

Politesse

September 1983

A szine, a szervice and now...the F. Scott Fitzgerald/Martin Clone
Journal of Literary Allusion and Apostol Negotiational Nonwargame
Dale City Report serving PoliReaders nationwide since November '82

Greetings

It has come to our attention that at least one benighted PoliSubber believed the "Woody Wants to Know" column to have been authored by one Steve "Woody" Arnawoodian of Pennsylvania. This individual's tortured prose has never set foot in Politesse. The Martin Clone article in this issue was, however, written by the actual "Dick Martin" (with certain editorial embellishments) insofar as such an entity may be said to exist.

“ We have every kind of mix you can have. I have a black, I have a woman, two Jews and a cripple. And we have talent. ”

We would like to speak out in the stongest possible terms on the matter of Secretary Watt's gross insensitivity to white, male property-owners of the Protestant persuasion who have reached the age of 40. In his single-minded pursuit of popularity, Watt has caved in to the demands of vocal minorities and excluded this important group from the environmental policy-making process. Many of these people are important executives with multi-national oil companies.

Doesn't Mr. Watt think they have feelings, too? Let's get with the program, Jim; that countryclub membership can be revoked.

HavaGame

EW

The Halloween Game is filling rapidly. Signed are Byrnes, Cannon, Dancause, Peel and Wrobel. Need 2 more. Get your reservations today! It's Diplomacy starting at noon, Saturday, October 29 in Dale City. Costume required. Bring food and drink.

The telephone game is not filling rapidly. We gained Peel but have lost Myers, so we are stuck at 5 with Brown, McMahan, Peel, Sagrams and Vessey. This game will have weekly deadlines with orders called into Dale City and adjudications going out in the mail. For ease of intragame negotiations, you must have a phone local to metro D.C.

Several PoliSubbers have pledged 10% of their lifetime gross earnings to their favorite periodical. You can call it fanaticism; we call it money. Send some to Ed Wrobel, 3932 North Forestdale Ave. Dale City, VA 22193. (703)670-3489 References upon request

HadaGame

At 3:01 a.m., Sunday, September 18, in Dale City, VA, the Minoan culture reached a civilized state of existence. This enlightened island people overcame famine, epidemic and hordes of hostile barbarians to establish thriving metropoli in both Greece and Asia Minor. In their struggle, the Cretans learned mysticism, pottery making, astronomy, medicine, coinage, agriculture and, finally, literacy, law, democracy and philosophy. Although jealous neighbors reduced these peaceful islanders to a single city in the late Iron Age, their accomplishments live on. To this very day, we celebrate the wisdom and benevolence of the philosopher-kings of Crete, the Wrobelan.

History does not look so kindly on the aggressive Italians and Egyptians who, though quite advanced under their respective rulers, the Woodsons and the Byrnes, insisted on battling over the Sahara for millenia. After defeat in North Africa, Woodson XXXVII (The Mad Carolinian), forced all able-bodied Italians into leaky boats and reigned destruction upon Cretan cities in Greece and on their island homeland. Joining in this orgy of destruction were the Asians and the Thracians, ruled by two branches of the Vessey line. Eric of Thrace led his people into the early Iron Age but the scourge of Asian piracy and a calamitous civil war marred his reign. Little is known of the elder Vessey the Asean, except for a curious epitaph carved in stone on a Black Sea beach: "Never build boats before your feet get wet." It is known that the Illyrians, previously thought to have originated on the coast of the Adriatic, actually were an offshoot of the Babylonian Empire. Under their machiavellian prince, Dancause, these people constructed a large empire during the late Bronze Age, primarily through inciting civil war among neighboring peoples and absorbing the rebellious cities. Babylon reached a peak just prior to the Illyrian Uprising. Their King Peel traded gems and spice with the Italians at a time when other nations coveted grain and cloth. Babylon turned to war after receiving a large shipment of infested grain from one of its trading partners. The Persian saying "Never trust a Cretan bearing iron" probably relates to this era.

Despite the regrettable conflict, it was a lovely little rise to civilization. The Illyrian stuffed grape leaves lent a suitably Mediterranean quality to the the gathering and the Wrobewhiches and malt beverage from the New World were well-fortifying. Look for future opportunities to seek civilizing influences in these pages.

Cons, Kons & Zines

While you are patiently awaiting our KaneKon review, ask Eric Kane, Anduin, 109 Hicks Lane, Great Neck, NY 11024 for his comments. There does appear to be life west of Appalachia. Gary Coughlan, Europa Express, 4614 Martha Cole Ln., Memphis, TN 38118, has a very readable review of PudgeCon, held in Wichita, KS, and if you are real quick, you can get info on KalamazooKon from Bill Becker, 810 Turwill, Kalamazoo, MI 49007 6163496937. Oct. 14-16 Maybe Mark Luedi, 30 Miles of Bad Road, Box 2424, Bloomington, IN 47402 will review it.



RoadTrip III:
Going to Carolina

torrents of liquid prose

CarolinaCon (CCon), held at Kill Devil Hills August 20 to 27, within the shadow of the Wright Brothers Memorial, combined flight, sunburn and multiplayer negotiational nonwargaming in a pleasing beach cottage setting. Attendees included Mary and Jennifer Chao, Mary Landon, Matt and Paul Loebach (PoliInlaws) and, of course, your basic PoliCouple.

Little can be said for the roadtrip in, particularly the infamous I-95 and some surprising congestion in the Tidewater area. Weather conditions were not ideal for idling in an oriental subcompact bursting at the seams with Loebachs, folding chairs and light summer clothing. C'est la Rue de Interstate Highway System dans l'ete.

Initial event of the con, after the mandatory registration and salty baptism, was Overpriced Cardboard Pizza Consumption. Winner of the competition was a non-registrant of Mediterranean aspect who gleefully collected over 20 U.S. dollars in exchange for a substance of questionable identity with no obvious nutrient value.

The revelers' indigestion was soon relieved as that evening's round of Rail Baron began. Matt, Paul, your editor and a duo known as Magifer participated in this event. Lack of stamina and of late-inning alertness on the part of several competitors played crucial roles in Matt's victory. Although beginning as two, the corporate Magifer soon dwindled to a sole proprietorship and, eventually, to a zero-sum proposition, returning such coveted lines as NYC, AT&SF, NP, CRI&P and RF&P to the bank. An avaricious Paul procured the precious eastern and southwestern roads, leaving the Rock Island to Matt and the unlikely RF&P and necessary NP to Ed. In an incredible coup de capitalismo, Matt, shut out of the northeast (CB&Q, L&N, UP, MP, C&NW, SAL, ACL, GM&O, CRI&P) succeeded in occupying his home of Dallas at the very moment a befuddled PoliEditor handed him 10K to reach 200,000. Ed might have chosen to rob Matt to pay Paul had he simply inquired as to their respective financial positions. C'est la bier dans l'ete.

The reader will be pleased to learn that the editor regained the respect of his novice charges with a stunning Illuminati victory. As the Discordians, he managed to relieve the Gnomes of Zurich (Jennifer) of California and Intellectuals via privileged attack. Earlier the Gnomes had enraged the wizards of weird by using California to control the pipe-indulging pointy heads, a sad state of affairs in any Illuminati's reality. Added to Sci-Fi Fans, the SMOF and the Society for Creative Anarchism, these two key groups provided the measure of victory. The Network (Matt), with a substantial cache of transferable power, and the Gnomes, with 10 groups, were close to world domination. Paul's Bavarian Illuminati made no privileged attacks, was unopposed, collected a huge treasury and spent its fortune draining the Gnomes and halting the Network.

Curiously enough there were no winners in 4-player and 6-player games of Nuclear Escalation. This appears to be one of those games that sacrifices playability to realism, a crucial flaw in our opinion. Once "final retaliation" gains some momentum, it is rather difficult to restrain. It would be a simple matter to revise this rule- or, perhaps, to expand the optional population growth provision-

but such an extreme alteration would be a castration of sorts, robbing the game of its unique character.

Tuesday's pre-dawn and midnight were punctuated by vigorous electrical storms, stimulated, we might conjecture, by the final holocausts held Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon. That evening's poker game was aborted by the second of these storms as the gamblers sprang from the dimly-lit, smoky room to rescue their apparel from Mother Nature's grasp and revel in the wind and thunder and lightning. Those of a more sober cast remained inside to close windows and explore life's less violent mysteries, e.g., a 3-letter word for partner of feathers, a 5-letter Olympic star, a 10-letter well-tempered instrument. (Answers next issue.)

The group was split on Wednesday as children of all ages took to the road in search of Busch Gardens and the PoliCouple indulged in diversions of Laundromat (\$1 to wash, 75¢ to dry), Oceanic Challenge at the National Seashore (a pristine beach with a vibrant surf), short-version sand Scrabble (concession to Maggie) and A Restaraunt by George. In the manner of Mr. Lawrence Wm. Peery, we offer a brief opinion on G's establishment. The decor was nearly eclectic, being suggestive of the Spanish Sahara, we believe, with a honeycomb-tent effect. The waiter wore a pith helmet and desert blouse and was quite gracious throughout the meal. We eschewed an appetizer as we viewed the dessert cart at a neighboring table but partook freely of the very fresh, well-appointed relish tray, highlighted by a pleasing sweet sauce. The sauteed scallops, shrimp and crab-stuffed mushrooms were cooked to perfection. All too often, even reputable establishments crush these delicacies into a Mrs. Paul's travesty, leaving chewy gristle where once a noble shellfish lay. The Carolina freshwater trout stuffed with crab was very attractive and also quite delicious. Regrettably the waiter declined to bring a dessert as his attention was held by the crowds of newly-arriving diners. Eventually a bill for \$31.04 (plus tip and two cocktails) was served when the Pcouple loudly proclaimed a growing sense of ennui.

Round 2 of Rail Baron was held mid-day Thursday. This was a 3-player game. Matt, Paul and Ed each began play with a short trip, making first purchases of, respectively, Express, SAL and B&M. Paul (SAL, L&N, Express, IC, NYC, SOU, SP, GN, Superchief) led cashwise late into the game, finally garnering \$275,000, but he was unable to reach his home of St. Paul safely. Ed, heading home with \$260K+, and a poverty-stricken (\$2000) and desperate Matt (Express, CRI&P, CB&Q, C&NW, B&O, UP, N&W, NP, D&GRW, SLSF) 3 dots behind, rolled an extremely lucky 13 for the win.

The con concluded with a most enjoyable tour of colonial Williamsburg and a wonderful King's Tavern meal of champagne cocktail, peanut soup, game pie and roasts of beef and of chicken. All participants won handsomely.

HOW COME HE
KEEPS SAYING
WE ALL BE TIME?
-WHO IS HE?

THAT'S THE
ROYAL WE.

IT'S CALLED THAT BECAUSE
KINGS AND QUEENS THOUGHT
SAYING I WAS UNDIGNIFIED.

GOTALETTER

At the last gamefest held at my place, the Rail Baron game lasted until 12:30 when Myers died due to lack of vision, Vessey and Byrnes due to acute boredom with crummy systems. I did my best to speed up the game with destination cards, several dice sets, and my recording to speed up pay-offs. The game record is enclosed. The game was close to finishing. Cannon wanted a concession- Newman had to say no way as everyone was taking the UP and Chicago as a home city is preferable.

Myers sleepwalked off without his pay-off chart and with my RB dice. Cannon had your Assassination card from Illuminati in his pocket.

I enjoyed having the mob over for fun and games. Chris didn't mind getting stuck with the food part. I was planning to do it myself but ran out of time. My major frustraion is slow play of any game. I am not sure why these games should take as long as they do.

Where do I get a copy of Mountolive?

(unsigned with no return address- however, careful analysis of internal clues indicates this missive is from Louis Newman, Oakton, VA)

You could have at least said "The game record is in the mail." You think I'm gonna fall for that forgot-to-put-it-in-the-envelope bit? Alright, Cannon, let's have the Assassins back. Better catch Myers quick; he's out of town within a couple weeks. These games take so long to keep you out of the poolrooms. Durrell's work can be had from the Arlington county library system. Ask for Loebach at Aurora Hills.-ed.

Re: Going national. OK, as long as local plugs get priority. I've had good use of WANNA/HAVA game, and would not wish to see news of a local game displaced by ads for west coast events. Exceptions could be large cons.

Re: MaryCon scoring system. Discontinue Win/Toady provision. A win is difficult to achieve, and it should not be cheapened. Encourage playing for the win by awarding proportionally fewer points to draw-ers than to a winner. One system would be to divide 34 by the number of survivors plus one, i.e., 2-way gets 11.3, 3-way gets 8.5, 4-way 6.8 each. If fewer points are awarded for a ddaw, players will be more apt to gamble on a stab.

Doug Byrnes, Baltimore

Yeah, but there's a balance to be maintained. Should good performance over both rounds outweigh one win and a knockout? I assume you would give 34 to a winner? If there's one winner in the first round, you couldn't catch him unless you won in the second round. Maybe that's not so bad. Last year's winner had two 2ways; second place went to the winner with toad. Does the winner/toady make it easier to win? If you can shed your prospective toady at some point, you can still get the big bundle. Don't worry about HavaGame going by the boards; that's the purpose of this periodical. WannaGame was just repeating itself so I temporarily shelved it. New WannaNames are welcome at any time and I will revive the oldies upon request. Actually Politesse is having a mild identity crisis (see The Hobby Column). Is our ftf self well-integrated with our postal self? Do the audiences overlap? Does the barrister/Linsey/Martin stuff amuse you? Are you reading this? -ed.

more GOTALETTER

This note is in response to the question "How to Win at Diplomacy." I should know and qualify under the "never a winner" rule. Playing since 1972A, I've never won or drawn. But I know how the other guy wins. Somehow he or she gets one of their neighboring countries to NMR on alternating turns. Meanwhile everyone on the opposite side of the board religiously sends in the most astute moves you ever saw--except for my ally. The eventual winner's opponents drop out of the game and he cashes in on the round robin tournament on the other side of the board. And that's the truth. -Mark Murray, Newport News, VA

Fascinating. Do you suppose this could be adapted to ftf play? It does sound like the script for one of my postal games, in all seriousness. Ah, just one of the many joys of postal play. -ed.

Do you offer any games? I see none in P (???)
By co-incidence, I too printed Rod's article re, your problems with Bruce Linsey. As you can read, I take a different view than you and Rod. I base my decision on the rule book itself-- and I don't understand why Rule VII keeps getting overlooked. A unit may be ordered to do one thing, and holding and supporting are listed as separate actions. Mr. Calhamer may not have intended that rule to read as it did, but GMs have to go by what the rule book says, not by what Mr. Calhamer may or may not have been thinking when he wrote it. So, until the rulebook is changed, I will continue to apply Rule VII. I do think you were very unfair in your remark that Berch may have ruled in Bruce's favour because of friendship. That is a very low blow, completely unfair to Mark. I am "friends" with very many people in the hobby myself, so does this disqualify me from using my own judgement when called upon to arbitrate in a dispute? Anyhow, glad you and Bruce have made up. I don't see why we can't argue about Diplomacy without it evolving into a personality dispute. R. J. Brown, Canada

Well, this was more than a theoretical discussion. Bruce's ruling had a disasterous effect on my position in the game. It's difficult enough for Turkey to break out against a firm A/I alliance without an unexpected partial NMR being imposed on the Sultan. But what really angered me was his subsequent public assertion that his actions in our dispute demonstrated his GMing fairness. That was really rubbing it in. I got in a few left jabs of my own in Anduin, though, and I feel relatively vindicated by the support that's been voiced for me by a number of GMs. Bruce and I went a few rounds; it was fun; no sense fighting forever. Going by the book and ignoring intent is not as simple as you would have it. There seems to be substantial disagreement among a number of thoughtful, well-informed people over what the book means. And let's not throw meaning out with the much-maligned "intent." For example, I did not say that Berch may have ruled for Linsey because of friendship. I said he had denied that he did that. You inferred the former meaning and the inference is reasonable. Note, however, that you went beyond the rulebook in making that inference. (Gee, I can play barrister, too!) Forgive me for not including an explanation with the PoliSample. We don't run postal games. By the way, yes the Berch reference was a set-up. Hope you don't mind. You were the only respondent. Thanks.

COMMUNICATION

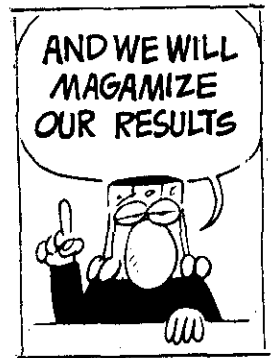
IS A
DYING
ART



Maggie's Zine

(Editor's note: Every DipZine worth its salt has a subzine, preferably written by the editor's mate. To name only a few, Whitestonia and Kathy's Korner have each other, Voice of Doom had "Alex's Column" until recently, Irkosome boasts flaming feminist sarcasm from the Germanic Frauke Petersen in "Maneater," Retaliation offers "The Thrill of Agony, The Victory of Defeat" and Coat of Arms is nothing but subzines, although the relationship of the various editors is clouded in mystery. Even Ron J. Brown, who opines in the August Snafu! that DipZines should remember what they're about, presents the wide-ranging "MeANNderings." Politesse, in its never-ending rush up the Dip social ladder, seeks to join this elite company. There is one minor problem: our beloved PoliWife adamantly refuses to participate. Fortunately she also refuses to read Politesse and, thus, will be unaware that we have authored a subzine in her name.)

The Society of Bibliophilic Gourmands (SOBIG) met Saturday, September 17, at the Washington, D.C. home of Mary Chao to discuss F. Scott Fitzgerald's Tender is the Night. Ms. Chao hosted fellow librarians Tina Brundage, Maggie Loebach and Penny Olsen, and librarian-spouse Ed Wrobel.



Our jacket blurb summarizes Tender as "the story of Dick Diver, a young psychiatrist whose career was thwarted and his genius numbed through marriage to the exquisite and wealthy Nicole Warren." The novel is Fitz' most autobiographical and incorporates elements from many of his earlier short stories, including some material verbatim. F. Scott sold his writing and was not above getting the most out of his creative juices. Speaking of which, Scott and wife Zelda were well-known for staying up late at night, having a nip or twenty and behaving unlike the bourgeoisie. It was the Jazz Age and they were a sociable couple until the bottle caught up with FSF and schizophrenia caught up with Zelda.

The SOBIG discussion was a bit free-form for our taste. Jay Plafker, who selected Tender and wrote the questions, was unable to attend due to an illness in his family. The group missed the guiding hand which Jay might have lent. Nevertheless, reminiscing was fun. It seems the question most provocative to the group was "Does anybody really fall in love in the novel?" Dick and Nicole's relationship is intriguing. It begins as doctor-patient, progresses to romantic love and ends in indifference. As Nicole gropes back toward reality, Dick sinks further into dissipation, the marriage finally breaking after Nicole's fling with Tommy Barban, a French soldier of fortune. ("I want to go to war. There must be a war somewhere- there always is.") A number of factors precipitate Dick's decline from budding psychiatric genius to small town quack. Socially deft, he is never capable of sustaining an intimate relationship, and, as he loses Nicole the Patient, he loses Nicole the Spouse. Dick cannot be happy with the practice of psychiatry, scorning the role of "clinician." He is driven to gain recognition as the pre-eminent theorist in his field, perhaps by feelings of inferiority? After all, did not "Baby" Warren (Nicole's sister) tell Dick that the family was interested in "purchasing" an eligible doctor to marry Nicole? The Rich are indeed different from you and me.

What you haven't heard, don't want to miss, and want to know

As they crossed the flags a groaning, hissing, booing sound went up from the loiterers in the courtyard, voices full of fury and scorn. Dick stared about...

"I want to make a speech," Dick cried. "I want to explain to these people how I raped a 5 year-old girl. Maybe I did--"

--F. Scott Fitzgerald Tender is the Night

*Find Out the Secrets...
What Really Happens...
Shocking New Facts...*

WHAT? ME BE REAL?

Yes, despite all these recent allegations to the contrary, I, Dick Martin am a real person. So, the recent articles in GMAW! and this zeen are "fictions," you say? Yes, they are indeed. Longtime subbers to this zeen will realize the truth to my statements when certain "coincidences" are pointed out.

First of all, just who are all these people making allegations about my reality? Ed Wrobel has, in several cleverly disguised articles in GMAW! Konrad Baumeister has, in the same manner, plus an article or two in this zeen. Julie Martin has, in these very pages. But just who are these people? Konrad "dropped out" of Dipdom in a huff several years ago. Nobody had ever heard of Julie until she popped up in RETAL one day. Ed was a borderline face to face player from Baltimore, who only became a force in the past few months. Keep this in mind.

Second, how many of you remember my educational background, besides Don Del Grande? That's right, Biology and Psychology. And I've been working professionally with computers since I was an eleventh grader. Keep this in mind, also.

Finally, you may recall my claims that I went to the best Dip High School ever. I still stand by that claim, but now I shall let you in on the real reason. You see, I have been the brains behind no less than six members of Dipdom. Let me explain.

Yet he had decided to remain another 2 years in Zurich, for he did not underestimate the value of toy-making, in infinite precision, of infinite patience. --FSF Tender

In high school, I was always somewhat of a recluse. I just could not relate to your ordinary high school type stuff, due to my 195IQ. So I decided to build my own friends. Yes, that's right. Jack Brawler was the first, and a good first effort he was. Too bad I didn't put enough insulation around his atomic power plant, and he (literally) burned out. It's taken a few trips to Florida (vacations, I tell everyone around here), but Jack is now in fine working order again. A bit more insulation here and there... he should run for years, this time. Next was Mike Rollin. He was strictly an experimental model - I didn't bother to make him pretty, and put in too powerful a Dip-computer. So he turned out to be stab-happy until I finally pulled the plug on him. Don Sigwalt got part of the draw in R1 as a result. Paul Roney and Carl Powell were also experimental. They were also both in R2. Unfortunately, Paul short circuited during a rainstorm, and Carl's battery ran down (I remembered what happened to Mikey and wanted to put a definite "end date" to Carl - sort of like in the movie "Blade Runner"). But still, I had learned a great deal. I was ready for a challenge.

Konrad Baumeister, a good friend of mine, was dropping from Dipdom in disgust. What better opportunity could I ask for? After several months of carefully programming Konrad II to match the original exactly, I unveiled him as a Georgetown University student. Who would suspect that I just wanted to keep him in the Washington area so I could maintain close observation of his activities, and fine tune him when necessary. Evidently nobody until now, with the possible exception of Victor Dupont. The only condition that the real Konrad made on my use of his name/address/visage was that I not use the EGGNOG name, and I have respected that. Unfortunately, the real Konrad and his wife Amy were killed in a flaming car wreck in Switzerland when their Porsche went over a cliff. So now, as a favor to his memory and parents, I have completed KB II's programming, and he is capable of simulating human behavior remarkably well, with only an occasional slip up. A crowning feat of robotics, if I do say so myself.

Then there was Julie. I was still your average lonely guy with a little bit extra. Time to build a female companion. All my skill went into my design of the physical exterior, and I produced an outstandingly beautiful creature. Unfortunately, I couldn't wait and rushed the unveiling, taking my new android out before the personality and language programs were completed. She was capable of short bursts of coherent social activity, but any great complexities would surely cause a breakdown. So Julie "slept" through her first couple cons, claiming allergies to cats and smoke. You may have noticed that she no longer sleeps at cons (only Brian Lorber ever looked close enough to really tell, and he didn't know what to make of it). The recent Marycon was the ultimate test: could Julie function completely on her own? The answer turned out to be yes, and my job is again completed. With only a few very minor adjustments to make, I have created the perfect Dip wife - now the family that stabs together truly does stay together.

"Lucky Dick, you big stiff," he would whisper to himself, walking around the last sticks of flame in his room. "You hit it, my boy. Nobody knew it was there until you came along." --FSF Tender

My most recent creation was Ed Wrobel. This one has real potentiation for greatness, as he has the largest memory bank of all (528K megabytes on the finest microchips), and the largest file of literary quotes, all culled from the complete works of the great masters - Shakespeare, Milton, Thurber and Byrne. While Konrad should appeal to the blue collar - comic book types, Ed should cover the higher class giving me total access to all the minds of Dipdom. I think the real "Ed Wrobel" is still a bookkeeper in Baltimore somewhere. Who knows, and as long as he doesn't show up again, who really cares?

"-And Lucky Dick can't be one of these clever men; he must be less intact, even faintly destroyed. If life won't do it for him it's not a substitute to get a disease, or a broken heart, or an inferiority complex, though it'd be nice to build out some broken side till it was better than the original structure." --FSF Tender

Control of Dipdom is really not my objective, despite the possibilities. I view the creation of my androids as an academic exercise. Can I fool some of the sharpest people in the country? Can my programs detect the most subtle lies? Apparently so: Konrad won the last Dipcon, and Julie GMed a good sized con. Nobody noticed. Ed is a popular writer and publisher, and a good player now that I fixed the glitch in his order-writing program. Jack is a very good player, and subtle diplomat. Of course, Mikey is still not adjusted as I would like, but nobody's perfect. Not any humans, anyway. And there are a few more of my droids out there, too, but you'll have to figure out who they are on your own. No, Mark Berch is not one of mine, but I do have my suspicions.

But Dick's necessity of behaving as he did was a projection of some submerged reality: he was compelled to walk there, or stand there...his hand holding a small briefcase like a dandy- just as another man once found it necessary to stand in front of a church in Ferrara, in sackcloth and ashes. Dick was paying tribute to things unforgotten, unshriven, unexpurgated. --FSF Tender

NEXT: IDENTITY CRISIS!

* * *

I'M IN LUCK!
THERE'S A CREDIT
CARD INSIDE!

NOW--
AT LEAST--
I'LL KNOW
MY NAME!

(Editor's note: What Dick says is true enough but incomplete, for he is unaware of the circumstances surrounding his own creation. Back in '69, your PoliEditor-to-be was a 16-year-old computer genius with a rare, fatal blood disorder. Rather than die, we decided to create a highly sophisticated android and impress our engrams upon it. Thus, the creature you know today as Dick Martin was born. However, instead of a simple transfer of identity, we altered Dick's programming to eliminate knowledge of his origin and entered a kind of post-hypnotic suggestion directing him to pursue research in the field of android construction, and, eventually, to create a superior android to carry on the identity of Ed Wrobel. His efforts resulted in today's PoliEditor. Hence the child is father to the android...)

The following commentary is from Terry Tallman's North Stealth, West George (A Place, A Concept and now a Comedian...)

I ALSO GOT A COPY OF ED WROBEL'S "POLITESSE". THIS ONE IS CONFUSING. ED WRITES A FAIRLY INTERESTING ARTICLE ABOUT HIS TRIP TO DIP-CON WITH DICK AND JULIE MARTIN BUT FAILS TO PUBLISH A PICTURE OF JULIE IN HER DIP OUTFIT. EVERYONE I'VE TALKED TO SAYS GOOD THINGS ABOUT IT- (THE DIP OUTFIT-NOT 'POLITESSE').

I GET THE FEELING THAT ED HAS NO PLANS TO RUN POSTAL GAMES. RATHER, HE'S ACTING AS A SPOKESMAN FOR THE MARYLAND FACE-TO-FACERS.

IF HE'S GOING TO RUN SOME POSTAL GAMES MAYBE HE'LL SAY SO NEXT ISSUE. ON THAT BASIS I SUGGEST YOU REQUEST A SAMPLE BEFORE YOU SUB. ED WROBEL - 3932 NORTH FORESTDALE AVENUE; DALE CITY, VA 22193



As you can tell, Terry is a very funny guy. Some of his humor is a bit sharp and his geography is not so good but we are amused and we like the lettering. Terry strikes us as a kind of west coast Dick Martin without a typewriter. And, yes, we have no postal games. Is postal Dip the end-all and be-all of existence? Maybe Terry will reconsider trading. In the same ish of NSWG, he reports learning from Doug Beyerlein that he needn't run games to put out a... "szine." Oh, the photos! Ask Dick.

LUDECON: you are invited to come down (or come up, for some of you) the weekend of October 28, 29, 30 for fun, games, and good times, here, at my ~~poor little box~~ place. Bring a sleeping bag, some money, and a Halloween costume if you desire. Contact me (address somewhere) — MARK LUEDI or Dave Kleiman, 3530 Hyannis Port Drive, Indianapolis, IN 46224, (317) 293-5510.

DIXIE CON: same time, but different place. If you're closer to Florida than Indiana (or want to be), there'll be a con that same weekend, October 29 and 30, in Pensacola, FL. James Woodson and Bob Howerton will be hosting this event. Contact Jim at P.O. box 33032 NAS, Pensacola, FL 32508, (904) 453-9560.

RUSS RUSNAK'S HOUSE: the premier face-to-face site in the Midwest. More games and dippers than anywhere else in the U.S. except for the Byrne residence. Truly a unique Dip experience! And Russ says this will probably be the last one, November 11, 12, 13. Contact him at: 8002 S. Nagle, Burbank, IL 60459, (312) 598-4708.

Politesse

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Next ish: KaneKon Review (Promise!)
Pinc Diplomat Exposé

