

NO FIXED ADDRESS ^①

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

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10 issues cost ~~\$10.00~~^{1.00} in Canada, ~~\$10.00~~^{7.00} in the US, ~~\$10.00~~^{10.00} elsewhere.

Although by the end of December I'll have been at the same address for four months, I'm not moving. Yes, I'm staying in the same place for 8 months. There goes my reputation!

If you are planning to attend Byrnecon (chaz Kathy Byrne) or Bruxon (chaz That Linsey Creature), please let me know. I plan to spend a day or two at each, and I'd be glad to hand-deliver your copy. My next deadline is December 20, so if I mail your next issue it's unlikely to get to you before New Years.

This issue continues NFA's trend towards having more illustrations. In addition to the usual cast of fine artists, a local artist named "Dano" has some drawings inside. I bought from him two prints of people with "no fixed address" and obtained permission to reproduce them in NFA. I hope you like them.

Correction: a friend of mine who is a music student at Wilfred Laurier University has been studying the Jr. Clarinet. Apparently, it doesn't have four distinct notes as one of the notes is one octave above another. Does this change my recommendation to run out and buy it? Not at all. If anything, this multi-octave capacity is just another selling point.

Write me something! You can write just about anything, although I'm mainly interested in humour. If you need an idea to start with, try "Diplomacy and...", "Terrible Moments in Sport", or "Sin". I need an article for each series if it's to continue.

The NFA standby list is: Acheson, K. Brown, Carter, Davies, Ehli, Ellis, Gautron, Lincoln, Milewski, and Touchette. Let me know if you want on or off. Many of my standbys are already in several games in NFA, so I could use a few more people on the list.

The following people have subscriptions that have already expired: Smyth, Halfmaier, Young, and Watson.

Paul Milewski's subscription expires this issue.

Steve Berrigan and John McMullen have subscriptions that expire next issue.

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Mike Ehli's Dream World

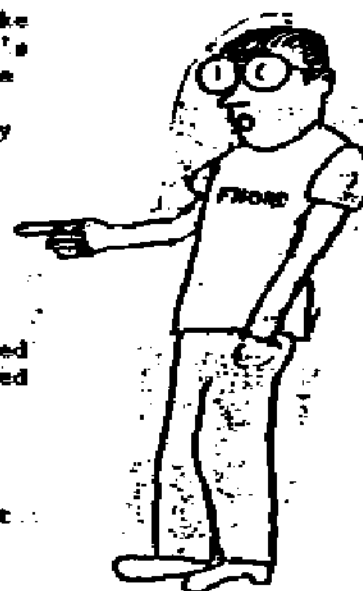
It had been a long, hard day of sexual miracles. Mike Ehli sat down to rest his feet. "Maybe," he thought, "it's not worth it. Maybe I should just give up and let someone else be Hobby Sex Ghod." Mike isn't usually this morose, but he'd just lost the New York primary to his rival Terry Tallman, a known slug molester. And, if he couldn't take New York, his campaign was doomed. His heavy eyelids closed...

Lance sat in front of the mirror, passively. As he curled a dumbbell, he watched his well tanned, perfectly formed muscles ripple up his arm. His sandy blond hair sat passively atop his granite-carved face, occasionally blowing with the breeze. He looked at the trophies on the wall: captain of the senior football team, winner of the California lifeguard competition. He thought of the before-time, when he could get all the girls he wanted. But, something had happened, something terribly wrong, and he didn't understand it.

Cindy and Ursula were talking girl-talk. Which means that they were talking about boys. "You won't believe what happened to me the other day. This football player asked me to dance. I didn't want to hurt his feelings, so I said "yes". But, then the DJ started playing a slow song. I nearly died. It was terrible. After the song was over I ran to the washroom, put my finger down my throat and vomitted." "I know what you mean, this school has so many of those creepy muscular guys. You know what I like in a guy? Skinny arms and legs..." "...corrected vision..." "...mouth agape..." "...hand in his pocket..." "...and a T-shirt that says..." "FNORD"!

A small office in a run-down part of town. The poster on the wall has appeared in every magazine and newspaper of any size. A 98-pound weakling sits on the beach, getting sand kicked in his face. Ten beautiful women look on in awe and lust. The title: John Caruso's Body-Breaking School. The caption: In just seven days, I can make you a wimp. Lance entered the office warily.

Mike awoke. The first thing he saw this morning, as every morning, was a huge stack of love-letters. It was so bad that the Post Office had to give him his own zip code. He started reading, knowing that there was no way he could get through all the letters. *My name is Nicole. I have 44 inch bosoms and I wait you to give me spankings.* He looked through the filing cabinet for the "large breasts, wants mild punishment" form letter. He wrote *Nicole* after the word *Dear* and sent off the letter. *Dear Nicole: As you may know, I have a weakness for women whose breasts are "bigger than a bread box". I also believe that girls who are naughty should be suitably disciplined. I'm adding your name to my files, but there are so many other girls ahead of you on the list that you should at least think of seeing other guys. Love, Mike.* "What will it be today?" Mike asked himself. He finally decided on a red-head who wanted to wrestle in a vat of Jello. He looked in his files and discovered he had 250 to choose from.



"Body-breaking isn't something you can do for just an hour a day," the instructor frowned, "it's a way of life. Take this guy for example. What's your name, kid?" "Lance, sir." "What do you do with your free time, son?" "I usually play a game of football with the guys, or lift some heavy objects, or something like that." "And, when was the last time you had a date?" "Two years ago." "You see? We all would like to spend our time in vigorous physical exercise. When I walk down the street and see a 200 pound slab of concrete, it's all I can do to resist the temptation to pick it up. But I do resist. Because I know that if I start exercising, before long I'll have biceps, triceps, and those embarrassing pectorals. As I said, body-breaking is a way of life. Eat sweet, starchy foods. Acne isn't just something for the lucky few; anyone can get it if he works hard enough. There are temptations everywhere. Your mother asks you to move the piano for her. Your friend wants you to swim across the English Channel with him. You have to learn how to resist. Force yourself to just sit there and read the Illuminati trilogy while your friends are out there moving furniture." "But that's no fun!" "Fun? Did you say fun, boy? No, it isn't fun. For the first few months, it's pure hell. Your body wants to get up and run the Boston Marathon, and you have to force yourself to lie back in your easy chair. If you're looking for fun, you've come to the wrong place. But, if you're willing to put in hard work to mold your body into the shape that drives women wild, then you've come to the right place."

Xavier was her name. Her hair was strawberry red, the same colour as the Jello. She slipped into the vat. "Mikey," she cooed, "come on in. I want to play with you."

Mike awoke, his face covered with sweat. Once again, a dream had completely drained him of precious bodily fluids. He wiped himself off with a towel, and started working on his campaign for the California primary.

Two Czech workers are rewarded for their good work with a trip to the Soviet Union, but only one returns. He is surrounded by his co-workers.

"What is the food like?"

"Wonderful. I couldn't believe my eyes."

"And working conditions?"

"Wonderful. I couldn't believe my eyes."

"And living conditions?"

"Wonderful. I couldn't believe my eyes."

"And where is Joe?"

"In Siberia. He did believe his eyes."

Rosenberg, a Jew, wants to leave the socialist workers' paradise in which he lives.

"What is your reason for wishing to emigrate?" asks the official at the Passport Office.

"I am told a pogrom is being prepared. Against the Jews and the barbers."

"Why the barbers?"

"Everybody asks that question. That's why I want to leave."

To see more of these jokes, buy a book called Hammer and Tickle, Clandestine Laughter in the Soviet Empire. You can get it for 4 dollars from The Golem Press/Box 1342/Boulder, CO 80306.

Alphabet Soup

NFA #26

(4)



This is a reprint of the Spring 1901 season of William Christopher Seth Affleck Asch Lowe's Diplomacy game.

Three of the players (Fred Wiedemeyer, H.D. Bassett, and Melinda Ann Holley) have indicated that they want to continue. One (Dave Carter) has indicated that he won't continue. So, I'm appointing Paul Milewski the replacement for Germany. I'm also calling standbys for the 3 people who didn't respond. The standby for France is John Ellis; the standby for Italy is Kevin Brown; the standby for Turkey is Dave Lincoln. Under the circumstances, the standbys will likely get these positions for good.

SPRING 1901: WHY ALPHABET SOUP? BECAUSE ALPHABET LOWE STARTED THE GAME AND THEN LEFT US IN THE SOUP!

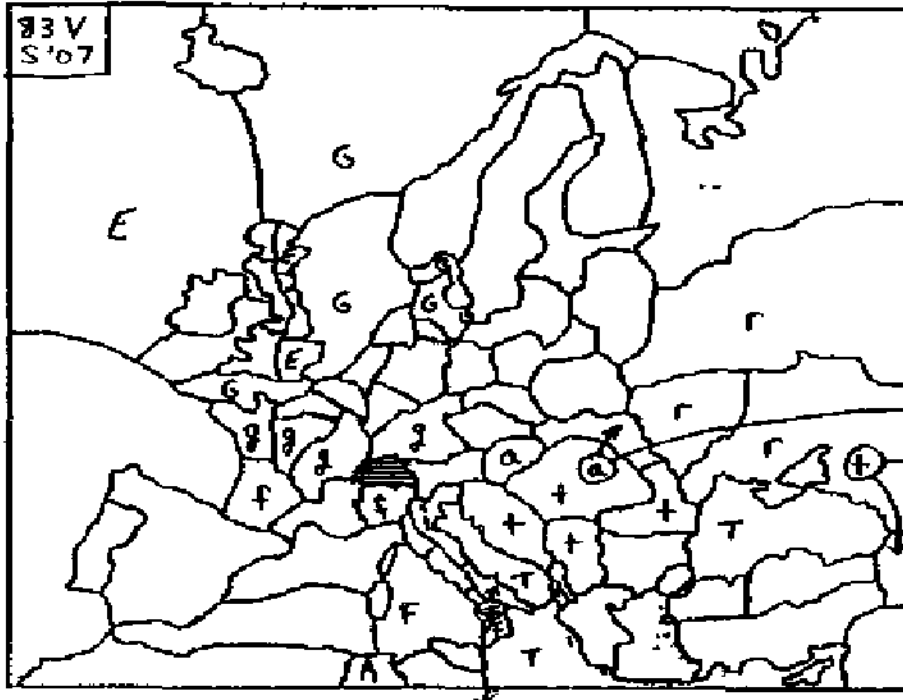
Austria (Fred Wiedemeyer): F Tri-Alb, A Vie-Tri, A Bud H.
England (H.D. Bassett): F Edi-Nwg, F Lon-Nth, A Lvp-Edi.
France (Karyn Helgeson): F Bre-Mid, A Mar-Spa, A Par-Pic.
Germany (Dave Carter): F Kie-Pol, A Mun-Ruh, A Ber-Kie.
Italy (Shawn Benoit): A Ven-Tri, A Rom-Tus, F Nap-Tyr.
Russia (Melinda Ann Holley): A Mos-Sev, A War-Ukr, F Sev-Bla, F StP(sc)-Dot.
Turkey (Keith Bruce): A Con-Bul, A Smy-Con, F Ank-Bla.

The deadline for Fall 1901 is December 20. Remember that mail is slowed down near Christmas!

Addresses

Fred Wiedemeyer/8526-83rd Ave/Edmonton, Alta./T6C 1B1 CANADA.
H.D. Bassett/Rt 5, Lake Rd/Newtown, CT 06470/USA.
Karyn Helgeson/2169 Daniel St/Trail, B.C./V1R 4H1 CANADA.
Shawn Benoit/no address ((1111))
Melinda Ann Holley/PO Box 2793/Huntington, WV 25727/USA.
Keith Bruce/2964 Prospect St/Clearbrook, B.C./V2T 4H4 CANADA.
Paul Milewski/PO Box 256/Batavia, OH 45103/USA.
John Ellis/PH12, 15 Vicora Linkway/Don Mills, Ont./M6G 1C7 CANADA.
Kevin Brown/100 Patton Dr/Warner Robbins, GA 31093/USA.
Dave Lincoln/25 Sun Valley Dr/Cumberland, RI 02864/USA.

Austria and France HMRed, and the orders above are "neutral orders" for them. I don't believe that a player was ever assigned to the Italian position. Shawn Benoit sent in unsolicited "standby" orders which were used. Does anyone think this game will be declared regular and rateable?



A perpetual "no" vote has been cast to any draw proposal and to any concession to anyone but France or Germany.

A concession to France has been proposed. Vote with your next set of orders. Remember that No Vote=Yes.

The deadline for Fall 1907 is December 20. Remember that mail is slowed down near Christmas!

SPRING 1907: ITALIAN STALEMATE FINALLY BROKEN!

- Austria (Mike Ehli): A Tri ret -Via. A Bud-Tri (ret -Gal, OTB), A Vie S...
 ...A Bud-Tri, F Tun Fails to Think of a Cute Joke Order for Itself (Holds).
- England (Kevin Brown): A Bar ret -OTB. Build F Lvp. F Lon S F Edi-Nth,
 F Edi-Nth, F Lvp-Nat.
- France (John Ellis): A Pie-Ven, A Rom-Nap, F Tyrhh S A Rom-Nap,
 A Gas S GERMAN A Bre-Gas (why not, everyone else is!) (ILLEGAL!)
- Germany (Ron Brown): Build A Mun. Will play one short. F Kie-Den, F Hwy-Hwg,
 F Ska S F Den-Nth, F Eng S F Den-Nth, F Den-Nth, A Bre-Gas, A Mun-Bur,
 A Par S A Mun-Bur, A Ber-Mun.
- Italy (Dave Carter): F Nap-Tyrhh (ret -Apu, OTB), A Ven-Tri.
- Russia (Dave Lincoln): A Mos-Sev, A Ukr S A Mos-Sev, A StP-Mos.
- Turkey (Paul Milewski): Build A Con. A Sev-Ukr (ret -Arm, OTB), A Rum-Bud,
 A Ser S A Rum-Bud, A Tri-Via, F Alb-Tri, F Adr S F Alb-Tri, A Con-Rum,
 F Bla C A Con-Rum, F Ion H.

Press

- Austria-All: Don't feel bad if I never got around to writing you. lately it's all I can do just to write my OMs.
- France-Italy: What imagination? I attack you, Germany attacks me. It's all very simple.
- Germany-Italy: Hey, hey, hey. Watch that "Gerwy" at FF or I'll start a roving subzine called Elbow in Solar Plexis devoted to telling lies about you!
- Head Anarchist-Germany: The editor of Knee in Groin isn't a player in this game, so this isn't the place to attack him.

Italy: Well, if I had a F Apu and it was the time to remove it - I would!

Italy-Turkey: Paul, what are you doing at 9?

Turkey-Italy: Est-ce que vous avez besoin d'assistance? Pourquoi je n'avais pas reçu votre lettre dans ce que vous expliquez comment je puis vous aider? Avez-vous peur de quelque chose? Parlez-vous français?

Head Anarchist: It might make sense to negotiate in French if either of you knew how to speak it...

Mid Atlantic Ocean-World: It's a good thing I keep writing press for you guys. Come on, let's liven things up.

Head Anarchist-Mid Atlantic Ocean: You mean you're the one who's been pretending to be François Guerrier?

MESSA 14

WINTER 1911: HUMANITARIAN GM SEPARATES SEASONS!

England (Claude Gautron): A StP ret -Off. F Bel ret -Eng. Remove F Bot, A Swe, A Wuy.

France (Dave Lincoln): Build A Par, F Mar.

Italy (Bob Acheson): No adjustments.

Russia (Ralph Baty): Build A War, A Sev.

Turkey (Ken Hager): Build A Soy.

One player requested that we play Winter only, since there were so many retreats, builds, and removals. (He also included Spring orders "in case the GM isn't a humanitarian".)

Two different players have proposed a 3-way France-Russia-Turkey draw.

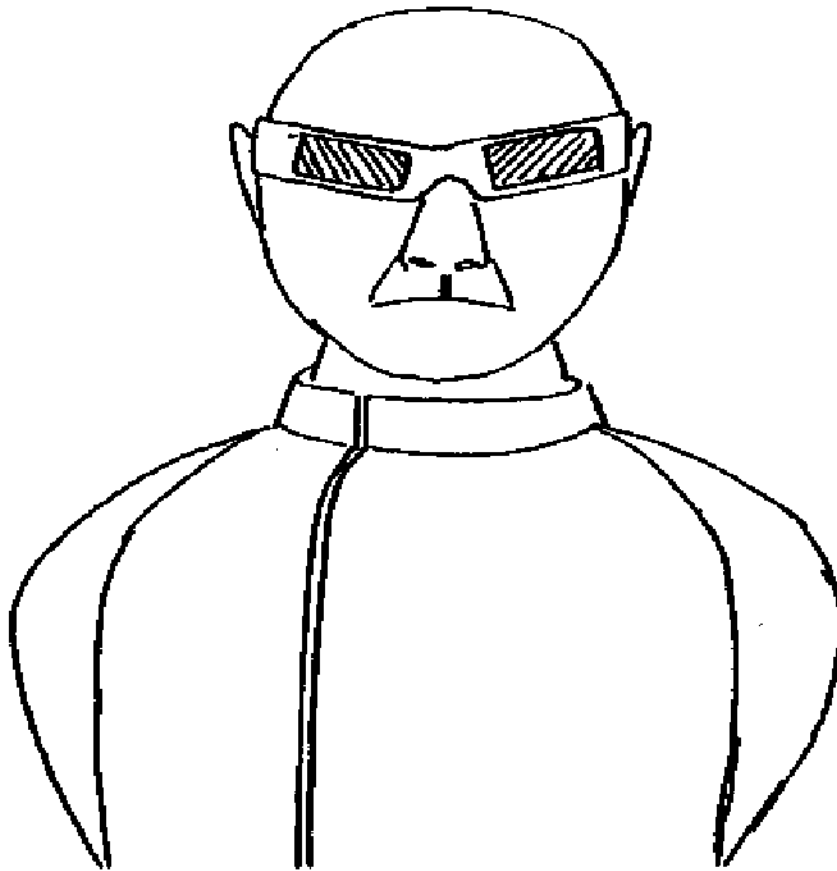
Vote with your next set of orders. Remember No vote - yes! If a player NMRs, the draw won't pass but will be repropoed unless someone has voted no.

The deadline for Spring 1911 is December 20. Remember that mail is slowed down near Christmas!

Note that Ralph Baty's zip code is 92122, not 92112!

How many Texas football players does it take to change a lightbulb?
Only one, but he gets a full course credit.

What Sort of Person Buys NFA?



by Arthur Majoor

Contest

Yes, it's been a long time since I've had a contest. Longer still since I had a contest that anyone entered. But, I trudge on, unwilling to learn from my mistakes. I'm offering 10 free issues to the person who best answers the question "What Sort of Person Buys NFA?". I'll print the responses two issues from now (the end of January or the beginning of February). Many of you are good writers, so I hope to get some pretty excellent stuff.

Ugly As Sin

Often we hear "so-and-so is as ugly as sin". How often do you stop and think about what this really means? I mean, which sin are we comparing them to? I know many people who are quite unsightly compared to anger or covetousness, but compared to gluttony or a sloth they're downright attractive.

What we need here is more precision. Replace the vague catch-all "sin" with a specific offense. For example, "he's as ugly as murdering a policeman in cold blood" or "she's as ugly as giving poisoned candy to blind orphans".

The more legal-minded may want to replace the offense itself with the punishment it deserves. For example, "he's as ugly as five-to-ten at hard labour" or "she's as ugly as twenty years with time off for good behaviour or a nose job".

This brings up a very controversial question: can we, in a democratic society, ever say "so-and-so is as ugly as death"? My own feeling is that, in certain extreme cases where rehabilitation is impossible this may be justified.

The entire question of sentencing must also be addressed. Should we say of a first-time offender who is hideous now but has been relatively attractive in the past "he's as ugly as a suspended sentence" or "she's as ugly as 5 hours of community work"? Where is the deterrent effect then? And what of the offender who, in mid-sentence is "reformed" by a missionary cosmetician? Is our goal punishment or reformation?

Should you be required to give testimony against yourself or your spouse? (*Yes, your honour, I've been keeping track. It's been 235 hours since his last bath...*) What of the person who is not informed of his right to consult with a hairdresser? Must the case against him be dismissed?

While I'm at it, there's another expression that's been bothering me: "poor as a church mouse". I mean, are they talking about a wayside chapel or St. Peter's Basilica? Perhaps if they replaced the vague catch-all "church" with a specific religious structure...

A blind man was at a street corner. He reached around for a hand to grab. Against the wall, a wine was taking a pee. The blind man grabbed the drunk's penis and pulled him across the street. "Isn't it strange," said the blind man, "that fate should bring together two people with handicaps. I'm blind and you, sir, have no nail on your thumb."

A man wonders if his wife is cheating on him, so he hires a private detective to follow her. The detective comes to report to him. "At three o'clock, your wife met a handsome man in his thirties. She got into his Trans Am. They drove off to a motel on the edge of town. He got out a bottle of champagne. Through the window, I could see them passionately kissing. Then the man pulled down the blind and I could see no more." "Damn," said the husband, "always that doubt!"

Definition

Nirvana - a state of mind marked by the total absence of desire. See also *marriage*.

? PUZZLES?

1. Heartless person can type with a lumbering oaf (3,8) T I N W O O L S M I L L
37 91 9 97 118 17 48 42 66 73 66
2. Cries of nasty people (4) S O B S
3 48 80 120
3. Football hitter, you say? (6) S C C S
32 21 50 68 116 79
4. Grassland rules the north (4) L A W N
4 49 16 114
5. Look both ways (4) P L L P
7 70 74 89
6. Prima donna is eager to return (4) D I V A
112 34 53 71
7. Each piece is what a stripper gets from a fan? (3,2,1,1-5) L P S L L
43 8 72 96 60 63
8. Others had dinner? Say again? (7) R E S T A U R A N T
115 27 13 73 102 101 10
9. 100; too old for protection (8) C O V E R A G E
76 98 108 6 44 113 35 88
10. Exhibitionist before the wedding (6) S H O W E R
85 36 63 90 41 106
11. Suffering on "Old Ironsides"? (8) H A R D S H I P
93 59 62 112 30 14 54 7
12. Winter works deception (4,3) S N O W D R O P
103 22 78 95 28 84 80
13. Gravel mixed in with a lily, native to California for sure (6,4) V A L L E Y G I R L
104 15 38 69 109 56 24 1 117 86
14. It reversed the tax (5) T I T L E
55 12 82 58 100
15. "Black and white" question of intelligence (5) G R I V N I G N I T Y
10 72 25 39 18 49 31 57 3 73
16. Sandy follows with small eggs; it's essential! N I T Z Y - G E L L I V
20 47 94 77 111 35 117 52 92 83 107
17. There's nothing cleaner! (6) V A C U U M
53 71 76 119 67 99
18. Completely secure water supply (4,4) F U L L W E L L
61 29 4 69 11 23 33 40
19. Eastern kook returns for music (4) L U N E
26 81 2 105

"I N S L E E P I N G W I T H A W O M A N .
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
O N E G E T S J U S T S L I G H T L Y L E S S
21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43
R E D I O A C T I V I T Y T H A N F R O M A
44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65
N U C L E A R R E A C T O R : B U T I O
66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84
S L E E P W I T H T W O M E N I S
85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103
V E R Y . V E R Y D A N G E R O U S .
104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120

This issue's puzzle is an acrostic with cryptic clues. One randomly-selected correct solution will earn 5 free issues of NFA. If anyone can correctly identify the author of the quote, he'll get 7 free issues.

I was surprised that no one wrote in about the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. I'd thought a couple of you would have known (or would have been able to figure out) how the Mormons convince tourists that you can hear a pin drop anywhere in the building. The secret is that the building is half an ellipsoid. What's that, and how does that explain the building's strange acoustics? First, an ellipse is a flattened circle. (If you take a flexible ring and pull on the ends, you'll get an ellipse.) One of the properties of a circle is that any straight line coming out of the centre will be reflected back into the centre. The ellipse has a similar property. It has two foci (plural of "focus"). Any straight line coming out of one focus will be reflected into the other focus. An ellipsoid is a 3-dimensional ellipse, just as a sphere is a 3-dimensional circle. The Mormon Tabernacle is half of an ellipsoid (just as an igloo is half of a sphere). The tourists are led to one focus of the ellipsoid, and a pin is dropped at the other focus, quite far away. Because sound travels in straight lines, all of the sound waves produced by the pin dropping will reflect into the focus where the tourists are standing. So, the tourists hear a pin dropping very far away and go away convinced that you can hear a pin drop anywhere in the building. As I said before, the Mormon Tabernacle is a genuine marvel that I'd like to see for myself, but it's not God's gift to acoustics.

The mystery person from last issue is apparently Mark Stegeman. Ken Peel was the first to identify him, and gets 5 free issues. Thanks also to Kevin Brown, Rod Walker, and Don Del Grande who identified him.

Re the questionnaire last issue, two people responded: Michael Kortzen and Mike Khil. Michael guessed that 12 people would respond, and Mike guessed that (get this!) 23 people would respond. Michael wins five free issues.

If you want to learn how to solve cryptic puzzles, ask me for a FREE copy of an excellent booklet that will tell you all about cryptics.

(12)

KATHY & ROD TIE THE KNOT!
THOUSANDS STUNNED AND AMAZED!
PEEL JUMPS AT OPPORTUNITY AND FORMS POOL!!!

The Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly Organized Gamemasters presents the first annual PEEL POOL. Many of you have seen the picture of Kathy Byrne and Rod Walker embracing at Dipcon '82 on the cover of the October Erehwon. For any of you who haven't heard, not only have Rod and Kathy worked out their differences, but Kathy has become the new editor of Diplomacy World. Rod will stay on as publisher, or managing editor, or whatever. Why, if you were surprised by this development (officially consummated October 7), I'll bet you never even expected the Spanish Inquisition!

The pool is simple. At \$1.00 a chance you pick the date that Rod and Kathy break up, and whoever gets closest wins the whole pool. If, however, the partnership continues through Dipcon '85 in Seattle (and hey you two, we want to see another one of those pictures), the pool goes to hobby services and Dipdom is better off on two accounts. The postmark deadline for entry is December 7, 1984. Later entries will be accepted if no picked date has passed before I receive it. All money will be refunded if Kathy and Rod can't even make it to Pearl Harbor Day. Neither Kathy, Rod nor I can join the pool.

I know, what a concept! You are probably hitting yourself over the head this very minute wondering why you didn't think of this. Well, that's why I'm me and you're you. A few more details:

1. If Rod and Kathy break up their arrangement on an amicable basis, all money is returned. Their metal wasn't sufficiently tested.
2. You pick the hobby service for your dollar(s). I prefer services dealing with novice recruitment such as Pont., KGO, DIP or the novice package. You can pick whatever you want, though.
3. After December 7, I will send out a flyer announcing those involved and the total take. I will not print a breakdown of who's in for how much or what dates were picked. I don't want any covert operations or self-fulfilling prophecies. If you want this information or the final results directly, send me an SASE.

PEEL POOL

Please supply name, _____
address at right: _____

Termination date(s) of Byrne-Walker DW collaboration: [\$1 each.] _____

Hobby Service: _____

Tie breaker - guess the controversy causing the rift: {be specific.}

Please mail by: Dec. 7, 1984

Send to: Ken Peel; 8708 First Ave., #T-2; Silver Spring, MD 20910

DIPLOMACY PLAYERS POLL BALLOT

MARGO POLL BALLOT

Best Player

- 1- _____
- 2- _____
- 3- _____
- 4- _____
- 5- _____

Best Writer

- 1- _____
- 2- _____
- 3- _____
- 4- _____
- 5- _____

Signature of voter:

Best Zine

- 1- _____
- 2- _____
- 3- _____

Best Subzine

- 1- _____
- 2- _____
- 3- _____

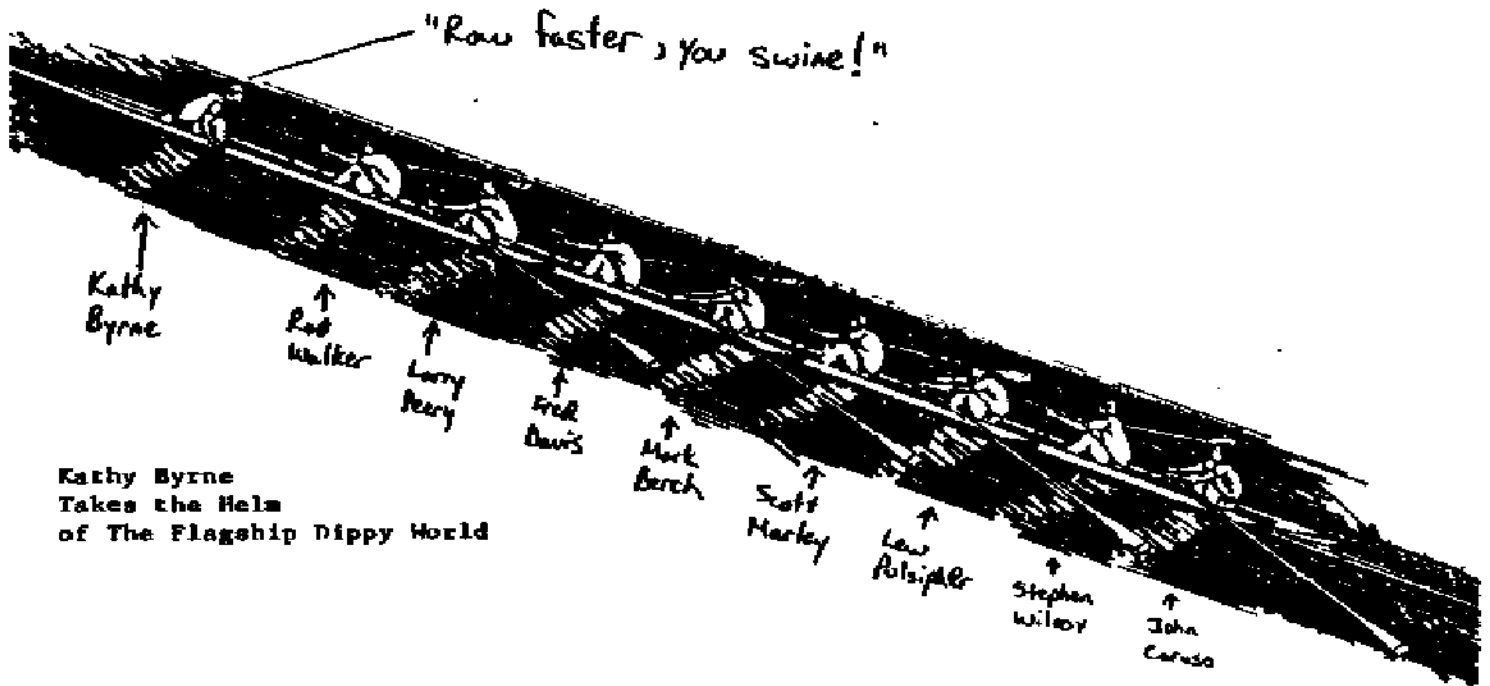
Best GM

- 1- _____
- 2- _____
- 3- _____

by 11/22/84

Mail Ballot to:
Dan Stafford

1643 Grandtewey Lane



Kathy Byrne
Takes the Helm
of The Flagship Dippy World

Halloween and Sex

We all smile when we see little Johnnie dressed up as a pirate, trying to make the cat walk the plank. And then there's Suzie in her witch's costume that could never hide her cute little dimples. So powerful are these images that we may jump to the conclusion that Halloween is primarily for the young. On the contrary, Halloween can be a time of great possibilities for the single, available, and actively searching.

The first opportunity that leaps to mind is that if your disguise is good enough you might "make it" with someone who has previously turned you down a hundred times. It goes something like this:

A: *Who is it under that costume?*

B: *Uh...Frank.*

A: *Wait a minute. Frank is 6 feet tall and has biceps.*

B: *Good disguise, eh?*

There are two problems with the above suggestion. The first is that, as should be obvious above, it takes a certain amount of "cool" to pull it off. The second is, in a word, symmetry. How do you know that the person you're trying to pick up isn't someone who you have turned down a hundred times before. And, it's not as if you're in a position to complain. If you're like me, you'll have to contend with inner voices that sound remarkably like an old English teacher saying, "poetic justice", and "now we see the hero's tragic flaw revealed". (There are few things more distasteful than hearing an academician who is far too smug to ever work in private industry gloat over a hero's fall, particularly when the hero is you.)

A good rule that far too few people follow is "never pick someone up based on his/her ability to look like someone of a different gender". Men who can convincingly mimic Mae West, and women who can look like Arnold Schwarzenegger are, indeed, a precious national resource that should be cherished. But, cherished from afar! Imagine the following scene:

A: *OK, take off your costume now.*

B: *I have.*

A: *No, all of it.*

B: *I have.*

A: *Oh.*

A corollary to this rule is that if you ever go out as someone of the other gender be sure to carry documentary proof of what you look like out of makeup.

Whenever I state the following rule, I'm afraid of insulting the reader's intelligence, but it's amazing how many people each year forget it. Never pick up someone who is disguised as a person with a serious communicable disease. Every year I don't know whether to laugh or cry when I read the newspaper accounts of people who get taken in by those "disguised" as herpes victims.

The bottom line is this: Halloween can be a wonderful exciting time, but it can also be very dangerous. It's too late to take back the mistakes you made this year, but next year remember safety first!

Diplomacy and Mass Marketing by Bill Becker

Lo, Diplomacy has fallen on hard times. Perhaps the overall economic outlook has cast Diplomacy into decline. Though economic analysts are quick to point out that the percentage of Dip-related revenues spent on advertising is approaching zero, and though Diplomacy does not lack for publicity-related material (the overblown Sandy Ego controversy being a prime example) it is not of a type reaching national prominence or, with respect to the readership, world attention. It is exactly the problem that the target market of all things Diplomatic is too small.

How do we enlarge our market segment? We must take it upon ourselves to mass market the true game to those who as yet do not recognize Dipdom. First, all custodial type 'zine editors must produce a product run of 100 000 copies. These 'zines must be post-dated 3 months. (When was the last time you could buy a September issue of any magazine in September? 1935, that's when.) Each current subscriber must do his part as a link in the distribution chain and accept his responsibility to place 1 000 issues in the stores and libraries of his community.

Wouldn't you rather thumb through a Politesse while standing in line at the supermarket instead of a National Enquirer? Wouldn't you rather have your mother checking out Sleepless Knights rather than True Confessions? At the barber shop, wouldn't you like to leaf through old Brutus Bulletin? Wouldn't you really rather pick up a copy of The Voice of Doom than Sports Illustrated? Well, wouldn't you? Do you know of a 'zine with good record and concert reviews? Can you get it at fine music stores everywhere? The masses are ignorant of these fine high-quality 'zines. And wouldn't their minds be blown by the uncluttered (with advertisements) pages? They'd actually know how much product they were getting for their money.

Think of the influx of new ~~zined~~ players, subbers, and most importantly money. Think of all the prestige afforded old mass pubbers and players. We're talking big bucks and big egos here. If you're an editor now, just think. Wouldn't you like to have the budget of, say, Time-Life Syndicated?

If we're going to make the real world over in the Diplomatic vein, let's get cracking. We know we're bigger than Bingo. Like the old Jack Masters spoof, we know that Dipdom belongs in the high stakes rooms of Las Vegas. Up until now the exclusivity of Diplomacy has hurt it immeasurably. Mass marketing is the answer, you are the key. Remember you've got to sell Diplomacy, sleep Diplomacy, eat Diplomacy, until the whole blessed world is Diplomacy. We cannot rest until every last non-believer has taken the pladge and chanted our slogan: I'm a Dip, You're a Dip, Everybody's a Dip, Dip. (Didn't Bob Dylan say that...)





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NFA #26

②

Another Modest Proposal

by Blair Adamache

(18)

Our nation lies like a bloated horse on the beach of fats. The horse, our state, sweats in the cool wind and gasps for breath. It thinks not of the sickness, its bloatedness, but waits for the tide of history to advance and carry it away. The sea! A place of memories for some; for us, a place to forget. The sea will give up its dead. They rise to the surface, and wash ashore, there to rot.

Some will come upon the corpse of this horse and say, "what killed it?". The equine beast was bloated. It was killed by its own digestive tract.

Stop here, however. Did its digestive tract really kill it? The tract merely failed. Not out of malice, but because it was abused: a bad apple, too much sugar, perhaps an excess of exercise after the feedbag was removed. Maybe the steed grazed on crabgrass.

It is a problem of Gordian nature. But, like Alexander, I shall cut the knot. For an intricate puzzle, I offer a simple answer. I shall be Oedipus to this Sphinx of a conundrum. ((What will your parents say!?!))

Our government tells us that children do not run out of energy, but fails to tell us how a country that does will supply their energy needs in the future. The question which our rulers cannot answer, I can. I shall be David to the giant, Solomon to the baby. Indeed our children do not run out of energy, for they are a renewable resource. And here is the key.

When people are prosperous, the birthrate declines (witness West Germany, Japan), and when nations are impoverished, the birthrate rises (Mexico, Niger). When people are cold, they draw to one another for warmth; when recreation is out of reach, companionship substitutes. Children result. Is this not the response of a provident Deity?

Put the children to work! How can a grown man keep his mind on the tedium of labour when technological toys, marvels for the adult such as video games, recorded entertainments, and aerobics class, lie at home? It is only natural that he should be sick often, work slackly, leave early, show up hung over or drunk, and strike for more pay and less hours when such joy awaits away from toil. More pay and less hours, that he may have more money and more time to consume. Children cannot appreciate play. They waste it learning social skills. They fritter away their hours learning theoretical things that have no place in the real world. Let them go into the workplace and grasp hold of the practical. Let children fire the industrial furnace of tomorrow!

"What," you gasp, "has he learned nothing from Dickens?" Yes I have. I've learned that it's not worth reading 800 pages to find out who Esther's mother is in Bleak House. I've learned that the man is a wet, sentimental fool. Let the babes read him during breaks, should they behave well enough to receive any. The whining that is Dickens would have us behaving humanely to that which is not human. Is this any way to act? Humanity is discretion. Children have no discretion, no tact, and furthermore no vote. Any rights they have could be swept away with a signature. Let them earn their keep. They are the weak link in society; the group that consumes more than it produces. Make the children pay!

"Is it fair that those beginning in life should be enslaved?" I ask, is it fair that a grown man should work his entire adult life when he could be enjoying sex, narcotics, and Oldtimers' Softball, things which by their very nature are inaccessible to children? Slavery? The foundation of our society. It is differences that give democracy texture. The very fact that some may be rich and play, while others are deprived and must work is a celebration of individuality. We are all allowed to be different, and we shall protect these differences, and the existence of minority groups, with our lives.

Children must have no rights for our world to function. We can work their clever digits to the bone, strain their eyes to blindness while light is spent on night games in the mature persons' softball leagues. My reform is a complete solution to the riddle of our economic sickness. And for it, I accept your gracious thanks.

But, this is not my only reform. It deeply troubles me that we have no respect for the elderly. They can only regain their pride by returning to their pre-retirement professions. There is a special bond between the very old and the very young. What could be more pleasant for our senior citizens than to spend all day surrounded by children; to share their experiences with the little ones; to show them how to stoke furnaces better, and how to avoid the foreman's whip?

And, why should toil end with death? I advocate full employment for the deceased. Let the dead resume their social responsibilities...

— abc letters xyz —

((I print all or some of most letters I receive, unless they are marked 'not for print'. I'm willing to print just about anything provided it's of reasonable length and in reasonable language.

NFA is not neutral, since I have opinions on just about everything, but it is open to all viewpoints, and I try very hard to be fair.

I know that some of you don't like reading the feud stuff that occasionally appears in NFA. For your sake, starting next issue I'm splitting the letter column in two. Anything concerning major hobby disputes will be printed in a new section called Fighting Words.

Does anyone actually read this introduction to the letter column?))

Rod Walker ((a letter sent to me and Dave Carter)) I've been contacted recently by 3 new (I believe) players in Canada. I've directed all 3 specifically to you-all, but here are their names/addresses, just in case.

Alan Stewart/702-25 St. Mary St/Toronto, Ont./M4Y 1R2

Chris Greaves/757 Victoria Park Ave #1208/Toronto, Ont./M4C 5N8

Sean Moore/16 Clearview St/Goulds, Newfoundland/ACA 2K0.

Are things dying off in Canada, or what? Have you guys contacted Waddell's (or whatever the Canadian firm name is that distributes Diplomacy) for some help in letting people know that postal Diplomacy is alive and sick in Canada?

((Thanks for the names. I've already heard from one of them, and I'll send samples to the other two. I assume that these people wrote to you asking for Pontevedria, your game opening listing. I may as well mention here that I think Pontevedria is one of the most useful hobby services around.

Waddington's sends people on to Ron Brown, I think. The problem, as I see it, with the Canadian hobby is that we haven't had any new 'zines for over two years. The three attempts (Weismark Dip-press, Battle Stations, and C.F. Machiavelli) each folded ignobly after a couple of issues. It looks like this unfortunate trend is about to end. I've heard of two different people who are seriously thinking about starting new Canadian 'zines in the next few months. I would trust either of them to put out a good, reliable 'zine. One of the reasons I printed the names you sent me is that a new Canadian publisher would probably be looking for names and addresses to send samples to.))

Ken Peel Here is the correct name and address of the mystery sampler of NFA: Mark Stegeman/2430 Grosse Ave/Santa Rosa, CA 95404/USA...

Mark and I went to Santa Rosa Junior High, Santa Rosa High School, and Santa Rosa Junior College together. I must protest that you declare Kathy's entry unacceptable if hers arrives before mine. I was talking to her on the telephone two days ago and she asked me for Mark's address, telling me the story of how you lost his address. She did not tell me that five issues were at stake (she said just one). ((You expected the truth from Kathy??!!? Ask yourself "how many times has this woman won as Italy?") I think my correct spelling of his name should count for something. I can also give you all of his outdated addresses over the last eight years as a tie-breaker.

Not only this, but I was the person that advised Mark (I would have recognized his handwriting, even if you had not remembered the phonetic sound of his last name) to check out NFA. Mark designed the Dip variant World Diplomacy in 1978, and I have been part of a postal group playing the game since then, all of us totally unaware of the existence of the larger postal hobby or the existence of other Dip variants until the summer of 1983, when Mark and I stumbled across it on a fluke. At that time, I entered Dipdom with both feet ((in mouth)), but Mark held back while he studied for his PhD generals. Mark, by the way, is currently GMing a game of World Dip in my non-subsite Sex Appeal in Politessa. He is also playing a regular game in Life of Monty. He is now sending away fairly widely for samples.

Okay, so much for driving my point home. Here's some more \$\$\$ to continue the sub in case I'm done in...

((I guess you win.))

Bruce McIntyre The following is the script (as much as I remember) of the Canadian Tire commercial:

FADE IN: (Ominous Muzak plays in the background as we see a group of kids picking teams for a hockey game)

A TEAM CAPTAIN: Steve!

ALBERT'S BIG BROTHER: Frank!

A TEAM CAPTAIN: Mario!

ALBERT'S BIG BROTHER: (long pause) Guess that leaves Albert.

A TEAM CAPTAIN: You take him, he's your brother.

ALBERT'S BIG BROTHER: C'mon, Albert. (We see excruciating expressions of pain on Albert's face.)

CUT TO: (Interior shot of a Canadian Tire store. As we hear a narrator expounding at length about the merits of the sporting goods section, we see Albert being fitted with what apparently turns out to be the Magic Shoulder Pads.)

CUT TO: (Interior shot of a hockey arena. We see a team coming out onto the ice. The crowd is shouting "AL-bert, AL-bert, AL-bert..." and then we see the bench of the other team.)

OPPOSING TEAM'S COACH: (to assistant coach) Sure wish we had a guy like Albert...

CUT TO: (A freeze-frame shot of Albert (well, that's what it says on his uniform) with his stick raised as though it were the Olympic torch, the crowd on their feet going wild, even though the game hasn't even started yet. Sounds pretty phony to me.)

As I remarked in what I remember was about a PPPS to Dave Carter, I think the world should know that I received a sample copy of That Linsey Creature's Voice of Doom that was 270 pages long. He was so complimentary of NFA that I think you should come up with a more complimentary name for him. ((I suppose he could swap with Mike Ehli if it was ok with both of them; Bruce "T-bone" Linsey and "That Ehli Creature".)) I also received \$2 Canadian that I tried to pay for the two issues of Snafu that Ron Brown sent me. I'd have kept it for myself after publishing an encyclopedia like that.

...Can't promise to get my friend to sub. The rotter feels he's only in it to play (he's subbing to SK only), and hasn't appreciated the beauty of Diplomacy literature yet. Also he's cheap.

Anyhow, thanks for the issues. And don't fold, eh? I've had too much of that, with two samples now of final issues (Snafu and VoD) coming my way.

P.S. I nominate 84CE in SK to be NFA game of the year. It's now Winter 1901 and we've had five COA's (changes of address) already!

P.P.S. Jr. Clarinet was hilarious.

P.P.P.S. I play the (Sr.) Clarinet. It has more than 8 keys.

P.P.P.P.S. (a record) I'm glad to see that somebody other than myself can spell the name of my instrument!

Arthur Majoor I've just finished NFA 25 and enjoyed it very much. I especially like the start of an awesome new feud between "T-bone" Ehli and "the slug molestar" Tailman over the much-coveted title of "Hobby Sex Ghod". The winner obviously deserves the usual 5 free issues for carrying out such an important public relations post.

Your readers should know a bit more about "Albert", as I'm sure Canadian Tire commercials don't get too much airplay in the U.S..

The commercial starts out with young Albert being picked for a game of outdoor hockey because "he's your brother". (This alone is a good topic for a future "Terrible Moments in Sport" article.) Young Albert, obviously smarting from the insult, is next shown with his father and a Canadian Tire clerk in the sports section of the store, looking at hockey equipment with big smiles. (The clerk is no doubt smiling at the size of the bill, while Dad's smile looks just a bit pained -- another commercial first.) The voice over says something like "We can start you off, but how far you go is up to you". The last scene is Albert taking to the ice while an enormous number of fans chant "Albert, Albert, Albert" and the opposing coach says "Gee, I wish we had someone like Albert."

...I haven't had a chance to do the artwork until now because we've been tasked (again). 2 weeks in Wainwright to teach the infantry all about tank-infantry cooperation. As you may know, or have guessed, tanks and infantry don't cooperate too well. In addition, our armoured cars require a lot of suspension of disbelief in order to say they're tanks. Right after that, I was put on a Cougar gunnery course where I learned to use the weaponry of an armoured car. (Step one is to ensure that the rubber bands are clean and flexible...)

...Finally, the best possible news: Doonsbury is finally back in print. To think I had resigned myself to endless re-runs of Uncle Duke's escapades in Iran. It was so bad, in fact, that I was preparing to take myself all the way back to the founding of "Walden's Puddle", the liberation of Joanie Caucus, etc.

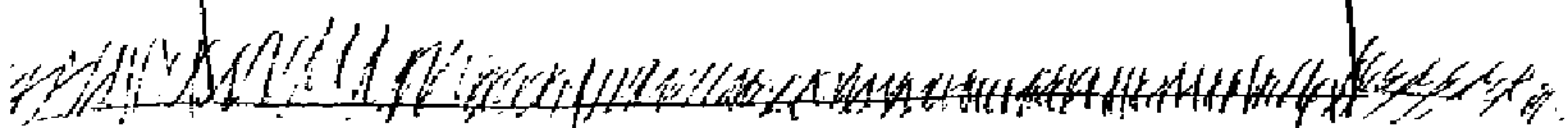
No offense to Berk Breathed or Bloom County fans, but I always found Doonsbury superior. By the way, has anyone checked on the rumour that G.B. Trudeau and Berk Breathed are the same guy? Or is it true that G.B. Trudeau and our late and unlamented former Prime Minister.....no, that can't be true.

DIP HELP 5°

Feeds Extra



The Hate monger
is



by Arthur Major

Ron Brown Aren't we supposed to have nominations/elections for CDO Co-ordinator around now? Set a date and I'll act as returning officer if you wish. I'm sure you'll be acclaimed.

((Has it been two years already? Anybody who wants to run against me for the position of CDO Coordinator should write to Ron Brown/70F Chesterton Dr/Napean, Ont./K2E 5S9 CANADA. We also need another member of the executive committee since "Alphabet" Lowe has disappeared.))

To summarize about five pages of anger and frustration which I tore up: I hope you will not be publishing any further issues of Foot in Mouth.

((I don't mind the occasional Foot in Mouth issue for NFA. I wouldn't want it to become a regular feature because it doesn't fit in all that well with the rest of the 'zine. So, there almost certainly will be future issues of FiM in NFA. If you feel that strongly about it, don't read those pages.))

On the job front, I have four pending positions at the moment. It should all get sorted out soon. (Touch wood, though why I don't know.) Christopher still calls the guest bed 'Steve's bed'.

Larry Peery Hi. Hopefully this finds you well. I'm writing for one reason. I need your help.. I may have asked you before but I don't recall. I'm looking for a Canadian rep for the DEMA or RWA committee. There aren't an awful lot of qualified people up there, I'm afraid, so my choices are limited. You seem to be qualified but I don't know if you are willing.

So, I'm asking.

You can have your choice between the two committees. I assume you know what they are both for and how they work. The DEMA committee should have a Canadian rep on it to represent the Canadian hobby and to vote on behalf of the Canadians. I know that's a pretty broad approach but you are there, you know the territory, and you must have some sense of their feelings. More so than somebody in Hoboken. This is particularly important with this award.

As for the Rod Walker Award, well the committee has or will have reps from most of the major USA hobby centres but still lacks a Canadian member. More importantly it can use a judge of good hobby lit. I figure that's you. In either case, you do essentially the same things: screen the nominations from the hobby, make your own if you wish, and select the finalists. It isn't all that hard but it is an important job.

I'm not asking anyone else from Canada to serve so if you say no (which is no big deal) there will be no Canadian rep on either committee.

So, let me know ASAP.

((Sure, I'll join the Rod Walker Award Committee. If you still want a Canadian for the Don Hiller Memorial Award Committee, I'd suggest Ron Brown or Randolph Smyth. I don't know if either would accept, though.))

Rod Walker NFA was good, as always. You knew you would get a reply from me, did you not? You have only yourself to blame.

The person you're looking for is Mark Stegeman...

Latin (and other sins of the flesh): I've had Elements of Style thrust at me numerous times, including via my dissertation and thesis committees. It is a nice little book, marginally useful, but it is not Gospel. Many catch phrases in English are merely translations of non-English originals, and I see no reason to avoid the original ((even if no one will understand it)). Besides, this whole dispute has arisen because you got bent out of joint by my use of one (I, count it) extremely well-known Latin catch-phrase. You will note that Strunk & White are objecting to the style which "sprinkles" a work with foreign phrases. A single phrase in a long letter is hardly a "sprinkling". Be that as it may, I write like me, not like Strunk & White. There is a vast difference between having a style and having a style manual.

(By the same token, it's possible to overdo these things, of course. I find it annoying when Steven Jay Gould, for instance, will rattle off a long and not particularly easy quotation in French or whatever, and not provide a translation.)

((If your goal is to communicate, you should use a language or languages that your audience understands. If your Latin phrases are of any importance to your arguments, you should translate them into English; otherwise, most of your readers will miss an important part of your case. If the phrases are not important to your arguments, why put them in in the first place?

I didn't get bent out of joint by your Latin; I just saw a nice chance to make fun of you (as I make fun of most NFA subscribers). Your recent Latin phrases (*de gustibus non est disputandum* and *ne Jupiter quidem omnibus placet*) were not extremely well-known. I'm fairly well-read and had seen neither before. Webster's has an extensive list of foreign phrases and only lists one of the two. I still don't know what the second one means, but from context I assume it means "even Jupiter couldn't please everyone". Why do you make me guess at what you mean?))

Fascism (and other sins of the mind): Taking quotations from me, essentially out of context, and trying to make a gigantic psychosocial case out of them strikes me as silly (at best). In some cases, it comes down to the ridiculous assumption that all Benito Mussolini ever did in life was to be a fascist. ((Not quite. I'm sure Mussolini also brushed his teeth regularly, but I wouldn't call someone Il Duce of the hobby if I meant that he had good dental hygiene.)) In any event, if people misinterpret what I say, that is their problem, not mine. You do, however, make a case for the notion that people might be more likely to misinterpret in one given area than I would have liked. So maybe we have a case of bad judgement. That's not enough to get terribly excited about.

((It's amazing how people can misinterpret you so much. Some people misinterpreted your statement that Keith Sealer published neoFascist cartoons to mean that he published neoFascist cartoons. Some misinterpreted "to the right of Mussolini" to mean "fascist". Is there no limit?

You can claim misinterpretation in the Caruso/Il Duce case. In the Sealer and Highfield cases, you simply said things that weren't true.))

Despite all the "negative" connotations of the term "fascism", however, that is not a reason to avoid the term. ((Isn't honesty sufficient reason to avoid the term when describing non-fascists?)) Nobody, that I know of, has really done a first-rate study of the fascist phenomenon, its roots, and its modern equivalents. Hannah Arendt touched on it in her study of totalitarianism, since fascism tends toward totalitarianism, at least in the modern context. However, fascism is not something which is specifically German or Italian or whatever. It is in fact alive and well in this country (the so-called "new right") and elsewhere. One can find an Israeli fascism in the right-wing of the Likud (and other splinter parties). There is no question that Iran is under the grip of a home-grown fascism.

((I haven't read anything by Hannah Arendt. I'm a little reluctant to read someone who claims that the basic problem with the Nazis is that they were too logical. Still, when she isn't claiming that irrationalism is overly logical, she apparently has something worthwhile to say.

If you're interested in understanding fascism, you should read The Ominous Parallels by Leonard Peikoff. He asks the questions "how could a civilized country have degenerated into Nazi Germany" and "could the same thing happen in the U.S. today". You may be surprised by his answers.))

Far from being equatable with capitalism, fascism is essentially anti-capitalistic. Capitalism is essentially an egalitarian concept and assumes free competition in a free market. The major fascist states of the past have produced economies which tended to combine the worst features of capitalism and mercantilism. The American neo-fascist movement of course pays a lot of lip service to capitalism, of course...that is in the nature of the conservative nature of fascism. However, that would not be true in a country with a non-capitalist tradition. A case can be made (and with great justice) that the Stalinist Era in the USSR was in fact a fascist episode. There the direction was toward a statist economy, precisely because Russia has no capitalist tradition whatsoever. Anyway, the thesis underlining the jests aimed at Seeler and Rightfield had nothing to do with "fascism-capitalism", a loony notion that would have never occurred to me, but extending the fact of "American new right - neo-fascism" to the silly hyperbole of "G.O.P.-fascism". The "new right" would obviously not include the well-meaning but shallow Reagan, the sharp poseur Bill Buckley, or Barry Goldwater (who has intellectual consistency if not depth)...although each of these men has given aid and comfort to the neo-fascist cause. I am not as familiar with Canadian politics as I used to be or ought to be, but I would guess that you must be having problems with groups similar to the "Moral Majority" and other preincarnations of Airstrip One's Anti-Sex League.

((Where to begin? We don't have much of a problem with Jerry Falwell types in Canada. I suspect that there are far fewer fundamentalists in Canada (per capita) than in the U.S.. I'm not quite sure what the term "new right" refers to since I know of two "new" conservative groups: supply-siders and religious fanatics. These are distinct groups although there is some overlap. The supply-siders are silly, but certainly not fascists. And, though the Christian Khomains are just as dangerous as fascists, I think they are fundamentally anti-fascist.

Your statement that capitalism is essentially egalitarian is misleading. Capitalism does depend on equal rights and equal protection under the law, but virtually anyone who calls himself an egalitarian is violently anti-capitalist. Capitalism is fundamentally based on the freedom of the individual. Individuals have rights and "to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men". Fascism declares freedom to be an illusion, and promptly disillusion everyone. Fascism is based on the annihilation of the individual.

Before you can convince me that fascism combines the worst features of capitalism and mercantilism, you must convince me that there are bad features of capitalism. Mercantilism (and its modern incarnation "industrial policy") is related to fascism, since both support state control over production while allowing nominal ownership to remain in private hands.

I don't think that "Republican=fascist" is any less loony than "capitalist=fascist". Each premise is so inaccurate and unfunny that it couldn't serve as the basis for good humour.)

You don't like hummos (or khumis, or whatever)????? I considered you a man of greater discernment and taste than that! ((I have good taste, unlike hummos.)) Well, I guess most Middle Eastern foods are not to Western tastes. I learned to reverse Middle Eastern cooking while on duty in Turkey. My Turkish friends used to invite me over for dinner, or take me out, and they would always tell me, "Don't ask, just eat." I got to ask after I ate. I consumed some surprising things and found them delicious. Khumis was a very frequent appetizer at meals, served with pita. This tended to be a crisp, more cracker-like bread in Turkey (but not always), whereas it is softer in Syria. I am really sorry you don't like it, because to me it is a great gustatory joy. We have some quite good Middle Eastern restaurants in this area. But I've never had the most famous Middle Eastern delicacy.

*The Chef Gourmet features fried eyes,
In honey or some other guise.*

*They're got from the zoo,
The fish markets too,*

And the hospital -- much the best size. © 1984 by Rod Walker

(Please include the copyright notice; this is part of a book I have in progress The Ravish'd Muse.)

I hope you will, next issue, plug the limerick contest I'm running in Erehwon. I hope you'll enter it, as well. You have a good feeling for the form. You will notice that my wonderful Canadian limerick of the last issue (of NFA) was an innovation, adding an extra foot to each of the 1st, 2nd, and 5th lines. I have another one that adds an extra foot to each line, and also experimented with extending the middle section from 2 lines to quite a few. All of these seem to serve the form well, although the classic version of the limerick is of course by far the best.

((Not to be outdone, I have an experimental limerick of my own. This limerick doesn't follow the standard form. Like Rod's, it has one foot extra in lines 1, 2, and 5.

*A mutant had three feet (one foot too much),
But his organ was one foot -- quite nice to touch.
He used to have dates,
From all fifty states.
He made one foot the bill, claiming "I'm Dutch".*

Once I'm done reading a 'zine I usually lose it and then it eventually finds its way back to my permanent address. I don't know the details of your contest. If you want a plug in NFA your best move is to write it yourself and include it in your next letter. This advice applies to everyone.))

NOTE TO BRUCE MCINTYRE: I must be confused. ((Extra, extra! Walker admits he's confused! Only in NFA!)) Did I ever send you a sample of anything? I'll try again; perhaps with both. Actually, I publish several diphines of various sorts, but only 2 with any regularity. No, make that 3. (Our three chief weapons are.....)

Would you like to spend next issue debating limericks? I like them lots better than fascists.

((Sure, let's debate limericks. Do you want to take 'pro' or 'con'. Whichever one you pick, I'll give you one page, followed by my one-page rebuttal.))

Claude Gauthier Thanks for putting me on your international game standby list (as well as the Mensa one). But, what do you mean culturally isolated?!! Do you think I live in a lumber camp with other French Canadians, wear a checkered shirt and red toque (bought at a Hudson's Bay store) and walk around with an axe on my shoulder? Of course, the picture isn't complete until I open my mouth: "Wat, you tink I don't speak de henglish well enough, eh? Sacrebleu! Wat 'til I tell my cousin Jean Chretien (I 'ave 132 of dem cousins) an' 'e'll be as mad as hell! Wat I do for a living? I cut de tree in de bush, but de Mountie, dey won't catch me for shooting de deer hout of season!"

Seriously though, and all things considered, French Canadians probably aren't isolated enough culturally from an English-speaking North American society that has spawned such intellectual luminaries as Michael Jackson, Barbara Frum, and Ronald McDonald! (From my point of view, I see very little difference between English Canadians and Americans.) I don't mean to be overly critical, but I couldn't fail to see the irony in the phrase "culturally isolated"! If only it were true! You know wat I mean, eh?

((Claude is only joking when he claims to be a lumberjack. He is, in fact, a pea soup salesman.

When I said that French Canadians were culturally isolated from the rest of North America, I meant that the games would still have an international flavour if a European player were replaced by a French Canadian. English Canada and French Canada are in many ways like separate countries. What's wrong with Barbara Frum!))

Michael Kortsen Dammit, Steve-o, get on the stick! I thought you'd have picked up my lead some time ago, yet it goes untouched. I refer, of course, to the eminently sensible idea of referring to a certain over-erudite unfeud correspondent as Rod "Imperial" Walker. The numerous qualifications are enumerated below:

- 1) It's a lovely little pun. Imperial Walker, get it? ((No!))
- 2) It alludes to the Star Wars (tm) series of films, and is thus tailor-made to appeal to your predominantly young, male, leisure-minded readership.
- 3) It is reasonably obscure ((!!)), as not everyone knows that the elephantine four-footed tanks in The Empire Strikes Back were referred to as such. Your readership, getting this "in joke", feels more clever than it actually is.
- 4) It is a fair reflection on Rod "Imperial" Walker's place in the hobby. He is a member and supporter of the Diplomacy establishment, or "Empire", and as editor of his own little hobby custodial project he is, indeed, imperial.
- 5) His non-feuding style is analogous to the attack style of the Imperial Walker of movie fame (vide supra) (in English, "see above"). Id est (or, "that is"), a great deal of sheer mass and technical expertise, undercut by clumsiness and vulnerability to small, swift, elegant attacks. I refer, of course, to Steve "X-Wing" Hutton.

So, let's make it a convention of the hobby. It is, at least, head and shoulders over calling someone "T-Bona". Tell the world! Everybody! His name is now Rod "Imperial" Walker!

((I don't know how the hobby will react to Rod's proposed nickname, but I certainly approve of Steve "X-Wing" Hutton.))

Yes, yes, I owe you real mail. Well, this is just part of the backlog. But I do have a Terrible Moment in Sport! ((This is #6.)) In public school, by virtue of my truly staggering expertise at cheating on tests, I was two years younger than everyone else in my grade. In phys-ed softball, the rule was "three pitches for boys, four pitches for girls and Michael." Is it any wonder I developed a lifelong animosity for team sport? Is it?

In response to the survey: 12, 4, virtually none, and me.

I should be the Hobby Sex God! I've actually gone out with women! Can Kathy or Alex make that sort of claim? ((For all I know they can.))

By the way, I'm starring (no lie!) in the Woodstock Little Theatre production of Play It Again, Sam. (November 23, 24, 27-30, and December 1). At 6'3", I believe I am the tallest actor to play a role originally written for Woody Allen.

Yours inexplicably,

((I may make it down to see your show. Do I get free tickets if I promise to do a review in MFA? Since your show is semi-professional, I would naturally be more critical in my review than I was in the West Side Story review.))

Don Del Grande Your "Mystery sample guy" might be Mark Stegeman... the one person who had the dubious distinction -- er, HONOUR that is -- of being in both games with me at MaryCon 1984. Only later did I find out that, although he went to school in the east, he lives (during summer) about 35 miles from me.

As for "Terrible Moments in Sport", I always thought American and Canadian rules agreed that if players from opposing teams are down while in simultaneous possession, the team that had possession just before that point kept the ball, ball ringing notwithstanding. ((Beats me!))

P.S. If I win another 5 issues, put them in the next PDORA with the 5 already there.

P.P.S. I didn't have to pay that hotel bill anyway -- Texas Instruments picked up the entire tab.

((TI pays for movies for its employees? Maybe I should switch employers...))

Keith Sherwood Did I get the right address? I just went back to old Sleepless Knights to find your most recent address. Actually, thinking about it, I had better send it to your permanent address and hope you get it sometime in the near future.

So, disregard the above paragraph. OK, so planning ahead was never my strong suit.

Hi, this is my new 'sine. I think I'll solicit a mutual sub if your No Fixed Address is still as good as some of the earlier issues, yep, I want to trade. I like your senseless humour, and I hope you see something you like in mine. I may flatter myself, but I think our senses of humour are somewhat similar, so I hope you enjoy The Inner Light. ((I did. Let's trade.))

I'll sub to NFA even if you hate IL and refuse to exchange subs. So there.

Anybody told you we look like each other lately.

((Every so often someone tells me that I look like Keith Sherwood. I've never seen Keith, but I gather that he's the brutally handsome type and can't walk down the street without causing women to faint.))

Ralph Baty I appreciate your taking over and GMing the defunct Mensa 14 game. However, my eyesight is not very good and I find your 'sine difficult to read. Therefore I read no more than I think is necessary. It is probably for that reason that I have missed your previous calls for money.

((if you're willing to pay the extra expense (2 issues for the price of 3), I'm willing to send NFA to you non-reduced. As a sample, I'm sending you this issue non-reduced. (This same offer applies, by the way, to any subscribers who have problems reading NFA.) In any case, I'll certainly send you non-reduced copies of the game reports. I wish I'd known about this problem earlier!))

Bob Acheson I believe that the Mark that sent you the 60¢ is Mark Luedi. The handwriting looks familiar. Look up his address yourself.

((Last one in, and with an answer that's wrong. How typical of you.))

P.S. I know John Davies. He worked up at Port Radium 7 years ago.

((Port Radium is the mining community a few miles south of the Arctic Circle where Bob used to work. He now works in a community called "Lupin", which I still don't believe exists.))

Jim Robertson Here we are at "Save Jim Robertson's Sex Life Fund" Headquarters in Waterloo, waiting for the thousands of donations expected from NFA's wide readership. So far, we have received 25¢, a used vibrator with a

wiring fault, and a pledge for a dose of herpes from a lady in Buffalo. We here at S.J.R.S.L.F.H. appreciate the advertising that we are receiving. We are also expecting a continued effort from your readers. (After all, if they can afford 90¢ an issue...)

For those of your readers who might want to know where their hard-earned dollars are going, S.J.R.S.L.F.H. is a charitable organization dedicated to the renewal of the sex life of Jim Robertson, a poor unfortunate soul who, on the advice of a certain 'zine publisher, submitted a letter, supposedly to aid his health, and weeks later lost the solid support

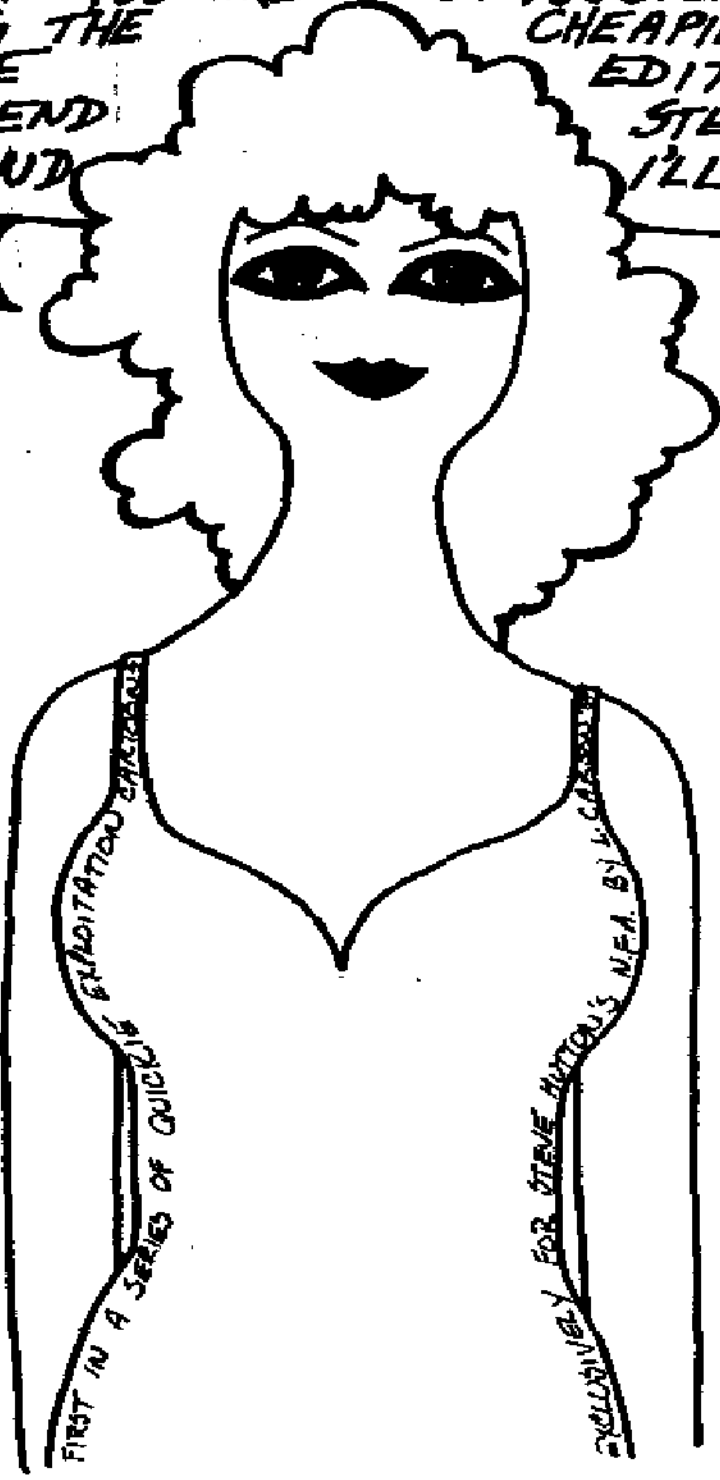


Jim Robertson strikes out again!

for his sex life that he had previously known (obviously related events). Contributions are not tax deductible.

((I hear that the starving people of Ethiopia are taking up a collection for Jim. As one Ethiopian said, "I may not have much to eat, but at least if I did, I'd have something to live for".))

MY HAIR IS RED, MY DRESS IS GOLD, AND MY EYES ARE VIVID GREEN. IF YOU CAN'T SEE THAT, THEN YOU ARE UNDOUBTEDLY RECEIVING THE AND-WHITE N. F. A. SEND MONEY AND CHEAPIE BLACK-EDITION OF STEVE MORE I'LL UNDRRESS.



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