

"And now," cried Max, "let the wild rumpus start!"



# the shogun's sword

ISSUE #29-30  
JANUARY 1982

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Featuring DIPLOMACY: 78KR 78IK 80HK 80HL 80IM 81AX ~~81??~~<sup>82E</sup>, and  
DELAYED STAB DIPLOMACY, GRAND TOURNAMENT DIPLOMACY, MACHIARELLI,  
SHRANK/SCOTT KINGMAKER, NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION, GRAND IMPERIALISM, and more

## LAST NOTES:

Welcome to another publication of that hopefully-not-too-bland funxyn called "The Shotgun/Sword", among such other things as "unique and entertaining", "the best thing ever to come out of Endwell", and "(something in which) the spirit of 'don't try too hard' shines through." This issue is a bit unusual in that it's being charged as a double issue, and it contains considerably more stuff than usual. I've devoted seven pages to a light piece dealing with some of the people who have made this hobby so pleasurable to me. It's based on H.A.Rey's "Curious George" series of kiddie books -- and don't ask why I happened to find them around. I know that I don't devote much TSS space to 'personalities', so I'll ask those of you unfamiliar with our little clique (hopefully an open one) to forgive me and try to enjoy it. Anyone who really objects to this being used to make this into a double issue may write me and I'll extend their subscription by an issue, but I think you're getting more than your money's worth.

The other addition to this issue is the inclusion of the first issue of Expletive Deleted, Tom Swider's new xyn. His three subxyns elsewhere have encountered problems, so he's combining them into a new ditto publication. He'll be opening new games there, and his TSS games will stay here so no one will be forced to subscribe to ED to continue an existing game. Since he built TSS into a respectable xyn, it's the least I can do to distribute the first issue of ED to you people, most of whom joined TSS when he was pubbing it. Tom's rates are very low, and I hope many of you will subscribe. TSS and ED will be completely independent, though we're using the same printing facilities. I am covering all the postage of this combined mailing to help keep Tom from going broke before it starts.

This is the only time I'll be doing this extensive photocopying, and I hope I can manage it. Ditto is cheap, decent, and doesn't risk my job. It looks like the digest-offset idea I mentioned some months back won't come through. Meanwhile, it's uncertain how I'll be printing TSS in the summer or next fall (I've been accepted at RIT for a computer programming program), but I do intend to keep on going somehow. I certainly hope so, anyhow....

Looks like you get dull, ordinary, uncreative page numbers this month. Sorry....

1


FS09

# Curious George

## Takes a Dip

by MP BARNO

(with apologies to H.A. Rey)



This is George.

He lived with his friend, the man with the green mole. He was a good little monkey, but he was always curious.

Today George was curious about the big box on the man's desk.



What could be in it? George could not resist. He simply HAD to open it.



ES09

It was full of funny little pieces of two different shapes and all sorts of colors. (There seemed to be six different colors, but it was hard to tell about some of them.)

George's friend, the man with the green mole, knew what it was for. It was a game! He taught George how to play just as well as him. This made George a full-fledged novice.



George decided to try playing by mail. He sent away to someone named Don in California for a sample of his magazine.

When the sample arrived, it was all upside-down and backwards. George couldn't figure it out. He was confused.

So he tried other publishers. The man with the green mole sent George to his best friend, Signor Tom. This paesano berated George for not sending the postage for the sample in Italian currency. (It would have been about 43 million lira.) Bruce demanded to know his telephone number. And Oklahoma John and Father John, Ph.D., both said they "didn't want no god-damned jungle monkeys in THEIR hobby."

At last, George understood. He would never be accepted in postal dipping. Except for one game that he played under his friend's name, he gave up the idea of playing by mail.

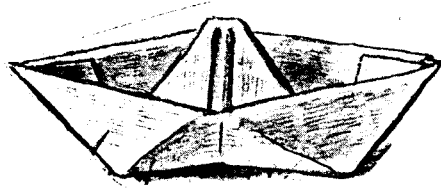
But George's friend, the man with the green mole, knew what they could do. He had some friends who would accept George. After all, they accepted him, and a monkey was clean and intelligent by comparison.

So off they went to Kathy's house. (John lived there too, but nobody ever called it "John's house". We know who wore the pants in that family.)

When they arrived, George met all the other people. They were nice people. There was Kathy's daughter, Phyllis. Was she John's daughter, too? No one knew. George asked if maybe she was Keith's daughter, but Kathy started crying and threatened to leave the hobby when Keith's name was mentioned. George liked Phyllis, though. She liked to jump and swing on the man with the green mole, just like George did.

Phyllis' friend, Norm, was there too. Norm used to be Phyllis' boyfriend, but he wasn't anymore. They had broken up because she was too good a dip player for him, and because she was jealous of her mother, who wanted Norm's body.\*

Oh boy! Some new friends arrived! It was Tommieeee, Mikey, and Barbieeee. They were wearing funny little paper hats that Tommieeee had made.



Of course, when Tommieeee had tried to learn how to make the hats, Mikey'd had to explain it all to him a few times.

Tommieeee had a weird idea: he was going to start a feud with a pseudonym who had made a joke about him in print. Of course, the person who wrote that play was right in front of him, but Tommieeee didn't realize that.

Mikey was strange too. He liked to be called "MP". No one knew what that meant. Some thought it might stand for "Mediocre Person",

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\*as a token for playing Chutes and Ladders

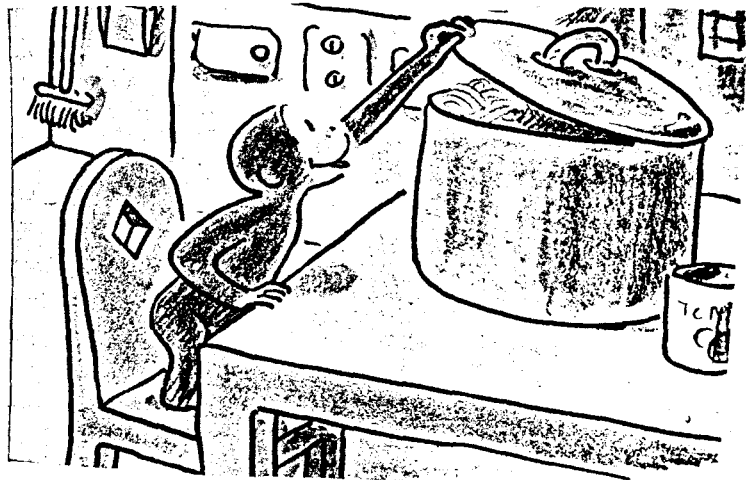
RS091  
but Mikey wasn't mediocre. He wore weird clothes, had long hair, and wailed that he'd just blown his seventh engine.

Barbieeee, on the other hand, just sat in a corner and read sci-fi. No one was ever sure whether she could play, but suspicions were that she was so good, she got too bored playing with the rest of this group.

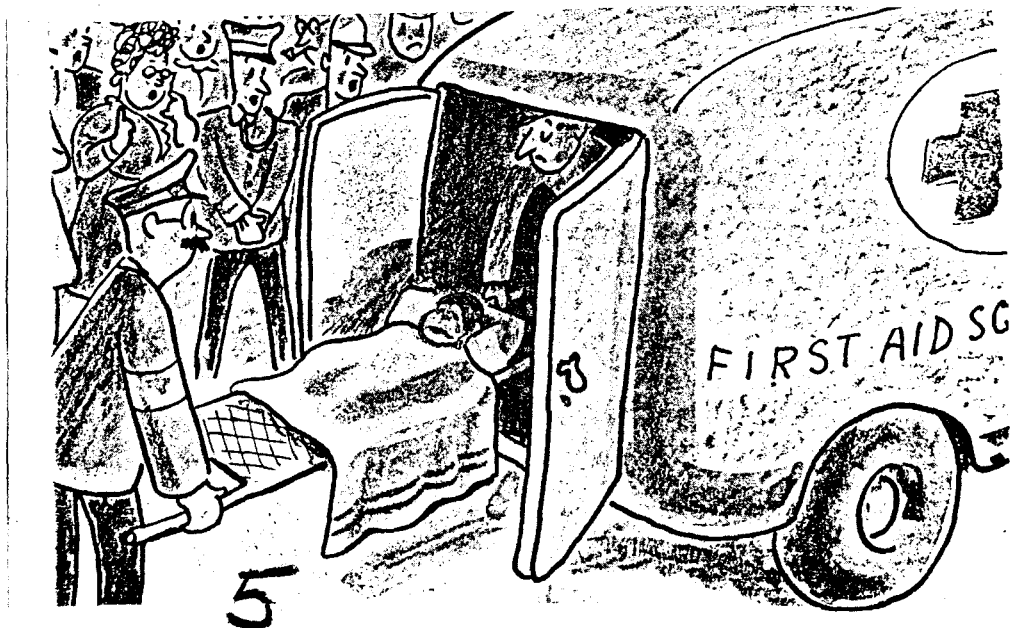
Robert showed up and organized the games into a tournament, with a seven-decimal-place scoring system. But everyone ignored him and played Chutes and Ladders, Candy Land, Nuclear War, and Old Maid. George liked these games.

After this get-together ended, George and the man with the green mole went home, where the man made some of his infamous spaghetti.

George tried some....



.... and ended up in the hospital.



Doctor Goodrich walked in with an attractive young woman. "George, this is Nurse Debbie," he said. "She'll be taking care of you now, heh heh heh."

As the doctor left the room, George noticed him lock the door. The fact that there were no windows seemed strange, and so did the disconnected intercom. Nurse Debbie took out a needle....

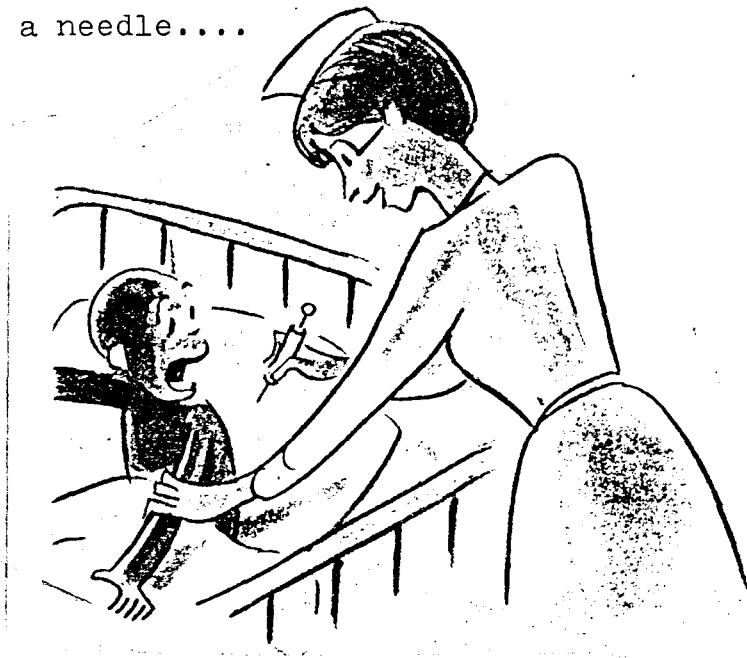
and stabbed him AGAIN —

and

AGAIN —

and

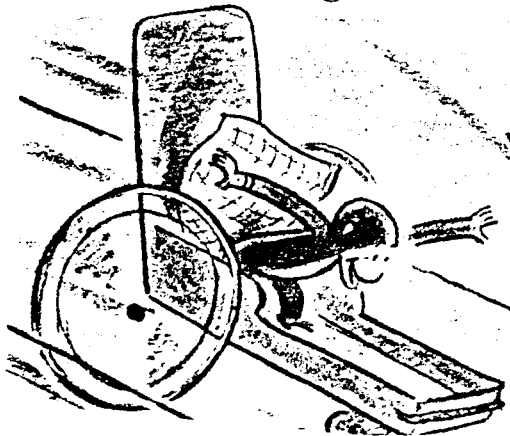
AGAIN!



\* \* \* \*

When he finally recovered, George asked a doctor why Nurse Debbie had done that. "We have no Nurse Debbie here," he was told. "And surely none of our nurses would do anything like that." Some cosmic words came into George's mind: "What does it all mean??"

George left the hospital in a wheelchair, as regulations required. As he was being led out, he noticed the initials "DDG" on the armrest. He started rolling down an incline, got out of control....



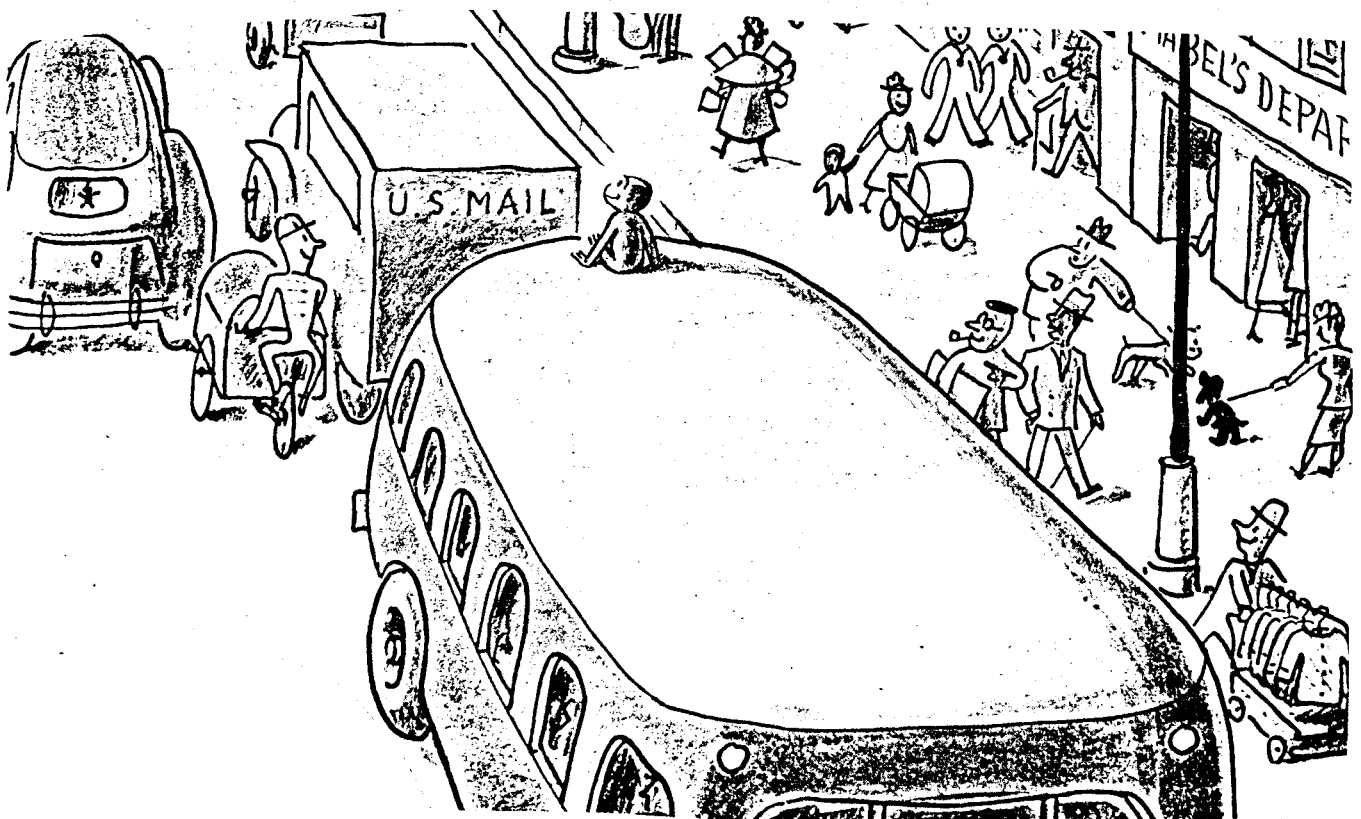


.... and wrecked, flipping the chair! George painfully turned to read the name on the hospital's front: PACIFIC ORIGINS MEDICAL CENTER.

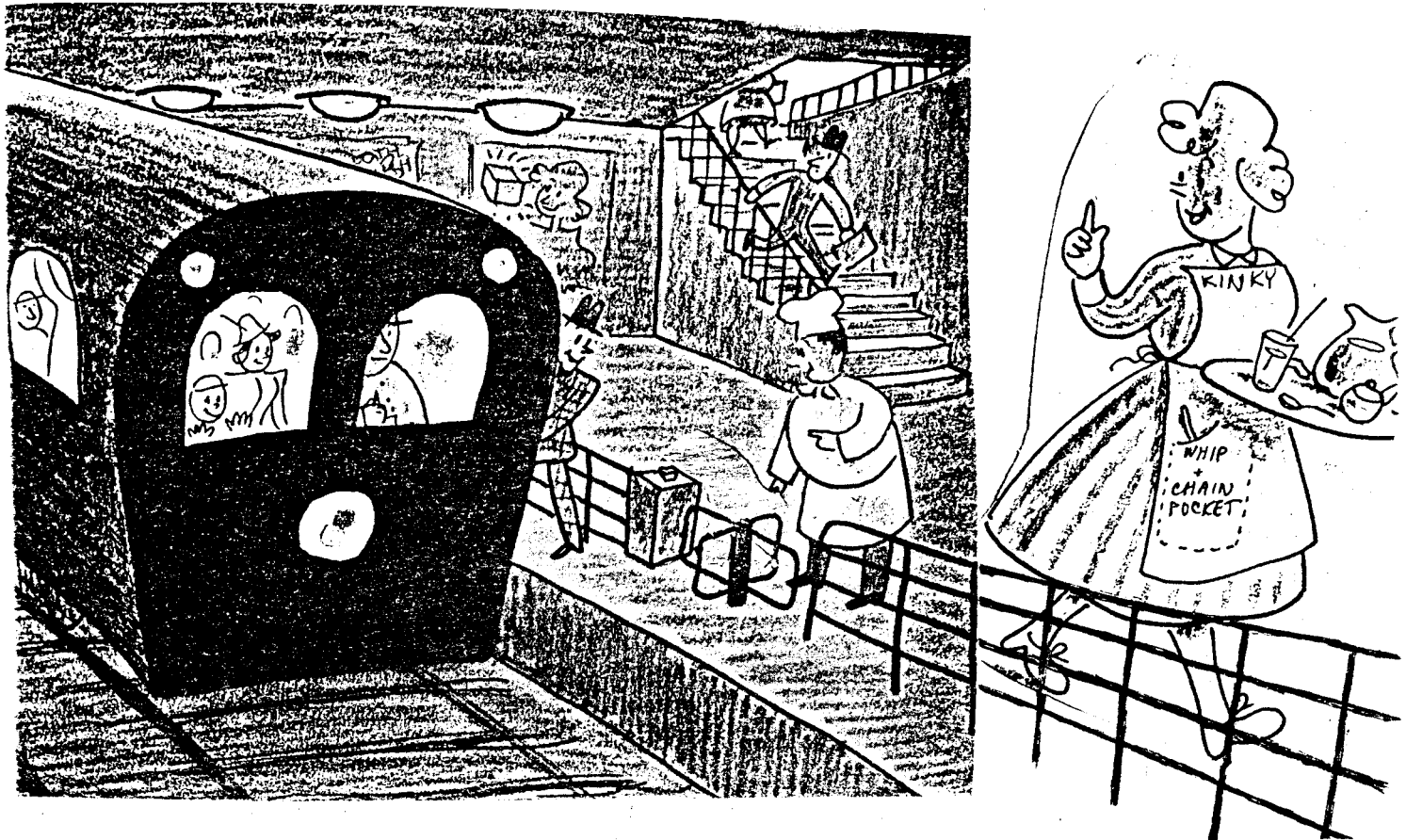
\* \* \* \*

Eventually, word reached George of another minicon, this one taking place at Dick's. He decided he'd ride a bus there.

It took a long time to get there, because the bus got stuck behind a mail truck. Even a kid on a pedal-cart passed them.



When at last George arrived, Julie wasn't there to pick him up like he expected. Instead, she had gone to a perfectly logical place -- the subway station!



When George, Dick, and Julie finally all got together, the two clowns took an instant liking to the monkey. Dick mentioned that he could get all the copying he needed for 15 bux a month, even though he did so much copying that it would cost him ten times that much ordinarily.

This gave George a great idea. He changed his name to Konrad, and with Dick's help, the monkey Curious George has been publishing GIVE ME A GOOD EXCUSE!!! ever since.

--MPB



## HOW (NOT) TO SPEND NEW YEAR'S WEEKEND

I started innocently enough: a phone conversation with Kathy Byrne, discussing how we were going to stab ~~the~~ Drew McGee in 1981F just a casual mention: "Oh, by the way, we're having another gettogether New Year's Day." "First Stab of the Year Con" would be the eighth in a series of adventures in itf gaining hosted by the effervescent Kathy Byrne and the exerescent John Casuso. I'd greatly enjoyed the sixth, and had been less than overjoyed at missing the seventh. The challenge was on: Who would be the eight player in the entire hobby to stab in 1982?

I immediately decided to sacrifice my wife and children if I had to in order to be there. (Being single and, as far as I know, never a father, it was an easy decision.) Tom (Swider, of course) first wanted to, then couldn't, and finally did join me. Baby sister Barbises, home from Pro College for the holidays, wouldn't come. Something about wanting to go to Hackensack with some friends. Sick.

Come the 30th of Kringle's month, Tom and I abandoned our IBM paychecks, grabbed a magnum of Giacobazzi and a billion sodas, and hit the road in the Camaro with its new 307 engine. Naturally, I got picked up in Liberty doing 72. But I'm proud of myself-- that's as fast as I went on the trip, either direction. Last time, I wound it out to 108 on an open stretch, and the engine blew a week later.

Finally arrived at 4 or 5 PM. At hand: Dick "Mr Popularity" Martin, scourge of the world's copying services; brother Dave Martin, relating closely to Kathy's younger children, Frank and Francine; Julie Glass, who I was pleased to discover shared my allergy to cats (at last, a basis for a stable relationship!); Bruce (BRUX) Linsey, who had breathing troubles due either to the cat or to being with John and Kathy; Mark "Lousyloser" Larzelere, pubbar of ditto xyn APPALLING GREED; and of course John, Kathy, and the little ones, Phyllis, Frank, and Francine. (Phyllis will kill me for grouping her as a "little one".) A bit later we were joined by Tom "Red Brigades" Mainardi and Steve "I Made Up The Judy Winsome Character So A Hobby Female Would Like Me" Arnwoodian. Konrad Baumeister couldn't make it, as he was touring Europe. I'll catch you yet, KB. (See pp. 2-8).

Presents were exchanged. John loves to give, to make up for all he dishes out facetiously during the year, or maybe just because he can't help himself. He presented Woody with a fantastic new game, "Pushin' Peanuts", in which four people put on really dumb glasses with elephant ears and foot-long noses and push plastic peanuts around. Being a mixed nut myself, I went along; pictures are being distributed around the hobby (excuse me, Mark, "Dipdom") now. Julie received some perfume from (allegedly) Alice, Dick's fiancée. Everybody laughed except Dick, who looked confused. He's the only one in the group who doesn't realize what's going on in his life, judging by the fact that he brought Julie and Alice together at his August minicon. But Julie was too busy sneezing and asking for tissues to hang on him too much (or on me, for that matter... we can all fantasize a bit, can't we, guys?). On to "Family Feud", with John as Richard Dawson, being kissed by runny-nosed women jumping up and down and screaming. A controversy immediately developed: who would get Woody, and who would get the Italian? We compromised by having each team get stuck with one of them. To make things fair, we arranged the lineups so these two competed against each other, and the rest of us were facing more normal (?) people. Dick Martin's Clones (me included) blew out Kathy's Bloodsuckers. And onward...

Everyone was fascinated by the kids' games. There was Freddie, an electronic hit-the-right-buttons game and the main reason Tom came down; Chuckers, where you use shoot marbles to flip colored flippers to your color; Spineroo, a pachinko-type game; and BLARF-- more on that later. Then, of course, there were our own kiddie games: Dip Chutes and Ladders, Dip Old Maid, Nuclear War, and the silliest of all: Diplomacy. We tried a gunboat game, with the main feature being the supporting of foreign orders which weren't ordered that way. The A-R-T situation took forever to resolve. Eventually, Dick (Russia) was reduced to a single fleet in the Black Sea-- but Kathy spent the next five game-years supporting him into various centers. He owned every center around the Black Sea except Turkey's (and one of those as well) at some point or another during that stretch, and survived until 1911, when we broke up the game. The Great Neck lads called in the middle of the night (the game was still in progress, of course) to find out when to come over. Dick threatened them and warned not to come over before midday. Sure enough, they didn't. Dickiepoos can be tough when he has to, and he has to when he needs his beauty sleep. Oh yes, we interrupted the game at midnight for the obligatory "5-4-3-2-1-HAPPY NEW YEAR!" and hugging and so forth.

New Year's Day, 1982 dawned bright and early. It took me at least 90 minutes to go from "wha...?" to sensibility. Sensibility? Arguments over WW2?? Pancakes, John's very own with mustard thrown in.

Eventually, we all had been aroused and everyone arrived. Drew McGee was the quiet, knowledgable person I'd expected. Vic Dupont, purveyor of prolix prose, was much the interesting character I'd heard, except more coherent. Robert "Focus Your Attention On ME, Please, People" ~~dropped~~ dropped in for a few moments and stayed around all day. After some Dip, in which he spent an entire game as Austria holding and supporting, but never attacking nor being attacked, Robert became fascinated by Chuckers, where I blew him out, and Spineroo. The second minute he had his hands on the latter, he broke it and left quickly. He was wise to; John went into a rage when he couldn't find the missing part. Stu Schoenberger was so quiet we didn't even notice he was there. No, wait a second, that was the last time. He didn't make it this time. Or did he?

Having collected their courage, the Great Neck, NY kids arrived: Brian and Sean Lorber, Eric Kane, Ken Halpern, and, um... the other fellow. Brian committed the gaffe of the weekend when he encountered Robert: "Oh, you're Red Walker's boyfriend, right?" Incredibly, while Robert was still around, his enemy Walker called and, having shared greetings and New Year's wishes with Kathy, asked to speak with Brian. He asked the astounded Lorber for an article for Diplomacy World describing the viewpoint of today's novice. Quite an honor. Scott Hanson also called.

I built a Turkish position in one game up to ten centes in five years, then, having consumed five coffeemugs of lambrusco, stopped negotiating. I would have gotten blown out, but the game got interrupted and I left to play Chutes and Ladders. We eventually went on to BLARF, where we did well until we read the rules again and started playing right. Even while asleep (we made his moves for him), ~~Woody~~ defeated Woody and me, and gave Kathy a very good fight. STRANGE game. *Don Mathias*

I said earlier that everyone had woken up; actually, everyone had except Julie. Brian and Ken were totally fascinated, and kept bringing the others out to the sofa to watch her sleep. Hang in there guys, someday you too can become a Key like me.

don't worry about this if you haven't already heard the story

Everyone had left; it was three in the morning; we were preparing to sleep. Brux said "I'm restless." I said "Mee too." Up we got, and were able to persuade only Mark and Tom S to join us. Julie wanted ice cream, but wouldn't go out with us for it. What's open in Flushing at three in the morning, you ask? A White Knight, with grease on the counter, dirt on the floor, and personnel who spoke only pidgin English. On to a better place: a medium-class-to-elegant restaurant where we got burgers (\$2.85) and a shake, which went back into the freezer (Not the refrigerator, the FREEZER in the apartment) for Julie. Off again into Manhattan. Fifth Avenue, Greenwich Village, Chinatown, the Dakota, 42nd Street (complete with Wurlitzer store), Central Park, Harlem -- all at 4-5 in the morning. Almost deserted. The atmosphere was incredible. A quick trip around the Henry Hudson got us lost, then we recovered to make a wholly inexplicable search for Yankee Stadium.

Some stuff that was either Friday or Saturday, who knows: We all enjoyed tales of Gary Coughlan's blind date, poor fellow. Gary called and we talked forever about his holiday celebration (he sounded horrible and even slower than normal), his contact lens, etcetera. Dave decided to call his fiancée somewhere in Latin America or the Caribbean. We couldn't convince him to charge it to Gary. He had a bit of a problem when the number he gave the operator was one digit too short.

Come the evening, Tom and I headed home. Apparently, the rest of the bunch went to John Boardman's (Surprise!). It was a fantastic experience, and I'll be heading toward more of these things in the future. Origins/Dipcon, GenCon East, maybe ChicagoCon or GenCom. Hope to see many more of you there. There's really nothing like the experience.

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Speaking of ftf: Irwin Schroeder of Moilan, VA (just a couple of miles west of Washington) offers an open invitation for any of you to meet him in or near Washington for a friendly meeting. TSS has readers in Rockville, Greenbelt, College Park, Silver Spring, Charles Town (WV), and more not too far off. Hope you guys will get in touch with him; the address is 1800 Old Meadow Road, Moilan, VA 22102. Irwin, I might be headed down that way around Easter time. If so, I'll be in touch.

Laurel,  
Clinton,

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I hate to mention this at all in these pages, but perhaps I should. I recently received a four-page letter from Bernie Oaklyn, criticizing the new houserules in the harshest of terms, and accusing me of being unethical and dishonest. Now I know that this is Bernie's style, but I don't care for it and I don't want to see your (the readers and players) enjoyment ruined. He demanded that I print the entire letter in TSS, and if I didn't, he would send copies to all of you. Fine, let him. I attempted to keep my cool in the face of this, and sent him a cautiously worded letter offering the opportunity to resign if he didn't want to play under our rules, which are in reality the way the games have always been run. (The only change was in the handling of Spring 1901 NMRs, which did not affect any game already in progress. And I've heard nothing else on the subject, so they now become official, replacing the old set.)

Bernie has not responded directly, but told Tom something like he'd like to work something out. He's welcome to stay if he acts civil; he's free to leave. I'll let you know when something concrete develops.

## STUFF

\*\*\* The "Poll Poll" last month was not real, just a parody of the ridiculous stuff going on. Do I have to put "SATIRE" or "SERIOUS" on each article for you Caruso-types out there? Eric Ozog ran into this problem in his Dip For Moonies; it was suggested that he put smiling or frowning faces on each issue.

\*\*\* Troy Lowry offered possible candidates for a few of the polls: "Hobby mascot poll-- seeing as this is only a mediocre poll, the mascot should be a mediocre animal. My vote is for the platypus.... Hobby vegetable poll-- ...my vote is for James Brady." Ho K.

\*\*\* This is the last page I'm typing up, and a call from Tom brings news that (almost) surprises me. You'll see when you get to ED.

\*\*\* Some magazines have been running into problems with printing recently. The copier used almost free by Dick Martin and Konrad Baumeister was denied to them; Konrad had GIVE ME A WEAPON! printed professionally (big bux), while Dick's RETRALIATION, for two years one of the hobby's best xyns, is still being waited on and should reappear within a week or three. Dave Manuel's THE CHAMBER was silent for a while, but, he says, will soon be in operation once more. Don Del Grande's LIFE OF MONTY, suffering from floods, holidays, exams, and the ESM loss in the Dip Bowl finals, will show up later this month. Marion Bates is reported to be in poor health once more; I don't have any reliable information on the future of PLAGUE TIMES. I hope we see it again, as I've got a letter waiting to be printed to clear up misconceptions about my social viewpoints.

\*\*\* A Few Words About Your Publisher: Recently turned 18 (i.e. my pleasures are now legal). My days are split between mornings at the high school and afternoons as an IBM co-op in Cost Engineering. A '71 Camaro with a '69 Chevy 307 engine gets me around quickly, with customization to follow this summer, only to be immediately rusted away. You see, I'm foolishly staying up North (less south to you Canadians and Alaskan) for a five-year computer software program at RIT. Does Rochester get much snow, you ask? Well, the RIT buildings are connected by underground tunnels, which weren't built to guard against radioactivity. Get the picture? I'm nonconformist, intellectual, fairly responsible, open-minded (I hope). A 1510 SAT apparently will get me an IBM Watson Scholarship to help me through RIT. If I sound like I'm bragging about intelligence, I don't mean to; in fact, I sometimes am perversely insecure about it. More important to me is the maintenance of my fragile sanity with such pursuits as Dipdom, with the relationships developed through play. I don't write enough to support an eight-page Dipxyn, s~~a~~ I plagiarize, er, I mean reprint. It looks like I'll keep on printing TSS by ditto, with a little photocopying at times, through college and beyond as long as I have the time and interest. Your support is what keeps me going-- thanks for the kind words, opinions, and suggestions.

\*\*\* The Travels of George C. Marshall: Troy Lowry recently sent me a letter bearing a Marshall stamp. He mentioned that it's the same one I used to mail him his first TSS. Turns out that this is the stamp from the first issue of Retaliation I received. And it's STILL not cancelled, except for a mark on a blank section beyond the perforation on one side, which I can tear off. I think I'll use it on Gary Coughlan's copy, as he likes such things. Be sure to save it as a piece of Northern hobby history, Gary....

\*\*\* Quote of the month: "Oh well, c'est la potato." --Mark Lew

\*\*\* Barb's Cosmic Rules will return next month.

ADDRESS CHANGES AND NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Chris Blume, 204 Woodstock Road, Villanova, PA 19085  
John Diamond, 41 Riverridge Trail, Ormond Beach, FL 32074  
Ian Eckloff, 11705 Ashley Drive, Rockville, MD 20852  
Keith Kendall (GTD, Dip-09) has returned to his Troy address.  
James Morgan (DSD, Bourse), 255 Red Clay Rd #301, Laurel, MD 20707  
✓ Bruce Linsey, 24A Quarry Drive, Albany, NY 12205  
Kevin Smith has returned to his Babson College address. (DSD)(GTD)  
Toby Tanis, 111 Deep Dene Road, Villanova, PA 19085  
Doug Warfel (Dip-04, Dip-06, Dip-07, GTD) has returned to his St Louis address.

Thanks and two free issues go to Troy Lowry for bringing two new Villanovans into our humble little group of 70.

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GAME OPENINGS

VACATION DIP: Filled! MP Barno, Don Del Grande, Ian Eckloff, Brian Edwards, Julie Glass, Kevin Kozlowski, Troy Lowry. I have gamefees from myself, Del Grande (payment for an article), Eckloff, Kozlowski, & Lowry. I'll be forwarding these to GM Dick Martin. Julie and Brian should contact Dick with the two bux (one refundable). I have preference lists from, let's see... only Ian. Dick will be getting this from me too. The rest of you (and me) should give any pref lists you may care to submit to Dickie by JANUARY 29. He'll then announce the starting line ups, initial card distribution, and the first deadline (probably March 12). You do all have the rules printed in TSS 27, right?

DIPLOMACY: GM Troy Lowry, game fee \$1.00 plus \$1.50 refundable NMR fee. Signed up: Brian Alden, John Diamond, Alan Moon. Need 4 more.

YOUNGSTOWN: probably the 12-player worldwide version, if enough players are available. GM: Keith Kendall. Gamefee not determined yet. If you want to check out the rules, write Keith with a SASE. This is one of the best Diplomacy variants around.

MACHIAVELLI: GM Clark Reynolds, gamefee \$2.00. Signed up: Dave Greber, Mark Nielsen, Bernia Oaklyn, Dan Palter, Irwin Schroeder, Jerzy White. Get in quick--this may be your last chance!

SHRANK/SCOTT KINGMAKER: GM Alex Service, gamefee \$1.50. Signed up: Kevin Kozlowski, Debbie Osborne, Dan Stafford, Bob Wyatt. Hurry if you want a spot in this one, too!

SPI'S OUTREACH: Brian Alden may still consider running a game with his pbm rules if some interest is shown.

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STANDBY LISTS

DIPLOMACY: David Brockington, Mike Henry, Troy Lowry, Larry Neubauer, Irwin Schroeder, Alex Service, Doug Warfel.

MACHIAVELLI: Peter Ashley, Clark Reynolds, Irwin Schroeder.

KINGMAKER: Rick Carlson, Brian Edwards

NUCLEAR DESTRUCTION: Steve Arnawoodian, Larry Neubauer.

We currently have no standbys for Delayed Stab Dip or Vacation Dip. Anyone interested?

