

"T" IS FOR TAXES

April 8, 1988
Meaningless Meanderings

Heaven is a Place
Where Nothing Ever Happens

#121
DIAS

Row de oh do, and away we go. Time for another zeen. Honest it is...this isn't really as late as it seems. You see, last month I forgot to put Curare and Happy Daze game results in the zeen and the deadline got shoved back a week (what, you didn't know?). So everybody's deadline became April 1, and all too many of you needed the extra time..... There, we straight?

Guess I sounded a bit frazzled last issue. Yeah, well maybe I was. This cold weather stuff has lasted all too long, and we are just about ready for summertime. Someday we'll move where it's warm all year round, unless the ozone layer finally gives out and the temperature gets livable here in January. From what I hear, there are still a few more years to go for that. Gimme some of those good ole chloroflouorocarbons!

This zeen comes out about every five weeks or so, at least that's the plan. There aren't any game openings at the present time, as both the gunboat tourney #2 and regular gunboat #2 have filled. The next regular game will open up when three of the current ones have ended...judge for yourself when that will be. Of course, there's always a need for standby players, if the urge strikes you. One of my best games came as a standby player (taking a two-center Austria on to a win), and it can be a lot of fun.

That happened in *The Prince*, a zeen by Jim Meinel (PO Box 240003, Anchorage, AK 99542-0003). Until recently Jim was looking for new players, so he may be a good bet if you'd like to get a new game. *The Prince* is a little zeen, with emphasis on just a couple games and news about Alaska. Worth a look.

I'm really proud of the transition between the two prior paragraphs, by the way.

Too bad we're not real religious folks, as there are at least five churches within easy walking distance of the house. We can hear the bells from the Catholic church play most afternoons—at least Julie can. I'm usually at work. We have no fear of demonic possession in this household.

Most of my free time over the past few months has been spent watching assorted college basketball tournaments. Maryland actually won a game in both the ACC and NCAA tournaments and gave Kentucky a real scare before choking at the end. Bob Wade's coaching improved, and the team played better once he settled on a set starting lineup. Only took about 25 games to figure that out. They'll be even better next year, once they get rid of Derrick Lewis. Keith Gatlin will be missed, and Steve Hood is transferring just when he started to come into his own. Oh well, Wade seems to have no problem recruiting talented players, so there shouldn't be that big of a dropoff.

The Maryland women breezed to a seventh ACC tournament title in the eleven years they've had the thing. Lefty Dreisell's prediction came true, UM is the UCLA of the East...only it's the women's team that's done it.

Speaking of Lefty...he's back coaching again! This time it's at little James Madison in Virginia. I thought he'd hold out for the Charlotte NBA expansion job, but having him in the college ranks is just fine with me. Rumor has it that Hood may be his first recruit at the new job. He'll do fine. After all, he created the programs at Maryland and Davidson. He was fun to watch as a color commentator, but he always sounded like a coach. Just hope he doesn't pull an Earl Weaver on us...come back without any drive and flop.

The Bullets are scratching for the last playoff spot. If they had half a brain, they'd use these last few games of the season to give some of the younger players some work (and lose enough games in the process to make the lottery). A player like Danny Manning could really help them out. Getting blown out of the playoffs in the first round sure won't.

Meanwhile, the Caps are in the process of choking in the playoffs for the umpty-millionth time. What else is new?

Next Deadline: May 19

This is one finely tuned computer I've got here. The menu bar is a lovely orange. The desktop pattern is a delicate purple. Whenever I do something it doesn't like, it yells, "Hey boy!" just like Mr T. The cursor looks like a rainbow, when it's not a spinning globe. Yes indeed, "power computing" takes on new meaning here.

What's still missing is the extra RAM I ordered back in December. Seems to be quite a shortage these days, what with the trade agreements and American manufacturers only now reentering the market. Ho hum, so I can't run Hypercard under Multifinder yet...why would I want to anyway? It would be nice to be able to run Macwrite at the same time as ReadySetGo again, but I can wait. A little while, anyway.

Apple cleverly lowered the price on their memory upgrades to what they thought was a "proper" level—only they don't seem to be available right now. Well what do you know, isn't that a coincidence? If they can't make enough money on the product, they just won't deliver. Reminds me of the story about the butcher...a woman walks into the butcher shop and complains about the high price of the roast beef, it seems that the store across town is selling roast beef for \$2 a pound! The butcher says, "Why don't you buy your roast beef there, then?" The woman replies, "Because they didn't have any left." The butcher says, "Well, if I didn't have any, I'd sell it for \$1 a pound!" You get the idea.....

Julie's got a butcher joke, too: Woman walks into the shop and asks for a pound of meat. Butcher says, "Lady, I wouldn't cut mine off for anything!"

And before we go, just one more plug for you poor Commodore users: David Andersson publishes a Commodore user group newsletter, and will happily send you a copy if you're brave enough to ask for

Subs to this zeen are available for the low, low price of \$2 per three issues.

There are no game fees per se, but players must maintain a subscription.

This month's special is a 'life of the position' sub, of no less than ten issues

(yes, even if you're wiped out instantly), for \$10.

In fact, I prefer that new players use this method for the first game here (at least).

And it's a pretty good deal, too.

Trust me.

RSVP

it. Funny, ever since David supposedly got his Amiga, he's been very quiet about the C64. Hmmm...either he's become enraptured with the Amiga, or has realized that it's a poor substitute for a Mac. I suspect the latter.

And even though I've had a chance to play around with Ken's Atari ST, I'm not about to trade the Mac II for a fleet of them. The games sure are nice, but the Mac versions are clearly superior...at least for Rogue and Empire/Strategic Conquest. Too bad Mac games are so scarce. Sigh.

Ask Doctor Dicko

Q. Dear Dr Dicko, Why did a certain honey of a GM disallow "A Kie moves back to Holland"? Is there something wrong with this order, and if so, what? --signed A GM who would've allowed it

A. My only guess is that this is merely a clever ploy to generate some free press attention. This is an election year, you know, and the GM in question is one of the top presidential candidates. Every little bit helps!

Q. Can the Russians build a fleet on the North Coast of St Pete? I've seen it done both ways, what's your rule?

A. Sure they can.

Q. I know that no one can use home cities in the Gray Press, but can the French Player use Dover, England, or Calcutta? What about the Russian Player? The Turkish Player?

A. Sure, even non-players can submit press with those deadlines.

Q. Can we use players' real life home cities in the Gray Press?

A. In most cases. Let me see if I can remember the rest of the protected datelines: Butterfield, New Aurora, Virginia Beach, Cambridge, Typist, Gray Ghost, Munz. Each of these is associated with a different particular person and is out of bounds to everybody else. Any others I missed there? Oh yeah, Rockville!

Q. Does anybody outside the Cleveland area think Bernie Kosar is a great quarterback?

A. Bernie who?

Q. What is *Retal*?

A. The full proper name of this zeen is "*Retaliation*" though I never use it and only rarely use the shorter form. I prefer "Distorted Octopus" or some other of the perpetually mutating titles. Keeps me guessing!

Q. Will my vote on the draw be made public?

A. Yes! Non-votes are made public as "No" votes, so you can't get out of it that way either.

Q. Why don't you list model computers owned by members on the membership roster? It should prove interesting and I'm sure will generate some press.

A. That's too much like work! And while you and I may be interested, I doubt most of the rest of the folks are.

Q. Can you set up an alert roster where the day *Retal* hits the mail you call one person, who calls two people, who each call two more people, etc, etc? The waiting and wondering and guessing as to which day *Retal* will arrive is getting rough on my nervous system.

A. Ah, but then you'd just be waiting and wondering when you'd get a call!

Q. If I want to be on a waiting list for a new game, should I just send you \$10 and wait for you to notify me of the other six players or what?

A. That would do it, though you might have quite a wait ahead of you. I don't expect to start another game here for another four to six months, and priority for that will go to new players or players not currently in games as starting players here. But the standby list, now there's the ticket! Never underestimate the value of the brownie point!

Q. Well, Dick, since you're joining the "Bad" Boys of Dip, why aren't you really ripping into everyone? Also, what are you going to do when they drop out?

A. Oh, I don't think that *all* of Dipdom will be driven to its senses by the Bad Boy slams, and then drop out. Given a choice between Bad Boy truth-slams and Dark Side lie-slams do you really think I would go over to the Dark Side? Get a clue, boy!

Q. What are your plans for the Runestone Poll this year?

A. Nothing special...yet. In the past I have been known to give a free issue to everyone willing to vote *Retal* a zero. And maybe I'll do that again this year. But if I told you in advance that was my plan, then that would be bribery or some other evil, horribly destructive act and I could probably have all my security clearances revoked at work. No, they're more likely just to fire me on the spot if they only knew how malicious I really am. So I won't tell you to vote *Retal* a zero for a free issue (nudge, nudge, wink, wink). The Linsey Poll, as it is more properly known, has about as much statistical "significance" as that other, slightly less popular poll, The Oscars. Treat it appropriately. Some folks would say otherwise, but these people also claim that space aliens from Mars have transplanted Elvis' brain into their pet cat, so what do they know?

Q. What do you know about CD players?

A. Nothing. No, that's not totally true. I know

that CDs are too expensive. They sure sound nice though. *Consumer Reports* had an issue devoted to them not long ago, you may want to check it out. Would you believe May 1987? I would.

Q. When does my sub run out?

A. The final issue is printed in the corner of your mailing label. If there's only an "Rxx" number there, your sub is good as long as you stay alive in that game. If the number is "66x" then we're trading or something like it. Not many of them, these days.

Q. Can F Bul(sc) S F Bla-Rum?

A. Nope, you can only support into provinces you could move to. Since F Bul(sc) can't move to Rum, it can't support into it, either. Note that F Rum *can* support moves into Bul(sc) as it can move to at least one coast of Bul!

And now, some even more helpful advice from our other advice columnist, Phil Geusz. If you have any burning questions which you feel that Phil may be more capable of answering, then send it directly to him, posthaste!

Ask Nurse Phil

Q. Phil, my problem is my husband. He's been under a terrible workload lately, and I feel a bit guilty about writing you. But I've about had it! Every night about 2-3 AM he comes home and crawls straight into bed. Then, nothing but sleep! I mean, I have needs too, you know. What should I do?

A. I know this is a difficult time for you, and you can be sure I'm sympathetic. I'd never treat a loving, devoted woman like you so badly! But you just didn't send enough information for me to really help you. I need to know you, to be able to understand your soul before I can give advice. So, please send me a picture of yourself so I can see you, a copy of your bank statement, so I can understand your financial problems, and a copy of your husband's life insurance policy, so I can know if he really loves you.

I promise, I can help! I understand a woman's needs.

Q. Phil, I understand that you are quite extensively traveled. I'm planning a family trip on a limited budget. What do you suggest?

A. Well, I didn't know that word of my travels had spread. I try to keep it fairly quiet, as you can well understand. With young kids, you want to maintain an easy pace, so I'd go with Valium for them and a few joints soaked in PCP for Mom & Dad. Happy landings!

Q. You know, Phil, I find election time to be very vexing. All the candidates, especially in the primaries, seem to get blander and blander as the weeks go on. No one has any real answers to the tremendous problems facing the world. What is a responsible voter to do?

A. We are a vanishing breed, we responsible voters, and you have put your finger on the reason why. Blandness offends no one.

But I think the problem goes deeper. The world is getting more and more specialized, while politicians are getting more and more generalized. For example, I would guess that there are about twenty or thirty people in the country with sufficient education in computers, physics, and engineering to have a valid opinion on whether or not Star Wars is practical. There are perhaps another thousand or so with enough background in history to have a valid opinion on its repercussions diplomatically. And absolutely none of these people will get a vote in the matter. Instead, we choose a bunch of lawyers, whose training is in such unscientific and governmentally invalid areas as English, Cross-examination, and Philosophy, and expect them to make crucial decisions on incredibly complex matters. We expect them to "pick up" in their spare time the equivalent of doctorates in Military Science, Ecology, Nuclear Physics, Education, Anthropology, and Ethics. Then we are angry when they make poor decisions. What a fickle world!

Of course, there is a practical solution. You could elect me king.

Q. I have a neighbor who hasn't noticed yet that disco is dead. Over and over again it's the Bee Gees, Donna Summer, and other things too horrible to relate. The guy has outside speakers, too. I've tried threats, pleading, bribery, and lawsuits, but nothing works. You got any ideas?

A. In dealing with similar situations, I've had great success with 21.7 grains of Hercules 2400 behind a Hornady 240 grain jacketed hollow point. Out of my 6 1/2" Smith & Wesson model 629, this produces 1400 feet per second at the muzzle, and prints about 2" high at 25 yards. Groups run about 1 1/2". Please note that although this is not a maximum .44 magnum load, recoil and muzzle blast are still tremendous and not for the faint of heart. Also, penetration is awesome, and therefore you should be absolutely certain that you have a safe backstop to prevent injury to bystanders.

This and all reloading data should be used only by experienced handloaders, and neither *Retaliation* or I accept any legal responsibility for use of this data. Happy hunting!

Q. You're sick! I don't know who or what you think you are, but I can see right through you! You're a pompous, overstuffed, conceited, decayed bag of putrescent hot air! Who would be stupid enough to write you a letter, anyway?

A. I'll bite. Who are you?

My fans. You gotta love 'em!

[Well, *somebody* has to!]

A SNOB'S LIST OF LISTS

by Steve Emmert

We'll start with the music:

Best Songs You've Never Heard

1. "Punk Sandwich," Dixie Dregs. Leaves you out of breath when it ends.
2. "You Never Change," Doobie Brothers. Even the underground stations haven't heard this. The Michael McDonald pollution is kept to a minimum.
3. "Dream Home in New Zealand," The English Beat.
4. "Backdoor Love Affair," ZZ Top. Did you know that ZZ had a first album?

[How about "Brand New Cadillac" by the Clash? Or "Fat Chance" by Tommy Tutone. "Private Idaho" by the B52s. And I play that Doobies all the time. Minute by Minute is hardly an obscure album!]

All-Dead Band

1. Jimi Hendrix, guitar. Rumor has it that Jimmy Page called Eric Clapton one night from a club where the unknown Hendrix was playing. "You'd better come down here," he's supposed to have said, "there's a boy down here ripping your songs apart." [I heard it was Pete Townsend who called Clapton.]
2. John Bonham, drums. Somehow, I'm not surprised that he partied himself to death. [I'd pick Keith "I'm the best Keith Moon style drummer I know" Moon, hands down.]
3. Chris Wood, sax. Played with Traffic and gave them an identity. I miss this guy.
4. Paul McCartney, honorary bassist. For those of you too young to get this joke, I apologize.

Best Metal Songs

1. "Space Truckin'," Deep Purple. They invented metal, and have yet to be bettered.
2. "Stranglehold," Ted Nugent. Some really neat stuff here. If you told me Ted jumped into a snake pit armed with two flyswatters, I'd believe

you. He's like that. [But better than "Wango Tango"? No way! Your face is a Maserati!]

3. "No One Like You," Scorpions. The best of modern metal.
4. "Somebody Get Me a Doctor," Van Halen. I dare you to play this at low volume. I double triple fourple dare you. You can't do it. [Personal pick: "Ice Cream Man" but I wrote a little story based on the song, so I'm biased.]

On to culture:

Best Wines

1. Grand Vin Chateau Latour
2. Chateau Lafite Rothschild
3. Chateau Margaux
4. Chateau Mouton Rothschild

Don't worry about these. You can't afford them. [We prefer Chateau Dos Equis.]

Best Novels

1. Les Miserables. It's impossible not to love (or loathe) a character who has been developed over 1100 pages. [...unless it's a tedious exercise like this one.]
2. Pride and Prejudice. A marvelous comedy of manners, this really rewards rereading.
3. The Count of Monte Cristo. This demands rereading. Don't you love carefully planned, exquisite vengeance?
4. A Farewell to Arms. Someone has written The Great American Novel, after all. (Never mind that it's set in Italy and Switzerland.) Prepare yourself for a very powerful emotional trip. [...when you read The Sound and The Fury, The Great American Novel.]

Best Movies

1. "The Lion in Winter." Take a great play, add Peter O'Toole, Katherine Hepburn, and Anthony Hopkins, and you have a captivating movie.
2. "The Breakfast Club." I swear I was in this movie. I was exactly like Anthony Michael Hall's character when I was in high school.
3. "Big Jake." I had to put a cowboy movie in here. Just before a gun battle: Bad guy: "I hear you killed two good men in a fair fight tonight. Is that true?" Good guy: "No. Three, counting you."
4. "Return of the Jedi." Gotta get me one o' them light sabers. And one of those scooter things that fly through the forest. You can keep the Ewoks, though.

[Let's talk about some *real* good movies, huh? Like "The Wizard of Oz," "Once Upon A Time In The West," "Notorious," and "Star Wars" in-

stead of Jedi. Keep the Ewoks, fer sure!]

Best Composers

1. Mozart. The greatest musical genius of whom we have any record.
2. Beethoven. Not as smart as Mozart, he made up for it with a lot of hard work. A master technician.
3. Tchaikovsky. He wrote some of the most incredibly beautiful music. Mozart astonishes. Beethoven impresses. Tchaikovsky seduces.
4. Debussy. Great if you like impressionism; ordinary if you don't. Reminds me of the soundtracks to old B movies about ancient Greece and Rome. I love it.

[I have strong inclinations towards Bach and Lennon/McCartney, myself.]

Greatest Geniuses

1. Newton. The top mathematicians of his day came up with a killer mathematical problem to be answered by anyone within a number of months for a prize. Newton got the problem one night after work, and by the next morning he had invented a new branch of mathematics and solved the problem. His anonymous entry fooled no one: "We recognize the lion by his claw-marks," said one of the judges.
2. da Vinci. Just look at the stuff he dreamed up.
3. Edison. Ditto da Vinci.
4. Plato. I'm assuming the credit for The Republic goes to him; if Socrates really did say all that stuff, then Plato is just the scribe and Socrates gets the listing.

[What, no Geraldo Rivera? Seriously though, add Shakespeare to the list and I won't argue.

[Part II of the Snob list coming up next time. Maybe I'll add some categories of mine. Maybe you will. How about it?]

CloneCon Coming Up

Almost final plans have been made for Clonecon 88, to be held here at our house over the last weekend in June. That would be the 25th and 26th. It won't be anything formal, mind you, just a bunch of folks getting together for some gaming and whatever else may strike our fancy. We have plenty of floor space, extra couches, and maybe even a spare bed or two lying around. If anyone would like to pop in on Friday, well, just let us know in advance.

The first one of these took place in about 1981, and we had about fifteen people show up over the course of the weekend. I expect about the same this time, though one can never tell....

Just when you thought you'd read it all...

Adventures of Next of Kin

by Anonymous

Chapter 1

Sultana Vicki remained still as she listened to the marauding minions of John Schlosser marching towards Sevastopol on the road below her. She would not smite them until dawn. John's power (his thinking in particular), like all things born in the foul nether regions of Aurora, was greatly reduced in the daytime. While not diminishing entirely, by waiting until dawn, she might yet thwart John's foul plans for her. As Vicki waited, she thought back to a more innocent time, a happier time, a time remote right now. Ever since John's foul minions had attacked her dominion of Sevastopol a season ago, she had been fighting to hold what was hers by right.

As the minions marched on, oblivious to her presence, she noticed their harsh guttural voices (singing Oreo! Oreoooo!) sounded desperate. John was unhappy at his minions' lack of success. His demon master hungered. If Potomac Paul was not fed a supply center by Fall, he was likely to turn on his groveling lackey, as he had so many times before.

Time passed, and Sultana Vicki noticed the first faint fingers of dawn casting a warm glow through the wood. She smiled grimly and quietly mounted her horse. Spurring her horse into a gallop, she drew her sword. The morning sun gleamed along its blade like fire. She screamed the fierce war cry of her people, the Next of Kin, and began to hack at the foul beasts that tried to seize her and drag her from her saddle into their station wagons where their AM radios blared country music at full blast.

As the first loathsome minion, a yellow station wagon owner, reached for her, she beheaded him with one stroke. Battle joy filled her veins, and as she slew another she began to hope. Her blade danced among them, dealing death wherever it sliced flesh or radiator hoses. Her cold joy in dealing death to the foul station wagon owners raised fear in the breast of all that saw her, so that their ranks wavered and began to break. Pursuing them through the woods, she burst through the undergrowth into a clearing. As her keen blue eyes took in the inhabitants, her blood froze and she pulled her mount up sharply.

John Schlosser smiled malevolently at her. The black form of Potomac Paul floated behind him. She could feel the demon's foul hunger radiating across the clearing. It was worse than she had ever be-

lieved. That the demon hungered for her and her supply centers was obvious, but the varied and devious ways he wished to exercise that hunger sickened her. The thought of being devoured by Potomac Paul made Vicki's skin crawl and brought to her a disgust she'd never before known.

Suddenly there was another presence in the clearing... one full of life and light, giving her strength. She crushed her fear and faced John calmly. "Well, Lord of Gray Press, it appears your needs will be met after all," John said in his high-pitched voice.

"Perhaps they will, but not with this fair maiden," said a voice behind a tree near Vicki. Potomac Paul began to growl, and John said nervously, "Calm yourself, Wretched One, whoever that is will just afford you even more supply centers." "Will I?" laughed the voice.

A figure jumped fleetly to the ground. Vicki studied him. His countenance was as fair as hers, but where she was female he was obviously not. Examining the stranger, Potomac Paul shrieked and began to smoke. As John cowered and ran from the clearing, the anointed and despised Lord of Gray Press howled and disappeared. With his departure, the loathsome hordes, with their station wagons and x-rated video tapes, much reduced by the slaughter wrought by Sultana Vicki, fled back to Aurora. As he watched the ruin of his carefully laid plans, John cried out in rage, despair and mounting fear: "Potomac Paul won't be denied!" Vicki turned and looked into the eyes of...

To Be Continued

[Oh, I just love suspense!]

----->BULLE PENNE<-----

Holley, Rush, Mills, Andersson, Geusz, M Stewart, Dunn, Olsen, Schlosser, P Reynolds, Munz, Boymel, Milewski, Huffman, Senturia, Stone, Gossage, Richter, Callaghan, O'Brien, Weseman, Ferrier, Beckett, Roberts, "Fritz", Ouzts, Bowen, Plachta, Dorneman, Rusnak, Gonsalves, Reiff

Thanks for helping me out, folks. Fortunately, we didn't need a lot of standbys this month. Having a small army of you "just in case" is always a nice feeling, though.

Have we reached the end of the column yet? Good!

Hidden Messages on Records

by Mark Larzelere

Spurred by fundamentalist groups, a Congressional subcommittee investigated claims that rock records are routinely backmasked with Satanic messages (presumably as part of a conspiracy in the recording industry). Their results didn't get a lot of publicity (not having turned up anything spectacular) but some of what they found is interesting.

Reversed speech has some unexpected features when recorded. One is that the same number of syllables do not necessarily occur. Thus "number nine" in "Revolution 9" reverses to something like "turn me on dead man." As part of the investigation to see if this message was intentionally placed, three speakers were recorded saying "number nine, number nine." Sure enough, when their speech was played backwards, it sounded just as much like "turn me on dead man" as the record. Cases like this (such as Queen's "Another one bites the dust" reversing to "sfun to smoke mare wanna") must be considered coincidences. If you start out looking for references to Satan, you're sure to find one.

Nevertheless, this didn't stop Rep Robert Dornan of California (guess which party) from introducing HR 6363, which would require labeling of all suspect records: "Warning: This record contains backward masking that makes a verbal statement which is audible when this record is played backward and which may be perceptible at a subliminal level when this record is played forward." The Arkansas State Senate has passed a similar bill by a

vote of 86-0.

Also, some groups have intentionally backmasked messages onto records (though in no cases can they be called Satanic). Some examples:

At the end of "Rain" on the Beatles' "Hey Jude" album, the single word "sunshine" is backmasked. This is apparently the first example of backmasking (something Lennon did accidentally but liked and left in).

About 26 seconds into ELO's "Fire on High," scrambled speech is heard. Played backward it says "The music is reversible, but time is not — Turn back! Turn back! Turn back!"

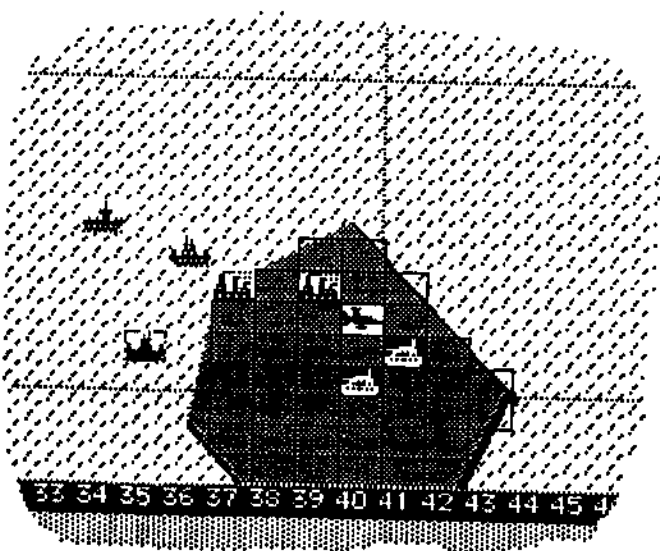
At the beginning of "Heavy Metal Poisoning" by Styx, the message "Annuit coeptis. Novus ordo seclorum" is backmasked. This is the Latin motto on the back of a dollar bill.

On "Goodbye Blue Sky" by Pink Floyd, the backmasked message is "Congratulations, you have just discovered the secret message. Please send your answer to old Pink, care of the funny farm"

On "Sheep" by Pink Floyd, a parody of the 23rd psalm appears. It is forward, but on the left track only and electronically muffled.

[Can we really count forward masking like that, though?

[I wonder if anyone has ever inspected gospel records for Satanic backmasking. You have your work cut out for you, Mark. Since you've opened this can of worms, the responsibility for researching the gospel music industry's evil doings devolves to you. Next target: Donny and Marie.]



Strategic Conquest: Fixation or Obsession?

To the right is a bit of the map for Strategic Conquest, a Mac strategy game. Given your initial setup of one city in an unexplored world, the goal is to explore and conquer the world, defeating "the enemy" in the process. Using fighter planes to explore the unknown and armies to capture cities, the best strategy is to attack the enemy with a small force (going after his troop transports and cities first), while aggressively exploring the rest of the world. While it reacts to your attack and concentrates on that, you explore the rest of the world and use the extra cities to offset the production advantages of the machine. The computer is a fairly good opponent, though it lacks creativity at times and doesn't handle bombers (nukes) very well either offensively or otherwise. An excellent little game, kin to Caruso's Monstrosity. Now, if only it worked right on the Mac II....

VOICES FROM BEYOND

CURARE Fall 06

- A (O'Brien):** (retreat A Tyr-Tri) A Ber S A Boh-Mun, A Lvn-Mos, A Rum S A Tri-Ser, A Sev-Mos, A Sil S A Boh-Mun, A Boh-Mun, A Tri-Ser
E (Stanger): A Kie S A Swe-Ber, F Bal C A Swe-Ber, F Hol S F Nth-Bel, F Nth-Bel, A Stp H, A Nwy S A Stp, F Den-Nth, A Swe-Ber, A Bel-Bur
F (Gossage): F Gre-Bul(sc), A Pie-Mar, A Ruh-Bur, A Mun S A Ruh-Bur, F Mao-Nao, F Spa(sc)-Mao, F Bre-Eng
I (Emmert): A Tyr S Austrian A Boh-Mun, A Ser-Gre, F Ion S A Ser-Gre, F Tun-Wme, F Nap-Tys, A Ven-Pie
R (Olsen): nothing there
T (Mills): A Arm-Sev, F Bul(ec)-Rum, F Aeg-Con

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Austrian A Ber retreats to Pru or the box. The French A Mun is blown up, and his F Gre retreats to Alb or Aeg.

Russia has a ton of partisan movement this turn, but since partisans need to operate secretly those orders have not been reprinted here.

Jim Stanger and Pat O'Brien have address changes in the list in the zeen. Look for 'em.

gained/lost

A: home, rum, <u>bul</u> , sev, mos, war, mun, ser (9)	build 2
E: home, nwy, stp, hol, swe, kie, den, ber, bel (11)	build 2
F: home, spa, por, <u>bel</u> , <u>mun</u> (5)	remove 1
I: home, tun, gre, <u>ser</u> (5)	remove 1
R: <u>ber</u> (0)	even, but still out
T: home, bul (4)	build 1

STEVE to BOB: Pardon my stiletto, sir.

VIRGINIA BEACH: Hah! The Bums got Gibson, and they didn't even have to trade Guererro! I can see it now: Gibson in left, the Bone in center, and Marshall in right; Pedro at third, Griffin at short, Roberto Duran (well, Sax, actually, but they both have the same nickname: Los Maños do Piedra) at second, Stubbs at first, with the Messiah pitching to Scioscia. Pennant time!

ROCKVILLE: Why put Pedro at third when he was such a disaster there last time?

BEACH to BOARD: Please pardon the preceding euphoria, but pitchers and catchers don't report until February 21, and I'm going through severe baseball withdrawal.

WICHITA to ROCKVILLE: On second thought, I hereby disown the Bears. At least until next year.

OLSEN to SNOB: Hey, you can't crossgame about my game! That's illegal! Plus it's not even worth it.

EMMERT to PRESIDENT OLSEN: [Executive deleted.]

PRINCE STEVEN THE PLATITUDINOUS to CAESAR: Venice is nice, but I hate garrison duty. Can't I go on tour, like Michael Jackson? Pleeceeeze?

CAESAR to PSTP: Oh, all right, you little whelp, go and play with Mills. Take one of the boats.

TURKEY to ROME: Haven't seen a letter from you in a long time. Where have you been?

ROCKY to MILLS: Yo, Paulie. Where's Adrian?

RUSSIA to TURKEY: It was an honor and a privilege to play in this game with you. Best of luck and many victories in your future endeavors.

RUSSIA to EVERYONE ELSE: I only said that to annoy all of you. Oh, and also I'm practicing my Fassio imitations.

VIDIN: In the northwest corner of Bulgaria, near the Rumanian Frontier, a silent figure hurriedly walks through the woods, constantly turning his head and anxiously scanning the looming trees. A shot rockets out, and the figure goes down, grasping his leg. A man walks up to the figure crouched in the fetal position, leveling adouble-barreled shotgun at him. "Don't shoot shotgun," the figure cries out in broken Bulgarian. The blast lashes out, does its deed, and leaves silence to engulf the forest.

BOB to BOB: As it happens I recently invented a new section of my subzinnies and called it "The Bob Olsen Corner" after myself. (It's the part that corrects the corrections in "The Don Williams Corner.") I'd be willing to name my next invitational after you...if it involves callously leaving a close ally to die at the hands of the corrupt Austrian tyrant.

CONSTANTINOPLE: The Sultan has decreed that a Southeastern Europe War Crimes Commission be established. Files are

being collected as background to determine the main perpetrator(s) of these heinous crimes. It is rumoured that Kaiser Pat I is considered to be the commission's number one target.

OLSEN to MARTIN: It looks to me like you are flirting with joining the Bad Boys of Dip, judging from that thing Mr Geryk recently sent out. Be aware that I have formed the Good Boys of Dip for the purpose of combatting their nefarious schemes. The first battleground between Good and Bad will be Rockville with the prize being the soul of Dick Martin. Ordinarily I would not get all worked up about such a puny prize, but it's probably best to start small.

ROCKVILLE: You must admit that, after all these years, the Bad Boys are a very tempting lot. What's the point in being a good boy now—it's time to take a walk on the wild side! (I'd say you have your work cut out for you.)

WICHITA to VIRGINIA BEACH: I might be interested in feuding with you if the price was right. I've always wanted to take on a charred, empty husk. Say, how can you say Kathy has no wit when sometime back she told me (quote of the month material here) —"Steve and I understand each other—it's a sick relationship"? You'll have to kiss a moose or two before you reach *that* level, chum.

OLSEN to SNOB: If you disagree with my scoring of the feud, I suggest you take it up with an impartial ombudsman—Bob's Solomon-Like Wisdom for example.

MUNZ to SNOB: Yes, I'm into the wild and vicious Mojo. As a matter of fact, I'm his Houston area campaign manager. (Put Another Nixon in the White House—This One Ain't No Dick!) If you get a chance, pick up an Enigma promo CD (or album) called *The Enigma Variations 2*. It's the only place you can hear Mojo croon the "Amsterdam Dog Shit Blues." It also highlights some of Enigma's other acts (The Dead Milkmen, Agent Orange, Plan 9, and SSQ to name a few). Another good compilation disc from Enigma/Restless is called *Music to Keep You Up All Night!* *Music You'll Respect in the Morning*. Best track is "Noise" from a band called Necros, with "Can't Stop the Spring" by the Flaming Lips a close second. Most of the stuff on the Enigma label is pretty good, but watch out for Enigma's Metal Blade stuff (I'm not into trashy heavy metal). [By the way, Dick, both of these CDs are over 70 minutes and cost less than \$10.00.]

ROCKVILLE: Just heard Mojo's "Burn Down the Shopping Malls" last night. I just *have* to get that record. Maybe those CDs cost under \$10 where you are, but not around here. Low prices for CDs here are around \$12. Such a deal!

THE DEAD MILKMEN: Don't try to tell one you're a Hall of Famer

You're just another boring hex gamer.

"I met Rex Martin at a really neat Origins"

Blow it out your hair 'cause you're a hex freak, hexhexhex freak.

80 dumb components enclosed in each game.

80 points of IQ in each player's brain.

You'll play anything by Avalon Hill,

You'll play anything by SPI,

You'll play anything by Strategy and Tactics.

You'll play anything that has hundreds of stupid hexes, and sheets and sheets of stupid counters, and pages and pages of stupid rules, instead of spending your time, where it belongs, on a simple, decent American game like Diplomacy.

MUNZ to ROCKVILLE: Gee Dick, home taping is killing the music industry and *it's illegal*. I guess that shoots down your presidential bid. I wonder if Paul Simon or Albert Gore tapes albums at home? (And will they jump right up and admit it?) I don't think you'll see cutout CDs for a while, but they are selling CD singles (up to 18 minutes) for around \$3.99. They are mostly promo stuff from the smaller New Age/Jazz labels, but I do have a RYKO single that has three Zappa tunes on it, including "Lucille Has Messed Up My Mind" from Joe's Garage. You are right about the cover art, although it is getting better. The disc notes from the Jimi Hendrix *Live at Winterland* CD fold out into a copy of the original concert promo poster (and remember, you can only get it on CD).

ROCKVILLE: Wait a second, aren't I allowed to make backup copies of all my records, just in case my record player eats my records. Wait a second, that's backing up programs in case my computer eats a disk. Home taping sure is killing the music industry, isn't it. 1987 was another record year for them, right? Where would they be *without* home taping!

TURKEY: Wow, I faked "Rectal"? I didn't know that. Maybe I wasn't aware; I follow Reagan's management philosophy. I've heard he's had some problems with it, though. Maybe I should take a look into it. Nah, I'll take a nap instead.

ROCKVILLE: This is what they mean when they say you're "acting Presidential" in the 1980s.

WICHITA: What kind of disease do the rats in Jim Burgess' house have? Boobonic plague. (I just made that up...)

ROCKVILLE: Hope you didn't spend a whole lot of time on it.

PAUL to BOB: The flap over the gray press last issue was kinda humorous in a bizarre sort of way. It didn't bother me too much since gray press has tricked me more than once before.

BUTTERFIELD to ROCKVILLE: Well, I've been thinking about music again. If you won't play Chicago, how about Def Leppard's new album *Hysteria*? It's pretty awesome.

ROCKVILLE: I think *Pyromania* was better. But that may be before your time. And I thought you said you were thinking about "music"? How would that relate to Def Leppard?

PAUL to STEVE: Keep in mind, Love Bites.

TURKEY to ITALY: Once Austrian power is destroyed, we should be able to Run Riot in southeastern Europe.

VARNA, BULGARIA: The 2nd Imperial Turkish Fleet docked here at Varna today, the first time naval warships of any nationality had been stationed at this port. The occupation had not affected this city too severely, as the garrison assigned here had numbered only a few dozen, so they had been content to only occupy the high levels of administration, leaving the Bulgarian infrastructure largely intact. Unfortunately, the commander of this district was something of an Animal; he had over 100 "rebels" put to death. The man escaped, but a warrant for his arrest has been distributed by the Southeastern Europe War Crimes Commission.

ANKARA to VIENNA: Judging from the situation on the map, mein kaiser, I would say no one would blame you for getting *Hysteria*.

BUTTERFIELD: Elway went down!

ROCKVILLE: And so did the rest of the Broncos.

PAUL to JIM: I never see much press from you (at least

which I can identify) Are you excitable?

JIM: Aw, Heck, all I need is some Love and Affection.

PAUL to BOB: Gee, Bob, I'm having the hardest time getting a hold of you. Wonder if I ever connected.

BOB: I don't know.

PAUL: Neither do I.

BOB: Probably because you were gonna try tomorrow.

PAUL: Good point.

THE SUBLIME PORTE: A new policy emanating from the Sultan was announced today with regard to the current situation in the Balkans. The 2nd Imperial Turkish Fleet will not stand down to assume garrison duties in the province of Bulgaria. Instead, the warships shall rearm themselves and take on coal at Varna and Burgas, and then proceed onwards to press home the attack on the rapidly-collapsing Habsburg Empire. So that the loyal Bulgarian shall not be left to face the awesome task of rebuilding and restructuring their land alone, the French have been invited to station their Eastern Mediterranean Sea Squadron on the south coast of Bulgaria. From their staging area, the French shall spread out to create a new infrastructure that will rival the finest to be found among pre-war Western Europe. Indeed, talk around the palace indicates that there are plans to make Sofia "Paris in the East."

OFF THE BULGARIAN COAST: The fisherman from the village of Kavarna watched silently as the proud grey warships, silhouetted by the early morning sun, steamed north. They were headed towards Constanta, he decided. He had been

there once, a youth. I'm too old for that, now, he thought. He gazed at the vessels until it seemed that the sea had swallowed them. The man turned around, sat down, and resumed his fishing.

BUTTERFIELD: Judging by the press, I guess you could say I'm "Back in Black."

ROCKVILLE: Oh, are you AC/DC?

SOFIA: After a multi-year absence, Turkish forces returned to this proud East European capitol. Unfortunately, the city is not the way those who had been attached to the occupation forces remember it. The evidence of the cataclysmic battle that resulted in the destruction of the 1st Turkish Army is still evident. Crumbled buildings, pockmarked walls, and wrecked artillery pieces still litter the city while hastily dug mass graves dot the countryside. The Austrian occupation has taken a dear toll on the Bulgarian people. Thousands of young Bulgars had been conscripted into Austrian Service, to fight on foreign lands for men they didn't understand, for a cause they did not believe. In the last year of the occupation rations were cut, many people starved. The Austrians become frightened, and they took out their frustrations on the natives. Yet all will be better now. Relief forces have been sent, and reconstruction has begun. Morale is so high among the natives that enough troops may be raised from the provinces to form a new army. It will no doubt be highly motivated. For they will be fighting for God, Country, Honour, and...their lost brothers.

LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY

HAPPY DAZE

Spring 06

A (Gorham): (remove A Mun) A Vie S A Tyr-Tri, A Tyr-Tri

F (Munz): (retreat A Bre-Pic) A Gas-Spa, F Iri H (unordered), A Pic-Bel

G (McHugh): (build A Kie) A Bur S A Kie-Mun, F Nth-Eng, F Edi-Cly, A Bre-Par, F Eng-Mao, F Den H, F Bal H, A Kie-Mun

I (Richter): A Mar H, F Spa(sc)-Por, F Nap-Tys, F Rom-Tys

R (Plachta?): NMR (play one short) A War, A Swe, A Sil, F Nwy, F Sev, A Bud, A Rum all hold

T (Yakey): (build A Con, F Smy) A Ven S F Tys-Rom, A Tri S Russian A Bud-Vie, F Tys-Rom, F Adr-Apu, F Aeg-Gre, A Gre-Alb, F Ion-Nap, A Con-Bul, F Smy-Eme

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Italian F Rom can retreat to Tus or the box. The Turkish A Tri must retreat to Ser or the box.

Brady Richter is the new Italian player, and now I need another standby? Oh well...how about Lee Ferrer for Russia.

AUSTRIA to ALL: We are no longer in retreat.

ROCKVILLE: Looks like you picked a good time to change your mind.

NEW FRANCE to ROCKVILLE: Let's get one thing straight, Dick. I may have slept by the gently lapping waters of the spent fuel pool, I may have slept while some poor sap was chipping concrete in a pressurizer cubicle, I may even have taken a short nap in the drywell (in a respirator no one can hear you snore), but I have *never* slept in an office. Too easy to get caught, don't cha know!

ROCKVILLE: I thought that was why doors had locks? Or would that be too suspicious?

NEW FRANCE to ROCKVILLE: OK Dick, fess up—there really isn't anyone else in Happy Daze, is there? This is all just your way of getting even for the anchovy pizza at Origins. Well I don't care, you may control the rest of the map, you may change your moves after you get mine, you may even lose my armies altogether, but I will never...Um, I will not...You can't make me...**sigh** Never mind.

ROCKVILLE: You know, I'm beginning to wonder whether there's anyone else in this game, myself. Matter of fact, I wonder if I'm in this game. And those are some great ideas you've got there. Remind me to try them out sometime.

NEW FRANCE to WORLD: So you lame-ass shitheads spent two months with your fingers doing rectal probes. I hope you all burn in hell. OK, sorry, that was a little strong. I apologize. I hope you all burn in heck. As a matter of fact, let's kill two birds with one stone—I hope you all burn in Jon Heck. While Jon's bizzy with the Tums, he may NMR a couple of turns in Henway, and I might get to be the leader of a united Germanic peoples. Yeah, I kind of like that.

AND NOW FOR THE NEW STUFF

YNGVI Spring 08

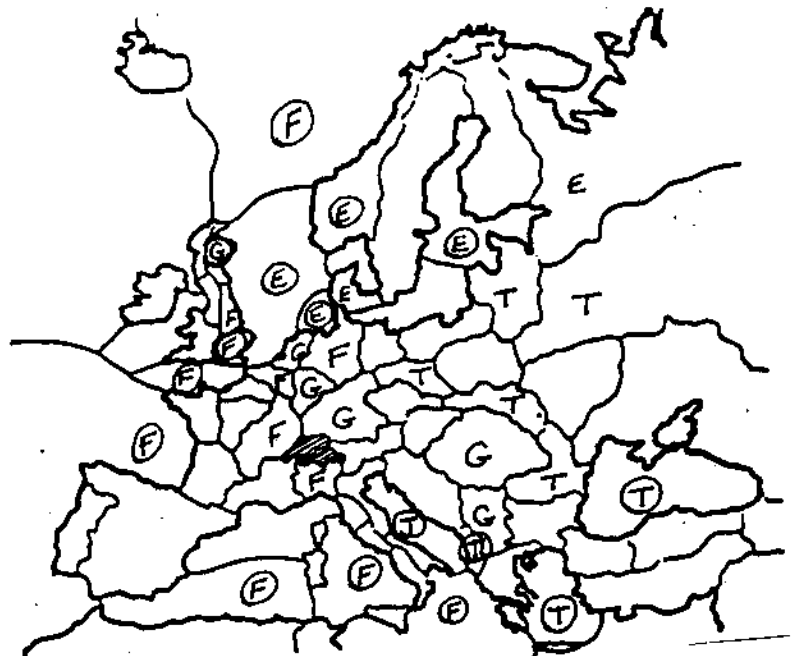
E (Milewski): F Hel S F Lon-Nth,
F Nth-Nwy, A Lvn-Stp, F Lon-Nth,
A Den-Kie, F Bal-Gob

F (Hakey): A Kie S German A Ruh-Mun,
A Bel S German A Hol, F Nap-Ion,
F Mao-Wme, F Eng S F Wal-Lon,
F Wal-Lon, F Tun-Tys, A Lpl-Yor,
F Nao-Nws, F Bre-Mao, A Par-Bur,
A Mar-Pie

G (Dorneman): F Edi-Nth, A Ruh-Mun,
A Bud S A Tri-Ser, A Hol S French A Kie,
A Mun-Boh, A Tri-Ser

T (Wilson): A Pru-Lvn, F Bla S A Sev-Rum,
A War-Gal, A Sev-Rum, F Smy-Aeg,
A Mos S A Pru-Lvn, F Gre-Alb,
A Ser S F Gre-Alb, F Ion-Adr, A Sil-Boh

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Turkish A Ser retreats to Gre, Bul, or box.



CONSTANTINOPLE (EASTOCEAN): As the Ottoman Empire mobilized for war with the Germano-Hungarian Empire, a shocked German ambassador raced through the streets of this fair city to try to divine what had caused this severing of friendly relations.

As his camel-taxi approached the Sultan's Palace, the Teutonic diplomat suddenly saw why His Greatness Ali I had struck against his country.

For the palace grounds, the minarets, the spires, the courtyard, the Grand Gate were covered with penguins! Everywhere the Ambassador looked, the obnoxious black-and-white birds waddled, leaving pools of Antarctic excrea.

The Janisaries were trying to kill all the silly looking beasts but their scimitars couldn't hack fast enough.

Mumbling awful things about Herr Dorneman's fixation with the aquatic anserial birds, the Ambassador left to pack his bags....

ANONYMOUS to ENGLAND: "Nietzsche is peachy, but Sartre is smartre."

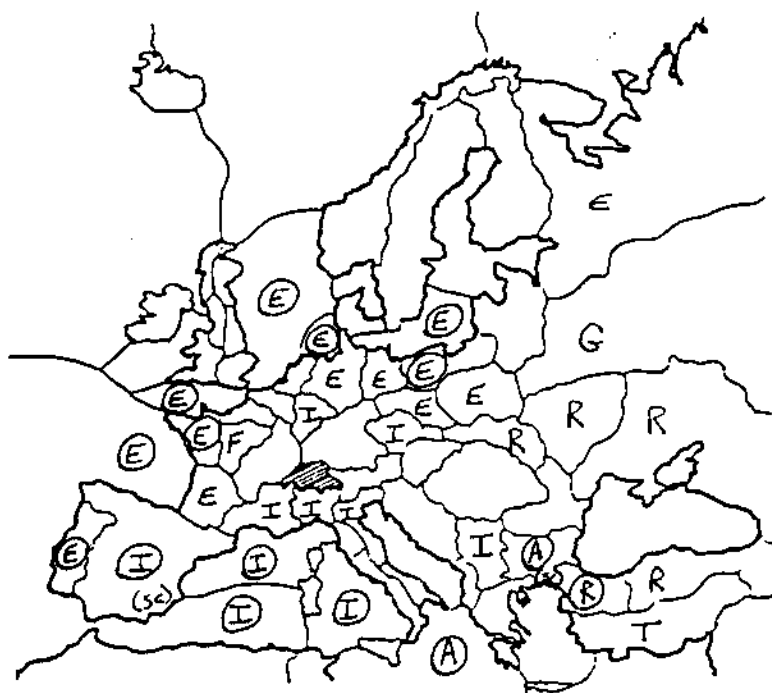
HYBORIA LONDON to TURKEY: It looks to me like

you could use some help.

NEW CARROLLTON to ROCKVILLE (\$1.10 non-rush, \$2.20 rush): Why did they let Kasparov win this time? Kasparov has "connections" as good as Karpov's (a person from his region of the country on the Politburo). When Karpov helped engineer the cancellation of the 84-85 match, he overplayed his hand and this drew the attention of Gorbachev. Kasparov's friend on the Politburo helped sell the idea that Karpov represents the old Brezhnev regime and that Kasparov represents Gorbachev's reforms. So since then the odds haven't been stacked against Kasparov. Also, the Russian domination of international chess has been slipping. Last month the first round of candidates' matches to determine Kasparov's next challenger ended with 5 of the 6 Russians losing, and 5 Western players winning. The Russians have to do something to stay competitive.

ROCKVILLE: How about that, not long ago it seemed like the *only* world-class players were Russian. What turned that all around?

GERMANS GO FOR THE WIN



HABEAS CORPUS

Spring 08

A (Dorneman): (retreat A Vie-Box, remove

A Alb) F Bul(sc)-Con, F Gre-Ion

E (Schenck): (build A Lon) F Ber-Pru,
F Bal C A Den-Ber, F Hel C A Lon-Kie,
F Por S F Eng-Mao, F Nth C A Lon-Kie,
A War-Sil, F Eng-Mao, F Bre-Gas,
F Mao-Naf, A Lvn-War, A Gas-Bur,
A Den-Ber, A Stp-Mos, A Lon-Kie

F (Olsen): (remove F Gol) A Par-Bur

G (Munz): A Mos H

I (Rush): (build F Nap, A Rom, A Ven)
A Mun-Ruh, A Ser S Russian F Aeg-Gre,
F Spa(sc) S A Mar, A Mar S F Spa(sc),
F Wme-Naf, F Tys-Gol, A Vie-Boh,
A Ven-Pie, A Rom-Ven, F Nap-Tys

R (Gonsalves): A Ank S F Aeg-Con,
A Rum-Ukr, F Aeg-Con, A Bud-Gal,
A Arm-Sev

T (Richter): A Smy-Con

Underlined moves do not succeed. Germany proposes a draw, so please vote on it with your next orders. Hokay?

David Munzenmaier is the new German player. Sorry Munz, but I have no idea how to adjudicate "A Mos splits the defenders, skates upcountry, shoots and scores in Berlin. (Alas, everyone missed it as they were being entertained by Ford.)" Maybe I missed it too?

WICHITA to ROCKVILLE: Just think, when they come out with the next high-dollar McUpgrade, you can toss out the rest of your software too! Oh that Frank...he's such a clever rascal....

ROCKVILLE: Well, at least the machine is markedly better. All I've really lost are the games (sob!), so the situation is still livable. And believe me, there is no love here for Apple Computer as a company. Their short-sighted greed for high profit margins means fewer machines on the street which means a smaller market for software. A smaller market for software means nobody in his right mind is going to put out a Mac game, with all the struggle that entails, when an MS-DOS or Atari game is cheaper and can reach a bigger market. Foolish of Apple, really, as it's software that ultimately sells machines. Frank ain't so clever after all.

WICHITA to ROCKVILLE: I have to make you turn green with jealousy, but the big news in my neck of the woods at the moment is that two of the Atari magazines have been bought out by none other than Larry Flynt. The mind boggles. This just might be reason enough for Spanky to finally make the plunge....

ROCKVILLE: You Atari types are sick, and now we have proof!

AUSTRIA to MOSCOW: Aargh! How cruel! Using my own zeen against me...traitorous Penguins!

OLSEN to MR BIG SHOT: OK, so you got the first two mass mailings of the year, and OK, so you have The Wife to cause trouble when you're too busy with other things and OK so you have 100 mindless toadies on your mailing list and OK so you have 100 megabytes and every McGimmick known to man but I have something you'll never have! It's...uh...uh...oh yeah, this pencil right here! So eat your heart out!

ROCKVILLE: I want the world, and I want it now!

ANONYMOUS to RUSSIA: "God is dead." —Nietzsche
"Nietzsche is dead." —God

WICHITA: Interesting news in the Atari Users' group bulletin today. We seem to have recruited a nutcase. Somebody's calling (anonymously) group officers and threatening them...writing (anonymously) threatening letters to various members...smashed the windows out of a member's car...and so on. When a techie slips his cogs, it's grim. The police are on this case though—they plan to check every plastic pocket protector in town for saliva buildup.

ROCKVILLE: If the prime suspect wasn't in Dalton right now it'd be an open and shut case.

HYBORIA LONDON to WICHITA: What kind of an



ST do you have? Have you tried Bards Tale II?

BORING BIGFOOT to OVERWORKED, HARASSED GM-TYPE, BASICALLY SILENT AUSTRIAN: Kind sir, your thoughtful praise has been received here. The English Government is most pleased with the cooperative attitude found in the recent press release from AGOG (Austrian Government of Greece). Care to climb into my lap, little pup-dog?

AUSTRIA to ENGLAND: Go UK! Go UK! If Eddie the Eagle can get on the Tonight Show, surely you can conquer Europe.

SLEEPY BIGFOOT to GM: Hey, what happened to Cu-rare? Did the wimps over there vote a draw or something? I suppose I could check through the old zeens to find out, but if you saw my desk you'd realize what a hopeless task that was.

ROCKVILLE: Uh...no. I forgot.

BERLIN to HC (AND DICK): The new peace loving government-in-exile of Germany demands a vote. What do ya say guys, call it a draw?

IMPRESSED BIGFOOT to GM: Here we are in Spring 08 and all seven "powers" still alive! What's the record (as far as you know) of how long all seven powers have stayed alive?

ROCKVILLE: Right off hand, I don't know. Many games have ended with all seven "alive" of course, but I can't think of any instances here. Hmmm.

BERLIN to HC (AND DICK): We would also like to invoke the High German Privilege (rules section 3.14 case .124) and change the voting rule as follows: "The voting factor allowed a given power is the quotient of the total number of dots divided by the number of dots held" and "The vote shall be decided by the side with the greatest number of voting factors."

MUNZ to DICK: The simplest way to become a super power is to change the rules. Nuff said.

ROCKVILLE: As soon as I figure out that rule change, I am sure to implement it.

FRANCE to GM: Uh-oh...these guys seem to be a trifle brighter than Randy Smyth after all....

ROCKVILLE: No matter, I know you'll prevail.

AUSTRIA to TURKEY: I've written Marcos, asking him to send us a few brochures about the Hawaiian Exile Vacation Package. I hope you don't mind.

MASTER OF THE DUNGEONS to ROCKVILLE: Put another notch on my broadsword, I just finished off Wizard's Crown. Well, sort of. Doing it as it's supposed to be done might have taken another two months but I took advantage of a sloppy game system to finish ahead of time, out of pure boredom. Can't recommend this one to anybody but those

serving life sentences for unspeakable crimes.

Now this new one, Dungeon Master, is something else again. Sort of like a Rogue but in real-time with the best ST graphics I've seen yet. One defect (no way to tell direction in the dungeon, so far anyway) but other than that, it can't be beat.

ROCKVILLE: You mean you haven't found the compass?

Dungeon Master is good all right, nice graphics and a much bigger maze than Wizardry. You may be interested to note that my two most powerful characters (having cleaned out the seventh level now) are Harry Carey and Fssfs, the two re-incarnated dudes. The resurrects are lagging behind. Strange as it may seem, I went for strength as my prime characteristic, and that's turned out very well. Funny thing: it's faster to kill off a group and start over than it is to load up from the start. So if ever we goof up, it's into a nice small room for a little fireball spell....

I've also had somewhat of a chance to play Empire. The Mac version is much nicer, of course, but the ST does have a couple nice touches. What I like best is the ability to name ships, and the cities having names. If only it wasn't so slow....

COLUMBUS to DICKO: I used to play Seven Cities of Gold back in my eight-bit days, and it's a fine game indeed. There's another one called Heart of Africa which was sort of a sequel, and was said to be improved. Interestingly, in my career of exploration in the Americas, I started to run into trouble with the Crown warning me to cease abusing the natives. Not very realistic (as if they gave a damn)...sort of like Pat Robertson cautioning somebody not to say anything that might make himself look like a puling imbecile....

ROCKVILLE: Never heard of Heart of Africa. One weakness of Seven Cities is the tendency of the random continents to have a jumble of confusing little islands with nothing interesting on them. And the nasty tendency of faithless crews to sail for home without their chief and leader!

BOB to DICKO: Did you ever see Shanghai (a game which I know is out for the Mac)? That's my "five-minute game."

ROCKVILLE: Never have, though I've heard it's very addictive. The latest craze here is Klondike, a version of the solitaire card game.

VIRGINIA BEACH to HABEAS HAGERSTOWN: There is no such thing as "six hours in comfort in North Carolina." The whole state is just crawling with Tar Heels, the worst sort of alleged humanity imaginable. Do you know, for example, what you get when you give a pet goat to a Tar Heel? A three-count rape indictment.

ROCKVILLE: I didn't think goats could get prison terms?

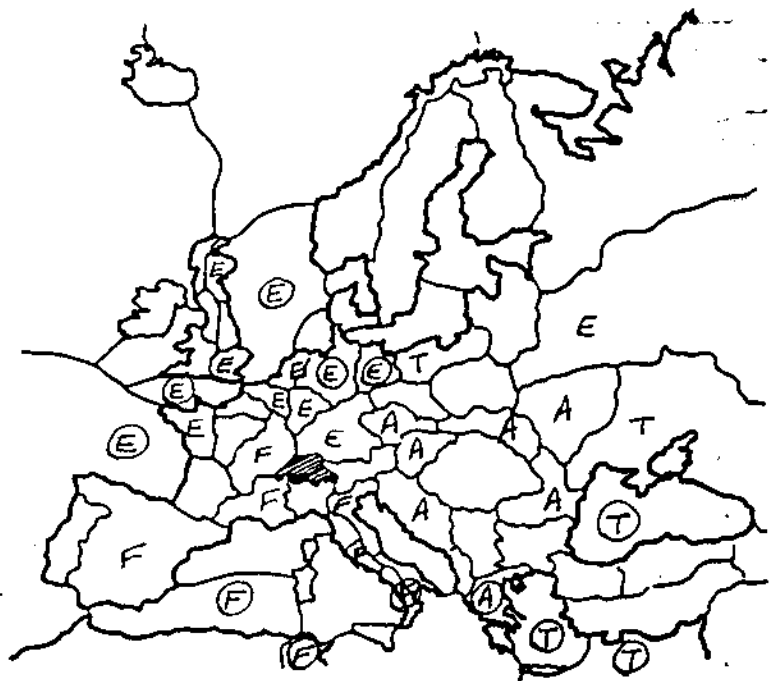


WHY QUIT NOW?

HYBORIA Spring 08

- A (Ouzts):** (remove A Apu) A Bul-Rum, F Gre H, A Tri S A Bud-Vie, A Rum-Ukr, A Gal-War, A Vie-Boh, A Bud-Vie
- E (Andersson):** (build A Lpl, A Lon, A Edi) F Hel-Kie, A Mun S F Kie-Ber, A Lpl-Edi, F Nth C A Edi-Hol, F Kie-Ber, F Mao-Por, A Bel S A Edi-Hol, A Ruh S A Edi-Hol, A Mos-War, A Bre-Par, A Edi-Hol, F Eng C A Lon-Bre, A Lon-Bre
- F (Emmert):** (retreat A Ruh-Bur, remove F Ven, A Sil) A Tyr-Ven, A Bur-Par, F Tys-Tun, F Wme-Spa(sc), F Ion-Nap, A Spa-Por, A Rom S A Tyr-Ven, A Pie-Mar
- T (Geusz):** A War-Pru, A Arm-Sev, F Sev-Bla, F Smy-Eme, F Con-Aeg

Underlined moves do not succeed.
On the draw proposal, ETA vote no. F votes yes. Draw fails miserably.



ALIBBI SPEAKS: Cav zox, Ne fu tok bulu del monto de forgoath teg roin deg nakabaka. Yik nok bed frow zeubuelulu. (I pray Ouzts's predictions be wrong. Bless the Cardinals. Bless Bob Horner! Bless Jose DeLeon! Curse Hojo, Dykstra, Strawberry, Carter, Hernandez, Gooden, Darling, McDowell, Ojeda, Fernandez, and Backman. Curse even more the entire Giants organization. Especially Jeff (in lieu of Jeffrey, which he prefers) Léonard; may he have a dismal season in all respects. I curse Mike Krukow, Will "The Spill" Clark, Mitchell, Maldonado, Brenly, and Aldrete. Finally, I curse Roger Craig; may he be fired by July.)

I love the start of a new season.)

SNOB to ALIBBI: Delende est Carthago! Vae Victis! Lex dilaciones semper exhorret! Sic utere tuo ut alienum non laedas! (Trans: The difference between black anthracite and gray matter is very great in my case and minimal in yours. Also, beware the Pirates. Have you seen their pitching staff?)

AUSTRIA: And now, for my depressing baseball predictions:

NL East- Mets, Pirates, Cardinals, Phillies, Expos, Cubs

NL West- Giants, Astros, Dodgers, Reds, Padres, Braves

AL East- Blue Jays, Yankees, Red Sox, Brewers, Tigers, Indians, Orioles

AL West- A's, Royals, Rangers, Twins, Mariners, Angels, White Sox

Boy, I hope I am wrong. My two most-hated teams (Mets and Giants) will be in the Series. Fortunately, Toronto is going to win it all anyway.

ROCKVILLE: My picks are: Yanks, A's, Mets, Reds. I'm sure of it. I think. And yes, the Orioles are horrible—even worse than I'd feared.

AUSTRIA to ROCKVILLE: What do you think of the

Knight for Thurmond deal?

ROCKVILLE: I think Baltimore got by far the better of the deal. Thurmond looks good so far, and Ray Knight hasn't got too many years left. After that incredible start last year he just hasn't been the same hitter.

LEX CON to PUGGSLEY AND FRIENDS: It will be highly amusing and instructive to watch Cap'n Dave over the next few months as he readies his excuses and tries to convince his friends and allies in Lex that his treacherous stab in this game is an aberration rather than a demonstration of his true colors. "Honest, Zack, I certainly wouldn't have stabbed you." The closer he gets to victory, the more abject become his apologies, the more colorful his self-justifications. Fear not, we are not fooled. We will not be lulled to sleep. My silver stake is sharp and ready; my borders are lined with garlic. Andersson, do your worst!

CONSTANTINOPLE to WORLD: If all goes well, I'll be in Colorado for a week about the time this zeen is out. Therefore, please understand delays in my letters.

ROCKVILLE: Please understand delays in zeen delivery! We'll do anything to keep the game flowing smoothly for our players.

LONDON to GM: Dick, your desperate attempts to stay ahead of the Commodore C64 by buying a Mac II are futile. You yourself admit that games are the thing. And games are the C64's strong point. Give it up and get a C64.

ROCKVILLE: So I can wait ten minutes for any game to load? No thanks!

ANONYMOUS to FRANCE: "The unexamined life is not worth living." —Socrates

LONDON to GM: What exactly is one attaboy worth around here?

ROCKVILLE: Market price for attaboys is kinda low right now, but there's always the possibility of investing it wisely.

LONDON to SNOB: Aren't you being just a little hard on me, Snob ol' guy? You triggered this attack by not writing. And you'd be amazed what one lousy letter can do with regards to pissing off people. We take letter-writing seriously in this game!

VIRGINIA BEACH to LONDON: Sondra was less than pleased with your suggestions for how I should address her. I tried telling her that it's better than "yo, bitch," but she's utterly intransigent.

ROCKVILLE: Isn't that just like a woman?

LONDON to VIRGINIA BEACH: As regards to "stop-the-Limey time," I've already agreed with my ally to split the game once you are dead, dead, dead.

SWISS NEWS AGENCY: England's devastating first strike against France has crippled her beyond recovery, and France is still at war with Austria, and Turkey, who is at war with France, Austria and England. France is in full retreat against Austria, who is at war with France and Turkey, who is at war with France and England, but not with Austria, despite the fact that Austria has stabbed Turkey and occupied the Balkans. England is still not at war with Austria. Autographed copies of Andersson's latest book, Machiavelli. An Analysis, are going fast.

CONSTANTINOPLE NEWS SERVICE: In a stirring speech before an enthusiastic crowd, the Sultan earlier this month declared that he was a jelly doughnut and announced

preparations for the invasion of Germany. Analysts, some of them political, are still seeking the connection.

AUSTRIA to ROCKVILLE: The reason the Atomics won with such a bad record is because all teams in the division, myself included, were expansion teams in their first year of play. In essence, I was the best of the worst.

ROCKVILLE: Yeah, but I thought you were eight games down with only twenty to play?

FRANCE to AUSTRIA: My Rotisserie League team, Mert's Ethels, is headed for a great year, or at least better than last year's seventh (out of eight) place finish. Picked up Gwynn for Dravecky, straight up, after which I was arrested for Grand Theft-Human. He, Raines, Milt Thompson and Willie McGee give me the fastest non-Vince outfield corps going into the draft day. I also traded Kevin Elster and a couple of bums for Kelly Downs and Ozzie, for whom I understand you're in the market. Tell you what. I'll give you Ozzie, Nolan Ryan and Rick Sutcliffe for Gaetti, two future draft choices, and your support against England. Deal?

ROCKVILLE: Sounds like the deal of the century in the making!

AUSTRIA to ROCKVILLE: Funny how things change. At this point last season I was convinced that nobody could hate a baseball team more than I hated the Mets. Then along came the Giants, who I hate even more. Just goes to show that anything is possible.

ROCKVILLE: Another one of life's little twists and turns, wouldn't you say?

BULLETS LOSE, CAPS WIN

CINQUE Spring 07

A (Robles): (retreat A Tri-Ven, remove A Tyr)

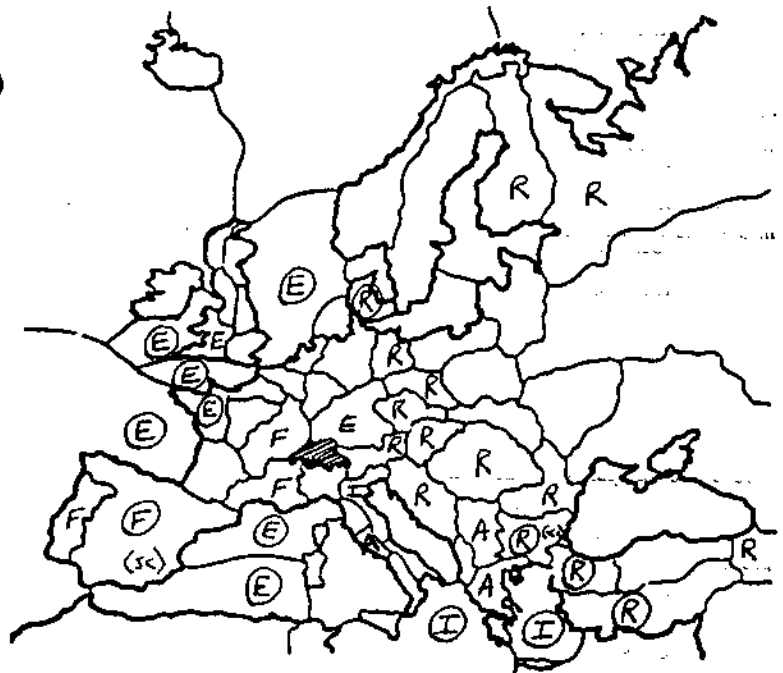
A Gre-Bul, A Ser-Bud, A Ven-Rom

E (McHugh): (build F Lon) F Eng-Mao,
A Mun S Russian A Boh-Tyr, F Lon-Eng,
F Gol S F Mao-Wme, F Mao-Wme,
F Bre S F Eng-Mao, F Iri S F Eng-Mao,
F Nth H, A Wal H

F (Sargent): (build A Par) A Spa-Por,
A Bur-Mar, F Mar-Spa(sc), A Par-Bur

I (Swider): A Tus-Ven, F Eme-Aeg,
F Tys-Ion

R (Pribe): (build A Mos, A War, A Sev)
A Boh-Tyr, F Bul(ec) S A Ukr-Rum,
A Vie S A Tri, A Ber H, F Con S F Bul(ec),
A Tri S A Rum-Bud, F Smy S F Con,
A Sil-Boh, A Stp-Fin, A Ukr-Rum,
A Rum-Bud, A Mos-Stp, A War-Sil,
A Sev-Arm, F Den H



Underlined moves do not succeed. Thanks to Bbob Ohlsen for unneeded standby moves. Fall moves next time, if you please.

OLSEN to GM: No way I get this position. It actually has units. On the other hand, there does seem to be a certain amount of toadying manifested....

ROCKVILLE: Oops, you're right. Get outta here!

OLSEN to HOLLEY: See? Anything McHugh can do, I can do just as ineptly.

FRANCE to RUSSIA: My armies are your armies: no draw with the English.

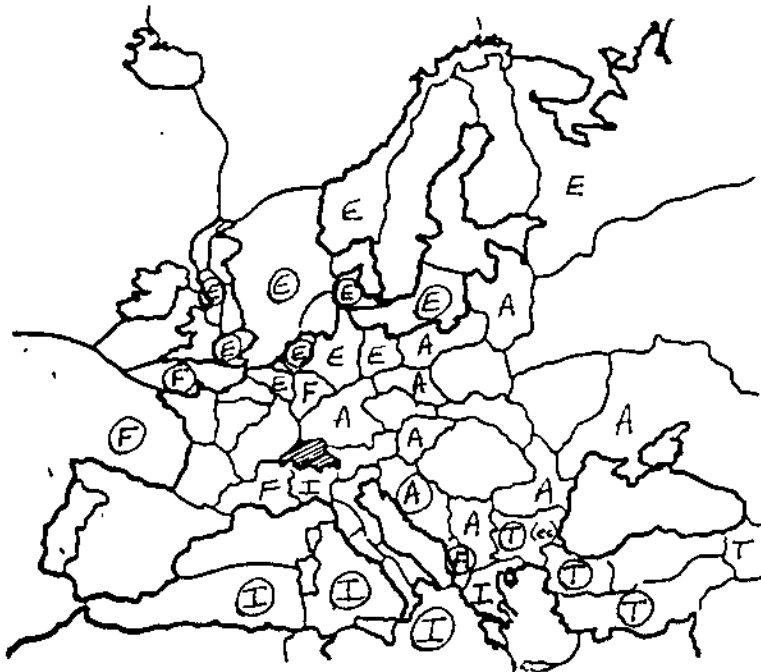
TIRANA to ST PETERSBURG: Hah! I leave you as subjects worthless droppings of mongrels. They deserve the rule of the Tsar; the merciless boot of the Cossack. The women

are hideous, the soldiers are worthless cannon-fodder (except those still fighting), and the villages louse infested pig sties. The Kaiser is quite upset about the Tsar's plans to harm our pets with forks. He suggests soup spoons instead.

ANONYMOUS to ITALY: "Cogito Ergo Sum" — DesCartes

ANONYMOUS to ROBLES: "...for I am thoroughly familiar with DesCartes. It is famously stated in his Puto Ergo Sum, a Latin expression meaning, 'I am putative, therefore I do sums.' This is sometimes written Cogito Ergo Sum, meaning, 'Being incognito, I naturally add up'..." - Russell Baker

AND NOW, A BRIEF INTERLUDE



CURARE Winter 06

A (O'Brien): (retreat A Ber-Pru, build A Vie, F Tri) **HAS:** A Pru, A Lvn, A Rum, A Sev, A Sil, A Mun, A Ser, A Vic, F Tri

E (Stanger): (build F Lpl, F Lon) **HAS:** F Bal, F Hol, F Nth, A Stp, A Nwy, A Kie, F Den, A Ber, A Bel, F Lpl, F Lon

F (Gossage): (retreat F Gre-Alb, remove F Nao) **HAS:** F Alb, A Mar, A Ruh, F Mao, F Eng

I (Emmert): (remove A Tyr) **HAS:** A Gre, F Ion, F Wme, F Tys, A Pie

T (Mills): (build F Smy) **HAS:** F Bul(ec), A Arm, F Con, F Smy

Seasons separated by popular demand. Feel free to change any moves on file before the next deadline....

VIENNA to SOFIA: It hardly matters for whom *they* fight, the Bulgarians *never* understand. They never could get the hang of firearms so every time we sent them into battle we just gave them axes and clubs. And how can you say our occupation exacted a "dear toll"? With a 90% illiteracy rate, and next to nobody able to count to ten, our turnpike "25¢, Exact Change Only" signs were useless and virtually totally ignored.

SMYRNA: A new fleet has entered service in the Imperial Turkish Navy! Having acquired vital resources from our newly-recaptured possessions in southeastern Europe, we are able to commission enough capital ships to form the nucleus of a 3rd battlefleet. Long Live the Empire!

VIENNA to ANKARA: Judging from the map, punk, I think I'll have another pint and get some fresh fruit, for the Rotting Vegetables, of course!

ITALY to TURKEY: "Run Riot in Southeastern Europe?" Tell you what—you keep Armenia, and hand over the

rest. Then we'll be square.

BUTTERFIELD to ROCKVILLE: Actually, all that I've heard is "Back in Black" by AC/DC. A friend of mine copied *Hysteria* for me on a 90-minute tape, since it lasts 63 minutes, as the record stores are so fond of pointing out. Anyway, to fill the time, he threw in some "assorted metal," such as Judas Priest's "You've Got Another Thing Coming." Pretty good song, actually.

ROCKVILLE: If you've heard "Back in Black" look no more for you have found the ultimate hard rock album. I like it anyway.

THE GOOD BOYS OF DIP QUOTE THE GANG OF FOUR: "I will be a Good Boy. I will be a Good Boy." (OK, so they weren't all *that* inspiring...)

SNOB to MUNZ: I will steal from the piggy bank and pick up the stuff you mention. Thanks for the tip.

WICHITA to ROCKVILLE: Gee, I can find CDs pretty

cheap even around here if I look hard enough. Even aside from used-record stores, I've seen backlist stuff as low as \$5.98. Pretty good deal except you'd have to own something by Julian Lennon or such.

ROCKVILLE: What, no John Travolta?

PAUL to BOB: You remind me of John, and...oh, forget it!

HYBORIA ENGLAND to TURKEY (VIA LEX AUSTRIA): No, Paul, it really was *my* fault. Though you *are* a sexist pig. I shouldn't pick on someone half my size or IQ. But, really, it is hard keeping two identities and personalities (such as they are) going at the same time.

YACC RUSSIA to FRANCE: It seems that in every business there is a company which tends to give the entire industry a bad name. For the PBM industry, it's ECI. There have been quite a number of complaints registered with the PBMA. Most of the PBM publications won't carry their ads, and one has even published a warning to their readers to be wary of ECI. I think you have a better chance reforming Spanky than you do of getting your money back from ECI. Sorry. Please don't judge the entire commercial PBM industry by one bad apple.

HYBORIA LONDON to GOSSAGE: I've got a C64 that works great with an IBM printer. Try using Supertext with the custom control codes and a monochrome monitor. No charge.

NOTORIOUS GERMANY to FRANCE: I am not familiar with this Dark Side mumbo jumbo. However, I am familiar with the hazards of labeling behavior. I wish to substitute the phrase "a person acting foolishly" for the term "fool." Please accept my sincere apology.

VIRGINIA BEACH to BOARD: Hey! Where's Bob Olsen?

ROCKVILLE: Was he in this game?

ITALY to AUSTRIA AND ENGLAND: How 'bout a nice game of Nuke the Chicagoans, then we go home?

PARIS to ROME: There is no time for peace. No respite. No forgiveness. There is only *war*.

PRINCE STEVEN THE PROCRASTINATIVE to CAESAR: I've got this great plan. First, we get rid of Ferrier, then we go after Jason. Sound good to you?

CAESAR to PSTP: Get back to you on that one later.

VIRGINIA BEACH to ROCKVILLE: Any word yet on Marycon? Last I heard, I was assured that it Would Be Held, but so far, nada.

ROCKVILLE: My guess, for what it's worth, is that you can forget Marycon. With only about six weeks before the con is supposed to be held (as I write this), there's been nary a peep from the MaryWashers. It's a reasonable conclusion that having their Dipcon satisfied their wildest desires.

OLSEN to GM: Well I have to hand it to you, hotshot. Don Williams and I (the New Generation of bumbling GMs, as it were) can still learn a trick or two from a grizzled veteran such as yourself. Not even Don Williams—heck, *not even I*—ever came up with the notion of *completely losing two games*...our adjudications may be only 10% correct but at least we acknowledge the existence of our games! Say, if I shell out umpty thousand for a Macintosh, will I be able to lose entire games at one swell foop too? (Considering all the heat I'm taking for That Mistake—a mistake which was *entirely your*

fault—in KK, it's going to give me the greatest pleasure to roast you about this for months to come!)

ROCKVILLE: That's right, take your free shots. They're so few and far between you'll have to make the most of them. By the way, I'm sure that you realize by now that Birsan's A Tri isn't *really* blown up—you've managed to keep your perfect record intact!

EVERGREEN to ROCKVILLE: I don't blame you for leaving out Curare last issue. Without my press its really pointless.

ITALY to TURKEY: What's the matter? I write all of this marvelous press and you want me to write letters too?

RUSSIAN PARTISANS to BOARD: We're invisible. We're mad as hell. And we're *everywhere*.

WICHITA to VIRGINIA BEACH: Don't celebrate too soon, Blue-breath. First thing Gibson did when he got to the Dodgers was commence acting like a two-year-old. Big stick, small brain, maybe he helps, maybe not. Hey, if he can field his position he doesn't belong on that team anyway.

ROCKVILLE: Oh, that won't be any problem. They'll just shift Gibson around until they find a position he can't handle and then leave him there.

VIRGINIA BEACH to ROCKVILLE: Oh, all right, then, put Pedro at first, Sax at third, and (sigh!) Duncan at second. That and a beg wad of chewing gum to hold the infield together.

ROCKVILLE: It'll never last! Particularly not with Duncan in the minors.

PRESIDENT FOR LIFE BEAUFORD to THE COW: Want some cream?

BOB to ROCKVILLE: Sorry Dick, Paul made me do it.

SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC: Stalemate line, here we come...

FRANCE to ENGLAND: Sorry, I just couldn't do it.

THE NEXT PRIZE-WINNING PRESS RELEASE: Bork for President!

THE CITY OF LIGHTS to LONDON AND VIENNA: This is wonderful! I just got stabbed two seasons in a row, and now both of you offer me one of each other's centers! (It's great to be loved.)

FRANCE AND TURKEY to ITALY: You're going down.

PARIS to VIENNA: When you finally decide to go for the win, Paul and I'll be glad to help.

THE RUNESTONE POLLSTER: Revised chances for a win/draw for each country: E: 80%, A: 90%, F: 15%, T: 04%, I: 55%.

BOB to BRUCE: It didn't work out.

ROCKVILLE: You got that right!

VIRGINIA BEACH to ROCKVILLE: Thanks for copyrighting the ol' hometown for me. Next I'll apply for protection for Snob, Caesar and Prince Steven the Pestiferous, et al.

ROCKVILLE: Only one at a time, puhleeze. Gee, give a lawyer an inch and he'll try to regulate the world.

ROONE ARLEDGE: I'm negotiating to have Diplomacy established as a demonstration sport for the 1992 Olympics. We're hoping for a good turnout of Americans, so would all of you lying, thieving, treacherous bastards please come out for the team? No lawyers, please; you know the rule about professionals.

NEXT STOP, OBLIVION

HAPPY DAZE Fall 06

- A (Gorham):** A Vie S A Tri-Bud, A Tri-Bud
F (Munz): A Spa-Lon, F Iri-Nao, A Bel-Hol
G (McHugh): A Bur-Gas, F Eng-Mao,
 F Cly-Lpl, A Par H, F Mao-Spa(nc),
 F Den H, F Bal S A Mun-Ber, A Mun-Ber
I (Richter): (retreat F Rom-Tus) A Mar-Spa,
 F Por S A Mar-Spa, F Tus S F Tys,
 F Tys H
R (Plachta): A War-Pru, A Swe S F Nwy,
 F Nwy S A Swe, F Sev S A Rum,
A Sil-Ber, A Bud S A Rum,
 A Rum S A Bud
T (Yahey): (retreat A Tri-Ser) A Alb-Tri,
 A Ven S A Alb-Tri, A Ser S A Alb-Tri,
F Rom-Tus, F Apu-Adr, F Gre-Alb,
F Nap-Tys, A Bul S A Ser, F Eme-Ion

Underlined moves do not succeed. French A Spa pops, and the Austrian A Tri has to retreat to Tyr or the box.



gained/lost

- A:** vie, mun (2)
F: par, por, lpl, hol (1)
G: ber, kie, hol, den, bel, lon, bre, edi, par, lpl (9)
I: rom, nap, mar, spa, por (3)
R: home, nwy, swe, rum, bud (8)
T: home, bul, gre, tun, ser, tri, ven, rom, nap (11)

- even
 remove 2
 build 1
 remove 1
 even
 build 2

VIENNA: We certainly hope that Germany will now give Austria a little help, seeing as how we gave back Munich when we did not have to. Also just what are those Russian troops doing in Silesia?

FROM OLD AUSTRIA to NEW FRANCE: We have been here all the time, boy, just where have you been? In fact we have been all over the place, what with those Turks chasing us around. Say what?

PlayList

Nothin' but the Blues, Johnny Winter ★★★
 Not bad blues, for a white boy. A very white boy. I'd like to have more blues records, but don't know where to start, really.

They Only Come Out At Night, Edgar Winter
 ★★★ Frankenstein, Free Ride, and not much else. Easy to listen to. Julie likes this one more than I do, so take that into consideration.

Legend of the Yardbirds, vol 3 ★★★ Primi-

tive blues-rock from one of the early practitioners. Not pretty to listen to, but lots of fun.

Slow Train Coming, Bob Dylan ★★★
 Just because this is Bob's Christian fanatic period doesn't mean he can't make brilliant music. Mark Knopfler helps Dylan sound about as good as he can, though the lyrics are a bit silly at times. Almost a 5★ effort.

Street-Legal, Bob Dylan ★★★ Similar in tone to **Slow Train**, just not quite as well done.

LOOKS SOUR FOR THE KRAUTS

JIMI Fall 05

A (Vu): A Mun S Russian A Kie-Ruh, A Bul H,
F Aeg S F Adr-Ion, F Apu S F Ion-Nap,
F Ion-Nap, F Adr-Ion, A Bud S A Vie,
A Ven-Rom, A Vie S A Bud

E (Beckett): F Lon H, A Yor-Edi

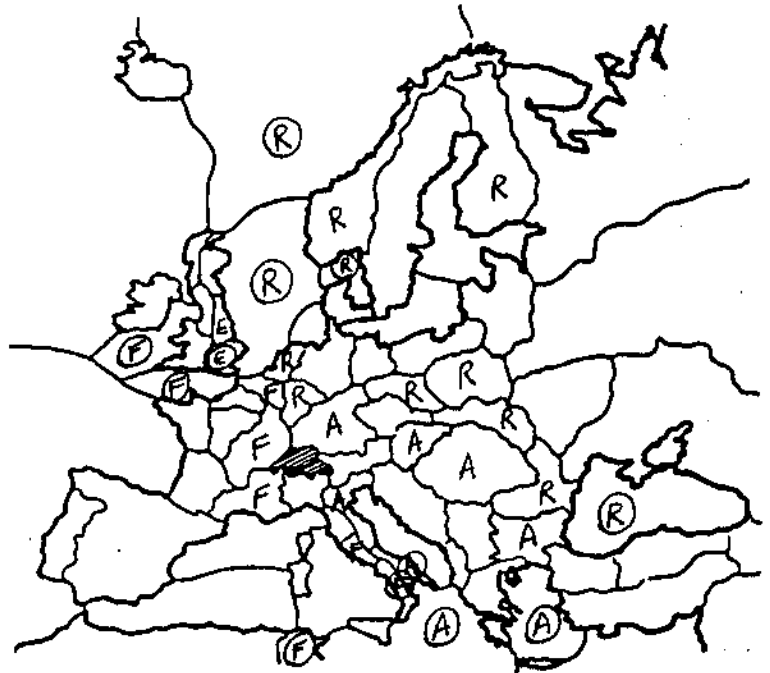
F (Plachta): A Bel-Hol, A Rom S F Nap,
E Tun-Ion, F Nap S A Rom, A Bur-Mar,
F Eng S A Bel, A Pic-Bur, F Mao-Iri

G (Geusz): A Gal-War

R (Holley): A Rum-Gal, A Kie-Ruh,
F Nwy-Nth, F Bla C A Con-Rum,
A Con-Rum, F Ska S F Nwy-Nth,
A Hol S A Kie-Ruh, A War S A Rum-Gal,
A Fin-Nwy, A Sil S Austrian A Mun,
F Nth-Edi, F Bar-Nws

Underlined moves do not succeed. The French F Nap must retreat to Tys or the box. The German A Gal retreats to Boh and then the box.

Scott Beckett is the new English player.



gained/lost

A: home, ser, gre, ven, bul, nap, smy, mun (10)

E: lpl, edi, lon (3)

F: home, spa, por, bel, tun, rom (8)

G: hol (0)

R: home, rum, swe, nwy, ank, con, ber, kie, den, hol (12)

build 1

build 1

even

remove 1

build 1

AUSTRIA to GERMANY: The reason the press looks so bad is because this game was just about to end. AFR had just about conquered the board. But things have changed and it should get interesting.

FRANCE to WORLD: Ah, Kaiser! Look at the press-mongers in this game, and how they have fared. Austria is being stabbed even now by the evil Russian Tsarette. You are soon to become a mere * in Dipdom's history.

FRANCE to AUSTRIA: Sorry I have not written. I seek only Italy, but let's co-operate on Mittel Europa vs the Ice Queen. My only price: when we take over Eastern Germany, I get all rights to Katerina Witt!

AUSTRIA to FRANCE: Well, if that's the way you want it. Remember, you attacked me first.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: Let's go for the two-way draw!

FRANCE to RUSSIA: Write soon.

ANONYMOUS to RUSSIA: ...And if our dreamer pleases to try whether the glowing heat of a glass furnace be barely a wandering imagination in a drowsy man's fancy, by putting his hand into it, he may perhaps be awakened into a certainty greater than he could wish, that is something more than bare imagination. —John Locke

THE PLAYLIST, cont

Murmur, REM ★★★★★ Just what *is* Michael Stipe singing here? Ah, who cares—it *sounds* great. And what else really matters?

Document, REM ★★★ I can understand him now, but it doesn't sound quite as good this time around. Too many throwaway songs on the record.

Briefcase Full of Blues, Blues Brothers ★★★★★ No wonder these guys started a blues boomlet, the songs are energetic and well played. Belushi may not be a great singer, but since when did that matter. He's certainly convincing enough.

Made In America, Blues Brothers ★★ The material just isn't as strong this time out. Can't

ALMOST FORGOT THE TITLE!

NOTORIOUS

Spring 05

E (Rothchild): F Cly S F Edi, F Edi S F Cly

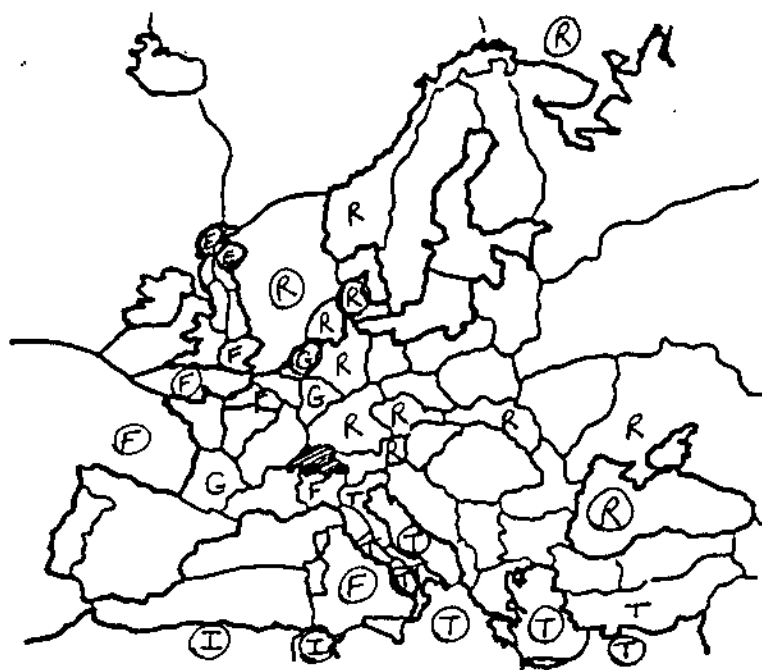
F (Huffman): (build A Mar) A Pic-Bur,
A Yor-Lon, F Eng S English F Edi-Nth,
F Spa(sc)-Mao, F Gol-Tys, A Mar-Pie

G (Milewski): (remove A Kie, A Bel)
A Ruh-Bur, F Hel-Hol, A Bur-Gas

I (Rush): (retreat A Ven-Box, F Nap-Box)
F Tun-Naf, F Tys-Tun

R (Cronin): (build F Stp(nc), A Mos) F Bla H,
A Boh S A Mun, A Tyr S A Mun, F Nth-Hel,
A Mun S A Ber-Kie, A Sil-Gal, F Nws-Nth,
A Swe-Nwy, A Ber-Kie, F Stp(nc)-Bar,
A Mos-Sev, F Den S F Nth-Hel

T (Senturia): (build F Con, A Smy) A Smy H,
A Ven S A Nap-Rom, A Apu S F Ion-Nap,
F Adr S F Aeg-Ion, F Eme S F Aeg-Ion,
A Nap-Rom, F Aeg-Ion, F Ion-Nap,
F Con-Aeg,



Underlined moves do not succeed.

Ed Brandon resigns as France, and is replaced by Dan Huffman.

LON to ROCKVILLE: Baseball season is just about ready to open, my A's should run away with the AL West. Hopefully Parker will stay healthy and stay out of trouble. All they need now is a bullpen! Other picks: Yankees, Mets and Giants. Giants and A's in the Series with the A's winning it all. You heard it third or fourth here!

RUSSIA to GM: "I'm a Steamroller, baby!?" Have you been listening to Dick Vitale or what?

ROCKVILLE: Would you believe James Taylor? Alas, we don't get ESPN. Vitale is wonderful! He came up into the student section at Maryland this year before a Maryland ESPN game to jive with the kids. "Hey! I just love the game of bas-ket-ball!"

GERMANY to THE WORLD: Take me, I'm yours.

ENGLAND to GM: Please explain your opinion that Capt Peecard is a narrow minded jerk. I don't quite follow you. Yes, he is obsessed with procedure and there is no fighting. I mean come on this peace crap is boring. The show is a little stiff at times, but overall I like it.

ROCKVILLE: You got it right there, he's obsessed with procedure. Good ideas are ignored unless they come through proper channels. How interesting is a captain that is always enforcing the rules, and succeeding? Maybe they've loosened up lately, but I haven't been watching.

PARIS to LONDON: I enjoyed playing with you. Hang tough.

PARIS to MUNICH: We could have made powerful allies but I guess it wasn't to be. I hope you do well.

PARIS to ROME: I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to

write you that often. Remember, it ain't over, etc.

PARIS to VIENNA: I realize we had almost no contact but c'est la guerre.

PARIS to CONSTANTINOPLE: You are doing very well and I hope you continue to do so.

OLD PARIS to NEW PARIS: I realize that the situation I've left you with could be better, but it could be worse. Choose your friends well and you will go far. Bye for now, and remember—keep your feet on the ground and keep reaching for the stars, sorry Casey.

FRANCE: Fo-Fi-Fo-Furn, I smell the blood of an Englishman.

PARIS to MOSCOW: It was great fun, and I learned a lot about postal Dip tactics from you. Bon chance in the future and continued success.

ST GEORGE'S: Jah Rastatsar—I speak: "one-love"! I and I love you peoples; I and I king Haile Selassie—I love my peoples; Rastatsar—I love supply center mon, seen? Jah love mon, I and I roll 'em up big spliff supply center and smoke it real good mon, seen? Jah Rastatsar—I say, soon come! The adjudication of Babylon and I and I small axe going to cut you down. Me brudder I-Sultan of South and all the Kings and Kaisers before me, all one-love in exodus. Movement of Jah peoples to Iberia mon and back to Africa, ya mon, seen? Jah Rastatsar—I and his I-Dog cruise Caribbean mon on Windczurfer and in Mazda 323 (ala Simon Billenness) with he I-Dog named Irie we cruise we island in the sun. Jah say "What is to is must is"—seen? Rasta no listen no bad brains, mon, seen? Rasta say who dat? If no against I mon. Jah bless you too mon.

Rastatsar—I cool out with some Gregory Isaacs Rastatsar say he too "Cool Ruler."

Jah Rastatsar—I see Frontline Special on Babylon TV called Urgent Fury on Invasion of lickle island Grenada—seen? I man say Babylon full of liars and tricksters. Such bullshit he never see the mudderfuckah's do like dat mon. You ever seen some fuckin shit like dat mon? Rasta no like commie Lenin-Stalinists. Rasta love life. Mr Castro he can go home. American liberal democrats can go to psychiatrists mon—dey fuckin' up de world. Jah speak. Ya—Soon Come! Rastatsar—I Duppy Conqueror! Now all be just quiet. No problem mon.

THE NOTORIOUS POLL: The Poll has asked each major candidate in the Primaries to make a one line campaign speech. Following are their comments.

Jesse Jackson: Yes, my son will be getting a scholarship to play college football. Isn't it nice that the college is giving me a generous campaign gift!

Babbitt: I plan to hop around the country and get my message to the people. Just call me Rabbitt Babbitt.

Gore: I used to fight bulls, now I just talk it.

Dukakis: I will kiss any voter's ass who will vote for me!

Gerhardt: I am going to change my name to Gepsoft, it doesn't look good for a Democrat to be hard on anything.

Hart: The people will decide, I guess I shouldn't have fooled around.

Simon: I believe that all Americans should begin to wear bow ties, that way they would understand my mixed up message.

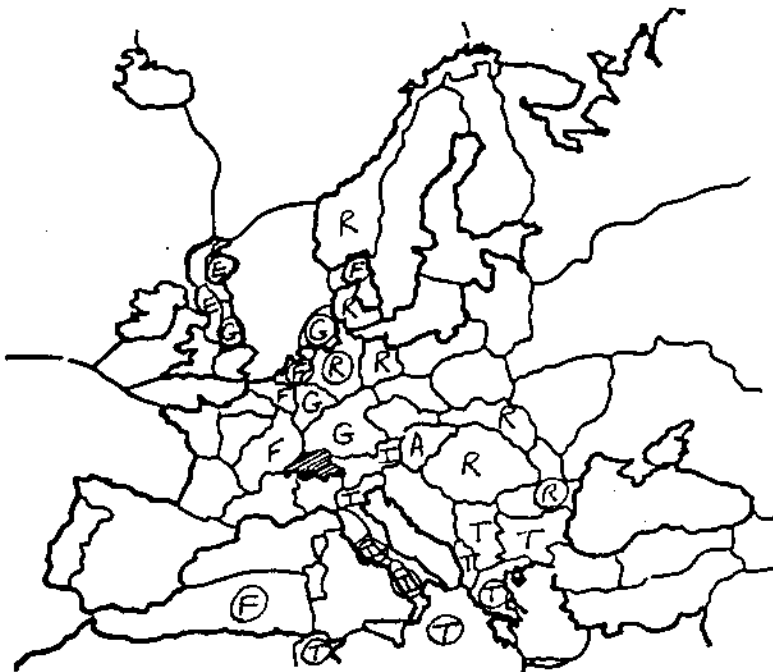
Dole: Vice President Bush has called me a crazy banana, but at least I don't get tired on the campaign trail.

Bush: Yes, he is a crazy banana, a little fruity for sure....

Robertson: Don't tie me to Swaggart or Bakker, when I fooled around I made sure that I wasn't converted first.

Kemp: I'm not worried, if I am out of the election I plan to join the Redskins, they need a QB.

OUCH



YACC Fall 04

A (Swider): A Vie S A Bud-Tri, A Bud-Tri
E (Burgess): F Edi S German F Yor-Nth, A Cly-Lpl

F (Mills): A Bel S F Hol, F Hol S F Ska-Nth,
F Ska-Nth, F Lon S F Ska-Nth,
 F Wme H, A Bur-Ruh

G (Bowen): (retreat F Hol-Hel) A Ruh-Bel,
 F Yor-Nth, F Hel-Hol, A Boh-Mun,
A Kie S F Hel-Hol

I (Scott): A Tyr-Tri, A Ven S A Tyr-Tri,
 F Ion-Nap, F Nap-Rom

R (Schlosser): A Den S F Bal-Kie,
 A Rum-Bud, F Bal-Kie, F Sev-Rum,
 A Ber S F Bal-Kie, A Gal S A Rum-Bud,
 A Nwy H

T (V Reynolds): (retreat F Ion-Adr)
 F Gre S F Aeg-Ion, A Ser S A Alb-Tri,
A Alb-Tri, F Tys-Tun, F Aeg-Ion,
 A Bul S A Ser

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Austrian A Bud is killed. The German A Kie is killed also.

The Turkish fleet may not retreat to Adriatic since that is where the attack that dislodged it originated, and therefore ends up in the box. Sorry 'bout that, Chief!

gained/lost

A: bud, vie (1)

E: lpl, edi (2)

F: home, spa, lon, bel, por, hol (8)

G: ber, kie, mun, den, hol (1)

I: home, tri (4)

R: home, rum, swe, nwy, den, kie, ber, bud (11)

T: home, bul, gre, ser, tun (7)

even

even

build 1

remove 3

even

build 4

build 1

CURARE FRANCE to TURKEY: Hey! I'm the one with the Jaguar, Paul's got a crate on wheels.

AHNTEK-MOHN to QUEEN SYVAASA: Cooked meat? Ugh!!

EVERGREEN: Mr. Katschke was away on a business trip—his Jaguar was idle in the garage. A pane of glass was broken, a door opened, and Bob searched for the keys.

Hours later, the garage door opened, and Bob drove out. Two garbage cans and one telephone pole later, he was on his way. Destination: Radcliff, Kentucky. But first, he had to kill Paul Mills.

HYBORIA LONDON to FRANCE: I realize that you will eventually summon the courage to attempt to fulfill your fantasy of *talking* to a member of the opposite sex. With this in mind, I am dedicating the Paul Mills Pick-Up Lines Column to your memory: I invite all those persons, male or female, to submit their favorite pick-up lines for the edification of the *Retal* membership in general. For example:

"If I told you you had a beautiful body, would you hold it against me?"

"I can sense that you're a terrific lover, and it intimidates me a little."

"Let's have breakfast together; shall I call you or nudge you?"

"If I weren't so romantic, I'd shoot you."

"I can't help noticing that you left your peas."

"The first time I saw you, I could sense that there was a strong emotional bond between the two of us."

"Isn't my father your tax attorney?"

"I bet you have delicious thighs."

"If you went swimming with me, I'd lick you dry."

"Do you believe in love at first sight? How about the synchronicity of multiple orgasms?"

"You've got the bluest eyes I've ever seen."

"My lenses turn dark in the sunshine of your love." (from the *Georgy's Girl*)

(One that I used, as I was standing next to a woman looking out the window at Louisville's first snowstorm) "Would you like to join me in the Bahama's next week?" My defense is that it was said in a way that made it clear that I wasn't serious and that seemed like the thing to say at the time (she said yes).

"Would you like to see my Congressional Medal of Honor?" then, after fumbling with finding it, "Oops! I must have left it at home."

(If you are Swedish, you could say) "Want a little Swedish in you?" Holds true for whatever ethnic group you belong to.

'Course there's always "Your face or mine?"

"What's a nice girl like you doing on a face like this?"

We mustn't forget the one used by Les Nesman in WGRP: "Hi, I'm incredibly rich."

SULTANA VICKI to FRANCE: Paul dear, once you get started, you'll forget you ever had reservations about using a nice car as bait to fuel your love life.

VIRGINIA BEACH to SULTANA: Don't say "chivalry" in front of all these damn yankees, Missy; it's distracting when they all scurry off simultaneously to their dictionaries.

BUTTERFIELD BULLETIN: Spankme Mills arrived at the office of Polyester Emmert and parked his tricycle around

back. "Polyester," Spankme exclaimed, "You've got to help me. Rockyville has taken all of my Playboys." "I'm sorry, Spankme," Polyester told him, "I'm busy defending General Noriega. Without him there will be no more Coke, and I need a jolt every now and again to keep me going. Why don't you try Alibbi?" Well, Spankme pouted and held his breath but it had no effect. Polyester seemed intent upon saving the soft drink industry. All right, he would try Alibbi. Alibbi would help him. He had to....

SNOB to BUTTERFIELD BULLETIN: Hain't you heard? Polyester died out in the preppie revolution. Kindly refer to me as either "wool-blend Emmert" or simply "The Snob." Everyone will recognize the appellation.

TURKEY to RUSSIA: Like I said, a piece of Germany, a piece of Austria, a piece....

ST PETERSBURG to PARIS: No, I'm the God of Peace, and I want a piece of you.

LAKE GENEVA: Bob pushed the Jaguar over that last hill. It's surprising how little gas you can buy for a quarter, he mused.

A quick look through the phone book, and he discovered Paul's location: "Hitler and Sons' Youth Camp."

When Bob asked to see Paul, the guards at the gate informed him that Paul was in the stockade, proving once and for all that Paul really *can* offend anyone.

Paul was out of the way, next stop: Radcliff.

TONY to CHARLIE: You've been pickled, too.

SULTANA VICKI to CHARLIE AND TONY: *Me* a sea slug?

BOB to PAUL: I'll say that you're Charlie, and John's Tony. Oh, I'll also guess that the Grey Ghost is (drum roll, please) Cory Miller. Thankyouverymuch.

NEW AURORA GAZETTE: Vicki the Vigilante roared out of her plush 46 acre estate in Radcliff in her 1988 Nissan 300ZX onto Route 1 north. Upon reaching her destination, she had her car computer triangulate the location of Mr Anonymous using one of her orbiting satellites. Locating him quickly, she leaped out of the car, her gun leveled at his head, and yelled "Don't move, Dirtbag." Mr Anonymous froze, sweat pouring down his brow. "Don't hurt me," he whimpered. "I'm only going to give you what you deserve," she exclaimed as she opened fire. A steady stream of Liquid Soap hit Mr Anonymous square in the mouth. Vicki blew on the end of the still sudsing gun, holstered it, leapt back (in a single bound, no less) into her waiting car, and sped away.

THE WOOD to SULTANA VICKI: Being pursued by two men is probably OK for a damsel. It sucks when all they want is your dots.

FRANCE to THE WOOD: Got one for me? I'll take it.

GERMANY to RUSSIA: How mighty grows the bear. How puny remains the frog. Germany and all her holdings await the march from Russia while resisting to the last the despicable French.

ANONYMOUS to AUSTRIA: The greatest good is the knowledge of the union which the mind has with the whole of nature. —Benedictus de Spinoza

GERMANY to FRANCE: Your war with me makes no sense. You and I together could have overwhelmed Russia and England. Now, R/T will devour all. Russia gains two builds, while France rebuilds annihilations.

ROCKVILLE: Only two builds? Better check again!

GERMANY TO FRANCE NEW AURORA: The sacrifice of a 76 Dodge station wagon shouldn't gain you even a handful of dirt, much less a dot. It might gain you the thanks of sports car aficionados.

THE WOOD to ROCKVILLE: Chevelle SS 396. Maybe a barely-guided missile on wheels. Certainly not much of a road car. But where in America, the land of the freeway, do you need a road car. And where else, except behind the wheel of something like a Chevelle Supersport, can you get a thrill like the one you get when you floor the accelerator and "get rubber in all four gears?"

ROCKVILLE: Did you have to pay off the judge to get your license back?

HIS HOLINESS ALIBBI to NEW AURORA: Sorry, a 76 station wagon gets you only one small curse. A plague of NMRs requires either a) hanging Keith Hernandez, Jeff Leonard, or Darryl Strawberry in effigy (if you hang them for real, I'll be real grateful) or B) buying me Cardinal season tickets.

However, your loyalty is noted and appreciated. Bless you!

ALIBBI to GERMANY: Zuku gu zuku. Zombila. (I curse you, infidel.)

GERMANY to NEW AURORA: So you have been reading in the world on how to choose an ally. I quite agree on the paucity of letters in most games. Including this one. However, common sense in choosing an ally must come into play. Oops! Did I expect common sense from Paul Mills? Silly me.

ROCKVILLE: Did you expect New Aurora to be Paul Mills? Silly you!

RADCLIFF: Five siphoned tanks and 12 packs of breath mints later, Bob finally reached his destination. It was relatively easy to find Vicki's house, for while there are nine Reynolds in Radcliff, only one Reynolds owns the infamous "Heartbreak Hotel."

As Bob pulled around the corner, his mouth dropped open at the sight of 300 Jaguars with big red bows parked in front of the hotel. He stepped out of the car and walked around in a depression when he saw who had fallen into this sinister trap. He walked by Dorneman, McHugh, Olsen, and Palter. But worst of all, Dick was there. It seemed that the perfumed orders were too much for him, he was a broken man.

As Bob moved closer to the Hotel, he realized why none of the men had actually been able to see the glorious Sultana. Standing in the doorway, shotgun in hand, was the most dangerous man in the hobby: Fred Davis, Jr.

All was lost.

NEW AURORA GAZETTE: Vicki the Vigilante pulled her Nissan 300ZX into Spanky's driveway. She kicked down the door to his house and slowly stalked toward Spanky's room. Ripping the door off its hinges, she stood before the quivering Spanky. In fact, he was so surprised that he had dropped the three Playboys that he had been drooling over. "You've had it, maggot," Vicki told him. Spanky was speechless for the first time in his life. Vicki just smiled and turned to leave. Spanky sighed a sigh of relief until he saw the grenade arcing toward him. The grenade exploded in a devastating blast of black ink totally destroying his collection of Playboys. Through his sobs could be heard the squealing of tires

as Vicki the Vigilante sped toward her next victim.

THE WOOD to PAUL MILLS: Did it ever occur to you that, if you wanted to receive letters, you needed to write some?

SULTANA VICKI to AUSTRIA: It's time to write your semi-annual letter. Just one will do, we'll all pass it around.

GERMANY to RUSSIA: Strategy tips from Italy? All you need now are tips on how to choose an ally from an expert. How about France.

GERMANY to BOARD: Tune in again next time for yet another chapter in the controlled destruction of the German position.

DERWOOD to DICKO: Who's the napalm bomb stone guaranteed to blow your mind?

ROCKVILLE: Would you believe Carly Simon? No. How about Sultana Vicki?

AKRID, OH to ROCKVILLE, MD: You know, you challenged my assertion about the world's worst record album. I don't believe anyone could or would own anything worse than that thing I frisbeed (I don't count Two Virgins).

ROCKVILLE: Can you really top Muhammad Ali vs Mr Tooth Decay? And I have several other equally forgettable efforts from assorted unknowns. But it pains me too greatly to listen to them to decide which one is the worst! Let me try to scrounge up that list of yours and I'll send you a tape of the top two that I don't have. Our tastes overlap a bit, but not totally. I am sure that you were as shocked as I that they could overlook The B52s completely!

ST PETERSBURG: Recent reports that the Austrian Postal Convention had been disbanded has proven false. It appears that it just moved to Venice so that the Italians could host it. Recent reports indicate that the English Postal Workers were last seen dog sledding in the Swiss Alps. However, our reporter lost sight of them when they were struck by an avalanche set off by the Boob's cacophonous yodeling.

NEW AURORA to NEW AURORA GAZETTE: I had lost Vicki in the junkyard and had switched over to a Dodge Colt. I knew she'd never suspect me of driving such an upscale car. I followed her on her date with Paul and his Jaguar, and it proved highly entertaining. Vicki started pawing the Jag, and while Paul was fighting her off, the Jaguar smashed into Vicki's parked Mazda 300ZX. What happened after that, I don't know. I was laughing too hard.

ST PETERSBURG to FAKE RUSSIA: If you're going to continue writing that boring diatribe, at least get your facts straight. Alexis is the Tsarovich, not the Tsar.

NEW AURORA to AURORA: You had your mother sign for your Playboy subscription! Is there any depth of degradation that you won't stoop to?

SULTANA VICKI to MARYLAND: Rockyville, just exactly *who* is "Typist" in the game press?

ROCKVILLE: Well, it ain't me....

RADCLIFF II: It was horrible, fifty men had died before they were able to overpower the murderous Fred Davis. Dick Martin, the hobby's truest Saint, had been the first to die.

However, Fred had been safely locked away under the supervision of the New York Game Board's invisible members. The doors to the hotel were now unguarded. The madmen rushed in, men who had waited years for this chance, wet their pants in anticipation. All the rooms were searched—nothing

was found.

The mob then went down to the cellar. Flinging the doors open, they saw a withered old toothless hag in her eighties. The men instantly fled. All except Bob. He had not traveled hundreds of miles (and written two pages of this bullshit) just

to go home empty handed. While the rest of the mob went to the nearest 7-11 for Playboys and Vaseline, Bob smiled in anticipation of his date with an older woman.

TAKE FIVE

LEX Winter 03

A (Andersson): (build A Tri, A Bud) HAS:

A Rom, A Ven, A Vie, A Gal, F Apu,
A Tri, A Bud

E (Beckett): (retreats F Stp-box, build F Lon,
F Lpl) HAS: A Nwy, F Swe, F Nth,
F Nws, F Lon, F Lpl

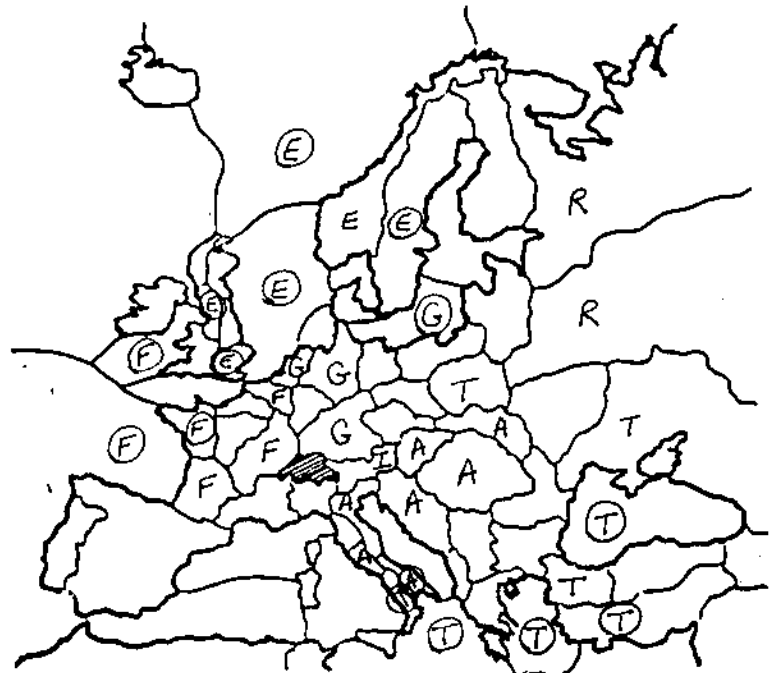
F (Stone): (build F Bre) HAS: A Bel,
A Gas, F Mao, F Iri, A Bur, F Bre

G (Callaghan): (retreat F Swe-Bal,
A War-box) HAS: A Hol, A Mun, F Bal,
A Kie

I (Jachera?): NMR (remove F Tys) HAS:
A Tyr

R (P Reynolds): (remove F Gob) HAS:
A Stp, A Mos

T (Boymel): (build F Smy, A Con) HAS:
A War, A Sev, F Bla, F Nap, F Smy,
A Con, F Aeg, F Ion



Underlined moves do not succeed?

Standby for Italy is the Everpresent Master of the Impossible, Mister Robert Olsen. Pick on me for losing games will you? We have our ways of getting even.

SMYRNA SMALLTALK: We're almost finished, gang.

Only three more verses to go. Hang tough!

Verse 11 (From a Guest Poet):

It takes a heap of sugar
To make Red M&M a sweet;
And hunger for him somehow
With him always on your mind

Verse 12

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
And off the 7-11 I go,
my sweet tooth by my side;
To reach my love, dear Red M&M,
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.

Next Month: The long-awaited finale.

ISHMAEL OF AURORA to GREY GHOST:
From Hell's heart I stab at thee

For Hate's sake I spit my last breath at thee

BERLIN to LONDON: What has the Southern Alliance promised you in return for your attacks on me? Finland? Picardy? Less poetry in the press?

GREY GHOST to LISA DRIVE: I have given up on 270 for the duration of the construction project (1994?). Seven Locks, 98% of the time, is a far, far better alternative, even from your new location.

ROCKVILLE: It all depends. If the coast is clear, 270 is much faster. If there's much traffic, then exiting at Democracy seems to work a little bit better and I can stop off at the store on the way home if the urge strikes me. Summer, typically, is much better for traffic. The weather is better, and more people are on vacation. By the time they finish that construction, it'll be time to rebuild the road! I thought the thing should be over by 1991, at least this far down county.

CONSTANTINOPLE to ROCKVILLE: Please let everyone know that the press in last month's issue entitled "Dateline—Constantinople" was not my press. I can't write nearly that well.

VIENNA to GM PART I: This is my standard Commodore Computer plug, Dick.

HYBORIA TURKEY to A-H: You know, given the events in "Hyboria," I really hate to do it, but I agree with you about Commodore. My 128 does everything I want, and I bought it complete with printer and disk drive for, as I recall, \$750. The only complaint I have is that all my software is for the C-64, and I feel I wasted a bit of money to get the 128. "Victory in the Pacific" and "Warship" are excellent games for an ex-miniatures player like myself, and the word-processing is adequate. My printer sucks, but it's a Jap-made Okidata, so what can you expect?

In case you're wondering, Dick, the reason I write this out by hand is because I have to sit on the floor crosslegged to use my computer, and my feet go to sleep. This is opposed to writing at my desk, where my hand goes to sleep.

ROCKVILLE: Why not get yourself together and write from your bed, where your whole body can get in on the act?

ANONYMOUS to TURKEY: It is certain that I (that is, my mind, by which I am what I am) is entirely and truly distinct from my body, and may exist without it. —Rene Descartes

GERMANY to FRANCE: We had a deal. Stick to it.

VOLKISSCHER BEOBACHTER ZEITUNG: Der Fuehrer announces that the Drang Nach Osten's inevitable progress has suffered a temporary setback. As soon as the Turkish hordes are defeated, the Germanic peoples of England and Germany will continue to achieve their territorial ambitions in the east.

PRAVDA: Only when the German race is dead shall we have peace. We shall kill them all.

DATELINE—CONSTANTINOPLE: Sultana Alert! Be on the lookout for a blond female, tall, stunning smile, driving a silver 300ZX. Suspect is alleged to "put down" morally lax individuals with a 357 auto-mag. Suspect is - "There you are, pond scum!" - Blam! Blam! ...vroooooom...

GERMANY to TURKEY: We never wanted Warsaw anyway. Moscow is yours, too. But as for St Pete, it's already promised to Italy. Sorry.

HOTCHKISS INSTITUTE: Dick Martin is *still* stalling the death threats issue. The socialist revolutionary Paul Mills and his minion the Grey Ghost have launched a campaign of disinformation in order to cow the west of his true intentions. The Grey Ghost is even now publishing grey press attacks against those who would stand for truth, justice, and the American Way. France has stabbed England, will soon attack Italy. Italy's defense of Christendom's southern flank is doomed to fail against the infidel's onslaught.

PRAVDA: Religion is the opiate of the masses...The basis of irreligious criticism is this: Man makes religion; religion does not make man. —Karl Marx

ANONYMOUS to LEX: Might there be cracks in the Austro-Turkish alliance's foundation?

MOSCOW to BERLIN: Well, it's been fun, but you're on your own now. Keep in touch.

BERLIN to FRANCE: That's it, upside the head! Get his attention for me, buddy. Keep Liverpool; tell him he can keep Sweden and he'll be satisfied.

MOSCOW to PARIS: Go for the little bitch's throat!

A RUMOR FROM THE TAR BABY: Dipadcedoodah!

ROCKVILLE: I'm looking forward to it.

MEDITERRANEAN ORGANIZATION OF WOMEN (MEOW) to OTTOMAN EMPIRE: "Paws Off!"

JIMMY SWAGGART to PATRON PUBBER: "I have zinned."

ROCKVILLE: Bless you, my son! It happens to the best of us.

MOSCOW to VIENNA: As usual, you are a few turns late and a few cards short (of a full deck, that is). In #116 you didn't attack Turkey but you did support my fleet—which was supporting *that* against Turkey! #117 was Winter, so you did nothing to help. You certainly have an imaginative mind (or different issues than I do). As for now, if you had been willing to ally with *me* (I admit Italy lied to you, but how did I conceivably attack you?) instead of pussyfooting around, you wouldn't have had to become a lackey to the godless Turks, and we wouldn't be in this mess.

AUSTRIA to GREY GHOST: You had better pray to whatever higher being you recognize that I never get within arms reach of you, s---h---

GREY GHOST to VIENNA: Oh pleeeeee don't hurt me, mister massuh, suh. Ah begs yo!

AUSTRIA to GREY GHOST: As Shakespeare said, "The first thing to do, is kill all the lawyers!"

GREY GHOST to AUSTRIA: I like to think that the profession of law acts as a filter, attracting all the scum and morally worthless members of a population.

ITALY to AUSTRIA-TURKEY: Thanks a lot.

TURKEY-AUSTRIA to WORLD: It's over kiddos, it's all over. Pack it in. Call it a night. Sayonara. See ya later babycakes, this one's history!

MORE PLAYLIST cont

really say why, but this is a fairly forgettable album. Was it a posthumous release?

Golden Age of Wireless, Thomas Dolby ★★
If not for "Blinded by Science" and "One of Our Submarines," this would be a totally forgettable album. Maybe I should put them on a tape or something? Science!

Freedom of Choice, Devo ★★★★★ What a shame these nice boys from Ohio decided to split up. I am certain they were destined for greatness, or at least their own personal plane of funky weirdness. Untouchable.

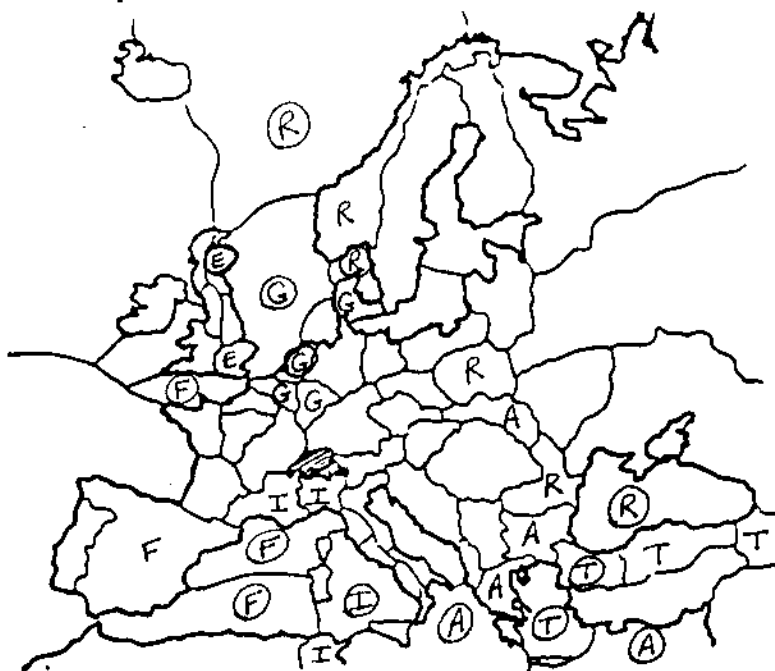
Sing it Again, Rod, Rod Stewart ★★★★★ I think this is sort of a greatest hits for Rod's early stuff. Pretty good, especially if you leave out that version of "Pinball Wizard." Yuck!

Avalon, Roxy Music ★★★★★ There are a couple very nice songs here, but much of it is a bit too homogenous and doesn't stand out as it could.

BULLETS WIN (TOO BAD)

HENWAY Fall 03

- A (Munzenmaier):** A Vie-Gal, A Bul H,
A Gre S A Bul, F Ion-Eme, F Alb-Ion
- E (Czechowski?):** NMR A Lon, F Nth,
F Edi all try to hold
- F (M Stewart):** A Bel-Hol, A Gas-Spa,
F Wme-Tys, F Eng-Lon, F Gol-Wme
- G (Heck):** (retreat F Nth-Hel) A Bur-Bel,
A Den H, F Hel-Nth, A Ruh S A Bur-Bel,
F Hol S A Bur-Bel
- I (Stone):** A Naf-Tun, F Tys-Wme,
A Mar H, F Pie S A Mar
- R (Geusz):** A Rum S Austrian A Bul,
A War H, F Ska S German F Hel-Nth,
F Bla S A Arm-Ank, A Nwy H,
A Arm-Ank, F Bar-Nws
- T (Squibb):** (retreat F Bul(sc)-Aeg)
A Ank S A Smy-Arm, F Aeg-Bul(sc),
F Con-Bla, A Smy-Arm



Underlined moves do not succeed. The English F Nth dies. The French A Bel retreats to Pic or the box. The Russian A Arm retreats to Sev, Syr, or into the box. Winter and Spring due next time, of course.

Russ Rusnak is the standby for England.

gained/lost

A: home, ser, gre, bul (6)

E: home, bel (3)

F: par, bre, mar, por, spa (4)

G: home, hol, den, bel (6)

I: home, tun, mar (5)

R: home, rum, swø, nwy (7)

T: home, bul (3)

build 1
build 1
remove 1
build 1
build 1
even
remove 1

MOJO UPDATE: The Moje and Skid are on tour. If the places they are playing in other cities is anything like the club they're playing here it should be a great tour. They booked into a club called Power Tools (and how that happened I'll never guess), the last of the real hard core punk clubs in town. This is the only place you have to stand in line to be weird (to quote a rather sensible friend of mine as he exited the bathroom "there were only two things I was going to touch in that place, my dick and my beer"). Notorious Sultan, take note. If you've never been there, you should go. (It also happens to be near the best pub in town, the Brewery Tap—20 imported beers on tap!)

ROCKVILLE: I'll have to catch them next time they're in town. And the record is a "must have" as soon as I can find a copy. That one and Little Feat's "Waiting for Columbus."

SNOB to HENWAY MUNZ: I'll try the stuff you suggest. My major playlist entries are early ZZ Top (the later stuff is awful), lots of old blues (John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters and Sonny Boy Williamson, principally), any of the first

three Police albums, Steve Winwood, and the Dixie Dregs. Guess you can tell when I grew up. Oh, and the new REM ain't bad.

ROCKVILLE: Maybe not, but "Document" is the weakest of the four REM albums I have. Best is "Life's Rich Pageant."

SNOB to GERMANY: Liszt would be surprised to learn that he was a German. All this time, he thought he was Hungarian.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY to INTERESTED
FOURTH PARTY: Mind your own business, or we'll have to get tough!

MOSCOW to VIENNA: Write to me, dammit! If you're losing interest in the game, or just don't have time any more, get a substitute. It's the decent thing to do; not that you'd know anything about that. Or did I hurt your poor little ten-foot-tall ego?

SNOB to MUNZ: Then just withhold the red-hot poker. He should hate that.

MOSCOW to WORLD: If things go as planned, I will

be in Colorado for a week as you read this. Therefore, please do not expect immediate letters or replies thereof.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY to ROCKVILLE: Hey Dick, just who is this interested fourth party, anyway—and what happened to the third party?

ROCKVILLE: I don't know, I wasn't invited.

MOSCOW to WORLD: As of March 14, the baseball Cardinals have sold 2,022,000 tickets. People are talking realistically about 4 million in attendance this year. I guess this means no good seats for Phil this year (sigh). We need an expansion team.

ROCKVILLE: So do we.

JUST OUTSIDE PARIS: The President of the Third Republic was enjoying a short respite on his balcony, a pleasure made sweeter by its unexpectedness. In these gray times of war, it seemed that only an unexpected cancellation could allow for a bit of sunshine. And to think that there had been a time when cancellations made him angry! Mark Stewart leaned back in his recliner, throwing his arm over his face to protect his eyes from the sun. He smiled as the warmth penetrated his joints, and remembered countless boyhood afternoons spent in the same position. And some had claimed he was "wasting time"!

But this nap was not to be. The traitorous East Wind was blowing, and for the first time Stewart heard the artillery with his own ears. He had been told that this was possible when the wind was just right, but hadn't believed. And now it had ruined his nap.

Wearily the President stood up, yawned, and stretched hugely. Ah, he wondered, how many of the other unbelievable tales he had heard were true? Did men's feet rot off in their boots without them even realizing it? Did hundreds and thousands die battling for a few dozen square yards of mud, over and over again? The President had heard that the artillery duels often dug up and exploded the shallowly buried dead, littering their living comrades with rotting flesh and gruesome shrapnel of decaying bone. He had heard of trenches floored with bodies because there was no other way to bury them, and that as time went on the corpses became five and six deep as traffic plunged them into the eternal mud.

The President sniffed. Was there a suggestion of rot in the air?

It was a strange feeling, standing here in the sun thinking back over the reports. They had been just paper until now, ideas without substance. It had been ideas he had gone to war for, ideas like "National Security" and "Honoring Our Treaty Obligations." But what could those ideas mean to the face-down corpses in the mud? Was Mankind eternally doomed ignoble death at the hands of his pitiless machines and noble ideas?

Well, it was time for his next appointment. Mark brushed his suit back into order, and tried to put his mind at rest. He hadn't wanted this war, he told himself, and he knew it was true. So why did he still feel so empty?

And then the secretary announced the entry of the delegation of French mothers who'd lost sons, and President Mark Stewart of the Third Republic saw the death in their eyes for the first time. Tears streamed down his cheeks.

"I'm sorry," was all he was able to choke out. "I am so sorry."

TURKEY to MOSCOW, RE: Jack Kemp. Right now I

support Dole and Dukakis. Although I have a feeling Dole might be a little quick on the launch button. Unfortunately, I am looking for a candidate who would let the Defense Dept be run as a profession not as a business and who would be gung ho on the environment. Fat chance. Too many candidates are saying what they think the majority of the voters want to hear. The candidates with specific ideas are not in vogue or any other magazine.

ROCKVILLE: Dole sort of got lost by the wayside, didn't he? If any Republican can lose the election, it's Bush. The man wants the job too badly. Eight years as vice president just can't be good for a would-be president. Even worse, can the country stand another four years of "Reagan"? Jackson continues to impress. For someone who's unelectable, he certainly gets an awful lot of votes.

CONSTANTINOPLE to ROME: How come you moved west instead of into Austria-Hungary? Did my third wife offend you?

BERLIN to PARIS: Again, ver-r-ry interesting...but even more stupid!

ANOTHER POLITICAL JOKESTER: ...and a Democratic woman does it with Hart. Did you hear that he got Jimmy Swaggart's endorsement, by the way?

SHMOE IN AUSTRIA to SHMUK IN ITALY: See, you can't believe anything that froggie slimeball tells you.

VIENNA to PARIS: I resent the implication of your "rim-shooter" comment. I never "rim-shoot," nothing but "slam-dunks" from me!

HOUSTON LIGHTING AND POWER to RETAL: We did it, initial criticality 03/08/88 @05:08, and full power licensed on 03/21/88. We are the *first* and *only* commercial nuclear power plant in Texas.

ROCKVILLE: So why don't you go on up and get Shoreham running next?

MUNZ to RETAL: Be the first to get your very own Texas Nuclear Power souvenir—glow in the dark cow shit! See address list for orders.

ANONYMOUS to RUSSIA: ...I remind myself that on many occasions I have in sleep been deceived by similar illusions, and in dwelling carefully on this reflection I see so manifestly that there are no certain indications by which we may clearly distinguish wakefulness from sleep that I am lost in astonishment. And my astonishment is such that it is almost capable of persuading me that I now dream. —Meditation I, Descartes

MUNZ to DICK: Do you ever read *InfoWorld*? It's one of those free (if you lie a little) weekly computer mags. They even have a Mac section. If you don't get it let me know, I'll send you the subscription form, just tell them you work for a multinational conglomerate and are responsible for the purchase of 12 mill in computer stuff per year. It's worth it (the wear and tear on your conscience, that is).

ROCKVILLE: Let's see, if I remember correctly, I had the responsibility of purchasing about seven machines. Or have *influence* in the purchase of the machines. Well, I didn't lie totally. I counted begging for a Mac as "influence." *IW* is not bad, though they have a tendency to go hog-wild on the IBM PC and ignore everything else. Cringely's rumor page is the most interesting part. Someday I'll have to go back and see how reliable his predictions have turned out to be.

ORIOLES LOSE (WHAT, AGAIN?)

Next Of Kin Spring 03

- A (Plachta):** A Ser S A Bud-Rum,
A Tri S A Ser, A Vie S A Tri, A Bud-Rum
- E (Boymel):** F Den S Russian F Nwy-Swe,
A Yor-Lon
- F (Gonsalves):** A Mar-Bur, A Spa-Gas,
F Eng-Iri, F Pic-Eng, F Bre-Mao,
A Bel S A Mar-Bur, A Par-Pic
- G (Wilson):** A Mun H, A Hol S A Ber-Kie,
F Nwy-Ska, F Kie-Bal, A Ber-Kie
- I (P Reynolds):** A Ven S A Tyr-Tri,
A Tyr-Tri, F Gre-Alb, F Nap-Ion
- R (Schlosser):** A Ukr-Sev, A Mos-Stp,
F Gob-Swe
- T (V Reynolds):** A Bul S A Sev-Rum,
A Sev-Rum, A Con-Gre, A Arm-Sev,
F Bla S A Sev-Rum, F Aeg C A Con-Gre



Underlined moves do not succeed. I should point out that since nationalities don't matter for moves, if the German F Nwy had moved to Swe he would have had the support of the English!

Thanks to Rich Dunn for unused standby orders. Paul Boymel is the new Englishman.

ALIBBI to AUSTRIA: Zukick to bu nok. (Consider yourself zapped.)

ALIBBI SPEAKS: Zek zob zo nok. Tu bu fu gu eliopu. (I am psychic! I knew loyal follower Sultana Vicki would seek help against Austria, hence I made him NMR. I am invincible.)

AGAIN, A RUMOR FROM THE TAR BABY: Dipa-deedoodahl

ITALY to RUSSIA: No, I never meant for you to commit suicide. Obviously you don't know the meaning of "kamikaze."

SULTANA VICKI to EVERYBODY: Is anyone going to the wargame convention in Ohio on 8 April?

ROCKVILLE: Which one is that? And how was it?

ANONYMOUS to NEXT OF KIN TURKEY: The Chinese philosopher awakened with a start, for he had been dreaming that he was a butterfly. And for the rest of his days, he did not know whether he was a Chinese philosopher dreaming he was a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming he was a Chinese philosopher. —Chuang-Tzu

HYBORIA AUSTRIA to SULTANA VICKI: I know where I can get a cheap Jaguar. Unfortunately, the Memphis Zoo is a two hour drive from here, plus I'd have to get through the bars. I think Jaguars bite, don't they?

PAUL THE PUTRID, USURPER OF THE BRITISH THRONE to THE NOBLE SMURFETTE: Hey, babe, there's a new air of machismo on the map now! Just let me get a bit of strength back and I'll come by your country to show

what a *real* plunderer can do!! (What? Oh, yes dear, I'll finish the dishes and the mopping as soon as I write a bit more press. Please? No, it is *not* a stupid little game for preadolescents. Oh, all right, I'll get busy now.) Anyway, just you wait Smurfette. I'm on my way!

THE NOBLE SMURFETTE to PAUL THE PUTRID, USURPER OF THE BRITISH THRONE: Oh, merde, there goes the neighborhood. Martin, surely you had something better than *that* to place into the crown of the Britain of Queen Victoria?! My only regret is that I am too far away to do any damage to that foul fiend. Faithful Phil, lowly lackey, head for the Channel immediately. I'll finish off Austria and Russia myself while you fumigate the map for me.

ROCKVILLE: Sorry, Paul was the best Queen of England I could come up with on short notice.

PHAITHFUL PHIL to THE NOBLE SMURFETTE: Your every wish is my command, milady. I will follow you to the death, fair princess. Michael, make way please, I head for the Channel on my fair demimondaine's errand.

THE NOBLE SMURFETTE to PHATHEAD PHIL: That's *demoiselle*, you nitwit!

PHATHEAD PHIL to THE NOBLE SMURFETTE: Sorry about that, my liege.

THE TURKISH TATTLETAIL: Sultana Vicki of the Triple Chins squeezed into her leather jacket and mounted her Harley motorcycle. She had a meeting of the Militant Granny Bikers to attend. As she rolled through town, a Russian yelled, "Shit, look at that hog." She promptly ran him over.

ENGLAND to FRANCE: King Paul, the self-proclaimed pope, would love to persuade you to change your ways.

THE WORLD to AUSTRIA: Why do you feel you're about to be fucked? Because you allied with the biggest loser on the board.

SULTANA VICKI to MARYLAND: Rockyville, Commodore owners are not computer illiterates.

ROCKVILLE: Could have fooled me. No, that's not true. Mac users are the computer illiterates. And it's so nice, too!

BRER PHIL to SULTANA VICKI: Meet you in the Briar Patch, OK?

SULTANA VICKI to AUSTRIA: It's *still* not too late.

SULTANA VICKI to RUSSIA: We can *still* be allies.

RUSSIA to TURKEY: You'll miss me when I'm gone.

SULTANA VICKI to RUSSIA: Your press is as limited as your progress.

ITALY to FRANCE: Soon you'll be thinking about your midgame and the best way of taking me out. I've listened to your warm fuzzies long enough. I may be dumb, but I'm not stupid.

RUSSIA to ITALY: Have you been taking toading lessons from Olsen?

UKRAINIAN ARMY to BUDAPEST: Do you want my support into Rumania or not? We have got to start somewhere.

TURKEY to RUSSIA: Give up? You should be getting tired by now.

ROME to AUSTRIA: If you're Rich, sorry. I thought you were Plachta. (I think they've got oral rinses for that now.)

THE TURKISH TATTLETAIL: The Austrian hasn't been seen since he accepted a dinner invitation from Sultana Vicki of the Varicose Veins. He was last seen following a trail of bread crumbs to her gingerbread house.

THE NEW CHAPTER OF THE FRENCHMAN'S TALE: The Happy Hopper Goes to Liverpool.

ROME to BERLIN: I second Par's emotion.

ROME to PARIS: Is it too much for me to ask you to write legibly? I have the feeling that there is great wisdom in your letters, but I'm having trouble finding it.

TUNISIAN WOMEN to ITALIAN SAILORS: We want it! We want it *bad!*

ROCKVILLE: If you want it from Italian sailors, *bad* is all you'll get!

LEX GOB to KIN GOB: I know exactly how you feel.

A LITTLE RAIN MUST FALL

Murphy's Revenge Spring 02

A (Milewski): A Ser S F Gre-Bul(sc),

A Tri S A Ser, F Gre-Bul(sc)

E (Ferrier): A Bre S F Eng-Pic, F Nwy-Ska,

F Eng-Pic, F Lon S F Edi-Nth, F Edi-Nth

F (Huffman): A Pic S A Par-Bre, A Spa-Gas,

F Por-Mao, A Par-Bre

G (A Stewart): F Den S F Ber-Bal, A Bel H,

A Hol-Bel, F Kie-Hol, F Ber-Bal,

A Mun-Tyr

I (Weseman): A Ven-Tri, F Ion-Adr,

F Nap-Ion, A Tun H

R (Henry): A Rum S A Gal-Bud, A Gal-Bud,

F Swe S F Stp(nc)-Nwy, F Sev H,

A Mos-Ukr, F Stp(nc)-Nwy

T (O'Brien): A Bul-Rum, A Arm-Sev,

F Ank-Bla, F Con S F Ank-Bla



Underlined moves do not succeed. The Turkish A Bul is blown up.

Paul Milewski is the new Austrian player. Mark Weseman has a new address in the list. Another local!

EVERGREEN to HEADCHEESE HUFFMAN: At the risk of having you bring to bear another .4% of your throbbing intellect against me, and to avoid preying on the patience of our gracious GM, I will be brief: My Dearest Dan, you are a headcheese. Get stuffed, you silly goon. Fondly yours, S Heller, Esq.

PS: Your zoology is inane.

RUSSIA to TURKEY: You're baked.

RUSSIA to AUSTRIA: You're backed too.

ANONYMOUS to ENGLAND: ...All that up to the present time I have accepted as most true and certain I have learned either from the senses are deceptive, and it is wiser not to trust entirely to anything by which we have once been deceived. — Meditation I, DesCartes

TURKEY to BOARD: Goddammit, give me something to shoot at.

ROCKVILLE: Spoken like a true military man.

AUSTRIA to RUSSIA: OK, so the Hungarians don't want to fight for us. Not a problem; we'll play short. If Spud Webb can do it, so can we—I just wish Dominique would show up.

ROCKVILLE: Spud can do it on his own, from what I've seen.

ROME to ROCKVILLE: The Phoenix Cardinals?

ROCKVILLE: Proud members of the NFC Eastern Division, of course.

MOSCOW to ROCKVILLE: You guys keep crying about your Orioles. How do you think us Toronto Blue Jay fans feel. In this city, the catch word for sports fan is either masochist or "wanna see." Maple Leaf fans (I am one from way back) are masochists, while Jay fans "wanna see" a World Series in Canada. Wishful thinking, eh?

ROCKVILLE: As I write this the Orioles are 0-6. If you'd like to work a trade, we would be more than happy to accommodate.

ROME to ROCKVILLE: Maybe the Tigers and Orioles can battle for the cellar.

ROCKVILLE: Well, Detroit sure has their work cut out for them!

"THE TIMES", LONDON: The French advisor to the King seems confused. "First, I need an Intelligence Service," he remarked today. "Except for the Russian, Austrian, German alliance, known as the RAG, Europe seems to have no purpose or direction. It's hard to advise a King who has no friends."

LONDON to ITALY: I write! I write! How come no answer? Can't you understand an American with a French name who's advising an English King? In California Spanish style terms, yet?

TASS to PRAVDA: Let it be known to all that the time Pravda has been spewing out its capitalistic right wing type propaganda. Tass has silently been biding its time waiting, watching, anticipating. Well *enough is enough*. Tass does not proclaim how long the Russians have cast an eye westward. Tass does not spew forth gibberish about how the Czar, Tsar (or whatever) will last. We *know* it will be forever. Not only does Pravda print bad news, it is also very old news. If Pravda must continue, we hope it shall be something original. Like Turkey is changing from Islam to Catholic. Remember, as a good communist it is your duty to only listen to news that has been authorized to be news.

MOSCOW to ITALY: I agree with what you had to say—make your move and I'll make mine.

MOSCOW to ENGLAND: I hope to hear from you soon so we can set up an Eastern agreement.

MOSCOW to PARIS: What can I say but...Banzail

ROME: Alberto "La Bomba" Tomba has been posted as the new ambassador to Germany. It is hoped his friendship with Katerina Witt can secure a friendship pact between Germany and Italy.

ROME to VIENNA: Your silence precipitated my moves.

THE TSAR: And the fact that your head is empty is just a coincidence, too, is it, Italy?

ROME to VIENNA: The Pope needs a new vacation spot. He prefers the Adriatic Coast to the Cote D'Azur. Please remove your Army in Trieste, so The Pope may enter.

BERLIN: Hey, where's our Boardman Numbers. This is anarchy! (The condition, not the game.)

ROCKVILLE: You bring up an interesting point here, Alan, and I'll have to study it carefully...for about three years or so. Can I get back to you on this one? Thank you for your concern, and please write again soon!

YE OLDE PRESSE JUDGES

Where the few, the bold, the potted plants, cast their votes for the best press of the previous issue....

Daryl Rothchild: I nominate The Turkish Tattletail for the best press last time. The Bathroom Cabinet had a nice flush to it!

Derwood Bowen: Since you want press nominees, how about Versailles from Habeas Corpus (pg 7). It appears to be the best of some mostly mediocre press releases. Maybe, for runner-up, The Turkish Tattletail from Next of Kin (pg 21).

Steve Emmert: Now, then. The press ain't too hot in #120. However, I cast my votes for Vicki's "Sultana Vicki to New Aurora Gazette" near the end of page 13, and the "Constantinople News Service" release on page 9. If I were to vote my conscience, I'd abstain, believing it improper to cast a vote for one's self. Or something like that.

I'm really looking forward to seeing how this comes out. Of course, the entire poll is skewed (aren't they all, in one way or another?) by the absence of any Schenck or Wheat press.

Bob Gossage: My vote for best press release goes to New Aurora (page 13, bottom of first column)—at least it's the most truthful.

Typist: Turkish Tattletail, page 20 (the *first* TT). Otherwise, not a good issue for press.

Rockville: We're mostly agreed then, Turkish Tattletail (one of them, anyway), wins the free issue for press last time. Don't worry, I think this issue should provide better candidates. Vote early, vote often!

ORIOLES LOSE, CAPS WIN SERIES!



Seven Wonders Winter 01

- A (Taylor):** (build A Bud) HAS: A Boh, A Ser, F Alb, A Bud
- E (Cronin):** (build F Lon, F Lpl) HAS: A Bel, F Nwy, F Eng, F Lon, F Lpl
- F (Cardell):** (build F Mar, A Par) HAS: A Bre, A Spa, F Por, F Mar, A Par
- G (Zulkowski):** (build A Ber) HAS: A Kie, F Hol, A Ber
- I (Fleischman):** (build A Ven, F Nap) HAS: A Mun, A Tun, F Ion, A Ven, F Nap
- R (Dunn):** (build A War, F Sev) HAS: A Mos, A Ukr, F Swe, F Rum, A War, F Sev
- T (P Reynolds):** (build F Smy) HAS: A Bul, A Ank, F Con, F Smy

Underlined moves do not succeed.

Chris Farrell resigns and is replaced as Germany.

BERLIN: Government issues brooms to armed forces, expecting sweeping changes in military.

NOTORIOUS SULTAN to CAMBRIDGE: Sorry I missed you while I was on the North Coast. Nice to see that you have a "real game." How did things come out last semester? 3.1 here. Darned good for one of the top schools in the country (*go Rice!!*), and I am satisfied. This semester, however, I begin my "advanced analysis" classes—social and political philosophy, public policy, that sort of thing. Loads of fun, really. I'm also taking a Naval Science (read NROTC) class—Seapower and Maritime Affairs. Rather enjoyable. There's a good chance I'll be spending my spring break (28 Feb–4 Mar) at Camp Lejeune for Marine corps Orientation. Can't wait. Curtis is going on that one, too. He's signed up for an additional sail cruise early this summer and won't be back home 'till July (late). Ah, the hardships a midshipman must suffer that he may attend a top ranked school at virtually no cost to himself.

ROCKVILLE: Not "virtually no cost," the middies actually get *paid* to put up with their education! Still not something I'd subject myself to, though.

HYBORIA LONDON to CAMBRIDGE: While I agree overall about your comments on the Amiga (lucky for you), I don't see how you can say that the Mac has better graphics, unless you were looking at some below average programming. The hardware will improve with time, just as the Mac's did.

ROCKVILLE: The Amiga is about as old as the Mac. Don't you think it's about time the improvements started?

BERLIN MOM to WORLD: Where's my Danny boy?

RUSSIA to TURKEY: Soon the fun begins!

ANONYMOUS to RUSSIA: ...For I think nobody can, in earnest, be so skeptical as to be uncertain of the existence of those things which he sees and feels. At least, he that can doubt so far, (whatever he may have with his own thoughts) will never have any controversy with me, since he can never be sure I say anything contrary to his own opinion. —John Locke

LONDON: The Prime Minister of the Wind and Waves Salutes Europe. The Wind and Waves are warm and beautiful, full of neat fishies as I surf over them. No oil on the water here. The English regatta will be held this spring. Only Commonwealth nations are eligible.

DER BERLINER: The Kinky Kaiser's fetish for sado-masochistic ritual was revealed to the world this year as he clutched his ankles, bent over and took it like a man! We boys in Berlin say that Kaiser's a Kutie!

KIEL KRONICLE: Housewives, schoolchildren and hard-working men and women are seriously concerned for their futures as the "Kinky Kaiser" squanders the fortunes of a nation. Italian men are romancing frauleins throughout Bavaria and all Suddeutchland. The Italian and his Austrian consort are taking Europe by storm. Rumors of marriage abound and tongues are clucking all over European Capitals.

SMYRNA to NAPLES: Well, I guess I bought yours as much as you bought mine. Too bad.

ITALY to TURKEY: The temptation is right there next to me, I'll admit.

AUSTRIA: Dear Caesar, I like the way you sneakily shortchanged me in 01. Another one like that and the Sultan

will be in Naples soon. Your claims to Lepanto are not going to materialize now.

ASSOCIATED PRESS to ALFI AUTHOR: Looks like you got the wrong scoop, boy!

ANKARA to PARIS: Please give Germany some help, if possible. Put Italy in its place: back in the boot.

ITALY: Damn it Taylor, you missed Greece, now what? You greedy fool. The R-T juggernaut will roll now.

ANKARA to VIENNA: Sorry, I didn't mean to bounce you out of Greece. I had mailed new orders to support Italy's army there, but the USPS caught me reusing stamps!

ROCKVILLE: You crook!

(AP): Recent reports credit the low morale of the Austro-

Italian alliance to the inhospitality of the native Greek and Tunisian female populace towards the alliance's invading troops. The Mediterranean Organization of Women (MEOW) has asked that the benevolent Ottoman Empire intervene on its behalf. The group's official stance on the Austro-Italian alliance: "Paws Off!"

- **STILL A RUMOR FROM THE TAR BABY:** Dipa-deedoodah!

ANKARA to LONDON: Just as we planned...

BRER PHIL to RED RICH: Meet you in the Briar Patch! (I invited Sultana Vicki, too!)

ROCKVILLE: Sounds kinky! But why wasn't I invited to the party? The story of my life....

Brilliant Disguise Winter 00

A (Zulkowski): A Vie, A Bud, F Tri

E (Farha): A Lpl, F Edi, F Lon

F (Holley): A Par, A Mar, F Bre

G (Roberts): A Ber, A Mun, F Kie

I (Reiff): A Ven, A Rom, F Nap

R (Wallstrom): A Mos, A War, F Stp(sc), F Sev

T ("Fritz"): A Con, A Smy, F Ank

Brent Farha already has a new address! Check it out in the address list, eh? And a press release or two to start out

SLOBOVIA: It seems that the spectre of neutrality has reared its ugly head as several Mediterranean powers scramble to ally, with promises of neutrality, non-aggression, and the like. Although this is a standard practice and politics, and can probably be dismissed as rampaging paranoia brought about by countries trying to make ends meet in this changing day to day world; the tension is getting so thick you can cut it with a sledgehammer.

Sources from the European desk of our own Ministry of Government Coverups indicated that these are troubled times and it seems that "a great game is being played" by the world's superpowers.

It is unknown what effect worldwide these European tensions will have, but sources in the United States have indicated that there was a sharp rise in the price of pimento loaf. Whether this rise is due to the European situation or the fact that members of OPLEC, the Organization of Pimento Loaf Exporting Countries are planning to meet in Toledo next year is uncertain and we will have more information when it develops.

JANUARY 1988, HAPPY MEADOWS:

Counsellor: Good afternoon. Please sit down
Mr. —

Philosopher: Philosopher. Please don't use my real name; my enemies might be listening.

C: Ah, yes. If I remember correctly, these "enemies" of yours are the reason you gave for scheduling this meeting.

P: I suppose so. Actually I'm not really sure why I'm here I've been so...*confused* you could say. I've been under a lot of pressure lately. But everybody gets confused now and then. It's perfectly natural. I'm just confused, that's all. You would be too, if you'd been through what I have. But there's no real reason why I should be here. I'm no fruitcake.

C: Now, now. Nobody is calling you a fruitcake.

P: Hah! That's what you think. You don't have people staring at you out of the corners of their eyes. You're not avoided by your best friends. You don't have a family who thinks you should see a shrink. But the worst part is coming to you self-satisfied "doctors" who want to be my "friends." You examine people like bus, tell them that they have problems because they've always wanted to kill their mothers or something, and then have the gall to say, "Nobody is calling you a fruitcake."

C: Goodness no, that's not at all what we do here. I don't want to try to tell you what is wrong with you. I just want to help you find ways to solve your problems yourself, if you ever have any. You know, you can solve half of a problem just by saying what it is. Why, I bet that if you'd just explain about these "enemies" of yours to me, or a wall, or anything at all, you'd feel like a new man.

P: A wall would probably understand as well as you. Nobody can understand me but blooded Diplomacy players, and they all have declared war on me.

A: Aaah, perhaps I would understand better than you think. My brother was a Diplomacy player, and a good one too. Diplomacy used to be his life. he had to retire, though, after losing both his legs at ComeCon IV.

P: Oh I'm sorry. I didn't mean....

C: That's quite all right, you couldn't have known. But let's not cry over spilled milk. You say you play Diplomacy?

P: Yes. That is no. I mean, I used to. I learned the game about two years ago from this Russian guy who had been a political prisoner for 29 years before they kicked him to the West. he got his time for claiming that Diplomacy was *not* the ultimate expression of capitalist decadence, indeed, that it was a pretty neat game.

Anyway, I bought a Dip set and started to teach it to my friends. It caught on pretty fast, and before long we were playing weekly. We had a great time beating each other to bits.

Not long ago, though, everything fell apart. You see, I was playing the Sultan on a normal game, and was sweeping the board with Italy. Our only problem was that England threatened to cork the Mediterranean if I didn't stab Italy (or vice versa). Suddenly, (I still don't know quite how it happened) I had a chance to put the knife to Italy and pick up four supply centers in one move.

You've gotta believe me, Doc, I never even wanted to be in that position at all. But as it was I had no choice. You understand, don't you? I didn't

stab him.

C: You what??

P: It was awful. England was dumbfounded, and just kept looking from me to the board and back again. The Kaiser mumbled something about feeling sick, and slipped out the back door. But Italy was outraged. He knocked the board across the room, yelling that *he* wasn't going to play with any lily-livered, cheatin' son-of-a-bitch who didn't know anything about manners. He stormed out swearing vengeance. I felt terrible.

C: There, there, it's not so bad. We all make mistakes every now and then. The important thing is to do it better next time. You just sign yourself up for a game, stab a few people, and you and your "enemies" will be laughing together like old pals in no time.

P: But I don't think I made a mistake. I *wanted* to be honest.

C: Hmmm... Well, that's not so unusual. You have to be honest every now and then just to keep the other players on their toes.

P: Doc, you don't understand. I'm always honest in Dip games.

C: Pardon?

P: I said, I'm always honest in Dip games.

C: Boy, you *are* a fruitcake!

FRITZ to EVERYBODY, ESPECIALLY ALIBBI: Owl anguish languish fate fool butcher ben stew gut juice stop aye away churn aches preser lease stop (Translation: Let's get a code going that takes a little brain power.)

FRITZ to WORLD: I've been thinking about buying computer Diplomacy, but I'd like to know what I'm getting first. Is it worth the money? What is it like?

ROCKVILLE: From what I hear, the computer Dip game is not so hot. In fact, it's a waste of money. The six computer "enemies" are little better than random moves. Save your money.

TURKEY to WORLD: No.

FINITO DE PLAYLIST

Close to the Edge, Yes ★★★★★ The consummate geniuses of art-rock at their finest. Not quite five ★ today, but pretty darn close.

Graceland, Paul Simon ★★★★★ Nice to see Simon making decent music again, and maybe even better than ever.

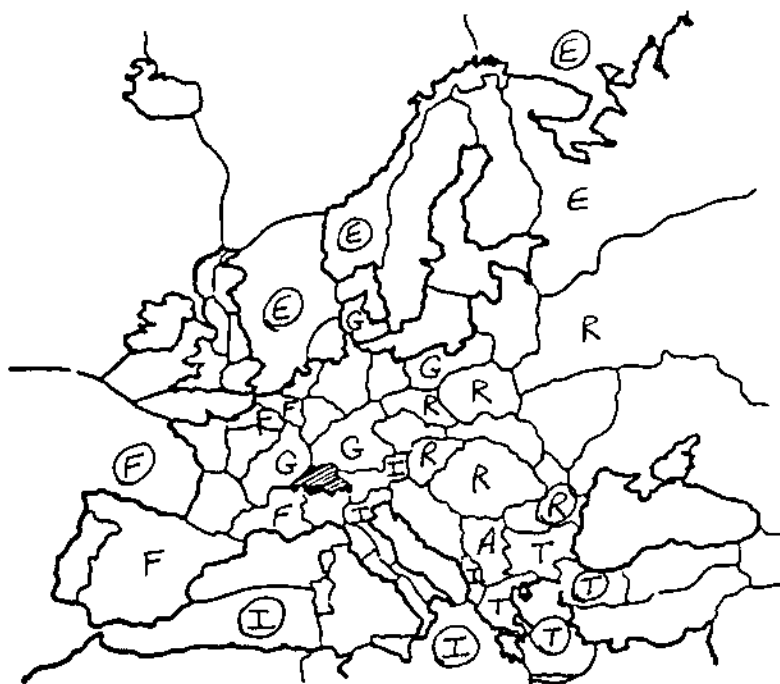
One Way Home, Hooters ★★★★★ This is pop music the way it should be played: with a

very hard edge. Not quite as good as their first album, but not a weak song in the set.

Nervous Night, Hooters ★★★★★ From beginning to end this is one of the best records I own. They play hard, melodic rock and roll with power to burn. And they do.

This Is, Big Audio Dynamite ★★★★★ Another of my personal faves. BAD combines extremely catchy dance music with interesting sound effects, mostly pulled from movies.

THE BALANCE OF POWER



gained/lost

A: vie, ser (1)

E: home, stp, nwy (5)

F: home, spa, por, bel (6)

G: home, hol, bel, den (5)

I: home, tun, tri (5)

R: mos, war, sev, swe, rum, bud, nwy, vie (7)

T: home, bul, gre (5)

Lympie Fall 03

A (Spaceman Spiff): A Ser H

E (Slick): A Stp S F Ska-Nwy, F Bar-Nws,
F Ska-Nwy, F Nth S A Ska-Nwy

F (Akbar): A Bur-Bel, F Mao C A Bre-Spa,
A Mar-Bur, A Pic S A Bur-Bel, A Bre-Spa

G (Binkie): A Swe-Den, A Mun-Bur, F Bel-Pic,
A Sil-War, A Boh-Mun, A Pru S A Sil-War

I (Plaza-Toro): A Tyr-Tri, A Alb S F Ion-Gre,
F Wme S French A Mar-Spa, F Ion-Gre,
A Ven S A Tyr-Tri

R (Bond, James Bond): A Bud-Tri, A Gal-Sil,
F Nwy-Nws, F Rum H, A Vie S A Bud-Tri,
A War S A Gal-Sil, A Mos S A War

T (Reagan): A Gre S A Bul-Ser, A Bul-Ser,
F Con-Bul(sc), F Aeg S A Gre

Underlined moves do not succeed. The German F Bel retreats to Hol, Eng, or the box, and his A Sil can retreat to Ber, Boh, or box. The Russian F Nwy can retreat to Swe or the box.

even

build 1

build 1

remove 1

even

even

build 1

SOME END NOTES:

As I mentioned earlier, both the regular gunboat and gunboat tournament games have filled. With that in mind, openings for new games are closed here for the time being. I've about reached my limit, and would like to ease back a little bit as I coast into my golden years. Plus I'm contemplating a major Dip undertaking for 1990, but I'll have to cut back drastically on my game load to do it. So stay tuned.

Results for the Dirty Laundry games will go out separately this time, as I try to hold to the three ounce limit. Quite a postage increase this time, ouch! With the ever-decreasing quality of service, I can't help but surmise that the increase is largely related to an increase in storage costs.

The startup announcements for the new games will also go out as either inserts or under separate

cover. The tourney theme this time will be *Seven Dwarfs* (Sneezy, Sleepy, Happy, Grumpy, Doc, Bashful, and Brucey). The regular gunboat will be the *Manuel Noriega Pro-Am*. Look for them at disreputable booksellers near you.

Speaking of which, our next feud: Crown Books. We shall see who's tougher! Bet on us!

I don't mind answering your questions in the Doctor Dicko column, in fact it's fun, easy writing for me (any easy writing is by definition fun, far as I'm concerned). But a great many of your Dip-related questions may be better answered by a quick read of *Masters of Deceit*, a collection of articles directed at the novice dipster and outlining many of the more esoteric goings on of dipdom, aka "The Hobby." Send Steve Arnawoodian a dollar for a copy, and you won't regret the decision. *MoD* is also a better introduction than I can or will give you.

WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A PLAYER LIST?

- Andersson, David 5709 Brown Ave, Fort Knox, KY 40121-2003
Arnawoodian, Steve 602 Hemlock Cir, Lansdale, PA 19446-6030 (Masters of Deceit)
Beckett, Scott 5348 Tall Tree Way, West Chester, OH 45069
Bowen, Derwood 989 Morningview, Akron, OH 44305
Boymel, Paul 12110 Greenleaf Ave, Potomac, MD 20854
Burgess, Jim 100 Holden St, 3rd Left, Providence, RI 02908-5731
Callaghan, John 1505 Philadelphia Rd, Aberdeen, MD 21001
Cardell, Dan 2703 Glenmore Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15216
Condit, Steve 2352 N 147th St, Seattle, WA 98133
Cronin, Larry Project Hope/Ministry of Health, St Georges, GRENADA West Indies
Czechowski Jr, Ed 3306 Elm St, Toledo, OH 43608
Dorneman, Stephen 95 Federal St, #2, Lynn, MA 01905-2230
Dunn, Rich 19420 Normandy Park Dr, Seattle, WA 98166-4132
Emmert, Steve 1752 Grey Friars Chase, Virginia Beach, VA 23456
Farha, Brent 1719 W 20th, Lawrence, KS 66046
Ferrier, Lee 5957 Crowder Way, Sacramento, CA 95842-3070
Fleischman, Jon 3318 S Bentley Ave, Los Angeles, CA 90034
Geusz, Phil 1521 West Field, Ellisville, MO 63011
Gonsalves, Michael 1401 Haven Rd, #T6, Hagerstown, MD 21740-3071
Gorham, Dan 800 S Euclid St, Fullerton, CA 92632-2913
Gossage, Jr, Bob 9201 S Central Park Ave, Evergreen Park, IL 60642-1405
Hakey, Ernest 63 Medford St, Medford, MA 02155-6547
Heck, Jon 911 5th Ave SW, Cullman, AL 35055
Heller, Steve Evergreen College E207, Olympia, WA 98505
Henry, PTE Brent CFB Borden, Base Supply, Borden, Ont, CAN L0M 1C0
Holley, Melinda PO Box 2793, Huntington, WV 25727-2793
Huffman, Dan 12843 Locbury Cir, #C, Germantown, MD 20874
Hymel, Erik 8 Woodridge Cir, Gales Ferry, CT 06355
Jachera, Steven PO Box 1508, Wayne, NJ 07470
Lilleleht, Mark PO Box 3166, Charlottesville, VA 22903-0166
McHugh, Jack 730 Union St, #8, Allentown, PA 18101-2212
Milewski, Paul PO Box 256, Batavia, OH 45103
Mills, Paul 2564 Prarieview Ln S, Aurora, IL 60504-6370
Munzenmaier, David 707 El Dorado Blvd, #124, Houston, TX 77062-4001
O'Brien, Pat C Co, 2/6 Inf, APO NY, NY 09066-1236
Olsen, Bob 6818 Winterberry Cir, Wichita, KS 67226-1253
Ouzts, Jay Box 2722, DSU, Cleveland, MS 38733
"Philosopher Fritz", Andersenstr. 6, 2875 Ganderkesee 2, W GERM
Plachta, Tom 2260 West Dr, Mt Pleasant, MI 48858-2056
Pribe, Andy 3133B Evening Way, La Jolla, CA 92037
Reiff, Bruce 36 S Main St, Rittman, OH 44270
Reynolds, Philip 2896 Oak St, Sarasota, FL 34237
Reynolds, Vicki PO Box 1261, Radcliff, KY 40160
Richter, Brady 54 Fries Ln, Cherry Hill, NJ 08003-2506

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Roberts, Bruce 2303 Savannah, Wichita, KS 67217-1742
Robles, Bob 59 Trinidad Ave, Hershey, PA 17033-1386
Rothchild, Daryl Box 204, Delmont, SD 57330-0204
Rush, Steve 6301 Lyndale Ave S, #102, Richfield, MN 55423
Rusnak, Russ 1551 High Ridge Pkwy, Westchester, IL 60153
Sargent, Mike PO Box 190286, Anchorage, AK 99519-0286
Schenck, Garret 40 3rd Place, Basement Apt, Brooklyn, NY 11231-3302
Schlosser, John 107 Cottage St, #4B, New Haven, CT 06511-2414
Scott, Mike 857 N Greenpark Ave, Covina, CA 91724-2613
Senturia, Harris Brown College, PO Box 2168, Houston, TX 77252
Squibb, Steve 377 Mooredale Rd, Carlisle, PA 17013
Stanger, Jim 5110 Park Ave, Indianapolis, IN 46205
Stewart, Alan 702-25 St Mary St, Toronto, Ont, CAN M4Y 1R2
Stewart, Mark 1420 W 2nd Ave, Oshkosh, WI 54901
Stone, Larry 1924 Stevens Ave S, #7, Minneapolis, MN 55403
Swider, Tom 262-D Garfield Ave, Collingswood, NJ 08108
Taylor, Tom 2023 Englewood Ave, Baltimore, MD 21207
Vu, Nhan 626 Heather Ave, Placentia, CA 92670-3228
Wallstrom, Gary 388 Lincoln St, Abington, MA 02351
Weseman, Mark 129 E Welcome, #1, Mankato, MN 56001
Wheet, Richard 7865 Fairway Rd, Waco, TX 76710
Wilson, Brad PO Box 126, Wayne, PA 19087
Yakey, Pat Box 140, Mode, IL 62444-0140
Zulkowski, Zachary 264 Hale St, New Brunswick, NJ 08901

Dick Martin
17601 Lisa Drive
Rockville, MD 20855-1319
(301) 948-3146



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