequent issues down to the present time.

((Oops! I guess I blew it on that one. Because you so loudly claimed that you would be right to continue listing John's openings, I mistakenly assumed that you continued to list them. My sincere apologies.))

Nice try on the "ethnic slur", too, by the way. As for being on target, you aimed at London and hit Helsinki. ((I aimed nowhere; surely you mean "Bob Olsen aimed....")) I was more interested in the connotation of "petty dictator". I was rather ticked off at John at the time, which may better account for the allusion than anything else. However, inasmuch as the "fascist" connotation of the term is so far-fetched and wrong with respect to John, finding that allusion in the term rather than the one I intended is quite wrong-headed. But I assume that a very old letter in a long-dead dispute ought simply to be dropped.

((People in our two countries reserve a particular level of odium for fascists and Nazis. And, quite rightly so. For this reason, you should always be very careful about linking people directly or indirectly to fascism. I can understand the ignorant and unwashed of the 60's mindlessly shouting "fascist" at everyone they disliked, but, Rod, you are an intelligent, well educated person. You can, and should, do better.

This may sound very familiar to some of my readers. We've had essentially this same discussion before. Unfortunately, we didn't resolve anything then, which is why the issue keeps coming back.

I can hear the readers groaning already, but I'm going to make one last attempt to resolve this issue. You accused Keith Sealer of printing "neo-fascist" cartoons, you said only people "to the right of Mussolini" would like Bill Highfield's 'sine, and you accused John Caruso of trying to become "il Duca" of the hobby. Although you didn't actually call any of these people fascists, the implication was there to a greater or lesser extent in each of these cases. None of these people was a fascist. Why, then, did you link them to fascism?

I'm not fond of people who play amateur psychotherapist, so I won't insult you by explaining why you did anything (which you must surely know better than me). But, I can tell you why many other people link non-fascists to fascism. The word "fascist" has a lot of negative emotional content, as well it should considering the nature of fascism. So, if a writer or speaker wants to convey to his audience an emotion of dislike for someone, he can do it easily by calling his victim a fascist. Never mind that his victim is not a fascist; the demagogue has no interest in ideas (such as 'Person A is or is not a fascist') only in emotions.

So, the demagogue who says "Person A is a fascist" really means "you should hate Person A". Why, then, doesn't he just say what he means? Because he would be laughed off the stage if he appealed for hatred of a person without giving any reason. So, he takes the grossly dishonest route of calling his victim a fascist, even though he knows or ought to know that his victim isn't a fascist. This action represents an attack on ideas — not any particular ideas, but ideas as such.

Now, I'm not saying that you're a demagogue, only that you use the same tactic as a demagogue. And though you probably, unlike the demagogue, don't have the destruction of ideas as your goal, you contribute to his cause every time you make an untrue statement for its emotional effect.

Now, your defense in the cases of Highfield and Sealer is that you were making a joke. I believe that you were trying to, but let me explain something about jokes. A joke is more than just a punch line. It usually requires a bit of set-up. To get the 'Sealer promotes fascism' joke, you have to accept the unfunny set-up premise 'being a fascist and being a capitalist are nearly the same thing'. Otherwise, it just isn't funny. Likewise with Highfield, where you first talked of people "to the right of Mussolini" but later conceded that you should have said "to the right of Goldwater" (it being, apparently, an understandable error since the two are nearly the same thing).

Now, if you want to explicitly state and defend the proposition 'capitalism = fascism', I'd be delighted to argue with you. Otherwise, you should stop linking non-fascists to fascism even in jest. By comparison to the rest of the hobby, your standards of intellectual discussion are generally very high. That's why this one flaw of yours stands out so plainly.))

Your comment on 'zine reviews in Diplomacy World, "I really don't know what Rod's purpose is..." is certainly revealing. You have no idea what I'm trying to do but you're agin' it. ((Not quite. I don't find your 'zine reviews particularly entertaining or useful. I don't know (or care) why you do them.)) My point (already made) is that any 'zine which achieves a significant milestone ought to get this sort of coverage. That includes major anniversaries, major revivals, and so on. Graustark, for instance, reaches the amazing figure of 500 issues very shortly and we have scheduled a review for that. "Major 'zine" has nothing to do with it, although I certainly consider the revival of Costaguana in whatever form to be an important event. Bob Olsen's point about Europa Express is well taken; sometimes things sit right under your nose and you don't notice them. (By the way, Costaguana is anything but a "warehouse" 'zine.)

((I just saw my first issue of Costaguana, and I agree that it isn't a warehouse 'zine. I agree that 'zines which reach major milestones should get some sort of recognition. I just don't like your current format for news stories/reviews.))

Is that all the negative stuff? Yes, I guess; this is longer than you want, but you will admit that the last issue was loaded with stuff that I should get some sort of reply to.

Your commentary on the "Walker" hobby literary award, although perhaps more negatively critical than strictly necessary, at least provides some good ideas which I hope Larry would consider. I believe we're agreed that it's imperative that people who are voting on the award read the material nominated. That would not be difficult if this were a committee or if a preliminary committee pared the number of nominees down to a manageable number.

I do not see a problem with "DipWars" or certain press releases. In the case of the former, 2-3 episodes would give the flavour of the whole. In the case of the latter, of course the nomination would have to be more specific (Larry didn't insist on specificity last time but should have). At the very least, it should be "so-and-so's press in game 1987XX" or whatever. I am presuming, then, that some representative releases could be selected from the whole corpus of material covered by the nomination. Long articles are a problem, but most articles are relatively short. The idea of putting all the nominees into a 'zine which people could get at cost is a great one. For the most part, material could be reproduced exactly as it was published. And, yes, of course, this next time should be handled with better deadlines. I must agree with you that if the nominating process for 1983 had been more thorough, Diplomacy World would not have been so dominant in the list. Many excellent articles appeared in Voice of Doom, for instance, and in Europa Express, and many other places. Anyway, no doubt things will go better the second year...but I frankly expect some still-unforeseen problems to arise which will need solution the following year and so on.

((First, I don't have any complaint about the length of this letter. You're keeping your remarks brief and to the point, which is all I was asking for. Yes, I guess my remarks about the "Walker" award came off sounding pretty negative, but I did want to make clear the extent of the problems, so that my solution would make sense. You have a good point about printing 2-3 episodes of a series or 2-3 press releases. I hadn't really thought of that.))

One final quick comment on the Gordon Anderson thing. This subject arose because, in essence, you asked for it. John made some comments in FIM which in turn generated a reply from me. You then asked for specifics, "proof", or whatever. Since the subject which had set me and John off in the first place was precisely that matter, it then had to come up, per your request. It would be impossible to discuss the Caruso-Walker feud without bringing up the original comments in Whitestonia that set it off. This whole mess seems now mostly cleared up unless the substantive issues (my objections to the original Whitestonia comments) need to be arbitrated by an ombudsman.

The article on hommos (pronounce the "h" as ch in loch), known as khumis and other similar names in Lebanon and then places, was a gem. I've never really had a good recipe for it and am anxious to try this one. In Turkey, the texture seems a lot more granular than is described here, but that's obviously due to lack of blenders and the need to crush/mash/pulverize the chickpeas.

((I personally find the stuff vile. The next time Linda offers me some, instead of politely declining ("sorry, I just ate 24 hours ago") perhaps I should accept and send it off to you. No slight on Linda's cooking is intended here. I'm sure the stuff tastes like hommos is supposed to taste like. I view the lack of things that taste like hommos as one of the many benefits of western civilization.))

Oh...as to your puzzle. I took a few minutes out to work on it, and I guess it took half an hour or so. ...Your exposition on the previous puzzle was truly interesting and instructive. Thank you.

Claude Gautron I'm back in Winnipeg (finally) after spending 4 months in Europe. I had a great time, saw some Dip publishers in Belgium, France, and Switzerland! I even showed them a copy of our CDO Constitution, which they thought was a novel idea! (They told me there wasn't any organization that represents Dip players in Europe let alone a constitution!)

...Could I join your standby list for Mensa games? What does it take to be a Mensa player in NFA? Since those are the only games you have left, and if you need standbys, put me on the list!

((The Mensa games are run by the Mensa Diplomacy Special Interest Group. I accepted one of the games (Mensa 17) when it looked like the SIG would have difficulty placing it. I took over the other (Mensa 14) when Manifest Destiny folded. I tried, at first, to use standbys who are members of the Mensa Diplomacy SIG, but soon ran out of these. Now, I'll use any of my standbys. You're certainly welcome to stand by for Mensa games. I was also considering you as a prime candidate for my international games. My goal there is to use standbys who are geographically isolated (e.g. Bob Acheson) or culturally isolated (e.g. you and Pierre Touchette, who speak French) from most of North America.))

Bill Becker The PRICE is UP, and your sub is too. That's timing! OK, I'll send some bucks...

Even when you waste space on feeding, you still have a super buy 'zine-wise.

Can I get a plug? I'm producing a 'zine called K-ZINE for the primary purpose of running a United type soccer league. It's running on 3 week deadlines and it's possible to join at any turn. Just that you are slightly weaker initially than the other teams that are already in the league.

Yeah, I sent a copy of #1. Just the game...rules are available upon request.

Hope to head south for the gaming at Luedi or somewhere or other around Indianapolis come Friday evening Oct 26. Willing to take any freeloaders who can get as far as Kazoo by 8 pm Friday. I know too late for your 'zine. ((Probably.))

((United is a soccer game that's very popular in the British hobby. You play the role of (I think) the team manager. You get to hire and trade players, etc.. If you think you might be interested, write Bill at 810 Turwill/Kalamazoo, MI 49007/USA.))

Don Del Grande It looks like I've got a streak going...here's the solution to the acrostic in NEA #23/24: ((the correct solution))...

If somebody else (any number of people greater than zero) sends in a solution, don't consider me in the draw for the issues. If I happen to "win" by default (considering the people in this hobby and the jokes, I'd be surprised), take all 10 issues and save them up for the next PDORA auction (either one 10-issue lot or two 5-issue ones). If I don't win this time (too bad...), put the 5 issues I have in the next auction anyway. (Besides, now people won't come up to you and say, "What did you give for this hobby?") ((But, it's you, not me, who is donating 5 issues of NEA to the auction.))

While I'm at the typewriter anyway, ...I see you have problems with pay-per-view TV listings. When I was in Houston this spring for an interview, there was a box on top of the TV with 4 channels and a sign: "Turn to Channel 12 for movies". The bit about "\$5.50 per movie" was hidden away in the booklet of "hotel services" in some desk drawer in another room of the suite (some companies know what they're doing).

((Yes, but you give an example of a company that doesn't know what it's doing. You were under no legal or moral obligation to pay that bill.))

A man came home late one night from a night with the boys. He found his wife waiting for him. "Where have you been?" she demanded. "Well," he said, "it's a long story, but you'd better start packing. I lost you in a card game". "How could you?" she asked. "It wasn't easy," he said, "I had to fold with a royal flush".

One day, I was going through a toy store looking for neat toys that I could pretend I was buying for my nephews. It's been my experience that some of the best things in life are there for the taking if only you can ignore the label 'ages 5 to 12'. This certainly proved true that day. And, although I was in a toy store, what I bought was no toy.

It was, in fact, the most revolutionary musical development since Moog and W. Carlos started working with synthesizer. I refer, of course, to the Jr. Clarinet by Proll Musical Instruments (Patent Number 3 375 746). In case you missed the massive advertising campaign, let me fill you in on the characteristics of this musical marvel.

It is light-weight and will fit in a typical briefcase (a major selling point in the business market). Skillfully molded from the finest petroleum byproducts, the Jr. Clarinet has none of the maintenance problems of instruments made with less durable materials such as wood. It has, as advertised, "4 spring keys, 4 reeds". The similarity of these two numbers is no coincidence. The good people at Proll Musical Instruments have skillfully designed the Jr. Clarinet so that each spring key corresponds to one and only one reed. The payoff from this sensible design, of course, is that the instrument can produce four completely distinct notes.

Now, by just mentioning the four-note capability of the instrument (remarkable as that is) I would do the Jr. Clarinet a grave injustice. Because, you can play these four notes either one at a time or together. (Again, kudos to the design team.) This chord capability is essential to anyone who wants to use the Jr. Clarinet to produce serious jazz.

I should note here one major selling point that I completely overlooked when buying the Jr. Clarinet. With four notes and chord capability, each possible note or chord can be uniquely represented as a hexadecimal (base 16) number. (This was, of course, pointed out to me by a computer programmer.) At last, a musical instrument that is designed to interface well with the computer. I think that Proll Musical Instruments doesn't stress this point sufficiently in their advertising.

You may be saying to yourself, "I agree that this is a marvel, but can I afford it on my budget?". As (more or less) a student myself, I asked the same question. After all, I only have a \$500 limit on my VISA card. Fortunately, the price was far less than I expected: \$2.98. And, that's Canadian dollars!

The low price has gained this instrument some support in left-wing circles. As one reviewer put it, "At last, a musical instrument that is accessible to the masses. Now the proletariat can have musical accompaniment ((with jazz arrangements!)) while they sing their songs of struggle against the vicious exploiters of the people."

There is one last objection to the Jr. Clarinet, which, I confess, almost dissuaded me from buying it. This instrument is certainly innovative, but could it, like the Edsel, be just too far ahead of its time? There is currently a large body of music written for old-fashioned 8-key instruments. How could I learn to play any songs on the Jr. Clarinet? This was a major concern to me, since I planned to buy the Jr. Clarinet as a sure-fire way to get to the top of the jazz charts within one, maybe two, months.

I'm pleased to point out that the innovation in Proll's design department is matched in its marketing department. On the back of the package that the Jr. Clarinet is wrapped in is 'sheet music' for four songs: "Reveille", "You're in the Army Now", "Assembly" and that jazz classic "A-Hunt'ng We Will Go". How could I not buy it?

Terry Tallman Bows Down
Before the New Hobby
Sex Ghod

(based on drawings by
Mike "T-bone" Ehl)

APR 25

