

# Politesse

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The Dale City Journal of the Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly)  
Highly Organized Gamesters and Not Ed Wrobel's Favorite Zine,  
Carrying the Jaspur Wrobach Claw of Approval  
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May, 1984  
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## Greetings

Premier Kenneth Peel is pleased to inform the membership of the establishment of two additional seats on the WARTHOG politburo. Sean Vessey, of Alexandria, Virginia, has been selected to serve as Chairman, Committee on Shoats and Pals, Washington Area Tusk (WAT). Douglas Byrnes has been appointed Minister without Postal Folio, Northern Myers Number Custodian, Baltimore Area Tusk (BAT). The Premier has stated that expansion of the politburo is necessary to strengthen WARTHOG in the face of challenges from within and without. Reactionary forces within the intestinal tract of our very own Phacochoerus aethiopicus have already succeeded in sabotaging the swinelet telegame. Although the game itself was lost, the Vice Premier took timely action to effect the re-education of the conspirators, including Sean Vessey. Mr. Vessey's rehabilitation was so complete that he now acts as a trusted servant of WARTHOG. We were less successful with Mr. Nate Brown and Mr. Bob Bragdon. These gentlemen cling to a particularly bourgeois interpretation of reality but continue as swinelets in tolerably acceptable standing. As an organization open to gamesters of varying neuroses and writing skill, WARTHOG clasps these two to its tusks as eagerly as it gores a diseased and helpless giraffe. Shalom, B & B!



From without, namely New York City, Robert Sacks and his New York Game Board have announced an invasion of WARTHOG turf in early August. The Sacks' target is the northern suburbs of Baltimore, namely Towson State University, where he plans to offer a Diplomacy tourney in association with AtlantiCon. Attendance at this event is encouraged, especially by those capturing trophies for the greater glory of our tacit revenue. Beware, however, to avoid conversation with Mr. Sacks, as his body emits a chemical which causes one to feel extreme anger. Write Robert Sacks, 4861 Broadway 5-V, New York, NY 10034.

We offer our apologies to our readership for the delay of the April issue. One Virginia subber received his copy on April 18; another received his on April 20; a Baltimore subber received his on April 27. Doug Byrnes was able to fill his ftf Dip game despite the lack of timely notice and the World Dip players and boursers received flyers. In order to serve the membership of WARTHOG in a timely manner, future MaryCon mailings will be issued independently of our monthly publication.

-EW

## HaveGame



Nate Brown will host a gamefest with a mystery from 8 p.m. Friday, May 18 to midnight Saturday, May 19, at 5933 N. First Street, Arlington, VA 22203, 525-2545. Be sure to contact Nate ahead of time for info on clues. Games to be featured will include several of Nate's own designs. (Yes, Governor will be there!) Some munchies will be provided; please bring food and drink. Limited floor sleeping space will be available; reservations are recommended.

Sean Vessey is looking for Russian Civil War players. See his ad in this issue.

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For a fully-adjustable poliSub, which includes membership in WARTHOG, send any amount of money for any number of issues (please specify) to Ed Wrobel, P.O. Box 3463, Arlington, VA 22203, (703)670-3489; production and mailing costs about \$1 per copy  
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WELCOME TO THE FOOLS' GAMES

Please sign in and indicate your gaming preferences. You may, if you wish, rank the games and/or indicate "must" or "won't"!

	<u>Titan</u>	<u>Civilization</u>	<u>Empire Builder</u>	<u>Rail Baron</u>	<u>Dip</u>	<u>World Dip</u>	<u>Governor</u>	<u>Borderlands</u>	<u>Illuminati</u>
<u>Bjorn</u>	✓			✓	✓	✓	?	✓	✓
					✓				
	✓		✓				✓	✓	✓
<u>E. Vossing</u>	✓		✓				✓	✓	✓
<u>E. Fuhner</u>			✓	✓				?	
<u>K. Peal</u>	✓		✓	✓		✓			✓
<u>Lee Jancow</u>	✓	✓	✓			✓	?	?	✓
<u>Mark Taylor</u>	✓		✓	✓					✓
<u>Julia Martin</u>	✓			✓					
<u>D. Martin</u>	✓	✓	✓	✓		✓	✓	✓	✓
<u>M. Cannon</u>	✓	✓		✓					✓

This is an authentic facsimile of the sign-in sheet and preference list for the New Expanded Fools' Games, held March 31 and April 1, 1984 at the home of your poliEditor in Dale City, Virginia. Messy, isn't it? The second signature belongs to Jerry Taylor and the third to Sean Vessey. This is what they wanted; what they played was Titan, Soldier King, Rail Baron, Empire Builder, Nuclear Escalation, Snits' Revenge, Illuminati and Borderlands. For 33 continuous hours. It was great! We'd do it every weekend except we have retained a tenuous thread of contact with reality.

# HadaGame

The 1984 Fools' Games represent the first WARTHOG event to span the diurnal cycle. There is a certain exhilaration to defying Morpheus, to greeting Apollo without having succumbed to sleep, to living inside a fantasy for hours on end.

The two larger-than-life games of the weekend were the 17-hour Titan played by Dick Martin, Ken Peel, Phil Dancause and Mike Cannon, and the all-night Soldier King with both Vesseys, Doug Byrnes and Jerry Taylor. The latter game continually entered and retreated from its final phase, apparently an extremely well-balanced design. Sometime on Sunday morning a truce was declared with the kingdoms of all four originals viable. The climactic Titan clash between Peel and Martin was captured on film and is reproduced for your viewing pleasure elsewhere this issue.

As the clock struck midnight and April 1 began, the participants delved into the democratic process and selected The Biggest Fool of All. There were seven votes for Wrobel (for opening his home to the crazed gamers present), three votes to Cannon (for his subtlety in gaming) and one vote for Dick Julie Martin (sic). This last vote was ruled ambiguous by the Election Committee (consisting of Wrobel, Peel and J. Martin) and awarded to Cannon, who cast it. Thus, the final count was seven for Wrobel and four for Cannon, a veritable landslide.

Following are accounts from several participants on various aspects of the gamefest.

From Phil Dancause--

The contest I best remember is the Illuminati game with Ken Peel, Mike Cannon and Dick Martin. I learned to play Empire Builder from Ed Fahrmeier and found the game interesting enough, but the details are not all that clear in my mind. I also had my first experience with Titan, but the whole nine hours tend to blur together. The only thing I remember for sure is blundering into a battle with my titan supported by only four gorgons and nonetheless surviving. (If you've seen one gorgon, you've seen them all.)

A game of Illuminati operates on several levels, many of which are not obvious. The cards can be interpreted in various ways and each game can be construed as an act of divination in which the players blindly conspire to foretell the future.

In our game there were four groups apparently contesting for mastery. (The contest is never quite what it seems.) The Gnomes of Zurich, controlled by Ken Peel, symbolized the world of commerce and, on another level, the Power of Increase. The Bavarian Illuminati represented the Power of Secrecy and those who control by writing history. The Servants of Cthulhu guided the Power of Destruction and The Bermuda Triangle held the Power of Death (Cannon and Martin, respectively). Not exactly the four horsemen of the apocalypse, but not far from them, either.

The Bavarian Illuminati started from a strong position by gaining control of the FBI and the IRS, only to lose them to a concerted attack by other powers. After that, the Bavarians slowly rebuilt using the Republican Party as its primary operative until it was roughly even with the others. The most extensive conflict then took place over a group called the Mad Scientists and this was perhaps the most significant event in the game.

It all started with another group called the Orbital Mind-Control Lasers which has the power to change temporarily the orientation of other groups. This card symbolizes the impact of modern science and technology on the human mind (from satellites to

mind-blowing drugs. Upon its appearance, the Lasers were claimed by the Servants of Cthulhu. The Mad Scientists are the only other group that has any advantage against the power of the OMCL and when the former appeared on the scene, the fun started.

The Servants of Cthulhu and the Gnomes of Zurich fought a long battle for control of the Mad Scientists which ended in an agreement that neither would control the group. The Bavarian Illuminati then made an attempt to subvert the lab-coated schizoids but were thwarted by the Cthulhuites at the cost of precious resources. The Gnomes then succeeded in capturing the group when the Cthulhuites weren't looking. The latter swore vengeance but the game ended shortly thereafter with the Gnomes victorious.

What does it mean? Does it mean anything? I don't know but it is interesting to speculate. They raised the prime rate this week; was that the Gnomes' way of celebrating their victory? What about that business with the Mad Scientists and the Orbital Mind-Control Lasers? Does that tie into the recent Space Shuttle mission? Illuminati's a pretty weird game- but sometimes it's a pretty weird world.

### Soldier King

-as recorded by Sean, son of Robert the Herbist

For many a season the Middle Lands slept peacefully. I, in youthful innocence, wandered over the country in serenity. What a delight these quiet lands! After a time rumors of war came out of the Four Kingdoms. 'Twas said armies were training by day and by torchlight. In the Four Kingdoms a new liege name was revealed.

"Loyalty unto death" came the oath to the Soldier-King. Homeward I looked to an army encamped. Forceably honored I found my feet marching to unite the lands of my youthful travels. For the glory of the Soldier-Kings, the armies sallied forth from the four compass points. Neighbor-lands fell under the march of conquering armies. The vanquished voted under watchful muskets to acquiesce to their fate.

The four wary armies of the Soldier-Kings watched one another as messengers rode forth. Alliances were suggested, terms selected, considerations rejected. Again the armies marched. As the Soldier-Kings snarled, the four armies rolled in the dust as wild dogs. For endless seasons the land turned red as men bled. Like mad animals the armies fought one after another incessantly.

With each new year the Soldier-Kings proclaimed, "With our new allies, victory will be ours." With the new year the armies grew both young and old. Under my watch, clean-faced sons and gray grandfathers received the final password unto death.

"Damn these Kings! These Soldier-Kings!" rang the cry throughout all lands. Muttered protests became rebellious shouts. The armies of men joined those of women and marched on their lieges' fortresses. Fled as frightened demons do did the Soldier-Kings. What twenty years of blood could not do a single season of peace did accomplish. All lands lay peaceful under elected councils.

Damn those Soldier-Kings. Took my youth in return for scars and tortured memories. What game did they play, those demon Soldier-Kings?

## AN OPEN LETTER TO NUCLEAR ESCALATORS

April 1, 1999

Dear Nuclear Fools,

Sorry, President Baltimore, you are a fried loser. Our Nuclear Escalation game ended, realistically, with no winners. A quick consultation with a rules lawyer (not B. Bragdon) reveals a winner is the player who is left after all retaliations are executed. Final retaliation is done before a player leaves the game. A player with a cruise missile still controls it even after his population is cooked. Therefore, your paltry population was vaporized by my final retal cruise before your premature victory speech.

Special regrets to President Fairfax for dropping the 100 megaton bomb on his tiny few. This was a necessary act of self-survival even though it initiated the final round of retaliations. I had to prevent the spread of the mutant virus circling the globe toward my sparse people.

Atomically yours,  
President Alexandria

(and now a word from Pres Balto...)

The Fools' Games proved most entertaining and enlightening. I played four games I had never before tried, Jerry Taylor finally laid to rest the rumors that he is homosexual and Wrobel won a landslide victory in the Most Foolish Individual Present voting.

On the game box, Titan is billed as a "Monster Slugathon," but for me it was a monster boreathon. Early elimination allowed Eric Vessey and Wrobel to play something else while Sean slowly crushed my legions. I regrouped with the Brothers Vessey to play Eric's Soldier King. I was having a fine time raiding and voting until I noticed that Taylor had somehow slunk into the game. He proceeded to claim my border province as his own, and all my efforts were required to restore freedom to that territory. During a break in the action I observed Taylor sneaking into a spare bedroom with one of Wrobel's cats. Fearing the worst, I immediately told Ed what I had seen.

"So what? Jerry's a consenting adult, right?"

"Yes," I replied, "but is that cat male or female?"

"Female, of course! There's nothing odd about my cat!"

I breathed a sigh of relief. There's nothing odd about my good friend, Jerry Taylor, either. He was, however, too exhausted to continue the game, so we agreed to a 4-way draw.

Next I played a cheery little card game called Nuclear Escalation. I pulled out a brilliant, 11th hour victory by nuking S. Vessey off the planet one turn before he could detonate his incoming cruise missile. Approximately 25 hours into the Games the final contest- Borderlands- began. This is a fun game in which your prehistoric tribe gets to take raw materials and build weapons, ships and dirigibles. I had a poor start in this one, so I adopted a strategy of random violence towards my neighbors. This may not have been civilized but it was fun.

Thanks to Ed for letting us trash his house for the weekend. When can we do it again?

-D. P. Byrnes

(Let us hasten to correct the lies and distortions propagated by Comrade Byrnes. Jaspur is an ex-male, a eunuch, not a female or a female eunuch, for that matter, and Borderlands is a game of the barbaric future, i.e., post-history, not pre-history, appropriate enough a successor to Nuke Esk. "Studley" Taylor, you now have the floor...-ed.)



"Yes, they're all fools, gentlemen. But the question remains, 'What kind of fools are they?'"

## THE CLASH OF ~~TITANS~~ FOUR FOOLS FROM MARYLAND

by Kenneth Peel

Wow, what a game, what a guy... The subtitle to Titan tells it all: "Monster Slugathon." There must be something perverse about actually enjoying a 15 hour all night game of the thing. I started out the game with no prospects. After about 10 hours, things began to look up.

The players: Mike Cannon, Dick & Julie Martin, and yours truly, the guy with the byline. For the first crucial hours of mustering I was stuck on the outer ring moving clockwise to nowhere. Worse recruiting may be possible, but heck if I know how. Dick and Mike were burning up the turf, and Julie was not far behind.

In a sense, Cannon came to my rescue. For whatever reason, with about nine hours left to the game, Mike decided that unless he immediately suicided out against Dick, the Martin monster machine would surely win. How this was supposed to do Cannon any good was beyond me. So while Dick graciously held the sword and allowed Mike to attrition him down with warm bodies, I suddenly began to muster some creatures worth taking home to show the folks. Finally, as Mike's usually calm demeanor began to show a little agitation around the edges and he realized that he had not hit upon a winning strategy, he walked. Mike had few pieces left, but his sudden disappearance prevented Dick from building up even more points.

After a few more hours of recruiting, Dick began to wear down Julie. I had finally built up three or four decent stacks but I was still at probably only a third of Dick's overall strength. I don't remember how Julie died, but it was at about 4 or 5 in the morning, and Dick looked unbeatable. Dick had many more powerful stacks than I did, but my few good ones could stand up individually to all but his best. My only chance was to concentrate my forces, stay out of fights, and hope his Titan stack came visiting, asking for punishment.

When Dick began his Titan teleporting, he started racking up points like crazy. All he had to do is roll a "6", and jump on one of my poor little sludge piles. My Titan stack got separated from my other good stacks, and I began to get desperate. I just knew that Dick knew the location of my Titan stack (he didn't, as it turned out), and he seemed to be closing in on me. I parked next to a tower for turn on end, hoping to get in to relative safety, and just before I finally rolled a "1", some medium-strength stack stumbled in ahead of me. So what the hay, I went in after him.

Quite a fight, really, and I was left with just a Titan and an angel. Good recruiting material, huh? Then a fairly bizarre series of events began to unfold. I kept rolling "6"'s. You can be sure that I moved immediately, if not sooner, to a tower near my hulking masses. Then I hoped from tower to tower picking up a strange, but decent stack through Titan recruiting (you can see from the photo the make-up of my Titan stack at the end of the game). Then, with little left but the eternal quest for a collosus, I set up a transparent-as-hell trap. I sat with a couple mean stacks waiting for Dick's Titan stack to stumble by on the outer ring. The idea was to weaken it through combat, and then fly down from the tower with a perfectly timed roll of a "6".

Obviously, it didn't work as planned, and I had to keep wearing down my good stacks to keep a path clear, but somehow (giving lots of room for literary license) the plan kinda-sorta-sideways worked. Dick got his Titan stuck on the outside ring where I had parked a puny pipsqueek stack, and he ran his Titan into it. My poor stack was obliterated, but it weakened Dick's Titan stack a bit. Then I rolled a "6", and set up the clash of Titans.

By fighting a different heavy-duty clash elsewhere on the board first in the battle phase, I augmented the strength of my Titan somewhat. As for the Titan battle, calling it a slugfest would be an understatement. The tide shifted several times, but Dick clearly had the upper hand. In my last attack, I needed 5 out of 7 "4ers" or better. I didn't make it. Dick should have had me with his counterattack, but through some stroke of charity, he went for both of my pieces instead of just my Titan -- at still very decent odds. He failed (barely), and in a final exchange our Titans went out together in mutual destruction in a flash of brilliant light.

# PEA APPEAL

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Sex Appeal is the nonSubzine reporting the World Diplomacy poliDemonstration  
Game. Guest postal editor: Ken Peel. Guest gamesmaster: Mark Stegeman.  
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## The new global scramble

"Alliances are forming on an international scale."

\*\* FALL 2001 \*\*

**FRENCH RECLAIM ALGERIA! JOINT AMERICAN FORCE RESCUES STRAY CAT ON AZORES, 5,000  
BRONZE STARS AWARDED!!! FIGHTING CONTINUES IN ARMENIA. EUROPE FACES DEBT CRISIS.**

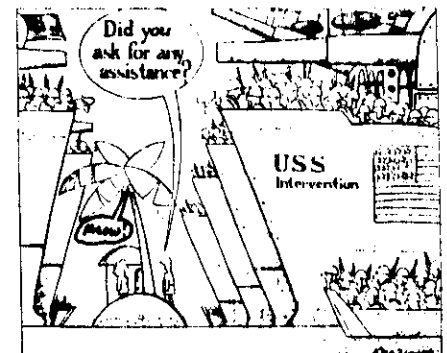
USA (Halverstadt): A Brc-TOR, A MEX H, F Wpac-TOK, F Npac-ALA, F NATL S Catl-Azo.  
SAM (Wrobel): A Bol-ARG,\* F Cari-CUB, F Catl-AZO, F SATL H, F Sepa-CHL.  
WER (Tallman): A HAM S Vnc, A VNC S Ham, F Iris-ICE, F Iber-MAD, F Wmed-ALG.  
ARB (Hillis): A IST-Bal, A BAG-Arm, A SUD H, F Reds-EGY, F MOR H, F IRA H.  
BAF (Small): A CON-Nai, A SOM-Nai, F GOL H, F Angb-ROAR, F Moza-MDG.  
RUS (Eklund): A Kie-BER, A BAL-Ist, A GEO-Arm, A Kaz-AFG, A Oms-KAZ, F Balt-SWE,  
F Okho-HOK.  
CHN (Brown): A MON H, A Xia-DEL, A Ban-CAL, F Echi-PHI, F Schi-SIA.  
AUS (Wilson): F Aust-SUM, F Bri-WAU, F Cele-NGU, F Cora-AUST.

\*"A Bolivia-~~EMXX~~Argentina opps! (not Chile, Argentina!! But does not hold  
or support itself or anybody including air forces or other non-existent units!)"  
GM: Did you have anything to do with our policy in Lebanon?

**Ultimate Sanction Department:** If the GM has not received the game fee from Terry  
Tallman by April 24, then he will be exiled to the island of Elba with Donny and  
Marie Osmond and a subscription to Readers' Digest. (Tom Swider will assume  
control of Europe.)

Supply Centers (neutral: Cam, Pak, Cey, Kor)

USA (+4): 5 Home, TOR, MEX, ALA, TOK  
SAM (+4): 5 Home, ARG, CHL, CUB, AZO  
WER (+5): 5 Home, HAM, VNC, MAD, ICE, ALG  
ARB (+3): Jer, Bag, Ara, Egy, Lib, Alg, MOR, IST, SUD, IRA  
BAF (+3): 5 Home, GOL, SOM, MDG  
RUS (+5): 7 Home, BER, SWE, BAL, AFG, HOK  
CHN (+5): 5 Home, MON, DEL, CAL, SIA, PHI  
AUS (+2): 4 Home, SUM, NGU



## PRESS:

Oops News Service: Russian tanks rolled into Kabul today and met hordes of  
civilians throwing -- flowers. "Our saviors!" the well-briefed citizens cried.  
"You've spared us the utter shame of cleaning up camel dung." PMP Eklundinov,  
beaming at the spectacle, commented, "These Afghans sure know which way the wind  
is blowing, and no one likes to be downwind of camels."

Tierra del Fuego: With the liberation of this seemingly desolate but vitally strategic island, Vice Premier Pele Wrobele declared an end to his efforts to disseminate Marxismo through military persuasion. During halftime ceremonies at the recent all-latino World Champion Football Matches, Vice Premier Wrobele declared that he will henceforth rely upon moral suasion to bring his own personal brand of socialist male supremacy to the undeveloped peoples of the northern hemisphere. "Muy bambinoes," shouted the Vice Premier (he always calls his audiences "good babies"), "I have a dream!! I have a dream, where little white children look up to bigger brown children and say 'sur!' and the brown child slaps the white child upside the head and says: That's 'Senior' to you, yanquil!"

Africa: A reunion of the 1st and 2nd Black Africa army groups was postponed today when a jeep from the 1st army carrying an invitation to the 2nd army to come visit it in the Congo smashed head-first into a jeep from the 2nd army carrying an invitation to the 1st army to come visit it in Somolia. This is not an indication of the nature of future Black African maneuvers.

#### PROPAGANDA PRESS:

The United States took Tokyo by storm today in an unexpected attack. President Reagan explained that he could lose to Fritz and Fritz is pushing the made in America label. "So before I go out," explained Ronnie, "I want to make sure Japan is our 51st state and we can still be hip dip in those nifty Toyotas."

Reagan also explained that if he is not reelected, there are two months when he is a lame duck president. "If that should happen," laughed Reagan, "I'll take the rest of the world with me. So if you want to prevent utter nuclear disaster, I guess I'd better be reelected."

Australian Premier Bad Wilstone announced in a prepared statement, "The Azores are mine! They are an island! Any of the sixteen nations preparing to attack, better be prepared to deal with the Down Under Navy!"

London big-man Sally Shortwoman countered Wilstone's comment by redeclaring Argentina, India, Ceylon, Johannesburg, and the entire homelands of the United States and Australia as colonial possessions of Britian. If any of these holdings are not abandoned by 2002, heads will roll.

#### WORLD GOSSIP by Liez Smith

That juicy spouse news I promised you: sound those wedding bells for Sam Wrobel and the First Daughter of the U.S. of A., Julie. Glad you finally made it official, kids. Currently in the Caribbean on a dream honeymoon, they'll be off for a tour of the Western Pacific immediately following. Well, our best of luck to them, but remember how one out of every two weddings ends?

Less sparkling is the latest from the Mediterranean: Coquette that French starlet/nymphet tells reporters "it's all over" even while that sleek sheikh Abdul is waxing poetic about her to other reporters on his yacht. Sad to see a man used up this way...

And everybody's favorite gymnast Tong Soon Hee did a flawless routine in the Kremlin this week, much to nobody's surprise, although she did draw an 8.1 from the Japanese judge.

And from our What's Up Down Under department: a sobered-up Prince Peter was made flotilla commander for the RAN today and, lapsing for a moment, declared that those island jungles were nothing compared to Rio bars.

Nextish: mayhem at the site of that 40-million-petrodollar movie being filmed in the Congo, aptly titled "Tarzan meets Dirty Harry." (That IS only a working title.)

Til then, ta-ta LS



## The Theory of Continents (As viewed from Tierra del Fuego)

I will give a summary description of the system of the Continents - of the geo-physically determining 'Primary' moves of the Continents -

The System is a system. It is cyclic and preserves itself. Over about 18,000 years the East and West Hemispheres exchange configurations. Each Hemisphere develops the starting configuration of the other over the 18,000 year period, repeats its configuration over the cycle period of 36,000 years.

The System works through the merge of Continents, the generation of a Continent, and through the exchange of continental material between hemispheres by a circulation of Continents through the South Pole.

An Africa merges with an Eurasia to produce the form of the present North-Central America. Central America is the part of the Africa that did not merge. In the course of the African move north, strain is produced in the Eurasian rock, maximizes in the Eurasian north-eastern extremity - which finally cracks loose to produce a catastrophic earthquake.

The Asiatic residual of the earthquake is a Greenland (the present Greenland generated at 11472 BP - by the Adam Era Schedule). The rest of Asiatic Eurasia becomes a sea through compression rifting (produced by the earthquake longitudinal waves, basalt returning to the form and density of mantle material, granite, etc, returning to the form and density of basalt), primarily through conversion of basalt to the material of the mantle stratum, the bottom drops out of the Asia. The salt water ways of arctic Canada are compression rifts.

The Greenland becomes, in turn, an Australia, an Antarctica, a South America, an Africa. So do Continents evolve larger? No. Earth has been shrinking.

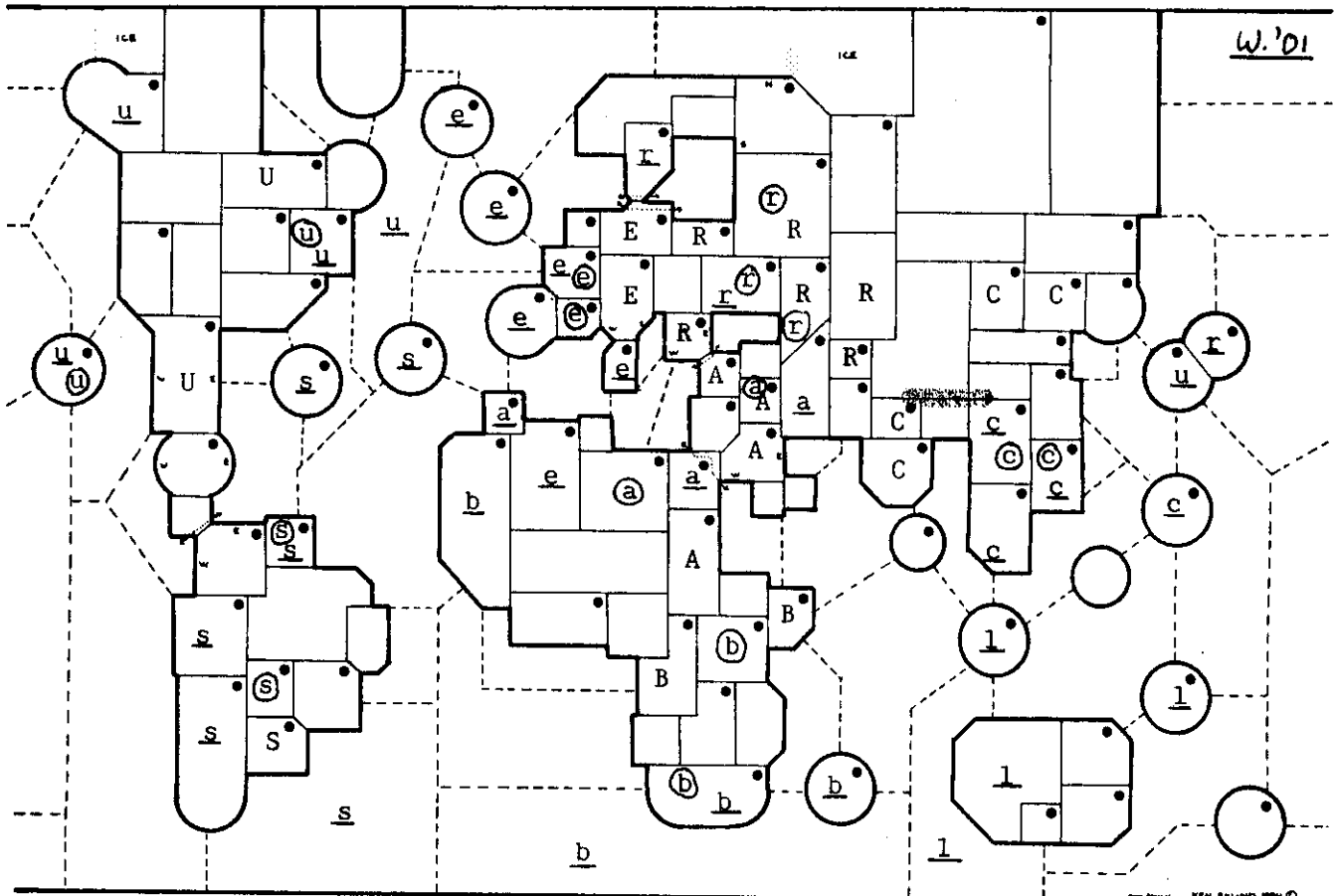
The Continent of North-Central America becomes an Eurasia through (1) splitting along the Mississippi Valley to Hudson Bay (The Valley compression rifts, Hudson Bay is now a compression rift) (2) separation of the two continental parts to bound a sea (3) filling of the sea with new basalt developed from the mantle material - as for USSR lowlands to both sides of the Ural Mountains.

Such is the "Theory of Continents" as first perceived about 15 years ago - including the timing. The timing was first developed from cultural data. The 18,000 year half cycle was divided into three 6,000 year 'Epochs', each Epoch divided into eight eras of about 725 years. Then, the one exactly known era period - the 715-18 years of the seventh era of our Epoch - was observed to be just four times the period of the planetary conjunction of 1982.

So the source of the timing - of the System itself - was an action of the Solar System. But then the discovery of the Adam Era Schedule - the Solar System action still controlling the Epoch ~~period~~ but the era periods due partly to a factor unknown.

As dated by the Adam Era Schedule, the eight Primary continental moves of this Epoch are (1) North-Central America slipped east from the line of the Sea Mounts linking Hawaii and Kamchatka Peninsula at BC 3743 (2) Australia slipped east from south of India at BC 2943 (3) South America slipped east from contiguity with Eastern Island at BC 2266 (4) Greenland slipped west from near contiguity with the Scandinavian Peninsula at BC 1556. The same continents in the same order then slipped north - at dates BC 806, 46, AD 689, 1405. I know of no evidence for the slip north of North-Central America. Evidence for the seven remaining slips, usually also for their dates, is overwhelming.

\* Unexplained note - The Compression Rifting of the Mississippi Valley leaves no hole but is riddled of the Ural Mountains.



A = army a = fleet (a) = air force

World Diplomacy

\*\* WINTER 2001 \*\*

**CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT IN EUROPE! AUSTRALIA ADOPTS PACIFIST STANCE.  
AEROSPACE PROVES MAJOR GROWTH INDUSTRY!**

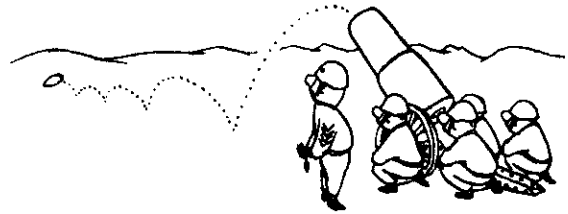
USA (Halverstadt): Build F Nyo, F Haw, AF Nyo, AF Haw.  
 SAM (Wrobel): Build F Ven, F Lim, AF Ven, AF Bol.  
 WER (~~Tallman~~ Swider): Build F Lon, F Par, F Rom, AF Par, AF Mar.  
 ARB (Hillis): Build A Ara, AF Bag, AF Lib.  
 BAF (Small): Build F Joh, AF Joh, AF Nai.  
 RUS (Eklund): Build A Mos, F Kie, AF Mos, AF Kie, AF Geo.  
 CHN (Brown): Build A Bei, F Bur, F Ind, AF Bur, AF Ind.  
 AUS (Wilson?): NBR!!! (Plays two short)

**Political Upheaval Department:** (1) the government of Terry Tallman was literally buried under a mountain of debt, as angry Parisians showered his limousine with tons of worthless notes. The new Prime Minister, Tom Swider, has promised to end deficit spending within four years. (2) The government of Brad Wilson was very busy on the phone the night of the deadline. Standby orders have been requested from Mike Mazzer.

# The Woes of Overarming

**PRESS:**

Rockies to World: President Halverstadt reaffirmed today his interest in making the Atlantic Ocean a "peaceful lake." The presence of American warships in the Atlantic, Halverstadt said, shows "a united Western Hemisphere, willing to go anywhere to keep the peace, ready to go anywhere to fight for a friend."



"Australians enjoy a rare happiness."

"And anywhere there's a party!" added presidential advisor Raoul Duke.

GM to Rockies: I hear London's quite a party town.

Dallas to GM: "Dear Mark: It's not true! Jack didn't get me -- it was a plot by the Dallas cops to cut me loose. I'm sick of being a curtain rod salesman. You need a hit on the Western European President? Let me have the contract! I'll do it cheap, for old times' sake. I'll defect to Casablanca to make it look good. Go Cowboys! Best wishes, Aleck Hidell."

GM to Dallas: "Dear Aleck: Why didn't you say so? I'll bet we can work something out right here at home! Go 49ers! Best wishes, Mark."

PROPAGANDA PRESS: Worldwide Building Boom \*\* Factories Sing \*\* Dancing in the Streets.

Russian Premier Vladimir Eklunski wept publicly. "This is the happiest day of my life," he said. "First place is mine. All mine!"

The Arabian counsel invites tourists of all countries to visit Arabia -- Land of Promise. At least half the world plans to attend.

Australian President Bradley P. Wilson moaned, "Start with four, add two, and shake well. In only two years we could be, if everything goes right ... and should I hope ... we could be with as many units as Russia was at the start of the game! What a great nation, the LAND DOWN UNDER.

GM: And looking better all the time.

## \*\* BOURSE \*\*

### FRANCS UP 66%! NEW ENTRY TAKES LEAD, PROMISES RETALIATION!!!

Price Change	- .30	- .20	+ .47	+ .40	- .05	+ .22	+ .15	- .20	
Old Price	1.53	1.39	.71	.73	.97	.82	.93	.87	1.00
	USA	SAM	WER	ARB	BAF	RUS	CHN	AUS	SDR
Sean Vessey	-300	-236	+500	0	0	+300	+200	0	+ .04
KGB	-500	-500	0	+3000	-500	+200	-500	0	+56
Frost	-200	0	+600	0	0	-200	0	0	+44
Indust. Laundry	-500	-500	+1058	+1032	-500	+500	+500	-500	+ .46
Friday*	-500	+200	-500	-500	0	+1095	+800	-500	+ .10
Roman C. Haig	-500	-500	-500	-500	+1000	+871	+1000	-500	+ .78
(anon.)	-500	-500	+3556	+1000	-500	-500	-500	-500	+ .24

\*aka Lewis Newman

NEXT BOURSE DEADLINE: MAY 18, 1984 (that's POSTMARK deadline!)



\*\* GAME ANALYSIS \*\*

by Kenneth Peel

World Diplomacy is a game of positioning and timing -- and of course diplomacy. Although its style of play is similar to that of regular Diplomacy, there are differences stemming from: 1) the cylindrical map (there are no defensive "corners, requiring strategy and diplomacy to be wideranging and sensitive to subtle changes), 2) the addition of an eighth great power (which increases exponentially diplomatic options and discourages early development of two great alliances), 3) an expanded supply center base and vaster distances (giving the game a more "epic" feel, and sometimes requiring careful coordination of units across long fronts), and 4) the addition of highly-mobile, support only units -- air forces -- operating, in a sense, on a parallel board (making stalemate lines impossible to set up, compensating for the larger scale of the game, and allowing for massive and sudden redeployment of units between fronts).

Whew! That was a mouthful, but I got it out. The initial diplomatic constellation of this demonstration game became evident early. The Arab Block proved odd man out in the early negotiations. Against an unthreatened combination of Europe and Russia, the sons of Allah should swiftly join the spirit world of the jinh.

Australia's difficulties were largely self-imposed. Australia is a far stronger country than its initial set-up makes it appear. Australia must, however, establish early dominance of the seas in its region by political or other means. It generally takes a strong alliance of countries, who feel secure in their own homelands, to wipe out Australia early in the game. It can be risky for countries to build fleets and then sail far from home with them just to bag a few Kangaroos. Australia, on the other hand, is at no disadvantage building fleets. But in this game, Australia's hesitant moves (and narrowly conducted diplomacy?) in the first two seasons, compounded with its catastrophic NBR in the first year's "monster build" (when the number of global forces almost doubles), will probably be impossible to come back from.

Each of the remaining six great powers has solid prospect. All, in some way, border the two disintegrating powers and have no immediate threat to their homelands. Who gets discarded in the next peel of the onion skin will largely be determined by how the two turnkey alliances of USA-South America and Europe-USSR develop. If they both stay together, it will mean slow (if any) progress for one in each alliance and rapid advance for the other -- not exactly a stable situation. Perhaps the most flexible position is held by China. China stands to gain the most from the undoing of Australia and, in the process, should become the preeminent Pacific sea power. South America is in a relatively weaker position, because it has little prospect of getting to Australia in time to pick up a sizable piece of the action. Also, the standoff in the Atlantic with Africa is not likely to change anytime soon, since there is no one around to put pressure on Africa from another side. Will Senior Wrobele bide his time for future gains, or commence covert activities?

In the next installment, I will discuss individual characteristics of the countries, and will go more into the nature of the game and foibles of the board. My one prediction: few surprises are likely next turn.

# The Truth ... and How to Avoid It

\*\*\*\*\*  
Woody Wants to Know the Truth and How to Avoid It is a clever alternate-reality name for the nonSubzine Feudesse, a subpublication of vicious lies, unconscionable omissions and gross distortions. It has no connection to Steve "Woody" Arnawoodian.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Dear TeleDippers,

Bob Bragdon has pointed out to me that I have violated the houserules by inserting a standby without prior notice to the players. Bob feels strongly that I have compromised his negotiating rights. I prefer the immediate recruitment of a standby, if at all possible, to prevent the destruction of a country by NMR. My goal in doing so was to make for a better game. But the houserules don't say that.

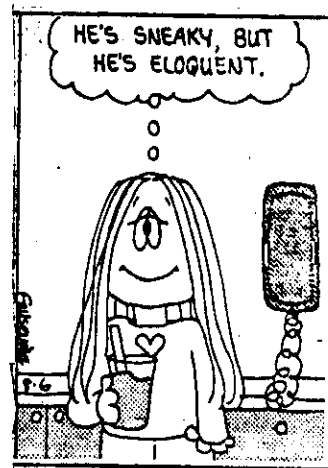
It is a grievous error that I deeply regret. I have done my best to provide you with an opportunity to play Diplomacy by phone. I have tried to be fair and accurate in my adjudications. I have failed. I am ashamed of my failure. The only explanation I can offer is that I did not write the rule in question. I "borrowed" that section of the houserules from Rod Walker. They were designed for postal play. I made my best effort to adapt them to telephone play. When I called Ansoff to stand by I did not remember the rule on notice. I do not offer this explanation as an excuse. I take full responsibility for my error.

I resign and turn the game back to the players.

This is, of course, an unsatisfactory course of action, but there is no way to correct my mistake. I would not presume to ask you to continue to play under an incompetent adjudicator.

Players have contributed varying amounts for the game and for Politesse. If you wish refunds for one or both or some portion of your subscription, send me a postcard with the amount and I will forward it to you promptly. I know that this cannot make up for my mistake. I ask that you not call and heap further recrimination on me. I am well aware that I have failed and ruined the game. Such incompetence has no place in positions of responsibility in this hobby. It is my hope that you can locate an individual who has the intelligence to adjudicate the game properly for you. Obviously, such is not within my power.

Edward J. Wrobel  
Dale City, Virginia



Mr. Wrobel resigned in disgrace from the teledip game after his plot to throw the game to Steve "Woody" Arnawoodian was discovered. Despite the absence of Mr. Arnawoodian from the player roster and the greater DC metropolitan area, sufficient evidence was presented by Mr. Bob Bragdon to convict the harlequin, Wrobel.

Dear Ed-- (For Politesse Letters Column)

The past two months of Dip-gaming with your group have been exciting and revealing. The Teletesse diplomacy game at first seemed ideal-- more time to think and negotiate than in ftf, faster moves than in postal Dip. But then the wrong people start to get an advantage in the game after a player who is a buddy of the GM tries a stab that backfires. Then the fireworks really erupt: not only does the disappointed player resign; the GM does, too, pleading a technicality!...An effective way of making sure that a game won't be finished unless the right people are winning...

Such reactions (Brown resigned with "England disbands all units and resigns in disgust." -ed.) are typical of players who have been stabbed, as Brown had been by Vessey. How can you be sure Brown was not reacting to the stab? By invalidating his NMR and finding other English orders, you were protecting Vessey against the consequences of his stab! That really smells. -Bob Bragdon



(H'mmm...Vessey stabs Brown, gains two centers and was unsuccessful? And by refusing to disband Browns units, I was protecting Vessey? And then I resigned to protect my "buddy" Vessey from having the game completed without him? Uncanny deduction! And, of course, Bob's own lengthy and persuasive protest over the "technicality" was just a cover except that he decided to squeal and expose the whole lousy set-up!! -ed.)

"Childhood's End" is Arthur C. Clarke's story of how mankind grows up, and merges with a higher consciousness. Gamers, as a whole, need to have a childhood's end as well. By a childhood's end, I mean gamers must learn to play as adults and not as children. Gamers have a hundred different reasons why they play games, but everyone could agree they play to escape everyday stresses and strains. Concisely put, gamers play games for fun!! When players exhibit tantrums, make commentaries on skill levels, hold unreasoning grudges, play with spite and malice, they bring everyday stresses and strains back. They take the fun out of the game. When the fun is gone so go the gamers. The solution is to leave our childish behaviors behind and play like adults, with the ideal of having fun and keeping the fun in the game. -S. Vessey

(Nice sentiments coming from a man who threatened to use his Pentagon contacts to have Dale City designated as a Cruise Missile test site just because I won a few games of Junta and Empire Builder (without erasing!!). Physician, heal thyself! -ed.)

- Dear Ed:

I can understand your reasons for deciding to pull yourself out of the game. I guess it wasn't any single thing, but a rapid fire barrage of needless bunk that has been thrown your for the last few weeks. Perhaps those of us having a good timewho appreciated your hard work were not vocal enough in expressing it. (Well, I better stop before I start sounding like R. Bradley Wilson.) In the interest of politesse, I hope that maybe you can obscure the unorthodox ending of the telephone part of teletesse in next month's Politesse as much as possible. I know you have every right to feel wronged. Bragdon (in the midst of his tempest in a teapot) even accused people who attend ftf games as arranging alliances ahead of time. But, well, there has already been enough said on all sides. -K. Peel

(I always try to arrange alliances ahead of time but it never does any good. Seriously, though, we are shocked that the Premier of WARTHOG would suggest a cover-up!! And even more shocked that he might expect us to pass up this delightful discussion.

After all, Bob requested space and we shan't muzzle our critics-- even though this incident will probably warrant a mid-monthly Voice of Doom and a triple issue of Diplomacy Digest. Premier Peel has a point when he refers to the sheer volume of horse manure plaguing the telegame. When you add up the poor sportsmanship (F and T advised that E/F/I/T all wished to concede the game to an allegedly ironclad A/G/R alliance in 1902), Nate's nagging (my commentary betrayed his secrets, my headlines were too full of myself, I should allow press, I shouldn't have castigated him publicly for failing to pay his gamefee), Nate's and Sean's resignations (the latter really surprised me and finished off any enthusiasm I had left for the project) and, finally, Bob's lengthy protest over what did indeed seem a technicality to me (what would he have done differently had that houserule been crossed off, like so many others, and why did he continue to press his point after being informed there would be no further standbys, if his purpose, as he alleged, was merely to seek clarification for the rest of the game?)...well, as damaging as the loss of the game was, to continue seemed too great a burden. In hindsight, I should have carried on, if only to see the F/R attack on G that I heard about (Hey, you don't suppose Bob knew about F/R!!!!) Alas. -ed.)

And now a Feudesse exclusive!!!!!!!!!!!!--

THE END OF AN ERA  
by Ed Wrobel



All good things come to an end- games of Diplomacy, friendships, feuds,- such is the case with our own extended discussion with Bruce Linsey. In a recent issue of Voice of Doom, Bruce explained his reasons for his refusal to continue our discussion, to wit, (and we make a concession here to our good GM's propensity to enumerate freely): one, he plays to win and feels he cannot possibly win, given your poliEditor's superior command of language, boundless youthful energy and unlimited supply of ink; two, he does not possess a copy of Politesse' mailing list, has been muzzled in these pages and cannot send his own open letter to the appropriate individuals (although he alleges he would not send such a letter); third, he is a good friend of the editor of Politesse and does not feud with his friends. It is, thus, incumbent upon us to present our own reasons for not feuding with Bruce: he is simply too influential and powerful. In the census report, Dick Martin advises that out of 120-something-odd Doomees, only about 10 do not sub to other zines. These people are the most active in the Hobby and each month Bruce whispers in their ears. Access to such a political base results in a considerable amount of power. Consider, for example, that we have received several not-for-print letters supporting our positions in our various feuds with Bruce. The writers fear the wrath of Brucifer! One well-respected dipdomite wrote: "P.S. That decision Linsey made on your orders is the most assinine I've ever seen. P.P.S. Don't print this or I'll get into a feud with Bruce!" Bruce has also published a list of GMs who, he alleges, agree with his ruling. One of those on the list actually wrote to us to disavow affiliation with Bruce's views. Did Bruce twist any arms? Is this GM afraid to oppose Bruce? Will there be a VoD retraction buried in the letter column somewhere? Will anyone vote in favor of Bruce's retirement from the Hobby??





WHITESTONIA/KATHY'S KORNER- THE SOUTHERN EDITION

Dear Mr. Ed,

I was absolutely shocked to read in *Politesse* that a couple in Flushing is living together without the benefit of clergy. I happen to be a member of that fine community and I can't believe this kind of sinful activity is going on right under my nose. Has she no shame? Have you no scruples? I find it amazing that you are subjecting your readers to this sort of sensationalism. Really now, people living together without the benefit of clergy in the 20th century- very unthinkable. Yet I guess it takes all kinds! However, I don't think that you should promote this lifestyle in your zine as you could give people ideas. Next thing I know you'll be writing about a certain person who prefers hamsters over women.

I was glad to see that you also get not-for-print letters. You could use them for bird cage paper that is about all they're good for! Don't you know that printing them is a breach of confidence? You certainly are a thorn among the flowers-  
Kathy Byrne

(*Politesse* shares your concern about the moral decay in DipDom. We believe, however, that it is best to expose such behavior to the beneficent scrutiny of the public where it will shrivel and die under the harsh light of self-righteous indignation. Otherwise we might see even worse transgressions in the future, such as attempts by the Dipcon Administrative Committee to subvert the democratic process-- or did that happen a couple years ago?? Perhaps I'm confusing the responsible exercise of discretion with despotism. -ed.)

Ed,

I must take exception to the shabby treatment you did not give me in the last *Politesse*. You deliberately misrepresented the omitted facts. Where was Father Knows Less on the subzine list? I don't get no respect. First you ignore me, then you deliberately misrepresented that omission. You had plenty of room to print your "open letter" of backpatting, you mean you couldn't find the space to exclude my new subzine, Father Knows Less? Thanks for equal time. Take care.

John Caruso

P.S. Did you hear the story about the guy who tried to torpedo a project?

(Mr. Caruso is a formidable submarine and subeditor of the subzines, *Whitestonia*, *Father Knows Less* and some roving thing yet unnamed which will appear in *Politesse* sometime. He was the preferred New Yorker to serve on the '83 Dipcon committee. -ed.)

Dear Mr. Ed,

I didn't know the problems between you and Bruce Linsey were this serious. All along I was telling people it wasn't. Oh well- I think it's only right that I present you with guidelines which you should keep in mind, for future problems.

One, you can print anything you wish, so long as you can prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. On the other hand, you opponent can print anything he chooses, facts or not.

Two, when you excerpt or cut a letter, you must use "... " to show you removed words. Your learned opponent does not have to use "... " in fact, he can even re-arrange the words. Fringe benefits of experience.

Three, you may not print your opinion or anyone else's opinion who agrees with you, as this comes under the category of "unsubstantiated allegations." Yet your adversary may print his opinions and those of his toadys as their opinions are always correct.

Four, you are not allowed to mail out a form letter to the readers of your opponent's zine, even if it is to correct mistakes. However, your opponent can

continue to print those mistakes in his zine.

Five, you must give him the right of reply to everything you say and you must relinquish the last word to him. On the other hand, he can deny you right of reply and must get the last word- to make you look bad.

Six, you can not call your opponent names.

Seven, you may not call an ombudsman of your choice.

Eight, you may not poll your readers for their opinions on the dispute, because even if it's unanimous in your favor, your opponent will say you rigged the balloting.

Nine, you must eventually back down and publically apologize to your opponent, while he is not bound by any private agreements you make.

Hope I was of some help for future problems to you. Take care.

John Caruso

(Yes, John, we're certain this column will cause us future problems. Regrettably, your advice is untimely. Mr. Linsey has called off the feud because he has been muzzled and is great friends with the editor of Politesse. We understand that he has, instead, launched a character assassination of his close friend, Eric Kane, utilizing disinformation, uncontexted quotation and supercilious school-marmery. Our best wishes to both combatants.)

Dear Ed,

I have to say- usually I can figure out what you are trying to say, despite the fact that you beat around the bush, don't say much, and you yourself do not know what you are trying to say. This time, however, you have (made my pen run out of ink) completely, undeniably and without repression, stumped me. What is it you are looking for?

- A. A refund for the destroyed page.
- B. A new page of same for your cat.
- C. A new litter box.
- D. Form a posse.
- E. Better quality paper.
- F. Clearer printing and xeroxing.
- G. Me to rule H & S are 2 orders.
- H. Aggravate Spooky because can't use my Whitestonia's.
- I. Get back at Woody.

Please inform me so I can expediently deny your request, print in my zine that this is one of the fairest decisions I've ever made, refuse you your choice of an ombudsman, and I can excerpt any of your letters, any way I wish, and destroy you. I would also like your permission to set up a 3-man tribunal to hear your grievance- I get to pick one, my brother gets to pick one, and Robert Sacks gets to pick the other. Fair enough? Glad I was able to solve your problem. Take care.

John Caruso

(Our feline, Jaspur, decided to "read" an issue of Whitestonia. He was particularly taken with John's front page. As you know, cats lack opposable thumbs and thus must use their claws to turn pages, inspect the upholstery and walk up your back. Mr. Caruso apparently intends to ignore any express or implied warranties, choosing instead to hide behind the old ombudsman-justification ploy. We assume your choices have never "lost" an ombudsmannent and will rule as fairly and impartially as is humanly possible, considering DipDom's rather well-entrenched alliance structure. Not to belabor the issue but it all seems to be much like Durrell's Alexandria Quartet. The same story appears quite different depending on how much information one has. And it is quite curious to observe the changes upon a slow unfolding of various viewpoints on the same set of facts. Stay tuned. -ed.)

USE THIS BALLOT! ENTRIES MUST BE ALPHABETIZED AND SIGNED. (YOU ARE ATTESTING TO HAVING SEEN THE ZINES YOU VOTE FOR.)

1984 RUNESTONE ZINE AND GM POLL

Rate zines, subzines and GMs on a scale of 0 (poor) to 10 (great), no fractions. You must have seen 2 issues since April, 1983 for the publications; for the GMs, you must have played under his or her direction since that date. Sign the ballot, indicating your participation in the hobby (already shown for poliSubbers) and mail to Randolph Smyth, 212 Aberdeen St. SE, Medicine Hat, Alberta, CANADA T1A 0R1 before June 8. Zines are shown here for your convenience; you must write in subzines (including Sex Appeel and Maggie's Zine) and GMs. Vote your conscience, not your grudges, and give us a 10, eh ducky?

A-Z _____	Erewhon _____	North Sealth West George _____
Alpha and Omega _____	Europa Express _____	Quinipque _____
Anduin _____	Everything _____	Paranoic's Monthly _____
Appalling Greed _____	Festungs Hof _____	Perelandra _____
Battle Stations _____	Fol Si Fie _____	Politesse _____
Bersaglieri _____	Frobozz _____	The Prince _____
Boast _____	The Fuedist _____	Raging Main _____
Bushwacker _____	Give Me a Weapon _____	Retaliation _____
The Buzzard's Breath _____	Graustark _____	The Shogun's Sword _____
Cathy's Ramblings _____	Hai! Jakai! _____	Sleepless Knights _____
Cheesecake _____	House of Lords _____	Snafu! _____
Coat of Arms _____	Inksome _____	Straight from the Dimmer's Mouth _____
Damn the Torpedoes _____	Italiano Pribe _____	Ter-ran _____
Dijagh _____	Liberterranean _____	The End Justifies the Means _____
The Diplomat _____	Life of Monty _____	30 Miles of Bad Road _____
Diplomacy Digest _____	Lone Star Diplomat _____	The Voice of Doom _____
Diplomacy World _____	Magus _____	Weismark Dip-press _____
The Dogs of War _____	Manifest Destiny _____	Whitestonia _____
Efgiart _____	Midlife Crisis _____	Who Cares? _____
Electric Penguin _____	The Modern Patriot _____	Winsome Losesome _____
Emhain Macha _____	Murd'ring Ministers _____	The Wordworks _____
Envoy _____	No Fixed Address _____	Xenogogic _____
I sub to Politesse. _____	_____	You Know My Name _____

signature

Peace! Bread! Land!  
This is what Bolveshiks  
stand for! Trust no others!  
-The Spark

Loyal Russians, crush the  
Red menace! Join Wrangel's  
white forces!  
-White Russian pamphlet

Poles, Finns, Cossacks,  
Ukrainians and Byelorussians!  
Liberate your homelands from  
Russian tyranny!  
-Nationalist propaganda

American, British, French and Japanese  
land to seize lendlease arms to prevent  
their capture by Red forces.  
-London Times

Comrade S. Vessey wishes to play SPI's Russian Civil War at the next ftf opportunity. All players can control units of each of the involved factions: Reds, Whites, Nationalists and Interventionists. An exciting 6-player game with plenty of chrome: Central Committee formation, purges, assassinations, the Czar, the gold and subversive attacks. Call Sean at 768-1285 after 5 p.m. for a rules summary.

(Editor's note: this a must for all aspiring WARTHOG apparatchniks- perhaps at the Holmes' Games May 18 or 19?)

#### DIPCON SCORING SYSTEM

We have received no commentary on the scoring system for the 1984 DipCon. Last year's system has a number of attractive features but we believe it to be too heavily weighted on final center counts, and have modified it accordingly, to wit, (a) win- 18, 2way draw- 9, 3way- 6, 4way- 4.5, 5way- 3.6, 6way- 3, 7way- 0; (b) you receive 1 point for each opponent whose final center total you exceed, e.g., first eliminated gets 0, highest center total gets 6; (c) you receive .01 for each center you own at the end of the game, no maximum.

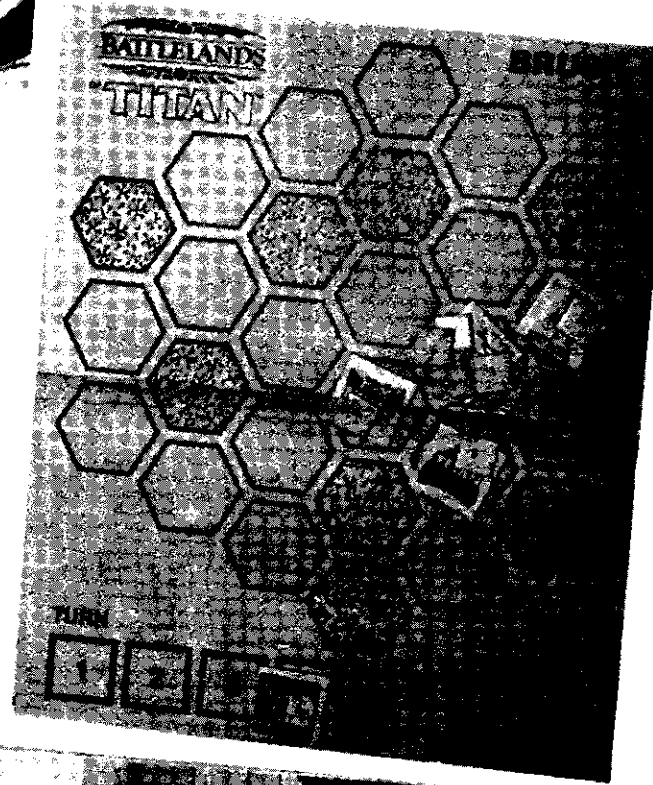
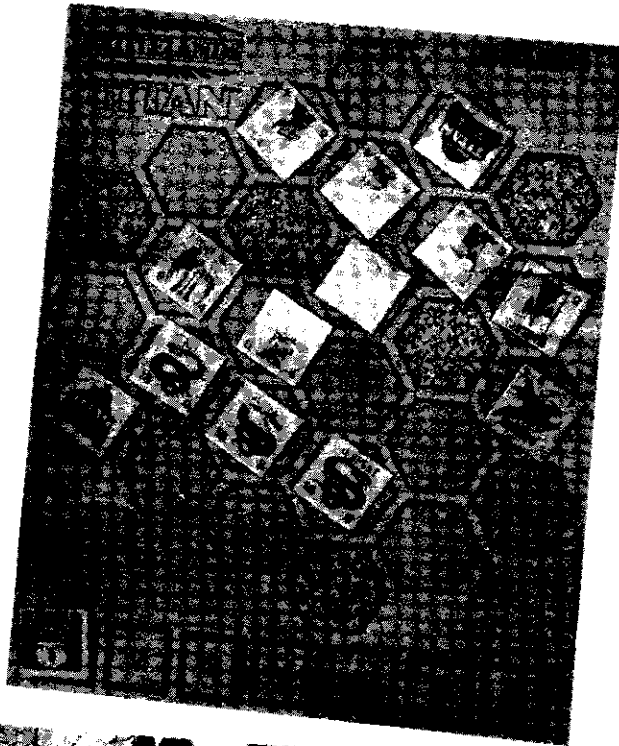
#### AWARDS

Send your votes for the Don Miller Memorial Award (for service to the Hobby) and for the Rod Walker Award (for excellence in Hobby writing) to Larry Peery, Box 8416, San Diego, CA 92102. Nominees for DMMA are Ron (Canada) Brown, Gary Coughlan, Roy Henricks, Lee Kendter, Sr., and Mike Mills. WARTHOG supports Mike Mills, for his innovative auction to raise money for Hobby services and his demonstration that Hobby organizations need not be humorless, backbiting, anti-life bureaucracies. The nominees for the RWA are: Lew Pulsipher for his article, "Strategic Diplomacy"; Mark Berch, for "Must a Stab Be Fatal?" and "The Sleaziest Player of All Time: Shep Rose"; Scott Marley for "Sonnet"; Kevin Tighe, for "In Very Dubious Battle"; Fred Davis, for "A Diplomacy Chronicle"; Bob Olsen, for his press throughout the Hobby. This is quite a variety of writing; fortunately you can vote for three. We like Olsen's writing a great deal. Scott's and Tighe's pieces are delightful gems, both with links to real literature. The Shep Rose article was very funny and Davis' chronicle was informative. We have not seen "Strategic Diplomacy."

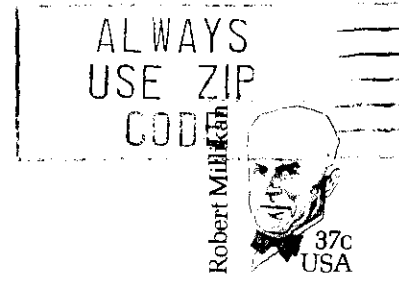
#### PHOTO GUIDE FROM THE FOOLS' GAMES

Upper left: Eric Vessey explains Soldier King to an attentive clockwise group of Jerry Taylor, Doug Byrnes and Sean Vessey. Upper right: Dick Martin consumes a human baby with mustard prior to beginning a Titan slugathon. Middle: Clash of the Titans, beginning and end- Martin's serpent legion and Peel's warlock brigade seek mutual assured destruction. Lower left: This one was posed. Doug Byrnes and SEan Vessey eclipse a schizoid Mike Cannon and a fading Mark Larzelere. Lower right: Ed "Mr. Choo-Choo" Fahrmeier awaits a rail faux pas by Julie Martin.

Dr. Richard Warner's response to the Byrne/Arnawoodian abuse is unsuitable for publication in Politesse and has been forwarded to Ms. Byrne's "Kathy's Kornor."



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