



**EXPOSING
ONE OF SATAN'S
MOST POWERFUL MEDIUMS!!!**

**"AND DO NOT PARTICIPATE
IN THE UNFRUITFUL DEEDS
OF DARKNESS,**

**BUT INSTEAD
EVEN EXPOSE THEM . . ."**

Ephesians 5:11

ROCK & ROLL!

SOUL CONTROL?

**THE MAJOR AUDIO VISUAL PRESENTATION ON HOW TODAY'S MUSIC IS AFFECTING
THE MINDS OF ITS LISTENERS THROUGH SUBLIMINAL SUGGESTION AND BACKMASKING,
LYRICS, AND OCCULTIC SYMBOLS...**

RETURN OF THE FUNGI

June 11, 1983

DIPS IN SPACE

#71/72

Meaningless Meanderings

PARTC

DIAS

And here we are. Yes, isn't it amazing? Four years after the start, and still going strong. You folks have impressed me, and still do. This is going to be a big issue (as large as a small house), and most/much of the really creative stuff has been done by you guys. Then again, Julie and I have gone all out this time, too. Especially if I can find the stuff I was looking for....

We put out this rascal about monthly or so, with game results a separate entity. It'll run you 20¢ per issue (doubles cost double), or 80¢ per issue if you happen to be a wimpy new subber who doesn't try to talk me into the cheaper rate. Not many of you, and only one of you is still around (hi, Uncle Dan!). The rest have NARed (Not Anything Received), and are no longer with us. Fine with me, we don't want any deadwood here.

I wonder what the deadwood types think of this recent campaign to drive them out of Dipdom? Several zeens have come down hard on deceased cellulose recently, even prompting several of the greater logs to show some life. Maybe this is all worthwhile. But is it nice? That's the important question: is it NICE. Ah, who cares? If you can't stand the heat, get an air conditioner.

Things around here are getting along fine - went out and grabbed up an ATARI 800 last night. Some of the video games, too, but they didn't fit (the guy at the store evidently didn't know the difference between the video machine games and the computer games. I sure didn't.), too bad. They were pretty cheap, too. Now all I have to do is get the programming language, some games, a few programs (word processing, in particular, bookkeeping probably), a couple of the peripherals (program recorder, modem, printer, maybe a disk drive) and I'll have this supremely powerful device in my control. Then I'll have to think of something to do with it! Maybe start up some small business of some sort. Anybody got any bright ideas? Anybody besides Olsen and Larzelere have ATARIs? Should be fun, anyway. We spent about an hour last night playing with the memo pad function (the only one we have presently) and the graphics. Julie is threatening to design a video game. Now that would be neat! The zeen will not go onto the computer unless I get a really nice printer. I don't much care for the computer printing even though I'm not a real stickler for a pretty zeen. Maybe I'll change my mind in time. You're all bored with this, by now, so we'll move along.

Four years. Looking back, it seems like a long time. Doesn't seem that way at the moment, though. Publishing is very easy now that there isn't the pressure of doing six games, the rest of the zeen, printing/collating/addressing/mailing/etc all in the space of one weekend. Besides the schedule not allowing it anymore, I just don't think I could handle it. Julie's help is invaluable. I've always had a tough time filling up the front page with an article, and not having to do it is a relief. Without any major changes in our lives in the future (forseen, anyway), we're planning on being around for a few more years at least. Issue #100 is practically just around the corner, when you think about it. We should hit that about Christmastime next year. Weird, but it doesn't seem to be that big a deal. I suppose that's because there are quite a few good zeens out there in about the same boat.

All in all, this is a good time to be in Dipdom. Plenty of interesting zeens, fine GMs if you want to play the game, interesting GMs if you want to have a good time, good writing, practically no tactics articles (yay!), and a large batch of fun people. And I do mean crazies. Sure, there seems to be quite a bit of controversy lately, but I really don't feel it's good or bad for Dipdom, it's just an inevitable thing when you put this many people in the same place. As long as it isn't aggravated by constant attention, controversy stays in the background. And that's just fine with me.

Enough for now, I have an article to write. And I'm out of page.

WHAT? ME BE REAL?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DO YOU KNOW WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE? (OR WHAT?)

and my job is again completed. With only a few very minor adjustments to make, I have created the perfect Dip wife - now the family that stabs together truly does stay together.

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

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

Of course, all of this is DNQ/NFP/Recipe Ready. We wouldn't want to cause a panic in Dipdom now, would we?

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS

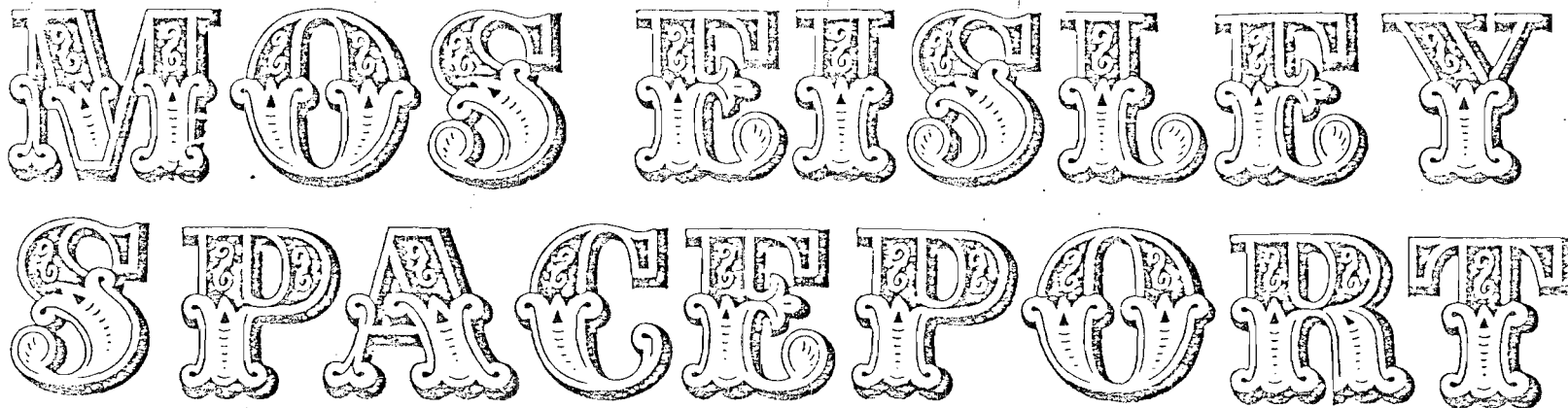
The following is one of the earlier episodes in a semicontinuing series that I was writing as press for GIVE ME A WEAPON! Since the series has been semidiscontinued due to space reasons there, I thought I'd bring it here and revive it. It improves as I get farther away from the immediate subject (of course!).

PART 1: MALTA Giovanni Brown was born a poor young child on this island of mixed Italian/English parentage. His mother, Lucretia, was a full blooded Italian barmaid of questionable virtue (which was one of her highest virtues). Little is know about the lad's father, except that he is, or at one time was, a member of the British Grand Fleet, sailing the Mediterranean Sea. Lucretia raised the child alone from infancy to young adulthood with only the typical problems of a fatherless boy. Fortunately, young Giovanni was broken of the habit of wearing petticoats by the age of 12. Despite all the hardships and hard work, his mother was intent on getting the lad off to some form of higher learning institution (perhaps so that she would no longer have to keep up with the boy). She had incubated quite a little nest egg, the better to send the child to the finest institutions, so he would not have to grow up as a barmaid.

With Giovannis's fifteenth birthday approaching rapidly, applications were quickly assembled and sent out to the Seven Great Universities. First was the flyer to the Austrian University of Redundancy Institute, followed in rapid succession by papers to the English Institute of Naval Obstinacy, the Casino Royale de France, and the Germanic University. In short order, applications were also delivered to My All Faiths Italian Academy, the Russian College of War, and finally to the University of Theater in Turkey. Privately, Giovanni had always wondered what and "Opium Den" was, and prayed for acceptance at UTIT. The boy and his young mother waited anxiously for word of his acceptance....

((More of this later on in the zeen, and future ones as well - why not steal my own ideas for a change?))

"You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villany"



#32, June 83

MOS EISLEY is a roving column or subzeen put out for much needed sub credit and general BSing by hobby luminary John Michalski, Rt 10, Box 526-Q, Moore, OK 73165. Contributions are welcome.

HOBBY NEWS Not a lot. I'm tired of repeating all the convention dates, just as you are of hearing them, so I won't even mention the big one again, PudgeCon II in Wichita Aug 12-14. I understand there are others, but who cares? Dick and Julie are coming I understand, and me, and Scott Hanson, who must worry about the difference in rents of \$260 a month vs. \$250, may also come in with his girl/fiance/wife, Frauke. If someone trying hard to eat less to live, can still consider PudgeCon, so can YOU. But I won't bring it up.

IRKSOME has finally come out, and promises another shortly. I was starting to worry, but Scott wrote on the cover that mine had been delayed until after a game deadline we are in had passed. Seems he's against me, for some reason. Must be that his hardships have affected his mind. Everyone knows I am hobby Nice Guy. I just wish the hobby women thought of me as Hobby Terrific Guy, but that Peters is hard to overtake. Scott complains about being the Carter Award winner this year, Judy Winsome's award to the most sexist hobby member. Hell, if Scott doesn't want it, I'll take the time. I really want to be the sexiest hobby member, but sexist is probably as close as I'll come.

Forty hours from this typing, JEDI opens. Initial releases called it Revenge of the Jedi, but now in the advertising, it's all Return of the Jedi. By the time you read this, I presume you will know. It is the big event I am looking forward to, challenged only by the rumor that the folks at the meat market are impressed with my work and will get me on permanent. That would be terrific. Cutting meat may seem a comedown from the accounting profession to those who know little about each, but to me it is a step up even if for less money, and I need to start looking at retirement stuff too. Hell, in a handful of years I'll be FORTY. I can't dick around and figure on Amway bailing me out. I've got to get something solid started pretty damn soon. The last three outfits I worked for were each smaller than the one before, and while opportunity was there, so was risk, and even were I to retire today from any one of the three, it is doubtful to laughable to think that any of them would still be around to PAY a retirement in 5 years, let alone 25-30. Uncle S will be around, even if damn little else is. If I went on permanent this year, I could retire at 58. Not terrific, but better than nothing at all, which is exactly what our overpopulated country offers to tens of millions in the private sector. And Bill Highfield wonders if I'm being facetious when I endorse Jesse Jackson for president...

Speaking of JEDI, what would you think of Julie in a Princess Leia outfit? (See, I'm trying for that sexist award!) And to think Rod Walker is missing all the possibilities in that idea..

Speaking of Walker, I am reminded of the Mona Berch Baby Pool that Don Del Grande is running in his LIFE OF MONTY. Send in 50¢ and your guess of the due date

that Mark/Markette Jr. will arrive, and the closest one wins. Write Don at 142 Eliseo Drive, Greenbrae, CA 94904.

And now for some letters. First up is the honcho of the In-6, comp lining about how dastardly I am for publishing the thought a lot of PCon attendee prospects who remember Kathy from last time, are thinking themselves:

JOHN CARUSO (Whitestonia)

Not to worry. Just to make you happy & for all the abuse you're handing out my way—I am not going to Wichita. Stick that up your — pipe, & smoke it. I've had it up to here with all this shit.

PS Aren't you going to answer the trivia quiz?

((What trivia quiz? Berch's? I did send him a page as I recall. His questions were probably funnier than most of the answers will be ~~except mine~~.)

You know, if I didn't know that you were just in this hobby for fun and took everything with a laugh, I would be upset with your comments. You should take all this a compliment to Kathy's personality, not as an insult. You see, Olsen proposed we drop you down a Kansas grain elevator only in the spirit of fun, just like you publish, excepting of course editorials that attack people without reply from the attackee. So it's all a joke, other than that we really do perhaps feel Kathy will be more of herself on her own again. Actually, it may all be mute, since I suspect that with money being what it is and PCon II being in late summer, some of the prospective visitors may well drop out for real or claimed \$ shortfalls by then anyhow. But if you can come, I wouldn't abandon you along the roadside. //Kathy has said it would be best to fly NYC to here and drive up free with me// Maybe we could drop you at Dixie Grey's in Enid?))

GARY COUGHLAN (excerpt)

It's me again! More stamps too!!((Thanks!)) Please use at least one of them to send another reply to Larzelere okay (along with your orders). I am finding this whole discussion very interesting and just want it spelled out a little more. I agree with you that Caruso should have printed my reply...at the very least. I was surprised that he even printed Rod's letter but mine should have gone in. It was short and it was polite (it really was) and dealt with all the points that Brawner raised. It's really hilarious to see the East Coast Witches go around the letter columns preaching high and mighty morals and ethics to that "great sinner" Linsey when they are just as full of it and just as unfair.

((Yeah, those east coast publishers do keep the hobby amused with their antics. Where would we be without them though? I mean, you couldn't make up a Woody or a Highfield if you tried, and no one would believe such a fictional character anyhow. They are hard enough to believe in the flesh. Then there are the editorials like the opening of the last RETALIATION that—well, what WAS it? I couldn't make heads or tails out of it. I presume it was humor, or drugs, or maybe an attack, but I couldn't tell for sure. So I take it as humor. Kind of like Tallman: wierd. Thanks again for the stamps though. You and Winsome's game correction stamps have kept me going!))

Let's see now—I'm too tired to add a Mark Berch Dept., since poor Mark has been heaped on enough in the other MES's I've put out in the last week or two (Tallman, Highfield, Del Grande, Caruso, Langley, now Martin, and Glen Taylor (DIJAGH) still to go. Rauterberg really needs one too, if you saw the last MIDWIVES CRISIS, where MES was not only a highlight, it was the only light. Only Williams needs help more! But, time to close. Write me about the USFL and Reagan so I'll have filler for #32.

"You will never find a more wretched hive of scum and villany" ~~than this~~ "hiv"

June 5



MOS EISLEY is a roving subzine of assorted ramblings put out to entertain the hobby and offer up sacrafice to our hobby god, ~~Kathy~~ Mark Berch, by one John "Toots" Michalski (use John; Toots sounds dumb), Rt 10 Box 526Q, Moore, OKLA 73165, God's Country. Or so called perhaps because it is so unfit for humans? Anyhow, comments are welcome and invited, since I, like so many others, need filler. Speaking of filler, here is an excerpt from the one and only, the Hero of Larzelere,

Mark Berch- There you go again Mickalsji, I didn't say what you said I said, nor did I infer what you said I said, but what I did say was that I had previously said that you cant say what you like about someone just because what they say you originally said isn't what you said at all, but what they think you said. Comprndo?

Yeah, I understand that like Woody understands how to split the atom. The only thing Woody can split is his pants everytime he puts them on over his boyfriends head. What the hell were you talking about Mark?

The Memorial Day weekend is over and wouldnt you know it, the liberals and welfare indians tried to fuck it up, again. I went down to main street with Claudine to watch the parade. You know, the annual march(disarray is more like it), 8-16 year old kids in their cub scout and ~~girl~~ girl scout outfits, majorettes, a few old and ancient vets in their WWI and WWII uniforms, and here comes the shithead liberals up the block yelling "Eat shit consevre natural resources" and "Nuke Nixon". I mean, come on now, protesting a little kids and old folks parade, thats about the only time the old folks get any excitement or get up oof of their fat lazy asses and these shitheads come and ruin it for them. What will the kids think too? But the disturbance ended quickly as the police arrived with riot gear and shotup $\frac{1}{2}$ the mother scummers. Whats tis country coming to when the Highjerk types wont be able to march in their war parades, and the end the Mills types will keep protesting everything from parades to pizza. I'd like to see one of them liberals live without eating half of the things they protest against. And where would they be if those old geezers hadnt busted their asses and killed European filth and scum for 50 years? Maybe we should send all the liberals and revolutionary types to Canada where they need some kind of revolution.

MARK BERCH DEPT: Its raining again, So what else is new?

Since this is the Retaliation 4th anniversary issue, and I owed Dick a ~~don't~~ a MES, I figured I may as well get in on the festivities. This MES wont be but 2 pages. Maybe I'll send Dick another one in the next few days, if my lazy ass feels up to it. I have to get motivated, which is tough these days. Since being unemployed, I havent been able to buy my fair share of amunition. Yeah, the job at the reserve airbase puts food on the table and allows me to buy a few rounds, but I miss the good old days. You know, when I'd be able to sit on the roadside and blow away the hippy fuckers, and waste me a few pregnant rabbits, and even get me a nun now and then. Now, thats just what I get, none. I can't shoot my load if my life depneded on it, at least thats what Claudine says. How I long for the good old days.

Ronnie isn't doing so bad, its those liberal assholes in congress that keep fighting him tooth and nail at every corner. Ronnie wanted to do away with SS but they wouldn't stand for it. Just think of all the money they could have transferred to the defense budget. And defense, Ronnie says we need B-1 bomber, the MX, and a laser beam, congress call it Star Wars policy. Hell, why not, if it works for Darth Vader, it can't be all that bad, can it? Just imagine, Ronnie Vader, or Darth Reagan- and he could then justifiably abuse the minorities the proper way.

I was just thinking of something. Could you imagine if we got rid of all parts of our society that were non-productive. The old, the long-term unemployed, (I am a parttime worker, I dont fit into that category), the commie pig bastards, the invalids, and ship them all to some European socialist state. We would have enough jobs for everyone, and we would be wallowing in prosperity. Hell, maybe we can lump in anyone we dont like either, like doctors, Armenians, Hainardis, etc. America, land of the free and home of the worker.

Crime is all over the place. I'm for the death penalty, and to hell with gun control. Let everyone carry a gun, the good, the bad, and the ugly. We would see a slow rise in deaths and a fast decline in repeat crime. So some of the good must be sacrificed, but its worth it if we can rid ourselves of the lowlife slime and scum that seems to be taking over our society.

Most of you may be saying that this isn't much for an anniversary issue. Screw you all, this is normal me, I'm not doing some special pussying up, boot licking issue or discuss home economics topics or how to make your garden grow. If you want that, read Whitestoned or Europa Express, both full of that sort of shit. I write what I want to write about, and you don't have to read it.

I had a picture I wanted to put into this issue, but it won't fit in the room I have and I don't have enough material to fill another page. Well, I do have enough material, but I must spread it around to all the other places I have to send a MES to. Look for me in the future in Dogs of War, Diplomacy Digest, Bersagliari, and maybe even in The General. What an appropriate place, The General, for commander John Toots.

So ends page 2 of this roving subzine. Fluff Schaffer told me tell all of you to go drop dead.

INFLUENTIAL PLAYER RANKINGS

Update - - 6/9/83

Rank	Name	IPR	# of Wins and Draws	Latest	# of Wins	# of 82/83 Game Starts
1.	Lee Kendter Sr	9.1	16	'80 HE	7	1
2.	Kathy Byrne	8.4	12	'81 HP	6	10
3.	Jack Masters	7.3	10	'80 KZ	6	1
4.	Don Ditter	6.2	11	'81 X	4	2
5.	Dave Carter	5.3	11	'81 AO	2	-
6.	John Caruso	5.0	10	'80 LE	2	1
7.	Ron Brown USA	5.0	8	'80 KV	4	3
8.	Bill Hart	4.8	7	'80 HS	4	1
9.	Eric Verheiden	4.7	13	'79 IK	2	-
10.	Dan Stafford	4.6	7	'81 K	3	6
11.	Ron Kelly	4.5	10	'80 CW	3	-
12.	Stan Johnson	4.5	7	'80 IO	3	1
13.	Arturo Guadardo	4.4	8	'81 J	2	1
14.	Bob Sergeant	4.4	7	'80 IZ	4	2
15.	Dick Martin	4.3	8	'81 HP	3	2
16.	Rick Kassel	4.1	6	'79 HX	3	-
17.	Dave Ditter	4.0	8	'81 HQ	2	3
18.	Eric Kirchner	4.0	8	'80 CX	2	-
19.	Bob Osuch	3.9	6	'82 C	3	-
20.	Tom Thornsens	3.9	6	'81 S	3	1
21.	Bill Becker	3.8	6	'81 CN	2	5
22.	Tom Ripper	3.8	6	'81 CY	3	1
23.	Blair Cusack	3.8	5	'79 K	3	6
24.	Steve McLendon	3.7	7	'80 AN	3	-
25.	John Kador	3.5	6	'80 KB	2	2
26.	Walter Blank	3.5	5	'80 CI	3	-
27.	Greg Haskew	3.5	4	'81 ID	3	2
28.	H D Bassett	3.5	4	'78 AZ	3	1
29.	John Michalski	3.4	9	'82 C	1	17
30.	Paul Rauterberg	3.4	7	'80 HG	2	8
31.	Fred Townsend	3.3	5	'81 K	3	3
32.	John Kevern	3.2	7	'80 CF	1	-
33.	Gene Boggess	3.0	6	'81 AA	1	-
34.	Dan MacLellan	3.0	6	'78 R	1	-
35.	Bill Bryg	3.0	3	'79 HR	3	-
36.	Eldon Nichol	3.0	3	'78 U	3	-
37.	Dave Crockett	3.0	3	'77 HT	3	-
38.	Mark Berch	2.9	5	'80 AY	2	1
39.	Keith Sherwood	2.8	10	'81 IN	0	2
40.	Al Pearson	2.8	4	'80 LL	2	7

This is a Calhamer-type rating that is kept current by only rating the last 4-5 years of games, by Boardman number. This update includes only BNet games 1977-1982, taken from Everything's #42 to #56.

As you can see from the additional information I have added that there are a lot of inactive players on the list in spite of the limited time frame involved. So there is lots of room for you!

- Win = 1.0
- 2-way draw = .5
- 3-way draw = .3
- 4-way draw = .2
- 5-way draw = .1
- 6-way draw = .0 (tie breaker)

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The Disciples of Berch

by Ieapo Stabo

God, has informed the hobby that he needs people to go out and spread his truths, that he needs people like Linsey ~~to kiss~~ ~~Wiz~~ ~~Ass~~ outright worship him, and that he needs suckers to believe his word is the one and only word in this hobby that matters! You too can be a Berch disciple, it really doesn't take any brains, all you have to do is be a yes man! Even the simplest among us (i.e. Woody) can handle that. So for those of you who want to be on the right side, and enjoy being a flunkie, here are the 10 Commandments of Berch which you must follow:

1. Thou shalt never disagree with Berch - he is always RIGHT!!!!!!

2. Thou shalt be an authority on how to play every country on the Dip Board, even though you don't play the game yourself!

3. Thou shalt emulate the best GM in the hobby, Bruce Linsey, and have enough trick houserules to entrap players into NMR's, and always remember the GM is the POWER and when in doubt that a player is not in total fear of you, throw him out of your game as provided by under houserule Amendment #12!

4. Thou shalt never take anything at face value - remember the hobbyist's are a bunch of fools - always twist the meaning of their words and look for technicalities to use against them!

5. Thou shalt never publish a fun zine - stick to boring, dull reprints, since people don't understand or fall asleep while reading this literary crock, they tend to think that you know more than they do.

6. Thou shalt always wear my Mark Berch beeper, that way if the likes of a Byrne, Martin (either one take your pick - one's as bad as the other), Woody, Worbel, Sherwood etc. chooses to challenge you, you can reach God himself day or night, and you will have the best advise any lawyer can give on how to put these smart asses in their rightful places (i.e. with the rest of the morons who believe this hobby is fun!). By the way, if Mona answers hang up, as she is sick and tired of the beeping, it seems Brucie has her all beeped out!

7. Thou shalt always work on the easily brain washed among us (i.e. Olsen), these weaker types, wouldn't dare stick up for themselves, so they tend to make good mouthpieces for what ever you want leaked into the hobby!

8. Thou shalt never attend a Byrne Con without being wired for sound, all recordings of the East Coast clique must be reported back to Mark Berch, our one and only God!

9. Thou shalt always remind everyone that Diplomacy World is the flagship zine of the hobby!

10. But most important, thou shalt always say and swear that Bruce Linsey is right, no matter how wrong he is!



Aussie boat shoots self in bow

Sydney, Australia (UPD)—The crew of an Australian navy patrol boat practicing a 15-gun salute never made it past "fire one." They blasted a hole in the ship's bow. No one was hurt in the incident, but the misfiring

caused red faces aboard the *Buccaneer*.

"Theoretically, the gun should not have been able to fire while it was pointed towards the ship," Royal Australian Navy spokesman Sub-Lt. Peter Collett said.

Yes sir, this is Flagship again, dipdoms newest roving subzine. Since my original, successful venture into dipdom last year, I have received numerous requests to put out my #1 folly agai, but lo and behold, I just couldn't find the right place to go, why after I sent in my submission for the last issue of EE last year, he turns around and remains in dipdom, something I never dreamed of and that is unheard of in dipdom, because when your time is up your time is up. Thats what you get for choosing your friends loosely, but since I went to my good friend Gary last year, I have reconsidered my position on the issues and decided I may as well supply my good friend Dick Martin an issue of my excellence as well, wouldn't want anyone in the hobby say that I'm a prejudiced person, not that I'm not, its just that what the fools don't know, wont hurt them, and since no one has to know how I feel, and I can change my stance anytime and defend it to a "T", whats the difference anyway.

This zeen is done by me, Uncle Markie B, the 1st God of dipdom. Up above, I found a picture in a local newspaper which depicts my ~~with~~ situation perfectly. Yes, I am just like the recently sunk HMS *Buccaneer*. I am always sinking myself, but you'll notice that my ship of affairs and crew resemble the ~~toads~~ crew of the above, Linsey, Highfield in the drink the little rat, and the drowning crewman Eric Kane. I ordered him over the side, and being a good man, he did exactly as I told him to do, as he does for me.

Recently, my good friend and ~~client~~ fellow hobbyist, Bruce Linsey has been attack in numerous zines all over the counrty and by the same people who have named me the 1st God of dipdom. Now you people know that Bruce is always right, because I say he is, and you know that the vicious attacks such as "Linsey is a strict GM" and "Brux endeavours from time to time in controversy" are totally unbased, uncalled for and are total lies, why everyone knows that Linsey has dropped the controversys from his life, why just yesterday he passed me an ~~off the record~~ a ~~xxxx~~ letter to read where the reader or riter, I forget which, attacks bruce by printing his ~~xxxxxx criticism~~ criticism of ~~xxx~~ them and then telling the truth, this can not be tolerated, as there is only one truth, that which I say is the truth, as no one else in dipdom is cappable of deciding those kinds of things. It sometimes gets rough writing up all those rough drafts for Linsey to print with his name on it, as he submits to me a list of people and things he wants to write about and I have to word it in such a way as to not attack them, but to ~~xxxx~~criticize them, but that is easy enough, I just nit-pick and twist it to fit my purpose. Instead of calling John Caruso and Dick Martin assholes, I just say that there policies are those of assholes, of I tell Gary he acts like a baby, not that he is one, or I tell Al his former magazine was edited with a controversial overtome. Note, I never said the person was any of these, I referred to their policies or deeds, and that, by dear disciples is the difference between attacks and criticism, as long as you talk about the persons policy, you can say whatever you like, they write like shit, th they spell like a 1st grader, you name it, I've done it, and all for the sake of promoting the Good Will of God into dipdom.

There is another point of interest out in dipdom I'd like to discuss here with you people. That is the business of Not for print letter do not quote and off the record letters. Do not print means just that, you may not publish it in your zine, nor submit it to any other zine for publishing, you may not publish it, copy it, pass it around ect, etc, etc. The same goes for the other 2, except that you may not quote from the letter to anyone, nor may you talk to anyone about it, and off the record means you can't even mention you rec'd such a letter from anyone. Now, as for me, and what these lettles labels mean to me and people I say can define them my way- not for print means I wont publish it, but if I choose, I will make 1,000 xeroxs of it and mail 1 to each member of dipdom, or if I recieve one from a buddy of mine, I will pass it on or can print anything from it, after all, once it is passed to me as a 3rd party, there is no restriction on your letter, and the label is already invalid. Off the record means to me that it is not your official stance on an issue, however, I can and will quote you as your not official position, it can be printed by me, xeroxed etc. Dont quote means I cant quote you, but I will paraphrase you or send the letter around to any one I wish to with the note to them that they cannot quote from the letter but can do anything else they wish with it. And now the killer, the infamous "CC" courtesy copy (carbon ~~xxxx~~ copy), I can send CC to whoever I choose and you are restricted to send CC to only those people I tell you who you can send them to, but there are occasions where I will send a letter with CC's but not tell anyone about it, thats called blind copies, I do alot of that because I dont want the people Im writing to to see all the people Im sending this material to. And my clients are instructed to do the same thing. All my clients send me copies of every thing, whether listed as CC or as blind copy, most are blind copies though. Now that you know where I stand, you may wish to write me more letters?

There are other important dipdom issues I'd like to talk about here and I will if I have the room, why does everyone keep picking on my good friend and client Brice Lidsey? Why doesn't anyone recognize FLAGSHIP as dipdoms flagship zeen? I'm not really bald either you know, I'm just growing an inverted mohawk.

EPISODE III

Yes, kids, it's true. Mistress Julie and King Crud have tied on the big one. They got married and now live in a bungalow style castle in suburban Maryland. You know all about that. It has not meant easy times for those of us who write sagas for a living. I mean, who writes about great epics about suburbia? But write I must, hard tho it may be. And I haven't even gotten to the good part yet.

This wedding was the culmination of the deal that Crud and the Mistress had made in the last (published) chapter of our saga many eras ago. Once they were on speaking (and other much more physical) terms, the Mistress's naturally dominant (ooh! so dominant!) personality took over. The night they made the decision to wed was particularly touching. It was the Mistress's idea, of course. She soaked and dried the leather so it would bind extra tight, she attached fresh barbs to her whip, she sharpened her seven-inch black heels. She knew it was to be a special night. Poor Crud, foolish mortal that he is. He thought it would just be an ordinary evening of pain and good times. Little did he know what the Mistress had in store, but he began to find out a few minutes after he was tied up and in the usual position, It was then that things began to get serious.

"Dickee, will you marry me?" Julie cooed.

"Gee, I don't know. After all, I've got this kingdom to---" Dick was suddenly cut off by the crack of the whip and the sudden pressure of the newly sharpened heel on a sensitive region of his body.

"Come on, Dick. I don't want to have to get brutal with you," Julie threatened, tightening the straps a bit more. Dick shuddered, trying to concieve of what the Mistress meant by brutal.

"But what would my subjects think, their king, married to you, all powerful Mistress," Dick started to plead. He was wasting his breath.

"Ah," Julie shouted, "what would your dear precious subjects think if they saw you like this!" She motioned behind her, and from behind a partition stepped Konrado Kabong, with the big Don_ (this is a family zine, after all!). He held a video camera, tape running. Julie's heel drove in a bit deeper, and Dick could not help but gasp.

"Was that 'yes,' Dickee?" Julie was cooing once more. Konrado stepped a bit closer. "Would you mind repeating that into the microphone?" he intoned.

So it was all arranged. You already know the details of the wedding--how the Mistress wore the finest in leather with black satin trim, how the palace basement was decorated as to have put the de Sades to shame, how Dick nearly dropped the ring as his thumbs were tied together for the ceremony, how the couple received a 21-whip salute as the left the palace. And you all know how Dick was forced to abdicate his throme. Some moralistic knight named Sir Gary had master-minded that. So Dick was forced to live out his life as a commoner, a common Crud.

But life wasn't all bad. Julie had a rich uncle in the military (General Electric) who got Crud a job inspecting nuclear power plants throughout the kinkdom. He wasn't very good at first, after all, what job skills to ex-monarchs have? But it was all very convenient. Suspiciously convenient, to all but Crud that is. The job just happanned to involve long stretches of travel. Crud happened to be away from home quite often. And Julie just happened to hire Konrado Kabong, with the big Do__ as houseboy and personal(!) attendant. Yes, Vacation times had come again. A nice little threesome they made, Crud, Konrado and Julie. (I forget which one wouldn't sleep with which other one. Does it really matter?)

But Julie was the same old Mistress, despite being a Mrs. Even Crud and Konrado weren't enough. She just couldn't be tied down--nor could she restrict herself to just two men. The little menage a trois soon became a menage a many. And when Woody brought in the goats, it became a menage a rie. But who are we to judge? The Mistress is happy. Konrado Kabong with the Big D__ is happy. Even Crud is happy, what with the effect of the radiation from work is having on his anatomy. Sure Julie may only be a mistress in title only now, and Crud no longer has a kinkdom. Things really haven't changed.

May 14. 1983

R13 1983-CE

ELEPHANT HEART

1905 summer retreat Russian a rum-ukr.

Fall: MUNICH STANDS DESPITE UNSEASONAL SLOP (chorus) "stand-by-me"
England pre-occupied as well as occupied!

eng-Brad Wilson--f nwg-NWY, f nth-hol.

fra-Perlmutter--a lvp-EDI, f wal-LON, f eng (S) f wal-lon, f mid-H,
a hol-H, a ruh-bel, a bur-kie/imp.

ger-Mike Rollin--NMR, had f-hel.

it-Chuck Kaplan--NMR, has f-ion, f-adr, f-ven, a-tyo, a-mun.

aus-Bob Olsen--a vie (S) RU a bud.

rus-Tom Hurst--f bal-swe, f den (S) a kie, a kie (S) FR a ruh-mun/nso,
a sil (S) FR a ruh-mun/nso, a boh-gal, f bla-sev/anulld
a ukr (S) f bla-sev, a bud (S) AU a vie.

tur-Eric Kane--a rum-sev, a arm (S) a rum-sev, f ank-bla, f bul(sc)-H,
f con (S) f ank-bla, a tri-bud, a ser (S) a tri-bud.

dew wop--Stephen Lee--badee bop

Winter and Spring deadline due Saturday June 25th. The R/F draw proposal flamed out. The war is on! And now it's PAYDAY... form one line, please.

ENG-- lph , phl , <u>NWY</u> .	(1) remove one
FRA--home, por, spa, bel, lvp, <u>EDI</u> , <u>LON</u> , <u>HOL</u> .	(10) build three
GER-- klh , phl , phl .	(0) out
ITA--home, tun, mun.	(5) even
AUS--vie.	(1) even
RUS--home, swe, den, bud, lvy , lvy , <u>BER</u> , <u>KIE</u> .	(9) build one (short)
TUR--home, gre, bul, ser, tri, <u>RUM</u> .	(8) build one

Note England's change of address:

- Brad Wilson 302 Friendship Dr. Paoli, PA 19301
- Dave Perlmutter 773 Millbrook Ln, Haverford, PA 19041
- Chuck Kaplan 742 Grouse Ct, Deerfield, IL 60015
- Bob Olsen 6818 Winterberry Circle, Wichita, KS 67226
- Tom Hurst 2506 McDivitt #16, Madison, WI 53713
- Eric Kane 109 Hicks Ln, Great Neck, NY 11024

Press:

Austria-OK, that's it, you guys don't want me here. I'll take my business elsewhere. You'll be sorry. You'll be forced to read Hurst's press. Serves you right.

LON to PEARL-"Die, thou damned Greek..."

Wichita to Sheridan-Curses, I was hoping for a picture of your famous mug itself. If Talltoad had a wide angle lens I'm sure he could have gotten a full shot (nose and all)

Olsen to Lee-"It's fine here under the light" hyork hyork hyork
Best line you've ever written!

Sheridan to Wichita-The source of that bit of variant wit came from a semi-partyyears ago at my friend Red Cloud's. A rather criminal type weirdo tried to impress us with his entrance by asking if anybody wanted anything killed. Red Cloud's immediate reply was "Yea, you can kill the lites."

WADO I kNØ? (zen style)

student: What do you do with an Elephant with three balls?

master: Walk him and pitch to the Rhino!



ELEPHANT HEART

June 25. 1983
R13 1982 CE

Winter 1905: eng-remove f-nth.
fra-build f-bre, f-mar, a-par.
rus-build a-sev.
tur-NMR, play one short.

RUSSIA TAKES MUN, RUM, AND SWAPS STP FOR NWY!!!
TURKISH NMR -- VOTE ON R-T-F DRAW PROPOSEL
a-rum annihilated, a-tri may retreat alb, a-mun may
retreat to either ruhr or boh or OTB, of course,
Thanks to Dick Martin for stand-by orders/KEEP IT UP/

NEXT DEADLINE FALL 1906 Saturday August 6. 1983
Draw ProposeL -- NVR = "yes" vote.

- eng-Brad Wilson--f nwy-STP(nc).
- fra-Perlmutter--f mar-lyo, f mid-wmd, f bre-mid, f eng-H, f lon-H,
a bel & a hol support each other, a bur-mar,
a par-bur, a edi-H.
- it-Chuck Kaplan--f ion supports peace, f ven-TRI, f adr (S) f ven-tri,
a tyo (S) a mun, a mun/d/ (S) FR a hol-kie/nso.
- aus-Bob Olsen--a vie (S) RU a-bud.
- rus-Tom Hurst--a gal-RUM, a sev (S) a gal-rum, a ukr (S) a gal-rum,
a bud (S) a gal-rum, a ber-MUN, a sil (S) a ber-mun,
a kie (S) a ber-mun, f den (S) a kie, f swe-NWY.
- tur-Eric Kane--NMR, has a-rum/a/, a-tri/d/, a-ser, a-arm, f-bul(sc),
f-bla, f-con.

Stephen Lee--guest GM and expired member of the Am. Horticultural Soc.

ELEPHANT PRESS -- Just about as cute as speckled pups.

Naples--Sorry I haven't written...have trveled alot.

Russia--The Drunken Tsar wishes to ascertain if the irritable eyetie has
given up his quest or was just giving a gesture of neglect.

Ven to Stp--Na, na, na, na, nuh, nuh, neh, na, na.

Austria--Sixth pñace and counting...5...4...3...2...win!

Oslo--HMRPS, ltd. From the relocated citadel of Anglicanism, Sir Bradlye,
Prime Minister of ~~England~~ Greater Norway and Northern Ireland, announced
that the French war would "continue to be persecuted to all its might."
French reaction in Paris was, "Good! Look what all their might has done
to us so far!"

Ven to the slimey Frenchman--Hi there. When you stab, aim high. I have a
slipped disk.

Naples to the Idiot GM--I could have had three builds last turn, but I'm
not greedy...just vengeful!

Vienna--What! I'm still alive? You bunch of BOZOS.

Rome to Ankara--Again, sorry to drop out of games in your zine. We can
still finish chess. What about this game? I will offer my services as a
buffer until Russia is destroyed. Then you and the slimey Frenchman can
munch on my innards. I will be satisfied.

Sheridan--I would like to try chess by mail if anyone out there is interstd.

WADO I kNØ? -- Looks like Russia from here, and who just took Munich? Wadi
telya? F-T-I haven't done much and certainly not together. Russia is the
only player with any units who is playing well. France could have helped
Italy with a move on Kiel and I wonder if his fleet movement in the Med
will be as rewarding as missed in the Nth. Russia gained by swapping Stp

15

TOURISTS FLEE AS EAST
ERUPTS IN BLOODBATH

AUSTRIA (Mazzer): A Bud-RUM; A GRE S ITALIAN A Ser-Bul; A Tri-VIE;
F ION-Aeg
ENGLAND (Wilson): NMR. F LON H; F NTH H; F NWY H; A EDI H
FRANCE (Cunning): F Bre-ENG; F Por-MID; A Spa-GAS; A Bur-BEL; A Par-PIC
GERMANY (Coughlan): A Ber-SIL; A MUN S A Ber-Sil; A TYO S AUSTRIAN A
Tri-Vie; F HOL S FRENCH A Bur-Bel; A DEN S ENGLISH F Nwy-Swe(NSO)
ITALY (Ozog): F Eas S Austrian F Ion-Aeg/d/r to Syr, Otb; F Nap-TYN;
A VEN H; A Ser-Bul/d/r to Alb, Tri, Otb
RUSSIA (Michalski): A BOH-Vie; A Gal-BUD; F BLA S TURKISH A Bul; F SWE H;
A Mos-STP
TURKEY (Conlon): F Aeg-EAS; F SMY S F Aeg-Eas; F CON-Aeg; A Rum-SER;
A BUL S A Rum-Ser

Greetings. I know, I know, you're all wondering how Brad could NMR when Winter 1901 was a separate season and all he had to do was add some preliminary orders with his build. Oh well, you know those crazy college kids. I have a lot of other stuff to do now, so we'll leave it at that.

GAME COMMENTARY: What a weird game.

STANDBYS: Got a shitload of new ones this time. I now have more than enough. The list consists of Scott Hanson, Jim-Bob Burgess, Mike Barno, George McShitsky, and "GMS", whoever the hell that is. G sent me a letter addressed to Bob "Great Hunk of Meat" Osuch, so my guess is either a wench or Rod Walker. I was thinking it could be Mazzer too, but he's already in here. Anyway, I have to call a standby for Wilson, and so...

Would MIKE BARNO, 2811 Robins St., Endwell, NY 13760 please standby for England? Sorry Jim-Bob, I know you wanted a chance, but must be fair about these things.

GUEST PRESS POLICY: Your guest press may or may not be printed. Factors to consider are space limitations and the quality of press submitted. Also, I will not print anonymous guest press unless it is submitted to me directly from one of the players in the game. So if you want to be anonymous, get off your dead ass and send your stuff on to someone who will submit it for you. Otherwise, it won't be anonymous.

Deadline for Fall 1902 will be Wednesday, June 1, 1983.

COA: PAT CONLON, RFD 5, Abilene, KS 67410

ONE MORE THING: I believe that I will have a COA as of May 26, but don't know for sure as I type this. I'm gambling that I will, but you had all better send your orders to my present address. I will be here daily to pick up my mail, so don't worry about orders arriving late.

PRESS

MOS-WORLD: Today the Czar ordered the city garrison north for, in his words, "Lack of anything better to do." "The Western frontier is safe and ironclad, defended as it is by the solemn word of the Kaiser. Those empty provinces you all see are proof of this man's stature, honor, and greatness."

MASS MURDERS

ERIC OZOG'S PHILOSOPHY CLASS: The Diplomacy hobby is a ship always taking in water. The ship manages to keep afloat, for there are always people on hand to do the bailing. Well, I'm tired of bailing, I'm going to jump overboard!

ENGLAND-WORLD: Guess what!!!! Brooke Shields is coming to Princeton after all!!! I hope I don't blow it!

WORLD-ENGLAND: But Brad, that's the whole aim of the game.

MESA: I always thought it was the hole aim. Hmmm.

FRANCE-ENGLAND: What is that I see in the English, Brad baby? Why Brad, I didn't know you cared.

MESA: Funny, neither did I.

COUGHLAN-MAZZER: Judy Carne, huh--not a bad choice. I haven't reached your age yet, but my heart-throb was the delectable Barbara Hershey. Boxcar Bertha was one of the great movies of our time! Eat a Hershey and think of Barbara....

CATHY-BOB: I'm supposed to request that Jim-Bob can have his guest press printed. Well, that's a quick way to get out of this game.

MESA-CATHY: Well, OK, but I'll have to give him a dateline. It's "Jim-Bob".

JIM-BOB-ELF: A few lessons here. Are whipped cream and cucumbers all you let her have? No wonder she has such a cucumbers and cream complexion. Lesson 1: Don't count your rats before the parachutes arrive. I know because I live on a tall mountaintop.

Lesson 2: Don't trust tall men who live in swamps. They turn into the worst frogs.

Lesson 3: Never listen to anyone named Jim-Bob. You'll learn that soon enough.

JIM-BOB-McSHITSKY: Can I come now?

McSHITSKY-BUTTWIPE: Cunning, Coughlan, Ozog and Michalski all agree that it's OK for me to be rude and anonymous. I haven't asked the others but I'm sure they're all aware of what a swell guy and nifty press writer I am. If you're willing to unBrux a little, please run it as datelined.

MESA-McSHITSKY: Well, OK, if everyone sends a request to let you submit press anonymously, then that's fine, but if they don't, I'm not going to change things just to appease the likes of you. I could get in trouble and someone might report me to Kathy Byrne.

CUNNING-TALLMAN: Rumor has it that you have managed to slip in press. Well, that's OK, we can still tell it's you. If you have to be over 30 and male to understand it and if it seems like Michalski wrote it, then it's Tallman.

A MICHALSKI LOVE SECRET: Fuck your suckings and suck your fuckings I always say.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-WORLD: I had better be in Belgium this time or you can start calling me "Ball Buster Cunning". Make no mistake; I will get Belgium and the first thing I will do is get myself a fancy hairdo like the "Belgian Beehive" and go sting somebody. It's hard work being a lady with this group.

VIENNA-MOSCOW: Oooh! You're gonna get such a hit!

VIENNA-MOSCOW: Why didn't you build in Warsaw? Hmm? Nervous, John? Getting cold feet? C'mon John, hit me with your best shot.

VIENNA-CON: Stay out of this Pat, this is between me and Toots. My F Aeg-ean is heading for Serbia and means you no harm.

ANOTHER ONE OF MY 34 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULDN'T USE H&R MICHALSKI'S LOVE SECRET--LOVE SECRET#22: Wine her and dine her. Take her back to your apartment to look at your album collection. Then suggest a little 68. When she looks at you with a puzzled expression, just say, "You do me and I'll owe you one."

McSHITSKY-MOORE: As I walked into the room the redhead slowly let her bra fall. As I stood watching she lowered her pants and finally her panties. When she noticed me standing there she said, "Thanks for letting me use your washing machine and dryer."

MASS MURDERS

MOORE-FAG CITY: I've got a pothole that's soooo big you can shove your ---- in it.

FRANCE-FAG CITY: Yes, I have been told that I am a very happy person. Just ask Tallman, I point and laugh at him a lot.

CATHY-FAG CITY: Scott Hanson, eh? You're the guy that thought I was moving in with Tallman and really believed it? Hahahahahaha! You got my vote in Tallman's yawner poll as "Most Out-Of-Touch Mainstream Pubber", buster!

BERLIN-FAG CITY: Some of that Minneapolis rubbish got here already. James Woodson stopped by on his way to Florida! At 9 AM (AAARRRGGGHHHH!!!) I might add.

BOARD-FAG CITY: Welcome to Scott Hanson, publisher of the Minnesota edition of Kathy's Kornor. I always know what Kathy's up to by reading your zine. She must be going after Linseed since you are mimicing her letters all over the hobby by inserting it in press here. Question: Don't you ever have an independent viewpoint?

JIM-BOB--JOHN-BOY: OK big brother. You go to the big city and leave me stuck inna hick town like Dallas. Now y'all won't even write to little old me. I've sent you a stamp. Will you lick it and send it back to me? If you do that right, I'll send you something else to lick (remember the family bathtub Ma used to put us in? You were so big.).

TURKEY-GERMANY: Can I parry Michalski's thrust, you ask? I'm not into that scene at all, man. Sounds like "Fag City"'s department to me.

PARIS-BERLIN: OK, I'll take the Belgian lace, but will you settle for a slightly used Burgundy?

CUNNING-MICHALSKI: Thanks for entering my "Beast" vs. Tamlyn contest. I think you might win! But it was hard trying to explain the pictures to the postman, and what am I going to do with this up-chuck?

BERLIN-MOSCOW: Spring Questions lead to Fall Answers. Questions are easy to change, answers aren't. Talk to me. You got those stamps in exchange for Silesia, didn't you?

TUR-GER: The Viennese are waiting for you!

CON-SIL: Beware the wretched villain. He's infected with hives and scum.

AUSTRIA-BERLIN: What is the correct stance on Jackie Onassis?

GERMANY-AUSTRIA: Stand behind her, feet spread shoulder-width apart. Hands on hips. Your hips, not hers, dummy. Flip up the skirt. Down with the panties and the pants. Her panties, your pants, dummy..oh..your wearing the panties and she's wearing the pants? Never mind.

CONLON-MAZZER: Wowie? That's right up there with dang-gum it.

CHICAGO: I can't handle this filthy press. Oh, my poor virgin pointed ears!

MICHALSKI'S LOVE SECRETS: The two-handed speed shift should never be attempted while sitting in a straight backed chair or with insufficient vaseline as you might miss a stroke.

MARK BERCH DEPT: You can hardly see the sun here in Chicago this day of May 6th. Massive amounts of dust block the sun and you can taste it in your mouth. High winds from the southwest blow away downstate farmland, the topsoil dumped on the city. Never seen anything like it in my short-lived little life.

PUNK-POPS: I've an old electric Underwood desktop typewriter. It needs a new "A" key, but otherwise it works perfectly. It's yours for free if you pay the postage (I think it would cost a king's ransom).

POPS-PUNK: I'll take it.

AUS-TYO: You're not out of position. You're in perfect position. As I turn to face Michalski and Conlon, you stick me in the rear. C'mon baby, make it hurt so good.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-FAG CITY: Too bad you're into Greek--I'm French all the way!

BERLIN-PARIS: Here's Belgium, now kiss mah grits like y'all promised...

BERLIN-ROME: What's this about you giving the Frog to Mark Luedi? He's her big brother! Oh, I see...you meant the Toad and Toady Poll. That's a frog of a different color...

MASS MURDERS

BERLIN-TALLMAN: Sure it was PUBLICLY EMBARRASSING to have your name, TERRY TALLMAN, WHO PUBS NORTH SEALTH WEST GEORGE IN SEATTLE publicly linked to that sophomoric press about blond pud-pullers and herpes cures and other assorted items. But that's no reason TO RUN AND HIDE from your 130 fans in 10 countries after they've seen you caught with YOUR PANTS PULLED DOWN!!!

McSHITSKY-BERLIN: The Blond Pud-Puller was to be a brilliant ongoing parody that would shock and amuse.

McSHITSKY-SCOOTER: I am preparing to franchise Muff Munchees nationwide. I figure she doesn't have a job, so what the hell, she's got the time.

PAT-JOHN: I love it! Romance in the shithouse. I remember most vividly the toilets in Germany. Because of the way they were shaped, and the conservation of water, one's turds always stuck to the sides of the toilet, even after flushing. With so many people from so many different nations passing through any given toilet, each restroom had quite an international aroma.

MESA-PAT: The same is true of many Arizonan toilets, where water is scarce. When I go in to some restrooms to pinch a loaf, the skid marks on the sides of the toilet due to insufficient water levels drive me right back out again. I'm sure Cathy will verify this.

THE BEST OF THE PAT CONLON PRESS SO FAR: We're still waiting for any press....

TURKEY-RUSSIA: Thanks for the helping "hand". I can now do the power shift twice and gain a stroke.

RUSSIA-TURKEY: When Austria reaches for that soap, you move up behind him quick, if Germany isn't already in there first.

CATHY-JOHN: A butcher with the Air Force????? Why, you liar! You told me you were a "meat technician". What other lies have you told me in this game?

FRANCE-LONDON: Once again you prove what a twit you are. A Denver Glont is a rare creature that seems to get very active once a month, and at that time it wraps itself in an orange wrapper and sends itself across the world. It has been known to have strange effects on some people's thinking. But don't worry, it won't hurt you. You have to have a brain first, in order to be affected.

BERLIN-LONDON: One step at a time! You can't possibly expect to know what a Denver Glont is unless you know what Glover is. Let's start at the very beginning...nope Cathy, it isn't in #2 either. Don't worry, I'll keep searching!

HALF-ELF--MARIE ANTOINETTE: Of course I'm not a low-life, Coughlan says I belong on the cover of Teen Beat, Peters says I break girls' hearts all over the Midwest. Now if only a girl gave me those compliments....

MARIE ANTOINETTE TELLS A ~~LIE~~ STORY: This game reminds me of one of my favorite fairy tales and I'd like to share it with each and every one of you. It's Snow White and the Seven Dwarves! I am, of course, Snow White (one crack and I throw all my units against your country, brother!), the virginal star of this episode. My little men (in more ways than one) are: Bashful--played by Eric Ozog. C'mon, Baby, I'm a lot more fun than Mazzer. Doc--played by Mike Mazzer. He's got so many ills that he's in the right profession. Take two aspirins and call me in the morning, Mike. Sneezy--is Gary Coughlan, and whatever he has I hope it's not catching! Maybe he can call on Mazzer's services...Happy--is definitely Pat Conlon with all the centers he picked up last time courtesy of his ally Grumpy--portrayed by John Michalski, who hasn't been getting any centers or anything else for that matter lately...Dopey--would have to be Brad "Bozo" Wilson, since I call him Dopey in my press. And last is our beloved GM... Bob Osuch brings to his role of Sleepy an interpretation rarely hoped for due mainly to his "falling asleep voice" as Michalski once described him. I love talking to him on the phone when Dawn's not there! What a tiger!

BOB-MARIE ANTOINETTE: Pfffwwaaauwgrrrrrkssssjt!! Bloooeemmbss!!!

MESA-MARIE ANTOINETTE: Don't worry, I won't make any cracks, even though I don't have a country for you to throw your units against. Hell, from what I hear, I'd love to have you throw your crack against my unit. Did I say that right?

MESA: No, not you Cathy, Marie Antoinette, of course? Of course.

McSHITSKY-MASS MURDERS: You really don't want Jim-Bob. He writes long, rambling press and they after he becomes your ally he blows his position.

OZOG-TALLMAN: I can get you a job with the Illinois Trollway, working at a trollbooth. All you have to do is yell at people when their coins miss the basket.

ELF-WITCH: That's right Cathy, you tell Tallman Troll to piss off! Good girl!!

McSHITSKY-ITALY: Not all that hot.

NINE OUT OF TEN OKLAHOMA SHEEP: If Michalski doesn't get a job pretty quick....

PAT-JOHN: You know Jan Cremer too?! Boy, isn't this a coincidence!! At last, someone I can talk some real shit with! From the same book, I Jan Cremer is something I know a man of your tastes will like.... "When someone took a crap we could hear the turds plunge and rattle. In the end we would recognize everybody by the sounds they made on the toilet. Loud farts, groans and heavy flups--that's the bosun. Pfffwaaauwgrrrrkesssjt!! Bloooooemmbss!!!--that's the first mate. And a short krrrtsjttrrr-plomp-plomp--that's the cook." Man, that passage brings tears to my eyes every time I read it.

CUNNING-MCP'S: Oh, you guys are in big trouble now. I have asked Daf to help me with you lot. Now I may be shy, nice and innocent--stop laughing Tallman!--but Daf will put you all in place, and if that doesn't work then I'm going to call on Frauke, and if that doesn't work then I'm going to call my whole family in! Byrne, Caruso, Luedi, Swider and Stewart. So be warned!

McSHITSKY-BERLIN: I love the idea of you printing all this crap.

EURCPA EXPRESS-MASS MURDERS: Aee! Aoo! Get Back!! Down!! Heel!!!

BOOB(JIM-BOB)--LONDON FOG: Who says Brooke's coming ~~to~~ with Princeton. Her ego's not the only thing that's big, and word is that she's still taking measurements. Don't forget that John-John is at Brown. He comes from good stock. His Pop had a controlling interest in Monroe shock absorbers (if only the shock absorber didn't wear out...but then again I can't stand bleached blondes, she should have hired the blond pud-puller instead of taking the easy way out).

MESA: Shades of Don Del Grande.

PUD PULLER-McSHITSKY: You do what you have to do when you're love-starved. But I bet you have pud-pulling down to a fine art. Sex God? Hah! You're a troll!

McSHITSKY-CUNNING: Revenge? You call these meager attempts revenge? Revenge is the impossible dream, a goal to work towards forever only to realize you can never actually achieve it.

GARY: Did you know that in China they eat real dogs? I didn't know that! Isn't that neat?

WAYNE B. WILLIAMS-GM: Excuse me, but I believe I'm next in line for the honors. Son of Sam ain't got nuthin' on Son of Sambo.

McSHITSKY-AUSTRIA: True, Utah is part of the east, and L.A. is deep south. Baja, Oregon.

CHICAGO: It sure is nice to see the City Council running smooth as silk. I miss you so much bag-lady Byrne! I miss you and your purse "the size of a Streets & Sanitation truck".

CHICAGO-MESA: No more pulling strings for me.

GERMANY-FRANCE & ENGLAND: Armies supporting fleets and fleets supporting armies.....What will they think of next?!

BERLIN-VIENNA: Is it safe?

MESA: For the want of a province the kingdom was lost?

OZOG-STAFFORD: No, I won't give you up. We're too much alike, especially listening to music to slash our wrists by.

NAPLES: C'mon, Rat-Pat, just try to break out of your corner. Con-John can't save you.

TURKEY-WORLD: Wait just a sec... I don't mind being called a low-life, not even a lower-than-the-lowest-scuzy-low-life. But don't you dare equate me with Ozog!

BERLIN-BOARD: Are you guys ashamed of your press or what? Out of five pages last time, only twelve short items could be traced to the seven players! Eight of those were Berlin, three were London or Edinburgh and one was Paris! Are Michalski, Conlon, Mazzer and Ozog afraid to definitely identify their press?!!!!!!???

CATHY-GARY: You want shorter press? Kill Austria. And when you're done, let me kill you.

BERLIN-VIENNA: Now remember! Don't let those ruby slippers off your feet for a moment! I have to get them back to Paris in time for Marie Antoinette's entrance into Brussels!

CATHY-JOHN: I'm really not interested in your friend Dick.

BERLIN-BOARD: Cathy heard a tape I sent to Tallman. If any of you want a tape from me, just ask, but I'll expect one in return!

GERMANY-AUSTRIA, ITALY & ENGLAND: Clip, clip here! Clip, clip there! And a couple of la-di-dahs! That's how we take the centers away from the Russo-Turks!.....okay, so it has no rhyme but it has a lot of reason!

BERLIN-MOSCOW: Tell me again the part where if I build in Berlin instead of Kiel that I give the game to Mazzer! That one Kieled me! Now be honest (well try anyway).....what would you have done in my place?

TURKEY-RUSSIA: This bud's for you. Look, bud, just stay out of Rumania and Ankara and I don't care what you do. Play with yourself in Moscow for all I care.

SEATTLE-PRINCETON: Your Mark Berch jokes are all wet.

PAT-GARY: "Ben-wah balls"--that was you wasn't it? Nobody else in this game is likely to know about that one.

CHICAGO-FAG CITY: The Cubs suck, no doubt about it. And the Penguin! Never thought he'd end up with the Cubs. The Penguin got real mad at the fans who were giving him a hard time. Regardless of how the Cubs do, my 12 year old brother still adores them. So does songwriter Steve Goodman, and he's dying of cancer now, so see where worshipping the Cubs gets you? He wants to be buried under home plate.

MAZZER-MESA: Great! Just great! The standbys are Jim-Bob Burgess, Toady of the Year and Scott Hanson, Kathy Byrne Toady of All Time. Couldn't you get Mark "Vegetable" Luedi? At least we'd have someone who could think for himself.

McSHITSKY-MESA: But why go through the trouble of mailing it to John just so he can sign it? McGeorge Shitsky? How about Ethel the Wonder Cow, Fritz the Wonder Candidate, Wonder Crotch, or even the Mysterious Stranger?

MESA-McSHITSKY: Because 1) You're not a player in the game and 2) I enjoy antagonizing you.

MESA: That's it. I had some more press but to hell with it, I got all the stuff in from the players and I'm tired of typing. I guess I'll finish with some random thoughts. How about some hobby news? OK, Dick and Julie Martin are putting together the third(or is it fourth) anniversary of Retal, and if it's anything like the last one you should definitely get it. Send Dick a buck or so and tell him you want it. Inside you may or may not find a re-rekindling of the ridiculous Martin-Coughlan debates, otherwise known as World War III. As one close to the situation, may I wish all involved the worst of luck in their efforts. Hmm, what else is new? John Michalski reports that he was going to tell me something, but he couldn't think of it. Bob Olsen says that Pudgecon II will feature many female celebrities, such as Kathy, Daphne, our own Cathy Cunning and maybe Julie and Franke!!! Comments, ladies? Frankly, I doubt that Julie will be there, or myself for that matter, but if you get the chance, go for it. The last one was a blast, and maybe this time Bob will have to set up a tent village in his back yard, driving all the neighbors away. Also, Bob claims there will be a female mad wrestling tournament. Maybe I'll go after all.

AUSTRIA HOLDS ON

Summer 1902: Italian F Eastern Mediterranean retreats to Syria, A Serbia retreats to Albania

Fall 1902:

AUSTRIA (Mazzer): A GRE-Bul; A RUM-Bud; A VIE-Tri; F ION S ITALIAN
A Alb-Gre
ENGLAND (Barno): F ION-Wal; F NTH-Lon; A Edi-LVP; F N WY S GERMAN A
Den-Swe
FRANCE (Cunning): F MID S F Eng; F ENG C A Pic-Wal; A PIC-Wal; A Gas-PAR;
A BEL S GERMAN F Hol(OTM)
GERMANY (Coughlan): F HOL-Nth; A DEN-Swe; A Sil-WAR; A MUN-Boh; A TYO S
AUSTRIAN A Vie(OTM)
ITALY (Czog): A VEN-Tri; A ALB-Gre; F Tyn-TUN; F Syr-Smy/d/destroyed
RUSSIA (Michalski): A BOH-Tri; A BUD S A Boh-Tri; F SWE S A StP-Nwy;
A STP-Nwy; F BLA S TURKISH A Bul
TURKEY (Conlon): F Eas-SYR; F SMY S F Eas-Syr; A SER S A Bul; A BUL S
A Ser; F Con-AEG

Not much happened that time. So much for the game.

You may have noticed that this is late. Contrary to what I had thought, the USPS takes 7-10 days to forward mail. Yes, I have a new address, and I plan on remaining here for some time, so put this one in your permanent notations: BOB OSUCH, 2247 E. Inverness, Mesa, AZ 85204. The new phone number is 602-892-5508. You may need this because I plan on running this game on schedule from here on out.

Our new house is ten times nicer than the last, though a little smaller. It has a beautifully landscaped yard (grass even), with a sprinkler system, lots of trees, a big patio, half redwood with a spa (hot tub), privacy fence, central air, dishwasher, garbage disposal, wall-to-wall carpeting, garage, and more. Plus, I finally got a job out here at a grocery and appliance warehouse, actually a lot better than I expected. The money is good to start, and we're on a four day work week, so I couldn't ask for much more.

Mike Barno is the new English player. I understand Bozo is having some problems these days. I hope everything works out for him.

Deadline for Winter 1902 and Spring 1903 will be Thursday, June 30, 1983.

1902	#	NET	COUNTRY	CENTERS
	4	0	Austria	Vie, Tri, Gre, Bud , RUM
	4	0	England	Home, Nwy
	6	1	France	Home, Spa, Por, BEL
	6	1	Germany	Home, Hol, Den, WAR
	4	1	Italy	Home, Syr , TUN
	5	0	Russia	Mos, Sev, StP, War , Swe, BUD
	5	0	Turkey	Home, Bul, Rum , SER
	<u>34</u>			

PRESS

MOS-WORLD: Oh well, so much for Gary's stature, honor and greatness.
BERLIN-WARSAW: For the first time, I feel that I can really trust you. This far and no farther, I swear! I'll even give you Warsaw back if you break with Turkey!!
MOS-BER: Let's see: If I'm "white trash" for passing through Silesia, what are you for entering with support?

MASS MURDERS

OSUCH-BOARD: The adjudications in the east last time were real messy!

BOARD-OSUCH: How MESSY were they, Bob?

OSUCH-BOARD: Well, they were so messy that.....(how's about a little help, MESA?)

MESA: They were so messy that the great GM and perennial ombudswoman, Cathy Cunning, thought I made an error. Now that's messy!

CATHY-BOB: Obviously you haven't been in the sium areas of Phoenix. Toilets! Toilets! Who bothers with toilets when they have the swimming pool to use?

JOHN-PAT: Oh, shit, shit, shit! I love Cremer! Here's some more: "A john has always been for me a hallowed spot! My ideal shithouse is completely black--walls, toilet, sink and all--with a few erotic prints pinned up to capture the interest of the visitor: a little world of its own, where each shit is an adventure. I always use pastel toilet paper and have a special hook on the wall for pictures, cut from newspapers and magazines, of people I loathe: I get sweet revenge by wiping my ass with them. Afterwards, I take a look at the faces, ridiculous with the slimy mess covering them. Then I flush them down the toilet, having finished off with soft paper to save wear and tear on my ass." That Cremer certainly has a way with words, doesn't he?

AUSTRIA: Hello, my name is Mike Mazzer and I'm a pig.

GERMANY-AUSTRIA: Fear not, little one, for I am here to protect thee (whaddaya mean Mazzer's 6'6"???!!) Someday when I use this line, someone will have seen The Omen!

AUSTRIA-GERMANY: You're right, Gary, you've been kind enough to help me in your hour of need and I haven't said anything nice about you in the press. I can't tell you how grateful I am that you are going to take Warsaw, Moscow, St. Pete, Sweden and Sevastopol all on my behalf. I don't care what everyone says Gary, you're OK in my book.

BERLIN-VIENNA: The old saying is really true!....In berlin, the situation is serious but not hopeless; in vienna, the situation is hopeless but not serious! Still got those ruby slippers?

BERLIN-BOB: No fair! If Barno gets England he will team up with Cathy! Cathy will have to ally with him because Mike prints her Cathy's Ramblings in his The Shogun's Sword. And they're both flower children! The least you can do is give me Warsaw as compensation!

MESA: Ooops, you forgot to give me that list of your toadies to call as standbys. Plus, you have only yourself to blame for the situation with Cathy, as you told me Cathy's Ramblings wasn't good enough for EE! Ah, what the hell, I talked it over with John and he said go ahead and give me Warsaw.

BRAD-BOARD: Sorry about my NMR last time, guys, but golly gee, I got my date with Brooke Shields and I've been spending all my time writing her poems so that is why the press in Mass Murders wasn't so great last time. When I wrote her this poem, she let me kiss her on the cheek!!!.... "Roses are Red, Violets are Blue, My name's Wilson, Yours could be too!" I may have to leave this game 'cause Brooke wants to teach me how to go muff-diving.

FRANCE: I want Bozo back! I can't attack Mikey! But Bozo is easy to attack. See how he just let me sail into the English? He agrees that the English should be liberated by the French.

FRANCE: Well, Marie Antoinette is temporarily appeased now that I've got Belgium under my thumb. Don't you think this Belgian lace from Ghent makes me look so feminine? You'd better if you know what's good for you. Well, now I'm in the mood for Wales and I ain't talking blubber hahahaha-hahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!

FRANCE-ENGLAND: Two builds for me, one build for you. One build for me, no builds for you. I like the way this game is going!

MAZZER-OSUCH: I feel like the scarecrow in The Wizard of Oz! They took some of me and threw it over there and then they took some of me and threw it over here and then I was scattered here, there and everywhere from Vienna to Rumania to Greece to...

MASS MURDERS

MICHALSKI-OSUCH: I wonder if you-know-who knows that this is being published you-know-where? I mean besides Europa Express...

OSUCH-MICHALSKI: I don't know but I make it my policy to let Mass Murders be published in any other zine that desperately needs good filler so its subbers have something else to read besides personal attacks. Besides, it allows your love secrets to reach a much wider audience. At least eight more people will now be able to read them and make use of them.

MESA: Did I say that?

A MICHALSKI LOVE SECRET: If you want to do it, and the bitch don't, here's what you do: If she's single, tell her you're sterile. If you're married to her, tell her "No balls, no babies". Works every time. I got 42 kids scattered over Oklahoma and half of Arkansas.

ITALY-RUSSIA: I think I'm going to get laid at Origins. My question is this: Should I scream when she pops my cherry or will she think I'm faking?

RUSSIA-ITALY: Go for it. I woke up the whole neighborhood when I lost mine. Just couldn't help myself.

GERMANY-ITALY: Hell, Elsie was scared so bad when I lost my cherry she started ta buckin' and jumpin' around, but I hung in there and screamed all the more. What a riiide!!!!

TURKEY-ITALY: Sheet, my first time was out in the swamps. Me an a Cajun buddy found us an 'ol she-gator sunnin' herself and he rapped his legs around her head and I lifted her tail and plugged in. Mine was OK, but the Cajun tried for a blow job and gators just don't seem to know suckin' from chawin'.

SHOWDOWN IN THE WEST: Don't miss this movie! See Cathy ramble right into the Shogun's Sword! Or will she get Vertigo instead?? Will the Mos Eisley Spaceport come to anyone's aid with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men? Who will jump aboard the Europa Express and why?! See this or you won't understand the sequel....

GAME REPORT: Newest formations is the good guys: Mike "I've never lied in my life" Mazzer, Eric "I'm not an orc!" Ozog, Gary "Will y'all stop writing so much press" Coughlan and Cathy "I'm just here to please all my boys" Cunning versus the bad guys: John "I think we need more feuds" Michalski, and Pat "I just love bathrooms and toilets" Conlon. Not accepted by either side is Brad "What am I doing here?" Wilson. Bets will be accepted as to the outcome of the match.

BRUX-PUDGECON: If I show up will there be some mini-butt for me to molest?

ELF-WITCH: You're upset about the press now? Hah! Just wait until after Origins, they're barely warming up.

CATHY-BOB: Moving again, eh? Still in Mesa, or are you going to beautiful downtown Tempe? Or maybe Apache Junction, now that's a wild place to be. Hey, don't you just love the weather? Just wait until it hits 115°, you'll really love it then!

MESA-CATHY: We moved a few blocks southeast of the old place. It has already been up to 117°, and I love it. The hotter the better as far as I'm concerned. The hotter it gets, the less clothes the girls wear. Vavavavoom!

BERLIN-MESA: If there is a "re-rekindling of the ridiculous Martin-Coughlan debates" you can count me out. Besides, I think that Martin and the other East Coast Witches have their hands full going after Bruce Linsey these days. Now that's an interesting feud. I always like the feuds where five or more people demonstrate how brave they are by jumping on one guy. But who is their next target? Let's just hope it's not you or me!

MESA-BERLIN: Speak for yourself! I love to see people make asses of themselves, and shucks, I haven't had a chance to blow off any steam in ages. Yes, I think a good feud would be just what the doctor ordered for me. Anyone want to take me on? C'mon you schmuckfaced lickspittles out there! Take me on. You disgust me! I hate your fucking guts!! C'mon, if you're ~~fig~~ I might not tell everyone what good head your mother gives. Oh gee, I don't want to discourage anyone, I'd better shut up.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-BOB: Why Bob, I didn't know you cared. Right now I'm more interested in Brad's unit, and after him, Michalski's unit, but I'll put

MASS MURDERS

GERMANY-ENGLAND AND RUSSIA: I have nothing against either of you in the north but I want to keep Denmark as safe as possible and keep anything rotten out of it.

MOS-BER: In your place, I'd have built two fleets.

AUS-GER: Gary, I must ask you to do something very difficult. I know that this flies at the very fiber of your being, but there comes a time in every man's life when he must do something unpleasant because he knows that it's right. Gary, you've got to take Warsaw!

ROME-MOSCOW AND ANKARA: Mazzer and I can out-spend you guys on long distance phone calls, so we're going to win this one.

CONLON-MAZZER: Sorry about this, but see, I live in Kansas now and so I'll be going to Olsen's this August and Michalski will be there. I couldn't lie to him and steal his supply centers and then have to look the man right in the eye. You understand, don't you? Thanks, buddy.

CUNNING-MICHALSKI: Look John, I want Bozo all to myself. So go stick it to someone else, OK? I hear Germany is just waiting for you.

BARNO-CUNNING: Get out of the English Channel right now and stop attacking me or I won't print Cathy's Ramblings in my zine anymore. You hear me, woman?

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I am Woman, hear me roar, in numbers too large to ignore! And I get a build for Belgium too!!!!

BARNO-MICHALSKI: And I thought the good guys wore the white hats.

BARNO-COUGHLAN: I hope you get your black butts(units, reb!) in gear and give me aid.

OZOG-CONLON: Kill my fleet, I don't care. It'll just give me a second build!

WITCH-ELF: Is that mean Turkey picking on you sweetie? Don't worry, soon I'll be able to smooth your worried brow.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-THE ENGLISH: My, my, what deep blue eyes you have! I never realized just how deep blue until I got all close up and personal like this.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-HALF ELF: Oh, so you belong on the cover of Teen Beat and you break girls'- little girls too- hearts all over the midwest. Are you happy now, you big blond hunk? Next, I would really like to talk about your running off into the woods with Paul Rauterberg--I thought I was the only one!

BERLIN-HALF ELF: Correction! It was Libby Hail, Guy Hail's wife, who said you should be on the cover of Teen Beat after she saw you in St. Louis. I, on the other hand, think you look like Tom Petty, whom you call a decadent rock star.

FRANCE-ITALY: I'm sure glad no one has spilled the beans about our "plans" for Origins. My only question is how are you going to convince everybody you're Woody so we can "room" together?

SWITZERLAND-MESA: Think anyone will suspect?

MESA: Maybe not, except Woody looks like he belongs on the cover of Meat Beat.

ERIC-PAT: You idiot! The ben-wah balls press release was mine. I got a sub to Fredericks of Hollywood. I'm a sophisticated dude!

CHICAGO-MEMPHIS: Will be bicycling in the wilds of Illinois and Wisconsin from May 26-June 11 on a 400 mile trip. Stop being cooped up in your trailer cuddled up with Bicycling magazine and be a real man and get some use out of your twelve speed.

PARIS-BERLIN: I'm now starting a "Glover Rogerson Fan Club". Or Pete Tamlyn said I did, so I figured why not, eh? You can be a member for no charge for mentioning Glover's name more often than I do! Hey, why don't you be different and mention Philly next time...equal rights you know!

CATHY-JIM-BOB: I liked your press. Didn't understand a word of it, but still....

ERIC-MAZZER: Geez, I told you not to play in the middle of traffic. Now look what you've gone and done.

FRANCE-OZOG: A Tallman Troll? You're almost right, but he's more of a cross between a troll and a hobbit. Thus he is a Ttollit. Oh no, better not let Pat find out. He might come to Seattle and try to flush him. You know how much he likes bathroom fixtures.

MASS MURDERS

AUSTRIA-ROME: Looks like we'll have to fall back to plan 27-C, Variation 12. Unless, of course, Turkey NMR's.

SWITZEATTLE-DAF: I'd go to Pudgecon if only to worship at your feet and vice versa.

BERLIN-MESA: Bob, GMS is Daf!

CATHY-MESA: Hey, I never said I was going to Pudgecon. Not that I wouldn't mind, but Origins will cost me the big bucks. Still, I might be there, you never can tell.

RAT-PAT--CON-JOHN: Despite what Elf-Eric and Scary-Gary do, we gonna get us some Mazzer pie!

AUS-RUSSIA: As long as I'm being such a nice guy, I thought I'd thank you for donating Warsaw, Moscow, St. Pete, Sevastopol and Sweden to Gary on my behalf. Deep beneath that depraved exterior, you're a regular guy, John.

BERLIN-VIENNA: Is it safe?

ELF-ERIC--MARIE ANTOINETTE: Maybe if Brad stays in the game he could help me write love poems to you. But I guess I could do it on my own if I had to.

BOB--ELF-ERIC: Anything would be an improvement.

BERLIN-PARIS: Well I am getting perturbed, Cathy, because it's not in Denver Glont #4 either. But I will keep looking diligently. I'm sure that "he" will be flattered when he hears what you said!

BERLIN-MOSCOW: Admit it, you hate me, don't you? You'd like to hurt me if you could!

MICHALSKI-COUGHLAN: Barbara Hershey, huh--not a bad choice. She's a mite too skinny for me. I prefer a full-bodied babe. I knew a chick once who did her hair up like Bo Derek in "10". Her name was Effie Scranton and she loved to have her thighs licked. She later went on to become a poster pin-up girl. If I got some of her posters left, I'll share my gal Effie's charms with you guys. What do you think of her, Mesa?

MESA: That's either Fluff Shaffer's new wife or the Fluffer himself.

HANSON-BOARD: Sure I have some independent thoughts of my own. I'll let you know what they are as soon as Kathy answers my letter I wrote her about it.

BERLIN-AUSTRIA: Olsen said (he first promulgated the theory) that the correct stance on Jackie Onassis is that she should always have remained Jackie Kennedy and never remarried.

HANSON-MICHALSKI: Irksome*s back! Are you going to say that in your next Mos Eisley Spaceport? I didn't think so.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-BERLIN: Sorry, I don't kiss....grits.

MESA: That's it. Mucho work to start getting done, so until next time, don't let your meat loaf.

THIS IS A DUMB INTRO

From Marky Lew:

Dick,

Hi.

Enclosed subzene was finished too late to make IRKSOME. So I'm sending it to you not because I want you to print it in R (though that's OK if you want to) but because I don't need it anymore. None of it is necessary to be printed except in case the dispute wants to be ombudded & Scott tells me he doesn't care so that leaves you as the only one to need to see the subzene. (Besides I recall you wanted a dumb article for annish? This is certainly dumb. This letter too --)

L & K,



((Thanks Mark, I knew I could count on you. This certainly fills the bill!))

Midway the journey of this life I was 'ware
That I had strayed into a dark hobby,
And the right subzene appeared not anywhere.

BENZENE #?
special John Kelley issue

Greetings, Earthlings (quick, which subzene did that appear in?). Oh, this is Mark Lew, 3120 w 79, anchorageAK 99502, and I feel like shit. Forming a list in my head but instead suffice it to say I have a cold. Sorry, I'm feeling rather listless, har har har.

Um, Did the deviant game report 1½ wks ago so I've had plenty of time to do this It's saturday now and Iirksome is going out "this weekend" so I think that means I do not only Sp.D. but get this to the P.O. & call Scott too. Maybe I should call now, huh? Maybe I'm wasting my time. Oops, brother is on the phone. I agreed to go to work this afternoon, yesterday, because I expected to get this done last night or at least this morning. But I felt like shit last night, and I felt like shit this morning and I feel like shit this afternoon, but I'm sick of lying in bed and the weather is miserable by my unusual standards. It's in the 70s I guess which is nothing to most of you, but anything without clouds is too much for me. I don't mind it being 75^b inside--any beach bum knows there's a difference between normal heat; that's why I'm a yellow man in winter and a white man in summer. "difference between" sounds funny, is it wrong?

Any-way, it looks like In spite of feeling like shit, I've got nothing to do but type to you ungrateful bastards. Does Benzene have a letter column? Noooooo. I average about 5 mails a week these days, that's including other shit. Okay, so some of the deviants write press, yeah, and my cat leaves dead birds on the back porch. Okay I'll get down to business; got two complaints on the last deviant turn, most of you saw, where 6 of the players were eliminated. I now know one is not serious and suspect the other is also not serious but I'll be dutiful and print them:

Dear Marky, 5/17 Boy, did you ever wreck the Deviant! I'd like to point out that in Reg Dip home centers can never be neutral! And, since nobody ever took Kie & Ber I still own them! So I want my country Back!! I'm sure everybody else wants theirs back too. This game must never end !! Take care, Dick

arrived same day:

DEVIANT May 18 Dear Mark, Hold it a moment. I was just thinking, if this game is going back to Normal Dip, shouldn't each country get its home centers? After all, they were never lost. In normal dip, a country's home centers are never neutral, they never can be neutral, they belong to the home country until taken by someone else. P Not that this game means a great deal to me, but it would be nice to stay in. A game with 3 one-center powers would be a farce. At least with home centers, there is the potential for something enjoyable to develop. If nothing else, I'd like to see how you explain your way out of this. Scott

Initial reaction: heheheheheh. So what's to explain? That's an interesting idea to give you your home centers back, I hadn't even thought of it. And of course it would be wrong. Okay, both of you seem stuck on the idea that no one took your centers, and the idea that regdip can never have neutral home centers. Let's look at Italy. Someone DID take romvennap from him, so if I give Becker his home centers back, your first argument is irrelevant. But if I don't give them back, I must give them to someone else, which is ridiculous, or else leave them neutral which goes against your second argument. It appears that your two arguments don't stand well together, which figures, as they don't stand well alone either.

It seems to me that your home centers WERE taken from you; if you must have a scapegoat, let it be the voters who allowed the rule to pass

Some of you unfamiliar with me and the deviant might, parenthetically, be expecting HRS to get into this somehow, but they won't. And I feel I owe a bit of explanation I have rules but didnt ever look at them this game.--1 they aren't nitpicky and leave things to my judgment 2deviant is first time ergo experimental some rules turn out to be not very good 3deviant is deviated anyway and likely to produce too many situations to cover in a set of rules. In general I've used my judgment and clarified potential problem spots if I saw them.

IRREGULAR
WINTER 1904

aus: remove a apu f alb; fra: remove a naf, f pie; ger: remove f pru;

oops I forgot AUTUMN 1904:

rus: A Pru r-Ber; tur: A Gre r-Ser

now SPRING 1905:

eng: A lvp-WAL; rus: a ber-KIE; tur: a ser-BUL

I'll have you know I did that season without setting up the board, so I hope there are no adjudication errors.

Listen: olsen came up with the idea of playing a bunch of seasons all in one turn, but I didn't let the players know about it in time, so it didn't happen this turn; but next turn what I'm gonna do is adjudicate as many seasons as I have orders for so submit orders for ~~as many seasons as you want~~ as far as you want the game to go, or if you prefer you can set conditions e.g. if turk in munich after f07, stop there. or "stop after any bounce"

I'm glad I'm not in any of Scott's games because I can't find the deadline..must be one of those every 4 saturday ones eh? So I'm setting the deadline for june 25 which is just shy of 2 weeks after you get this, but I will adjudicate any time after june 18 that I have all the orders. I'm hoping to get back in sync with Scott's deadlines.

Wall has orders on file through w'08 and olsen has orders on file through w'09 which means I'm only waiting for osuch. Normally I'd require a go-ahead from the other two, but they both submitted thenext few seasons expecting all of them to be adjudicated, and I daresay Osuch hasn't learned anything by seeing this season; and of course you have till the 18th to object.

Guess that's it. Incidentally, there's been some question about the regularization of the deviant, but I doubt it'll be anything. In any case this game will continue and you can read about it in Irsome. ((Most of you are doing that now; but I'm speaking to the players, who are getting xeroxes))

I see know reason to hold up the deviant over this, and there it is above. Now where was I before I lost my coherence? Oh yes. The rule which said something to the effect: kill all deviant rules and make game normal dip. I didn't think it had much chance of passing so I didn't make any clarifications on the rule besides it seemed fairly self-explanatory, so it was open to my interpretation subject to reason and precedent. I think it was pretty clear you guys weren't getting your home centers back. I had them all crossed out on the SSC. and you even had a sneak preview when I did that whole thing about what would have happened had it passed the first time it was proposed. That's what it all comes down to; I've been meandering for about 20 lines now, but the point is that they were crossed out so they were taken.

Okay then, let's try the next one. Yes, home centers can never be neutral in a game of regular dip. Likewise, a game of regular dip can never have a history like IRREGULAR now has. If I were to make this game absolutely regular, I'd have to start over from the beginning; perhaps even change the players, as there may be some grudges. It had occurred to me to start the game over, because I realized it wouldn't be truly regular. I debated a while whether "normal dip" meant REALLY normal or if it meant switch to normal dip rules and continue. I decided it could mean either so it was up to me to pick. I picked the latter because I thought it'd be more fun, and was more what the rule proposer had in mind (I'm less adverse to speculating about players' motives than many, it seems)

All right, I guess I've presented my case, albeit clumsily. If anyone wants to go to an ombudsman, I'm game. I prefer Linsey and Berch, but anyone who is generally thought of as ombudsy is fine with me (michalski, walker, coughlan, brown...)

Comments are welcome too of course.

That's all that I really ought to get out. Scott's phone is busy so I dont know if I should start another page

For

Here's the big news: I'm ready to start a new game of deviant dip. Those of you who are so backwater that you don't know. Deviant Dip is a diplomacy variant in which each player proposes a variant rule each turn and the proposed rules are voted on the following turn and the one(s) which receives most votes is put into effect. Anyone is free to sign up, of course, and it's free. Particularly welcome are: players and ex-players in IRREGULAR, enthusiastic novices, people who often find themselves in invitational games, Mike Mazzer, Fred Davis, and Bruce Linsey.

On the off chance that I get 14 players, I won't start 2 games, but I'd like to do a sort of compromise, two boards which are separate games until that is changed by deviant rules, but the players all vote as one group and the top 2 rules go into effect in both games. This makes it less confusing for me and more confusing for you.

I'm ready to start anytime but am in no hurry either. I do intend to rewrite the rules but probably not this issue. Mostly they'll be altered to more accurately portray how I've been running the game for quite a while. Most major difference i can think of is that I'll print who specified which rule, because it makes it easier for me if I need to know..

As to "this game must never end!!", if R2 can, anything can, right?

((OK, I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE A POINT THERE!))

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS II

Giovanni was ecstatic upon acceptance to UTIT. Not only would he have a chance to visit the most renowned opium dens in the world, but the mere thought of visiting a harem was exciting in ways could not yet understand. You see, young Giovanni was still innocent in the ways of the world. But he had no intention of letting school stand in the way of his education. Upon arrival at the Ankara campus, the boy was faced with several more immediate concerns: room, board, and registration for classes. Room was solved by signing up for a dorm: Decadent Hall, supposedly the most rambunctious and renowned dormitory in all of Europe. So rowdy, in fact, that 50% of all the residents have developed heart conditions before graduation, with the rest developing cirrhosis of the liver (an excellent qualification for actors everywhere). His new roommate, Raoul Lee Roth (pictured at left), had lived in Decadent for the past six semesters, and still survived relatively intact. His only damage to date was a set of rough vocal cords from Tarzan screams whilst swinging on vines. And that WASN'T during the school productions, either. He was rather popular with the girls, though, and young Giovanni was looking forward to their first meeting.

So must you, because that comes in Episode III: Beauty and the Beast.



THE EP RESULTS: Yet another in a never-ending search for Truth, Justice, and

"Everybody Plays" Dip!

Featuring this month: A charter member of Egnog Enterprises, the new, improved Ben "Turkey in the Ghetto" Schilling, soon-to-become old-timers Jim "Diogenes" Meinel and Fred "Hetero" Davis, soon-to-become one of the bang-gang Stephen "Blathermore" Lee, and that old gang of mine Konradowicz Baumbrain, Ulrad Baumartin, and Dicko the Great. Everyone else submitted apologies instead of orders. Some of the apologies were better than some of the orders.

EP Autumn '02

I (Dicko the Great presiding) A Boh r Vie

EP Winter '02

NO WINS, NO RUNS, NO ERRERS (oops!)

R (Schilling): build F Stp(nc), A Sev (and Russia owns Nwy, not Swe)
 A (Martinoid): build A Bud ("build armies alphabetically"-- great orders!)
 G (Meinelity): remove F Nwg (finally, a normal person)
 F (Meinelous): build F Bre
 I (Leeandery): ~~build A Aeg~~ (too bad, Stevie, Italy was even)
 T (Davisollo): remove F Aeg (right, only one, 'cause A Gre was annihilated)
 E (Schilling): (a smart one, no order submitted, England was even also)

//////ed out move didn't succeed. You are understanding me, right? I want everybody, and I do mean EVERYBODY, to submit orders for Spring '03 by June 30, 1983, so we can have a super-big turn for the Gala 4th Anniversary issue of Retaliation. I want the "Featuring This Month" section to take up half a page!

"Rule Change"

See if you can't write some orders that are a little less obscure - yes I mean YOU, Bob, Konrad, and Dick. "F S A, A S F, F goes west, A goes east" - that's ambiguous. And "build armies alphabetically" - that's not ambiguous, but it sure does put me to a lot of extra work to figure out what's what. Hey, Konrad, you may be able to type a full adjudication in the space of one song, but it took me almost an hour just to do this winter. I have to go back and check myself a lot more than you do. If you need any lessons in order-writing, I'm sure that Fred or Jim will be more than happy to help you. (Some of these boys require less whipping than others before they get the idea.) This is not a rule change - yet.

Commentary

MaryCon was fantastic! I had a wunnerful time!

Press

SHERIDAN: I got spirit. Yes I do. And if you don't believe me, I'll send you his ear.

IT'S STILL AN ASSHOLE: The rain in Spain stays mainly on the plain.

SHERIDAN: I haven't been called Stevie since the last time I wore short pants and THAT was back in Ike's first term.

MISTRESS to SHERIDAN: See above.

I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING WITTY RIGHT OFFHAND: (See what I mean?)

SHERIDAN: Sexual Preference = b&b (bed and breakfast; eggs over EP.)

Letter (Fred Davis, 5/24/83)

Dear Mistress Julie and Dick:

One question before submitting any orders. Your "Rule Change" for sexual preference does not specify whether: 1. A player must include the same sexual preference for all sets of orders for a season, and, 2. Whether a player may change these preference(s) from turn to turn.

((Well now, Fred, in answer to your first question, I see that you listed the sex pref for all 7 powers as "het." But you can't do that, see, the countries themselves have their own sexual preference - France prefers French style, obviously, and the English prefer a little spin on the ball, Turkey is into fowl play, Italy and Russia each have their own way of dressing, and Germany and Austria can't stand any more of my bad puns. What I'm interested in is your own preference.))

In other words, do you want one undeviating preference for the whole game, or may we treat this as a joke and have a little fun? To play it safe (just in case a copy of this gets back to my personnel file), I'll list everything as "het" for this turn. But it would be more interesting if you would allow us to - uh - deviate from time to time.

((You may not treat anything the Mistress says as a joke. But you may certainly be as deviant as you like.))

By the way, you omitted at least two other "preferences," to wit, "Tra" (not "Tro") for transvestism, and "rub" for rubber fetishist. Oh, and "lea" for leather people. And don't you think that "funny aunts" deserve equal time with "funny uncles"? We are an equal opportunity zine, right? I could name a few even weirder things (as a disability claims examiner, I've seen a few cases that I've described as "Kraft-Ebbing with the Latin removed") but we don't want anyone to lose their dinner, do we? Pssst! Wanna buy a dirty medical report?

((I must say, Fred, it sounds like you hang out with some pretty kinky people. Some of my friends should get together with some of your friends. They could have coffee and whatever.))

I'm intrigued by the category "me!" If this was written by Julie, may we assume that she is "the house speciality"? Does Dick take a potshot at us if we dare enter that code? (Remember, Dick, the "Unwritten Law" is legal only in Texas!) In our intellectual desire for variant rules clarity, we respectfully request these clarifications.

((I think that Dick would just assume a standby position.))

Oh, and please include in the rules that unless a player specifically indicates otherwise, he/she/it does not want to receive unsolicited telephone calls from other people based on any "preferences" listed herein. We do not want to be in divorce court, right?

((Only people who live on the West Coast would do something like that.))

By the way, while the adjudication of this game is dated April 29, 1983, we didn't receive our copy until about May 18th. And you give us a May 30 deadline! How do you expect us to do any negotiating before submitting orders? I think this game requires a lot of "negotiating," and once in a while we'll talk about the board, too.

MORE ~~KIKKY~~ EP DIP

((Yes, we'll talk. You bet we'll talk.))

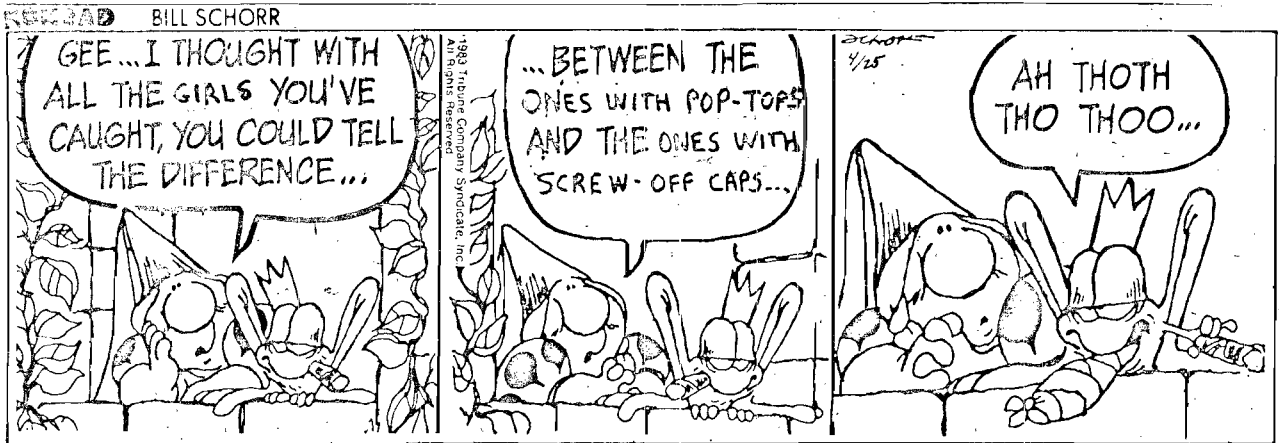
By the way, there's a minor error in the Fall '02 report: Russia owns Norway, not Sweden. Sweden is still neutral.

O.K., we'll put all of our orders on a separate sheet of paper. That's one sheet for all the orders, since that is the way you prefer to have people submit to you - er - submit orders to you.

Yours for mutual insanity, Fred

((The feeling is mutual, I assure you.))

Cartoon

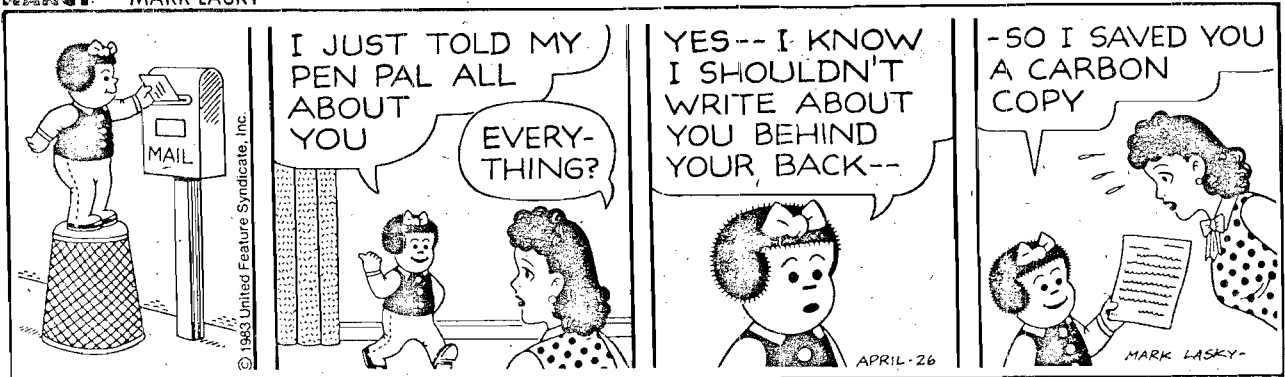


ONE FINAL REMINDER: PLEASE SEND EP ORDERS - EVERYBODY! BY JUNE 30, 1983!
THAN-Q!

*I highly recommend it
A Satisfied Customer*

WELCOME TO THE WOODYBRUX DEPARTMENT!

NANCY MARK LASKY



LET'S DO THE TIME
WARP AGAIN!

Winter 1902: France builds F Brest; Germany builds A Kiel; Italy builds F Naples.

Spring 1903:

AUSTRIA (Mazzer): A Gre-SER; A Vie-BUD; F ION-Aeg; A Rum-ANK
 ENGLAND (Barno): F LON-Nth; A Lvp-WAL; F Nth-SKA; F NWY S F Nth-Ska
 FRANCE (Cunning): F Bre-MID; F Mid-NAO; F Eng-IRI; A Par-BRE;
 A PIC S A Bel; A BEL S A Pic
 GERMANY (Coughlan): A DEN-Swe; A KIE-Den; F HOL-Nth; A Mun-BOH; A WAR-Mos;
 A Tyo-MUN
 ITALY (Ozog): A ALB S AUSTRIAN A Gre-Ser; A Ven-TRI; F NAP-Ion; F TUN H
 RUSSIA (Michalski): A Boh-GAL; A Bud-RUM; A STP-Mos; F BLA C AUSTRIAN
 A Rum-Ank(!); F SWE-Den
 TURKEY (Conlon?): NMR. F SYR H; F SMY H; F AEG H; A BUL H; A Ser H/d/
 destroyed

Hmmm. Russia convoyed that Austrian army into Turkey, indicating a probable end to the Turkish-Russian alliance, not that the Turkish NMR wouldn't have done the same. France continues to advance uncontested. Austria continues to scramble, while Italy and Germany are complacent for now. It should be interesting to see what develops in the west as the pickings dwindle. And what will England do with F Skagerrak?

Time for a standby call. Will Daphne Fritz, 4112 Boone Lane, Sacramento, CA 95821 please submit standby orders for Turkey?

Deadline for Fall 1903 will be Thursday July 21, 1983.

I could have used any number of headlines this exciting season, such as the Russian convoy, the Austrian resurgence, the Turkish NMR, the French invasion of England, or maybe the German nonmovement. So instead I used the old faithful Diplomacy time warp theme. I'm sure some of you know where it originated, no?

PRESS

FAMOUS NAZI SLOGAN: "I believe in the Fuehrer as I believe in the Final Victory." Now a Russian slogan!

MOS-BER: In thanks for the stamps, I am desisting from labeling you as the slime-bellied bastard you have proven yourself to be. I hope you appreciate it!

GERMANY-RUSSIA: What do you mean, "so much for Gary's stature, honor and greatness"? Have Dick and Julie Martin been writing about my (gasp, gasp) "drinking problem" again?!!

BERLIN-ST. PETERSBURG: Remember, if I'm in Moscow it doesn't count in the spring. I faithfully promise that I will vacate it by the fall, if I am indeed there, if you have not engaged in anti-German moves elsewhere! I think that's only fair.

VIENNA-MOSCOW & BERLIN: Such acrimony! Gentlemen, can we work out our differences in a civilized manner?

VIENNA-MOSCOW: Have you ever noticed that when Gary says he's "got nothing against you", that's usually when he's about to eat your lunch?

BLARFO: This is my correct dateline. Related is the word "Elarf", meaning "to make a really Bozoid move", "to fail utterly", or "to play a game without any of the players knowing the rules". All may be appropriate here.

Somehow, I expect this dateline to be abused next month.

MASS MURDERS

VIENNA-LONDON: Greetings and welcome to Mass Murders. Allow me to bring you up to date on what's happened so far.

Ozog: stabbed me in '01, then saw how powerfully Conlon and Michalski were allied so he tap-danced his way into my heart, convinced me that he really liked me, and we've been holding back R/T ever since.

Michalski: decided he finally wanted to get back at me for calling him a "twit" in Mass Murders I and stabbed me, throwing all of his units against me. He left himself wide open to Gary, who had promised him lifelong allegiance.

Conlon: allied with Russia knowing Michalski was about to get reamed by Gary, and is waiting to pick up the pieces.

Cathy: is Mass Murders' resident Berserker, programmed to destroy all male human life forms. Of her three neighbors, only England qualified.

Gary: promised Cathy lifelong allegiance and support into Belgium in Fall '01 (he didn't, but that's OK), he promised England lifelong allegiance and support into Belgium in Fall '01 (he didn't but that's OK too), he promised Russia lifelong allegiance, even though he took Warsaw and tried to take Sweden and will probably take Moscow and St. Pete, but that's OK because he promised to give them all back if Russia stabs Turkey. He's also promised lifelong allegiance to Italy and Turkey. He's even offered lifelong allegiance to me, even though he's appalled at my dishonesty. You see, I ruthlessly stabbed him in Spring '01 by letting his A Mun-Tyo succeed.

That about brings you up to date. Any questions?

BLARFO-MAZZERBATER: Hey, are you still alive? Why? P.S.: You remember the last game of Kinky Dip--it won't be any better with a male. Keep trying anyway.

CATHY-MIKE: I'm sorry! Of course I'll get out of the ENG! Whatever you say! We French want to become close personal friends with the English.

ENGLAND-FRANCE: Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the WAVES. Weren't you a WAVE in the Navy? I thought so.... Prepare to meet your master!

CATHY-MESA: I'm certainly not going to challenge your GMing again (Kathy Byrne told me you liked that in a woman though) but did Michalski really try to move from Bohemia to Trieste last time, and with support? I mean, good god, no one is that stupid are they? It was a misprint, right? Don't Michalski know that Bohemia doesn't border Trieste? He meant Vienna didn't he? You just read it wrong, didn't you Bob? Aren't you glad I'm questioning your GMing this time? I'll keep it up if you like? Do you?

MESA: In answer to your questions: Yes. Yes. No. I think he does. You'll have to ask him. No. No. No. No. I should have included the notation "(imp)" with both orders though, so you caught me there.

CONLON-MICHALSKI: It's obvious that some others in this game don't share our interest in shit. Hump! They really should try to broaden their horizons. Anyway, this Jan Cremer passage is for you, John: "When confronted with someone else's turds, I find that I can judge the character of the manufacturer simply by looking them over carefully. I have delved deeply into scatology, the science of shit. O-shaped dung means a quiet man, one who sits down with deliberation and lets nature take its course. He doesn't have to read a book or concentrate on anything other than the business at hand. He's a person who thinks ahead, a businessman or such. Shitting doesn't particularly interest him, but what must be done must be done. Then there are the X-shaped turds of the quickies, the two-faced types who push both ways at once, straight and on the bias. Pointed shit is the sign of the real snobs, the tax collectors, the judiciary, the moralists. They are the pinchers-off, the ones who go out of their way to keep things from taking their natural course. As for me, scatologist that I am, nobody ever sees my shit. Like the junkie, I keep my addiction private. People with individuality and personality never leave traces or seek publicity." Do you remember this passage, John?

AUSTRIA: Oink, oink, oink!!!

BIARPOLOMEW: The great thing about ben-wah balls is that they're never "placebo", "ersatz" or "spurious". Fill her to the rim, with Timpkin bearings!

MASS MURDERS

FRANCE-WORLD: My but the board sure looks pretty, just look at all those colors all mixed up together.

FRANCE-WORLD: All this talk about female stars. I think it's time I mentioned my own idol--no Gary, I don't mean Glover--it's Malcolm McDowell! Now there's one good-looking guy! OK, so he gets blown up in Blue Thunder and shot to death in Cat People and jumps out of a tall building in A Clockwork Orange and gets his head chopped off in Britannia Hospital and gets shot to death in If.... That's the kind of guy I like. Always coming back for more.

ENGLAND-ITALY: When I lost my cherry, the Majareeshi dropped to his knees a continent away.

WITCH-ELF: Upset about the press? Hah! They're warming me up.

WITCH-ELF: Tom Petty?! No, I think you look more like Cutter.

WITCH-ELF: Yes sweetie, I know I must stop being a wimp about the press, but do you have to remind them about Origins?

BLARFED IN SPACE: I'm spending a lot of bread to go to Origins and NoCaruso KansasCon--you'd all better be at them! (Or in Europe.)

GERMANY-AUSTRIA: I'm so happy you're happy with all I've done for you. As a further treat, I'm totally leaving your country. Don't bother to thank me, it's really nothing!

BERLIN-PARIS: Well, you'd better attack "Mikey" because Bozo is gone and I don't want to be the target of Marie Antoinette!!

FRANCE: Marie Antoinette is nonplussed at last season. Not only was I kept from my Wales vacation but now I find I have a rival in that hussy Effie. Bitch! What has she got that I don't, I'd just like to know!!

BARNO-CUNNING: No Wales for you, my pretty. You're too full of blubber anyway. Now go away. That's the girl.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-CSUCH: Would you, could you, PLEASE, put a fleet right here on my Brest? Oooooooooooooo, thanks, I needed that.

MOS-CON: Pat, you are too conservative to beat Mazzer. "Bla S Bul S Ser S Bul"--shit, THAT's not going to get us anywhere. But, it did help Coughlan look like an even bigger asshole with his "we're-all--scared--shitless-by-that-RT-alliance" whine of his. Boy, will I be glad when France finally gooses HIS ass good!

MICHALSKI-CONLON: Dummy! Your support last time from Serbia would have given me Trieste. If you want Russia as an ally, you'd better start realizing that the alliance is a two-way street. Just remember, if you screw up this time, that nothing can keep me out of Ankara.

MESA: Except that Austrian army.

COUGHLAN-OSUCH: Don't tell me! Let me guess! Mass Murders, besides being printed in EE, is being printed in Diplomacy Digest! That Berch will do anything to keep from winning the "Most Boring Szine" award again! What a scoop for Scoop!

MESA: I wouldn't know, as I don't get DD, but I had heard that he did use '81AM as an example of diverse personalities or something. Hardyharhar.

JOHN KADOR LIVES: "A beautifully landscaped yard (grass even)." Does that mean the grass is even? You have a laser constantly sweeping, 2.7 inches off the ground? Or are you even growing dope in your yard? Ah, the land of sun and fun.

MESA: Nah, the previous owner had 2.7 inches above the ground, but we took them out when we moved in. Only about half of the yards in Mesa have grass. The rest are desert landscaping. Oh, we moved in too late to get the pot crop in. There's always next year.

CHAOTIC GOOD SPACE CADET-CHAOTIC GOOD ELF: Friends like us can share that which we love, eh? See you soon.

C.G. SPACE CADET-WONDERFULLY EVIL WITCH: Something Cadillac Hotel, Detroit, four blocks from Cobo Hall. Thursday night to Monday morning. I'll bring the wine, dog collar and leash; you bring the scented love drops. Warning: Swider, Linsey and Ghod knows who else will be there.

35

EAST COAST BEATNIK-MESA LUXURY SUITE: All right, you want a feud, you got a feud! Don't forget, I'm experienced now! Here goes: Your mother wears army boots! Arizona baby, stick your head in gravy. Yer momma dresses you funny!... Give up yet? (Am I doing it right, Toots?)

MASS MURDERS

EAST COAST WITCHES-OSUCH: Once we deal with Linsey, you are next. First, Dick Martin will call you "Mesa Drunkard", then Julie will say that she is not calling you an alcoholic (she'll repeat it in several zines that she is not calling you that), but that my, my, you do have a drinking problem. Then Kathy Byrne will sign up for your next game and devote her life to catching loopholes in your GMing, then use her new power as BNC to declare all your games irregular. Then Scott Hanson will whine that you don't send him a copy of Mass Murders and he's a standby. Konrad Baumeister will come to your home and read you passages from Hitler's Mein Kampf, in the original German. And finally, and worst of all, John Caruso will send you his Whitestonia every four weeks for free. In fact, "Operation Osuch" has already begun....

HANSON-OSUCH: Why aren't I getting Mass Murders? I mean I am a standby in this game. Dick Martin gets a copy, and he's not a standby. He just prints it in Retaliation, while I take my time to write you press and help you keep these positions from going into civil disorder. And this is the thanks I get? Why? Why, why? Why, why, why??!!!!

OSUCH-HANSON: And, so, where is "Wendy Whiner"?

CHALLENGER-MISSION CONTROL: The assignment has been successfully completed. The mechanical arm has deposited Princeton satellite BOZO into open space, and it's drifting away, tumbling slowly? Uh oh, Mission Control, we do not anticipate being able to recover the BOZO at this time or ever until it drops from orbit.

MISSION CONTROL-CHALLENGER: Roger.

CHALLENGER-MISSION CONTROL: For the hundredth time, my name's not Roger!

SEX FADS OF THE EIGHTIES: If you thought penile deformation and shit-sucking were turn-ons, wait until you experience the newest thrill from Oklahoma: Anal Fist-Fucking! But remember: "It all comes out in the end."

JOHN-PAT: I love Creamer! That's what I call Shaffer in bed.

A MICHALSKI LOVE SECRET: Now what makes this one real good is that you can practice it both ways and get a lot of enjoyment. Ready, here it is; "Liquor up front, Poker in the rear."

A MAZZER LOVE SECRET: Let's play "Hide the Salami".

VIENNA-BERLIN: Yes, it's safe. You can stop drilling holes in my teeth any time now.

MIKEY-CATHY: "I want Bozo back"? I'm devastated!

CATHY-MESA: OK, so I was a little confused last turn. I'll have you know that Toad Tallman said he thought I was right. But then lately he's been calling and saying "Oh good, you're still talking to me. Mass Murders must not have gone out yet." Have I missed something or what?

MESA-CATHY: The only thing you missed is the boat by listening to Tallman in the first place.

PARIS-BERLIN: Hey Gary, take a look at what's happening to my France in Denver Glont. Hmm, on second thought, don't look. I don't want you trying to get close to me like a certain Rogerson is in that game.

FRANCE-WORLD: Have you ever noticed how Barno sounds a lot like Bozo?

BAALLU: "I'm just a sweet transvestite/From transexual/Transylvania.... Why don't you stay for the night?/Or maybe a bite?/I could show you my favorite ("vibrator"? "obsession" ("SEX:"))/I've been making a man ("With a ten-inch hard-on")/ With blond hair and a tan ("What's he good for?"/ He's good for relieving my ("SEXUAL") tensions..../ I'm just a sweet transvestite/ From transexual/ Transylvania!"

CATHY-ERIC: Well, ORIGINS is really getting close now and so will we. I think that it is only fair for me to tell you that I, very firmly, totally believe in premarital hand holding. Think you can handle that?

ERIC: Oh God! Oh God!! Yes, yes, yes!!!

BERLIN-MESA: Vavavavoom? I bet you know all the lyrics to "Louie, Louie" too.

MESA: Only the relevant ones.

ITALY: "There's no place like home...There's no place like home...."

AUSTRIA: My Quest: I seek the perfect Cosmic Vibrator.

MASS MURDERS

BARNO-CUNNING: OK, you want to play rough. No longer will I publish your Cathy's Ramblings in my Shogun's Sword. I'll go further--I won't even publish TSS any more either. Wait, that didn't come out right, did it?

TURKEY-BELGIUM: Yes, Gary, that Belgian lace from Ghent makes you look so feminine. We recognize your press.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: "No one's ever going to put me on the floor again, and I know too much to go back and pretend." I gave up kinky stuff when I reached 37.

MARIE ANTOINETTE-ALL THE OTHER MARIE ANTOINETTES: Lock dearies, there's only one real Marie Antoinette, get it? So the rest of you lot just piss off right now!

VIENNA-ROME: That's right. MCI works wonders in your Diplomacy games.

THE MERRY OLD ENGLISH-MARIE ANTOINETTE: Would you believe deep brown eyes looking at the worlds through lightly tinted glasses? "Rose-tint my world, keep me safe from trouble and pain."

MIKE-ERIC OR WHOMEVER: Frederick's is OK, but you can really indulge your fantasies in the Undie-World of one-time noted stripper Lili St. Cyr.

MAZZER-CONLON: But I'm going to be at Olsen's too! You'll have to look me in the eyes if you lie to me and steal my supply centers! I'd really hate for you to have that on your conscience. And I can suggest a reasonable alternative to that or I'm not the "Nixon Award Winner of 1982!!!"

VIENNA-BERLIN: Pardon my appalling manners. I didn't thank you for the lovely poster. Tell me, is there some significance to the striking resemblance of "Miss Minus 10" to John Michalski?

OZOG-MICHALSKI: I think your Effie is Fluff Shaffer in drag.

MAZZER-MICHALSKI: That's not a woman named Effie. That's Michalski in a wig!

CUNNING-MICHALSKI: If you like licking thighs, you got the right ~~dog~~ girl in Effie. God, I have seen elephants who didn't have thighs that big!

CONLON-MICHALSKI: Effie a minus 10? Try minus 100. Bow-wew. Woof, woof, woof!!

BARNO-MICHALSKI: Since you're now married, do you have Effie's address? I'm into new experiences.

BERLIN-BOARD: Yes, the Effie posters were mailed by me from Memphis! But I did it for another player in this game so his identity could remain secret. Believe me, I was well-paid!

COUGHLAN-MICHALSKI: I've never seen your wife but I can tell you right now, sight unseen, that you did the right thing by not marrying Effie "Thunder Thighs" Scranton.

CUNNING-MICHALSKI: So that's Effie, eh? I thought you were going to share that gem with the "guys". I'm a gal--female--woman! Still, I figure if I put her up by the refrigerator, I'll never eat again.

MIKE-CATHY: Come to Fudgecon and I'll worship your feet! Ever have your toes orally manipulated? (Whoops, I'd better be careful--I'll probably be riding with Eric.)

VIENNA-ROME: I know you don't approve of my flightiness, elf-brother, but it's time to take a flyer. True, I may be a fool,... in fact, I know I'm a fool... in fact I'm.... well, enough of that, let's see where A Rum ends up.

BRAD MAJORS WILSON ANALYZES THE SITUATION: "It's beyond me, help me, Mommy/ I'll be good, you'll see, take this dream away/ What's this ("It's your leg, asshole!") Let's see/ Mmm, I feel sexy/ What's come over me? ("Osuch!") Here it comes again."

GREAT SHIT QUOTES: "Let them have their elephant shit!" (Richard Burton, One More Husband, 1979.)

ANNAS: "It really doesn't matter."

MEMPHIS-CHICAGO: I took your advice! I let my sub to Bicycling magazine expire and took my bike out and I went from low gear right into high gear!! What do you think of that?!

BERLIN-VIENNA: Is it safe?

MARIE ANTOINETTE: I just love all-day suckers!

BERLIN-MARIE ANTOINETTE: Well, if you don't kiss grits, how about jigglating my luhtisibles?

MASS MURDERS

MIKE BARNO'S PHILOSOPHY CLASS: The Diplomacy lobby is a shittin into which Woody is passing water. The shitbin manages to not overflow, for there is always Osuch to drink the fluid and Conlon to lick the bowl. Well, I'm tired of being shit on, I'm going to take a shit!

MESA: Gee, don't you think you deserved it?

BARNO-COUGHLAN: Yeah, I could ride with Barbara Hershey too. Among my generation, Valerie Bertinelli really grabs me.

BLARFO: I'd like to request that Sherwood be allowed to die anonymously. As for Tallman, leave him home, Cathy.

UHARA SEZ: I dunno about elves, but Vulcans have pointed ****'s too!

TALES OF ELF-ERIC, PART II: Mazzer Pie was so very happy to have been pulled out of the oven that Elf-Eric had put him in. But Rat-Pat and Con-John were not happy at all! They had gotten their appetites all worked up and took some slices of Mazzer Pie but Rat-Pat didn't have the Greece he liked in his slice and Con-John's Rum was stolen so he couldn't even wash down his slice! Con-John was so upset that he tried to go from Bohemia to Trieste and everyone, even Bozo Wilson, knows you can't do that!! And to top it off, Scary-Gary helped hide the rest of the Mazzer Pie from Con-John and Rat-Pat. But all they could do was destroy Elf-Eric's toy boat. Elf-Eric just laughed and laughed. He knew he could build another one and

.....
THE BLARFMOBILE'S BACK SEAT: Hey, what's with all the buddy-buddy stuff (sorry, Bernie) in this game anyhow? Don't worry, Cathy, I for one am comfortably straight, with a little kinkiness to keep life interesting.

WHAT, OZOG?: "(Stafford and I) are too much alike!" Hey Cathy, I think you've gotta take a good, hard, ... look at that boy.

MIKE-BOB: Had any more "head-to-head" negotiations at Dip sessions recently? Or aren't there any girls of that type in Arizona?

BOB-MIKE: Not anymore.

BERLIN-PARIS: Philly, Philly, Philly!! Maybe she can help me locate which Denver Glont that was, where you said those things about "him". I'm still looking high and low.

BERLIN-MESA: Looking high and low, get it?

MESA: Hmm, let me think about it for awhile.

MIKE-GARY: Are we in New Jersey yet? Sure looks like it.

GARY-MIKE: Hey, thanks for the "Minus 10" poster. You're right, that Effie Scranton sure is something. "Full-bodied".

MIKE-MIKE: "Would you call me "someone who thinks for himself"?"

HANSON-BOARD: OK, you guys, Kathy finally wrote me and told me what my independent opinions are. She told me I could put out one issue of my zine Irksome, without attacking Bruce Linsey this month. She also said that I could feel free to question Osuch's GMing, tease Mark Berch about his bald head and tell everyone that I share her opinion that Konrad Baumeister has no sense of humor at all. So there!

MESA: Now for some late guest press from GMS.

GMS-MASS MURDERS: I have come!

GMS-BOARD: OK, what's all this talk about shit? Let's get down to some worthwhile subjects like Sperm Counts! You there Michalski! Can you still get it up? You've got until August to work on it! What about you Ozog? You got less than two weeks before the big date; are you ready!? You'll only get one shot, so you better make it a good one. And Cunning! Coops! Never mind.

GMS-SWITZEATTLE: That will do for a start. I'm sure we can find other things for you to worship. Hmmm, vice versa!? Does it have leather straps?

GMS-FRENCH PRIME WOMAN: Are you really upset by the press so far? Don't be. Just think what they would write about if I told them about the things we did last Valentine's Day when Steve went out to buy the paper!

GMS-BERLIN: Thank you. You're a gentleman and a scholar, or was that gentle with a collar?

GMS-MESA: Oh Bob, I've always wanted to get into your ~~part~~ game!

MESA: Well, I hope Pat returns, but if not, you're in. Lucky you, I drew straws and you won.

THE R12 RESULTS: GM NBRS! (NO BRAINS RECEIVED)

R12 Fall 05

CHAOS RULES SUPREME!

- E (Byrne): F Nth-Hel, F Wal-Lon, F Nws S F Nwy, F Nwy spits at the German!
- F (Del Grande): F Mao-Naf, A Spa-Mar, A Gas S A Spa-Mar, F Iri-Mao, A Bur S A Bel,
A Bel S A Bur
- G (Browner): F Swe-Nwy, A Stp S F Swe-Nwy, F Bal-Den, F Hol-Nth, A Ruh-Bel, A Mun-Bur,
A Sil S A Gal-War, A Gal-War
- I (Lee): A Pie S French A Spa-Mar, F Tys-Gol, F Nap-Tys, F Ion-Aeg, A Gre S F Bul(sc),
F Bul(sc) S F Ion-Aeg, A Rum-Ukr, A Bud-Rum, A Arm-Ank
- R (Tallman): A Ukr-Mos, A War H
- T (Hurst): F Aeg-Eme, F Con H, A Ank H

Underlined moves do not succeed. The Russian A War is bounced to Pru or Lvn. Right, let's get on with it, then:

- E: home, nwy (4) even
- F: home, spa, por, bel (6) even
- G: home, den, hol, vie, swe, stp, war (9) build 1
- I: home, tun, tri, gre, ser, bud, rum, sev, bul (11) build 2
- R: mos, ~~war~~ (1) remove 1
- T: home (3) even

These builds/removal/retreat and S06 are due on July 28. How about it?

Sorry these are so late this time. With all the confusion here lately (vacation, ordinary life, anniversary issue) I thought this game had a due date late in the month like EP. Guess I was wrong, huh? Oh well, shouldn't happen again.

ENG to FRANCE: Nice to see a player with brains - now if you could only get some units.

ROCKVILLE: The two usually have nothing to do with each other.

ENG to GERMANY: Is your nickname Woody? You seem to be just about as bright!

ENG to ITALY: Yes, you are doing a fine job of playing Germany for a sap - I agree!

So stop gloating!

ENG to TURKEY: Into the valley of death and then the savior, Del Monte appears!

Long live France!

ENG to RUSSIA: Which clown is playing this week - Bozo or Tallman?

ROCKVILLE: Both - or I got orders from both anyway.

ENG to FRANCE: Good job on Lily White - I knew you'd be an asset to this game!

FRA to OTHERS: Between two projects and all the press from last time, I'm all pressed out this time.

ROCKVILLE: That's OK, you get a one season rest.

FRA to GM: Maybe I should have stabbed Austria in R2 (or was it R3 - it didn't last very long for me); after all the game was over anyway....

ROCKVILLE: Well, are you going to rest or not? Sure, you should have stabbed, just so you can feel what it's like to be the stabber for a change. And it was R2. If it was R3, you would remember, you can bet on that!

SEATTLE to ENGLAND: Cathy only tells people I'm short and not so blond to keep you and Julie out of competition for my body.

ROCKVILLE: And others too, from what I understand.

SEATTLE to ROCKVILLE: Okay, one teeny little NMR. So what? You really think you could replace me with a non-entity like Wilson?

ROCKVILLE: Why not? I did it to Russia once, I can do it again.

HEY! I CAN BANG THESE SUCKERS!

SEATTLE to GERMANY: Will you please go away, I've just got my two center Russia to sleep and you'll wake it up.

SHERIDAN to ROCKVILLE: Happy Birthday RETALIATION!

ROCKVILLE: Right on!

ITALY to FRANCE: You had better keep Kathy out of Brest because you are going to need the open center if you plan on rebuilding the fleets I am going to destroy this year.

ITALY to TURKEY: Having fun?

ITALY to GERMANY: Feel free to retreat to Budapest if the attack on Warsaw fails.

ANKARA to PARIS: The "Kid" was called that because he ate quice! What are you, illiterate or something? (Yes I know, Dick, but we can't ALL be something!)

ROCKVILLE: You steal all the good lines!

TURKEY to ENGLAND: The only stacking I'll allow in this game is on my date at Origins! Do I hear any volunteers out there?

ROCKVILLE: Um...would you believe that Sue has authorized me to collect on that dinner you promised? No. Would you believe lunch at McDonalds? Oh. Would you believe a Pepsi? How about a walk through the cafeteria?

MADISON to ROCKVILLE: I'm sure glad Turkey was created on the fifth. Hic!

ROCKVILLE: That was on, NOT in!

TOM to KATHY: Best wishes. Hope your operation turned out well. After all, we prefer to attack you ourselves, rather than let a doctor do the stabbing for us. I'm sure that everyone in the game wishes you well - except over the board. Take care. We all love you.

ROCKVILLE: Even me. And the following few are from our standby Russian....

KIEV (Czarist Officially Designated Foreign Information Service, Hurrah! or CODFISH): The state funeral for Czar Unsexy VI was held here in Russia's ancient religious capital. It was reported the Czar died of injuries sustained in a brawn on the lee side of the Burn river in Del Grandest province of Russia. His last words were: "It hurst." Many weeping Russian patriots attended as did the Metropolitan of Kiev, Brother Bradley.

The coronation of the Crown Prince also took place in this city's great cathedral. However, it took an unexpected turn when Brother Bradley, who was conducting the services, whipped out a cleaver instead of a crown as the Crown Prince knelt before him. With one fine stroke the Prince's head went rolling and Brother Bradley declared a coup d'etat on behalf of the church and declared himself dictator. Guards loyal to the Crown Prince were mowed down by priests with Schmeisser machine pistols hiding under the communion table.

Brother Bradley (or as he is fondly known in Kiev, B2) declared a holy war on all infidels invading Mother Russia, especially the black blocks. He expressed a desire to ally with the Wicked Witch of the West and Lily White to erase the Brawner nation.

MOSCOW (CODFISH): B2's armies abandoned this city today. When asked why, General B3 (Big Bad Boris) ran the reporter through with a saber. The reporter, Bill Leaks, died in the hospital. When B2 was asked to comment on this, he replied: "B3 was just plugging Leaks."

PAOLI to ROCKVILE: Funny, eh?

ROCKVILLE: You are sick.

KIEV to LEELAND: Want me to help you win? Attack Hurst.

KIEV to ABED: Brother Bradley wants your aid against evil Papists.

KIEV (CODFISH): Brother Bradley excommunicated Julerad Baumartin today, pointing out "they (?) were living in sin." High Priest of Sin Richard of Rockville could not be reached for comment.

ROCKVILLE:

SWITZERLAND: Bop Bag Lady out of Britain!!

ZURICH: Hey, that's B4.

ROCKVILLE: It is?

EUROPE: "ALL HAIL BROTHER BRADLEY, LORD OF ALL!!"

ROCKVILLE: Are you still taking resumes for that aide position, Bro?

THE FURTHER FANTASTIC ADVENTURES OF RALPH THE GNOME

The Mystery of the Missing Mug

"There, it's finished!" exulted ALFIE THE IMP, as he put the finishing touches on the beer tap he had been installing in the rec room of HOLE IN THE GROUND, the subterranean villa outside of Madison, Wisconsin, which he shared with RALPH THE GNOME, superhero and part-time satin sheet salesman.

"That's great!" laughed Ralph, coming through the door. "Now get out of my way. I want to try that thing out before the Head Gnome sends us out on another of his hair-brained adventures. The last one was enough to drive a Gnome to drink!!! Imagine, sending us off to Istanbul in the middle of summer to cop a carpet, working our backsides off in that heat!"

"yeah, right!" rasped Alfie. "You were really working, taking up with that wench Lily White like you did and leaving me to haul that damned carpet all over the bazaar! The job was all over before you thought to crawl out of that back room she lured you into!"

"You work your way and I'll work mine." Ralph's voice was muffled by the beer mug he had stuck his nose into, sampling Alfie's handiwork. "Ah, that's GOOD! Listen, sidekick. You have no idea how hard it is..."

"No doubt, but I imagine SHE did!" quipped Alfie.

Ralph smiled lazily and refilled his mug. "Anyway, Alfie, I was so sore I couldn't walk for a week. She really knew her stuff! Still, what would you have had me do? She would have just interfered with our mission, and would have kept the carpet into the bargain. I got her out of the way so that you could finish the job! Besides, us superheroes have our reputations to maintain! Why do you think we have sidekicks anyway? Have a mug?"

"Well it surely isn't to let them have a little fun!" Alfie fixed Ralph with his most formidable glare. However, his anger did not prevent him from accepting the proffered beer. Just then the doorbell rang.

"Get that, will you Alfie? I've got my hands full at the moment."

The imp saw that this was indeed so. Ralph had pulled the latest issue of PLAYBOY out of the magazine rack and was busy flipping through the pages with one hand while swilling from the other.

"So I see." Alfie said as he stamped off into the hallway towards the door. "Just don't wear the pictures out with drooling. I know you don't READ that thing!"

Ralph decided to put his waiting to good use, applying himself to the tap again and turning on the lamp.

"Now where's that imp gone off to?" mused Ralph when his eyes could no longer focus on the page before him, even with the help of the magnifying glass he always kept handy on the endtable for the purpose. "Just how long does it take a guy to answer the door?"

The Gnome staggered to his feet and weaved towards the door, bumping into the bar, a chair, and several endtables along the way, but feeling no pain, fortified as he was from his inspecting duties. As he fetched up against the doorjamb, his blurred vision notified him that the front door was hanging open and a curious object was clinging to its outer surface next to the knocker. As he stumbled closer, he saw that it was a dagger embedded deeply in the wood with a piece of paper transfixed by it and fluttering in the wind.

Ralph lurched against the door. "Damn!" he mused under his breath. Being right under his nose, the Gnome saw that the paper was a crudely scrawled note. "What a way to begin an adventure! You would think that the Head Gnome would write or call when he wants me to do something. No, He always has to go and do something dramatic!"

Ralph ripped down the note, succeeding on his third try, and staggered back to the rec room where he had left his magnifying glass under the lamp. He peered at the note laid flat on the bar. Suddenly, the meaning became clear.

"IF YA WANTS TA SEE DA IMP AGAIN, YA BEST BE IN DETROIT IN JULY!--IEAPO"

"Kidnapped Alfie, eh?" snarled Ralph. He hiccupped and flopped back into his chair. "Well we'll see about that, Ieapo! No one can run away with my sidekick like that, especially when he was carrying one of my matched set of beer mugs! You can be damned sure I want them both back. It will be one hell of a time in Detroit!"

Upon saying that, Ralph did what any Superhero would do in a similar situation--he passed out.

Will Ralph get to Detroit? Will he rescue Alfie? Will he get his mug back? Will Ieapo get his just desserts? Will Ralph have a hangover? Be here next time for another episode in THE FURTHER FANTASTIC ADVENTURES OF RALPH THE GNOME and the Mystery of the Missing Mug!

((And just to make sure, I'm going to show up in Detroit myself. I want to meet this Ralph the Gnome character. I am, after all, a member of his fan club!))

LILY WHITE AND LITTLE GUIDO -- A MEETING AT THE GATE

Alone at the gate, Li'l Guido, capo civilante, climbs into a low fork of an olive tree and searches out over the garden cloisters until he spys the unmistakable figure approaching in the moonlite. Guido climbs down, removes his pants, picks up a hoe, and begins singing...

Guido: "I gave all my love to my dog. He was all I had right then.
Till the wheels of an automobile brought his life to a tragic end."

Enter Lily White. (pause for ovation)

Guido: Halt or I'll turn you into the King!

Lily: I'd rather be a frog. Or maybe the King's widow if I've a choice.

Guido: Like my dead father's brother's new wife, my mother. No, I thinks
E!ly: not. The frog suits you best. Poor Ophelia, but I have plenty of
fleets. Let's go play in the water.

Lily: Guido! You're off your rocker. What are you doing out here in the garden at this time of nite.

Guido: I heard voices calling me to disbud the sweet williams...

Lily: Yes, well you're butchering the bard alright.

Guido: ...trim the privit and espalier the slug what murdered my Frenchman!

Lily: Now you're making some sense, little feller. Maybe we can do some business together afteraall. I guess I'm sort of a sucker for a man with his hoe in his hand. It's so...peasantichismo.

Guido: Oh Lily, there's no fooling you. The only thing I'm mad about is you, baby.

(Embrace. Enter Lily White)

Lily: YES YES GUIDO GO BABY TELL ME SOME STATE SECRETS Ohhhh....

Guido: Whew! That was three builds for me how about you? Yea, well who cares anyway. Look the party is the thing. Tomarrow nite is the Gala 4th Anivercery Ball for RETALIATION. Everyone will be there including the villian who turned the Frenchman on me. That's when I make our move and you put poison in his ear! The party's the thing!

Lily: You not only talk funny, you spell kinda weird. Guido, I'm beginning to think you're crazy again. Ear poisomings arn't my sort of talent.

Guido: The party's the thing. (Exunting)

Lily: Oh Loveloins, come back to me. I'll do my Brando. "Stella, Stella!"
Rats. All I wanted was a little fun at the party and a fast trip to Istanbul. Now I'll never get back to Kansas.

(Enter Ghoast)

Gohst: Lily White. Lily White! You should know by now that there is no fast way to Istanbul. Now go and avenge the murder and you will be rewarded in due time with a rendevous with the Sultan.

(Exunt Alles)

ROCKVILLE: Exuent me , until next time!

LE BULLE PENNE

hurst, wilson, baumeister, hanson, phillips (5 - gain 2!)

Not bad, considering that I'm only running one game here. Of course, everybody is called to standby for all seven countries in EP. You do need your exercise, right?

GAME OPENINGS

zippo for regular dip

3d - need a mere 10 more players

Trickle down dip- baumeister, lee, wilson, olsen (4) only need 3 more for this guy?

I'll consider running just about anything. Any takers for Snits Revenge?

EXPIRING SUBS

I think I'll save this for another page. No big deal, huh?

Diogenes took his search for an honest man to the plains and valleys of Europe. He was hopeful.

By and by he came upon a man sitting on a very large rock. Cane in hand, he walked up to the man and asked, "Dear sir, would you know of an honest man to whom I could speak?"

The man on the rock lifted his head and looked at Diogenes. He had a long, dark beard and spoke in a soft voice. "Why are you looking for an honest man?"

"I am searching for truth," said our protagonist, "the ultimate truth. It lies in the face and mind of an honest man, and I have entrusted to myself to find that honest man."

The man on the rock thought deeply for a few moments. By and by he said, "And what will you ask of this honest man when you discover him?"

Diogenes continued unfalteringly, "I will ask him why the people babble, why the sun rises and sets, why the leaves turn brown and die with the onset of winter and why man is evil to one another. And why an honest man is so hard to find." He rubbed his shins. He felt like sitting down.

"Why do you not ask these questions of yourself?" The rock sitter stretched his legs on the rock and tilted his head back at the sky. His beard cascaded down his lap. "The search for a man is a long one. Why not search for truth directly?"

"Because I do not trust myself to know that I am seeing truth even if it happens upon me. How do I know if it is not truth, but just illusions and lies if an honest man cannot direct me to it?" Diogenes was growing weary at the endless stream of questions. This man was obviously not an honest one.

"So," the speaker of the rock continued, "you are not really searching for an honest man, but one who has a much surer sense of self confidence in his faculties and judgement than yourself...."

"No, no, I am not!" interrupted Diogenes. "You are twisting my words and clouding my mind! You are obviously not an honest man." With that Diogenes whipped out a pocket phaser and sent the man on the rock to his own Nirvana.

Diogenes continued upon the road. This honest man search was taking up far too much time that he had reserved for his students. Perhaps he was looking in all the wrong places. No, he must keep searching. He would continue up this road.

Soon he came upon another man. This one was sitting on a lawn chair underneath a table with an umbrella over it to shield out the hot sun. The man was reading a book intensely.

"Excuse me, my young man, I am looking for an honest man. You by chance wouldn't be one, would you?"

The man looked up from his book, slightly annoyed. He studied the old man and satisfied himself that he wasn't just another panhandler that passed by these ways every once in a while. That last one had caught him off guard, he would have to be on his guard in the future.

"What do you mean by an honest man?" the man with the book asked.

Diogenes was taken aback. No one had asked him a question in response to his question. What was this, law school or something? Unfortunately he started thinking and talking at the same time and the only sounds that emerged from his lips were stutterings of 'um' and 'ah' and 'well'....

"Come come old man. That must be why you are looking for an honest man with so much difficulty, you do not know what you are looking for. Honest: that which will not lie, cheat, or steal; truthful; trustworthy. Websters, page 673. Find a man with those qualities and you will be seeing an honest man." The man looked back down at his book, but he kept a hand on the Uzi underneath the table.

Still, Diogenes was confused. But he pressed on.

"So a man who possesses those qualities is an honest man. But aren't there other things in the man to look at. What if he kills without cause, or does evil and does not lie about it, or lies or steals for the greater good of the common or whole? There

DIOGENES IS ON A ROLL HERE!

are many qualities my honest man must have." He was starting to regain his composure a bit.

"Old man," the words took on a sharpness that caused our hero to take a step back, "Old man, what have I told you from The Book? It's there, so judge your men by it! If he has those qualities then you have your honest man, if not then you have just one of the rest of us. How can you be so blind? If I know you as I think I do you'll be searching the face of this Earth forever." He saw Diogenes make a motion with his arm and he lunged for the Uzi.

But not fast enough. Diogenes whipped out his light saber and with a swift upward swing lopped off the man's head. It popped off his torso and thumped to the ground. Blood squirted up from his severed neck in a geyser. The hands still held the book.

Diogenes walked on. Perhaps his lantern would help. It was hot and sunny out but he still took the lantern out from his cloak, lit the wick and walked holding the lantern ahead of him. Ah, much better.

He had been walking a long while more when he heard a voice behind him.

"Hey, you, you blind or something?"

Diogenes turned around to view a tall, slender young man swarthy in fine garments and robes. Perhaps this was the honest man he was seeking.

"I am blind, my young man, and it is an affliction much worse than the beggars in the streets who lost their eyes in the campaigns of the emperors. It is a blindness of the truth; I am seeking an honest man and cannot find one." He looked expectantly at the richly dressed man.

"There are many types of honesty, and an honest man will wear many faces. There have been honest men in the past, and there will be honest men in the future."

Now this sounds promising, thought Diogenes. He loosened his grip on the blaster beneath his robes.

"But the honest man of now will be hard to find. Will you let me help you in your search? I have much experience in the matter and feel I can help you find your way."

Diogenes was not too sure about this. He was rather fancying himself getting the job done without any help. He tried to beg off, "While I am sure your offer is noble and kindhearted I must find my own path to the truth. It was very nice of you but...."

"You are daring to turn down the help of someone who has quite possibly been this way before!! Someone who only wishes to keep you from retracing the steps taken by many before you, people who have forgotten much more than you'll ever know. The im-

Diogenes did not let him finish. He calmly raised his blaster and squeezed the trigger, airing out the area between the young man's neck and waist. The newly formed donut fell to the ground.

Diogenes despaired of finding an honest man that day. Perhaps tomorrow would find better luck, he thought. He would journey to Middle Earth. Yes, that is what he would do. This place certainly is devoid of any honest fellows.

((What do you expect? Diogenes probably would go crazy at Origins. That, and Cobo Hall would have a cloud of vaporized dust where the Dipcon was being held! Great article, Jim - hope to have Diogenes' Adventures in Middle Earth for the sixth anniversary issue?!))

DOGS OF WAR QUOTE DEPARTMENT

GOODWILL IS EARNED BY MANY ACTS; IT CAN BE LOST BY ONE	Duncan Stuart	(#4, 11/9/79)
A MAN ALWAYS HAS TWO REASONS FOR DOING ANYTHING -		
A GOOD REASON AND THE REAL REASON	JP Morgan	(#7, 1/21/80)
MEN HATE THOSE TO WHOM THEY HAVE TO LIE	Victor Hugo	(#8, 2/14/80)

Thank you, Mr Daly, Sir for these fine quotes. Very appropriate these days.

Endgame Statement for The Greater Balkan Empire
Der Chancellor

This war is over, but Der Chancellor's dream of Europa lives on! This struggle was actually three wars; The 10 Year GBE War, The Crusade Against France, and The Three Year War For Independence.

The 10 Year GBE War started innocently. Pitted against Tsar Belke and the Sultan, Der Chancellor correctly decided to attack both with the help of each of them against each other, enabling The GBE to gain Rum and Bul with the help of Russia for Bul and Turkey for Rum. Needless to say, the race was on, especially with the GBE's foray into Munich that year. A fragile alliance with Italy kept Turkey on the ropes, but then Italy, too, was blitzed. This began the long series of Italian campaign where the GBE gained the Italian centers 3 times and lost them four, in see-saw action against Italians, French/Italians and then the French Emperor.

The overall strategy of The GBE was to blitz and hit hard before the forces of Western Europe buried their personal rivalries and attacked the GBE. In the last few years of this heady war GBE troops marched and counter-marched through Kiel, Holland and the Ruhr, attacking English fleets, German armies and French forces.

In 1905 Lew the Lopherking took power in London and France went Fascist under Stafford. These political consequences were ultimately damning. Relying on the past rivalries of western leaders, The GBE had grown. Now with the new leaders bonded together to stop the GBE the war began to draw to a close.

The weak link in the overall strategy was the lack of fleets which prompted the stalemate against Austria, tying down countless armies for years in futile effort, and denying GBE control of the Mediterranean. If fleets had been built the Italian campaigns would have ended in victory for the GBE and Turkey would have been crushed. Victory would then be GBE's.

So, why weren't fleets built? Two reasons. The entanglements in Germany/Russia/Turkey required a large army, which were given priority. And secondly and most importantly, the Italian campaigns often required garrisoning Trieste to hold the city or support Tyrolia/Venice against attack.

The other great "what if" buried in the annals of the war is the disasterous attack on Marseilles by Army Piedmont in Fall 1907. Another attack from Munich to Burgundy had been ordered. The French Army in Burgundy simply bounced both attacks. If the former hadn't been ordered, GBE supremacy in France would have been assured in 1908, and the 18th center captured.

These hard lessons of war will be remembered by all in the GBE.

The Crusade Against France can be chalked up to Lewish mistakes. And the Three Year War For Independence was largely a rear guard action fought by rear echalon troopers from Serbia and Albania.

The entire war in Europe lasted 24 years, from '79 - '83. This was the 2d game I ever joined and the third one that's ended. I guess I just get involved in trenchgames.

To Sultan Siggy who held out so long and then fled, I say "You should have done it sooner." To Lew I ask, "Why?" To the French player I utter the famous words of Gotz von Berlichingen! And to the rest, "C'est la guerre!"

Der Chancellor

PS: Let's not forget about the GM who stuck with it through so many good and bad times! Thanks for the effort, Dick! The game fee surely didn't even cover pens and pencils!

((Anytime! Thanks for a great game and some of the best press/pictures ever!))

THE REST OF THE R2 ENDGAMES STATEMENTS

Don Sigwalt (TURKEY for most of the game): What ever you do Dickie DON'T take this on the subway with you, because like my R1 endgame statement I'm not copying this one either. And I'll let you type this one just for losing my last one.

Wow - I must have broken a record there. How many other people do you know of that play for 22 game years then drop out? That was all Angie's fault though - if I hadn't married her I probably would have remembered to send in orders. I did try to get orders in by phone but we all know that's impossible with Dick (or at least it was 5 or 6 months ago).

Wow - look at all the impressive people I played with. Caruso and Swider were in R2?!? And Barno, too! Oh wow. I had as much contact with Barno in that game as I've had with him since he's moved up to Rochester. (I.e. very little. I don't even know if he's still around here. Hey Mikey are you out there? How's life? Why don't you let somebody know if you're still alive?)

What can I say about the game? The thing started 3½ years ago. I dropped out last Dec. Man, what ever possessed me to spend 3 years on a dip game?

R2 was my first postal start. I didn't hit it off very good with Russia and allied with Mills (Austria). A tip from Mike got me into Sev fast. If I remember correctly I even marched an army up into Moscow. But at the same time Mills had decided he wanted a "Greater Balkan Empire" and stole Bulgaria. What a chump.

Anyway I did not succumb to the Central European Tyranny. I hung on - and hung on and hung on and hung on and hung on and hung on and hung on.

I spent 6 long years at 3 centers before the GBE and I started "cooperating" at least I got Bul back. My all time peak came in 1920 when I took my 6th center.

That's about all I can remember about this game.

I enjoyed this game. I have no complaints about Dick's GMing. I regret dropping out, but, well, what can I say?

((Yeah, well, getting married can do that to you some times. Thanks for sticking it out so long and not giving up - there were plenty of opportunities to do that! And I'm not taking this issue anywhere NEAR the subway, you can bet on that!))

Dan Stafford (FRANCE - WINNER): When I entered this game in 1906 the Austrian was already at 15 centers while the only other major powers, France and England, were engaged in mortal combat. Two factors though made it possible to deny the Austrian win. First, Lew (England) and I hit it off big time, forming an instant stop-the-leader alliance. And second, Mills (Austria) in his arrogance was so completely sure that he would win that he openly declared that he would neither build nor use fleets in his conquest of Europe - he had none when I entered the game.

All went well until the fall of 1911. Austria was down to 13 (!) so Lew figured it was safe to stab me. Since my philosophy is to never let anyone benefit from stabbing me (if I can help it) I was determined to stop Lew in his tracks even if it meant an Austrian win. By 1913, England realized what I was doing and was eager to hit Austria again who was back up to 15. He even offered me one of his home centers - I was to move my F Nth into Lon, but instead convoyed an army to Edi, taking Lpl the following year. Lew did not object to me controlling two of his home centers, so determined was he to make things right between us after his stab.

The war against Mills was resumed, but I never forgot Lew's stab. By 1917 all of Italy was in French hands and a Mediterranean stalemate line had been forged (A's Pie and Ven, 3 supports for Ion) so it was time for vengeance on Lew. In the fall of 1917 I slid my fleet in Eng (which had been conveniently misordered a couple of times so was still hanging around) into London taking the last English home center. It took me 7 more game years to take 5 more English centers necessary for the win.

It was a great game, one that I will always remember for the tactical challenge that was presented. And Dick, I hope you like to type more than I do.

((Sure, that's why I'm still doing this. You played an excellent game, making just the right moves at just the right times. A well deserved victory. Thanks to all of you for a well-played and very interesting game. But make it shorter next time!))

For nearly four years now, Kathy and I have been blessed (or cursed, it depends on how you look at it) with receiving this crazy, creepy, crawling, so called "zeen" from obscene MD. We never asked to get it, in fact, we both voted the clown who puts it out as most likely to fail in Mark Berch's poll of "God - Let Me Be, Please?"

Do you know how bad this zine ((sorry, I'll correct any future misspellings like this for you -DM)) is? The publisher doesn't even know its name. And to top it off, he can't even count, not to mention not knowing his right from his left.

The years of toil have taken their toll on this clone factory, original. How can I tell? The obvious signs are "loss of mind" and "loss of mastermind." He has to be crazy. Why else would he lower the price of an issue to 20¢ then send out issues for 37¢ postage. Why else would he dare to pioneer the field of being the first zeen with over 50 pages and 2/3rds of those pages as press from games and still only charge for a single issue. Why else would he have sealed a trade agreement, the 1st of its kind in Dipdom, to exchange the warehouse press ideas for the intimate stories ideas. Why else would he let an alien write for him. Why else would he defend Mark Berch.

Poor Julie, how does she put up with such an inferior soul. God ((Berch? -DM)) only knows. But then again, Julie doesn't exist, or so says Konrad. Or is it Konrad who doesn't exist. Maybe it's Dick who doesn't exist. I wish it was RETALIATION that didn't exist tho. My - what an assault on the senses it has turned out to be.

Dick's mindless disease is contagious. You don't think so. Just look at the people who have received RETALIATION over the years and have lost their minds, or worse - Woody, Bruce Linsey, Gary Coughlan, Steve Langley, Mark Berch has lost his hair, Kathy Byrne, Bob Arnett, Jack Masters, Fred Davis, Tommie Swiper lost his virginity, Mike Barno, Jack Brawner, John Michalski, Stephen Lee, and the list goes on and on. I have thus far escaped this fate. But Crud is creeping up on me. Beware, Crud may be creeping up on you.

((You bet! But you were the first of my victims. The first to have his poor mind on Bill Cosby's spoon on national TV. You doubt me? You shouldn't. I have the Famous Historical Document to prove it. You'll know it when you see it. As for just who or what is real, well, I answered that question earlier this issue. I don't know my address either, you forgot that part.

((As for the cost of the issues, well, I'm no economist. Or maybe I'm a government economist. I forget. Economical? Economy size? I forget. Who are you? Where am I? Take two swigs of arsnick and call me in the morning!))

A BRIEF PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT

I (we) have decided to do the census again this year after all. Having the new computer to justify is as good a reason as any. That, and my address list from last year's census is starting to get outdated. So yes, once more we plunge into the unknown. Hopefully we'll have learned a bit from experience, and put out a more useful list. Right now, I'd like to offer Fred Davis a sort of "auxilliary statistician" type of position - since I know he'll break the whole thing down by state/region/zip code/body type/hair color anyway, might as well let everybody in on the great secret. How about it, Fred? I suppose we'll talk about it at Origins?

Any suggestions of possible improvements over last year's effort will be nice. For one, I plan a more extensive publicity campaign (if possible!), possibly all pubbers submitting address lists will get a copy for free (I'll look into that), and a smaller digest-type format. Any other bright ideas are welcome, so put on your thinking caps!

PROJECT #2: I'm thinking about reviving the defunct zeen PEERLESS (or something similar). It was, if you don't remember, by/for/about publishing, and would have a very limited audience: publishers (zeen and subzeen) and GMs (including guest GMs). I plan to pick a topic and solicit remarks on it (houserules, guest GMs, subzeens, deadlines, editorial policies, polls and size vs. cost are possible topics, for instance). Any comments on this? It might work for a while, long enough to be useful anyway. Let me know.

Cocky and Combative, He Was A Controversy Waiting to Happen

LETTERS AND MORE!

The following few submissions have me puzzled. Can anyone explain to me why Linsey can't seem to make up his mind? Or is he just having problems keeping his stories straight? (from Bruce Linsey....)

Dear Krud, (5/20/83)

Received today your letter and the half of an issue you sent me.

I'm not really interested in feuding with you. Hell, I don't even dislike you. It is clear that, like some of your friends, you are obsessed with hatred.

I only hope you'll go back to the way you used to be. Not for my sake, as I don't really care one way or the other what you do, but for your sake. We were once friends, and I don't enjoy seeing you so miserable.

If you really can't deal with me, then maybe you would just enjoy the hobby more by ignoring me, hey? Whatever you decide, I wish you well.

Best, Brucks

PS- Sorry this is so short. I find I enjoy more my interactions with people on a friendly basis.

((Doesn't everybody? Half a double issue is a single issue, your last here. If my friends and I are obsessed with hatred, just who are my friends?! I am much more interested in getting an even break, and if that can't be arranged then getting even will have to do. Who's feuding? All you'd have to do is shut up and this all would be over with. Or why don't we move the whole discussion to APPALLING GREED, Mark is able to be pretty objective about the matter. If printing the stupid letters you and Woody have been writing to each other (none of which were marked recipe ready, and which Woody asked me to print) is so bad, maybe you should have thought twice about writing them? What, they don't match the "official" Linsey position? That's too bad.))

Dick- (5/31/83)

I like your "ethics." You give a phony reason for my "ultimatum" to Woody, print baseless character assassination like "child molester," and don't send courtesy copies. Frankly, I think you're disgusting and I'll never stoop to your level. Here are your copies from VD #79.

Brucks

PS- You owe me an issue.

((As explained above, I owe you nothing. So what is the reason for your ultimatum to Woody? I'm sure you could come up with a good one for that, you've had plenty of time to work out a good story. You won't stoop to my level? I seem to remember a nice letter from you pal Mike Barno a few months ago that was pretty sleazy. Oh yeah, you apologized for that, so it's all better now. Oh Bruce, please forgive abject/humble/foolish me for ever printing anything bad about your child molesting. And the rest of everything, too. Pretty please with sugar on top?!? Now it's all better, right? Good. And I don't remember us getting any courtesy copies of Barno's letter, either. You make a big deal about how you can't sub to GRAUSTARK, yet read every issue. I'm sure that getting your hands on a mere RETAL should be simple for a mastermind like you. So I'll save my postage on the "courtesy" (a misnomer if ever there was one) issues.

((Next, Brucks sent me an invitation to some sort of beer blast at Origins. Nice thought, but I think I'll pass. It's scheduled for after the Gunboat tourney if you're interested. But why me? I thought I was disgusting?

((Then some "courtesy" copies dropped in from VD #81. How nice. Some quotes....))

"I am quite familiar with Dick Martin's GMing from reading his zeen and talking to people who have played under him."

((This wasn't the case a few months ago. The story at that time was that Brucks didn't really look at the games in RETAL at all, and had sold all the back issues so couldn't go back and check. At best, he's quite familiar with my GMing of early 1982. Out of date, at the least!))

THE DIPLOMATIC ENQUIRER ROLLS ALONG

"I think RETALIATION is a dreadful zeen due to the slander Dick prints. Should I be banned from voting it low because I'm "feuding" with him?"

((Heck no, vote it however you want. I sure did with VD! Funny, I give much the same reasons as you do. That, and your willingness to twist things to your advantage in print.))

"RETALIATION. Radically changed from two or three years ago; now loaded with personal attacks and character assassination. Surprised it did this well."

(("This well" is #30 in the Runestone poll. Thanks, sweetie. Funny, you don't mention that most of the "personal attacks and character assassination" is directed at Julie and myself (Gary's letter last issue, Bob Olsen's letter long ago, your nonsense, Barno's letter later this issue for instance) which we replied to. Not the one-sided farces which you and Gary consider "fair" and "honest." And I hardly think the zeen is "loaded" with anything, there's a lot of variety here.

((Also with those quotes was the following note....))

Dick,

Courtesy copies from VD #81. See you at Origins, I hope!

((Who are you kidding? But I hope I see you, too (at least before you see me!). It's nice to see that you're avoiding controversy in VD now. With stuff like the above as the milk-and-sugar version of VD, I'd hate to see what it's like when it's nasty! Oh yeah, I did, just before cancelling/giving away my sub. I forget. You're a strange guy, Bruce. I don't know too many like you - lucky me!))

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY, PART XIV

Bruce is always the life of the party....

THE FAR SIDE GARY LARSON



"Well, good heavens! . . . I can't believe you men
. . . I'VE got some rope."

CAN THE DIPLOMATIC ENQUIRER BE STOPPED?!

((At the end of May I wrote Mike Barno a letter asking what he planned to do with THE SHOGUN'S SWORD. I suggested a few things - come out regularly, fold, come out irregularly - but say so, or become a subzeen. Whatever the decision, I pointed out that it was best made promptly to avoid hard feelings. I even offered to become the home of the subzeen TSS. Challenged, is more like it - saying essentially, "If you don't like the course of RETAL, hop aboard and help bring back the funzeen you want to read." This was my "swift" reply.))

Dick,

(6/23/83)

Thanx for your advice and offers of a month ago.

First: It was about that time that I decided to fold, since I was too likely to end up like Overby with my changed attitudes toward working and the xyn. I've told others, now you know, and I'll be sending out a final issue (full-sized) announcing the fold. I'll give John Daly the games that aren't GGMed, and send out refunds and a couple of sub checks to xyns I traded with. (Late note: Cathy Cunning may take over TSS!)

Second: You won't be getting one of those sub checks, and I'll tell you why. It's for the same reason that I'm declining your offer to house TSS. Since we "communicated" with each other, you've been friendly enough - in private. RETAL, on the other hand, has led an existence of thorough hatefulness. I cannot enjoy such a magazine, nor in good conscience continue reading attacks on my friends. I don't know how much of it you're responsible for, and how much your wife has "contributed," but it matters little. You call Bruce and Gary troublemakers; yet for many months, both have made the most strenuous efforts to keep ill feelings out of their zyns, while you hurt people with every issue you put out.

Let me know when you intend to return to pubbing the "old" RETAL, the one that showed me what fun Dip could be. I'll send a check when that day comes. Until then, I guess I'll see you at Origins - Wichita, too? To quote your masthead back at you, "Get Well Soon." I appreciate your concern. Feel free to write.

Oh yeah, tell Julie I ask for her forgiveness. (But if I don't get it I lose nothing.)

Take care, Mike

PS- Barb says, "Howdy y'all!"

((Howdy Barb! How's life at William & Mary - created any art?

((As for you and TSS, Mike, I must say I'm disappointed. Just as the zeen looks like it's ready to get interesting after all these years, you go and pull an Overby. Last issue? I'll believe it when I see it. I remember how you told us at Byrnecon in April how you'd have an issue out by the end of that month. Then a month later, you "decide" to fold, but not tell anyone! Don't worry though, Gary and Brux won't pick on you like they would anybody else - you've supported them too well for too long. Isn't it nice how that works? Nobody else really cares, anyway - the games were all better off dead and there's no rush to get them restarted.

((Your second point is more interesting. Is it better to be nasty in public and nice in private, or nice in public and nasty in private? I've opted for the former, where you and Gary and Bruce (I assume they're the "attacks on your friends" you're talking about?) have opted for the latter. Better that the zeen be thoroughly hateful than me, huh? Too bad you haven't been that lucky.

((And VD is such a nice zeen now, too. I guess that I made up all the stuff "from VD" printed just before this, right? Or are we talking about different zeens here? Gary is so busy being self righteous it makes me ill. Then again, some will say I'm the same. I couldn't disagree more, but all that does is make us more alike. So Mike, you are right. You, Bruce and Gary are all saints. Only a devil like me could possibly doubt that. Keep your check, I don't need it or particularly want it.

((I suppose that if not having "Julie's forgiveness" is worthless to you, then having it is likewise worthless. So what's the point? Can you make up your mind? Do you still have a mind? I'm starting to have my doubts.))

ENDOFDIPENQUIRERENDOFDIPENQUIRERENDOFDIPENQUIRERENDOFDIPENQUIRERENDOFDIPENQUIRERENDOFD

((A partial something from Ann Landers - newspapers are great for trash like this))
Dear Ann Landers,

...Why do people tell professional secrets? Don't they realize it is a serious violation of ethics and can do tremendous damage? Please, Ann, speak to this in your column.
Speechless in Pebble Beach

Dear Speechless:

People who blab professional secrets do so because it gives them a feeling of importance. They also like to drag down those at the top - to get even for not having made it themselves.

A person of character will stop the dirt distributor in his tracks by saying, "I'm sorry you told me that. It diminishes you in my eyes."

((I don't know what this has to do with the recent recipe ready controversy, but I found it interesting. And the proximity to the letters by Barno and Linsey is really a total coincidence. Honest. Really.))

((From Brad Wilson, some old stuff))

Dearest Richard: (3/7/83)

Find enclosed EP stuff for Julie. Please forward.

Interesting Feb 4 R that got here March 2. I will say RETAL livens up a dull mailbox...when will it pop in? I'm not complaining, don't get me wrong. I'm down to RETAL, COA, W as my zines. Can't afford much else, though I am playing in Osuch's EE game; I don't intend to sub to EE. The only one I pay for, in hard cash, is W. Yours is, well, it's your accounting and COA comes with VERTIGO. Radical changes in zeen? Dick, your zeen has changed formats so often you'd have to get the damn thing gilded on papyrus to surprise me. And I see you're into upside down stamps too. I like doing it.

((Gilded on papyrus, you say? Hmmm.... I like "doing it" too, but what does that have to do with stamps?))

Did you catch Eric Clapton on tour? I imagine Konrado did. He was tres good! I'm going to see the original Return to Forever at the end of March in Phila. RTF is Chick Corea, Stanley Clarke, Al DiMeola, and Lenny White. The best fusion jazz, period. Ornette Coleman is hot. (Miles Davis too.)

There is a local Phila band named Robert Hazard. He's just got a national RCA distribution for his EP and is touring the East Coast. If he's in your area - go see him!! I've been following him for 2-3 years now, and he puts on a great show, plus his tunes are tremendous! The only two people I've enjoyed more in concert were ----- (guess who) and Southside Johnny. Go see Hazard! (And pick up his EP.)

((Missed Clapton but did get to see Queen/Billy Squier, and they were great. I was pretty zonked (that was the Sunday after Byrnecon in April) but not asleep as rumor has had it. Hoping to see Bowie in August. Caught those geniuses of our times - The Ramones, a while back, and they were super too. Gabba gabba hey!!! I'm not much into fusion stuff, though I used to have an interesting record by Weater Report. Alice got that one though, and I haven't listened to much of the stuff since. I've taken to listening to a local "progressive" radio station lately, and a lot of that stuff is just unlistenable. No rythm, no melody, "intelligent" lyrics - most of it makes me want to throw up. There is the occasional gem, though, and I hear too much top 40 everywhere else. Fortunately, they don't get REALLY weird until late at night. Sundays are ethnic days - Irish Hour (Mills would love it!), Italian Hour (we had a time figuring out what language that was), and Turkish Hour (?!?!?) among others. Crazy. Hazard is pretty good, "Escalator of Life" in particular. I'm down on EPs, though. Too expensive for what you get - half an album for 80% of the price. Good marketing, but I don't need it.))

SORRY FOLKS, BUT THAT'S IT FOR THE BIGTIME CONTROVERSY FOR NOW

Must hear list:

Dire Straits - New EP ((what's so great about this?))
Miles Davis - We Want Miles ((never heard it))
Prince - 1999 ((I'll have to get this one))
Berlin - Sex (catchy) ((never heard this one, either))
Thomas Dolby - Blinded by Science (great!!!!) ((this man is a genius! SCIENCE!))
J Geils Band - Showtime ((if you like that sort of thing))
Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul - Men Without Women ((never heard them))
(Steve van Zandt) (hot soul/bluesy stuff)

Must throw out list:

Ozzy Osbourne - any and all albums ((I couldn't agree more!))
Christopher Cross - ditto ((good in small doses for sleeping - don't OD!))
Toto - IV (and I II III) ((blech))
Men at Work (send them back to Rabbitland) ((what have you got against rabbits?))
You might guess I didn't like the Grammys. Darn tootin.

((The Grammys, like Oscars/Emmies/Tonys/ad nauseum are just that: nauseating.))

Last night Princeton won the Ivy title!! Yes, we're in the NCAAs. Hurrah! Penn sucks! Bring on Georgetown! (Well...) Seriously, we're on a roll. If we get to play the right team, we could cause trouble for some team. (ie, a team with no really dominating big man. If they've got one (Ewing) we're in trouble.)

Well, yes, I'm going to try to transfer. Failing that, I may (may) take a year off, take courses at LaSalle/Villanova and work part time. We will see.

One problem I have is that my parents have such a high expectation of me. If I tell them I want to take a year, go to LaSalle, etc. the reaction may be volcanic. Still, it is my life. The 4 schools I'm looking at for transfers are Penn, Georgetown, Tufts, Lehigh. Penn is far and away first choice, then the others in no particular order. Maybe Gtown a bit ahead.

((Yeah, parental expectations can be no fun at all. I certainly went out of my way to get my share of Cs (and Ds and...) so they wouldn't get too carried away. It was still rough, but that's better than having them tell you you'll never amount to anything so don't even bother trying. So what's the problem with transferring? You certainly don't seem to be going to the bottom of the barrel here! I think the ideal solution is to alternate years of working with years of school - really helps keep you fresh (besides all the other advantages of continuing education), but going to school isn't much of a living. What's the big deal about the Ivy title? It's not the ACC, you know.))

Marycon? Does this mean you're having a con? When? If it is at all possible, I'm coming. Tell me!!

((I wish I could have gone too!))

I may be in DC in April. I don't know.

Thanks for VERTIGO compliment. Actually, although I know Vertigo is a superb flick, that's not directly where the name comes from. Southside Johnny wrote a song about the movie (on his live album he introduces it: "This song's for Alfred Hitchcock."), I love the song and that's where the name came from. I assume you know where "ABRAXIS" came from.

((Santana, right? But Vertigo is not a "flick!" It is a "film." Friday the 13th Part 3 is a "flick." By the same token, Flashdance is a "movie," as is stuff like Octopussy and Blue Thunder. It's sort of an artfulness scale....))

That's about it, find article below. ((Found!))

Siempre, tu amigo, Brad Wilson

PS-Find Brux contest on attached sheet #2. ((Found!))

PLAYLIST: OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR, The Police

ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM I, Stevie Wonder

PERLMUTTER IS A SNAKE

((I assume you're referring to the Heart?))

58

STILLENDOFDIPENQUIRERSTILLENDOFDIPENQUIRERSTILLENDOFDIPENQUIRERSTILLENDOFDIPENQUIRERSTI
(more from Brad Wilson)

Agree about EWF All'n'All album - grreat!!

Dear Dick: (4/13/83)

Please give EP orders herein (neat word) to Julie, and do whatever it is you do with RETAL poll.

Is NC State still in it? Hmmm....

((In it! They ARE IT!))

Vidalia sounds like a Dukes of Hazzard type of town. Sounds like a GC town. Brockton, MA - now I've been there. It's OK. At least it's not in the South!!

((You can have them both. There's no place like home...or Penns Grove, NJ, fortunately!))

Berch argues like Tip O'Neill - dodging everything important and then nit picking You're right about Brucie baby. I don't run to Gary's defense, for one. I know what you mean about his drinking/blaming things on people. Oh, well, we just have to put up with it.

((Unfortunately, I agree with you.))

Hazard sounds a bit like Bowie. I really recommed him, as he's energetic, happy, got good lyrics, and a good band. He's got an LP coming out this summer. If you'd like to borrow my EP I'll have it at Byrnecon. He's good!

Thriller is a good album, for an emasculated wimp. "Beat It" ain't bad, but "The Girl is Mine?" - eeccch!!

((You can have "The Girl" (and I don't mean the St Pauli kind!) anytime. The rest is mostly decent or better. I should have borrowed your EP and taped it. No telling when you'd have gotten it back, though!))

New car, new stereo, yeah, I bet you forked out some bucks. Does your car talk? "Lights are on?" Eddie Murphy does a great routine about that.

((Yup, we sure splurged. I have my doubts about the stereo though. Gonna have to talk to the swell folks at Pioneer about that some day soon. We just splurged again, getting Julie a Trans Am (used, but nice) and me the ATARI 800. Ah, the wonders of gainful employment (and a low overhead)....))

Byrnecon is April 23-24-25 in NYC.

Good RETAL (66/67m I think). I really liked Brucks contest. Hee hee....

Ah, well, catch you soon, hopefully at Byrnecon.

Life here is dull as usual. Well, last night was bargain strawberry margarita night at Princeton's Mexican bar. A friend and I split 3 pitchers of them. Now that's fun!! Class today was, well, interesting. Zzzz...PU baseball loses 5 of 6. Go Phillies!! Flyers fold. (Augh!) Go 76ers!! Grades = 2.2 - 2.5 hmmm...waiting on transfers.

Toodle-oo, Brad

PLAYLIST: OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR, Police (Roxanne.....)

((If I didn't know better, I'd say you liked that album. STRAWBERRY margaritas! UGH! The regular ones are goooood, though (Julie thinks they taste like turpentine). After three pitchers of them, how could you tell if they were good any more?! Whew, I'm out cold after three glasses, much less pitchers. So what's the word on the transfers?))

(this in from the new BNC, Miz Byrne)

Dear Dickie poo, (5/27/83)

Your wish is my command! I saw the doctor yesterday and I have limited use of my hand - at least now I can use my fingers. So what is the first thing I do - type an article for you that is bound to get me into lots of trouble! John's one or two articles is enclosed also! Phyllis says she'll do a Pyramid, but don't hold your breath.

((I'm not, or I'd be dead many times over! Thanks for the article from Ieapo. This shouldn't get him in any more trouble than any of the other ones! Glad you're getting better. "Limited use" sure...good for anything but major brain surgery, I'm sure.))

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WHEREOHWHEREHASTHEDIPENQUIRERGONEOHWHEREOHWHERECANITBEWHEREOHWHEREHASTHEDIPENQUIRERGONE

I also got APPALLING GREED yesterday. If we're lucky Linsey had a heart attack when he read Mark's comments. Tsk, tsk on Linsey and Berch - they should've realized that their spy was a double agent for the East Coast Clique! Three cheers for Lousy! Woody loved RETAL and AG this month - I wonder why?!!

((Would you believe the incisive reporting? No. Ah, well, would you believe.... AG came as a pleasant surprise. I didn't think anyone was interested in the plight of Satan worshippers like you and me. It's interesting to see that someone is paying as much attention to what Linsey is doing as what he is saying, and questioning his dubious "facts." More! More!))

Since I'm at work, and a week behind on all my work - I guess I'll end this now!
Give my love to Julie, Kathy

((I'm at work too, or you can bet this wouldn't be as far "advanced" as it is. But at least I'm all caught up on my work. Hopefully I'll be able to mail these out while on the road to/from Detroit. I love the funky postmarks.))

(another oddity oldy from Etienne Lee)
Dick, (10/24/82)

I took after a cousin once but as far as resembling either mother or father, it's an even split. Pa is a mad Russian who multiplies phone numbers in his head. Ma comes from a long time SFranisco Italians. When she says, "I bet it's going to rain," you better have a quarter. She's a serious gamer. Not much family life...more a corporate merger; Mom having married 16 years previously to my grandfather's (father side) business partner, who was also a cousin. Thus I not only had hybrid vigor but at a clear shot at a fortune which was fortunately embezzled by the bookkeepers who were from France.

((Just goes to show that you can never trust those Frogs. Me, I'm just your average boring Anglo/German mongrel with a trace of Irish tossed in for excitement. Whose, I don't know.))

*Lawrence Fehrlinghetti - SF citylight bookstore 1950-60 beatnik type w/Ginsberg, Kerowac
*Andalusian Dog - surreal 1930? Salvador Dali Luis Bunuel opening scene is a tight shot of eye ball being split with razor.
*Steelyard Blues - Donald Sutherland Peter Boyle J Fonda on TV w/ different title flop commercially Paul Butterfield soundtrack Great Movie

((So that's who/what those things are. I saw Belle De Jour by Bunuel (Pretty Baby, too) - strange, but I liked it. Just lucky, I suppose.))

(an oldie or two from Scooter Hanson soon to be out of circulation)
Dear Dick and Julie, (1/2/83)

How do you like this fancy stationery, huh? Actually it came with my last copy of ANDUIN in a plastic bag. Don't you get suspicious when you see a plastic bag full of shredded green stuff in your mailbox?

((I keep hoping it'll be money.))

Major life change? As Dan Stafford wrote to me, neither the Moonies nor Amway is worth it. Actually, it was all a misunderstanding with a loved one that is now cleared up...that's right, my wedding with Nanook is off, because he would not move away from Alaska for me. My heart has been broken again....

((You're better off. He keeps the thermostat at 55 degrees and isn't hot in bed to compensate. You're better off with Frauke. What does she set the thermostat at?))

I suppose it's time for another Mistress Julie story...or I suppose now it's Mrs Julie. I certainly hope you appreciate that I'm the only one buying your currency in the Bourse in AG!

((Ah, but you're nothing compared to Kevin Tighe!))

BUTTHE DIPENQUIRER ISSUCHACATCHYTITL EFORA LETTER COLUMNORZEENSECTIONHOWCANIREPLACEITOHNOOHN

Feud with Gary? What feud with Gary? Are you having a feud with Gary?

((Me? Berch no, why would I do a thing like that?))

I suppose you heard about our big storm here. Seventeen inches...wow! (That's of snow, Julie...not what you were thinking.) Luckily I was out of town and missed it. And the Dome collapsed...ha ha! The Vikings should just concede their game to Dallas, then they'd beat the point spread at least.

See you at Byrnecon? C'mon, if I don't have \$50 to print a zeen, I certainly don't have \$200 to go to Byrnecon. Minnesota isn't on the East Coast you know, no matter what Gary says. Yes, he called me one of the East Coast Witches, and I thought he was such an expert on geography! OK, maybe we're on the east coast of Lake Superior.

((And "witches" is such a sexist term too. I mean really, at least I should be an East Coast Warlock or something.))

Keep up the ditto! I love it! But no more of this rainbow stuff...I'm color blind and it hurts my eyes.

Stay Warm,

Scott

PS- Saw Maryland beat UCLA on TV. Go Terps! Amen.

((Stay tuned for this year, when Lefty shows what a brilliant coach he really is! Go Twerps! I'm taking it easy on the ditto for now, while I can use the cheap xerox again. I MAY end up doing the end of this zeen with ditto, though, as the xerox is doing crazy things again. But I liked the red ditto - adds color to the boring blue.))

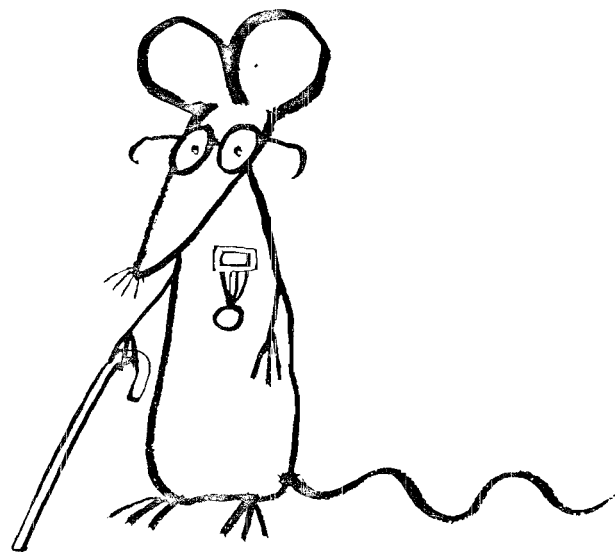
PPS- I liked what you had to say about friends. I'm feeling especially lonely right now, and I have too few "friends." The American concept of friendship is really screwed up. A real friend does no break off friendship over criticism - it goes a lot deeper than that. I guess I made the mistake of thinking Gary Coughlan was a real friend.... I hope that made sense....

((Too much sense, I'm afraid. Don't feel bad, it's a common mistake. I can't think of anybody who has too many friends, so you must be in the same boat as the rest of the world. Sorry situation, huh? Too many people think that their drinking buddies are real and great friends, or write to somebody for a while and he becomes your friend for life. I've seen too many of those situations fall apart after a while. Sad, but true. I think a lot of it has to do with the mobility of American society, it's tough to develop any sense of community and nobody has the time to develop the kind of friendships that would result. I know that in my years in Dipdom, I've only corresponded with one person that I still want to write to/hear from after he dropped out. It's so easy to forget to write, and that is really too bad. As for criticism killing friendships, I can see what you mean. But by the same token, too many people will give you the excuse of "but I'm your friend" when all they are trying to do is assert their "superiority" over you with criticism. (Since I can't fit your stationery on this page, I'll just ramble on for a bit about this topic.) As far as I can see, most of what we see in Dipdom as "constructive criticism" is just this dominance thing. We see lots of "I can't believe he did that well" stuff, which is just trying to put the other guy down. I mean, what's the point? This isn't competitive, outside the games, is it? I'm really getting down on most of this polling stuff, because it just ends up getting people depressed. For instance, Caruso keeps talking about folding WHITESTONIA because it's "not liked enough to make the top ten." Who really cares about the top ten? Who cares who "beats" who? Not me. I can look at the poll results and see what people like, sort of. More than that, I can't say. Sure, the recognition is nice, but it can be addictive, especially if you're insecure to begin with. I've totally lost the point I was getting at here (besides getting to the bottom of the page). That is, the people who can say they've got "hundreds" of friends usually don't. That wouldn't be so bad, except it's hard to avoid wondering what's "wrong" with yourself since you don't. So just take it easy, and don't try to count who your friends really are. You can't help but be disappointed when one of them "lets you down.))

Edo Ot Retal

by Edward Wrobel

Oh, Regularity, thou most deserved and beneficent
attribute of the natural world!
Thou riseth the very sun to make each morn glorious
and bring the full moon monthly to rouse the
half-wolves...dear, best cadence!
Under your blessed guidance do the seasons turn in
proper order, never autumn before summer nor
winter after spring, but spring, summer, fall,
winter again and again in happy rhythm...dear
dear harmony!
With your kind intervention do our bowels empty
themselves on a daily basis and we rejoice
in our relief, provided we get the proper
exercise and consume a sufficient quantity
of fiber...dear, good constancy!
Thus, it is only proud man in his aloofness from
your grace who disdains your benefits and
persuades his bretheren to walk without you,
only to recall that Retal is simply "later"
spelled backwards.



((Ah, but we are irregular on a regular basis.))

FAMOUS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, PART XXXI

Scott Hanson's stationery. Why don't you ask him to write you a postcard!

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE
FLUSHING, NEW YORK 11351

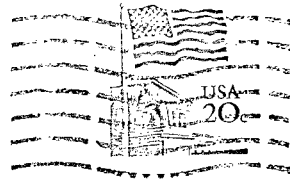
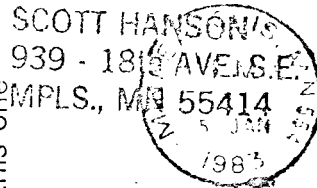
DEAR POSTAL CUSTOMER:

Please accept our apologies for the enclosed damaged article of mail. We sincerely regret any inconvenience you may experience.

The Postal Service realizes that your mail is important to you and you have every right to expect it to be delivered in good condition.

Please be assured that corrective steps are being taken to minimize such damages. We are constantly striving to improve our processing to the extent that even a rare occurrence such as this one can be eliminated.

Sincerely,



Handwritten notes:
No more...
Richard...
...
MD
20-854

YEAHIKNOWTHISSTILLISN'TTHEDIPENQUIRERBUTEVENIFJOHNMICHALSKILIKESITSTEVEHUTTONDOESN'TBOO

(I asked Don Del Grande if there was anything he wanted me to pick up at Origins for him this year)

Dick - (7/8/83)

Let me get out my list here, and...only kidding - thanks for the offer, but I can wait until the stuff comes out here (PACIFICON is only 60 days away) - besides, it saves on postage.

I looked through my back issues of CHAIN OF COMMAND, but I can't find what the Nat'l Monstergaming Society is running this year - too bad A GLEAM OF BAYONETS (Antietam) is by TSR and won't be out until GENCON....

Some last minute predictions:

ORIGINS 85 will be in Los Angeles (sponsored by GLASC)

DIPCON 84 goes to Kansas City instead of Dallas since nobody on either coast wants to go to Dallas in summer.

I finally used up all of a postcard...that's 1 out of 3 so far.

Don

((Thanks, I nearly broke my arm last year lugging around your copy of GI: ANVIL OF VICTORY. That thing weighed a ton! It breaks my heart that there is no WAR IN EUROPE event this year, because you can bet I'd be there! If Dipcon 84 goes to KC, who would run it? Nobody that I can think of. Maybe we can get it for Marycon next year!?! Now wouldn't THAT be something! (Would it?) Something to think about, anyway. Or would that spoil the "purity" of the event? What am I talking about - that's like calling a BYRNECON "pure." Lying is lying and dip is dip any way you slice it.))

THANKSFORTHECOVERGIRLKEITHBUTIAMSTEALINGHERFORMYOWNTHEDIPENQUIRERDESERVESTHEBESTRIGHT?

(an early entry from Mr Sherwood)

Dear Dick, (1/30/83)

Yeah, I know I haven't written in a while. What do you think, that I would take your zeens and then abscond with them to Brazil? Or Albany? Thanks for the zeens - they're a big help. Here's a dollar for postage, a zeen of my archives, and an article for RETAL. Look, I typed it for you and everything so you can put it in a xerox issue. And I've been saving this stationery just for you. You might pass it along to Konrad for a cover girl if he ever uses xerox again. He should, just for Marilyn. Yeah.

((So, Keith, how...ah...was the movie, anyway?))

Glad to see Mass Murders end. Let's not do it again sometime.

((Glad to help you out, there.))

How's the job going? I got to get one for summer. What a bitch.

((Could be worse. You could be getting one for life. Or worse still, not getting one for life. A lot of that going around I hear.))

Tell Julie to write me about the little matter I wanted to discuss with her.

Speaking of Mrs Martin, why the sudden attack by Barno? I thought he was a Martin clone, not a Linsey toady. Oh, well.

((I just thought he was sane.))

Fifth week of school already yech. Have a good Christmas? Hope so. I went skiing skiing skiing. Yeah.

Life is short. And fast.
Best, Keith

((Only if you are 5' 3 3/8" tall and know Marilyn Chambers! Julie and I have never been skiing. I've ice skated down a few mountains in Vermont though, and that was lots of fun. Maybe I'll try again someday....))



HEYHEYWE'RETHEDIPPIESCAN'TSTOPDIPPINGAROUNDWE'RETOOBUSYSTABBINGTOPUTANYBODYDOWNOHEAH
(from Comrade Langley)

Dear Dick and Julie, (3/18/83)

"Berch Berch Berch" is it?

The mixed media seemed to work fairly well. Your ditto repro was much improved. The little reminders as to which of you was saying what helped a lot. I know that the two of you are different people with different styles, ideas, etc.... Still, it's lots easier to tell which of you is which when you tell me, than it was when you didn't.

Four years! That's an incredible length of time. I remember your two year annish. Do you really plan to top it? Dumb question, you said you will top it. Well, congratulations on your endurance. Best, Steve

((Thanks, Steve. Actually, four years isn't that long at all. Just wait a few more years and you will know what I mean. As for mixed media, I liked it too. The xerox is just better in all ways except colorfulness and general funkiness. I like ditto, but generally won't use it unless I get in a stranger mood than usual. Is this issue better than the second annish? I don't know - it seems like a lot more work for me to put out something like that these days. I think this one is pretty good, though. I like it anyway. Glad you liked the Blather last issue - at least we know that somebody figured it out!))

(from Bob Olsen - sorry Bob, I had to print it)

On "Blather" -- STEPHEN LEE LIVES!!!

((Of course he does. What are you talking about? Boy, are you obscure.))

(From John Caruso)

Dear Dick,

The Woody/Brux letters were an assault on the senses. How anyone can take everything Woody says as serious is beyond me. Hey - I just thought of something - ponder on this everyone. Linsey has written Woody twice. (2 letters = 20¢ postage) telling him he can't send the HR's unless Woody sends 71¢ for postage. Let's forget that letter #3 is probably on its way (yet another 20¢). Assuming Linsey repeats his past performances and is an animal of habit, he has sent "CCs" of both of those letters to his lawyer, and cheerleader, Uncle Berch. That's another 40¢. Using simple addition and subtraction, if Linsey doesn't send Woody and another letter, and had he sent Woody the HRs when he asked initially, he could have made a profit of 9¢. Instead he is out at least 80¢ and still owes Woody a set of HRs. John

((So who ever said anything in Albany was simple? What good is having his HRs, they don't make any sense anyway? I wonder whether Woody will get his HRs at Origins. That'll save on stamps and cut Bruce's losses. You're certainly right about one thing: anybody that takes Woody really seriously does so strictly at their own risk. I know I did and I sure regret it now!))

(from Scott Phillips)

Dick, (19 May 83)

I will be graduating in June and will have time for Dip then. Please put me on the standby list after 11Jun83. Not before then. Won't be at Marycon. Exam week. Will be going to AF summer camp 24 July to 20 August. McConnell AFB, Wichita, KS. Blech! (Look, Ma, grain elevators! No, Son, those are MX missile silos. The Russians would never destroy their grain supply.) Say hello to Julie for me.

Take care, Scott

((Hey, Wichita ain't that bad. If you can get the weekend of August 14 off, you can drop in and visit a bunch of Dippers at Bob Olsen's house in Wichita (we might even be there). Should be a very good time. But what better time could you have than strafing innocent Kansans barbecuing their back yards?))

(from Thomas Q Swider)

maybe he's better off on the next page

EVERYLITTLETIMESHESTABSISMAGICEVERYLITTLEBLADEJUSTCUTSMEDOWNEVERYLITTLESTABSTEMAKES

(still from Thomas Q Swider)

Dear Dick, NOT FOR READING (5/19/83)

Uh well, I finally got back to you. I've been hyperbusy.

A check is enclosed for a sub to WRY NOT? Or is that GRAB JULIES?

Has Titanmania struck Rockville yet? I've been plaing it nearly every week since Origins and I'm ready to enter the Monster Slugathon at Eastcon and at Detroit. Also, I'll enter the Dune Tournaments. Still don't see what you don't like about it. You do have to play with 5 other experienced and competent players for Dune to be at its best. It's not a "silly" game like Amoeba Wars or Nuclear War. It's played for blood; our ftf games get downright nasty!

I guess you're getting COA now. What do you think about my subxyn? What can I improve upon?

Boy, am I glad I'm not involved in this Byrne/Linsey/etc bit.

Well, got to adjudicate Amidar.

Best, Tom

PS- How's Amway? Hyuck hyuck hyuck!

((They're fine, I'm sure. How's your mother? Never played Titan, but maybe I'll luck into a game at Origins. What do you say, can it be arranged? Maybe that's it - I've never played Dune with serious players who knew what they were doing (including myself). Your subxyn is pretty good, I can't think of anything to do to improve it at the moment. Maybe less games? You're not involved in the latest Byrne/Linsey bit? It can be arranged, you know!))

(from Steve Hutton)

Dick:

I'll be glad to write an article for your 5 free issues, but I doubt I'll have it by the beginning of July. I'll try to include some bad jokes at the same time, but it's getting tougher now that our Engineering student newspaper has been kicked off campus.

Maybe it's because I'm fairly new to RETALIATION but I have difficulty figuring out who's "speaking" - you or Julie. It is a bit disorienting.

((That's the way we like it - disorienting! Seriously, it doesn't matter often, and when it does, we try to make it clear. For instance, I've answered all the letters this time. Yours is a fairly common complaint though, and we'll try to be better about this in the future. Oh yeah, by the way, I'm not Julie.))

For example, in R 58/59 there was a variant called "3D Plomacy." I'm not sure if it's by you, Julie, or Stephen Lee. Whoever did it, I like it a lot. The reason I didn't sign up is that I don't generally play in US zeens. The mail just takes too long to get back and forth. This is made even worse by the fact that I move every 4 months. (Oops! I just looked more closely at R 58/59 and saw that 3D Plomacy is clearly by Stephen Lee. Tell him I liked it.)

((This should get the job done. Somebody else liked it! I think it looks neat.))

From the back cover of NFA #9/10, you can probably guess what I thought of Woody's letter that called Bruce Linsey a child molester. It really didn't seem like "funzeen" material to me.

((Neither does KATHY'S KORNER to an outsider. But as Caruso says, anybody that takes Woody seriously is pushing his luck. Overdone, true, but hardly likely. Isn't it?))

Thanks for the copy of R 66/67. It turns out that I did have a copy already. With some zeens in London and some here it's hard to keep track of what I have. Do you want me to send it back? If not, can I auction it off? An issue of RETALIATION refused by Gary Coughlan might get something as a collectors item.

Steve

((Great! By all means auction it off. If there's much demand I can always send him more, even if that would eventually flood the market.))

HEREWEAREWITHALITTLEBITMOREFROMSTEVEHUTTONTHEORIGINATOROFTHEDIPLOMATICENQUIRERNAME

Julie: You won 5 issues, too! Do you want an article, too? You could give the issues to a friend/enemy if you wanted.

Steve

((Isn't it wonderful, giving "free" issues to traders? I'm sure Julie will let you know what she wants at Origins. In no uncertain terms!))

(and now a rather lengthy STORY (OOPS!) letter from Mr Sherwood, college student extraordinaire
Dear Dick and Julie (6/19/83)

Hello, hello, and welcome to a tale in the telling, an occasional journal of my college exploits.

So this girl I know vaguely is going up to apply for a job at the Del Mar fair. Well, I had wanted to apply also, so after inquiring on the availability of space in her truck I finagled an invitation to go, and accepted. She was moving out of her dorm room to her new apartment, so to pay for the ride or whatever I helped load her and another's stuff in the truck and helped move it all to the apartment. Next we hit the employment line (nothing much). Kris (for that was the principal's name) was then going to take Cara (for that was the secondary's name) to the airport for her flight home after dropping by the dorms so Cara could say goodbye. She did, and many tears ensued. Kris then asked me to go to the airport with her to keep her company on the way back. Sure why not, the afternoon was shot now anyway at 4:00.

Well Cara says goodbye and we haul off toward the airport, noting how little fuel is in the pickup truck. I am of the opinion we should buy gas 15 miles away at the airport where it is much cheaper than La Jolla. It is agreed.

On the freeway who should we meet but a carload from the dorm floor heading to Mexico for lobster and margaritas. They of course invite us to join in, which we of course can't because Cara has to catch her plane at 5:00. But wait, Cara can't go and leave Kris yet! Why not hit Mexico tonight and Cara can fly out tomorrow morning on another flight. It is agreed, but we must to to the airport and call Cara's dad to tell him not to drive to the San Francisco airport. Okay. The other car speeds off to Mexico.

Two miles later we run out of gas. Well shucks. We manage to create a jam as we coast at 30MPH across traffic to the shoulder, mercifully we are only 200 feet short of a down hill exit. Time to push truck, safely off the Freeway but not in the best part of town we take stock. Kris has no money. Keith has no money. Cara has the change she borrowed at the dorm to pay parking and gas. So Cara heads off to a thankfully nearby gas station and Kris and I sit and wait. Kris then remembers she has \$40 in checks she can cash if she can find a bank. Lo and behold, two blocks in the other direction is a branch of her bank. Hey, this was a good place to run out of gas and the neighborhood was looking better all the time. Kris goes off to the bank and I watch the car. Cara soon returns with a gallon of gas. We then drive off to return the gas can and freak out poor Kris, abandoned to the San Diego airport district. Cara drives and breaks many a well-conceived traffic law. Gas is expended magnanimously as we accelerate into, out of, and across traffic. Sweeping back to pick up Kris cash in hand we head towards the airport. The parking lot is full so we park illegally just past the passenger loading/unloading zone, hoping we're inconspicuous. Kris and Cara go in to check flights and call San Francisco. I sit in car and hope I'm not busted. Fifteen minutes later Kris comes out, sans Cara.

"Bad news," she says. I guess: "You're going to San Francisco too and I've got to find a bus home," I venture. "No," she said, "we're going to San Francisco. The three of us are driving." Right. Well, why not I think. I've got nothing more to do than move out of the dorms, right? Why not? Spontaneous road trip. Kris needs me to drive back as she can't do it alone, and I'm invited since although we started the afternoon mere acquaintances, we were fast becoming good friends as the afternoon and occurrences wore on. So sure why not, I agreed to go. Kris goes back in to tell Cara and let her dad know.

She leaves, I'm contemplating this twenty four hour commitment I've made, and a cop comes along and tells me to move it. Sure Buddy, this isn't my car, and I'm totally unfamiliar with the clutc. No problem. However there seems no other recourse, so I fire her up and move out into traffic. Parking lot is still full and they should be out in a

ACTUALLYTHISISSTILLKEITHSHERWOODANDNOTSTEVEHUTTONANDSTILLNOTTHEDIPLOMATICENQUIRERRIGHT
minute so I decide just to drive around the airport circle. Driving is the only alternative as there are no waiting spaces available either, so I just drive around the circle slowly. Ten minutes and five revolutions later they finally appear, OK, double park, load up and we're off, with me at the wheel. No time to change drivers and besides, the unfamiliar clutch is no problem.

So back north we head, towards school 15 miles away. We need money desperately if we're going on a road trip, so Cara needs to get some bucks at her bank near school. It's 5:45 and it closes Fridays at 6:00 so I haul up the freeway. We make it to the bank, grab cash, and head towards school. Only to run out of gas again. No problem - school is at the top of this hill and a gas station - the same expensive station we disdained patronizing before we went to the airport - at the bottom. We push the car around through traffic and coast to gas station. "\$1 worth, please."

Back on campus, we say goodbye all over again for half an hour, for most people will be gone by the time we return in 24 hours. Amid wishes of "good luck" and "you're crazy" we're off, again going south. Please notice San Francisco is north. Seems we need some refreshments for the trip, and Kris knows this guy who works in a liquor store and will sell to her (we're all under 21). Well, he's not working tonight, so we're out. But wait, I have a 22 year old friend who lives nearby who owes me money and will buy us a couple of six packs. Done. Then we finally fill up the gas tank.

Finally, we head north, but only to their apartment, where we grab what else we need. Bang, we're off again, but it's 8:00 PM and we haven't eaten since that fateful lunch when I learned I could go with Kris to the job possibility. So we brake for dinner and start in on the beers. An hour later in Santa Ana we stop for ice cream and to change drivers as Kris is now too buzzed to drive. Pitifully slow, but I guess that's what road trips are all about.

Round about 2:00 in the morning, cruising up the utterly straight and utterly boring stretch of I5 up the San Joaquin Valley, the highlight of the trip occurred, at least for this girls. ((this MUST be INCREDIBLE! -DM)) Cara's driving, I'm straddling the stick shift and Kris is in the passenger seat (hey, we're crammed into the cab of a compact pickup). Kris asks a truck driver we're passing what time it is. Kris then comes up with the brainstorm to offer the friendly trucker a beer. I'm totally against it, saying the poor trucker doesn't want to be bothered by us, but I am overruled by Cara driving, who sidles up to the truck at 65 MPH. Rolling down her window and striking up a conversation with the trucker she offers the beer, which is accepted, and passed with some difficulty. As Kris points out, it's a boring ride, so why not liven it up for us and the truck driver. Kris continues talking to this guy as we cruise along. I point out we need more gas and tell Kris to make her apologies to the trucker, but we must leave. The trucker offers to show us a good place up ahead. Great.

We pull off and stop alongside the trucker. He and Kris chat some more. The trucker offers to share a joint (at this point I'm sure he doesn't know the third body in the dark car is male). Kris and Cara accept, and I just roll my eyes. Seems the trucker has a buddy behind him he's radioed, and he's on his way. Great, I bet every CB in the Valley knows about Kris and Cara. My assignment is to get gas and come back in ten minutes, and get them no matter what. They stress that part.

So I see where the two truckers park, get gas, and go to McDonalds. After I've ridden everything in the deserted McDonaldland park (after all, it's 2:00 AM), I decide it's probably time to head back and "rescue" the girls. As they explained to me later, it was at this point in the truck cab that the inevitable offer was made; why not have your friend drive your pickup, the truckers reasoned, and ride on a while with us in our cabs? Needing a quick excuse, Kris claimed that their friend in the car couldn't drive the stick shift. It was at this very moment Kris explained with a laugh, I came tearing up to this parking lot, up and down shifting like Mario Andretti. So much for that excuse. Well, the girls made their exit, joined me in the truck and off we went. I drove the rest of the way into San Francisco, which was comparatively uneventful.

Of course upon reaching Oakland we panicked and got lost a couple of times. Eventually just sticking on our original freeway we made it to the Bay Bridge, and into San Francisco. Cara took over the wheel and gave us the five in the morning tour of San

THE DIP ENQUIRER PRESENTS QUITE A ROAD TRIP STARRING KEITH SHERWOOD COSTARRING CARA AND KRIS WOW WOW

Francisco, all the time raving, "This is my city!"

From San Francisco, we cruised across the Golden Gate towards Cara's home in Marin. The whole trip was made worthwhile by the utterly beautiful sunrise over the bridges, Alcatraz and San Francisco that we witnessed from a hilltop in Marin. Undescribably wonderful. At that point I had no regrets about the whole trip.

I had never been to Marin County before. I don't know why: it is really neat. Never found Greenbrae, however, Del Grande is to be complimented for living in such a naturally beautiful place.

We start cruising these really narrow, winding, mountainous road. Cara's been driving these roads for years so she says, and tries to prove it by driving at excessive speeds. After seeing Marin for a while, we hit her house at 6:30. Kris and I crashed at 7:00 hoping to get 2 hours sleep before the haul back home. Up at 9:15, we calculated we had to be on the road by 10. Ten came and went. Can we take Cara's sister to work in SF? Sure no problem. Kris and Cara say goodbye several times and we're off. Cara's sister is supposed to show us a street where another dorm friend of Kris lives. (She left two days before, and Kris wants to freak her out by arriving unannounced.) When we finally drop off the sister in southeast San Francisco, she admits she doesn't know where 38th and Clement is. Great, too bad we don't have a map. What maps do you have, Kris? I don't know, why not search, Keith. I found only two maps. A San Francisco street map and a California road map. Both highly appreciated as we needed to know how to get home also. But of course, 38th and Clement is miles away in northwest SF. No problem. 45 minutes later we knock at her door. She is indeed surprized, we visit a while, but we must go. Deciding to take scenic but slower 101 home, we hit the road at 12:00.

We finally make it back as far as LA, nearly running out of gas a couple of times. We fill up to get home, and have only \$4 between us to get dinner now at 8:00. It was then Kris (a native Valley Girl) introduced me to a local delicacy: Innout burger. Cheap little burgers that were so good after 8 hours. Saturday Night Live had these joints in mind: all the guys working there were foreign and I swear the guy said "Cheeboiga" just like John Belushi on SNL.

After a stop at the apartment, we arrived at the dorms at 10:30. Everyone that hadn't moved out yet was amazed to see us back alive. And though I would have loved to sleep at this point, the dorms closed the next day at 11:00 AM and I hadn't begun to move out. My one act of sanity before embarking was getting a promise out of Kris that I could use her truck to move my stuff to my new house as soon as we got back. I called up my friend who I was moving with, and we loaded most of our respective rooms into the truck, and drove the 314 1 mile to our new abode and unloaded, it's 12 midnight and I'm wiped, so we grab some beers from the fridge to drink when we get back to campus.

We zip back to school to return Kris' truck, and park in a handicap zone. Our arm loaded with beer, we take a few steps toward the dorm when the entire University of California police force descends upon us (remember, we're under age). We ditch the beer but are told we are not welcome on campus. I'm in my USS Kittyhawk hat and they probably think I'm some navy dude come to party on the weekend at the college. The cops always descend on the dorms the night before they close because everyone wants to party but the administration wants them to pack. Well we talk our way on campus anyway, promising to pack the truck.

I spent the rest of the night/morning just talking to folks and unwinding. Oh, and I secured a date with Kris, too. (We got to know each other very well during our trip.) Eventually I packed the rest of my room and went to sleep at 4 AM. I got up at 8, finished packing, and commandeered a shopping cart to walk my stuff over to the new house. I crammed all my stuff into one load and packed it over. Man, did I feel ridiculous pushing that cart around. Big cities have shopping bag ladies, but affluent towns like La Jolla have shopping cart students.

Well, I'm all moved in now. So ends my tale, as long in the telling as in the experience. The paper is crumpled and the ink changes because some of this is written in flight.

I look forward to the annish RETAL. You're welcome to print my trip if you're so inclined. Also enclosed is your survey which I know you'll want to put results in the Annish.

Best,
Keith

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ITHINKTHISSHOULDBEABOUTTHELASTPAGEFORTHE DIPLOMATIC ENQUIRER FOR THIS ISSUE GOTTA FINISH IT

((Hey, sounds like fun! Thanks for the writing of the tale that was longer in the typing than the telling or the experience. Whew. It's nice to see that there are other nuts out there besides us. While we aren't quite as spontaneous or as long distance as you are, Keith, we have our moments. Anyway, Innout Burgers sound pretty kinky to me, I think I want one. Ah, the life of a southern California college student is a neverending experience, though. And I thought the University of Maryland was a crazy place to be.... Did you get the job?))

THE UPTOTHEMINUTE KATHYBYRNEBAITING HOUSERULES (revision vi - July 1983)

- 1) The 1971 rulebook will be used, except where ammended here.
- 2) To be valid, each player must submit his own orders. Orders should be legible, and only one game/season per sheet of paper. Orders should also contain the date, season, country, game ID, and your signature or the GM will get mad.
- 3) Orders are due in the last mail delivery of the deadline day, 1 PM on that day, or when the game is typed up, whichever is last.
- 4) Orders may be phoned in, but strictly at the players risk.
- 5) When a player fails to submit orders (NMRs) a standby will be called to submit orders for that country. If the player NMRs again, the standby takes the position permanently (if he had submitted orders). No position will ever go into permanent civil disorder.
- 6) Press releases are heartily encouraged! There are three types of press:
 - White press: each release is identified as to origin
 - Gray press: you may use any dateline except enemy HOME centers
 - Black press: anything goes
- 7) The Editor is totally responsible for the contents of this zeen, and reserves the right to do as he pleases within these pages. An even hand will be given in all dealings, but y'all are expected to show me the same courtesy.
- 8) Any complaints which are game related should be addresses to the GM for that game. If these prove unsolvable, then the publisher may be called upon to arbitrate.
- 9) Deception of the GM is strictly forbidden if game related, and is punishable with any means possible (up to and including close confinement with Dave Perlmutter).
- 10) Players are encouraged to resign unwanted positions rather than NMR out. Be classy.
- 11) The most recently dated set of orders will be considered valid for that season. The GM will guess which set is most recent if more than one set of undated orders is received (with no dated orders).
- 12) Ending the game:
 - Votes: proposals may be made by any player who still has centers. All votes will be due by the next deadline. No vote received counts as a NO vote. Votes must be unanimously in favor to pass. Only the results (YES or NO) will be revealed.
 - Win: 18 or more centers, or unanimously voted concession by all remaining powers. You must still have at least one center to win by concession.
 - Draw: No net center change for two consecutive years, or unanimous approval by all surviving powers. All remaining powers must be included in the draw (DIAS).
- 13) Conditional orders are possible. Contingencies may include anything happening prior to the season the conditions are for, including who is playing a particular country.
- 14) Enjoy your games.
- 15) Anything submitted to this zeen becomes the property of the publisher.
- 16) A game will not start until one set of orders has been received from each country. In the case of a Spring 1901 NMR the game will be delayed and a standby called.
- 17) When interpreting poorly written orders it is assumed that the player is trying to make a legal move.
- 18) If 50% or more of the surving players request, (surviving players, that is) a separation of seasons will be granted. NMR counts as a vote FOR separation.
- 19) If more than one concession passes simultaneously, all are NULLIFIED.
- 20) Letter bombs to the publisher are strictly forbidden. I have enough trouble typing already.

Richard Martin, "Editor"
 26 Orchard Way North
 Rockville, Md. 20854

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 ???

#1

Well fans, here it is, the first issue of that long awaited but untitled magazine of Diplomacy, "?". Since I only have four players at this point, it looks like next issue will see the first game start. This particular work of art will be devoted to an outlining of my house rules and an all out recruiting effort by all concerned (no recruits means no games, right?). Each of you lucky people will find a few spare copies of "?" to give to other Dippyists (friend or foe, it's up to you) or other likely candidates selected at random. The main crunch is that I need Gamers willing to shell out the necessary pittance to keep me afloat. Anyway, enough triviality, on to bigger and better things.

My house rules are as follows:

- 1) All the standard rules of Diplomacy will be followed, except where ammended for postal play.
- 2) Orders will be due every fourth Friday after the game starts. Builds and retreats will be due ten days after the issue in which they are necessitated comes out. I don't care how They come in, just so long as I get them.
- 3) The GM will consider the orders most recently received to be valid, any other orders sent in by that player for that turn to be invalid, and any orders not received at all to be unfortunate.
- 4) The GM's decisions will be considered final and not open to dispute unless they clearly contradict the written rules of Diplomacy available in any new Dippy set of Avalon Hill origin.
- 5) Any player who sends in another players orders will be immediately be dropped from any games he may be involved in at the time. Deception is not illegal if practiced exclusively between players. It's not nice to fool Mother Gamesmaster!
- 6) Conditional builds and retreats are strongly recommended.
- 7) Due to the shorter period for builds and removals, only the first set of such orders from each player will be considered valid.
- 8) Each player will be notified of each such move at the first possible moment.
- 9) If a player fails to get his orders in on time, his units go into a state of civil disorder, holding in place (if they are not dislodged). Dislodged units are allowed to retreat, but if the retreat is not received in time, the unit is disbanded.
- 10) If a player misses a Fall or Spring move, then the GM will request that an assigned standby send in an alternate set of orders. If the same player again fails to submit orders for the next turn, the alternate player's orders are followed and he takes control of that country and it's units. The original player is then out of that game.
- 11) Once out of a game there is no return during that particular game. For example, player A fails to submit a set of orders for Spring. The GM requests that alternate B send in orders for Fall. If player A submits Fall orders, B is put back onto the list of alternates. However, if A fails to submit Fall orders also, then B takes over control and his orders are followed. A is out of the game and may

not return as another country in that game. He is not barred from entry into a later game, however.

12) A player wins when either he achieves the eighteen center victory conditions or all remaining players agree to declare him victor by a unanimous vote. An abstention counts as a negative vote. Yes, you must vote for yourself....

13) Adraw is determined by a similar vote or if there is no net change in supply centers over a two year period.

14) Any player may propose a draw or concession.

15) Game fees are \$3 per game, subscriptions are \$3 for ten issues. Players must maintain their subs.

Is there anything I missed? Any suggestions, comments, snide remarks? I shall take my role as GM very seriously and interfere in the games as little as possible. I'll also learn how to type.

And, as a final show of benevolence, the first fourteen people need not pay a game fee, only the sub. Got it?

Oh yes, be sure to send in a country preference list with your application.

I hope to recruit enough players at Origins '79 in the next few weeks, but every little bit helps.

Come next issue, and I'll tell you all what Origins was like. Don't die from anticipation in the meantime....

Until next time, take care.

((Hard to believe that from such a small start this terror you now hold arose. This is still one of the weakest, most boring, uninspired first issues I've ever seen of any zeen. It's amazing that I managed to get seven subbers, much less seven players. John Caruso take note: the houserules printed above are no longer in service. They are old. Deceased. They have ceased to exist. No more. They are ex-houserules. (You're welcome Don.) I can't recall what issue I reprinted this issue in. Does anybody remember?))

QUOTE OF THE MONTH #1

IT'S A CASE OF PARTIAL EXTREMES

Blondie - "Rip Her to Shreds"

QUOTE OF THE YEAR

I DON'T WANT TO ARGUE ABOUT WHO IS THE VICTIM

'CAUSE MAYBE WE BOTH GOT BURNED

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT WHO IS THE TRAITOR

'CAUSE BOTH OF OUR LOYALTIES TURNED

I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT ABOUT WHO IS THE LIAR

'CAUSE THERE'S TOO MANY WAYS TO LIE

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT WHO IS THE WINNER

'CAUSE WE BOTH KNOW IT'S A TIE

CUT IT OUT, DROP IT

COUNT ME OUT, BABY STOP IT.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT, SO WHY WASTE PRECIOUS TIME

Pat Benatar - "Precious Time"

BANAL BURBLINGS FROM ON HIGH AT THE WEST COAST OFFICE

by Caseoid

(to borrow, nay plagiarize, a phrase or two from our dear Dr Hunter S Thompson, aka Raoul Duke, well parodied as Duke of Doonesbury fame ("Doones" to us PU people) and one severely fucked-up cat, If I Do Say So Myself)

Anyway, enough filler, and on to the gaming news. While traveling to the East Coast to see the author ((Publisher? -DM)) of this travesty, I missed Grimcon, David Hargrave's own con - too bad. Rumors are that (Holy Shit! KFOG's going to play all of side 2 of Animals by Pink Floyd! Hot Cookies! Heaven!) (sorry) ((not nearly as sorry as the record -DM)) a serious amount of Call of Cthulu, a mystery role playing game based on the stories of HP Lovecraft, was the main attraction - and like the stories, approximately (by accurate statistics so far) 2%, count 'em on those pudgy little things you use to keep the blood in your hands, 2% of the characters don't go insane or die. ((That's still better than in real life -DM)) But it's supposedly great horror role playing, for those of you clowns wanting to act out getting the shit scared out of you, instead of just shelling out five bucks for The Shining or something. Perverts, all of you.

Speaking of Hargrave...as a long time D&D player, I highly admire his creativity, but my sources tell me he is also incredibly gross ((Gygax is grosser -DM)) - I guess he and TSR can be the good, the bad, and the ugly at parties for large sums of money, as long as you buy only original, approved, trademarked, registered, cremated, homogenized, bullshit-filled D&D products put out by the one true god of our times: (dare I say his name, lest lightning strike me dead, oh avert mine eyes!) E Gary Gygax.

Well, well. Like my plagiaree, I seem to have wandered along quite a tangent into fairyland...ahem. I've got to stop this, and finish this column before the drugs hit....

On the Berkeley gaming scene, I believe we have access to quite a few games that may not be out east. (Gee, Ma, the sun sets over the ocean here! Shut up, kid, and eat your cornflakes!) Examples: the aforementioned Call of Cthulu, Illuminati, Quirks, Car Wars. CoC I've already described, albeit briefly. Illuminati is just perfect for all you dippy paranoids waiting for the knife to descend. Conceptually based on the Illuminatus books by a duo of crazed authors I can't recall, its basic thesis is these groups that are reallycontrolling the world vying for control of the groups that seem to have the power in the world, and are probably at this very moment planning to intercept this letter and kill me before I tell everyone.... Anyway, there are from 3-7 players, see, and each player is one of the real groups andattempts to control enough of the front (fake) power groups to win. But to do this he has to cajole other players into helping (or at least not impeding) him. Lots of intrigue and diplomacizing involved.

Quirks is a biology oriented game wherein each player attempts to build a creature (and such creatures even Noah would have handed God his 2 weeks notice) that is the most survivable in the present environment, which is constantly varying.

Car Wars gives detail, easily played rules for inter-auto/motorcycle strife and rapine, ie shooting that fucker in the next car until he spins out, crashes, and scatters to the winds in the ensuing glorious fireball. We've already run a Mad Max in the tanker vs his pursuers scenario, down a stretch of highway, and a few arena combats, where only one comes out winning (and alive). Unfortunately for the good guys, Max killed all but one - who got him. Maybe next time, Mel.

Bushido I just played for the 1st time this week, and I really liked it. Imagine living in 13th century Japan, a time of swords, andventure, and now, magic! But you've got to think and act like a Japanese, as all the skills are typical of the culture, as are the scenarios. As a bottom of the heap fellow caste-wise, I'm a freelance Ninja (randomly rolled) very good at unarmed combat, chemistry, and stealth. I've just met an Akuzo, sort of a Japanese mafioso type, in an adventure with a spirit at a deserted shrine, as I posed as a priest (Ninja do not announce their presence!). For money, we drug travelers at the local in and steal them blind. Like Runequest, this offers fantasy role playing in a well laid out, alien society.

Other standards we play here: Dippy, Champions, D&D, and Cosmic Encounters, especially is the reage. But don't play with all 7 expansion sets ((there are 9 now -DM)) in the

CASEOID IS WRITING ABOUT AN UNUSUAL TOPIC FOR THIS ZEEN FANTASY ROLEPLAYING I LIKE IT ANYWAY TOUGH
deck, as the power hungry fiends here do - I mean silly is one thing, but fucking lunatic?

By the way: Car Wars and Illuminati are by Steve Jackson Games, Inc. Quirks is by Eon Creations, the same loons who made Cosmic. The rest you can figure out, clowns.

Well, time to stop burbling now. I've got to get to sleep, for tomorrow as the superhero Changeling I must risk my life to save the Bay Area from some incredibly diabolic menace. Sheesh. A superhero's life is never done. G'rumbya.

((You do and you'll clean it up! I always like to see variety in games, and there's precious little of it in Dipdom these days. I know that I can never get the time/opponents together to play any of these face to face. Do any of these look adaptable to play by mail?

((By the way, fans, "Caseoid" means "any three dimensional Casey-like object. Sure.))

GAME REVIEW TIME

What, me review wargames? Nah, Highfield can do that. I'll give brief reviews of all the games I have for the ATARI 800!

PAC MAN: Almost identical to the arcade version. That means you can play it as many as five times before you get bored stiff. Never liked it, and don't know why I got it in the first place.

STAR RAIDERS: Lots of fun blowing away enemy ships in the basic game. Unfortunately there are few surprises despite neat graphics. Maybe my problem is that the more advanced games are a total mystery to me, still.

QIX: A bit different from the arcade version, but not much. Really a neat game, and I like it more every time I play it. Only problem is that I can't see either of the side walls on my TV. Makes it tougher to play, and a bit frustrating, but still excellent.

MISSILE COMMAND: Only one missile base, but otherwise very similar to the arcade game (one of my early favorites). The "smart bomb" variation is easier, and lots of fun (I like a challenge, but I also like to do OK sometimes!). Very good game.

ATARI BASIC: Computer language. Not a game, but you gotta have it.

CRUSH, CRUMBLE & CHOMP: Ever wonder what it was like to be Godzilla destroying Tokyo? This is how it must be. Not really dependent on reflexes, so just about anybody can play. Choose from 6 different types of monster (with disk you can "design your own"), 4 cities, and 5 objectives for plenty of variety. This is a great game! I love destroying Washington, DC (other choices are San Francisco (this is Kraken's city!), New York (stabbed by Kathy lately?), and - of course - Tokyo). On cassette by EPYX (the only game here not by ATARI).

I think I'll wait until they come out with a trak-ball before I get Centipede (high on my list). Other than that I have no real plans. I hear good things about Frogger. Anybody besides Mr Olsen with this one? I may stick to more program-like games since CC&C is so much fun.

Only other software I have now is the ATARI "Mailing List" program. It has a list customizer program which should enable me to do the Census no problem. Right now it's acting a bit on the finicky side. Hmmm...well, I'll see if I can figure the dumb thing out in the next few days. It seems to work fine, but kills my stuff before I can use it. Really useful, huh? Looks like a great program for any sort of filing (and printing mailing labels, if you're into that sort of thing), and that's just what I was looking for. Time to inventory all my albums! ("I thought I tossed all those Donny & Marie albums....") Sorry, Ed, I have nothing by Camel (or whoever those guys were).

All right, one real game review....SNIT'S REVENGE: (By TSR, though I hear that they are letting it go out of print. Grab your copy now!) A very fun little game. Simple enough for little kids, but enough strategy to keep anybody happy. And my being NATIONAL SNIT'S REVENGE CHAMPION has nothing to do with my enjoyment of the game. Either I like them big, detailed and intricate (War in Europe) or small, simple, and clever (Snit's Revenge). Hiding inside this simple facade is a very neat game. Anybody wanna play me? How about it Toots? 3R & Snit's Revenge - back to back: loser pays for the winner's transportation costs to Pudgecon!

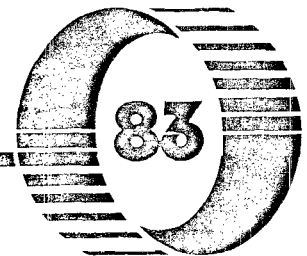
Still wanna challenge me, Ed? I'm not only a genius, I have the certificate to prove it (said the Scarecrow to Dorothy).



Metro Detroit Gamers
Certificate of Competitive Honor

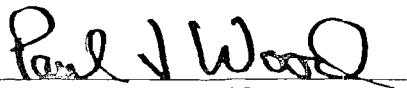
Snits Revenge

Tournament Origins



JULY 15, 16, 17, 18

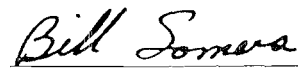
1983



PAUL J. WOOD



MICHAEL BARTNIKOWSKI



BILL SOMERS

AND NOW, A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS III

((Remember that most of these were originally press for 1981HF, a game in GMAW where I am playing Turkey....))

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Episode 3 in that neverending crusade for decay and foolishness, starring Giovanni Brown, and his roommate Raoul Lee Roth. In which boy meets girl (and again, and again, and...).

Giovanni had moved much of his stuff into the closet by the time his roommate dropped in. Raoul Lee, nicknamed Oollee by the rest of the student bodies, believed in grand entrances. Preceded by a howling scream (somewhat akin to an approaching freight train), the door burst open and Raoul Lee, arms flailing, dashed across the room, launching himself off an unstashed trunk to swing off the light fixtures before jackknifing into the top bunk.

"Hello," said Giovanni, quite taken aback.

"OwooooOooEE! A 9.85 from the Russian judge! Pleased, I'm sure. You must be Gio, my 14th new roomie! Hope you don't mind my takin' the top bunk. I like it best on top, if you know what I mean!" he leered, swinging down to the floor.

"No, I don't," replied the innocent lad.

"You will, boy, when I'm through with you." Raoul Lee leaped over to the window and gave off a piercing, two toned whistle (complete with distortion). I'd like you to meet Michele, one of my 'understudies,' heh heh!"

"But what does this have to do with the game?"

"Nothing, man. What does the game have to do with this?"

"Well, when you put it that way...."

Almost on cue (actually a little late so the stars had to ad lib a bit above), the door swung open slowly...seductively... and there stood...Michele, dressed in the latest Turkish fashions....(we are willing to export!)

More on this in episode 4: The Boy Learns His Lessons All Too Well.

A LATE ENTRY FOR...

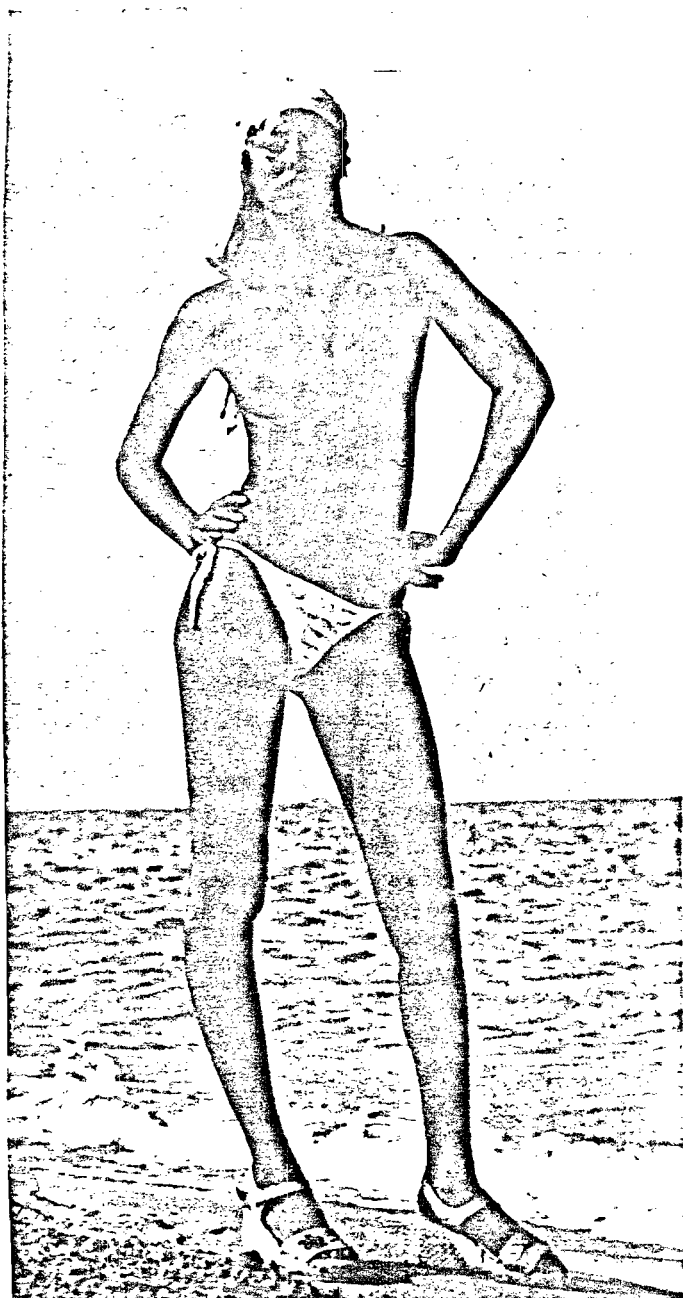
WHAT BRUCE LINSEY HAS DONE FOR ME

(from Scott Hanson)

Ø (Do I win? Do I win?)

Seriously, I don't want the damned prize. I've spent lo these many years trying to end my sub to VOD, and I feel so much better for it. No more late night phone calls, no more nightmares of having a house rule named after me, no more guessing what his controversy of the week would be. No way, I wouldn't touch it with a ten foot pole, or even Woody's.

((What about Toots'? No you didn't win any VODs (sob) but 3 RETALS instead. Wow!))



HEYWHATISTHISITHOUGHTTTHE DIPENQUIRERWASDONEFORTHISISSUEBUTITLOOKSLIKEWEHAVEAFEWMORE
(from Ed Wrobel - an oldie but goodie, Featuring RETAL's first color picture)



Dick & Julie -

(1/3/83)

This must be the best Monday-back-to-work-after-a-holiday I have ever experienced. First your postcard ((see above -DM)) brought me a smile - and then there was another player interested in the game 1/8. This may seem like small consolation for the conclusion of a 3-day weekend. But just today I was brooding over the failure of POLITESSE to generate much response and dreading the prospect of desperately trying to phone up a sixth and seventh for Saturday. So there is a small ray of hope! I don't need much to keep me going. Now just one more player for Saturday--

The postcard snapshot of you two and the kids (three ahead! oh, I won't ask any embarrassing questions...) was just precious. I see Dick on the telephone lying through his teeth to some hapless neophyte. There's one little tyke sitting at the desk composing a poison-knife letter and Julie looking over her shoulder, perhaps checking the grammar but I suspect gathering information for a future betrayal. Well, the child must learn sometime. And there are the other two little whippersnappers. Looks like they're each studying A Gamer's Guide to Diplomacy. What a picture of domestic bliss! The family that stabs together certainly bleeds together.

It's a shame that you don't play FTF much anymore. Perhaps you might consider coming out of semi-retirement for a future Myers game. I'm especially intrigued by your mention of the "most spectacular Dip Board ever seen"! When is the unveiling?

Perhaps you could also give me some advice on generating interest in POLITESSE. I would value your comments because you have been publishing and - I assume - you know a number of enthusiasts in the DC area. Last month I sent out about 80 copies - Berch's list of DC area players, the Dipcon "new blood" list and a few people I've played Diplomacy with in Baltimore. And yet I've received very little response. I need some constructive criticism. By the way, did either you or Julie receive the November mailing? Neither of those was returned to me by the PO but the December issue I sent to Dick was returned "not forwardable." That was probably an ancient address.

Happy New Year and congratulations on your Blessed Union.

Ed

((Thanks, Ed. Better late than never, eh? Congratulations on yours, as well. And further congratulations are due also, I hear. You're now the proud parent of a baby Dipcon. Hope it doesn't turn out to be a problem child! You can't really generate interest in a zeen. Do your best, and it'll work out fine. You have, it did.))

THEDIPLOMATICENQUIRERITSEVERYWHEREITSEVERYWHEREATLEASTTHATSWHATIVEBEENHEARINGANYWAY

(a more recent missive from Scooter Pie Hanson - one of the two folks missing from Origins that I had really hoped/expected to see)

Dear Dick & Julie, (6/6/83)

No wonder you didn't get any mail from me....I found this letter filed with my financial aid materials, where it would have been lost forever had I not decided to clean that box out. There's no date on the letter, but I'm guessing that it was written in February. I wondered why you didn't print my What Has Brucks Done For Me entry.... Da da da, Scott

((You put this in the financial aid box, huh? And you wonder why they have such problems processing your forms...they have to deal with HUNDREDS of absent-minded McDonalds-warped kids like you. Gee....))

Dear Dickandjulie (or Julieanddick),

I just wrote to Konrad, and somehow I thought of you two. After all, you three do everything (& I do mean everything) together, right? Well, so I've heard.

((No, Kathy Byrne and Bill Quinn do EVERYTHING together.))

Seriously, I don't get VOICE OF DOOM anymore, and I heard about Barno's letter third-hand from dear sweet Kathy. Anyway, I thought I'd write a letter of moral support as a friend, no one should have to put up with that, what are friends for, and all that. But judging from the Police Call issue, it seems you're handling it the correct way - ie ignoring it. So I'm not going to stick my nose in unless I'm invited.

((By all means, everybody else has! Thanks for your immoral support. If I'd thought of it, I'd have gotten an extra "E.C.C. Love It or Leave It" button for you, at Origins. We gotta stick together!))

This is old news, but I'm glad you and Pudge have kissed and made up. He even thanked me for writing to him about it.

((Me too))

Some more kinky lyrics for you. "My life is in a turmoil, my thighs are black and blue, my sheets are stained and so's my brain, oh what's a girl to do." That's on the flip side of some song by some singer - Christina, I think.

((Where do you find this stuff, anyway?))

I hope I didn't cross the bounds of bad taste with my latest IRKSOME, after all, nude pictures of one's girlfriend is something not everyone would appreciate. Coulda been worse - could have been a nude picture of me!

((Don't worry Scott, you didn't even come close to the bounds of bad taste. IRK is so deeply mired that even if you printed nothing but James Thurber stuff for a year you couldn't dig your way out.))

Yes, friends, you can make Top 40 music bearable, yes, almost pleasurable. Just by merely changing a few of the pronouns and creatively adding words, you can have fun at the expense of the music you hate so much. A few examples:

"Oh I wishthat I was Jesse's girl, why can't I have a body like that?"

She's going to get somebody laid tonight I've got it made tonight."

"Ebony and Agony"

OK, now you try.

Goodnight! Scott

((I always liked "Entropy and Atrophy" myself. There are a couple other faves that don't spring to mind immediately, too bad. The other way to make Top 40 tolerable is to "sing" along - flat, off key, with a funny accent...y'know, kinda like you sing in church, only a little bit better. I like it, anyway.....))

This happened back when I was living in my rundown studio apartment by the park. The place was comfortable enough for me, but no one else seemed to care much for it. It had a smelly old sofa, a card table, and three chairs, a toilet with a cracked bowl, a broken stove, an empty refrigerator, and by the bare eastern wall, a garbage pile made up mainly of liquor bottles, empty beer cans, and wads of crumpled paper testifying to my vain attempts at writing. "Home" I called it for a year and a half.

Oh yeah. I also had a little transistor radio there. I was listening to it that night, taking hits from a fifth of Wild Turkey and reading a book of poetry by the old, beat writing Bukowski. The door opened (the locks were broken when I moved in) and in charged Marty. Something was bugging him, but I didn't really care to know what it was. He plopped into my favorite folding chair.

"This is it!"

I turned a page and read on.

"I'm telling you Buck, this is it!"

Okay. He wasn't going to let me read. Fine. I close my book and take a hit from the whiskey bottle.

"It is?" I ask.

"Darcy's split on me, she's got her brothers on my tail," -- shit, here comes a long story -- "the landlord says he's gonna fibn mga rollo chollo mollo yousa yousa fargn nodn blumpn dip dip quack bonzobeef blah blah blah blah," Marty rambles on for half of my life in one night.

I pour him a hit from my bottle into my one glass (it's plastic) that I keep by the kitchen area sink. He slops it down. Fast. I pour another. SLOP! He's drinking too fast (and too much of mine) for my liking.

"/...can't get into my pad and Ned is brgn blat blah blah fzzz fzzz snrt fgn rollo chollo blp blp snrgn..."

There's no stopping Marty tonight. And I don't like him all that much to be awfully pleased by his intrusion in the first place.

"...the cops took my crrt blm rzn rotz..."

Just why the hell do people come to me with their problems anyway? By virtually all standards I've made a failure of my life. And I certainly don't look like I care. Cause I certainly don't. This is damned irritating.

"...so Chet and his brother Mike tell me..."

"SHUT UP!"

"Wha--?"

"SHUT UP AND GET YOUR DUMB ASS OUT OF MY APARTMENT!"

"But Buck, I need your help. I..."

"GET OUT!"

He left. I looked out my window (I'm on the third floor) to watch him go, but I must have missed him.

What a depressing time Marty is. I killed off the Wild Turkey and gave up reading for that night...probably because I killed off the Wild Turkey. So what. Maybe I'll stroll over to D.B.'s and see what's going on. Get a beer or twenty-three.

When I got downstairs and walked outside I saw that a bunch of the building's other tenants had crowded around in an amorphous circle. What's going on? I walk over, nudge through the crowd and look.

It's Marty. A splat on the front sidewalk. He must have gone up to the roof (eight stories up) and jumped. What a mess. The cops arrive and start asking questions. Screw them. Screw everyone.

I shove my way through the crowd and start hoofing it over to D.B.'s. I'm short on cash (again). Maybe I can get someone to spring for some drinks....

((Thanks, "Tro," for another happy story. Whew, you'd think a guy could get a break, huh.))

NOWITSTHESTRAYCATSBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORINGBORING
TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT - ORIGINS 83

With a flurry of last minute preparations, the four of us zoomed off towards Detroit in the dead of night on Thursday, July 14 for a weekend of insanity. Origins. The annual pilgrimage. And the flocks migrated from across the land to the shores of beautiful (?) Lake Erie.

After about five dramatic changes in plans involving the method of getting there (car/bus, plane, or car), number of vehicles (one or two cars), and time of departure (ranging from 6PM Thursday to 8AM Friday), not to mention the number of fellow travelers (from two to the final four) - we were set. Schedule: leave Rockville at 10PM Thursday to arrive in Detroit about 9AM Friday morning. That way we would miss all the traffic (and a night of sleep, but who needs that anyway?) on the freeways, and arrive before the masses Friday for easy registration. Sure, we would be arriving at the peak of rush hour in Detroit, but nobody works up there anymore anyway. No problem. Vehicles: 1983 Datsun Sentra and 1972 Chevy Camaro (we planned to sell the Camaro to the unsuspecting Konrad who would take it back to Milwaukee less-than-legally...fortunately, he had agreed to this beforehand). Stereos: Pioneer and Sparkomatic. Tapes: mostly TDK and all top quality. Music: outstanding. The crews: Julie and Dave Johnston (veteran of Origins in Chester, PA, former roommate, and devout roadtripper with vacation time to be burned) would pilot the Camaro up. I teamed up with Ed Wrobel (established publisher, and locked in 1969). I would have loved to say, "Berch is my copilot," but it was not to be. Started cleaning out the Camaro one last time at 9PM, Dave showed up some time around 10:30, we finished the final check of vital fluids, and drove over to get gas. Then to 7-11 for the vital stop at the beginning of the trip: Big Gulp, Pepsi. Flat - blech. Buy two six packs instead. Julie is starting to get impatient. Eventually off we go, for an uneventful trip. Only real excitement is on the PA Turnpike when Julie & Dave almost lost the toll ticket in the car. Searching was a good excuse to stretch the legs, and we made it into Detroit no problem right on schedule. Park the cars, and it's a matter of seconds before we run into the Swider/Barno group. Cruise over to the dorms, take a quick shower and zoom back. At the customs/border Dave had to be restrained from "claiming" the Province of Ontario for the United States. We figured the border guards had enough dumb tourists, we didn't want to further provoke them. I stifled an urge to tell the desk attendants at the dorm (in Canada) to, "Take off, you hosers!" Lack of sleep makes you want to do weird things.

Back at the con in Cobo Hall, we ran into the Flushing crew almost immediately. Kathy and Julie decided to sunbathe. Ed had a tournament to go to, and so did I - Richthofen's War. I managed to squeak through the first round, and make it to the finals. After some heated diplomacizing in the finals, I refused to come down and be wasted, the other three players (all less damaged than myself, one an ace) stopped play. I said fine, I have better things to do anyway. With much bitterness by the ace, the game was called. I didn't win, but at least I got to pick the winners by deciding not to get shot down. That's me, if I can't win I'll make it hard on my most obnoxious opponent. Managed to burn up most of the day that way. Watched Tom Swider play Titan a few tables away, and checked out Ed's Rail Baron exploits. Titan looked like real fun. Rail Baron is just too long for me. Ended up with Jack and Susan Brawner, Dan Miller (old friend and survivor of the Chester Mugging), and a guy named Zack (?) for a D&D game, Friday night. That fizzled out fast, and we switched over to Cosmic Encounter - another fun, not-too-serious game. I don't remember too much about that. I think Susan won, but I was at about my 48th hour without sleep and a bit hazy at the time. Just as I was about ready to fall asleep on the floor, Julie arrives to spirit me off to the comfort of a dorm bed. It seems that Dave had already disappeared and was racking up 15 hours of sleep by then. What a pervert. Saturday was Diplomacy, and for lack of anything better to do I played. I was Turkey, the only other postal player in the game being John Kador as Austria. He pulled me over to the side, explained that he wanted to do well this round so he could play with the pros on round 2. I said fine, but go for a 2 way draw? Why not? After a long struggle

TRAVELLOG

we were in position to really go for it. We were stopped, but the English player was on the verge of stabbing his German and Italian allies, and then we could roll again. At that time, he told us all thanks, but he had to leave to go to work! Wonderful! All that hard work...Russ Rusnak took over the English position. You may know him, old "death before draw" Rusnak. Well, he immediately...stayed allied with Italy and Germany. So much for that game - 4 way draw: EIGA. I voted myself out because I wanted as little incentive to play in round 2 as possible. Ended up playing Naval War (a silly card game - not too impressive) and a little bit of Titan with Swider and Greg Stewart and Tom Mainardi and a few others. Titan did turn out to be pretty good, but we finished without a decision - Tom Swider decided that he needed some sleep too. What was wrong with these people, anyway?! All that meant was that I missed everybody, my car was locked into the Cobo Hall garage lot and I couldn't get back to the dorm. Rats. Oh well. Search search search. Couldn't find anybody. Search some more. End up sleeping by the hotel pool when the skinny dippers finished with it (nobody you know, I'm sure). Caught up with everybody at the Dip tournament Sunday morning, but ran off to play Ogre instead. Killed my first round opponent (he only rolled one number greater than a 3 the whole time) and barely lost to my second round opponent even though he evidently knew what he was doing and I didn't. I thought I was getting killed so just committed suicide - final score: him-228, me-220. Argh! He deserved to win though, because I would have been totally lost next round - I didn't remember any of the advanced rules as it was. No problem though, as that set me up to play Snit's Revenge! Ah, what a glorious game! I still don't see why I was the only one over 17 years old to sign up for that event. I guess all the other so-called "adults" just had too much "dignity" to play such a "dumb" game. I mowed down the ten year old kid in the first round and the 17 year old was no match either. The championship was mine. Ahhahahahahahahahaha! Now I know why Uncle Al the Kiddies Pal loves to play against all the youngsters....

Meanwhile up in Dipland a relative unknown named Joyce Singer became the first female Dipcon winner. Eric Ozog finished in second place, and there were others down the line of course. Don Sigwalt managed to pull off a 17-17 draw in round 2, other than that I don't remember any of it.

Dipcon next year will be in Dallas with Origins. Our efforts to get Dipcon for Marycon fell through due to last minute confusion, unfortunately. I wonder who will be going? I'm a doubtful for Origins next year, and most of the crowd stated that they'd be at Marycon (first weekend in June in Fredericksburg, VA next year). Marycon the big East Coast Dippycon? Could be, it certainly has everything going for it except the variety of an Origins. I'm looking forward to it.

Oh yeah, there were a couple more trips across the border, eating at McDonalds and getting cups with maple leaves on them and declarations at the border ("Do you have anything to declare...besides McDonalds, I mean?"). We also walked all over Detroit looking for lunch one day and Julie and I ate a pleasant dinner with Mark Berch, John Kador and Brad Wilson at the Renaissance Center. Really, the section of Detroit we were in seemed not too bad at all. The crowd going in for the ZZ Top concert provided an evening of bad jokes for Saturday night, but they were mostly suburban imports. I'd go there again some day.

The trip back home was equally uneventful. Had a nice chat with Keith Mercer (one of my former GMs) along the Ohio turnpike, and saw my first electronic bathroom at the same place. Oh yes - we had bought some gas, and Ed had paid up using his credit card. Ed and Dave went inside to look for some food and Julie passed out in the back seat (obviously still needs some minor adjustments), and I chatted with Keith for about 20 minutes. Finally we were getting set to hit the road again when a station attendant walks up and asks us if we're ready to pay for our gas now?! Huh? But we paid half an hour ago. Oh no you did not, and I want the money now. Look, here's the receipt. Oh. You're right. Well, time to fire that cashier.... As if anybody that would steal a tank of gas would be dumb enough to hang around the parking lot for as long as it took to get caught!

As usual, we had a great time. Next year, though, it'll be MARYCON!

VARIOUS NONSENSE

This issue just keeps getting later and later, bigger and bigger. Easily the biggest one in the last year and a half, and I've probably put more work into it as well. Hey, this actually can be pretty fun, after all. I'm going to have to do this more often.

As for the future of the zeen, we plan to continue indefinitely. Games will continue to wind down - well, since I'm only running R12 and Julie is only running EP we don't have very far to wind. I'll probably open another game of regular Dip (that I'll run) when R12 ends, and not before. I'm still open to suggestions for variants or any other game you may want to try by mail in the meantime. Snit's Revenge, anybody? Guest GMs will still be used, and Bob Osuch and Stephen Lee are both welcome to run as many games here for as long a period of time as they may desire. I can recommend both very highly. Also, there are openings for a new game of regular Dip with another guest GM - Brad Wilson. I'll be playing in that one, and I think Brad lined up about four others at Origins as well. As usual, no game fee, and four week deadlines. DIAS too, Bradley?

We'll still keep up the present trend of merciless personal attacks and vicious vendettas. We just enjoy all the blazing controversy too much to even dream of living without it. Seriously though, we don't go in for that too much. If we could just be left in peace, that would be such a pleasant change. However, that probably won't be possible. This zeen is really the only platform we have for presenting our side of any dispute fairly. Well, that's not totally true, either. Just expect an occasional outburst from us, that's all. Contrary to popular belief, the two "Blather" parodies written by Julie were not meant as vicious attacks on Steve Langley or anybody else. The material was just so beautiful for lampooning we couldn't resist. The Brux contest wasn't meant as a vicious attack either, but as a way to get rid of my VOD sub without just asking for a refund. Good grief, do you people take everything (even the dumbest of stuff) seriously? Just think about it a bit more next time, OK?

Also of probable importance is that we may be ending the period of isolationism and cutting down on the sub list that's been going on for the last few years. Perhaps going so far as to reduce the average zeen size, come out more frequently, open more games, and put the zeen back into the novice packet/game openings lists. Only problem is that the last few new subbers I've gotten have been total wastes - dropping from Dipdom totally after a few months. And I'm very reluctant to increase the number of subbers dramatically. We shall see about that.

We're not getting older, we're getting better!?

Mark Berch Report: Got another haircut just before Origins. If I keep this up too much longer, people around here will really get the impression that I'm a normal, decent guy. Then I get the mohawk.... Weather has been great! Up in the 90s most of the last few months, very warm at night, sunny...beautiful! I love the heat. Not much rain at all - much different from the spring when it would start raining every Friday afternoon and stop every Sunday night.

Pudgecon/Slendercon coming up. I still don't really know whether I'll make it or not. It will be one of those last minute decisions. Still, I wouldn't mind whipping Uncle Toots in a nice game of Third Reich. It's been so long since I've played.... And the opportunity to meet the host is enticing, indeed. Hmmm...it is a long way to go though. Osuch says he knows some hot numbers in Meccata though (16 & 36 I believe) so that is still more incentive. O Indecision! Then again there's the cost. From what I hear, it'll cost as much to fly out to Meccata as it cost to cover our entire trip to Origins! There's gotta be a better way. Anybody know what it is?

Been spending most of my time in the office these days, so I've gone to the radical step of retyping some of the articles done this issue. Hey, I could get used to this. I'm also getting my fair share of smart remarks about being the new division secretary as well. I just say fine, as long as I don't have to wear the low cut dress more than once a week. The things I have to put up with for you guys.

ANOTHER QUOTE OF THE MONTH
I JUST DO CONS

Eric Ozog

THE EP RESULTS: Do I have to come charging out of your mailbox with

"Everybody Plays" Dip?

Featuring this month: A welcome addition to the about-to-fold, Keith "You Know My Name, Forget the Number" Sherwood, the return of the Dipi Tom "#&*!" Swider and Bob "Smudge" Olsen, an old face under a new name, "Anonymous Admiror" (sic, very sic) who is soon to become El Presidente of my fan club, an old face under an old name, Fred "Hetman" Davis, a young face under an old name, Jim "Mindless" Meinel, a strange face under a normal name, Stephen "Elephantiasis" Lee, a normal face under a strange name, Ben "The Man in Detroit" Schilling, and a pitiful remnant of that old gang o' mine, Dickory, Dickory Doc. KB, you are in serious danger of NMR (no money received) -ing out. Do you care?

EP Spring '03

WHO'S GOT SPIRIT?

- G (Sherwoodian): A Pru-War, A Mun-Ruh (nsu), A Kie S A Mun-Ruh (nsu), A Hol H (nsu), F Den-Nth (nsu); A Boh U, A Sil U ... which game are you playing, Keith?
- E (Olsenson): A Hol-Kie, A Lon-Den, A Cly-Edi, A Edi-Lpl (nsu); A Yor U ... did you plan this out with Keith?
- T (Leedeede): A Con-Ank, A Smy S A Con-Ank, F Bul(sc)-(nc); ... ho-boy, this is getting ridiculous ...
- F (Meinelwell): F Tyn-Wes, A Spa-Mar, A Gas-Bre, F Bel-Pic; F Bre U ... and you even built it last turn, Jim ...
- A (Swiderer): F Ion-Adr (nsu), A Tyo-Boh (nsu), ~~A/Het/Het~~, A Bud H, A Tus H, F Adr H, F Gre H, A Ser H ... at least all were ordered ...
- I (Olsenson): F Ion-Eme, F Eme-Smy, A Apu-Ven, A Boh-Vie (nsu); A Vie U ... always misorder one, right Bob?
- R (Schillinging): F Nwy-Swe, F Den-Nth, A Rum-Bul, F Ank-Bla, A War-Ukr, A Sev-Arm, F Stp(nc)-Nwy ... thank you very much, Ben!

Underlined and ///ed out moves did not succeed. That means most of them. Seems like no one really knows where the units are, so I think I'll show the positions below. Deadline for Fall '03 is August 28, 1983. See you at Origins?

- A: has A Bud, A Tus, F Adr, F Gre, A Ser
owns bud, tri, ser, ven, gre
- E: has A Kie, A Lon, A Cly, A Yor
owns home, hol
- F: has F Wes, A Mar, A Gas, F Pic, F Bre
owns home, spa, bel (playing one short)
- G: has A War, A Boh, A Sil
owns home
- I: has F Ion, F Eme, A Ven, A Vie
owns rom, nap, tun, vie
- R: has F Swe, F Nth, A Rum, F Bla, A Ukr, A Arm, F Nwy
owns home, nwy, den, rum, ank (playing one short)
- T: has A Con, A Smy, F Bul(sc)
owns con, smy, bul

Rule Change

None. But some of you have been neglecting to put your sexual preferences on your orders. Remember: no pref, no country. I shall be much stricter on this in the future. In fact, I may even start having you declare how much you drink, too. And what!

EP WANTS TO KNOW - HOW MUCH DO YOU DRINK?

Commentary

Russia's doing pretty well right now, reaping the benefits of several seasons of "serious" orders. Unfortunately, the serious orders had some serious side effects this time, with Germany and Turkey just walking into two Russian centers. England is hampered as usual by the lack of fleets. Austria might actually get somewhere one of these days if she could ever get serious players two seasons in a row. France is finally recovering from its unnaturally retreated position, and Italy is still in the funning and in the running. How 'bout a season of serious orders all 'round? Or a round of serious orders this season? Or just another round?

Press

OLSEN: OK, I'm back. You can stop crying now. What's that? You weren't crying till you heard I was back? Nice!

ARIES to ASSHOLE: Let me try that: the cum in Rum stays mainly in the... aw, forget it!

MISTRESS to ARIES: Bum?

ARIES: By the way, it's now Aries, not "Thrillville."

BOBO to ALL OTHER PLAYERS: This "spirit" nonsense could definitely get to be annoying.

ALL OTHER PLAYERS to BOBO: So could you.

ARIES to JULIE: How can I get a tan like yours? I only burn when I soak up the U.V.'s.

JULIE to AIRHEAD: Don't fly so close to the sun.

BOB to JULIEKINS: I can't get a coherent answer out of Dirty Dick (You've probably had that problem too ((he's better than he used to be))), so I'll ask you. Are you guys, and non-guys, coming to Pudgecon or not? One time Dick says yes, then the next letter he say "well, maybe I'll come after all." VERY hard to understand. Can you give me an answer that makes sense? Hey, I even understood Stephen Lee's response! You two are definitely behind!

MISTRESS to OLSEN: Watch what you say about my behind. Don't believe everything you hear.

SHERIDAN: Rides again! (Any ACW buffs out there?)

ECC: Hey, let's put the bag on Tallman. Yeah! Yeah! Gotta rub 'em out; the NW clique is a real dive, fer sure!

OLSEN to BOARD: Who's this guy Davis?

BORED to OLSEN: He's who he says he is, all right!

Sex Preferences (self-declared!)

Bob Olsen - "yes"

Dick Martin - "oft"

Tom Swider - 1) Seka 2) Mary Tyler Moore (he loves older women)
3) Brooke Shields 4) bestiality 5) hetero (in all other cases)
6) SM (Sue Martin)

Fred Davis - "het"

Jim Meinel - "You forgot 'voy' (voyeur)! 'rad' with two of the opposite is a close second, with the bronze a tossup between 'me!' and 'ora'. Happy?" ((I'd be happier if you lived closer))

Anonymous - anything kinky

((And I guess the rest of you are just virgins, eh? Ahhh, that's great - I have a close friend whose pref is "vir". Wait a second, I know fer sure that Sherwood isn't a virgin, after his little adventure with the two girls in the van. But maybe Ben Schilling?))

EP - THE HEAD COUNT CONTINUES

Letter

(Baltimore postmark - June 20, 1983)

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (FYEO)

My Dearest Mistress,

It has been too long since I felt the soft brutality of your polymorphous adjudication. The very concept of an open game in which everybody and anybody plays at any time with the positions assigned anew at random each season!!!! Oooooo- it's simply too delicious. Just thinking about it makes me want to...to...to....Aaarrgghh!!!!

Excuse me. (Are there three "a's" in AAarrgghh, by the way?)

As you can see, I am in your power. Please don't NMR me anymore. I can't stand it. I am submitting for all but that nasty Turk this time. The brute!!

It really gets to me that so many people are not taking EP seriously. Here's a golden opportunity for the entire hobby to get into a game together on equal footing and some guy builds all armies in England. Somebody else orders Italian fleets to exchange places which is entirely inappropriate. Let's make something meaningful out of this. I mean, here's an apt metaphor for life in the twentieth century and you're not even trying.

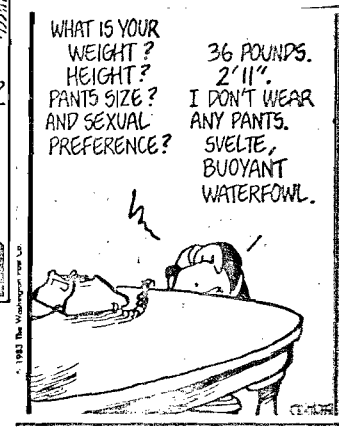
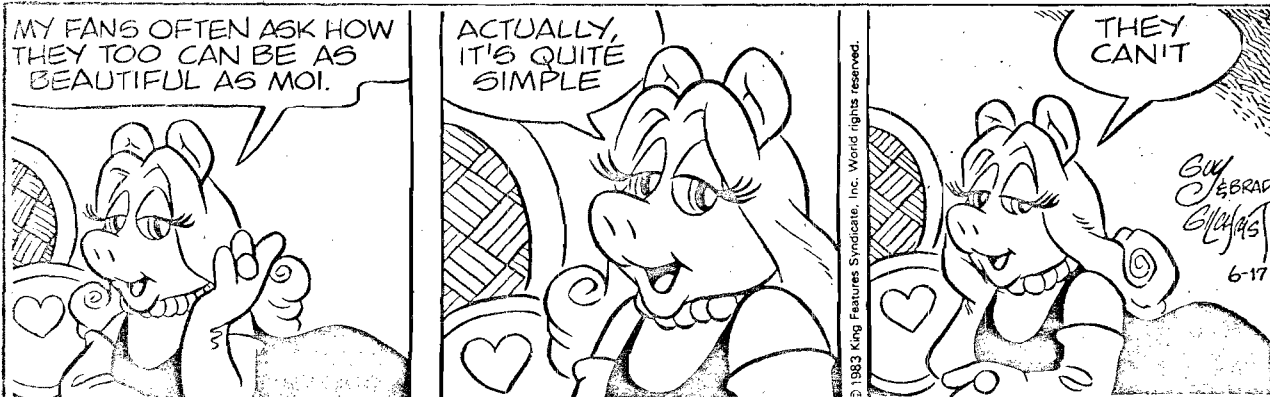
Of course with a controversial letter like this, you can understand that I must remain,

An anonymous admiror

Please print the cartoon. It would mean a lot to me.

Cartoons

MIDDY'S GUY & BRAD GILCHRIST



RETAL READERS AS OF END OF JULY, 1983

	<u>expires</u>
✓1 Steve Arnawoodian, 602 Hemlock Cir, Lansdale, PA 19446	75
✓2 Konrad Baumeister, 11416 Parkview Ln, Hales Corners, WI 53130	T
3 Jack Brawner, 10596B 2nd Way N, St Pete, FL 33712	76
✓4 Ron Brown, 1528 El Sereno Pl, Bakersfield, CA 93304	T
✓5 Kathy Byrne, 160-02 43rd Ave, 2nd Fl, Flushing, NY 11358	??
✓6 John Caruso, 160-02 43rd Ave, 2nd Fl, Flushing, NY 11358	??
✓7 John Daly, Rt 2, Box 136M5, Rockwell, NC 28138	T
✓8 Fred Davis, 1427 Clairidge Rd, Baltimore, MD 21207	T
✓9 Don Del Grande, 142 Eliseo Dr, Greenbrae, CA 94904	88 (wanna trade?)
10 Don Ditter, 63 S Main St, Florida, NY 10921	T (still?)
11 Gregg Fritz, PO Box 512, York, ME 03909	72
✓12 Scott Hanson, 233 Oak Grove St, #306, Minneapolis, MN 55403	T
✓13 Roy Henricks, 128 Deerfield Dr, Pittsburgh, PA 15235	T
✓14 Bill Highfield, 2012 E Ridge Rd, Rochester, NY 14622	T
15 Tom Hurst, 2506 McDivitt, #16, Madison, WI 53713	90
✓16 Steve Hutton, 704 Brant St S, Waterloo, Ontario, CANADA N2L 2E4	T
✓17 Eric Kane, 109 Hicks Ln, Great Neck, NY 11024	T
✓18 Steve Langley, 4112 Boone Ln, Sacramento, CA 95821	73
✓19 Mark Larzelere, 7607 Fontainebleau, #2352, New Carrollton, MD 20784	T
20 Stephen Lee, 23690 Doane Cr, Sheridan, OR 97378	153+!
✓21 Mark Lew, 3120 W 79th Ave, Anchorage, AK 99502	81
22 Casey Lisse, 2412 Piedmont Ave, #213, Berkeley, CA 94704	??
✓23 Jim Meinel,	T
✓24 John Michalski, Rt 10, Box 526Q, Moore, OK 73165	91
25 Mike Mills, 26 Laurel Rd, Sloatsburgh, NY 10974	T
26 Bob Olsen, 6818 Winterberry Cir, Wichita, KS 67226	78
✓27 Bob Osuch, 2247 E Inverness, Mesa, AZ 85204	?? (lifetimer)
✓28 Larry Peery, PO Box 8416, San Diego, CA 92102	T
29 David Perlmutter, 773 Millbrook Ln, Haverford, PA 19401	85
30 Scott Phillips, 800G Terrace View Apts, Blacksburg, VA 24060	95
✓31 Paul Rauterberg, 4922 W Wisconsin Ave, Milwaukee, WI 53208	T
32 Ben Schilling, 24730 Roosevelt Ct, #315, Farmington Hills, MI 48018	86
✓33 Keith Sherwood, 8866 Cliff Ridge Ave, La Jolla, CA 92037	89
✓34 Don Sigwalt, 125 Hebard St, Rochester, NY 14605	??
35 Dan Stafford, 1643 Graniteway Ln, Columbus, OH 43229	77
36 Tom Swider, 1183 Robinson Hill Rd, Endwell, NY 13760	107
✓37 Terry Tallman, 820 W Armour St, Seattle, WA 98119	T
38 Brad Wilson, 302 Friendship Dr, Paoli, PA 19301	??
39 Ed Wrobel, 3932 N Forestdale Ave, Dale City, VA 22193	T

24/39 Expiring Soon: Fritz (72), Langley (73)
 Gone and Forgotten: M Barno, B Barno, Myers, Blant
 COAs: Meinel as soon as I get it
 New subbers: none this time
 Bulle Penne: Baumeister, Hanson, Hurst, Phillips, Wilson (5)
 Game openings: Regular Dip - no fee or sub needed, GM Brad Wilson: one signed up so far, me.
 Trickle Down Dip: need 3 more, just ask if you want the rules
 3D Plomacy: looks moribund, no interest
 EP Dip: we can always use more participants - just submit orders for the countries of your choice (or all of them, if you want), press too
 Snit's Revenge: any silly people interested in this? 2 player game.
 Anything Else You Care to Try: you name it, I'll take a look at it.

FAMOUS HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS, PART XXXIII

My MAGUS resub.

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GARY L. COUGHLAN
4614 MARTHA COLE LN.
MEMPHIS, TN 38118

November 18, 1982

26-2
840

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