

"Oh, that feels so good," said Kraken, as he spread volumes and volumes of small, cute, funny-shaped spermatozooids on the wall.
"To paraphrase someone or other," interrupted Moose Factory, "it isn't entirely socially acceptable to jerk off in public like that."
"On the contrary," countered McAlbrecht, "it's good. It relaxes the mind. It lets one's social inhibitions escape."
"Still," opined Moose Factory, "I believe that those who jerk off in public are ass-holes."
"Well, maybe so," agreed Kraken, "but look: I just filled a test tube! And another test tube, and another test tube, and..."

Ah, those bio-chemists! Anyhow...this is the June 27, 1980 scummy issue of Paraphendaele, published by Cuerrier the scumbag, residing at 2210-160 Chapel St., Ottawa, Ont. K1N 8P5.

Fuck the games; I'm tired of playing around with phallic symbols (fleets). So, I won't bother (especially as Randolph Smyth keeps saying I'm "reactio-nary", or whatever the damned bastard means by that; fuck him, too.); I'll just move on and print some letters 'n' stuff instead:

Essentials of Territorial Expansion

Playing Diplomacy is just like playing a game. The player must obviously be Number One in order to Win. I have of course been Number One so often I forget how many times I have been Number One. I am therefore an Authority. That is why my articles are always Number One.

When you play Diplomacy there are a lot of dots on the board. These are the supply centres and they are very nice to have. You have to have a lot of them in order to be Number One, as I have been so many times. I know this is a hard concept for all you novices to grasp, but it is actually very simple. Really.

Let us say you are Germany. You own Berlin, Kiel, and Munich. That is three and already quite-a-lot. But you need more in order to win. Let us look nearby. Yes, you will see other dots, but you do not own them. Near to you are: Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Paris, Warsaw, Vienna, Venice and Marseilles. For reasons I will explain to you in another article you can only get three of them in 1901. I recommend you get Belgium, Holland, and Denmark. They are easier to pick on.

After you get Belgium, Holland, and Denmark, you can get some more. You can get Paris, Sweden, Warsaw, and Vienna, for instance. That is 3 plus 3 plus 4, which is 10, and you're already half-way to being Number One, which I have been times without number. Once you get 18 of the dots, you have won.

Getting 18 dots (supply centres) is thus the most important essential of territorial expansion. The player must bear this in mind and try to get bigger and bigger and bigger. It is not a good idea to get smaller and smaller, because then you will lose supply centres (dots).

There are reasons why you might not get bigger and bigger and might get

smaller and smaller. These will be a little hard for all you Novices to grasp, but I will cover them for you in a later article. I can't tell you about it now, but here is a hint: the next article will be called "Other Players". I'm sure you will be on pins-and-needles until that comes out.

Until then, remember about getting bigger and bigger. That is important. That does not only apply to Germany. No. It applies also to Austria and England and Italy and Turkey and France and Russia. It is good to remember that if you are Turkey, for instance, you do not own Berlin, Kiel, and Munich to start. I'll cover that in another article.

If I may be so bold as to say so, I dare say this the nicest piece of literature anyone has ever produced in this hobby. But, oh well, don't applaud, really: the satisfaction of a deed well done is enough for me.

PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS PLUGS

Infidel (Nick Russon and Clive Tongue): Well, geez, what can I say? Nick has given me a good plug in his fake, so I guess I should as well: after all, maybe this is a fake. Rating: 5.5

Fat Soft and Fluffy (Randolph Smyth): Randolph has been outragingly abusing me in the past 5-8 issues of his zine: he's thrown insults at me about politics, about the last Paschendale fake, and about various other issues as well. This obvious yellow journalism indicates that Randolph does not have the maturity needed to produce a well-around product, it seems. Perhaps he should stick to his test tubes. Rating: 3.5.

Toronto Telegram (Bill LaFosse): Y'know, methinks that if Bill lost his mind, he'd never miss it. Rating: 3.6.

Runestone (John Leeder): Ah, this one has the potential to rival even Paschendale. Great repro and fluent writing add up to very fine reading. Unfortunately, John doesn't put in half the effort he should--which results in a skimpy product. A pity. Rating: 5.4.

Diplomacy Digest (Mark Berch):



In case you know not, this is a pictorial representation of an ass-hole; I feel that this is an accurate description of Mark. (After all, everyone knows that a picture/diagram is worth a thousand words.) Mark obviously thinks he's the smartest guy around, and it shows through his writings. It would seem that this is a hobby for fun; not so for Mark, as it seems he's hanging around only to prove something. I guess DD is OK for those who can stomach him; but I definitely can't recommend it to my readers. His being Jewish doesn't help, of course. Rating: 1.0.

Editorial: Has anyone noticed how impolite pinball machines have gotten? When I first discovered the joys of plunger and flipper about fifteen years ago, they were invariably well-behaved. You put a nickle in the machine and got five balls to play with. Good play received the applause of the loud

...of the damage or the noise of the ball from a hole.
 As time went on, sound effects were added to the better pinball machines
 and light effects were added with whips, klaxons and bells. Time, the
 games were now a dime apiece or three for a quarter time, one received only
 three pinballs in a game, but there was still a lot of fun to be had.
 Now that pinball machines regularly charge a quarter a game, and the
 amount of money in a quarter is a dollar, they are independently wealthy
 and tend to make disparaging comments. One demonic machine called
 "Gorgor" is particularly greedy. Gorgor is apparently a demon of some sort,
 for the largest picture on the board is of a traditionally percolated, horned
 humanoid (the usual, ah, busy young lady is slightly smaller and in the
 background). Gorgor takes your money and gives you three pinballs then, when
 the game is completed, insists in a rambling bass profundo: "Me Gorgor."
 "Need." Being threatened by a pinball demon is frightening, even if you are
 a pinball wizard. More money goes in, only to have the player threatened again.
 King Kool was never like that. I met the King at U. of O. in 1977.
 King Kool enjoyed playing with you. When the game was finished, he said no-
 thing. If you wanted another game, fine. If not, also fine. King Kool
 was cool. He knew another player would be around.
 If Gorgor is insistent and threatening, then the new Buck Rogers game is
 rude. It also charges two dimes and, at the end of the game, it displays the
 highest score in its history and compares it to yours with a loud "Wahh."
 "Wahh, wahh-wahh." To be scorned by man is bad enough. To be scorned by
 man's machine, especially when he can offer justification, is far worse.
 Attempts to erase the self-image of a young and handsome slave, one feeds
 more money into Buck, hoping that Philip Francis Nowlan's estate at least picks
 up a small royalty.
 Of course, one can avoid such machines. Gottlieb machines are usually the
 wisest, but then Gottlieb is probably the poorest American manufacturer of
 pinball machines. Their flipper left power and speed of response. Williams,
 the second best manufacturer, also 73 sometimes Japanese. The real Buck Rogers is
 I believe of Williams' machines.
 As for the machine Billy West known at the moment for running casinos,
 actually has a long history of manufacturing one-armed bandits and
 the other pinball. Their machines are the best and know it. They are con-
 fident and reserved. King Kool, if I remember correctly, was a Billy.
 And there are the new Japanese machines. Somehow they lack the verve of
 the Americans, but are very well-engineered. I like

...have one letter. From Mark L. Borch (Y'know, the one
 I talked to about with a new method. It takes much less



John Kelley,
 PO Box 35,
 Klickitat, WA98628.
 USA.