

# HONEY! I'M HOME!

October 10, 1981

LIKE A LEAD BALLOON

#41/42

Meaningless Meanderings

DIAS

Charging out of your mailbox as fast as your little hands can carry it is this still-shrinking issue of RETALIATION, usually published every fourth Saturday. Ah, it is a relief both to have a great typewriter to type on, and that evil Konrad type not here to take advantage of it! Boohooaha! Ahem, as I was saying, this comes to you for the mere price of 40¢/issue (of which this is a double) for old subbers, or people who are new, yet talk me into the cheap rate. Other new subbers have to pay double that. Pretty prohibitive, huh? I sure wouldn't pay that much for this thing. Then again, I publish it, so I get my copy free. Otherwise, I would go broke.

Also published here is GRAB DOTS!! a zeen much like this one, only smaller, containing game reports only. It comes free to all players in there and the BNC, or 75¢/issue to non-players. Are you beginning to get the impression that I don't like to send out huge piles of zeens? After collating this last issue there was a stack of zeens about a foot high at my feet. I didn't even realize how massive that was until I helped Konrad do his issues #4 & #5 of GIVE ME YOUR MONEY (PLEASE). And to think, this thing was smaller than that when it started. Not that I really want to be a tiny zeen again, just having a fit of nostalgia is all....

Oh yeah, traders get this thing "free" of course. But I don't trade with everybody anymore. Certainly not like I used to, that's for sure. I used to trade with about 25-30 pubbers, but now am down to about 15 trades with 5 or so mutual subs. Not that this really means anything to you, I'm just rambling. Picked up a bunch of new folks since Gencon/Leeder Poll time though, so am back up to about 55-60 "paying" subbers. All this inspired by a short note on the outside of a John Michalski (mihHOLLski) envelope. Either that, or I haven't really considered what I should write my front page article about. Probably a combination of both. Yes, definitely.

Some of you kids have even asked, "Uncle Dicky, do you have game openings?" And for once, I am answering with a definite YES!! Not just game openings, but for regular Diplomacy, no less. Probably three games, who knows? At least one will be GMed by Don Sigwalt, with the other two by me. I think one (maybe two) will go into GRAB DOTS!! while the rest stay here. Fees? Well, no game fees, that's for sure. BUT, and this is a big point, there is some expense to this. Namely, an \$8 (!!!) NMR fee for games to be run in RETAL, and a \$3 life of position sub fee + \$5 NMR fee for games run in GD!! Hows them pickins? I'd like to fill these games up with present subbers, if at all possible, before I open them up and publicize them to the whole hobby. How 'bout that, preferential treatment. Well, don't just sit there, send in the \$\$ and a pref list!! I'll even put you in on credit if you promise to pay up by W01 (do you get the impression that I'm operating on a shoestring budget at the moment? You should.). I doubt that the games will fill by November 1, which will be when I announce them across the hobby hotlines. Hmmmm...how else to fill up the page...?

Well, I could apologize for some very lazy GMing I've done over the past few months. I got into a couple bad habits when I was putting out the 40+ page issues, not taking any time to check game reports primarily. Well, those days are hopefully over. I'm out of work once again and ambivalent about getting a new job (I'm broke, but pretty content), so I should have time to do a good job on my GMing, eh? If I don't have to study all weekend (like this weekend, for instance), and without six games to do (plus press- it's fun, but I'm really a pretty slow typist, about one page per hour on the average) I should be able to do the ones I do do right. Pretty clever sounding, but do you follow me? And to help me out a bit, I'd like you to vote on a few things (I know, "GROAN! NOT ANOTHER VOTE ON HOUSERULES!") for me. Look for them under the exciting HR discussion section, OK? This is for PLAYERS ONLY (the vote), but anyone is welcome to comment.

Well, on to the rest of the zeen, I managed to squirm out of doing an article this time. I'll be back with one next month though (at least in PLAGUE TIMES)! The next bunch of pages were sent in by Bob Osuch (WOODPECKER). Read MASS MURDERS!!! It is GREAT!!!

"Be careful, Father, it's a jungle out there!"

"Not to worry, Maudie. If anyone bothers me I'll just club them to death with this issue number one of



Welcome to the world of WOODPECKER, a gamezine dedicated to the art of crossgaming and Deb Osborne, in that order. Not really. Actually, it will be a Diplomacy zeen featuring games, letters, short stories, art and me(!), Steve Arnawoodian, 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, PA 19446. Subscriptions are available at the rate of 10/\$4. I will be opening up three games of regular Dip for starters, \$3 gamefee, and you must maintain a sub. So far I have no subbers, but I expect that to change once enough of you people see this product.

Diplomacy is the trademark for a game copyrighted by Avalon Hill and invented by Allan Calhamer. If I don't say this, they might sue me, and I'm worth far too much money for that.

#### ABOUT THE EDITOR

I suppose some of you may be shocked when you see this. After all, I was supposed to be copubbing a zeen called Coat Of Arms with Tom Mainardi. Well, I'm still doing that, but "Coat Of Arms" is such a mediocre name that I decided to name my half of the zeen "Woodpecker". So, if you subscribe to Coat Of Arms, you'll receive Woodpecker, and vice versa. But that's not what I came here to talk about. You wanted to know about me.

People tell me I'm a great guy, and I have no reason to doubt their word. I own a dry cleaning business, which I will tell you more about later. I got into the postal Dip hobby out of boredom, quickly became known as one of the game's outstanding players, and eventually became secretary of the American Crossgame Society. My distinguishing physical characteristic is a large beauty mark on my right cheek. Byrne constantly calls it a mole and likes to kid me about it, but jealousy will get her nowhere. I could go on forever, but you'll get to know me by subbing, so why should I ruin the experience for you?

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Each month I will write an article so that you too can become a great Diplomacy player. This month I proudly present:

#### CROSSGAMING: WAVE OF THE FUTURE

by Steve Arnawoodian

If you're like most people entering the postal Diplomacy hobby, your enthusiasm was so great that you probably signed up for five or six games right off. Chances are you have met up with some people two or more of these games. You are probably wondering how you can assure success in this instance. It's easy, and fun. The solution: Crossgame.

Crossgaming is the act of allowing the events in one game to affect actions in another. For example, suppose Joe Schmoe is in three games with you and is in position to attack you in game #1. How do you dissuade him? Easy. Just explain that if he attacks you in game #1, you'll throw yourself at him, suicide out as it were, in games #2 and 3. Sure, you might not survive yourself, but on the whole you'll be ruining two of the three games for Joe, and two out of three ain't bad! Besides, when given such an alternative, most players will decide to try to make something of all three games, so they'll back off in game #1. In effect, you have made Joe Schmoe your ally! Believe me, this system works, I use it all the time!

I must warn you, crossgaming is frowned upon by some hobby members, but don't let that stop you. Berch, Linsey, Sargeant, Caruso and the rest of those self-righteous turkeys might say crossgaming is unethical for the record, but they all do it, whether they admit it or not.

The second part of this article will be devoted to the most important aspect of crossgaming: Crossgaming to win! After all, that's what the game's all about, right? So let's go back to Joe Schmoe. After he realizes he can't attack you, you can make an offer to do you both some good. Ally with him in all three games. It's fairly easy to expand to nine centers, especially with the help of a good ally. You should be able to do it in all three games, or at least two of the three. The rest is easy. Tell Joe you'll give him all of your centers in one game if he'll return the favor in another. Then do it. The result: You win one out of every three games at the worst. Remember, you only threw away one position, you won with another, and the final one you still have a shot at a win. Devise some method of figuring out who wins the last game, such as flipping a coin. If you win the toss, you'll win two out of three games! Not bad, considering the pregame odds of winning are about one in ten. Not bad at all!

Remember, crossgaming is not an accepted hobby practice, so try to conceal it whenever possible. But if you get caught, just say "Eric Verheiden does it", and you'll be all right. So, you really have no reason not to crossgame. Crossgaming: Do it today!

BARGAIN BASEMENT

BARGAIN BASEMENT will be a regular feature here in Woodpecker. I am not one to pass up a real bargain. Basically, BB involves you, the subber, sending me, the pubber, some of those useless items that you were meaning to throw out anyway. Why trash them, when I will give you cash money for them? I've been looking for a few of those "hard to find" items in the local resale stores recently, but have been unable to locate them. Here are some examples of what your wares will bring:

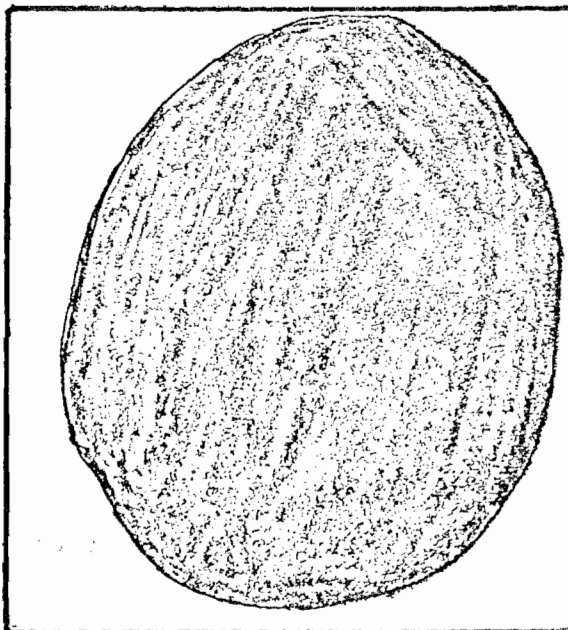
Fish tanks.....	\$5 each
Fish.....	\$1 each
Inflatable women (one hole).....	\$20 each
Inflatable women (one hole with fur).....	\$30 each
Inflatable women (two or more holes).....	\$50 each
Inflatable men.....	\$100 each
Kitty litter (used).....	\$1/lb.
Kitty litter (unused).....	\$.50/lb.
Deb Osborne.....	\$1000
Bird cage.....	\$20
Old newspapers.....	\$.05/lb.
Old Whitestonias.....	\$.001/lb.
Prophylactics (used).....	\$10/doz.
Prophylactics (unused).....	\$1/doz.
Mole removers.....	\$50 each
Contact lenses.....	\$0, I cheat my insurance company and get them free
Eyeglasses (horn rimmed).....	\$75
Eyeglasses (wire rimmed).....	\$5
Dick Martin's head.....	\$1000

All purchases should be sent to me COD. Give it a try, I can't resist a real steal!

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"BEAUTY" FOR NEW HOBBY MASCOT!

With the death of Brux, Jack Masters' dog and ex-mascot of the hobby, I hereby submit my mole, affectionately called Beauty, for nomination as the new hobby mascot. Below is a lifesize snapshot of Beauty.





From Bruce Linsey:

Dear, dear Stevie,

First, I need your assurance that you'll keep this totally confidential. That done, I was wondering if you would accept my dinner invitation for the night of October 3. I thought we could enjoy dinner and perhaps a show, then head back to my place and pick up where we left off at GENCON. One request: Could I please be the man this time?

(( Darling! You've made me the happiest guy on earth! Could you make it, oh, around sevenish?))

From Scott Hanson:

Dear Steve,

You're going to have to type your orders for "Fade Away" from now on. I can't read the sorry excuse for chickenscratch you call handwriting. Please get your typewriter back from Wilson, he has no use for it now.

From Kathy Byrne:

Dear Steve,

Thanks for the 20 pounds of potatoes, 5 pounds of tomatoes, the peppers, the pop tarts, the candy, the "passion pink" paper, the new car, the wall-to-wall carpeting, the grandfather clock and the kitty litter. There is one small problem though; John doesn't like the color of the carpeting. Do you think you could have the man come and tear it all out and put in a different color? Thank you so much, you're a dear. Also, if John answers next time you call, please don't hang up. You're making him suspicious.

(( The carpeting people will be there next Saturday. If you don't like the color they put in this time, let me know and I'll have them come back and tear it all out again and put in a new color. By the way, I picked up 12 tons of cow manure on sale yesterday, could you take some off my hands? It was only \$100 a ton, a real steal! If you could take a ton or two, I'd appreciate it, the neighbors are starting to complain.))

From John Lennon:

Dear Steve,

I've read with interest about the commotion the world made over my death, about the impact I made on the world, about the unfavorable influence I might have had on the youth. Let me just say that I was me, people have their own minds, and therefore can make their own decisions. While it is true that my music sometimes contained referrals to drug use and political statements, I reject the contention that it is my fault that the youth of America and the world are a mass of drug-crazed idiots. It is not my responsibility to protect young people from undesirable environmental influences. Now let me rest in peace.

((Give peace a chance, eh John? HAHAAHAHA! Know what John's last words were? "Yoko, Oh no!" HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHA! OK, I cannot tell a lie, that last letter was written by me. Funny stuff, huh? No wonder they call me "Laugh-a-Minute" Arnawoodian. What has a million legs but can't walk? Jerry's kids! HAHAAHA! ))

WOOD U BE MINE?

((Snicker snicker...good stuff, Bob! I think we actually had Woody believing that Gary was the originator of this fake. He was walking around saying, "But it COULDN'T have been Gary, I was WITH him all that week!" Then again, it would take more than your average mindless drone to recognize your typing (that, or a MANIACAL or PoP player, I'd think). You are right about one thing though, WOODPECKER has far too much organization and class to be done by the real "Woody" Arnawoodian. For the rest of you uninitiated folks, Woody really IS co-publisher of COAT OF ARMS, and I will have a review of that somewhere in the later stages of this issue.))

WOODY AND KATHY: SHOULD JOHN C. BE WORRIED?

by Enrico Caruso Berch

Hi campers! Enrico here. Couldn't make Gencon, but I heard things along the grapevine! Like a top secret ALLIANCE of sorts between Bloodsucker and Woody? An alliance some people may, um, well... ((Author's note- discretion is the better part of valor - therefore this article will change to...))

WOODY AND TOM M.: SHOULD ANITA BRYANT BE WORRIED?

by E. C. B.

THWACK!!

That sound was an A-bomb being launched from Woody's family estate in Slumsdale PA to Enrico's house. Direct hit. Oh well. Woody is a powerful man. Did you know he is the head of Armenian Americans With College Degrees? Both of them? That Woody's mustache grows and has lots of stray hairs every time he visits Flushing? That Woody's cat won't go near him when he goes to bed? That Woody dresses like this at work (picture A) like that at home (picture B) and like that at his favorite nightspot - Bloodsucker's Leather Joint (picture C). That I'm not long for the world after this? UP WITH TURKS!! (Maybe they were right in 1916....)

Just kidding. Woody, of course. (Snicker)

((Thanks Enrico, I didn't know any of that stuff. What's worse, WHERE ARE THE PICTURES? CAN THEY BE SHIPPED ACROSS STATE LINES? (legally) You are one strange character, you know?

((The casual reader may be wondering, "Who is this "Woody" Character?" Believe me, everybody who has met him wonders the same thing, I think. He has certainly made quite an impression on anybody who has met him, or played a game with him, or read WHITESTONIA, or read this now. He has also made a strong reputation as a simply outstanding (make that: outstandingly simple) GM for Chutes and Ladders. AS A PLAYER well, I'd have to rate Woody right up there with the legendary GREGG STEBBINS!!!! Yes, it is true, even though I never thought it would be possible to find another one of that caliber. Believe it or not, Woody has played perhaps one of the most aggressive games of dip seen anywhere, attacking (as Turkey) Russia, Austria and Italy AND FRANCE SIMULTANEOUSLY in their home territories while having only FIVE centers. Truly amazing performance. I think Woody is the early leader in this year's running for the "Millard Fillmore Award", at least that's what the oddsmakers say.... And few can claim to be odder than Woody!))

YEAH, WELL, I KNOW IT WAS LATE, BUT AT LEAST IT GAVE YOU SOMETHING TO WRITE ABOUT

The group had gathered at their usual time. They assembled in a suburban, non-descript residential house. The host greeted each arrival with a typical oral gesture. They gathered around the dining room table and talked to each other about the last week at school and about the Friday night party where half the kids got tipsy. The host interrupted the chit-chat.

"OK, folks. This week your characters are goint after 'The Evil Citadel on the Mesa Near the Mines Under the Walls of the City-State of the Invincible Overlord! You'll all need your 14th level characters or better."

The ensuing silence was punctured with a few groans and the sound of a tractor in the background. The host continued: "Your goal will be the recovery of the magic key to the legendary treasurebox of the mythical demi-god GLORBB whose magic fangs were the antithesis to the chaotic-neutral artifact of the demon/dragon SCOOB. Inside the treasurebox is allegedly a map to far off XERNOL."

SO, HAVE YOU GUESSED THE AUTHOR TO THIS ONE YET?

The sound of the tractor began to interfere with the speaker. He began shouting:  
"XERNOL, as you all know, is where the first piece of the magic puzzle of PARNOT can be found...."

The table and the windows were rattling as the sound of the tractor became much too loud. Ominously loud....

The wall on the east side of the room came crashing down. The business end of a Panzerkampfwagen 38(t) poked into the room. Powder and dust filled the air. The tank grounded to a stop and the hatch in the turret slowly opened. A nude, skinny, unshaven man wearing a German helmet, circa 1914, climbed from the tank and jumped to the floor. He walked over to the shocked Dungeon Master.

"Where's my 'zine?"

"Your what?"

"My copy of RETALIATION with my article in it?"

"Your copy of...."

"Look, don't get mouthy with me. I've dealt with your kind before, Mr "Crud" Martin. Turn over a copy of your 'zine or I'll flatten this house along with everyone in it!!!!"

"Crud?? Martin?? Who's Crud Martin?"

There came a long deadly pause. The nude man's face twisted:

"Oh shit. Is this 26 Orchard Way North?"

"No. That's 3 blocks down. The house on the corner."

"Oh. Well. Nevermind."

The man ran back to his machine, climbed in and started the engine. The tank backed quickly out and roared down the street in the direction of Orchard Way.

The Dungeon Master looked at his game players and asked, "Do you think we should call and warn him?"

PS- Get the message?

((Oh, I get the message all right, and you get this issue for free, too. Well waddaya know? Of course, anybody who would write me an article gets the issue it is printed in for free. Sorry last issue was late, but my Xerox was "down" for a week, and it would have cost me VERY big bux to get this printed at a printers, ya know. So thanks for writing! PZKW38(t??))

BYRNECON '81 - THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE YEAR

It was billed throughout all the major zines in the hobby, dear - I'm talking Whitestonia, Retaliation, Grab Dots, Diplodocus, you know - as the "Dipcon to end all Dipcons." And it almost was, too. I mean, all the big names in the hobby were there - I'm talking Caruso, Byrne, Arnawoodian, and of course yours truly, Mistress Julie - just everybody who is anybody in Diplomacy was there. So sorry you couldn't make it dear. I know how it is when you find you just don't have the right thing to wear.

I, of course, turned every head in the room when I arrived wearing absolutely nothing except two of my handsomest young studs - one on each arm. You should have seen the place, dear, it was absolutely dreadful. Feathers all over the place - it seems that "Woody" had had a fight with his "boyfriend" over the phone and was trying to commit suicide by plucking himself to death.

It was really sad - you know, they are so badly off, and they don't want anyone to know about it. They tried to pass the children off as servants - had them running their little legs off to fetch things. So pitiful - they don't even have enough money to clothe them properly - had this one poor little fellow dressed up in Caruso's old sweatpants. His whole little body fit into one leg of those sweatpants, and it's a mercy he didn't choke himself to death on that drawstring.

Oh, and most of those people were so boorish. I mean, aside from that elegant man Dupont, you would have thought that they had gone down into the ghetto or something and dredged up the scum from the gutter. Of course, they thought they were so



#### MORE SNIDE REMARKS

progressive and liberal, just because they were holding the only Dipcon in the country featuring both Boardman toadies and Martin clones. (sniff) You know, dear, how hard I try to avoid associating with those types.

And what do you think she served us for dinner? Oh my dear, you wouldn't have believed it. I seriously wondered if she were trying to poison us or something. She called it "Diplomacy Casserole," and what it was was a huge plastic bowl filled with little lead-painted wooden blocks and little plastic doodads. I thought I'd choke to death when I was trying to swallow one of them, and this oaf had the absolute gall to tell me, a lady, to perform an unnatural sexual act. I wanted to leave right then and there, but I settled for watching him get badly beaten in a game of Diplomacy, which yours truly, of course, won. I mean, it doesn't say anything in the rulebook about whips and chains, now does it dear?

I can't say I thought much of the decor either. I mean, these people can't afford real paintings, so they had these pictures drawn by their 12-year-old thumbtacked to the walls. No, no, she wasn't thumbtacked to the walls. You know I don't believe in molesting anyone under the age of 13. Anyway, there was one picture of a man with a grossly deformed ear, under which it said, "Our Founder." And there was another of a grossly overweight individual, whose face looked strangely familiar, but then again, they all look alike to me anyway.

But it was all worth it, because the gossip I heard was fantastic. We simply tore to shreds anyone who wasn't there. No, not you, of course. I mean Gary and Elsie Coughlan (we hear she's pregnant by another man), Mark Lew (we hear he's the other man), Don Del Grande (he's nobody's man). Of course, the ones who left early, like "Woody" and Manairdi, got it even worse. But I can't talk about that. That would be telling.

A Good Time Was Had By All.

((Oh, YASS! The party was simply divine, DAHling. Actually, it was pretty much like Clonecon, except maybe more chaotic, if that's possible. More people, too, what with them thar "Great Neckers" (what are they, sex fiends or something) showing up in force. And Kathy wouldn't even explain what Blueberry whip was, and showed them the fake issue of DOGS OF WAR!!! Tacky, tacky, tacky. I really enjoyed reading those issues of ANDUIN and EREBOR (you know, five for every room (including closets)), which one was the fake, anyway? Gadzooks! What a circus! And I thought the Clones were an amazing crowd....))

#### LE BULLE PENNE

hurst, carter, guajardo, masters, caruso, del grande, lew, barno, wilson, phillips, blant, langley, hanson, larzelere (14, even)

Not a whole load of excitement this issue for you standbys, huh? Of course, when nobody NMRs, it's tough to call for a standby. Then again, you could be totally ungrateful when you are called for a spot. Keith Sherwood comes to mind here, who was on the list for several months, was called for a spot in 78il and got an instant draw. And had the nerve to complain about it! WELL! That's the last time I call him for a spot here for some time, I'll tell YOU! Harumph! Well, of course I'm just babbling at this point, so this is all meaningless. Good thing you weren't paying attention, right?

Um, yeah, well how do I fill up the rest of the page? I could comment on the latest issue of TSS, but I'll save that for later. Let's see, that makes TSS and COA that I'm going to review (in case you couldn't guess, I'm gonna review some zeens in this issue if I get around to it, and remember), what else? Oh, how about...hmmm... BUSHWACKER? Yeah, what the heck, why not? Seriously, I will do it. I promise. Am I out of page here yet? I want to toss in the results for MASS MURDERS, soon to be the premier press game in the world. Yep, you heard it here first, folks. Yep, I'm also really digging for something to fill up the rest of the page with, aren't I? Read on!!!)

FOR THOSE WHO DARE  
TO BE DIFFERENT!

AUSTRIA (Olsen): A Vie-TRI; A Bud-SER; F Tri-ALB  
 ENGLAND (Michalski): F Edi-NWG; F Lon-NTH; A Lvp-WAL  
 FRANCE (Sherwood): A Par-BUR; A MAR S A Par-Bur; F Bre-ENG  
 GERMANY (Mazzer): A Ber-KIE; A Mun-RUH; F Kie-DEN  
 ITALY (Martin): A Ven-PIE; A Rom-APU; F Nap-ION  
 RUSSIA (Larzelere): F StP(sc)-BOT; A War-UKR; A Mos-STP; F SEV-Bla  
 TURKEY (Byrne): A Con-BUL; A Smy-ARM; F ANK-Bla

Not exactly the conventional openings. Well, Gary Coughlan labels his openings, and some of them are a mite deceptive. For example, my Italy opened A Ven-Tyo, A Rom-Apu, F Nap-Ion, which I felt was semi-neutral. The title given my moves: GERMAN ATTACK?! Anyway, my labels will be closer to the mark. Let's see, Austria opened with the infamous "Grab Two and Cover Your Ass" opening; England had the "Yeah, Sure You're Not Moving to the Channel" variant; France shocked Europe with the "What the Hell Did I Do That For?" opening; Germany came back with the "In Your Face, Russkie" twograbber; Italy began with the "Mediterranean Squirmuppet"; Russia opted for the "Two Front Breakdown"; and lastly, Turkey tried the "Sevastopol Stomp". Looks like fun, anyone want to trade places?

I have three COAs and a ton of press. Here are the COAs:  
 Effective 10/2/81; Robert Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita, KS 67226  
 Keith Sherwood, PO Box 6457, La Jolla, CA 92037  
 Mark Larzelere, 23 Akin Ave., Capitol Heights, MD 20027 (c/o: Tidwell)

Fall 1901 will be due Wednesday, October 14, 1981. My xerox source is still uncertain.

PRESS

?: No press yet. I'm getting tired of being the hobby's press clown, maybe I'll just give up. Another screwover job like Swedish Roundabout ought to just about do it for me....

PAR-VIE: Come on, Bob, write some press. Bring back Count Vlad! What's this silly pipe dream about being recognized as a player instead of a press writer? Stupid idea, Bob. That's like Ed "Too Tall" Jones being recognized as a boxer instead of a football player, or O.J. Simpson as an actor instead of a running back, or Brooke Shields as an actress instead of another pretty face. (Note for Michalski: Read Toni Tenille as a singer instead of Moore's sex symbol) Don't aspire to what you'll never be: A player of my calibre. Stick to what you know: Great press. If you want to change your image, lose 200 pounds.

BOARD-TRO: Don't worry about DIAS, chum. No way you'll be an S in this one  
 BOARD-TRO AGAIN: So just this once, don't make an S of yourself.

YOR: And they talk about my mediocre subzines!

BERLIN-WICHITA: Golly, Toto! I don't think we're in Kansas anymore. (Lions and Tigers and Byrnes, Oh my!)

CON-BUD: Since I have a passion for pudgy men, want to arrange a date in Rome? How about Paris? How about Saturday night at my place?

STEBBINS CLONE-LOS ALAMOS: You got your wish. The hobby hotbox is next to ME, not you.

MICHALSKI-AUDIENCE: If your embarassed by the press you want to submit, send it to me and I'll turn it in under Olsen's name.

RULES PROBLEMS-GM: Pressing problems should be sent to Woody, not Crud. He does the pressing.

MASS MURDERS

MONTE CARLO: The lineup for the Mass Murders game has caused tremendous excitement in gambling circles here; in fact, inspired by this game, the government may soon declare dog racing to be the national sport. Meanwhile, the opening line on the various players is as follows:

Player	Odds	Remarks
Mazzer	1-100	Boyish insouciance: consummate genius
Byrne	5-1	Thirsty times ahead in this bloodless field
Michalski	10-1	Springtime for Vader? Hates fluffy little kittens
Sherwood	17-1	Stafford toady; could hop to victory
Larzelere	30-1	Not greedy; just appalling
Martin	59-1	No way Hosea
Olsen	1000-1	Gives mediocrity a bad name

ITALY-AUSTRIA: Fools on the side of me, fools underneath me... I should win this game easy!

CHICAGO: Yes, those Tunesians are foolish, aren't they?

PARKVIEW LANE-PAULINA: We must object to the prejudice falsely attributed to Grab A Weapon. Jews are in fact the nicest people you could imagine to run delicatessens or retail fish.

CONSCIENCIOUS PLAYER-GM: Yeah, but look what it got me!

ITALY: Not much writing in this game so far. Why is that? It's not all my fault!

ESM: Kill Crud! Hang Linsey! And whatever you do, don't let Byrne out of that corner!

CON-MOS: Sorry, but if you don't write I automatically assume you're allied with Crud.

MOSCOW: ((Never mind, somebody tried to slip one in on me.))

RUSSIA: I want DIAZ too. I understand she's even better than Julie Glass.

BULGARIA: This place sucks.

RUM-SER: FO1 is our big chance. John says she's on the rag then.

SNAFU-LONDON: What's wrong with Canuck zines? They're smart enough to keep you and Sherwood out, eh?

RUHR-BUR: Help me here and I'll be your puppet in Gibt Mir Ein Waffe.

ENGLAND-CHICAGO: I never NMRed in your other game. You just tossed out my orders thinking it was junk mail from Reverend Falwell. Check next time.

TURKEY-GM: If you print this, you're as dumb as Del Grande.

VD-MM: My zits are down, so I'll standby.

SOMEWHERE ON THE BALTIC COAST: Reports have been filtering in about a tall, sleek beast roaming the area giving innocent tourists misdirections. Is it true? Is the dreaded Mazzerman on the loose? Special warnings are being issued to Austrian and Italian tourists, as they have been found to be highly susceptible to the Mazzerman's misdeeds. (No dateline): SEVENTEEN days? Where'd ya get that? Sherwood's age? Half Kathy's? A third?

BREST-LONDON: Keep BB going and I won't attack you. Shut it down and I'll can your ass.

ENG-AUS: I like that orange writing. Beats the hell out of Tro's fairy pink.

ITALY-AUSTRIA: If you really will not be pussywhipped like Woody or Toots, you better stick to the agreement.

F-E: Take that, scumbag.

F-G: Take that, bag of scum.

F-R: You know, we really should try communicating more.

LA JOLLA-CHICAGO: What's this about Kathy eating tube steak?

CHICAGO: No, that was Rod Walker, not Kathy.

FLUSHING-CRUDVILLE: Auntie Gibson is NOT my uncle!

MASS MURDERS

(No dateline): Sherwood and his DIAS is like Woody with Brux, or Lew with a pencil: Sickening.

WINDY CITY-NO DATELINE: Or Martin with a xerox machine.

ME-GM: What's this about Byrne's tits?!

GM-ME: What about them? You're talking to the wrong guy.

SERBIA-CRUD: In case of a problem we have to use your houserules, well I challenge you, I don't think you know your HRs. I would like a current list with all your changes and if you can't produce them I will report you to John Boardman.

ITALY: If Kathy can do it, so can I! Bob, if somebody NMRs, could you please call Del Grande as a standby?

CHICAGO-ITALY: Gee, I dunno Dick, Michalski asked for Pilant too.

TURKEY: Watch out Crud! I'll show you that I don't need Phydoux and Del Grande to help me win! I've got Bob Olsen!

ROM-VIE & MOS: Watch out, boys, the Bloodsucker is armed and extremely dangerous!

LARRY FLYNT: Gee, an invitation to play Diplomacy under a longtime subscriber like you Bob is a real temptat'on, but I must turn the offer down. The stuff you print is just too disgusting.

JIMMY CARTER-ROBERT OSUCH: Bob, thanks for the invitation to play Diplomacy, but ah think y'all misjudged me. Ah believe the world should live in peace, and Diplomacy is a sinful game. Although ah lust in my heart to play, I cannot. Perhaps Amy could? No, that child molester Michalski is playing.

JOHN LENNON-CHICAGO: I'd play, but I can't stand Sherwood, and I'm dead.

BLOODSUCKER-POPS: Hey, if all dose other turkeys got invites, where was mine? Dribble on you, big nose.

MEDDLERS-ARMENIAN SWEATSHOP: Good, stay out. We want only straights in this game. Mazzer is our token, we don't need your kind here.

MAZZERMAN-MIKEY: You and your fuckin swearing! How many times have I told you to knock that shit off?

WORLD-MINNEAPOLIS: Missouri does indeed look good this year.

BOB-MIKEY: Tom who?

BERSAGLIERI SAYS: Tro Sherwood is not the greatest hoaxer of all!! Benito Mussolini still had most historians tricked into thinking she was a man!

WINDY CITY-BERSAGLIERI: Ah, but what about Martin as a publisher!?!

ENGLAND-GM: It's SO1 now, how about printing those pregame innuendos and slurs? I might as well see what Mazzer is saying about me directly. Or is it Tro?

BERLIN-ROME: You're not going to get huffy just because I called you a putrescent lump of jackal vomit, are you?

BERLIN-CON: Kiss me, Kate!

GM-ENGLAND: It's Bloodsucker.

TURKEY: So Dwayne Shreve put out the first Mass Murders fake, eh? I hear Larzelere puts out fake Apalling Greeds to.

FLUSHING-ALBANY: Sure I like you Brux, I like you as much as I like Martin, and he thinks we're best friends. Shows one thing, at least you have intelligence enough to know the truth, fool Martin is just an asshole.

BLOODSUCKER-TRO: You couldn't survive if you were in the Garden of Eden. With your luck, an apple would hit you on the head and your pea brain would fall out your ear!

KEITH-KATHY: Too bad, dearie, you are going to die in this game. And it's not even crossgaming. I call it "learning from experience".

AMERICAN CROSSGAMING SOCIETY HQ, FLUSHING, NY: "Hear ye, hear ye, this meeting of the ACS will now come to order. President Crud, the floor is yours." "Thank you, madame chairbeing. As you all may know, we are gathered here today to start a new game, and to induct two new members into the fold: Mazzerman and Tro. The game has already begun, so let's get down to the inductions, shall we? Will the sponsors, Mr. Toots and Mr. Pudge please step forward. Mr. Toots, a few words for your candidate,

ACS(cont); please." "Yeah. Tro is a real primo asshole. He's made it clear that he'll attack Kathy at any chance. It's also true that he and Crud are crossgaming in Irksome." "Thank you, Mr. Toots. Any objections? Yes, your chairbeingship?" "I think he's a jerk, and I'll attack him any time I can!" "No objections then? Good! Welcome, Mr. Tro, to our exclusive society. Mr. Pudge, I believe you have a few words for your candidate?" "Yes, I do. As you know, Mazzerman is incredibly glib, and his silver tongue could sell Geronimo an escalator-" "Mr. Pudge, please get to the point. You are well aware that ability has little to nothing to do with membership. Mr. Woody is a member and he has yet to display an intelligent action." "My apologies, Mr. President. I was just about to say that he has used his abilities on me in no less than four games! He has his way with me, and then proceeds to shamefully abuse me. And I keep going back for more, much like Mr. Y'all." "Very good. Any objections? Mr. Y'all?" "Hyork, hyork!" "Thank you. Congratulations, Mr. Mazzerman, on this milestone. Now, if I may, I'd like to remind Mr. Tro and Mr. Mazzerman of their duties. Sirs, your sole responsibility is to go forth and crossgame. If that is not possible, you are expected to use non-game influences to determine your behavior. Is that understood?" "Yes sir!" "Hell, yes!" "Good! Best of luck to you, and may we be allies always! There has been an anonymous proposal nominating Mark Larzelere for membership. This is impossible to honor, as he has no known nickname. Tough luck. On that note, I will call this meeting closed. Next meeting will be in two weeks. See you there!"

CON-PAR: I'm not talking to you either. I wouldn't waste my time talking to Crud's puppet. Are your strings on straight, I'd hate to see them get tangled because then Crud might strangle his only puppet!

NAP-PAR: Don't worry, I'm not gonna bite you. Just nibble a bit, that's all.

DRAGONSBREATH-TRO: You're in for it now!

POLISH PSEUDONYM-PUDGE: You're the only one not signed up to hit Germany. What's wrong?

TWO STOOGES-APPALLING CZAR: Can't be helped. You and Italy first, then Turkey and England, and finally France.

AUSTRIA-RUSSIA: Hell no, I won't sub to AG to survive. I get Front de Lib, why should I need AG?

GAME COMMENTARY, FROM LATCHES LANE: Ah, fellow gamesters, here we are with the start of another well-coordinated game. In the west we see a highly-evolved strategy unfolding: Russia attacks Germany, Germany moves towards France, France moves on England, and England moves on Russia! As Lorne Greene, famous WWII radiocantor, er, -caster, and VD coeditor would say, "Hoss, you big lummo, you fucked up again.". That's what they get for listening to Kathy's dribble. The east is a little more straightforward, as Crud has organized a RAI alliance to wipe out Bloodsucker and set up gullible Pudge Olsen for the stab.

VEN-ENGLAND: Hey, I've got nothing against you. As a matter of fact, I like your straightforwardness. Will you be going straightforward after R, G, or F? I'm glad it's not me!

TURKEY-GERMANY: Take it easy on Toots, he's old and balding. Go after Sherwood, he's a troublemaker and a young snot!

BERLIN-GM: I wager 1 million DM that Sherwood moved to Burgundy. Any takers?

GM-BERLIN: I see that 1 million DM and raise you 1 million QZ. Waddya gonna do now, wise guy!? C'mon, in or out, in or out.

CZAR-GM: Son of Sam game would have been better. You're as slow witted as Sherwood says.

GM: Yeah, but at least I know how to spell.

LA JOLLA-BOYS TECH: Watch out world, here I come! Effective in mid-September, the fun ends and the serious life of high school begins!

MASS MURDERS(reprinted by permission)

COUNT VLAD MEETS THE BLOODSUCKER (PART 1): It was a dark and rainy night when the two Austrian sycophants entered the haunted tomb of their former leader, the mighty Count Vlad. "Ach!" cried Yosef. "Do we dare to awaken him? You know how maudlin he gets."

Igor replied, "We must! For the good of Europe--for the good of humanity!" They pushed open the creeeeeaaaaaaking door and beheld the huge coffin in which their master slumbered.

Yosef dusted the coffin with a greasy rag and in a moment the two men had pried open the lid. There before them, still in his black cape with the bloodstains (where a vile assassin had stabbed him many years before) was the Count. He looked just like an ordinary person except for being a vampire.

Igor reluctantly put a hand to the mighty shoulder of his sovereign. "Yoo-hoo!" he cried. "Wake up, sleepyhead!"

"Mmmmpf," replied Vlad cogently, and flung up a hand to shield his eyes from the light of Yosef's torch.

"Arise!" cried Igor. "You must arise, mighty Vlad! You must rise forth to save Europe from the terrible scourge!"

Vlad moaned, and half-rolled over. His eyes opened; he mumbled something.

"What did he say?" Igor asked.

Vlad sat up in the coffin, a terrible urgency in his eyes. "I need energy!" he cried; both men eagerly bared their necks. "Not dot, vools! Press! Giff me press! Press!"

The sycophants were well-prepared; Igor whipped out a tattered copy of a dipzine and began to read, "FRANCE TO AUSTRIA: Murice is coming around the mountain..."

"Ach!" groaned Vlad. "Dot ist tripe! I vant press! Real press!"

Igor pulled out another dipzine and read, "CONSTANTINOPLE--The Turkish Court remains in mourning for the late Austrian Emperor who died a hero's death in defending Vienna's chocolate factories against a sweets-crazed pudgy Kaieer--"

"AHA!" Vlad leaped out of his coffin, wings flapping angrily. "Vich vay ist der var? Always is dot old slave-owner fightink der Civil Var--"

"No, no," cried Josef. "You don't understand." Quickly they explained the world situation to Vlad.

"You see," said Igor, "We now have John Michalski as the head of England."

"Ach!" cried Vlad. "Last time it was der Eric Ozog."

"Well, some people think Michalski is nearly as smart as Eric."

"Ach!" Vlad repeated.

"And in France--"

"Der vicious D'Artagnan?"

"No--none other than Toad Sherwood."

"Who cares about him?" shrugged Vlad. "It could be vorse--it could be Mazzerman."

"He's now the German Kaiser!"

"AARRRGH!" screamed Vlad, and jumped back into his coffin. "Wake me in anodder 500 yearses, bitte." But his followers finally talked him out of the coffin again, and after several minutes he stopped sniffing.

"And as Tsar--an unknown quantity--Larzelere. And the Pope--the Pope is Crud!"

"Vatchink your mouthses!" shouted Vlad. "Dot ist sacreligious!" Odd words, perhaps coming from such as he.

"But the real danger--the reason we have called you back from death to save civilization--is Turkey. You see--the new Sultan is--" Igor's voice quavered with fear--"None other than the Bloodsucker!"

"Bloodsucker?" repeated Vlad bemusedly.

"Yes--the most notorious, hideous, sadistic monster in history--a fiend in female form who--"

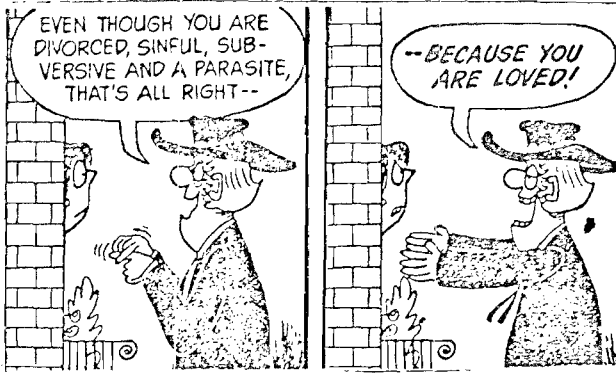
"Bloodsucker?"

"That's what they call her. Because--"

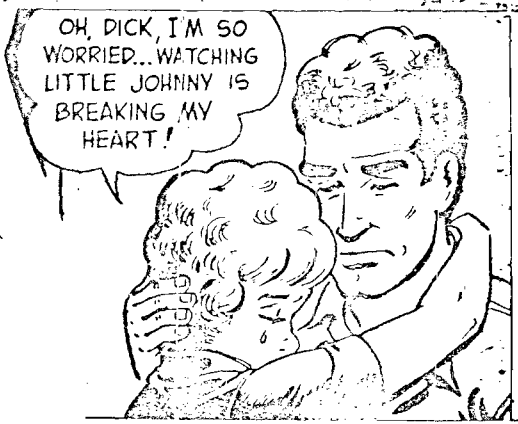
Vlad sighed and clasped his hands to his chest. "I tink," he said, "I tink I am in"

to be continued ←

((Yay!))



... BY TOOTS! BUT HE CAN'T SAVE YOUR BACON THIS TIME!



???-THE ITALIAN: Kathy shows concern over erratic play by the Englishman.

FROST GAME-MASS MURDERS: Skip Dick Martin's putrid press and join a good game. Frost#2 now filling. No East Coast players or straights allowed. MOONING FOR DIPLOMACY now has openings! Slightly irregular GMing by a slightly irregular GM. \$4 will get my monthly horseman charging out of your mailbox, into your jock. Sign up now and get your licks and kicks! (Thanks Bob)

CHICAGO: Don't thank me.

ST GEORGE-OSUCH: What country is Steve playing again? I forgot.

IRKSOME-BLACK FROG: I want a refund too. I ask you to plug me, but no, you waste space on denouncing Lew. We KNOW he's an asshole, but they don't know I have four week deadline openings.

ANONYMOUS WARNING FROM ALBANY: If Blackjack the Plagerer is the West Coast John Caruso, then is Kathy the East Coast ~~Bob Walker~~ Jane Proskin? ((Not by a LONG shot!))

KATHY-POPS: Did I wake you? Sorry, I just had to be sure ya knows I want F Ank-(illegible).

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: There will be NO SMOKING during the spring or fall moves. Smoking will only be allowed during retreats and in the winter. Violators must kiss Mark Lew.

ANCHORAGE-VIENNA: Crud is right! A Russian-Austrian-Italian ((illegible)) on Turkey is the only way to play this one!

DEL MONTE-CRUD: You gonna quit here too when she tells you?

ERIC OZOG: Hey Bob, why did you keep me out of this set-up? YOU know what a nice guy I am. I'd have made a great Italian player. Now I've got to sit home and play with myself.

PARIS: My new phone number is 714-455-9789 everybody. Unlike Baumeister, I'm always home. Give me a call and lift a poor lonely college student's spirits.

FRA-ENG: Actually, unlike Olsen, I like it when you send back my letters to me with notes attached to them. Gives me a chance to see what I'm promising this season.

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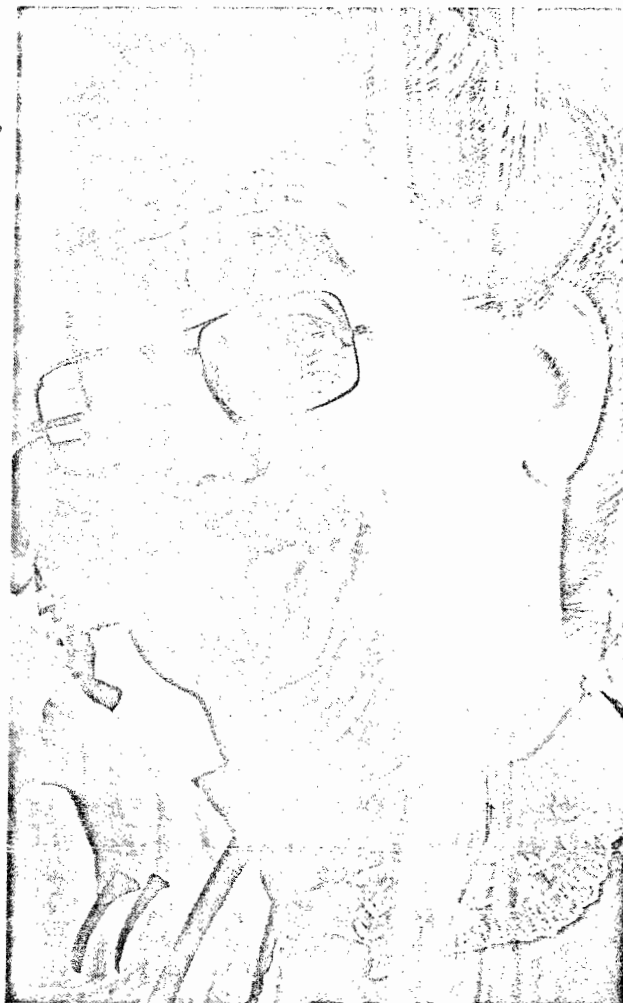
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*if you insist on printing pictures,*

*ACH DU LIEBER!*

*will...*

*"to put in clear words*

*FRAUKE PETERSEN GETS A CALL FROM SCOTT H.*



Fall 1907:

AUSTRIA (Langley): A GAL sup A Vic-Boh; A UKR sup Tur A Sev-Mos; A Bud-VIE;  
A TYO sup A Vic-Boh; A Vic-BOH; A VEN sup A Tyo; F ROM sup Tur F Nap-Tyn;  
A TUS takes a break, ?, (unarmed, holds)

ENGLAND (Mercer): F CLY-Nwg; F EDI-Nth

FRANCE (Olsen): A BEL sup A Mar-Bar; A MAR-Bar; F ENG sup A Bel; F Wes-MID;  
F TUN holds; F Nac-LPL

GERMANY (Breown): F NWG sup A Yer-Esi; F NWY-Nth; F Nth-LON; A YOR-Edi;  
F HOL-Bel; A MUN-Bar; A Boh holds, dislodged, destroyed; A SIL sup A Boh;  
A WAR sup A Mos; A LVN sup A War; A MOS sup A War

TURKEY (Mazzer): F ION sup F Nap-Tyn; F BLA holds; F Nap-TYN; A SEV-Mos;  
F ALB sup F Ion; F GRE sup F Ion

Supply Center Chart for 1907

#	NET	COUNTRY	CENTERS
8	0	AUSTRIA	Bud, Tri, Vic, Ser, Ven, Nap, Rom, Rus
1	-1	ENGLAND	Lpl, Edi
8	+2	FRANCE	Bre, Mar, Par, Spa, Por, Tun, BEL, LPL
11	+1	GERMANY	Ber, Kie, Mun, Den, Hel, Swe, Bel, War, Mos, Nwy, Stp, Len
6	0	TURKEY	Ank, Con, Sny, Sev, Gre, Bul

PRESS: Jack, if we all chipped in a couple of bucks, could you send out the adjudications separately? This gives us a little more time to negotiate. As it is, I usually have about 10 days if I'm lucky. I'm not a very quick thinker.

LOCKPORT: For those of you who might want such a service, we will charge only \$ .50 / mailing.

LOCKPORT: As for your comments, Dick: My typewriter is an old Remington Travel-Riter. There are several screws and interesting looking pieces sloshing around the carrying case. It is a true adventure to try and get these reports as I never know for sure if more pieces will fall out and make it impossible to finish these reports. That's why I forward type-written press directly to you rather than retype it.

AUSTRIA-GERMANY: It's eeney, meeney, miney, moe time on the old firing line. Did you protect Warsaw, or take the chance? I'm really looking forward to seeing if you can outguess me long enough to take care of your problems on the other front.

AUSTRIA-SULTAN: Thanks for putting a good word in for me with Olsen. I think.

AUSTRIA-ENGLAND: That NMR was perfectly timed last season. You really caught the Hun off guard. Keep up the good work!

AUSTRIA-FRANCE: I guess I do admire your strategy and tactics. If you had moved on Germany two seasons ago, when I wanted you to, you wouldn't be in near as good shape now, as you are. You get a 'well done'.

LOCKPORT: But what if he wanted a 'rare'?

ENGLAND- THE WORLD: Today a mediocre nation died due to the lies which were spread to this nation by the devious German government.

BERLIN: Things are very tense here, Von Braun has decided to try and keep the frogs of Louis-Louis out of Burgundy and pray Moscow holds on.

LOCKPORT: Holds on to what?

MUNICH: Prediction- Germany will live! (For awhile anyway.)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

ROBERT OLSEN  
6318 WINTERBERRY CIRCLE  
WICHITA, KANSAS  
67226

ROCKVILLE: In the event that his invention does not work, could it have a standby for the English position? It's an important position (i.e., some move by the Englishman could help the cause here), and should be occupied. As for being "viable", well... but anyway, a good two-center position like this should be a highly coveted item. Are there no other USA members who will step forward?

ROCKVILLE: Oh-oh, I just remembered, everybody in the USA hates me.

ROCKVILLE to ROCKVILLE: What do you mean, "what comes after six centers"? What is this, a quiz? You know how I hate to be teased. No fair; I've never had to count that high before.

ROCKVILLE: So you have a Remington too, eh Jack? Mine isn't portable (by any means), even though it is gradually getting lighter also. Besides missing the cover (I can now see the innards at work), the ribbon take up reel (it spills out onto the floor), and the carriage return function, I manage to get by. Mine jams up a lot too, which is why you only see the top half of many letters. But I still try to type up as much of the stuff as possible. What I was wondering was, isn't it more work to cut out some of these two line press releases than it would be to retype them?

I'd also totally forgotten that this game would be put onto TWO week deadlines if I didn't delay the zeen. Hmmm...I hope THAT doesn't happen again.

Are the Bears better or worse than the Cubs? Could they possibly be any worse? I don't know, I don't follow sports much anymore. All I know is that the Redskins are no wins, five (six?) losses at this point. I also know that John Caruso's team has a far better offense than defense. I mean, scoring five TDs SHOULD be enough to win ballgames, shouldn't it? I'm going to try to get John to run a regular football column, giving me the rundown on all the NYC touch football teams. Yeah, I can't wait to see it either!

FILL IN THE BLANKS -- IF YOU CAN!

(stick one of those scented-address labels here - I prefer "Blood, Sweat, & Tears.")

Dearest Mistress Julie,

I'm lying here in my \_\_\_\_\_, and I can't stop \_\_\_\_\_ for your \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ body. How long has it been since we \_\_\_\_\_ under the \_\_\_\_\_? How long must I wait until again we can \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ till the \_\_\_\_\_? This waiting and longing for your \_\_\_\_\_ must be the most exquisite torture ever devised in the \_\_\_\_\_. Even Gene Simmons of KISS couldn't \_\_\_\_\_ me so well. Please, Mistress Julie, I beg of you, have \_\_\_\_\_ on me. It would be everything I ever imagined.

Your most \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ slave,

((Yes, that little "article" was pretty \_\_\_\_\_, wasn't it? I only wish that I could \_\_\_\_\_ as well as Julie, and I am sure you \_\_\_\_\_ as well. Hmmm, how to fill out the rest of the \_\_\_\_\_ with \_\_\_\_\_ of the highest caliber.

FAMOUS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, PART XV

One-person's "introductory letter" reproduced in full. Yes, THIS is what I want!

September 14, 1981

Dear Dick:

This is my "Introductory letter" . I hope it meets your standards. If it is OK, then tell me, and I will sub. If not, well, sorry, but us little 14 year olds just don't have that kind of money. I don't know what length of a letter you want, but I hope that this will suffice.

THE ORIGIN OF DIPLOMACY:

Have you ever wondered how Diplomacy came about, do you ever wonder why it came out? If so then your are among hundereds of other ardent Dippies who have been searching for the true origin of Diplomacy. Well, what follows is the hypothesis of one Dippie, completed after countless hours of research, both in the History of Diplomacy, and in the state of mind of the players. This report is the closest man has yet come to the true origin of Diplomacy, but may not be the only explanation.....

Well, it all started out many years ago. There was a great void. For the ardent wargamer there was almost no selection. There are only rumors of the suffering in the days before Diplomacy. I can not be sure, but I think this is how things went:

After God created the heavens, the earth, and man,(etc) he saw that it was good(obviously he didn't look very closely). Yet, as the ages passed there arose a problem. Lo and behold, the creatures God had created to ease his boredom were themselves becoming bored. So God sat and pondered his dilemma. What could he do about the lack of something to do on his creation, the earth. Yet he could think of nothing to alleviate the problem. The situation grew stedaly worse. Eventually it got to the point, where, unless there was some change, there would be a revolution against heaven itself.

Finally God had an idea. How about a game? It must be a good game, nothing with dice, or other such parafenailia that involved too much luck, no it must be simple, yet complex, and have considerable room for expansion. The game must also be wholly a creation of god, lest it be tainted with the evil of the devil.

To accomplish this task, he called upon his prophet, Allan B. Calhamer. To aid Allan in his quest for the perfect game, he gave Allan three gifts. They were a Pen, a Saw, and some Paper. Now Allan searched far and wide for the idea for this perfect game. He swam oceans, climbed mountains, and walked 40 days without food or water. Finally the idea came to him.

With the saw he fashioned one hundred and twenty-six small pieces of wood. Sixty-three of these were long and thin, and the other sixty-three were shorter and fatter. Then he drew a map of Europe. A might innacurate in places, but still quite good. Then he drew in the boundaries of the various countries of Europe. In the intrests of simplicity he

he limited the number of major powers to seven, and gave all other countries worth mentioning no armies, but a center with which one of the other countries could build an army. Now since every human has the basic craving for power, he made the object of the game world domination. As soon as any one player could control at least eighteen of the strategic supply centers, he (or she) would be declared winner.

There was only one problem: How to get this game introduced all over the world. Allan simply didn't have the resources to accomplish such a feat. Finally he managed to sell the game to a kindly game company called Avalon Hill. They accomplished his goal of mass distribution. But, as with all works of humankind, it was not totally free of the influence of the devil.

The influence was not readily recognised until the game caught on as a popular game to play through the mail. The the curse of the devil was recognised....It was the dread vampire Kathy "Bloodsucker" Byrne. This scourge went around snatching helpless victims, who were perfectly normal, and indoctrinating them into league with the devil. They try to ruin the game by always playing against the players who are not a member of the cult of the dread spirit Kathy Byrne. Fortunately they have not succeeded to date. We have those good souls like Dick Martin to rely on in our time of need.

Well God accomplished his goal, Avalon Hill became rich, and the hobby goes on. The people are once again happy, and if all goes well, the world will never be bored again.

Well Thats it. Write back soon, and by the way, excuse my typing, but I'm a little out of practice.

Yours,



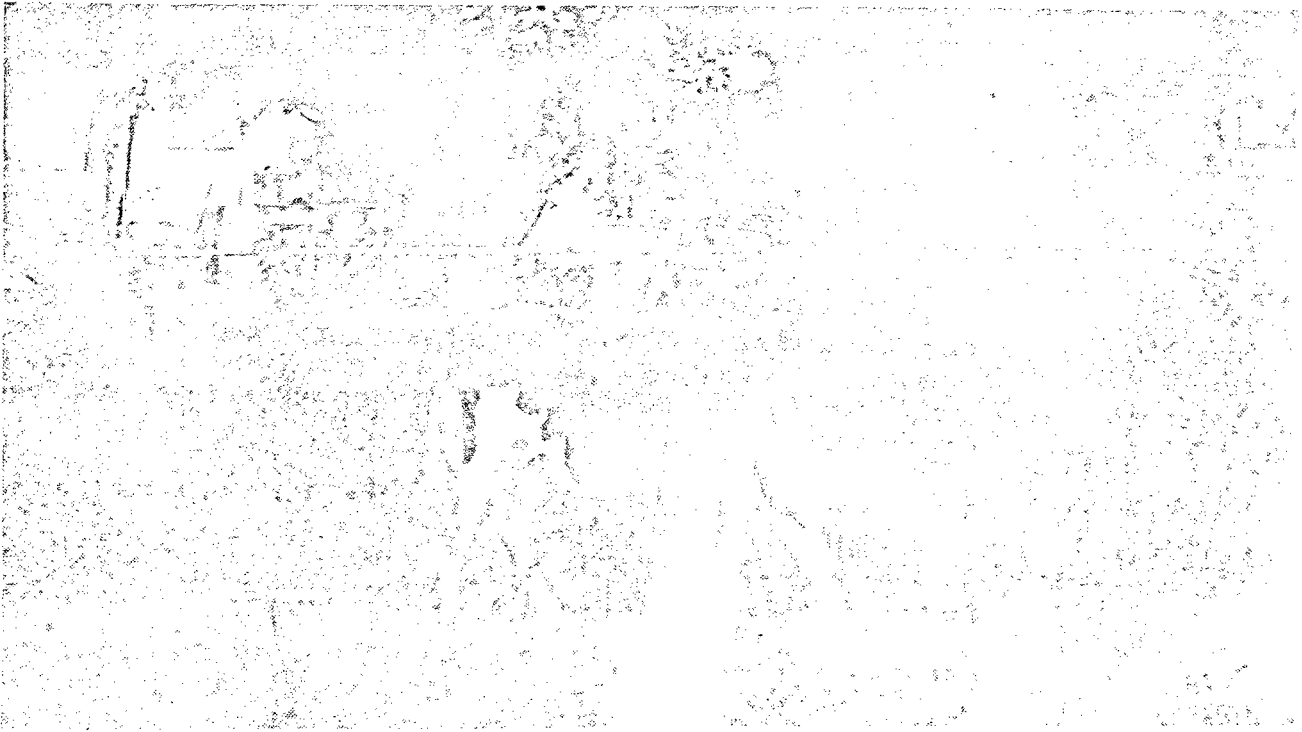
Marcus Kurtz  
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Okemos, MI 48864  
517-332-2442

((YOUR typing is out of practice!!! Wait until you read THIS issue. Not only am I out of practice, but my typewriter is out to lunch as well. Speaking of lunch, that's not a bad idea at all, hang onn a minute...ah, that is much better! I admit, blueberry yogurt is not as appetizing as a hefty steak (or even blueberry whip!!!), but is better than nothing, yes? But seriously, I like humor. Especially in the introductory letters. So keep up the good work, OK? And why doesn't everybody send Marcus a card or letter telling him what a good article that was. You could call him up, if you'd rather. Go ahead, I dare you! Good stuff, Marcus. As you may know, anybody who writes articles for me gets the issue for free, so this is your lucky issue. If you fool fourteen year olds can't afford to fork over \$\$, get those fingers in gear!!!))

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY, PART IX

One of the happy newlyweds on honeymoon. The social occasion even made the papers down in Memphis!

Elsie made the paper down here!



The Commercial Appeal, Memphis, Sunday, August 23, 1981, Section A 3

The strange wedding of Elsie and Gary Coughlan took place on August 22, 1981. The bride pictured above is enjoying her honeymoon on the pastures of Blue Grass Kentucky. Gary not pictured above was at the road side stand selling milk (freshly gotten) and moonshine, I mean apple cider, that his sisters made. This marriage was made in a barn and Gary was quoted as saying "It was love at first squirt!". Elsie said Moo!

...AND THE BAD NEWS

Well, it's a good day for the nobby when the worst news in many zeens is that the BRUTUS BULLETIN is folding. Easy come, easy go. How many times have you seen sentiments like the above in BB? Many times, if you saw it at all. BB will be missed when/if John ever gets around to folding, as it was renowned for the open forum "you type 'em, I'll print 'em" letter column, home of many a feud and lots of weird, non Dip opinions (of which John had a few). Alas, it was often boring or way out in left field, but there was ALWAYS at least one thing in there of interest every issue, and most of it was downright entertaining. If you heard gossip, you usually heard it here first. A hobby fare, with "John's Notes" and everything.

Also folding is Mike Mills' EMMAINE MACHA, which I don't have the space to eulogize properly here. With the two most political zeens folding, where do we go from here? Ah well, Mike emphasized Ireland and variants, neither of which really turn me on, but I liked the Squad Leader articles and all the other stuff a bunch. Both John and Mike look to be folding properly, and intend to stay in the nobby. Great! I'll miss EM, the second zeen in "Brux's Bet" to fold, after two years of trading.

R1 Winter 13

A: retreat army Pru:Lvn, build A Vie  
E: remove A Wal, F Eng, F Mao  
F: dead  
G: build A Ber  
I: dead  
R: reincarnated as "T"  
T: dead  
"T": even, plays one short

R1 Spring 14

AUSTRIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE DIES A HORRIBLE DEATH

A (Lee): A Vie:Gal, A Rum:Ukr, A Bul:Con, A Mos S A Stp, A Stp H (one more turn?),  
A Lvn:Pru, A Bon:Sil, A Mun S A Boh:Sil, A Ven:Pie, A Gas:Mar, A Rom:Tus.  
F Tys:Gol, F Nap:Ion  
E (Mooney): A Mar:Bur, A Bre:Gas, A Par S A Bre:Gas, A Pie:Mar, F Spa(sc) S A Pie:Mar,  
F Wme:Naf, F Gol:Wme, A Nwy:Stp, A Fin S A nwy:Stp, F Nws:Bar, F Bal S German A Hol:Ki-  
G (Sigwalt): A Bel S English A Mar:Bur, A Hol:Kie, A Ber:Sil, A Pru S A Ber:Sil  
R (Rowell): F Sev H, F Ion:Tun, F Naf:Naf, A Smy:Con, F Tun H (unordered)

Underlined moves do not succeed. I think I should point out that there is no Russian "F Naf", that must be a miswritten order. The Austrian A Gas is killed. I think your next deadline is set for November 7. With your orders, please vote on a draw. Thank you, thank you very much.

"TURKEY" to GERMANY: I have a feeling that you may regret turning down the draw. I have reproposeu it to let you change your mind.

ROCKVILLE: Ever the kind one, aren't you?

QUICK COMMENTS

The death of the Austrian A Gas has sealed off the west against further expansion by Austria. Meanwhile, The E/G alliance is ready to recapture Stp and Mun, and I see little Austria can do about that. Stp goes this year, and Mun the next. So the Red chances for winning dim a little bit.

Meanwhile, England is once again on the rise, with a sure gain of one SC. What to build? I think a fleet is in order, to add some punch to the skimpy forces in the Med. It'll take the F Bar a while to get there, and that fleet may be handy in and around Stp for a while. Austria loses two, probably both annihilations (both annihilations?) over the next few years. No big damage there, except for the lost centers themselves.

So where do we go from here? Well, the game is a pretty sure draw unless we have yet another shifting of alliances, and since nobody is voting FOR a draw, I have to assume that is what will happen. If I had to guess, I'd say that Russia would have the most to gain from a small stab, including a second home center. England is the second choice, as the opportunity will be there, but not really the incentive. A stab of Germany would prove little, as those centers, by themselves, are not enough to make a win. Will we see a stab? I don't think so this year, but NEXT year will be another story completely.

Stay tuned for the further adventures of R1, a very long running and interesting (at least to me) game.

R3 Fall 10

DELAYED!

Put simply, a few blunders by me and the shortened deadline provide plenty of incentive for delaying this game for an issue. All the players were warned that I would be doing this, and I think they know the full story. That story will have a happy conclusion too, I assure you. Stay tuned. (I just said that.) Positions are: A (Masters): let's do this on the next page, shall we?

## IF YOU LOVE H.R.P.O., HONK YOUR HORN

by Robert Bryan Lipton

[This important political manifesto first appeared in its author's Mixokaru Gazette #8, and was recently reprinted in Pouch #62.

Our beloved nation, the United States of America, is a nation divided against itself, politically. Half of the people want President Nixon impeached, half believe him to be the latest incarnation of God, and half don't know what to think. What we need is some means of healing our wounded political body.

We need, to use a perhaps overworn phrase, someone to bring us together again. What are the characteristics of a man who would be ideal for such a difficult assignment?

We would need someone who can appeal to as many groups as possible. We would need someone who appeals to the intellectuals, but so as not to upset the anti-intellectuals, he would have to be on non-speaking terms with them. His not being on speaking terms with them would not upset the intellectuals. After all, didn't most of them vote for Johnson in 1964?

Since we want to appeal to the anti-intellectuals, we should appeal to the actively stupid. If we could run an idiot, it would only appeal to these two groups, but the mothers of America would be touched by a fellow that needs mothering. The intellectuals would support the candidate -- an obviously underprivileged group.

We want to get the votes of the young unmarried, the woman chasers and the woman chased. But, to assuage the conscience of the highly moral, he should chase girls, but never catch them.

He should appeal to the nostalgic, those who remember the joyous 1950's, when eggs were a dime a dozen and nobody had a dime. He should appeal to the forward-looking, the visionaries, who foresee a day when communication will no longer depend on the spoken word.

He should appeal to the rich, dress well, be the sort who wears the best. He should appeal to the poor, those who cannot afford a car.

He should appeal to the stylistic trend-setters, appear in styles that are different, like a wig. He should appeal to those who do not think about their appearance, and never bathe nor comb their hair.

He should appeal to as many minority groups as possible. He should have one brother that's Jewish, one that's Italian, and one that no one could be sure of.

There are, of course, many other attributes that the candidate who can bring us together again should possess, but I have not the time to discuss them all. There are two important qualifications he should possess.

1. He should never have said anything with which anyone could disagree. This is very important. Eisenhower was swept into office without anyone knowing or caring what he stood for, only that he was against killing. McKinley won two elections by sitting on his front porch, not saying a word. (I think it was McKinley, but he never told anyone his name.) Coolidge succeeded very nicely by keeping his mouth shut. Our candidate should do the same.

2. He should be dead. Think of how despised politicians always become noble statesmen as soon as they're in their graves. Didn't you despise the Kennedy brothers until they were killed? Wasn't Martin Luther King a pushy nigger until 1968? Didn't the New York Times, which hated Johnson while he lived, give him a beautiful obituary? Wasn't Lincoln, who couldn't control his Congress, and told jokes at the secret possibility

(continued on p. 8)

## HOLY REPRINTS, BATMAN!

time, elected to godhood?

Nor does being dead disqualify one from running for political office. Millard Fillmore was a candidate for president in 1972.

Now, who fits all of these qualities? There is only one man:

HARPO MARX

So that he may be elected, I have formed the Marxist Party of America, Unlimited, Unincorporated, and Unsane. If you support me in my goal to see the perfect candidate elected, help, by signing petitions, writing your congressman, and holding rallies. To help the cause, any part of, or all of this editorial may be reprinted by a supporter. I would appreciate notification and a copy of such an appearance.

((OK, I hope this gets to you! This was reprinted from GRAUSTARK #312, June 22, 1974. I had meant to print this a year ago at this time, but never got the chance. Oh, we could have used it then!! If y'all like this, I may reprint more articles. I have one in mind in particular....))

## THE STRANGE CASE OF JACK MASTERS

As many of you may know, Jack has been accused of plagiarism lately in regards to some of the stories he has printed in BLACK FROG, supposedly as his own. Now, I don't mean this to be an attack on Jack, necessarily. I'd just like to get a few things straightened out. Let's start, shall we?

One of the points is that Jack "adapts" Thurber, and other authors, to a Dip hobby setting. Now, I haven't read a lot of Thurber stuff, nor have I listened to Woody Allen records, so I can't tell just how much is "adaptation" and how much is not. I understand that the stories are taken pretty liberally.

OK, many people have said, "So who cares? I thought they were funny, so it is all right to do things like this." Well, for one, I care. If I made the same "adaptation" here in a class at Maryland (and was found out), I would probably fail the class, and may face suspension!! This, then, is NOT a joking matter, really.

My main complaint is that Jack was praised for what was supposedly ORIGINAL WORK. No attempt was ever made to point out that the stories were only adaptations. Jack has said that he never claimed the stuff was original (completely), so it's OK. Jack says, "...in BLACK FROG #35 I gave credit to the inspirational sources for some of my materials: Woody Allen, Max Shulman, James Thurber, Leonardo Da Vinci, and Mel Ramos for their help in making BLACK FROG successful." Well, I didn't remember it quite like that, so went back and checked. What I found in BF #35 was not what Jack would have you believe. BF#35 was an awards issue, and in section 5: Miscellaneous Citations, we find: "(23.) To Woody Allen, Max Shulman, James Thurber, Leonardo Da Vinci, and Mel Ramos for helping to make BLACK FROG successful." That hardly is same, I think! To put the PRIMARY SOURCES for many BF articles at #23 in a category of miscellaneous stuff is hardly the same as giving credit where it is due! What's more, Jack claims to have copyrighted one of his adaptations, The "Pug Bocarsity" story. I always thought that by copyrighting something, you claim it as your original work. What is the copyright number for that story, Jack? I'd like to go down to the Library of Congress and look it up. If you're right, you have nothing to worry about and I will publicize that fact.

Jack admits to word for word copying in one instance, BF#33 (the fake EUROPA EXPRESS). But, he says, "I didn't claim this to be my derivation of Thurber's story -- it was intended to be Gary Coughlan's." Oh, so GARY is the plagiarist, Jack? I see. I don't think that's very nice, especially to Gary, implying that he's a mere copyer of others' work, do you? So shove off the blame on somebody else for Jack Masters can do no wrong. When Bruce Linsey expressed outrage at Jack's "plagiarism", Jack did not just say, "Well, yes, I did adapt these from other stories." No, he fights back, with retorts about a cover up of the BlackHole (a game in Bruce's zeen) scandal. What is that, Jack? Well, I don't appreciate your plagiarism either. I want to see what you can come up with on me, now that I've expressed my disapproval. You can dish out the punishment plenty good (no holds barred) but YOU CAN'T TAKE SOME YOURSELF!!!!



WHERE WERE WE?

Oh yes! These positions are as of S10, with F10 due on November 7.

A (Masters): F Apu, F Alb, A Nap, A Ser, A Tyr\*, A Gal, A Sev, A Rum, A Arm, A Smy

E (Jones): A Stp, A Lvn, F Nth, F Nws, F Bar, F Bal, F Ber, F Kie

F (Lee): F Tun, F Tys, F Rom, A Ven, A Tyr, A Mun, A Bur, A Pie, A Bel

G (Olsen): A Ruh

T (Coughlan): F Nap, F Ion, A Bul, F Gre, F Con, F Ank

\*= the Austrian A Tyr must retreat to boh, vie tri, or the box.

Also, we have two proposals: vote on two and three week deadlines, NVR = NO!

I'd like to apologize to the players for recent problems, especially to Gary, who I've given an especially rough ride lately.

Press? No, not this time. Get that in with your next set of orders (if you want to change the ones on file). So come on, get with it!

FAMOUS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, PART XVI

My souvenir from the "Paesano" con I thought was cancelled. Cute...really cute. I laughed for days (or was that weeks?).



Hi Jackass!

XXX \$ 000

Kathy

Phyllis

Your Buddy - Woody

Gary Coughlan

This should really be page 23  
23 25

THAT TOOK UP TOOMUCH SPACE. BACK TO...

R5 Winter 09

E: build F Lon

F: retreat F Spa(sc) to box, remove A Bur, F Naf

I: build F Nap, F Rom, A Ven

R5 Spring 10

FRENCH SUICIDE ATTEMPT SUCCEEDING

A (Pearson): Red Army Brigade (A War) S Russian A Stp:Mos

E (Brown): F Lon:Eng, F Ber:Kie, A ituh S A Hol:Bel, A Hol:Bel, F Nth S F Lon:Eng,  
F Eng:Iri, F Lpl S F Eng:Iri, F Bal:Gob. F Nwy S F Nth

F (Hurst): A Wal:Lon, F Bel:Eng, F Mao S F Bel:Eng, F Iri S F Bel:Eng

I (Byrne): A Mun:Bur, A Tyr:Mun, A Ven:Tri, F Rom:Tys, F Nap:Lon, F Tys:Wme, F Alb:Gre,  
F Spa(sc) S F Tys:Wme, A Mar S A Mun:Bur, A Gal S Austrian A War, A Bud S A Ser,  
A Ser S F Alb:Gre

R (Dunn): A Stp:Mos

T (Wilson): A Mos S A Ukr:War, A Ukr:War, A Rum:Ser, A Bul S A Rum:Ser, A Sev:Ukr,  
F Con:Aeg, F Gol:Tus

Underlined moves do not succeed. The French F Iri retreats to nao or the box. The French F Bel retreats to pic or the box. There is a proposal for a concession to Italy. Gee, I wonder why? Your next deadline is set for November 7. Be good 'til then.

PRESS ON!

WARSAW to PARIS: You coward. You scum. You cat turd. You donkey screwer. You (the worst insult of all) ... COUGHLAN!!

TYPIST: Now, is that nice?

POPE KATHY to BOZO: I need Al, he's the only one who writes decent press. Besides, without Al, I'd have no one to pick on.

WARSAW: In a show of solidarity with other small powers, the Red Army Brigade attempted to assist the sole remaining Russian unit back to its capital of Moscow. A prominent Austrian military leader said, "Once freed of the tyrannical rule of Kaiser Al, our soldiers have seen that the lesser powers must stick together. Our new slogan is "Strength through ignorance." A reporter muttered, "If that's their slogan, they should have allied with Russia and Turkey."

CON to ROM: Dearest, sheerly defensive moves. 1) They won't work, and 2) I don't believe a word you say.

BOZO to HOSS: So big deal, she saved your ass for one more year. I'll get you yet. Then I won't have to listen about all the money I owe everyone! You and Coughlan are the only ones complaining - I think everyone else hopes I leave town with their money and that I never return.

MPLS to BRD: I thought this game had good press!

TYPIST to MPLS: I thought you had good press!

CON to WAR: Get off my case, you cheap hillbilly!

CONSTANTINOPLE (EASTOCEAN): Sultan Ali announced his choice for the 1910 Nixon Award. "It should be obvious - it's Liar Pope Kathy. No one, including Liar Kaiser Al, tops her. I'd like to present it personally, in Rome, at the head of my army." Experts have thought that was most unlikely, as the Turkish 3rd Army had just been routed from Serbia and the imminent loss of the Battle for Greece loomed.

StP: I thought one center positions were for the ESM!

ESM: Oh my dear no. Two center positions are mediocre.

ITALY to FRANCE: Oh please be nice - tell me you're madder at England than at me!

BEAR to ENGLAND: I feel certain we all may attack Kathy now and remove her from this game. With twelve centers, who is the problem. Go get her. Too bad Hurst is in the way.

WORLD to ITALY: So you figure to be playing this game till '39; you should have quit quite a few birthdays ago then!

EVEN LESS IMPRESSIVE THAN USUAL

PARIS to ROME: Lucky son of a bitch. Actually, make that lucky bitch, period.

MINN: I thought Bozo Wilson was gone from this hobby!

TYPIST: I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot Pole ...

AL to AL'S ALLY: Some write and tell me your secret identity.

TYPIST: Don't ask me - it's four in the morning ...

ITALY to ENGLAND: Are you offering me a sign of peace? I mean, I figure with you knocking at my door, you must be bringing along a two-way draw proposal. Please!

HAITI to ENGLAND: Ah, another candidate for the curse of Berlin. See what happened to Del Grande and Pearson. Byrne paid me off, and look at her now. Send \$10 to Mama Leoma, address in previous issue.

LONDON: Hi! I'm Ron Brown. I'm boring.

U of M: Now I see my mistake - there is no thought in this game!

TYPIST: Whatever gave you a thought like that?

LONDON to ROME: Sure, I let Dunn live; my parents told me not to harm dumb animals.

SCOTT: I saw the movie "Polyester," so I know what Maryland is really like!

U of MD: Hey, man, like really, wow! I mean, cosmic, man. Totally spaced out.

ANKARA to ROME: My darling, my sweet, (my ass); vacate those centers in the Balkans, and I will be your faithful ally for a few more seasons. The consequences, I shudder to imagine.

ROCKVILLE: I just shudder, that's all. Not the most exciting in the world, but it's all I could come up with on short notice. See you clowns on Nov 7, OK?

HOUSERULES, HOUSERULES, WHEREFORE ART THOU HOUSERULES

It has come to my attention that some of the players are really getting teed off at the way I treat my HRs. I would usually say "tough" but enough pressure has been brought to bear that I will bring it to a vote. The rule? DIAS. I had originally made no provisions for just WHAT was included in a draw, and sought to rectify the matter with a new set of HRs in January of 80. There have been complaints that I picked DIAS without consulting the players. Yep, I sure did. But now I am willing to put the question to a vote, to see what the story is. Just glancing back, I saw 11 players in R1, R2, R3, & R4 who were around at the time, and eligible to vote. To make this simple, just have all of you folks in those 4 games ONLY, vote on whether I should have DIAS FOR THOSE GAMES, or not. Please vote by November 7, with your next set of orders will be fine. All other games will use DIAS! No change! I will drop DIAS IF a majority of the players still active in those games vote to drop the rule. No vote means that you don't give a hoot, and vote to keep DIAS. As you all know, I like the rule, and think it is an integral part of the game here.

What is DIAS? Draws Include All Survivors, of course!

THAT FIRST REPRINT WAS SO MUCH FUN, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER ONE?

This article was taken from TORONTO TELEGRAM #12, March 1980, and written by Bill LaFosse. A little bit on the sick side, but then, I think that was one of it's virtues!

The following TT article is not something I am proud of, it is in fact sick. It is necessary though, as its content is read you will realize how we are being taken.

I should give the background to the article to explain why I decided to go with it.

I was up very late one night and quite drunk, I had discovered a staminate line as yet unknown, protecting 17 centers with 8 units, I staggered for pen and paper to write it down when my cat ran across the board, strambling the units all over, then I passed out. I awoke unable to recreate the line, it is lost for all time.

I was, as you may well imagine, enraged. This was not the first time that cat had ruined something. It was with malice and evil that I went to my filing cabinet, I glanced down the drawers. I passed over the first four drawers, labeled, "Demented, but printable;" "Demented borderline;" "Demented not-suitable;" and "Demented sick;" I stopped at the file labeled, "Demented, you will go to hell if you print this."

I ripped open the file, leafed through stories on dog-shit and Gran-nies tits, I pulled out all my material on cats. Collected through the years, and periodically added to by my readers, I present to you this awful article on

CAT DICCIPLINE This article should not be read by those under 18, and should be concealed from parents or children.

The cat fans can trace the origins of their domesticated companions back to the days of Cleopatra. In ancient Egypt the cat was a god, worshipped and held in holy esteem, only the mighty were graced with the presence of the animal.

High regard for the beast continued for thousands of years, up to the late 1800's cats were " on the payroll " in many companies, employed as rodent controllers.

The 1900's began and the age of machines began. The public began to realize the value of cleanliness. This new public awareness, combined with the invention of mousetraps and rat poisons, cut into rodent populations dramatically. The cat effectively lost his function in society, but a new habit was born which saved the cat from an uncertain future. People started taking them in as pets.

The cat used to thousands of years of respect failed to adjust to his new status. To this day he struts about, completely independant of discipline and obedience. He still clings to his belief in his ultimate importance.

These modern days have brought forth much knowledge to the common man, one of the many truths we now know is the true fickle personality of the cat. Letters have been pouring in from people as they are learning to keep the cat in it's place.

Sir,

I have taken time to pen this paper to relate to you a recent corrective measure I inflicted upon my cat.

"Boots" was regularly spoiled by my wife. Since my wife's death, some 6 months ago, I have been left alone to fend to the cat's needs. All my care has been rewarded by his continual habit of defecating in the bathtub. On more than one occasion I have stepped into the shower to unwittingly bury my toes in the warm brown substance.

Last week it happened again, as the horrid feces slid between my toes I decided action must be taken. I searched high and low for Boots, and found him digging at the roots of a prize winning houseplant.

I grabbed him by the neck and tossed him into the bathtub. I poured a bottle of ammonia into the tub, and turned on the hot water. The tub filled and the screaming began, but trapped as he was, it was futile. I am pleased to report I am no longer bothered with cat feces in the tub.

Bill,

I, for years dreamed of buying a new Cadillac. After 4 years of scrimping, I saved enough to purchase one, with a terrible, but bareable monthly payment. After so much effort instilled in achieving my possession, I naturally wanted to take all precautions to ensure its continued beauty and appeal. With this in mind, and my being a bit of a handyman, I decided to apply a coating of aluminum wax to my prize.

I did the job perfectly, in my own garage. I, upon completion, wheeled my machine into the driveway to dry. I returned, some hours later, to find that my cat had walked all over the hood and roof, before the wax had dried. His paws were mud covered. The wax had since dried and his footprints were permanent. As you know aluminum wax is like another coat of paint on a car, and as difficult to remove. The job of sanding off the damaged sections would cost hundreds of dollars. I was very upset with the cat.

I cornered him minutes later, behind the bed. I decided that if he liked my new car so much I could arrange for him to see it much more. Little drops of crazy glue bind quite well. I applied a drop to each paw and I set him on the hood. It has been some months now, and he is starting to wither, but during the first couple of weeks he was quite a conversation piece.

Bill,

My cat used to try to get at my fish in the aquarium. He tipped it over one day so I punished him. I put him in an empty tank, and placed a few boards and bricks across to keep him in. I left him in there until he died, but he did a lot of damage by scratching the board before he croaked. I will never forgive him.

It was fun watching him suffer, I got an idea. I recently found 2 more cats, and I put them in the tank like the first. After 1 week, when their tongues began to hang out, I removed them. I pulled out their front paws with a pair of pliers and I packed their huge ear cavities with food, packed in really tight. I put them back in the tank, I am having hours of fun watching them try to eat each other's ears. Sure beats the old TV.

Editor,

I have conclusive proof cats do not always land on their feet. After watching an educational film on the subject I conducted tests myself. All four legs were cut off the cat, and re-glued, in their exact resective positions on the cat's back. I dropped the cat 10 times, every time he landed on his belly, proving once and for all- cats do not always land on their feet. I have video-tapes of the testing if you wish.

Sir,

After 5 years of meticulous cross breeding, I had created the unique red, white, and blue rose. My cat then went out and destroyed the rose bush it was growing on. I was enraged, and discipline was required. I cut off his front legs with a pair of hedge cutters, and I blinded him with a sewing needle. I now cut furrows in my garden by hanging a piece of meat off a fishing pole, dangling it in front of the cat's nose. He pushes himself along with his hind legs, digging in with his head. A punishment to fit the crime.

Bill,

I recently bought a cat, for the kids. Knowing of their independence I decided to establish myself as boss immediately. I doubled his tail into a loop, and I wired this loop shut, tight. I stuck one of the prongs from my rake through the loop, and I swung that cat around for about 10 minutes. I'm not sure what I accomplished, but I sure gave him something to think about.

Bill,

I was at home one recent Sunday and we decided to go for a drive. The kids wanted to take the cat, so I had a look around for him. I found him too. He had just lapped up about \$200.00 worth of cocaine I had bought the night before, that put me right off. "Freddy" went for a ride that day, tied to a rope, hanging off the rear of my firebird. I cruised the freeway at 80 MPH. Freddy doesn't steal my drugs anymore, because you got to have legs if you gonna steal.

Sir,

It is my misfortune to own a female cat, which recently went into heat. It laid on the carpet with its rear end in the air, meowing continually. I got goddam tired of it. I took her to my workshop, and placed the rear end in a vice-grip. I tried to satisfy the lust by sticking pencils and straws in the orifice. I thought she was in kitty heaven, but one day she got out of the house, and came back pregnant.

I was furious, but there was nothing I could do to prevent the births. Once the little furry kittens emerged I took action.

All the new borns were placed in a green glad-bag, and taken to the workshop. I hit that bag for 10 minutes with a 20lb sledge, until all movement and meowing stopped. Mom was put in the bag for a couple of hours to prevent any repetition. I gave that bag to the kids for show and tell at school. I have it now, I've made lots of money taking it down to the local bars. I bet that no-one can keep his hand inside for 1 minute, once they place their hand inside, I go meow, meow.

That concludes this issue's chapter of this horror story, it will be concluded next month.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CRUEL TO BE KIND

The T of C

nothing major...1  
woodpecker...2  
e c berch...7  
desperate letter...7  
byrnecon 7...8  
bulle penne...9  
mass murders!...10  
portrait gallery, part viii...16  
frost game...17  
fill it in...18  
famous historical documents, part xv...19  
portrait gallery, part ix...21  
bad news...21  
r1...22  
quick comments...22  
r3, beginning...22  
your next president...23  
secret life of jack masters...24  
r3, end...25  
famous historical documents, part xvi...25  
r5...26  
houserules...27  
cats...27  
various nonsense...31  
marco poll results...31  
quote of the month...32  
this...32

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Greenbelt, MD 20770  
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First Class

KONRAD BAUMEISTER

(with a nod to Nick Lowe)

PLAYLISZT

Led Zeppelin I  
Led Zeppelin II  
Led Zeppelin III  
Led Zeppelin IV      Led Zeppelin  
Houses of the Holy  
Physical Graffiti  
Presence  
In the Heat of the Night, Pat Benatar  
The Cars, The Cars

This only a partial list, I fear.

