

NO FIXED ADDRESS

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Note the new current address. I'll still be in Waterloo for a few weeks, but you should send your orders, etc. to London. If you want to call me, try my Waterloo number (519-746-4781).

The back cover this issue is my second and possibly final attempt to include legitimate art in NFA. I was very disappointed with the way the front cover reproduced last issue.

In order to keep this down to a single issue, I've held back information on the Runestone poll until next issue.

There isn't much original writing by me this time, but there's quite a lot by other people. Blair Adamache sent along a play he wrote in high school and later reworked. It's not standard NFA material, but I hope you'll like it anyway.

I can practically guarantee that the next NFA will be a double issue. I'll try to keep it under a hundred pages, though.

A fair number of letters arrived here too late to be included. Also, there are some (but not many) letters waiting for me in London. So, if your letter doesn't appear this issue, DON'T PANIC!

The following people are on my standby list: Acheson, K. Brown, Carter, Davies, Ehli, Ellis, Felella, Gautron, Kortsen, Milewski, Post, Touchette. Let me know if you want on or off.

Dean, Kelly, and Kortsen have subs that expire this issue. Berch, Baty, and Heintzman have subs that expire next issue. Johsson's sub has already expired.

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Diplomacy and High Finance

by Drew Post

As I was driving into work this morning, I was suddenly struck with the realization of the connections between high finance and Diplomacy. Let me explain the significance of the above statement. I get up at 6:00 am, leave the apartment at 6:30 and arrive at work by 7:00 (hopefully). In the half hour between 6:00 and 6:30, I have a very rigid schedule which I follow so that I am not late. By 6:05 I am in the shower, by 6:12 I am shaving and brushing my teeth, by 6:17 I am choosing what I am going to wear, by 6:20 I am dressed and on my way to the kitchen for a bowl of cereal, by 6:27 I am out of the apartment and summoning the elevator, and hopefully by 6:30 I am driving out of the parking garage.

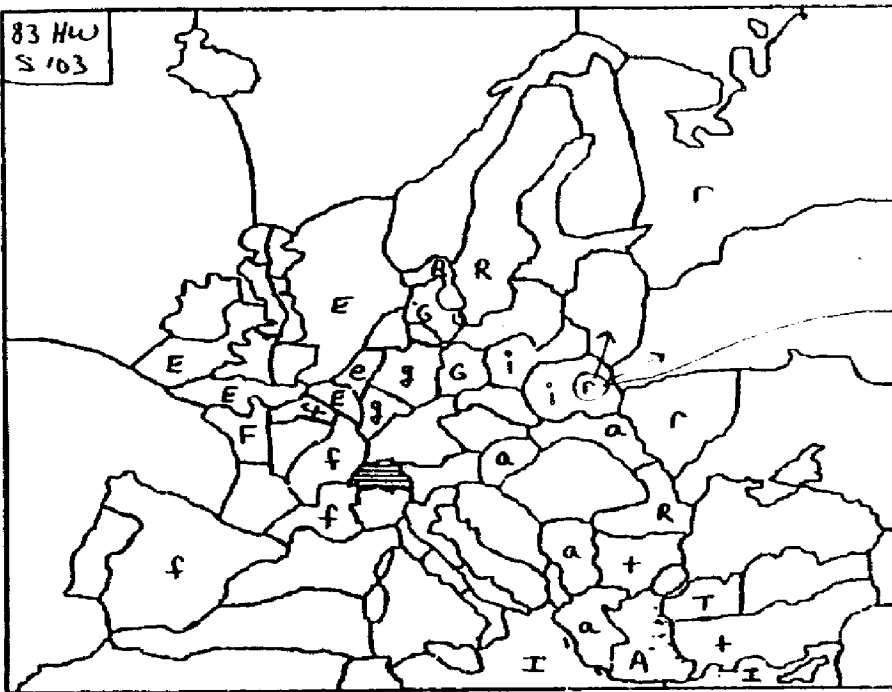
This schedule takes absolutely no thought, and must be adhered to quite strictly if I wish to make it to work by 7:00 am. Imagine these thoughts crossing my mind at approximately 6:19: *I have to go to Waterloo right after work to drop off my moves, and I have to give Steve my subscription money.* (The previous night I had written out my moves.) ((Mr. Post apparently has a conscientious objection to submitting his orders by mail.)) I then checked my wallet and discovered that there was \$6 to last me until Thursday. (It was Wednesday morning.) Approximately 30 seconds of indecision passed, and I decided that I would write a cheque. Now where was my cheque book? I started looking for my cheque book at 6:21. As I searched for it, alternate schemes ran through my mind: 1) stamps; 2) pop bottles; 3) promisory notes; 4) loan from my roommate; 5) bonds; 6) bank notes; 7) lien on my car/stereo/teddy bear; 8) VISA.

As each idea filtered through my consciousness, the objections to each quickly arose: 1) I had a 32¢ stamp and didn't think it was enough; 2) I would need thirty 30¢ pop bottles or fifteen 60¢ pop bottles -- not very portable; 3) Steve laughed for 5 minutes the first time I tried that; 4) My roommate would kill me if I woke him up before 7:00; 5) bonds payroll deductions not complete until November; 6) I couldn't get one fast enough; 7) Steve's seen my car, Steve's heard my stereo, and my teddy bear refused to be prostituted in such a manner; 8) VISA wouldn't raise my limit the last time I asked.

The longer I searched, the more vehement I became in my expressions of dismay at not finding my cheque book. I glanced at my watch, and it was 6:32. I hadn't even had breakfast yet!! I placed the books I had been searching through down on my dresser. Strangely enough, soon thereafter my roommate's door opened and he asked me what was going on. I apologized, and option 4 leapt to my tongue before I could quell it. He, unfortunately, had fewer funds than I, but volunteered to write a cheque for me. This discussion actually lasted about 6 minutes (4 minutes being apologies) and two minutes later I had a cheque in my hot little hands.

As I drove into work, I realized that the Diplomacy necessary to borrow funds from my roommate on the top floor of our apartment building was truly high finance. You know what? I'm still trying to decide if it was worth doing the dishes for a week.

83 Hw
S 103



No one objected to Ake Jonsson being a standby again in this game, so I'll feel free to use him in the future.

Most people seemed to think that I should separate seasons less often in the international games. So, in the future I'll only have separate seasons if the retreats or builds/removals are extremely complex.

Send Fall 1903 orders to: Ron Brown
70F Chesterton Dr.
Nepean, Ont.
K2E 5S9 CANADA
by June 7, 1985.

If I have made any errors, please write me in London as soon as possible.

SPRING 1903: NOOSE TIGHTENS AROUND TURKEY!

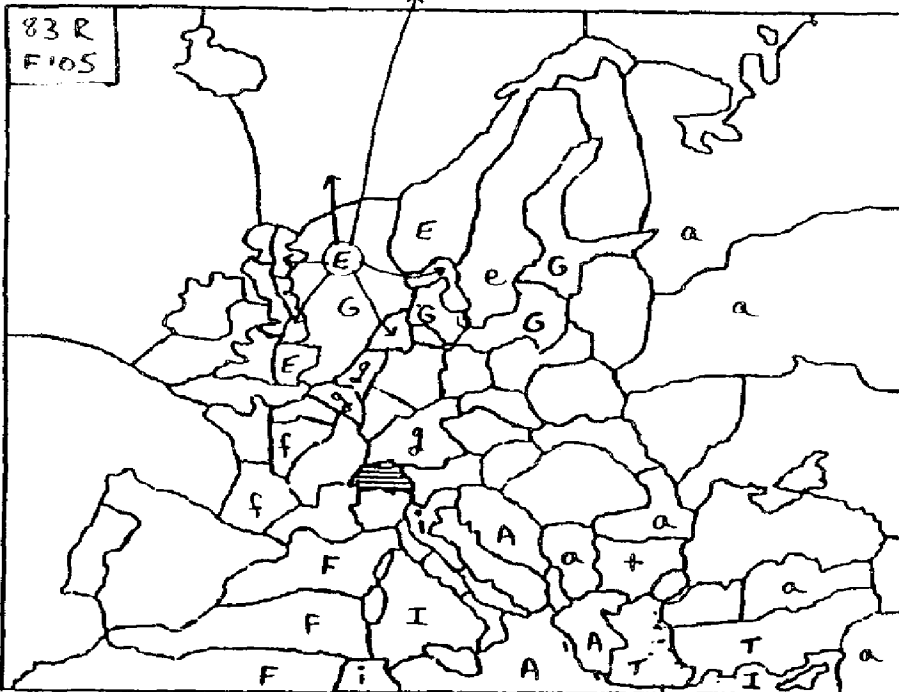
- Austria (Gerry Van Alkemade): A Cal S ITALIAN A Pru-War (NSO), A Vie S A Gal, F Gre-Aeg, A Ser-Gre, A Bud-Ser.
- England (Walter Compton): F Eng-Mid, F Nth S RUSSIAN A Nwy-Den (NSO), A Hol-Kie, F Lvp-Iri, F Bel-Eng.
- France (John Davies): A Pic-Bel, A Par-Bur, A Mar S A Par-Bur, A Por-Spa, F Bre-Mid.
- Germany (John Marsden): F Ber-Bal, F Den H, A Kie S F Den, A Mun-Ruh.
- Italy (Pierre Touchette): F Ion S AUSTRIAN F Gre-Aeg, F Eas S AUSTRIAN F Gre-Aeg, A Pru S A Sil-War, A Sil-War.
- Russia (Dave Lincoln): A Nwy-StP, F Ska-Den, F Swe-Bal, A War H (ret -Livonia, Mos, OTB), A Ukr S F Rum, F Rum S TURKISH A Bul.
- Turkey (Bob Acheson): F Aeg-Gre (ANNIHILATED), A Bul S F Aeg-Gre, F Con-Aeg, A Smy H.

Press

Con-GM: You should separate the seasons whenever I request them, punk!
Head Anarchist (sololiquy): It's sad -- you lose one wrestling match to a guy whose vision is less than 20/20 and people kick sand in your face for the rest of your life...

7 Nations

4



Frej Wasastjerna has resigned as Italy. His replacement is John Davies.

A concession to Austria has been proposed. Vote with your next orders; remember no vote=yes!

Send Winter 1905, Spring 1906, and the concession vote to: Ron Brown
70F Chesterton Dr
Nepean, Ont.
K2E 5S9 CANADA
by June 7, 1985.

If I have made any errors in the adjudication, please write to me in London as soon as possible.

FALL 1905: RUSSIA BREATHES ITS LAST BREATH!

Austria (Randolph Smyth): A StP S RUSSIAN F StP-OTB (Holds), A Mos S A StP, A Gal-Rum, A Ser-Bul, F Gre-Aeg, F Adr-Ion, F Alb-Tri, A Arm-Ank, A Syr S ITALIAN F Eas-Smy (NSO).

England (Gerry Van Alkemade): F Wal-Lon, F Nth-Den (ret -Nwg, Ska, Hel, Yor, Edi, OTB), A Swe S F Nth-Den, F Nwy S A Swe.

France (Claude Gautron): A Par H, A Bre-Gas, F Mar-Lyo, F Wes S F Mar-Lyo, F Mid-NAF.

Germany (Ake Jonsson): F Bot-Swe, F Bal S F Bot-Swe, F Den S F Hol-Nth, F Hol-Nth, A Bel S A Ruh-Hol, A Ruh-Hol, A Mun H.

Italy (~~Frej Wasastjerna~~, John Davies): NMR! A Ven H, A Tun H, F Eas H, F Tyrrh H.

Russia (Walter Compton): F StP(sc) ret -Fin. F Fin-Swe.

Turkey (Gary Coughlan): A Bul H, F Aeg S A Bul, F Smy S F Aeg.

Press

England-Italy: Since there was no cooperation from Berlin, and no more correspondence, I had indeed no choice. So, do join the alliance as you suggested!

Turkey-Austria: My, my Randolph, what a big appetite you have! Am I the only one with eyes seeing it? In this game I think so...

Turkey-The West: Did you morons manage to let St. Petersburg become Austrian?

Turkey-Germany: Army Munich in Spring 1905 was ordered to hold? May I be so bold as to ask what you are waiting for to use it? Once Turkey is finished, and maybe before, Austria and Italy will turn west with a vengeance. Just don't say you weren't warned. Several times.

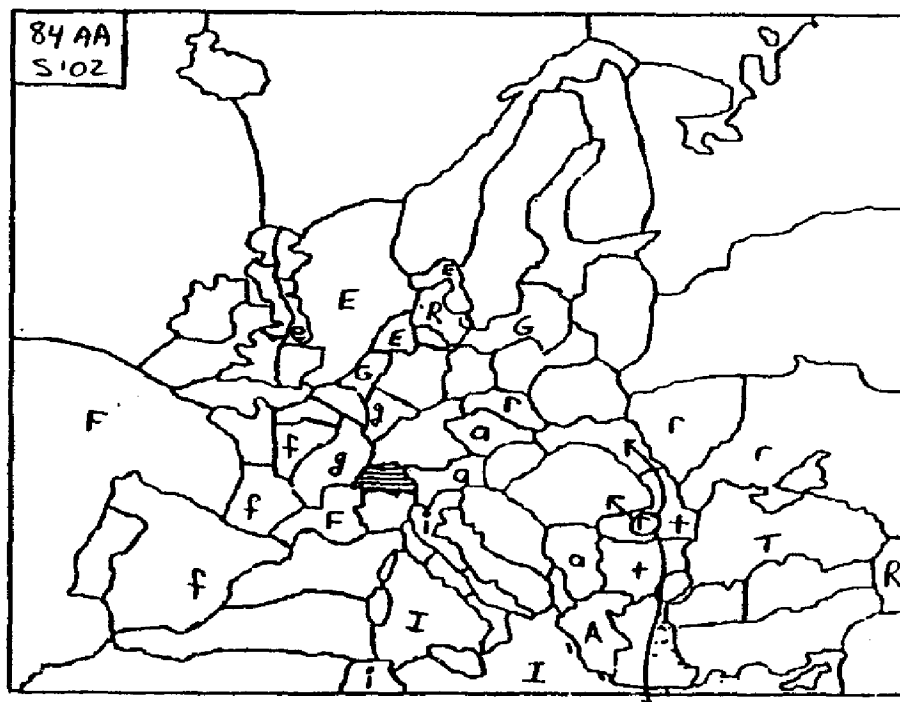
Turkey-Italy: Having Austria as an ally is like riding a tiger. Don't get off if you value your life.

Turkey-England, France, Germany: I think you've waited much too long. Even if Italy were to join you right away, Austria has got the momentum and with that momentum, the game. HAIL TO THE VICTOR!!!

1905 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Home, Ser, Gre, Rum, War, Sev, Mos, ~~MM~~, StP, Ank (11)...build 2 as 1 was annihilated.
 England: Home, Nwy, Swe (5) ...build 1 or 2, depending upon the retreat.
 France: Home, Por, Spa (5) ...even.
 Germany: Home, Hol, Bel, Den, ~~SWE~~ (6) ...remove 1.
 Italy: Home, Tun (4) ...even.
 Russia: ~~SWE~~ (0) ...OUT
 Turkey: Smy, Con, ~~MM~~, Bul (3) ...even.

Alphabet Soup



Thanks to Pierre Touchette for submitting unneeded Turkish standby orders.

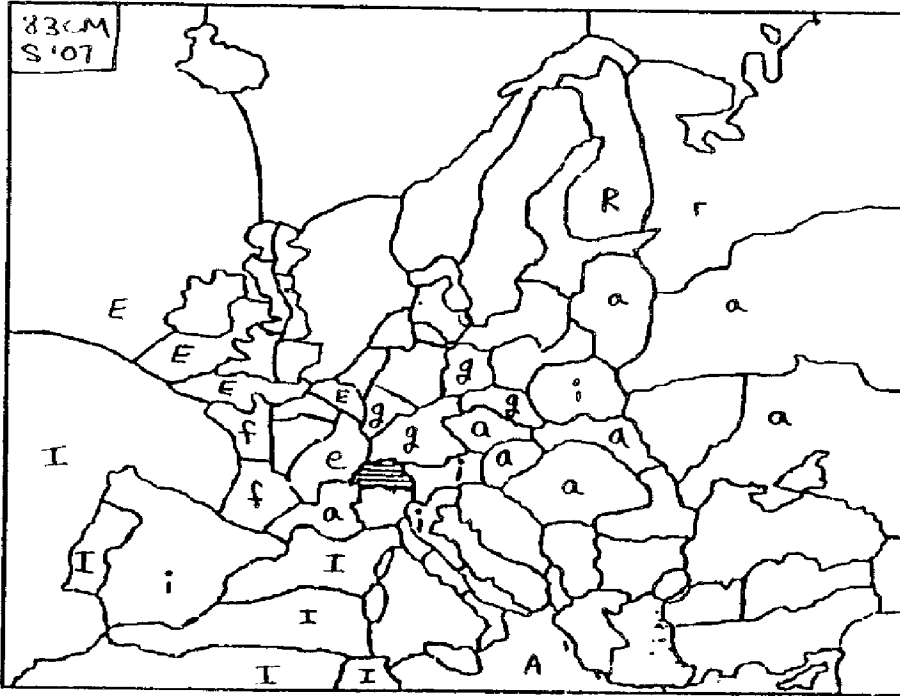
The deadline for Fall 1902 is April 25 in London.

SPRING 1902: DENMARK SURROUNDED!

Austria (Fred Wiedemeyer): A Vie-Boh, A Tri-Tyrolia, F Alb-Gre, A Ser S F Alb-Gre.
 England (H.D. Bassett): F Nwy-Ska, F Nth-Hel, F Lon-Nth, A Edi-Yor.
 France (John Ellis): A Pic-Par, A Por-Spa, A Par-Gas, F Spa(sc)-Mid, F Mar II.
 Germany (Paul Milewski): F Kie-Bal, F Bel-Hol, A Ruh-Bel, A Bur-Bel.
 Italy (Kevin Brown): F Nap-Ion, F Tyrhh S F Nap-Ion, A Ven II, A Tun II.
 Russia (Melinda Holley): A Mos-Sev, A Rum-Bul (ret -Bud, Gal, OPB),
 A Ukr S A Mos-Sev, A War-Sil, F Sev-Arm, F Swe-Den.
 Turkey (Dave Lincoln): A Bul-Rum, F Bla S A Bul-Rum, A Con-Bul.

Press

Paris-All: Once again, the French bureaucracy proves that incompetence is good enough.



Thanks to Dave Carter for submitting unneeded English standby orders.

Last season's map had Germany's pieces labeled as Russian. Thanks to John Ellis for pointing out this amusing error. Thanks to Bob Acheson for not trying to submit orders for these units.

The deadline for Fall 1907 is April 25 in London.

SPRING 1907: THE WAR DRAGS ON!

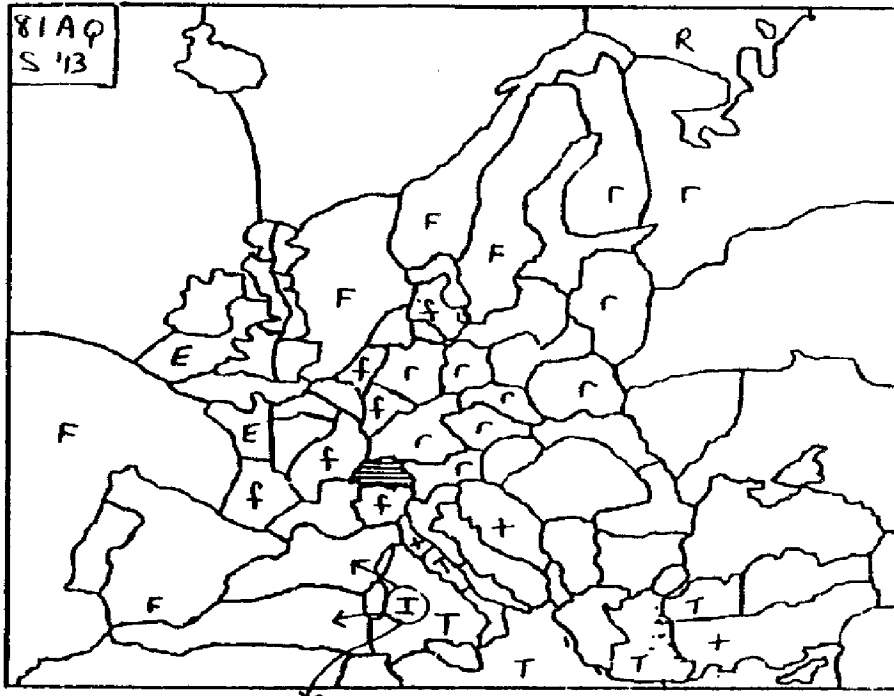
- Austria (John Ellis): Build A Bud, A Tri. A War-Livonia, A Mos S A War-Livonia, A Mun-Bur (ANNIHILATED), A Mar S A Mun-Bur, A Boh-Sil, A Vie-Boh, A Sev S A Mos, A Bud-Gal, A Tri-Bud, F Aeg-Ion.
- England (Dave Lincoln): Build F Lon. F Lon-Eng, F Bel S F Lon-Eng, F Iri-Mid, F Nth S F Iri-Mid, A Bur S GERMAN A Kie-Mun.
- France (Kevin Brown): A Bre H, A Gas-Mar.
- Germany (Steve Berrigan): A Sil-Boh, A Kie-Mun, A Ber S A Kie-Mun, A Ruh S A Kie-Mun.
- Italy (Drew Post): Build A Ven. F Mid S A Pie-Spa, F Por S A Pie-Spa, F NAF S F Mid, F Wes-Tun, F Spa(sc)-Wes, F Lyo C A Pie-Spa, A Pie-Spa, A Gal-War, A Ven II, A Tyrolia S AUSTRIAN A Mun (ORDERED TO MOVE).
- Russia (Bob Acheson): Remove A Livonia. A StP H, F Fin S A StP.

Press

- Germany-Austria: Hope you didn't guess right and move A Mun-Bur S by A Mar???
- Head Anarchist (soliloquy): So much for my dreams of a vigorous, entertaining, new-golden-age press section...

MENSA 14

7



Thanks to John Ellis and Paul Milewski for submitting unneeded French and English standby orders.

The 3-way France/Russia/Turkey draw was defeated (2 yes, 1 no vote=yes, 2 no).

The 2-way Russia/Turkey draw passed (4 yes, 1 no vote=yes).

Congratulations to Ralph and Ken. Feel free to send in game end statements for next issue.

SPRING 1913: THE WAR ENDS!

England (Claude Gautron): Remove F Por. F NAT-Iri, F Mid-Bre.

France (Dave Lincoln): A Kie ret -Den. Remove F Wes. A Lon-Hol, F Nth C A Lon-Hol, A Ruh S A Lon-Hol, A Bur S A Ruh, F Nwy H, F Swe S F Nwy, A Den-Kie A Pie-Ven, F Eng-Mid, F Spa(sc) S F Eng-Mid, A Gas S F Spa(sc).

Italy (Bob Acheson): A Rom ret -OTB. Remove F Apu. F Tyrrh-Tun (ret -Iyo, Wes, OTB).

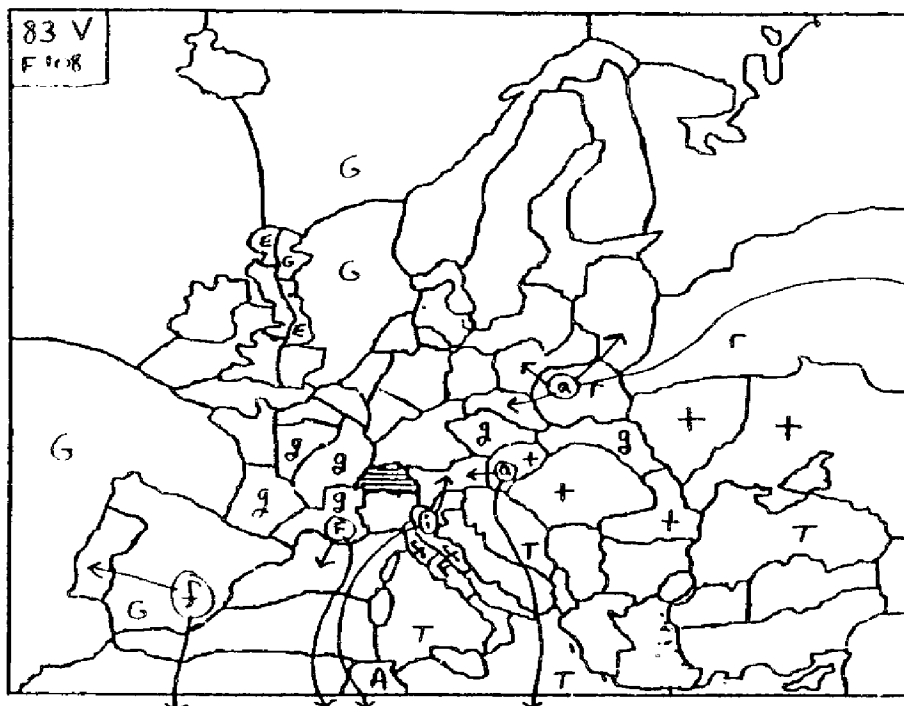
Russia (Ralph Baty): Build F StP(nc), A War. A War-Sil, A Kie S A Mun-Ruh, A Ber S A Kie, A Mun-Ruh, A Tyro S TURKISH A Ven-Pie (NSO), A Sil-Mun, A Boh S A Sil-Mun, A Mos-StP, A Livonia S A Mos-StP, A Fin-Swe, F StP(nc)-Bar.

Turkey (Ken Hager): Build F Con, decline second build (plays one short). F Ion-Tun, F Nap-Tyrrh, F Rom S F Nap-Tyrrh, A Ven-Tus, A Tri-Ven, F Aeg-Ion, F Con-Aeg, A Smy H.

Press

Tunis-Moscow: Who cares where you used to live. Your neighbours probably threw a party when you left.

** The Game End Statistics appear 2 pages on **



Thanks to Bob Acheson and Drew Post for submitting unneeded English and Russian standby orders.

One player wanted to propose a 5-way AEFIR draw. This is not valid because Italy has been eliminated, and there is a perpetual no vote to any draw and any concession to anyone but France or Germany.

Please vote with your next orders on a concession to Germany. I have made arrangements that if the concession fails Bruce McIntyre will run this game while I'm in Europe.

Autumn retreats, Winter builds/removals, and the concession vote only due April 25 in London.

FALL 1908: ALL FALL BEFORE GERMANY AND TURKEY!

- Austria (Mike Ehli): A Vie welcomes the German liberators (H) (ret -Tyro, OTB)
 ((you should have tried welcoming the Turkish liberators!)), A War...
...re-establishes the Kingdom of Poland (H) (ret -Livonia, Pru, Sil, OTB),
F Tun rebuilds Carthaginian temples (H).
- England (Kevin Brown): F Edi ret -Yor. F Yor-Lon, F Lpl-Cly.
- France (John Ellis): A Spa S F Mar (ret -Por, OTB), F Mar S A Spa (ret -Lyo, OTB),
A Tus S A Apu-Ven, A Apu-Ven, F Nap-Rom.
- Germany (Ron Brown): A Pie-Mar, A Bur S A Pie-Mar, F Nth-Lon, F Nwg-Nth,
F Edi S F Nwg-Nth, A Bre-Par, F Eng-Mid, F Mid-Spa(sc), A Gas S F Mid-Spa(sc),
A Boh S A Sil-Gal, A Sil-Gal.
- Italy (Dave Carter): A Ven S AUSTRIAN A Vie-Tri (NSO) (ret -Tyrol, OTB).
- Russia (Dave Lincoln): A Ukr-War, A Mos S A Ukr-War.
- Turkey (Paul Milewski): A Gal-Vie, A Bud S A Gal-Vie, F Tri-Ven, F Alb-Ion,
F Tyrh S F Alb-Ion, A Sev-Ukr, A Rum S A Sev-Ukr, A Arm-Sev,
F Bla S A Arm-Sev.

Press

- Austria-Turkey: You can have Vienna and Budapest, but we will defend Tunis to the last man!
- "Germy"-Vence": Think it's safe to tell France about our alliance yet?
- Italy-Turkey: I just want someone to put me out of my misery...anyone???
- Head Anarchist-Italy: Really, Dave! This is hardly the place to talk about a divorce.

1908 Supply Centre Chart

Austria: Tun, Vie, Wat (1) ...remove 2, 1, or even depending upon the retreats.
 Has \$3.50US remaining in his NMR/dropout deposit.
 England: Lvp, Edi (1) ...remove 1. \$3.00US.
 France: Por, Rom, Nap, Wat, Spa, Ven (4) ...remove 1, even, or build 1 (but
 no room), depending upon the retreats. \$3.50US.
 Germany: Home, Nwy, Swe, Den, Bel, Hol, Par, Bre, Lon, Edi, Mar, Spa (14)
 ...build 3. No deposit.
 Italy: Ven (0) ...OUT...remove 1 or even, depending upon the retreat. \$4CAN.
 Russia: StP, Mos, Sty, War (3) ...build 1, as 1 was annihilated. \$3.50CAN.
 Turkey: Home, Bul, Rum, Ser, Gre, Trl, Bud, Vie, Sev (11) ...build 2. \$3.50US.

Note that Italy must still submit a retreat order. If both Italy and Austria retreat to Tyrolia, both units are annihilated. Italy does not get a vote on the concession. Because the builds, removals, and retreats are so complex, I am calling for autumn and winter only. Don't forget the concession vote; no vote = yes!

1981 AQ (Mensa 14) Game End Statistics

'Zines: Jihad (to W02), Migraine (to F05), Manifest Destiny (to F09),
Quadraplegic (S10 only), No Fixed Address.
 GMs: Glenn Overby (to W02), Ed Bapple (to F05), Keith Sesler (to F09),
 Scott Hanson (S10 only), Steve Hutton.

Players

Austria: Michael Morris (dro W01), Mark Iarzelere (dro W02), civil disorder (out F03).
 England: Pete Gaughan (res W05), Craig Reges (dro W11), Claude Gautron (lost S13).
 France: Michael Casucci (dro W02), Eric Strand (dro F10), Dave Lincoln (lost S13).
 Germany: Errol Platt (out F07).
 Italy: Peter Simpson (res W02), Richard Young (res F10), Paula Dodge (dro F11),
 Bob Acheson (lost S13).
 Russia: Michael Whitty (dro F05), Ralph Baty (drew S13).
 Turkey: Paul Larsen (res W05), Kevin Brown (? S07), Ken Hager (drew S13).

Supply Centres

| | 01 | 02 | 03 | 04 | 05 | 06 | 07 | 08 | 09 | 10 | 11 | 12 | |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|------------|
| A: | 3 | 2 | 0 | | | | | | | | | | |
| E: | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 3 | 2 | |
| F: | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 11 | 11 | 10 | 12 | 11 | |
| G: | 5 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 0 | | | | | | |
| I: | 5 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 4* | 3 | 1 | |
| R: | 6 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 7 | 7 | 7 | 9 | 11 | 2-WAY DRAW |
| T: | 4 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 7 | 9* | 2-WAY DRAW |
| N: | 1 | 2 | 1 | | | | | | | | | | |

Clearly, either the 1901 or the 1902 supply centre chart is wrong.

Waiting for Calvary by Blair Adamache

(Three men are attached to crosses facing the audience. Christ is in the centre, flanked by Dismas on his left, and Thestas on his right. Dismas is humming. Christ has his head down. Thestas yawns, then spits to his right.)

Shout from Offstage: You! Quit that! This is nearabouts holy ground.
Pause.

Thestas: Another fine mess you've gotten us into.

Dismas: Shut up. Just shut up.

T: I've a right to talk. It may not be a free country, but what can they do? Hang me?

D: They could torture you.

T: Or crucify me.

D: Yes, that.

T: They are crucifying me.

D: Heavens, yes.

T: You too.

D: Dear me, that's true. It keeps slipping my mind. Once you get used to it, it's no trick to imagine yourself elsewhere.

T: Well I'm not used to it. It's perfectly awful.

D: Please keep quiet. You got to complain all the way here. Leave me to my reveries.

T: I've reason to bitch long and hard, wouldn't you think? But oh no, Mr. Master Criminal needs his peace. Perhaps he's dreaming up a shrewd escape.

D: It's enough having one cross to bear.

T: You're such a martyr. I wish I'd known this when I joined you.

D: You knew the risks.

T: I didn't take your disposition into account.

D: I'm up here too, you know.

T: Tell me about it.

Pause.

T: Why does he get to be in the middle?

D: It's always something, isn't it?

T: Just a question.

D: He's the King of the Jews.

T: Really?

D: It's in his brochure.

T: For the sake of argument, let's say that he is the King of the Jews. Is that reason enough for being in the middle?

D: Come off it.

T: Can't. I'm nailed on. Anyway, shouldn't comrades like us be side by side?

D: It would facilitate our conversation.

T: The Romans are giving him special treatment. Political prisoner and all that.

D: Sure, they just love him. That's why they're crucifying him.

T: He does get the biggest cross.

D: And the crown of thorns which they withhold from us.

T: He got wine.

D: Which was sour.

T: Still alcoholic.

D: He had to suck it out of a sponge.

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T: He's still in the middle. That can't be denied.

D: It's the least they could do.

Pause.

T: Why are those Romans hanging around?

D: Guards.

T: Why? Is he planning to run away? Prance off into the desert with an instrument of execution attached to him.

D: They're guarding against rescue.

T: How can he be a martyr if he survives?

D: His followers might try to save the corpse. You know, holy remains and such.

T: Sell the pieces as religious artifacts. "Fifteen shekels for the Saviour's toenails, get 'em while they're holy."

D: They'd save him for posterity to keep those filthy Romans from soiling the remains.

T: And they have just four guards for this purpose? He had at least a dozen followers.

D: That's the small, efficient Roman army for you.

T: They're four ignorant louts.

D: They conquered an empire!

T: There are more than four men in the Roman army.

D: But they couldn't defend it. They had to be everywhere at once...

T: There's more than those four to it.

D: ...civil war in Rome, rebellion in Gaul, unrest in Assyria, civil disobedience in Judea...

T: This is just a handful of brutes.

D: ...it became too much.

T: The Roman army is large; the entire thing doesn't stand before us.

D: If you count foreign mercenaries: Germans, Nubians -- numerous but not dependable.

Pause

T: He even gets visitors, but not us.

D: He is the son of God.

T: You're so gullible.

D: He walked on water.

T: A common trick, made into a miracle by good campaign literature.

D: He filled the fishermen's nets.

T: A lucky day. I once caught two ferrets in the same trap. Does that make me the son of God?

D: Have you healed the sick? Made the lame walk?

T: That's just good press. Grease a few palms and the media will deify you.

Pause.

T: I hope those followers of his are prepared to camp a few nights. It can take a man three days to die on the cross.

D: Good God. I didn't know that.

T: Well, you have a few days to absorb it.

D: The poor soul.

T: We're up here too.

D: Yes, but we're criminals. Three days.

T: Think about it the next time you plan a capital offense.

Pause

T: You know what I've noticed?

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D: That we're being executed?

T: Well, aside from that.

D: What?

T: We're nailed through the wrists and he's nailed through the hands.

D: The hands won't support the body, so they nail us through the wrists.

T: He's still nailed through the hands.

D: It has symbolic meaning.

T: Won't the nails rip through?

D: Oh no, God's a literary genius.

Pause.

D: The poor man is going through such hell.

T: We're up here too.

D: But he refused the pain killer.

T: He's a martyr; it's part of his image.

D: We deserve to suffer, not he.

T: We didn't try to overthrow an empire.

D: His motives were entirely religious.

T: For him, souls are votes.

Shout from Offstage: Was that you, Lord Christ?

T: No, just us rabble.

Shout: Well shut up. We wouldn't miss the words of the Saviour for your drivel.

T: You'd think he's talked enough already.

D: He's given more interviews than Moses.

T: And where did it get him?

D: He made too much sense. Any good prophet has to be a little cryptic. Say some holy sounding garbage, like in Leviticus, you know, do something like outlaw seafood just for the hell of it.

Pause.

D: He did go through genuine pain.

T: We're up here too.

D: He refused the pain killer.

T: Which doesn't work anyway.

D: It made me heady.

T: Are you in pain?

D: Yes.

T: You see, all that Roman medicine is mumbo jumbo.

D: Rome, an evolutionary paradox...

T: He just refused the pain killer because it was putrid.

D: ...advanced military tactics allowed it to conquer the known world with four disciplined men...

T: And foreign mercenaries.

D: ...but, in the domestic world, where vision is outweighed by common sense, the Romans were sadly lacking...

T: I love a good speech.

D: ...they poisoned themselves with lead drinking vessels. I could go on.

T: You are going on.

D: Besides, they have the most awful theatre...

T: Perhaps there'll be a play about us some day.

D: Really?

T: Oh, we'd just be bit parts; he'd be the hero.

D: Still, portrayed on the stage! The crowd applauding wildly as the man who speaks my lines takes a bow...

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T: There's critics, too.
D: ...pleasant, nonetheless. Immortalized in script. To be remembered in drama!
T: We'd be pulled into history on his coat-tails. Of course, they might write us out.
D: What?
T: It's more heroic to be crucified alone.
D: I wouldn't want to be played by some drunken fop anyway. Actors!
T: Of course, in a mega-budget production, they'd leave us in for the framing effect.
D: Contrast.
T: They'd make him so pure.
D: And us so vile.
T: For comparison.
D: Do you really think so?
T: Yes.
D: We are vile.
T: Have some pride.
D: We're despicable.
T: As you wish.
D: We're robbers.
T: Acquisitors.
D: We're being crucified and we're not even the centre of attention.
T: Stop whining.
D: We're doomed.
T: That's why they used nails instead of screws.
D: I mean our souls are doomed.
T: Your courage always fails at key moments. A centurion asked where the well was, and you gave him the loot...
D: Christ, it's hopeless...
T: Pilate asked us if we were thieves, and you said yes. Wonderful time to become honest!
D: Yours is the kingdom of heaven, lord...
T: Stop being melodramatic. The critics would laugh.
D: I deliver myself into thine arms...
T: People would start walking out at this point.
D: Forgive me my sins...
T: Sell out!
D: Sorry.
T: Opportunist.
D: I said sorry.
Pause.
T: So what happens now?
D: When?
T: When I die. You go off to paradise with him; what about me?
D: (under his breath) Damnation, I suppose.
T: What?
D: (silently) Hell.
T: Did you say Hell?
D: Afraid so.
T: My god's no good any more?
D: He sort of changed the rules.
T: I can't just die and be dead?

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D: You can convert.
T: Hell can't be much worse than the cross.
D: Actually, what with its being eternal...
T: Shut up. The unbeatable team.
D: We did get caught.
T: But they couldn't break us up. Until him. Romans: divide and conquer!
D: I'll miss you.
T: Consolation abounds. I follow you in your fool plan and when we get caught you trot off to heaven while I languish in Hell.
D: At least we can part on good terms.
T: Maybe we'll meet in the afterlife.
D: In the supernatural, inter-afterlife Olympics.
T: We'll both try out for the debating teams...
D: And meet at a tournament.
Christ moans, then slumps forward.
D: Good God, he's dead.
T: What were you expecting?
D: Maybe a miracle.
Pause.
D: What do I do now?
T: Penance?
D: Penance?
T: Deprive yourself.
D: The Romans have looked after that.
T: Think pious thoughts.
D: I can't mortify myself much past bleeding to death on this bloody cross.
T: Work hard anyway.
D: Why?
T: It's worth points on the entrance exam.
D: Entrance exam?
T: Sure, you're going to be judged.
D: You mean it's not a sure thing?
T: You've gambled enough to know about sure things.
D: The uncertainty could kill one.
T: Crucifixion could kill one.
Pause.
T: It's rather hot in this sun.
D: He probably wanted it that way.
T: Was he working on a tan?
D: No -- Light of God and all that. He was basking in the bliss of innocence, or some such cliché.
T: No reason for us to suffer. We should have brought parasols.
D: Cold drinks.
T: And cucumber sandwiches. What a delightful picnic this could have been.
D: Still, suffering will look good on my transcript.
T: That's the beauty of being executed. One knows when to repent.
D: However, the desire must be sincere.
T: This sun is dreadful.

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(A doctor and nurse in 20th century clothing enter accompanied by a centurion. The doctor is carrying a ladder, the nurse is pushing a wheelchair, and the centurion is carrying a spear and a bouquet of roses.)

T: Who are you?

Nurse: We're an organizing team for the resurrection. Which one of you is Christ?

Thestas and Dismas: I am.

Centurion: The one in the middle.

(The doctor places the ladder behind Christ's cross. The centurion climbs it and helps Christ down. He sits in the wheelchair; the nurse gives him the roses.)

D: Where are you going?

Doctor: They've turned this into a holiday. There's going to be painted eggs and cute little bunny rabbits.

T: This is supposed to be a Jewish holiday.

Christ: That kind of got lost in the shuffle.

D: What about us?

Christ: You got lost in the shuffle, too.

T: He's a Christian.

Centurion: He's not Christ.

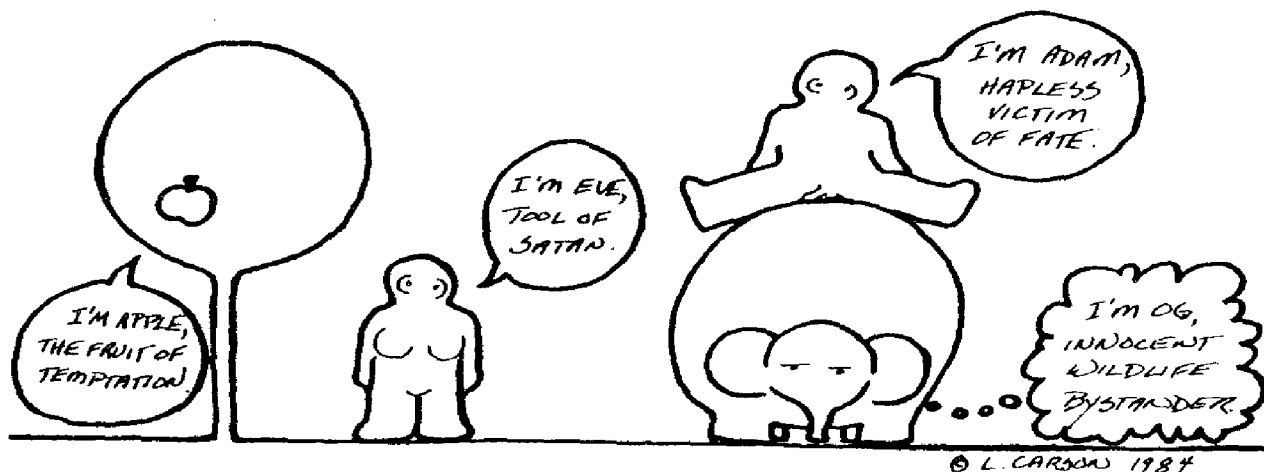
(Exit doctor, nurse, and Christ. Centurion picks up spear and follows.)

D: Well, how about that.

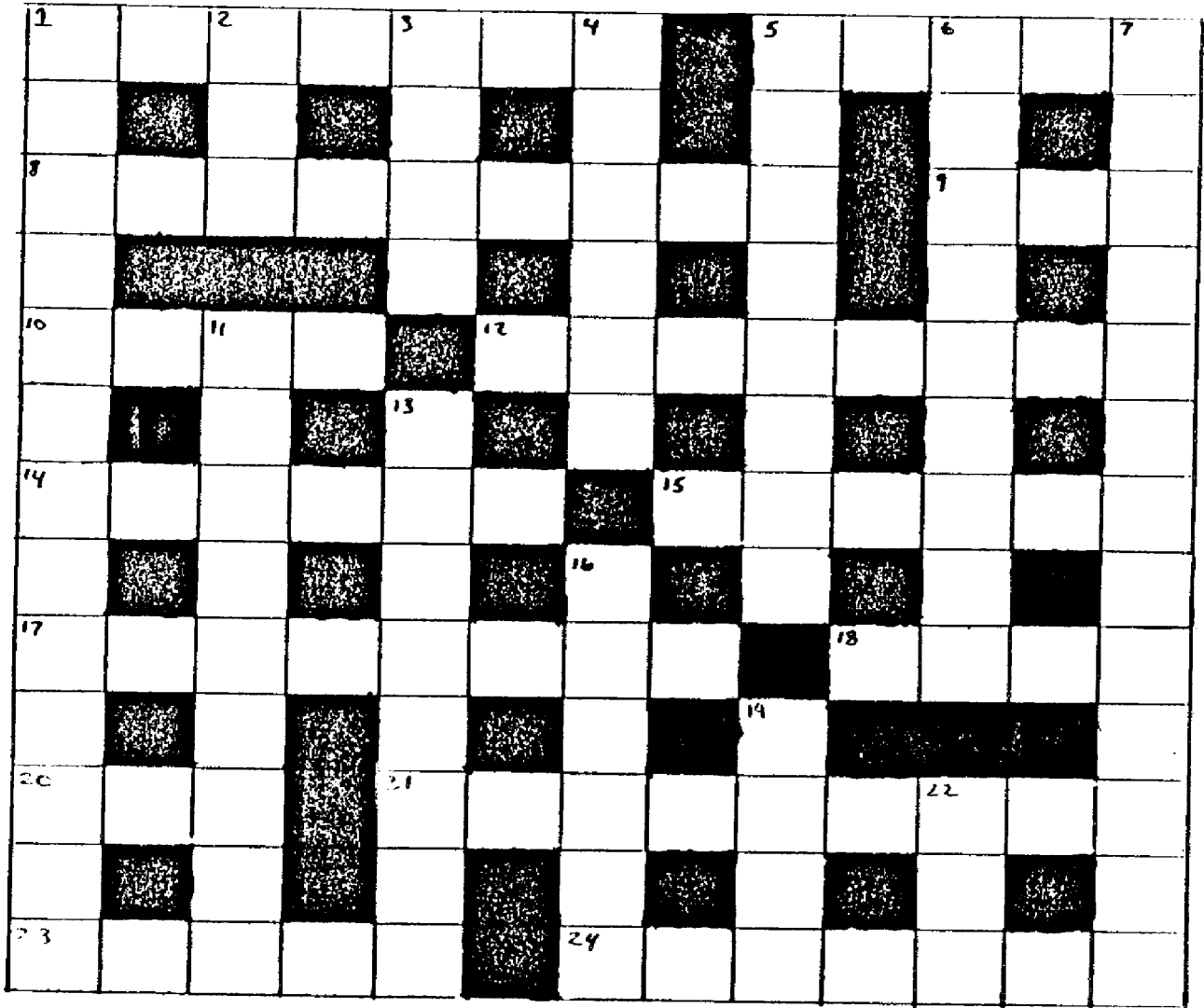
T: Night is falling.

(They stare at each other as the curtain falls.)

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? PUZZLES?



Across

1. An academic's alternative to death? (7)
5. Hits back with thrust (4)
8. Give up American rail road under attack (9)
9. Spot a supply centre (3)
10. A girl says, "... (sigh)" (4)
12. Slaughter rodents returning in fruit (8)
14. Six in confused sect that "puts out" (6)
15. A fluid desire (6)
17. A good relationship for two people (or three if you're into that sort of thing) (8)
18. What the Village People would sing about if they were women (4)
20. Mel mangled a tree (3)
21. Farming?

Down

1. One thing that's on the "up and up" in the Canadian Diplomacy hobby (7,5)
2. Rod's nearly bare! (3)
3. An unpleasant time of the month for some (4)
4. Concealed in orchid dens! (6)
5. & 6. Larry Peery is neither (8,3,6)
7. St. Rod the pedestrian (12)
11. The fundamental requirement of diplomacy (1,8)
13. Plan to get back one who has wandered around (8)
16. Southern worries and fears (6)
19. What we are not (4)
22. No longer "in" (3)
23. Continue to talk about time (4)
24. Con man sells trashy stereo component (7)

In case you haven't noticed, this issue's puzzle is a crossword. Some of the clues are cryptic; some aren't. Some of the clues have to do with Diplomacy or people in the Diplomacy hobby; some don't. Some of the clues are very obscure; some aren't.

If you want to learn how to do cryptic puzzles, ask me for a FREE copy of a booklet that will teach you how to do them. If you don't want to learn how to do cryptics, fine. Be that way. See if I care.

Since I have some space to fill, I may as well say a few words about Hummuscon. First of all, it is really going to happen. It may sound like a ridiculous pretext for a hobby get-together, and it is, but so what? The highlight of the con will be the great hummus taste test, in which I'll be one of the judges. I think that even after my appetite for hummus has been completely satisfied, there will be some left for the rest of you.

The con is being held chez Linda Carson and Jim Gardner in Waterloo. We don't really expect more than two or three of NFA's European subscribers to show up. But, if you live within reasonable driving distance of Waterloo come on down.

Jim and Linda have many games, including Diplomacy. They plan to hold at least one game of Diplomacy and as many games of other things as necessary. Hummuscon will be the perfect opportunity for those of you who don't know how to play Diplomacy (Jim and Linda, for example) to learn, and for all of you to meet some of the people associated with NFA.

If you plan to attend, call the number printed on the full page Hummuscon advertisement.

abc letters xyz

((There were relatively few letters this time, and many of them combined "fighting words" material with other material. For these reasons, I decided not to have a separate "fighting words" section this issue. Have no fear, "fighting words" will return next issue.

If you don't want a letter to appear in NFA, label it 'not for print'.))

Ron Brown When the mail crashed to the floor today, I thought for a moment that Voice of Doom had been revived. No such luck. Just another NFA! Oh well...have to live with what we get.

...John Caruso! Let's see. He accuses me of "making irrational, wild public statements". How can I argue with that? Some would regard this quote from Snafu! No. 45 to be irrational and wild: *The odd thing about it (Foot in Mouth) is that it is published by one of the hobby's nicest people: John Caruso. John has worked quietly behind the scenes trying to patch up feuds and has established useful hobby services.*

What's "wild and irrational" in one man's eyes is sober reflective thought to another.

Regarding John's claim that I once "blasted" one of my subbers in print for complaining that I put too much of my personal life in my 'zine, I have no recollection of such an event. I searched through all issues of Snafu! and cannot find anything remotely resembling the statement John ascribes to me. Again, I cannot argue with it unless John can point out the issue and page number. Otherwise, I believe an apology is due.

I did come across an interesting item while I was searching. This is from the letter section of Snafu! 36 (September 1983): *Personality differences are inevitable. The thing is to keep on communicating. Some of the differences get out of hand. But we are only human. People have feelings, ego, etc. If everyone would think of their fellow man/woman before speaking, things would be more tolerable. But some people don't care for other's feelings, or just don't care.*

I do wish those engaged in this anti-Linsey campaign would recall those words of John Caruso's before they launch their next attack.

And I would also like to remind John that I never said he and Kathy were wrong for criticizing Linsey. What is wrong is that almost a year after the infamous Francine letter first appeared, no one, except for five mysteriously unidentified people, has seen this letter. In other words, I am criticizing them for making serious charges about a hobby member which they have not substantiated. If this letter does exist and it is as "sick" and "disgusting" as we are supposed to believe then all I need is a photocopy and proof that Bruce Linsey did write it and I'll take over the anti-Linsey campaign -- and believe me, you guys have seen nothing until I decide to harrass someone.

But without any proof, I side with the innocent party (we do believe people are innocent until proven guilty, don't we?) and all the name-calling and unproven charges in the world will not budge me from that position.

Bruce Linsey is willing to go to arbitration. Why isn't Kathy?

((I don't consider that a fair question. I can see reasons why either Bruce or Kathy could be legitimately reluctant to go to arbitration. They each had a difficult decision to make; as it turned out, they decided differently. There shouldn't be a stigma attached to refusing arbitration.))

Gary Coughlan I got the humungous NFA two days ago and score one for you. Only once before in this hobby have I been completely surprised by something I received in the mail. The time before was the Marion Bates Death letter, which said that Marion had died. (It wasn't true.) And this time it was your announcement that you are gay.

I think you handled it very well and in one aspect reminded me of a similar situation which I had gone through. Several years ago when I was on Christmas leave from the army, I came back to Memphis and one of my cousins (actually more like an uncle) took me to see the Liberty Bowl football game. Naturally, we (my relatives and I) hadn't seen each other for quite a while so we were catching up on what was going on.

My cousin was critical of President Carter choosing Andrew Young as the U.S. U.N. ambassador and it really boiled down to the fact that he was black or "a nigger" as my cousin said. These were not my views and in fact I resented the bigotry that they represented. When directly asked by my cousin what I thought of Carter's choice, would it be good or not, I said (truthfully) "I don't know". The response was "What!" as in you don't possibly think it could be a good choice. Matters dropped then and we went on to other less controversial topics.

But when you mentioned the guy in the university pressing you for a direct answer about 2 men making love, it reminded me so much of myself. I didn't want to lie about my own racial feelings so I would give indirect answers. The older generation here in the South has been through a lot of changes in its lifetime, especially since the 1960s. They've come a long way, but you cannot totally change the habits of a lifetime.

Dan Stafford's actual quote was: "And to think that I thought the hobby was run by the Jews. Now they tell me it's the homosexuals!" and a little later: "I am neither Jew nor homosexual, but feel that the hobby is in pretty good hands."

Well I know that NFA is in good hands and that our hobby is lucky to have Steve Hutton in it. There is so much to respond to in your last issue, but with the short deadline of March 21, I'll have to wait until the April issue (tomorrow I go to LepreCon in Oregon and so I'm rushing around like a chicken with its head cut off getting ready) which I'm sure most of the other hobby members will likewise be forced to do. One thing I am sure of -- you will certainly get a lot of response.

I like the way you call a spade a spade no matter who says it. I think your stance will either drive most of the feuders back to 'zines where they know they won't have to prove their words or get them to shut up. But if they ignore the valid questions you are raising in NFA, they will certainly continue to lose even more face among hobby members at large. Your method seems to be "put up or shut up" and I think it will work. Well, I will write more later.

P.S. Please keep your "subs expiring this issue, next issue, etc.". This should be quite interesting in the upcoming issues!

Mike Ehli ...So far I have loved all of these articles and stories about me! And I can't wait to see more. I never know what I'll do next. Thank goodness someone in the hobby ((writes complete sentences?))

Y'know, actually, I'm not as skinny as that picture in Discordia World (you'll notice that I did say the picture was a little flattering; that was the quality I was talking about) but the DW 30 cover came close to my general looks so I picked it. What the heck -- I can't draw worth a damn.

Mike Barno 100 pages, yow! Well worth the wait. One of the best issues of anything I've seen, loaded with humour, debate, sensitive personal discussions, entertaining artwork (superlative job with "black space"), and more. My compliments. And to think I told Bruce McI that I'd like to see XL become "another NFA" if he were up to it.

The "Special Section"...I certainly didn't expect it, but I found I enjoyed it. I think it helped me understand both you and homosexuality a bit better. In context, the jokes and cartoons really broke me up. As to your interaction with the university student paper, I thought your letter was great. The reactions to it didn't mesh with my own experience, though. Let me give you some background: In the fall of 1983, a group of RIT students formed the Gays, Lesbians, and Friends Student Organization as a peer-support and educational group, and applied for recognition by the Student Directorate, which passes out funding and oversees student organizations. Among the responses was a letter in the student magazine from "Mark Siebach and friends", which I no longer have but sounded very much like Craig Eisler's anti-GLOW letter. I responded with the enclosed letter, which was carried along with the all-too-typical letters that accompany it. Despite my second paragraph ((which begins with *I'm straight, but I have gay friends...*)), several people (all male) decided that I must be gay, since "only a faggot could write that crap". You can guess how much concern I paid those types.

Yes indeed, that letter of mine to which a couple of people referred WAS dated and contained a substantive error. It was written in July of last year, and thus the reference to the Lake George vacation taking place "last summer" should read "in the summer of 1983". I am grateful to Steve Langley for pointing out this potentially misleading error. Perhaps this also explains why the letter "doesn't offer any new light". John misses the point of some things I've been saying. Certainly Bruce, Bill, and Alex had a complex interrelationship, leading to conflicts which brought about threats, threatened court action, and Bill's exit from the NROTC. What I've been trying to tell John, Steve, and others is that (a) it wasn't akin to the stereotypical "love triangle" Steve describes, and jealousy wasn't a significant factor in Bruce's actions; and (b) as you say, this (and a lot of the other stuff being thrown around by both sides) is NONE OF THE HOBBY'S GODDAMN BUSINESS. It is relevant only to those three, their families where they have been involved, and me, insofar as all three made me their confidante and solicited my help in facing and remedying the situation.

I believe that Michael Dean's comments on copyright-suit damages describe only the limit on actual damages. A court may also award punitive damages, depending on the case. I may be wrong in this, and I know that laws vary among different states and nations.

I think that you answered Alan ((Stewart)) well enough on the MM ((Moral Majority)) question. I agree that nuclear war and an MM takeover are unlikely; I do not agree that fear of either is groundless. Far too many people take your position: *It would be horrible, but it won't happen, and since I'd rather not think about it, I won't.* This leaves the issue to those who are zealous about it, and those who have the power to make it happen. The MM will only be stopped if enough people who value our freedom work against them and/or enough legislators at all levels refuse their advances without the public having to counter MM influences. In the case of N-war, the situation lacks long-term stability; our international crisis-management-and-resolution systems are in dire need of improvement. Not to mention the fact that, due to public complacency, the U.S. government feels it can maintain a belligerent program including a first-strike policy that makes Europe expendable in the event of Soviet military expansion, and the militarization of space for an anti-missile programme that destabilizes the situation, making MAD ((Mutually Assured Destruction)) uncertain though

still essentially true, and forces the build-up and, in the event of a strike, launching of massive numbers of cruise missiles that no satellite nor ABM ((Anti Ballistic Missile)) can neutralize. Maybe a few million voices crying for reason can do some good, perhaps not. But I, for one, would rather try than sit back, fat, dumb, and happy. Where is your freedom, or reputation, or personal life, or 2-way draw after Der Tag?

((I think you make a mistake by focussing on the weapons of war, rather than its causes. Regardless of the weapons used, war is a terrible thing that should be avoided. A person is just as dead if he's killed by a sword, a gun, or a hydrogen bomb. There is no acceptable number of wrongful deaths below which war is "thinkable", and above which it is "unthinkable".

The threat of war is not the existence of weapons. In every room of your house or apartment, you have things that could be used to kill someone, yet this doesn't create a serious danger that you will slaughter your neighbours. The threat is people who are willing to commit murder, and governments that are willing to start wars.

The government of the Soviet Union (like far too many other governments) is in a state of continual warfare against its own people. It routinely deprives them of their lives and liberty. Should we expect such a state to be squeamish about waging war outside its borders? The very existence of governments like that of the Soviet Union is a threat to world peace.

To defend, with whatever weapons are necessary, against such states is the primary purpose of any government of free men and women.))

Brian Lorber Just finished NFA 29/30 and found it an interesting issue.

Some specifics:

Your "coming out of the closed" was done in an open, honest, humorous manner, and I'm glad you were able to do this. I can imagine that it would take a lot of guts and that you will probably expect criticism in the near future, especially from various right-wing crazies. I'm sure, however, that the majority of people who read NFA, and certainly everyone who would consider themselves a friend of yours, back you up completely. It is a good feeling to be able to be completely honest with yourself and your friends, and people can only respect you more for your decision.

Over 50 pages of Byrne-Linsey mudslinging. I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't read it with my own eyes. Yes, I actually read it all (no small feat) and attempted to sort it all out (fat chance). It seems that everyone is exercising their moral superiority in this one. It would be a shame if this breaks up the hobby. Remember? Diplomacy? A Con-Bul, press, and general good natured fun for all? Seems to be getting rather scarce these days. Postal anarchy sums it up a little better. This all reads like a bad TV soap opera. Glad I ain't involved...

Just received a sample of Bruce McIntyre's Excelsior and it looks pretty good. We Americans are beginning to be shown up. An interesting issue with a musical touch. Does he really look like John Denver as suggested by the cover?

Tell us more about your summer trip to Europe. I'd love to hear. Is it school related?

((I thought Keith Sherwood and I were the only ones who would ever be accused of looking like John Denver. Welcome to the club, Bruce.

I still haven't worked out my final plans for Europe. It looks like I'll be taking a 2-month continental tour and a few weeks at each end in England. I've been eager to go to Europe for a long time, and a couple of times came close to going. I figure my best chance to go is between graduation (end of April) and when I start work (September.))

Jim Gardner Bored with Saturday morning cartoons and stuck indoors with nothing to do, I took my sanity in hand and tried to plough through Fighting Words (NFA #29/30). Drew Post and John Ellis are quite right in saying that all that venom is dismaying and could drive newcomers out of the hobby...but, of course, you have a point too. It would be nice if it all stopped, but as long as it goes on, an open forum is necessary, and if NFA is the only place it can happen, so be it.

However, it surprises me that nobody has suggested one obvious method for aggravating the situation further: sitting both sides down at a table and having a Diplomacy game to determine who's right. The tradition of duelling to decide affairs of honour has a long and noble history, linked to such delightful notions as trial by ordeal, shoot-outs in the American West, and fist fights in the boys' locker room. The feud seems to be plunging to this level of enlightenment, and it's only poetic justice to let it hit rock bottom.

I would suggest the following arrangement: Bruce and Kathy choose two people to act as seconds. One side will have Austria, Germany and Italy, while the other has England, France, and Russia. Who gets which will be decided by some fair and random means, e.g. arm wrestling. This division of countries likely isn't well balanced, but it has history to back it up.

Who plays Turkey is a problem. It's best to choose someone impartial. Someone independently wealthy would also be a good choice, since there is always the chance that one side or the other would attempt bribery to upset the balance of power. The obvious man for the job is naturally Henry Kissinger, an experienced Diplomacy player with experience in ending feuds and the like. If Dr. K. is unavailable, I might volunteer myself -- with no experience whatever, I would be no earthly good to either side.

As for the site of such a match, I would suggest the upcoming HummusCon. I've talked with the Con's organizer, and she says that it needs this sort of attraction to give the Con legitimacy. Ms. Carson has two big mixing bowls, so she could easily arrange that the two sides would not compromise themselves by "dipping" from the same dish.

Of course, the participants would have to agree that whichever side lost would prostrate themselves before the winners. For convenience, both sides would prepare statements for their opponents to sign confessing to child molesting, alcoholism, slander, libel, nose picking, willful homicide, or anything else they please. Once these confessions were signed by the losing players, everyone would agree to shut up about past differences and give the hobby back to the game.

((I'm sending Dr. Kissinger an invitation to HummusCon '85.))

Frej Wasastjerna I recently had to go to my dentist for some rather extensive -- and expensive -- repairs to my teeth. Apparently I gnash my teeth in my sleep, which results in damage in places where they are already weakened. And do you know what the technical term for such gnashing is? It's bruxism!

So now we know who is to blame! Apparently Brux is not only guilty of picking his nose in public, having caused the Ethiopian famine, having murdered Abraham Lincoln and framed John Wilkes Booth for the murder, and having burned the library in Alexandria, but also of sabotaging my teeth! If this goes on, there will soon be sufficient justification for declaring his games irregular!

((For more information, contact Dentists Against Linsey.))

Fred Davis A marvelous issue of NFA. I particularly enjoyed the solution to the "Who Killed Bruce Linsey" puzzle.

I overlooked the item about the "sofa". I thought "couch" and "sofa" were pretty much interchangeable all over North America. I have never heard a couch called a "chesterfield" by anyone, although I've seen the term in old-fashioned English novels, and always wondered what it meant. In some parts of Middle America, a couch is still called a "davenport". I grew up in the Midwest, and find that I say "couch" about 90% of the time, and "sofa" maybe 10%.

I knew the "bowling ball" had to be a clue, but didn't know what it represented. I thought maybe they played skittles in Canada, but I guess that's strictly a British game. I'm wondering whether the 5-pin game with a small ball is similar to the "duckpin" game played here in Maryland and Virginia.

Duckpins uses pins about half the size of tenpins, but uses 10 pins and the same scoring system, except that you get to throw a third ball each frame. A small ball about the size of a softball is used. However, in this area the constant bowlers do own their own balls. One always buys a set of two, since your first ball does not return before it's time to throw the second. Usually, the first ball has returned in time for you to use it for your third throw, if necessary. The scores are much lower than in tenpin bowling, obviously. I had never liked tenpins, as the 16 lb. ball is too heavy, but since moving to Maryland we've gotten quite enthusiastic about duckpins. The older bowling alleys here have nothing but ducks, but all of the newer alleys have both duckpins and tenpins, as the tenpin game gradually penetrates the area. Kevin, my son, has been able to play duckpins ever since he was about 6 years old. Since a lot of people here do own their own duckpin balls, I'm surprised to learn that Canadians don't own their own 5-pin balls. One reason so many duckpins bowlers own their own is that the house balls available in the alleys are frequently scarred and scratched up. Maybe they do a better job of getting rid of damaged house balls in Canada.

Your letter column on The Feud was terrific. I wholeheartedly support the comments of Ron Brown, Gary Coughlan, Bill Quinn, Doug Beyerlein, Mark Berch, and 90% of Rod Walker's. I think one sentence of Beyerlein's ought to be reprinted in every 'zine in the hobby, to wit: *If this war of words is allowed to continue, it will rip the hobby apart and destroy much of what has been built up over the past 22 years.*

I deliberately used the term "medical problems" in Bushwacker because as a quasi-professional in the field of disability claims, I am quite certain that alcoholism is a disease. Hence, it is a medical problem, not a social problem or moral problem. I did not know how widespread this letter had circulated, and did not wish to go beyond the bounds of good taste in my 'zine. Alcoholism is the single most important disease epidemic in North America today. At least 5% of the population suffers from this disease.

((The word "sofa" is becoming more common and the word "chesterfield" less common in Canada, probably due to the influence of American T.V..

A 5-pin ball is about twice as big as a softball. The five pins are arranged in a straight line perpendicular to the path of the ball. The centre pin is worth 5 points; the outside pins are worth 2 each; the other two pins are worth 3 points each. You have three shots, and score points for the pins you knock down (15 points if you knock down all five). If you knock them all down in one shot it's called a "strike", a "spare" if you knock them down in two. For a strike or spare, you get 15 points plus the points you score on your next two or one balls. (Essentially, for each frame you get the points for three shots.) If you have a strike or spare in the tenth (final) frame, you get one or two extra shots. A perfect game is 12 strikes (one per frame, plus two extra shots at the end) which is worth 450 (45x10) points.))

That Linsey Creature ...My copy of issue #29/30 was delayed in the mail, and as a result I don't have time to get you a decent reply for #31. Please extend my apologies to your readers, but never fear -- I'll have a rip-roaring response for your April issue!

Arthur Majoor ...I must admit I'm a bit stunned by your little revelation on page 45. I guess I'm in the 3rd category of "too thick to notice".

I've known you a lot longer than any of these other "dip people" and the thought never once even occurred to me. I don't even know if it's good (sub-consciously suppressing evidence because our friendship was more important) or bad (too stupid to know better). It certainly proves I'm not as intelligent or observant as most people seem to think I am.

((Don't worry about it. Most of our time together was in high school, when I wasn't dropping many hints. It's the people who knew me in university and still didn't guess who are really thick.))

Bruce McIntyre ...Believe it or not, I will be contributing to FW in another letter, to be written in a few weeks, probably after my weekend at LepreCon. I hope it's a holiday rather than a feud-rap.

...NFA will get a 10 from me for the Runestone. Period. Not only that, but you will see that there are some offerings here.

My calculations indicate that NFA #29/30 should actually have been a quad or quint issue. I intend to pay you as such and renew my sub with the rest. There are two reasons why I desperately hope you will accept this generosity: firstly, you deserve it for a fantastic issue, and secondly, I want to affirm that my chequing account works as such -- this is my first cheque (consider yourself honoured!).

((I cashed your cheque and added it to your subscription balance. You now have a subscription that will likely expire after you do.))

Today one of the items in the mail was a letter from Ed Wrobel, nicely pointing out what he perceives to be the Bruxian faults. I doubt it will be the last of such letters, but I suppose I asked for it with my editorial in XL #1. More of that in the FW letter.

Back to why NFA #29/30/etc. if you prefer, was a fantastic issue. I pity the effect that FW will have on your non-Dip life, but you certainly must be commended for having good intentions. The hobby needs a place to get these disputes out in the open, and I think that for providing such a place you deserve a high pedestal in hobby history. I guess this is the postal Dip recession. Hopefully we can have a recovery soon.

I hope that FW does not separate from NFA into a spinoff on its own simply because it's too large to be included. It's important that non-feuders get a chance to see what the fighting is all about, who is saying what, and MOST IMPORTANTLY, who is making sense while doing so. Gives the fighters some stakes to play for, eh? I'm just guessing, but I'd say 70% of hobby members are anti-feuders who are on neither side, and there must be many of them who are watching the feuds -- now fully presented in NFA -- beginning to realize who is making sense and who is ranting and raving without the benefit of logic.

As I say, this is for your letters column, not for FW, despite appearances.

I'm glad we talked two days ago -- made me feel a bit better about the middle section of last issue. The first thing I did when I got home was check EE #39 ((where the quote came from)) to see whether that bit I wrote in brackets had seen print -- thanks Brux. Steve, I admire your courage in 'coming out', and I'm sure many, including myself, will rethink their attitudes towards homosexuality. My first thought was to be extremely pissed off that you would take my letter to Brux as a slight, and because I wanted it straightened out right away, I phoned. Oh yes, I charged the call to a third number, a trick I learned from FW! I charged the call to a guy I found in the phone book named Ron Gordon (heh, heh, heh) who happens ironically to live at 6191 Winch St... ((Bruce's address)).

I thought you might be interested in my version of "One of Them", though from the other side of the coin. If you want, you can print it as an article, but you need not pay the five issues -- you'll need the money for FW.

((I wasn't at all upset at your comments about people assuming that anyone named Bruce was gay. I actually found your statement quite funny, since I had a gay friend named Bruce who I teased quite a bit about his name.

I printed your article, but I must insist on paying you 5 issues for it. How would it look if someone named Bruce (a name which you acknowledge has certain connotations) kept sending me free presents in the mail? People would talk.))

Melinda Holley To: M. Berch, R. Henricks, S. Hutton, B. Linsey, B. Olsen, R. Sacks, T. Tallman, R. Walker, E. Wrobel

I would appreciate it if any of you could answer the following questions regarding the Zine Register.

- 1) If Roy Henricks is in charge of the ZR, why does he not respond to questions about the ZR? Why does all the information available come from Bruce Linsey and not Roy Henricks?
- 2) If Roy Henricks is in charge of the ZR, why is Bruce Linsey allowed to: a) help formulate ZR policy b) publicly state said policy? Does this mean other people may contribute to ZR policy as well?
- 3) If Roy Henricks is in charge of the ZR, then Bruce Linsey is merely performing a clerical function and has no business in formulating ZR policy ...that is Roy Henricks' job. ((This is a question??))
- 4) If Roy Henricks is not in charge of the ZR, why the charade that he is?
- 5) If Roy Henricks had the best interests of the ZR at heart, why choose Bruce Linsey to help him knowing the matter would be controversial and perhaps hurt the ZR?
- 6) If Bruce Linsey had the best interests of the ZR at heart, why did he agree to help with the ZR knowing the matter would be controversial and perhaps hurt the ZR?

I would appreciate any comments on the above.

((1&2&3) Roy is in charge of the ZR. He could at any time say that Bruce Linsey would have nothing more to do with the ZR, and no one would question his right to do so. If he wants to let someone help set policy and publicly state this policy, that's up to him.

4) Roy is.

5&6) Given that the ZR was a year late, should Roy have turned down the help of a competent person? Had Bruce not volunteered, the ZR would not be coming out at all. I find it amazing that you would prefer this to a ZR coming out with Bruce Linsey's help.))

Steve Langley I enjoyed your response to my "straw man" article. Since I was writing in a satirical vein, I can only accept your criticism as valid (obviously perhaps, but no less valid). As to the article's accuracy, the list is accurate even if my 'excuses' were made of straw. You said that sometimes accuracy counts for more than cleverness and then refer me to Bruce's account.

How am I to judge the accuracy of that account? Might I compare it to things about which I know Bruce has lied? Hardly! I am told that just because Bruce has been shown to have done wrong in one instance doesn't mean he has done wrong in another. On the other hand, a prudent person might reserve acceptance of Bruce's versions of what has passed once one of his versions has been shown to be misleading or false.

Lest you succeed in nailing me for innuendo here, let me direct your attention to #7 on Bruce's list. Bruce's version is that someone in Melinda's office gave him her mother's number without his asking for it. In a part of Bad Doggie, not reprinted in NFA but no less available to Bruce, Melinda says that Bruce's story of an emergency so upset her fellow workers that her boss called her personally to see if there was anything he could do to help.

Whether Bruce or Melinda is fabricating is moot. I know which of them I believe, but that weighs nothing as proof. What does weigh in our example is that Melinda said in Bad Doggie that Bruce did exactly what Terry Taliman is accused of "irresponsibly" reporting through "twisting the truth". What I see is Bruce twisting things to build a case, giving a misleading example, lying if you will.

((If you really know of cases in which Bruce has lied, then you can legitimately be skeptical of his claims. If you are forced to choose between the word of a known liar and another person, all other things being equal, you would be right to believe the person you don't know to be a liar.

But, I am not in that situation. I don't know of any case in which either Bruce or Melinda has deliberately lied to the hobby. And, I am not forced to choose between their stories, since they are not inconsistent. Consider the following possible scenario: *Bruce calls Melinda's place of work and asks to talk to her. He mentions that he is calling from Massachusetts. Melinda's co-worker assumes that it's very important and offers to get a phone number where Melinda can be reached. Melinda's boss hears about this "urgent" call and later phones Melinda to see if anything is seriously wrong. If this scenario, or something very much like it, is true, neither Bruce nor Melinda is lying and Bruce hasn't done anything wrong; it was a simple misunderstanding. So long as it is possible that both people are telling the truth, you have no basis at all for accusing one of lying. If you were to claim on this basis that Bruce's story is "demonstrably false" (as I think, psychic that I am, you'll do in a few paragraphs) you would be dead wrong.))*

So how am I to judge the accuracy of the rest of his examples? How about example #2? Bruce admits to writing to Bill Highfield's commanding officer to complain about death threats and shows Terry writing about complaints about Bill's 'zine. I met Terry in late December of 1983, a month before Bruce sent his letter about the death threats. At that time, Terry told me of a letter sent to Bill's CO about the right wing content of TMP. Bill was able to square

that with his CO (apparently being right wing is not as dangerous in the military as mailing death threats). I was later told, not by Terry the names of the two hobby members who sent that first letter, and no, I have no proof except for the memories of some friends who were with Terry and me when he told us of the first letter.

If you ask me how could Bruce know what letter Terry was referring to, you are being naive.

One demonstrably false entry on the list and another that I know to be false (know is here used in a sense of *I have seen and heard enough to be convinced*) even if I can't prove it to you. Am I really expected to accept the heading "what actually happened" as the truth? Just what accuracy is it to which you referred me?

((I only referred to accuracy in your presentation of Bruce's position. I can't state with certainty that all of Bruce's statements are true. But, I won't accuse him (or anyone else) of lying unless I have been given sufficient grounds for doing so.

It's not completely clear, but I assume that you are accusing Bruce of being one of the two who sent a letter to Bill's CO about IMP's politics. Please correct me if I'm wrong in this. I hope that Bruce will respond to this charge.))

You asked me why I was asking so many questions and suggested that it might be that I prefer innuendo to fact. I had answers to all of those questions, some backed by evidence, some opinion formed from less than admissible hearsay. Rather than deliver them to you, I asked you the questions in the hopes of giving you something to think about. Who knows, if you do answer them for yourself you might discover lots more than I have. Some of the answers are based on what Bruce has told me in phone conversation, and we all know nothing can be proved about what someone says on the phone.

((I have no way of knowing whether you prefer innuendo to fact, or vice versa. I only know that in the case you're referring to you used innuendo. My own question *Do you consider innuendo a legitimate form of argument?* was, of course, innuendo about innuendo (meta-innuendo if you will).))

In answer to your question about my refusal of Bruce's mail. I refused no mail while compiling Volunteers. Bruce sent me only a refund cheque for the difference between my sub to VoD and his to Magus. He did not send me "his side" of anything. If he had, I would have put it between the letter from Bill Highfield to Bruce asking Bruce to work out his problems with jealousy over Bill's and Alex's relationship and the one from Bruce to Bill threatening to write to Bill's CO if Bill did not back off trying to collect on the \$34 cheque Bruce stopped. I think it would have fit nicely there, don't you? ((The more things you put between a pair of letters written nearly two months apart, the better.))

After Volunteers was published, Bruce sent me some pages from VoD 100 which I "return to sender"ed. After that, he sent me a mass mailing which I also marked for return. I peeked at both to see what I was missing before returning them. Since that time, I have accepted all mail from Bruce and am keeping it in its own little file.

And, no, I don't realistically expect a sealed envelope to show up after any number of months. The envelope never existed. I was merely planting my tongue in my cheek.

The names of the five who saw the Francine letter were published in Coat of Arms shortly after the occurrence. Steve Arnawoodian, Bob Olsen, Julie Martin, and Jeff Bohner are the four I can recall. You might ask them for the name of the fifth witness. The event that brought them together was the Thanksgiving ByrneCon.

((I hereby ask these four people the following question: *To the best of your recollection, in what ways (if any) does the letter you saw differ from the letter Bruce claims he wrote (in NFA 29/30? I hope some of them will answer in time for next issue.)*))

You said that whether or not Kathy has a drinking problem, Bruce thinks she does. Shouldn't you rather have said that Bruce says he thinks she does? Or, are you a mind reader after all? ((I think I should have said what I did say: *I'm satisfied that, rightly or wrongly, Bruce genuinely believes that Kathy has a drinking problem.* (emphasis added).))

Bruce is making quite a lot out of my intrusion into his love life in Volunteers. It has been suggested that I owe him an apology for dragging his personal life into the hobby. Upon reflection, I've come to the conclusion that I do not owe Bruce such an apology. I am not at fault here. (I have no knowledge about his love life other than what he has imparted to me in "strictest confidence".) My conjecture in Magus #39 that Bruce might have had motives other than fear for his life for writing to Bill Highfield's commanding officer was fairly well proved out by evidence of letters from Bill to Bruce and Bruce to Bill. If Bruce is outraged that I intruded into his personal life in this instance, he is without my sympathy. He set the process in motion, I didn't. If I am missing something here perhaps you would be good enough as to explain it to me. I sincerely believe that if there are apologies owed, Bruce owes them.

((It's a shame that your admitted ignorance about Bruce's love life didn't keep you from speculating about it in print! I don't understand your last sentence. Bruce has already apologized for writing his letter about Kathy. Or were you suggesting he apologize for causing you to drag his personal life before the hobby?))

By the way, what is sabotage? ((3a. *an act or process tending to hamper or hurt* - Webster)) How does one sabotage a hobby service? You and Rod Walker discussed it and you agreed that it was a bad thing to do but you never made it clear just what the sabotage was. Is failure to participate in a hobby service (such as a poll) sabotage? If it is, is sabotage really an evil or is it just a colourful label?

Recently, just as I was preparing to tabulate the results of the 1984 Freshman 'Zine Poll, Rod requested that his 'zine, Erehwon, not be listed as part of the poll. His reasons were, to me, a bit thin. Yet I did take Erehwon out of the poll for a reason Rod rejects as valid. Does this make Rod and me saboteurs? I would guess it does from the context of your discussion.

((I don't think the Runestone boycotters are being evil, just childish and destructive. Rod will probably get more upset with you than I will since he seems to value these hobby services more.))

I agree with you about the Zine Register. It is, at best, a record of what 'zines existed during some vague period, obsolete even before it is printed. Who really cares? Still, Robert Sacks is trying to start a similar project and I am sending him the filled out forms. If one such is useless then would two be twice as useless, half as useless or just as useless? Still, it can't hurt and it doesn't need to serve a purpose. This is, after all, a hobby.

The only hobby service I find truly useful is the orphaned games placement project. Perhaps one other, your open forum letter column is also of good value.

John Boardman Whoever you are:

I am not certain with whom I am dealing, since Bruce Linsey openly and unashamedly promotes the forgery of Diplomacy 'zines and the creation of artificial identities. You seem to think I have ordered pages from your Diplomacy 'zine. I haven't.

((I've been sending you some or all of any issue of NFA in which you are prominently mentioned. If you want me to stop, ask. Your point about artificial identities causing confusion is well taken, Eric (or should I say "Mr. Blake"?). I also agree that Kathy Byrne should be ashamed of herself for faking all those 'zines.))

In case you were wondering, Linsey's subscription to Graustark has 6 issues to run. Am I supposed to have denied this?

However, I'll make you an offer. If you can send me a justification of Linsey's conduct towards Kathy Byrne, including your reasons for believing his letter to her daughter to be right and proper language, I will end the suspension of Linsey's subscription. If you cannot do this, you will in effect be saying that Linsey's conduct is indefensible. Already another person who criticized his subscription's suspension has backed off by admitting that he cannot defend Linsey's actions. For further details, see the statement that will appear on p. 11 of Graustark #505.

((Not all of Bruce's actions are defensible. His letter about Kathy's alleged drinking problem, in particular, is not.

But, the fact that someone has done something wrong does not justify stealing his money. And that is exactly what you are doing. You have some of Bruce's money, which you accepted as payment for a Graustark subscription. If you refuse to give him the issues he has paid for or to give him his money back, you are committing theft.

Imagine that I go into a store and try to buy a can of peas. The clerk accepts my money and says: *I acknowledge that you have paid me for a can of peas, but I'm not going to give it to you. You see, I don't like some of the jokes you printed in the last NFA. I'll give you the can of peas as soon as you apologise to everyone you offended with your jokes. If you don't apologize, kiss your money goodbye. Would we not call such a person a thief?*

If you don't want to deal with Bruce, give him back his money.))

Bruce McIntyre I'd like to use your open forum discussion to make a statement I want to keep out of future Excelsiors because of its nature. This statement is that forty days after writing it, I am no longer in agreement with the editorial I wrote in Excelsior #1, and I wish to apologize publicly to those who were offended by it.

In future, my 'zine Excelsior shall stick to games -- if I write an editorial, it will be in praise of someone/something, rather than sarcastically insulting hobby members who disagree with my views, as the first one did.

It shouldn't be necessary to reprint the unfortunate editorial I now retract -- NFA's complete sub list and most hobby publishers were sent a copy. Unfortunately, I hope the people who were offended by that editorial will consider asking me for a sample, or subscribing, or proposing a trade, now that I've decided to avoid public controversy.

I should point out that credit for this change of heart can be given to three people: Terry Tallman, for pointing out that the last paragraph was unfair and insulting, Bruce Linsey for pointing out that the second and fourth paragraphs were inaccurate, and myself for realizing that they were right. The hobby could use more of this type of teamwork...

((I'm disappointed that you're retracting your editorial just because it was unfair, insulting, and inaccurate. I mean, where would the hobby be if other publishers followed your example?))

What do you call a man who's been put through a meat grinder? Chuck.

A man suffering from impotence went to a sex counselor for help. The counselor told him not to wait until night to have sex with his wife, but to do it whenever he got the urge. The man returned a week later and the counselor asked if his advice had worked. "Yes," the man replied, "it was great. But, I don't think they'll let us eat at the Howard Johnson's any more..."

Two hockey fans were talking at work one day. Bill asked if John was going to the big game that night -- the Leafs were playing Montreal. "No," said John, "my wife would never let me go." "I've got some advice for you," said Bill, "when you get home, pick up your wife, throw her on the bed, fuck her, and then say 'I'm going to the hockey game'." The next day, Bill asked John if he'd followed his advice. "Well," said John, "I started to do what you said. I picked her up, threw her on the bed, and started to undress us. But, just as I was taking off her panties and undoing my fly, I said to myself, 'wait a minute -- Toronto hasn't been playing all that well lately'."

What's the last thing to go through a bug's mind when it hits your car windshield? Its ass hole.

A particularly hedonistic man was talking to a priest one day. "Say, father," he asked, "can you tell me what causes arthritis?" The priest saw the chance to make a convert and replied, "sin. Arthritis is directly caused by a life of debauchery, drinking to excess, unnatural acts with animals, and general disregard for the laws of God." The man's face went pale, so pale that the priest realized he might have gone a bit too far. "I'm sorry, my son," he said, "perhaps I was a bit too hard on you. How long have you had arthritis?" "I don't have it," the man replied, "it's just that I read in the paper today that the Pope has it."

Terrible Moments in Sport #9 by Steve Langley

Shortly before Halloween in my third year of school a teacher diagnosed my nearsightedness and sent me to have my eyes tested. It turned out that my strong eye was 20/250. This moment in sport took place earlier that year when the snows had not yet fallen and softball was still a daily occurrence.

I was small for my age and couldn't see, which probably explains why I was always the last person chosen when sides were picked for softball. Softball, what a misnomer. The ball was a solid sphere, rock hard, covered with rough leather held together by a thick raised seam that serpented around its surface. The seam stuck out from the ball about a quarter inch and was cut off square. When struck with a bat, the sound of the ball's passage through the air was an ominous hiss. I feared that ball.

It hurt my hands to even attempt to catch it when thrown. I was small and my hands are small for my size. The ball was bigger around than my two-handed grasp and the raised seams were a source of bruises for all. Even then, I knew there were softer soft balls and often wished my school owned one.

I was relegated to right field where I could do the least damage. On a good day, no hits would come my way. My constant thought while peering at the blur behind home plate was "don't let it hit me". Then, the inevitable occurred. I heard the solid crack of the bat and the ominous hiss. I couldn't see the ball but from the sound of the hiss I knew I was doomed.

I did the only sensible thing. I put the glove between my head and the oncoming juggernaut. The shock of the ball hitting the glove was numbing. For one glorious moment I thought I'd caught it but the screams of "pick it up" soon woke me to reality.

The ball was almost at my feet. The first baseman was running toward me to cover my inept play. I picked up the ball and felt it slip from my hand as I tried to throw. It rolled about a third of the distance between me and the first baseman. I ran. Being closer and fast enough for my size I got there first and, aided by my adrenals, managed to snatch up the ball and give it a tremendous heave. It sailed over the head of the oncoming first baseman and went directly to first base. By this time, the runner was on his way to second, so naturally there was no one there.

The ball went beyond first base past the bushes lining the school yard and across the street. By the time it was recovered, the runner was already sitting on the bench hooting at me. It was a good long throw, though, the best I've ever made.

A man's wife complained to him that he wasn't virile enough. She said that her friend was satisfied by her husband five times in one night. The male ego is a very fragile thing, and her husband resolved to match this other man's feat. The first time was no problem. The second was a bit more difficult, and he had a nap afterwards. When he awoke, he performed again, and then had another nap. On awaking, he satisfied her a fourth time, and again fell asleep. Finally, he awoke again and somehow (he didn't know how) managed to do it a fifth time, again falling asleep totally exhausted afterwards. As a result of this athletic ordeal, he didn't arrive at work until 10:00. He apologised to his boss for being late. "I don't mind you being an hour late," said his boss, "what I want to know is where you were Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday."

The Dipdom Wars

((I didn't get episode 2 from Arthur in time for this issue, so I decided to write it myself. This serial is a bizarre, intentionally ridiculous fantasy. The characters have little in common with the real people with the same names.))

Bill Highfield was enjoying his first day on the job at the collection agency. He merrily signed his name to the bottom of the form letter: *Life is short; why make it shorter? Your prompt payment would be appreciated.* He noticed that one letter was different than the others. It demanded payment of \$100 million to The Islamic Republic of Iran. He picked up the envelope, wondering who could have run up such a bill. When he saw the name on the envelope, he nearly fainted.

Gary Coughlan was furious. He'd worked long and hard to earn the title of hobby drunkard. The signs of alcohol abuse were there for everyone to see: the chaotic, disorganized 'zine that was always late; the inept GMing with at least a dozen errors every season; the chronically slurred speech, so often mistaken for a Tennessee accent. And now Kathy thought she could take away his title without even a fight. He was going to show her a thing or two.

It was a dangerous mission, but Ken Peel wasn't worried. Kathy had asked him to go to Iran and find out who hired the jets that were being used against her. He had accepted eagerly. This trip would provide the perfect cover for his trips to Iranian hummus dens. When he returned to America, he would have a new and even better recipe. "Hummus," he said to himself for the thousandth time, "is the key".

Rod Walker tried desperately to figure out what had happened. The conversation with Mike Ehli, the blackout, the salt on his hands. Then it hit him. "Eureka!" he shouted greekly.

Alcohol, hummus, salt. Three substances for which men would kill or die. Only one man knew how they were related, and how they controlled the destiny of the hobby. He sat back and laughed. His plan was going perfectly.

"What did you want to talk about, Steve?" asked Brux of his Canadian visitor. "Well," Hutton began... Bells rang; whistles shrieked; red lights flashed on and off. "Excuse me," said Bruce, "Mark Berch is calling on the hot line."

While Bruce was out of the room, Steve decided to look around. He noticed a letter from Brux under a glass case: *Dear Baby Fae, You're probably going to die soon, but even if you don't you've got a monkey's heart. What do you want to be when you grow up, a babboon?* Below it was a handwritten note, also from Bruce: *I don't like writing this sort of hate letter to little children, but I have a reputation to maintain.*

A man was driving down the highway when a police car pulled him over. The cop said, "Hey, buddy, I think you should know that your wife fell out the car 5 miles back." "Thank God," the man replied, "I thought I'd gone deaf."

A man was having his first visit to a psychologist. "Doctor," he said, "I think a lot of my problems stem from the fact that I was once caught hiding in a closet watching my parents have sex". "That's no big deal," the shrink replied, "a lot of children do that sort of thing." "Yes," the man replied, "but I was caught last night."

Another "One of Them" by Bruce McIntyre

I have this terrible habit. I tell jokes to people who seldom laugh. I feel that it is one of my rights to hear people laugh, whether with me or at me. And I find that the ones who laugh the least laugh the loudest. Strange but true.

In the last of my two years at music school, I took a large course load, for the simple reason that I loved it. (Not so at UBC, but that's another story.) I found I was often there from 8:30 to 10 (at night) so I filled my schedule with a minimum-wage job manning the front desk two nights a week. Adjacent to the reception area was an office in which a fellow by the anagram or Lars B.J. LeRuse, an oboist, practices nightly. Every so often he would come out (hmm, had choice of words there) and we'd talk, and I'd try to get him to laugh at my rather unusual way of putting things. He was sensitive to the point of being slightly weird, but that only served to help us become good friends. He worked at the desk on a few of the nights that I didn't, and I'd often visit or call up to chat. The day I succeeded in getting a violently beautiful laugh out of him (by showing how he'd signed in using progressively shorter forms of his name until only L. LeR was left) was a day I'll remember for a long time. That was the day that Lars decided to screw practicing for one night (he was good enough anyhow, much better than me; my practicing usually takes the form of sight reading in the bus 30 minutes before the big lesson) and talk with me and a young lady named so that an anagram would be Erica Tinson, who was an assistant/secretary/record keeper/music organizer for the 200-voice choir -- a job which left her free while the choir rehearsed on Thursday nights. Anyhow, we three, plus a fourth, a very happy-go-lucky sax player whose name and anagram escape me at the moment, decided to go out for coffee (or in my case tea, as I don't drink coffee) after closing up the school building.

Somehow, this poorly-recalled sax player steered the subject around to a simple question: *how long has it been since you last had sex?* (These things happen -- I'm not making this up.) After the laughing (Lars's second big laugh, though muffled since we were in a restaurant) had subsided, the sax player opened the bidding with a twinkle in his eye: *one week*. Erica, engaged to and living with a nice fellow familiar to all of us, shot that down with *sixteen hours*. I reluctantly (probably, at that point, the major heat source of the building was my reddened face) said, truthfully *five months*, and then we all looked at Lars, who was still laughing. Finally he calmed down enough to speak.

Well, for me it's an entirely different thing, you know. There was a long pause. Everybody knew what it meant but me. *I'm still a virgin.*

And on a bus an hour later, I was informed as to the entirely different thing, you know, by Erica, who also revealed the names of both students and professors who also were...

A few days later, I was talking to Lars again. "That was quite an interesting meeting the other night," I said. "Great to find out so many silly things about one another," I continued.

Lars agreed. "Uh," he started, "there's something about me that I'm not certain you know, Bruce." At that point, I knew. Not that I didn't trust Erica, but I wanted to hear it from Lars. Luckily, I'd had time to think it all over.

"I know it," I said. "I was disappointed in myself at first when I had to think about whether it should affect our friendship."

We shook hands. Simultaneously, we said "Thanks for..." Then we both laughed. His was louder...

Double Dactyls

My double dactyl piece last issue "scooped" Science Digest. SD had an article in its March issue about double dactyls. The article talked about a more "purist" version with stricter rules. First, the name in line two must use up all 6 beats -- no extra words. Second, once a 6-syllable word has been published in a double dactyl no other double dactyl can use that word. To these additional restrictions, I can only reply "higgledy piggledy". Strong language, I agree, but I mean it!

Higgledy piggledy,
Ronald J. Brown and wife
First had one baby and
Then made it two.

Now they are forced into
Hyperactivity.
Who says Ron's gone through his
Final Snafu?

Higgledy piggledy,
We know why Hutton can
Publish a one-hundred
Page dippy text.

Most of us Normal Folks,
Heterosexual,
Spend time and energy
Having real sex.
(by Bruce Linsey)

Higgledy piggledy,
Ms. Carson talked about
Gross Turkish food with Berch,
Walker, and Peel

If you want maladies
Gastrointestinal,
Come down and join in her
Hummuscon meal.
("Ode to Hummuscon")

Higgledy piggledy,
Allan B. Calhamer
Once made a game in which
Lying is good.

Twenty years later, some
Undiplomatically
Still stretch the truth a bit
More than they should.

Higgledy piggledy,
Meet Steven Hutton, the
Wandering pubber with
No Fixed Address.

Regurgitatingly
Spouting Byrne-Linsey feud,
Zillion page forums are
Hard to digest.
(by Brian Lorber)

Higgledy piggledy,
That Linsey Creature is
In a few fights, but then
That isn't news.

Some say that he couldn't
Uncontroversially
Go to the bathroom or
Tie up his shoes

An Arabian sheik was visiting the U.S. and fell in love with his host's wife. He said, "if you will let me take your wife away with me to Saudi Arabia never to return, I will give you her weight in gold". "Ask me again in a week," the host said. "You want time to think it over?" asked the sheik. "Hell no," he said, "I want to fatten her up."

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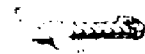
On Saturday April 20th, 1985,
NFA readers will gather for a
unique afternoon, filled
with Diplomacy and hummus,
Steve's favourite gross Middle Eastern food.

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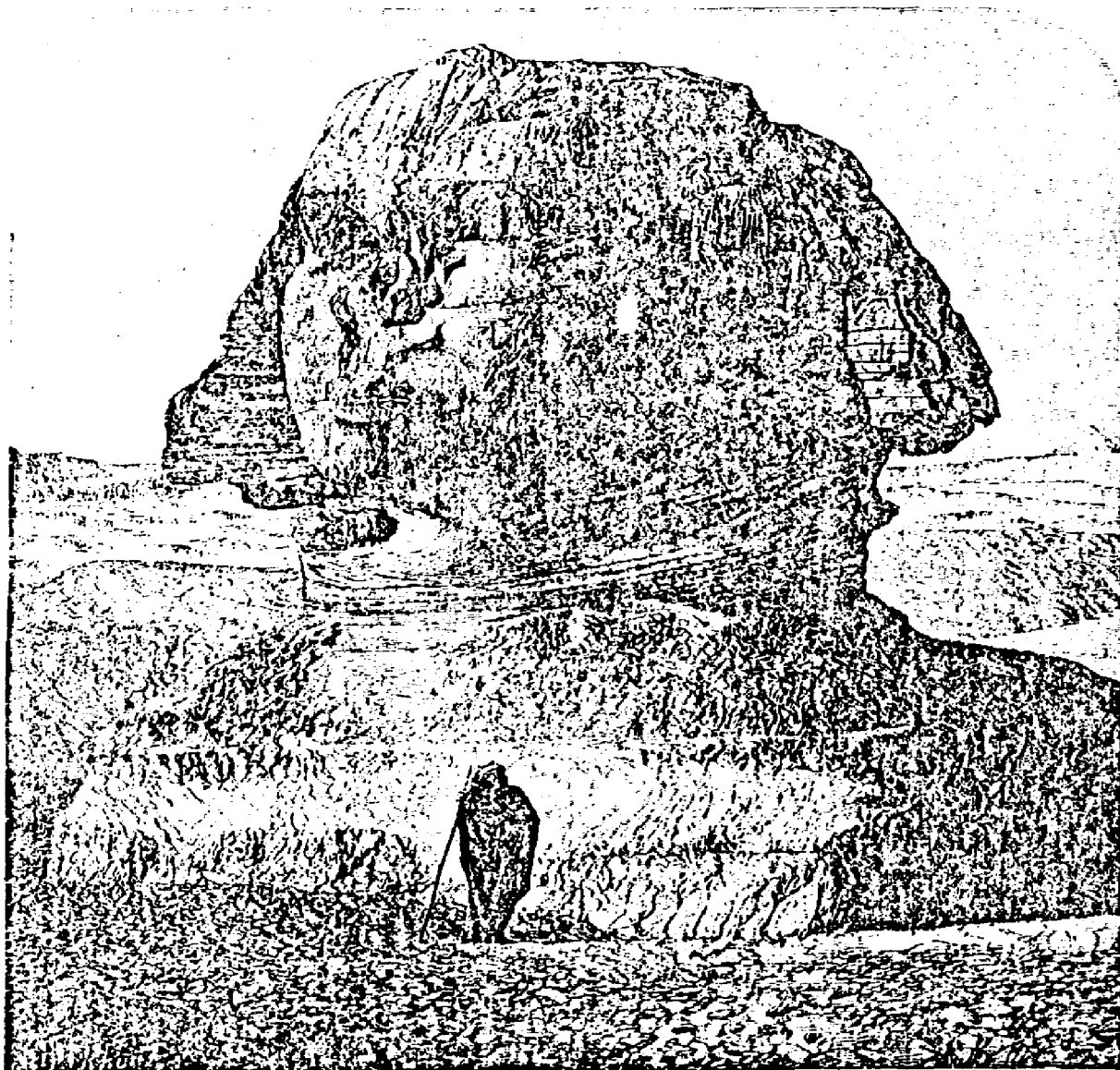


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Closing Philosophical Thought:

One day, all men will be brothers, and all women will be sisters. Incest will be pretty much inevitable.