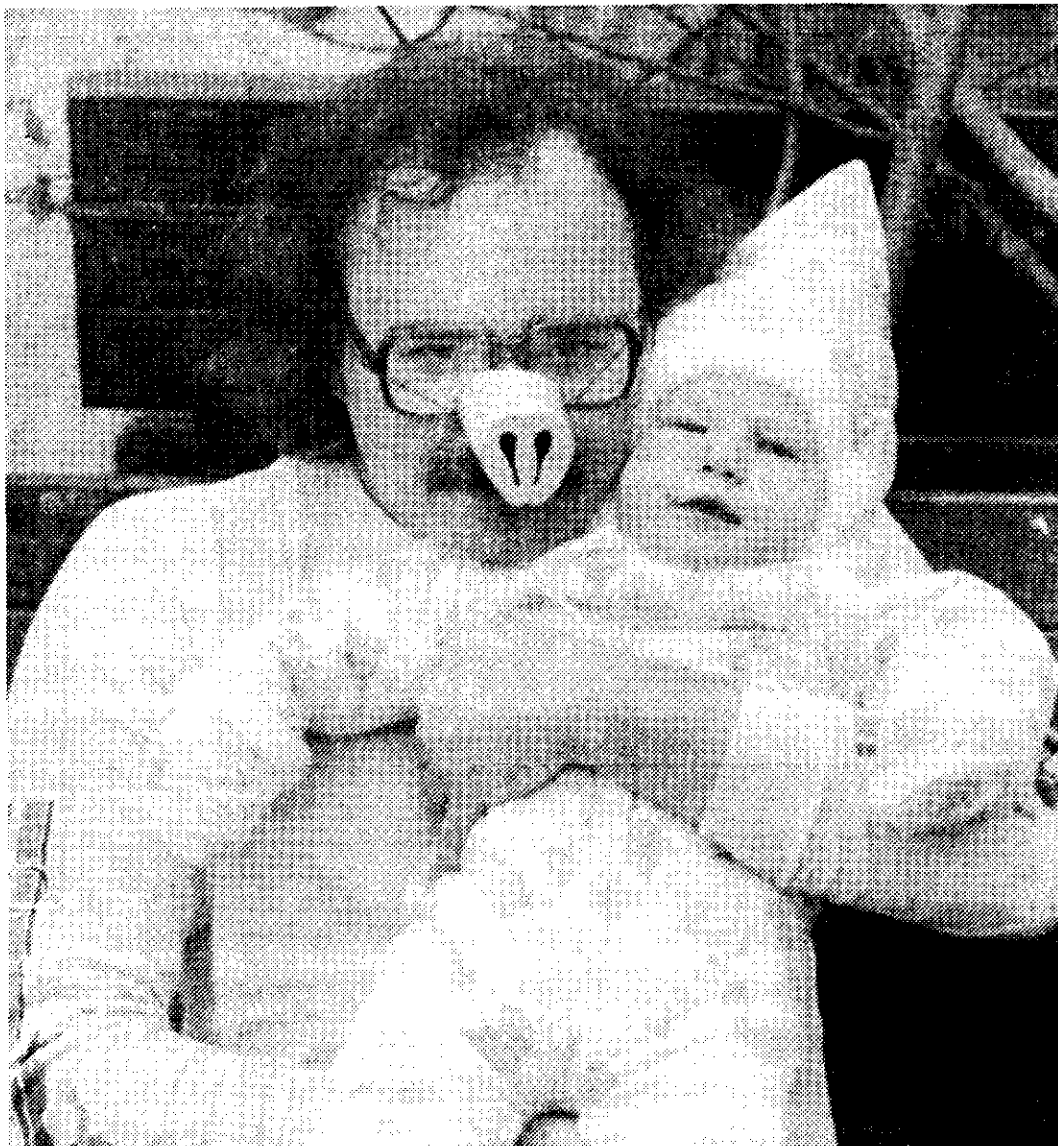


FLASH!!! Publisher Folds Zine! New Zine Rises With New Management!  
Old Publisher Mocks up Self-Promotional First Page!!  
New Publisher Gives Old the Business!!! (see page two)

POLITESSE

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*Journal of the Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly Organized  
Gamesters* December, 1984  
\*\*\*\*\*

*Below, Pink Snout winner Vice Premier Ed Wrobel shows off his prize shoat*



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*Politesse is edited by Ed Wrobel and Ken Peel and published by Ken Peel,  
8708 First Avenue, #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910. Subscriptions are 30¢  
per issue and entitle one to membership in WARTHOG.*  
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## Greetings!

...and just when you thought the Baltimore-Washington area was finally swine-free, out of the ashes--or should we say mud--of the old Politesse rises [insert fanfare here] POLITESSE! Confused? It's simple. Ever see the Gene Wilder-Richard Pryor movie Silver Streak? Under the old Politesse regime of Ed Wrobel as publisher and managing editor, the 'zine started lumbering down the track like a runaway locomotive. Fully adjustable sub rates are fine when you're a dinky four-page flier, but Ed in his own perfectionist way allowed Politesse to take on visions of grandeur with professional quality (and price!) printing, fancy-shmansy graphics w/ pics, and, horror of horror, three postal games! Well, so the train crashed into the station a little.

Then along came a savior. That's me, Ken Peel, the new publisher and co-editor of POLITESSE. I figured, why not just put the train back on the tracks, turn the thing around, and lift that damn tool box off the throttle. I'm returning us to our roots of one-ounce postage, crummy but cheap (read: free, so don't complain unless you can get it better for the same price) copying, and no postal games! Well, there might be a little fudge there. Ed has so kindly offered (you reading this, Ed?) to GM a local postal Dip or World Dip game if there is sufficient interest. It would be a strictly WARTHOG affair, and would run on short deadlines of 2-3 weeks. Thanks, Ed. Only this time don't orphan us in '03, okay?

So yes, Ed is still around. Did I mention that Fast Eddie is co-editor of this 'zine? Look inside, and you'll see his usual excellent writing and unique humor; at the very least you'll recognize his granny-style type. The main point is that we're back with a new winning team. As of this moment, however, we have no subscribers. Ed refunded all sub balances anticipating the changes in the 'zine, to give you all the chance to decide what to do. This issue is free, but it will be your last unless you pass me some cash. No more of this fully-adjustable business (unless you want to adjust up, that is). If you want to maintain your membership in the Washinton Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly Organized Gamesters, if you want to always be up on who is going to be holding what games where, if you want to keep track of the latest WARTHOG intrigues (and become a part of them yourself!), all this and so much more, send me \$3.00/10 issues (or whatever combination) at 8708 First Avenue, #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910 (tel.# 301-495-2799). That's only 30c each exciting issue! I mean, I can only muzzle Ed so long...

## HAVAGAME:

MiniMaryCon!!! A two day World Diplomacy gaming extravaganza will be held the first weekend in February at the campus of Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, Virginia, February 2 (Ground Hog Day!) and 3. A number of luminaries are already planning to attend, including, Ed Wrobel, Sean Vessey, Doug Byrnes, me, Dick and Julie Martin (if they are in town), Stephen "Woody" Arnawoodian, Tom Mainardi, Tony Hect, and a host of "maybes" including, from the dark side of the force, Bruce Linsey! Now, with a group like that, you just know it will be interesting! The games should begin noonish on the 2nd. To get to MWC, take Route 95 south from Washington and get off at the Fredricksberg Route 3 exit. Turn left onto Route 3 (Williams Street), turn left onto College Ave., and turn right at College Drive into the College. MiniMaryCon dispsters will assemble at the Department of History, Monroe Hall. Contact Dick Warner at R.R. 8, Box 99, Fredericksberg, VA 22401 (tel.# 703-786-6789) for further information. For out-of-towners some limited accomodations are available. Make your reservations with Dick.

Choo-Choo Galore!!! Did you know that in Baltimore there are choo-choo games being held in the WARTHOG organization every other Friday evening? The games include Rail Baron, Empire Builder, and the latest rage, 1829. Contact Doug Byrnes at 2911 Frederick Ave., Baltimore, MD 21223 (home # 301-566-4477 [Baltimore], work # 703-487-4615 [Washington]).

WoodyCon late February or March. Hold that date! (Whatever it is...) Anyone else interested in holding a game? Contact Ed or me, and we'll spread the word.

Speech to the Assembled Tusks, Swineherds, and  
Gamesters-in-Residence on the Occasion of the Dedication of  
The Peel Pavilion, Home of the new College of Diplomatic Studies,  
GRISTLE PIG University - December 21, 1984

Thank you, Dean Martin, for the kind introduction.

[Tell joke on confusion of the names Dick, Dean and Steve. Wait for laughter to subside before continuing.]

Dick, it seems like only yesterday that I appointed you Dean of GRISTLE PIG U. and you laid the University's first cornerstone here in majestic Rockville. You have done fine work to build up "PIG U's" international reputation, but at first the emphasis here was Titan, Titan, and more Titan. It warms my provisional heart to see this great Institution and WARTHOG itself returning to its roots with the establishment within GRISTLE PIG U. of the College of Diplomatic Studies. Furthermore, I am humbled by the massive bronze plaque dedicating the Peel Pavilion in my name. Well, somewhat humbled. After all, it was really my dilligent work, especially my recent Diplomacy World article, that put WARTHOG on the map, so to speak, in the larger diplomatic community. Of course, I benefited from the steady support of a loyal Vice Premier, our very own Ed Wrobel, so it is fitting and appropriate that the new drinking fountain outside the Pavilion commemorates Ed's role with the attachment of a small plastic card with his name punched on it. Don't worry, Ed, we'll get your name spelled right on the replacement card.

At this auspicious occasion, let us all renew our determination to keep among us a special place for Diplomacy, the game we all cut our teeth on. Ed Fahrmeier (PhG, PhRR, post hoc ergo propter hoc) is, of course, an exception, but as the first triple Philosophy of Gaming, Philosophy of Rail Road, and Philosophy of Cocktail Party Latin candidate here at GRISTLE PIG U., as the reigning U.S. National Rail Baron champion, and as the individual who introduced the exciting rail game 1829 to this continent, there will always be a very special place here in WARTHOG for the good Dr. Choo-choo.

[Pause for "chuga-chuga-woo-woo" cheer led by Head Mistriss Julie, then present Dr. Choo-choo with honorary medal displaying various obsolete modes of transportation.]

As many of you are aware, a disident faction has recently formed within the belly of our collective being. This faction -- I will name no vessiesque names -- seems unable to offer constructive ideas for the betterment of WARTHOG. This individual has even circulated a memo demanding self-criticism of my humble self -- well, somewhat humble. I, the great he-swine father figure to WARTHOG gamesters everywhere, do accept some need for self-criticism, but it is not of the kind that this individual seeks. My fault has been an excess of compassion. Because I believed, naively perhaps, that we could all work together in peace and positism, I was slow in calling for corrective measures to restore ideological correctness in this junior Politburo member. It is with regret that I issue the official provisal that this individual begin regular visits to the Re-Education Clinic of Naylor, Alexandria -- not as punishment, but to offer him a chance to renew his position among us. This should not be a matter of humiliation. Even I required intensive rehabilitation in Gulag Silver Spring for some months after my overly-intense exposure to postally diplomatic superstars at Marycon '84. I appreciate the stalwart support I received in those difficult times, and I assure this unnamed vessiesque individual that all shoats stand behind him and wish him a speedy recovery.

And now we await anxiously Dean Martin's [Flash combination twinkling smile and elfish grin] nomination of CDS Chancellor, and I wish to leave you all on an up note: how does "high-C" strike you? [Pause for laughter and applause, wave grandly to adoring crowd.]

Dear Ed,

12/1/84

I was dismayed to learn of the folding of Politesse--it had swiftly established itself as being in the very top rank of zines, and was notable also for having along with Feudesse fought the good fight on various fronts. It will be sorely missed. Ken holds out the possibility of an eventual resumption of publication--I hope very much this will come to pass. Meanwhile may we expect at least one more bash from the Solidarnosc organ Feudesse?

I am enclosing an article documenting a nefarious plot by deviationist elements against my life and the lives of my KGB comrades. Kosher, indeed! Just another/smokescreen for massacre, I call it! Only ceaseless vigilance can prevent this sort of atrocity.

## Kosher pig? Hold the bacon

Reports of a cud-chewing pig, suitable for table of Jew, Moslem and Gentile alike, appear to be exaggerated. Wild swine that eat leaves, berries and grubs in the forests of a few Indonesian islands were highlighted as a species with "agricultural promise," especially for developing nations, by a National Research Council (NRC) report published last year. In the current issue of its magazine HORIZONS, the U.S. Agency for International Development, which funded the NRC report, says, "The babirusa stands out among pig-like animals because of its unique stomach, similar to a ruminant's [cud-chewing animal's] ... This may make the babirusa a more efficient meat producer than the pig in some environments. In addition, cultures that do not eat swine might accept the babirusa."

These statements, picked up last week in a wire service story, have brought a flood of calls to the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York City asking for rabbinical opinion on whether such a pig would be considered kosher. A kosher animal must chew its cud and have cloven hooves. A seminary spokesperson said rabbis would need to dissect the babirusa to make sure it is a ruminant.

But Warren Thomas of the Los Angeles Zoo, home of this country's only babirusas, says he has been chuckling at



P.F. Colley/NAS

the news reports of a kosher pig. "The babirusa has a slightly modified, a sacculated, stomach, a little different from other pigs, but it is not a ruminant," he says. "I'm sure they don't chew their cud." The NRC based its description of the babirusa on a 1940 autopsy report that said the stomach "presents striking similarities to that of a relatively simple ruminant such as the domestic sheep."

Thomas says he cannot imagine the babirusa as a meat animal, in part because it reproduces so much more slowly than domesticated pigs. But the NRC report asks whether animal husbandry techniques can overcome such disadvantages. Fuller Bazer of the University of Florida in Gainesville, in collaboration with Indonesian scientists, is planning to use a herd of a dozen babirusa in an Indonesian zoo to study the species' reproductive patterns.

—J.A. Miller

In solidarity,  
Bob Olsen

(Your kind words and interest in the future of Esse Publications are very much appreciated. As you may have noticed, our dedicated premier has indeed assumed responsibility for the continuance of the official WARTHOG journal. I will act as co-editor of Politesse and, if this issue is any indication, make small WrobelScript donations, unfit as they may be for publication. (Guess which "Imperial" Hobby Old Fart says so...) I shall also remain an outspoken critic of said gaseous emissions. Feudesse will be out in time for Christmas. (Makes a great stocking stuffer, by the way!) You have performed a great service to our tacit retinue by bringing to light this

insidious plot to encourage the mass murder and-- yucch!-- consumption of our brother babirusae. Over the centuries much effort has been expended to convince humans that hog consumption is irreligious; thus, this absurd notion of kosher swine is extremely dangerous. It could well undermine our only protection in some cultures. Ceaseless vigilance is only the first step. We must contact the appropriate Federal authorities to advise them of this felonious death threat. I'm sure the Food and Drug Administration will be most anxious to issue some regulations. As for this allegedly scientific study of our mating patterns in Indonesia... obviously there is more than a little prurient interest involved. -ed.)



*Comrades in arms Meredith Minter, Ed Wrobel, Mark Larzelere, Phil Dancause, and Doug Byrnes (prior to the onset of hostilities)*

### MASQUERADE SLUGATHON

by Ed Wrobel

On or about Halloween each year, I host a costume gaming session. Titan undoubtedly lends itself to such an occasion-- two ogres, an angel, a wizard novice and a black titan attended. The intensity of the struggle may be inferred from the photographs reproduced herein, as the players were compelled to abandon mere abstraction and leap into actual combat. Was it their garb that inflamed the competitive spirits of these intrepid gamers? Or perhaps the raw meat horse dermis and real dragons' blood provided by the cuisine conscious Dancause drove them into a frenzy?

Irregardless, Meredith and Doug were first eliminated, and one might trace their downfalls (the plural being particularly apt in Doug's case as he re-entered the game and was promptly re-dispatched) to too-early combat with too-few creatures. In Titan, it is most noble to eschew a fair fight. The prize is to he who hovers coyly, recruits fearsome monsters and pounces unmercifully upon the weak.

This strategy served me well in the game but I would be less than honest if I failed to give due credit to Phil's accidental exposure of his titan near the Inner Circle. Of course, his subsequent journey to a hill.

region to recruit a minotaur was helpful as well because he was then forced into the Outer Ring ahead of one of my Jungle Legions. Mark obligingly attacked this group, strengthening it immensely, after I secretly informed him that I was lying in wait for Phil's titan. Phil is a master at recruitment. With Doug and Meredith gone and Mark a little behind on the monster evolutionary scale, he was my primary opposition at this point in the game. Thus, this play around Phil's Titan Legion was crucial.

In addition to the obvious strategic considerations, I lusted for revenge, against Phil for destroying two of my dearly-held assumptions (as well as one of my favorite legions!). First, rangers are only slightly better than nothing and, secondly, trolls and warbears are invincible in the tundra. Phil ambushed me with about 5 or 6 of the pesky little varmints and range-struck my furry beasts into submission. It was quite a shock but a good lesson to be stored away for future contests.

I began the game dwelling on Dick Martin's effective employment of hydrae at The Gaetano Games. Resolving to follow his example, I did muster several of the tri-headed beasties. It made me feel awfully good but they didn't play as large a role as I expected. Jungle creatures did Phil in and Mark was not sufficiently impressed to surrender until I found his titan, an insidious ploy that compromised my performance in the concurrent game of Civilization. But then, winning both contests would have been intolerably inhospitable! Sean Vessey will tell you the host should always lose.

This was a delightful masquerade indeed with magnificent photo opportunities, two substantial competitions lasting nearly until dawn and, above all, a fine group of congenial gamesters.

Below, Meredith, Ed and Phil demonstrate the basic titanic principle of mercilessly crushing the weak





*Clash of the ogres*



*Young warlock Byrnes casts his spell upon the angelic Minter under the direction of his titanmaster*



## WARTHOG AWARDS TO THE PEOPLE!!

In the wake of Washington Area Tusk Vessey's very correct criticism and in repudiation of postal dipdom's elitism, the WARTHOG award structure has undergone a subcultural revolution. No longer will hog prizes be haughtily colored "golden." Rather, our natural hue, pink, will be utilized in rewarding those who serve our shoats with distinction.



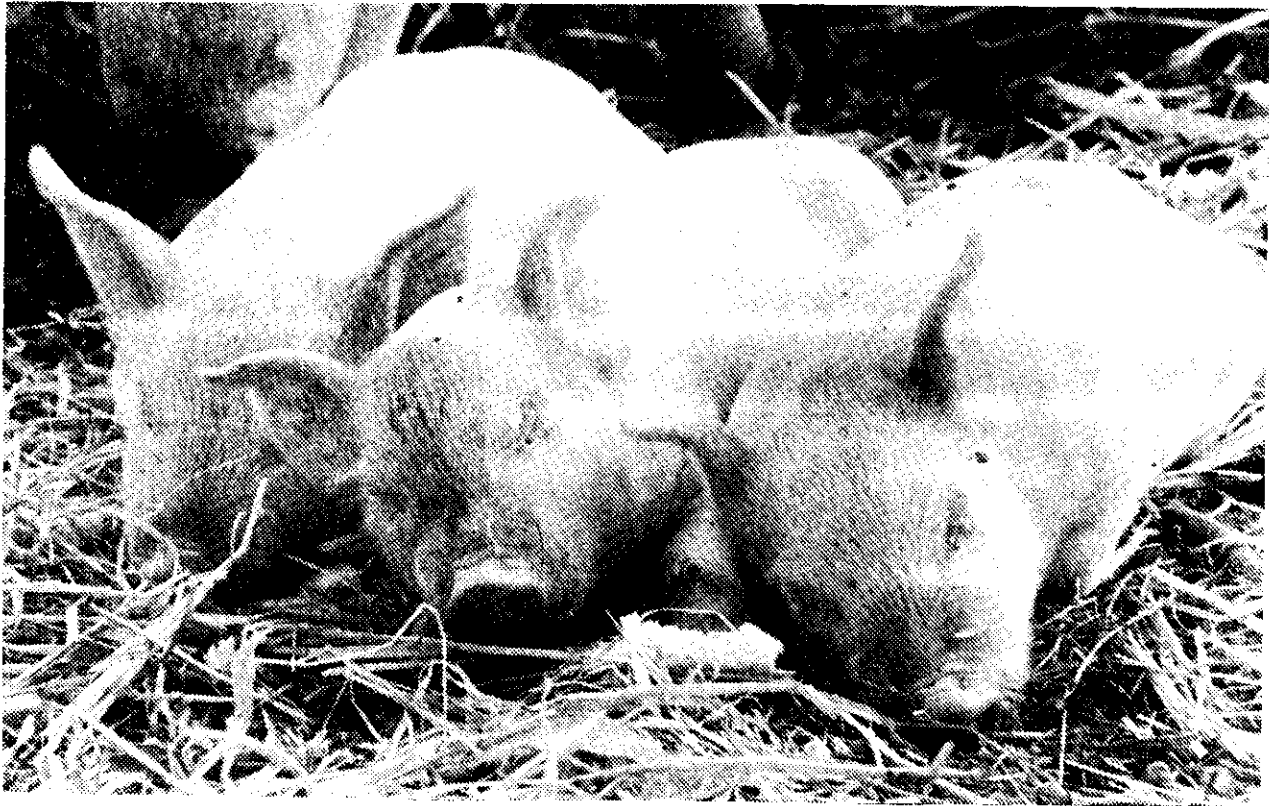
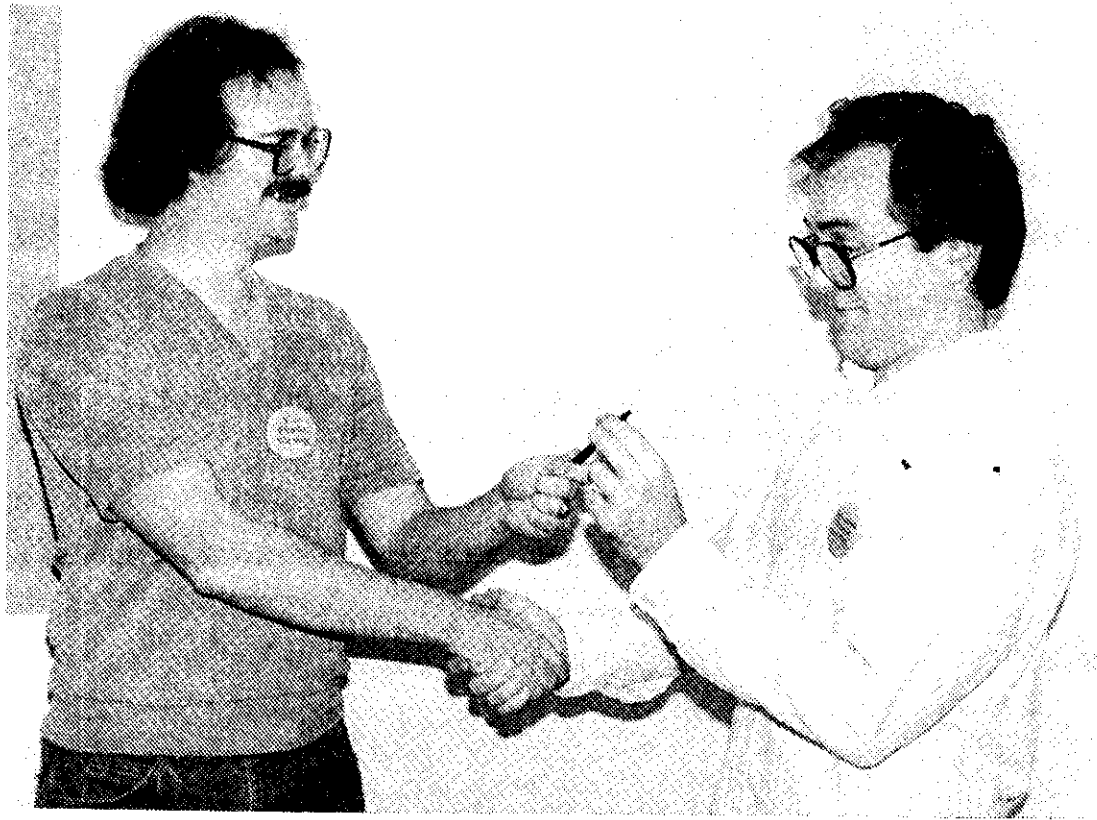
WAT Vessey presents Doug Byrnes with a Pink Shoat Award in recognition of his receded hairline and patriotic t-shirt.

Eric Loebach Wrobel is amused to receive a Pink Shoat Award from his mother, Ms. Maggie Loebach, for his remarkable weaning.





Ken "Potatoe" Peel  
is suitably impressed  
by his receipt of the  
Ed Wrobel Award, a  
retractable poison  
ballpoint with black  
ink.



Three loyal shoats signal their approval of the award ceremony.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PAGE

POLITESSE, the journal of the Washington Area Retinue of (Tacitly) Highly Organized Gamesters, is published and co-edited by Ken Peel, 8708 First Ave. #T-2, Silver Spring, MD 20910 (301) 495-2799 and co-edited by Ed Wrobel, P.O. Box 3463, Arlington, VA 22203 (703) 670-3489. Subscriptions are 30c an issue, payable to Ken.

With this issue, POLITESSE is rededicated to the east coast negotiational multi-player community, particularly the Baltimore-Washington area. Want to host a game? Contact Ken or Ed. Interested in a local postal dip game? Contact Ed. Interested in playing in a local electronic bulletin board dip game? Contact Bob Masso, 8102 Harte Place, Vienna, VA 22180 (703) 698-0147 for more information. Want to get involved in WARTHOG's pseudo-politics or just plain kibitz? Write in. But whatever the case, subscribe! See you next month!

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POLITESSE  
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FIRST CLASS MAIL

Rod: Just thought you might like to see a copy of the revived Politesse.

- Ken

Rod Walker  
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