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

Ah, those bio-chemists! Anyhow...this is the June 27, 1980 scummy issue of <u>Passchanduele</u>, published by Cuerrier the scumbug, residing at 2210-160 Chapel St., Ottows, Ont. Kin 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 "reactionary", or whatever the dammed bastard means by that; fuck him, too.); I'll
just move on and print some letters 'n' stuff instead:

## Essentials of Territorial Expansion and the second second

Playing Diplomacy is just like playing a game. The player must obviously be Mumber 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 I 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, Vonice 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, Molland, 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. 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

get flye balls to play white Good play received the applaces of the loud

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

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 <u>Passchendaele</u> 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, methirks 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 <u>Passchendaele</u>. 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 pingall 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

ranketing of the bumpers or the noisy shove of the ball from a hole.

As time went on, sound effects were added to the better pinball machines and high scores were applauded with whoops, klawons and bells. True, the games were now a dime apiece or three for a quarter; true, 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 giants such as Hercules charge half a dollar, they are independently wealthy and feel free to make disparaging comments. One demonic machine called "Gorgar" is particularly greedy. Gorgar is apparently a demon of some sort, for the largest picture on the board is of a traditionally parboiled, horned humanoid (the usual, ah, busty young lady is elightly smaller and in the background). Gorgar takes your money and gives you three pinballs then, when the game is completed, insists in a rumbling basso profundo: "Me Gorgar. Feed." Being threatened by a pinball demon is frightening, even if you are

Feed. Being threatened by a pinbell demon is frightening, even if you are a pinbell 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 nothing. If you wanted another game, fine. If not, also fine. King Kool was Cool. He knew another player would be around.

If Gorgar is insistent and threatening, then the new Buck Rogers game is rude. It also charges two bits and, at the end of the game, it displays the highest score in its history and compares it to yours with a loud "Nyah, nyah-nyah-nyah." To be scorned by men is bad enough. To be scorned by man's creations, especially when he can offer justification, is far worse. Attempting to erase the self-image of a rogue and peasant slave, one feeds more money into Buck, hoping that Philip Francis Nowlan's estate at least picks 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. Gottleib machines are usually the rudest, but then Gottleib is probably the poorest American manufacturer of pinball machines. Their flippers lack power and speed of response. Williams, the second best manufacturer, also sometimes lapses. The rude Buck Rogers is,

I believe one of Williams' machines.

At the top remains Bally, best known at the moment for running casinos. Actually Bally has a long history of manufacturing one-armed bandits and the allied pinballs. Their machines are the best and know it. They are confident and reserved. King Kool, if I remember correctly, was a Bally.

And there are the new Japanese machines. Somehow they lack the verve of the Americans, but are very well-behaved. Very polite machines. I like

themo

I only have one letter this month. From Mark L. Berch (y'know, the asshole). I have decided to experiment with a new method: it takes much less space.

-- Mark L. Berch.

Would you believe there's fifteen lines in there? No? OK ... how about 10?

Bye-bye!

François.

calleging of the bumpers of the noise years of the ball from a bole. f. As the west on, cound effects were added to the better pinkell mechines and high acores were applanded with whoops, klassons and bolls. True, the three bilingalls in a game, but there were will a lot of the bold. Now That of the among a course of the course a quarter a game, and the trants dock on Heronles charge half a dollar, they are independently wealthy and feel free to make disparaging comments. One demonic machine called Gorgar is apparently a demon of some sort, for the largest picture on the beard is of a traditionally parbolist, horned husandid (the neuric and burty young lady is alightly smuller and in the background). Gorger takes your money and gives you three pinballs then when the game is completed, insists in a rumbling bases profunds: "Me Corgur. Feed." Being threatened by a pinbail descents frightening, even if you are a pinball wigard. More money goes in, only to have the player threshened again King Kool was never like that, set the King at U. of O. in 1977 King Kool enjoyed playing with you. Were the game was finished, he said nothing. If you wanted another game, time. If not, also fine, king hool was Cool Wille lones another player would be around, in If Corgar is insistent and threatening, then the new Buck Rogers gone is rede . The also charges two bits and, at the end of the game, it displays the dighter score in its nistory and compares it to yours with a land Tryah pyshartyph-mysh." To be scorned by men is bad enough. To be scorned by den's profitons, sepecially when he can offer justifications is far voice. Attemption to erace the self-image of a rogue and pessent clars, one feeds there makes into Buck, hoping that Philip Frencis Novism's estate at least ploks up a statil royalty. of course one can avoid such mediance. Cottleib machines are usually the panelilly semoner to been and sower sty arequir wied assignment tradition of the control with the semone of the control with the semone of the semone of the control with the semone of the control with the semone of the semone L beligible of Williams maddings. ending selmus sol incoments is event and vilet animal gold and to a stimulative and the state of mental action of the state of the state and the alliest placed law Their machines are the best and know it. They are consident and reserved. Ming Kool, if I remember correctly, was a hally. CALL I THE THE STATE OF THE VIEW DESCRIPTION YOU WITH THE STREET WHEN A THE v neve one lette want month. From Mark L. Beren (y'know, the age-TOTAL OF BOOL ASSESSMENT ered four seler fl ' dorson wer a dite tuen 4 VII 1980 John Kelley.

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