

# SO I LIED

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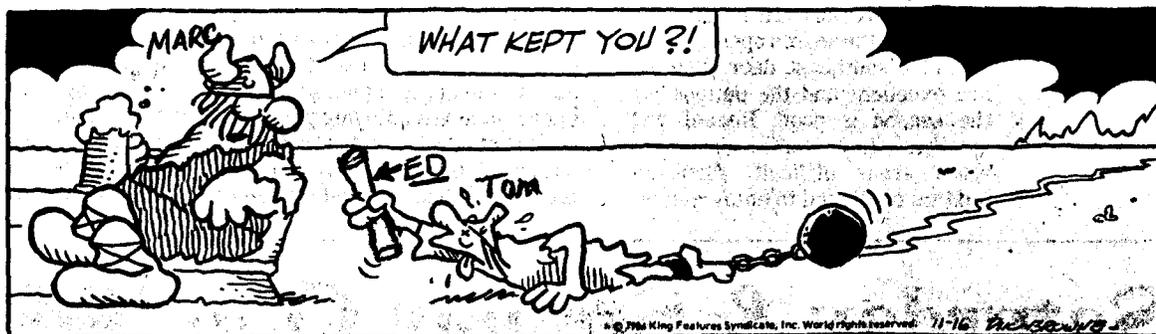
Quote of the Month: Woody Allen in "Sleeper", upon finding out he is in danger of having his brain electronically "neutralized": "Not my brain! That's my second favorite organ!"

Welcome once again to SIL, published by Marc and Debi Peters, 1814 Cameron Dr. #3, Madison, WI 53711. SIL is an odd sort of zine that is sort of a collection of subzines much in the manner of Woody's Coat of Arms. Except that I've got so much more class than Woody that Tom Swider decided to defect his ED to these pages. Either that, or Woody pretended to fold in order trick Tom into moving ED, thereby lightening his publishing load. Sub fee is \$.60/issue, game fee is \$8, \$4 of which is a refundable NMR deposit. Currently there are no game openings in SIL proper, but James might still have openings in his subzine--contact him at his address listed in BIH. I'd planned on publishing maps and rules of Abstraction and Final Conflict, but have abandoned efforts to start a game in either variant. The inventor of FC has given up rights to the game, and response has been nil anyway, so why waste the space? If this zine continues to receive inquiries about openings for regular Dip, perhaps a game will mysteriously open.

Last issue I begged y'all to submit some jokes for me to print, and threatened to start with some truly awful puns if no one came through. Well, guess what?

A physician stopped into his favorite watering hole one evening and ordered his usual drink: an almond daiquiri. The bartender regretfully informed his customer that the bar was out of almonds. The good doctor grumbled a bit, ordered a beer and downed it quickly, then left. He returned the next night only to find the bar still had no almonds. This time he left without ordering at all. Concerned about losing a good customer, the bartender made certain he could serve the doctor the next day. When the doctor came in the following day and ordered his daiquiri, the bartender responded "Right away, sir!" and went to get the almonds--only to find another bartender had eaten them all. Not wishing to offend the doctor, the bartender substituted hickory nuts, assuming his customer would never know the difference. But the doctor took one drink and spat the stuff out. "What is this crap?" he demanded angrily, to which the bartender nervously replied "Uh, that's a hickory daiquiri, Doc!" (Don't say I didn't warn you!!)

This issue will be smaller than usual until we figure out a way to reduce the cost of the zine. Fifty-four cents in postage is not a realistic figure for us. Ain't no Woody or Brux here that can afford to lose a buck an issue or so! I'd really hate to go to reduction, since we've received a lot of nice comments about the ease of readability of SIL. Our printer has two "itches" on it, one of which allows about 84 characters across, the other about 100. Perhaps using the smaller print will save enough space to reduce expenses. This issue will contain the games as usual, including the first moves of the Insanity Dip game; the usual subzines (unless I don't receive ED pretty soon); a short review of IndyCon; and of course, some perfectly horrible puns. Blame yourselves for them!



ATTENTION players in the "Dark Side of the Moon" game: Due to complications imposed by Canada's postal service and my own carelessness, Spring 1901 deadline has been delayed until 29 December 1984. You should have all been notified already, this is a "back-up" notification.



his beloved Grandpa Fred, long thought dead or senile. The elder refused to enter the bus until a dark Nigerian woman was removed, complaining incomprehensibly about "her peas".

Shortly the wondering Blarfo climbed the three steps and stumbled down the aisle. Gratefully, he collapsed into a seat beside a wrinkled old woman. Chewing the magical fungus of understanding, he struggled to grasp this situation, which troubled his once-tranquil soul. Suddenly realizing that he could not feel the old woman's mind, he turned to her...and she was staring at him, yet he could see no eyes.

Her voice came, sounding incredibly distant like nothing the bewildered mystic had ever heard. "Beware the Jabberquirk, my son; the jaws that lie, the claws that stab. Know ye that the right can be wronged, yet some wrongs can never be righted". Blarfo sat, wondering what to say. His eyes closed as he pondered the words. Lacking any referent for understanding, he filed them away for future use. Opening his bespectacled eyes once more, he was shaken by finding that the old woman had somehow disappeared in that moment. At last he understood... and now was truly shaken. For tales had reached even him of the mysterious Irwoman. Though she was (so it was told) on the side of good, all whom she visited were destined to come to misery through ignoring her words. The fearful mystic prayed to BRUX that he might avoid that mistake. He moved over to allow a brewer a seat.

By now, all were aboard the bus. Not a seat was left unfilled save the driver's. Forty people waited, all unknowing, yet all waiting in various stages of silence. Then a finely formed female figure appeared from behind the bus and assumed the position behind the wheel. She spoke in a strange tongue to the gibbon that rode her shoulder. "Qo c'mogo steelalak werxor durzen breen gehmeer." With that, the simian hopped down, scampered to the back of the bus, did something that the mystic saw not, and skittered to the driver once more, chittering all the while. But wait--what was this? A small scrap of paper was now on the floor near Blarfo's feet. As inconspicuously as possible, he bent, relaxed his boot, and palmed the paper. On it appeared the characters "F NTH-SKA". What could this mean? The driver, gibbon upon her shoulder once more, fired the engine. The bus pulled away into the lengthening shadows of the sand dunes.... ((Oh boy, real live "Golden Age" press! Betcha Rod turns positively green with envy. But what about this "trusty lusty rusty wench"?! Sure, she's a loyal sexy redhead, but you may have overstepped your bounds; watch out for the Orc!))

DAVE to DALE:

With Debi we'd call it play.

With Marc we'd call it gay.

Whatever you've done

It will be more fun

If you all do it together, threeway.

BLARFO-DEBI: I liked the look into your life last month; more more more! Especially about Cocomo. I owe you thanks, for your mention of Lisa alerted me to future obligations in my position as Hobby Teen Queen Custodian. (Don't worry about Ben Arnold; he's actually just the ECC Teen Queen Custodian.) When Lisa decides to enter Dipdom, I hope you'll alert me, so that I can conduct an in-depth personal investigation to determine her appropriate hobby status and register her in hobby records. By the way, her math teacher doesn't play dip, does he? oops

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DEADLINE FOR FOOL'S OVERTURE (1984 HA) IS: 5 JANUARY 1895  
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Once upon a time, somewhere in Africa, there was a chieftan who ruled over a large tribe. This king ruled over his people with great wisdom, compassion, and dedication, and thusly was greatly loved by all his subjects. After many years of benign rule, his people decided their king deserved a gift that would demonstrate the love all had for him. So a huge mahogany tree was obtained, from which the village craftsmen meticulously carved out a beautiful throne, and studded it with many priceless jewels.

The king ruled both wisely and fairly for many years from this throne, and when he finally died, it was decided no successor deserved to use the throne, and so it was retired and presented to the royal family, so it would remain in the community. As did all the villagers, the royal family lived in a one-room grass hut, albeit the largest hut in the village. Since it was forbidden to sit in throne, the royal family stashed it in the rafters of the hut. One day, as the entire family sat eating a meal, the weight of the huge throne proved too much for the rafters, and the throne crashed to the ground, killing the entire royal family. It was an extremely sad occasion, and from this disaster came the now well known adage: people who live in grass houses shouldn't stow thrones!

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Next up: Insanity Dip, or The Seven Sisters, as the game(s) shall be known as in these pages. (I'm already in a game called Pleiades and wish to avoid confusion.) Several of you have inquired about BNs for these games. Requests have been submitted to Bill Quinn, and Y'all will get the numbers as soon as I do. Sit back, folks, and enjoy a wild and wooly one...

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 INSANITY DIP RESULTS! THE SEVEN SISTERS SPRING 1901  
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WAR BREAKS OUT IN SEVEN ALTERNATE REALITIES SIMULTANEOUSLY! WILL HISTORY  
 REPEAT ITSELF (AND REPEAT ITSELF, AND REPEAT ITSELF, AND...)???

GAME 1 ATLAS

AUSTRIA (Wall)	F Tri-ALB, A Vie-TRI, A Bud-SER.
ENGLAND (Knight)	F Edi-NWG, F Lon-NTH, A Lpl-YOR.
FRANCE (Givan)	F Bre-MID, A Par-PIC, A Mar-SPA.
GERMANY (Rauterberg)	F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A Mun-BUR.
ITALY (Scheifler)	A VEN H, A Rom-APU, F Nap-ION.
RUSSIA (Pearson)	F StP(sc)-BOT, A Mos-SEV, A War-UKR, F Sev-RUM.
TURKEY (Crosby)	A Con-BUL, F Ank-BLA, A Smy-CON.

RUSSIA-ENGLAND: OK, Steve, let's see if all this works as planned.  
 RUSSIA-AUSTRIA: It's 3 to 1 you have Italian units ready to move into Trieste.  
 I only hope you left Galicia open as promised.

GAME 2 ALCYONE

AUSTRIA (Knight)	F Tri-ALB, A Vie-BUD, A Bud-SER.
ENGLAND (Givan)	F Edi-NWG, F Lon-NTH, A Lpl-YOR.
FRANCE (Rauterberg)	F Bre-MID, A Par-BUR, A Mar-SPA.
GERMANY (Scheifler)	F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A Mun-RUH.
ITALY (Pearson)	A Ven-TRI, A Rom-APU, F Nap-ION.
RUSSIA (Crosby)	F StP(sc)-BOT, A Mos-UKR, A War-GAL, F Sev-BLA.
TURKEY (Wall)	A Con-BUL, F Ank-CON, A Smy-ANK.

ITALY to WORLD: I don't know how anyone talked me into this, hint, Paul, hint!

GAME 3 ELECTRA

AUSTRIA (Givan)	F Tri-ALB, A VIE-Gal, A BUD-Rum.
ENGLAND (Rauterberg)	F Edi-NWG, F Lon-NTH, A Lpl-YOR.
FRANCE (Scheifler)	A Bre-MID, A Par-BUR, A MAR S A Par-Bur.
GERMANY (Pearson)	F Kie-HOL, A Ber-KIE, A MUN-Bur.
ITALY (Crosby)	A Ven-TRI, A Rom-APU, F Nap-ION.
RUSSIA (Wall)	F StP(sc)-BOT, A Mos-UKR, A WAR-Gal, F SEV-Rum.
TURKEY (Knight)	A Con-BUL, F Ank-CON, A Smy H.

GERMANY-FRANCE: I figure the bounce in Burgundy is unexpected, but I really  
 can't risk you there either.  
 GM-GERMANY: Oh, your move apparently wasn't all that unexpected! Now what?  
 GERMANY-ENGLAND: Belgium can now be yours.

GAME 4 MAIA

AUSTRIA (Rauterberg)	F Tri-ALB, A Vie-BUD, A Bud-SER.
ENGLAND (Scheifler)	F Edi-Nwg, F Lon-NTH, A Lpl-YOR.
FRANCE (Pearson)	F Bre-MID, A Par-BUR, A Mar-SPA.
GERMANY (Crosby)	F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A Mun-RUH.
ITALY (Wall)	A Ven-TRI, A Rom-APU, F Nap-ION.
RUSSIA (Knight)	F StP(sc)-BOT, A Mos-LVN, A War-UKR, F Sev-BLA.
TURKEY (Givan)	A Con-BUL, F Ank-CON, A Smy-ANK.

GAME 5 MEROPE

AUSTRIA (Scheifler) F Tri-ALB, A VIE-Gal, A Bud-SER.  
 ENGLAND (Pearson) F Edi-NTH, F Lon-ENG, A Lpl-YOR.  
 FRANCE (Crosby) F Bre-MID, A Par-GAS, A Mar-PIE.  
 GERMANY (Wall) F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A Mun-RUH.  
 ITALY (Knight) A VEN H, A Rom-APU, F Nap-ION.  
 RUSSIA (Givan) F StP(sc)-BOT, A Mos-UKR, A WAR-Gal, F SEV-Bla.  
 TURKEY (Rauterberg) A Con-BUL, F ANK-Bla, A Smy-ARM.

ENGLAND to WORLD: I think we'll all see a bounce in the channel. Entertaining, isn't it? ((My guess is that Crosby is somewhat less than amused!))

GAME 6 PLEIONE

AUSTRIA (Pearson) F Tri-ALB, A Vie-GAL, A Bud-SER.  
 ENGLAND (Crosby) F Edi-NWG, F Lon-NTH, A Lpl-YOR.  
 FRANCE (Wall) F Bre-Mid, A Par-GAS, A Mar-SPA.  
 GERMANY (Knight) F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A Mun-RUH.  
 ITALY (Givan) A Ven-TRI, A Rom-VEN, F Nap-ION.  
 RUSSIA (Rauterberg) F StP(sc)-BOT, A Mos-STP, A War-UKR, F Sev-BLA.  
 TURKEY (Scheifler) A Con-BUL, F Ank-CON, A Smy-ANK.

AUSTRIA: Austrias are normally paranoid, but surrounded by these cutthroats, I am abnormally paranoid. (Is this overstating the case?) ((Ask Evans!))

GAME 7 Taygeta

AUSTRIA (Crosby) F Tri-ALB, A VIE-Gal, A Bud-SER.  
 ENGLAND (Wall) F Edi-NWG, F Lon-NTH, A Lpl-YOR.  
 FRANCE (Knight) F Bre-MID, A Par-BUR, A Mar-SPA.  
 GERMANY (Givan) F Kie-DEN, A Ber-KIE, A Mun-RUH.  
 ITALY (Rauterberg) A VEN H, A Rom-APU, F Nap-ION.  
 RUSSIA (Scheifler) F StP(sc)-BOT, A Mos-UKR, A WAR-Gal, F Sev-RUM.  
 TURKEY (Pearson) A Con-BUL, F Ank-CON, A Smy-ANK.

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 Well, y'all are off and running. Adjudicating wasn't too bad this time, but I suspect when we hit 1903 or so things will be a bit tough: no eliminations, lots of cut supports and such... Sigh, I must be nuts. Oh well, not nearly as crazy as you basket cases. My printer does not have an underline function (that I'm aware of, anyway) so rather than manually underlining, I've capitalized the province in which each unit ends the turn. I hope this is sufficient, cause if you don't like it, that's just tough! Space, or rather the lack of it, is going to dictate the absence of maps; hope y'all can limp along without them. Good luck to you, and by the way, if you haven't sent in an \$8 gamefee, please do so. You'll get back \$4 of it if you don't NMR. Most of you were very good about sending in preliminary orders--keep up the good work!  
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DEADLINE FOR FALL 1901 IS 15 DECEMBER 1984.

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 The Earth spacecraft landed on Mars, and upon disembarking, the astronauts were immediately approached by Martians, which resembled extremely hairy panda bears. Using their automatic translator, the Earthmen requested to be taken to the groups' leader. Led through a maze of tunnels, the astronauts arrived in a huge cavern, in the middle of which sat a furry creature, same as the others, except that this one had a large needle protruding from his head. After conversing with this leader for awhile, the Earthmen found him to be quite stupid. Turning to their guides, they inquired as to what made this ruler qualified to lead them. Piped up one the group, "Why, that should be obvious! He's the Furry With the Syringe on Top!" (Those of you who have never seen the musical "Oklahoma" won't get this one.)

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B O T T O M S   U P  
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By: Dale Bakken

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Well, here is your beer sipping, pretzel crunching, pool shooting ace sportscaster ROCKIN BAKKEN comin at you again. I guess a few of my so called friends have made my drinking habits semi-legendary. Mainly, it's been guys like Peters and Rrrrusnak and Rauterberg. I really think it's been blown way out of proportion, but I guess it's too late now. Folks, take my word for it, I really don't drink all that much. It's just that I work hard and play hard. I do take partying seriously, no doubt about that. It's just that the rest of you are not drinkers and by comparison, it just looks like I'm a heavy drinker. Now that that's settled, please excuse me while I grab myself a beer.

Well, as I write this up, just about all the bowl games are lining up their teams. My Wisconsin Badgers are still waiting to hear from somebody. No doubt about it, the Badgers are one of the best teams in the Big Ten this year. James Wall was kind enough to get me season tickets this year so I did get a good firsthand look at them. They finished the season at 7-3-1, which happens to be the 2nd best overall record in the conference. Ohio St. was the only team to have a better record at 9-2. Ohio St. is going to the Rose Bowl but I tell ya folks, the Badgers were a cunthair away. Five fumbles at Michigan and a missed 4th and one late against Minnesota did them in. We flat out got beat by Illinois but we beat OSU, tied Iowa at Iowa, and beat Purdue and Michigan St. at the end of the season. The guys even picked up a little nickname for themselves-'BOWL BUSTERS'. I'm hoping you all will see them at some good bowl game at the end of this year so you can see what I mean. By the way, I pick USC to beat Ohio for the Rose Bowl 30 to 20.

There's been a few fights on TV lately. Has anyone else seen them? On Nov. 9th, Larry Holmes fought a guy named Jim 'Bonecrusher' Smith. I hadn't heard of this 'Bonecrusher' fella before, but he was hardly a crusher to Holmes. He probably won rounds 5, 7, and 8, but I'd have given the rest to Holmes. Smith did a headbutt into the champion that made it an interesting fight for a while, but towards the latter rounds, Holmes opened up a pretty good gash above Smith's left eye. In the 12th round, the ringside physician and Smith kinda mutually agreed that it was time to call it quits. Holmes took a million bucks for his work while 'Bonecrusher' got \$175,000. Not bad if you want to look ugly for the rest of your life. Hmmm, Smith didn't really have too far to go, so it was probably a good deal for him.

More recently, some of the USA's Olympic boxers were on TV for their first professional bout. TV only showed us 4 out the 6 fights that had been set up but of the four that were televised, all the Olypians won their fights. Evander Holyfield (I hope I got that spelling right) fought the best opponent of any them. He fought a guy named Bryarm and it might have been the closest fight we got to see. Holyfield won on a unanimous decision but I bet the scoring was fairly close. Pernell Whitaker won in the 2nd round of his fight with a TKO; Tyrel Biggs won on a decision but didn't look too good doing it; and Mark Breland beat an ex-convict named Dwight Williams on a unanimous decision. I think this Breland has a chance to do pretty good in the pros based on his physique. I can't recall his weight classification, but the guy is 6'2"', and 147 lbs. He's long, tall and lanky with a monstrous 78" arm reach, a good 7-8 inch advantage over most other boxers in his weight class.

I received a few more answers (or more correctly- questions) from last's months sports quiz. Nobody got enough right to win any prizes this month but what the hell; it's all for funsies, right? Here's the questions that could have made you the proud winner of exactly nothing:

No. 1: The answer to this one was Joe Dimaggio. The question I was looking for was "who is the owner-operator of the Firestone Service Station at the corner of Hwy. 12 & 18 and Monona Drive here in Madison. Hey, no shit folks! His name is right up there in big, bold letters. Anyone who mentioned anything about the baseball player or the guy who does those Mr. Coffee commercials was also accepted.

No. 2: Here, I was looking for a straight question. Specifically, I wanted "who were the players involved in a 6 player deal between the Milwaukee Bucks and the L.A. Clippers (formerly the San Diego Clippers).

No. 3: Aha, Marilyn Chambers was my answer for this one. Sweet girl this Marilyn is! First of all, this young lass is a porn star. I er...uh..."accidently" got to see her in a movie that I went to. Let me tell you folks, I was totally grossed out at the content of this movie, but I spilled my Mountain Dew all over the front of my pants, and since I WASN'T

ABOUT TO GO OUT IN PUBLIC WITH A BUNCH OF STICKY, YELLOW STUFF ALL OVER ME, I FORCED MYSELF TO STAY AND WATCH THE WHOLE DISGUSTING THING. Four times, no less! Back to the question, for the final scene, Miss Chambers has John Holmes (another famous porn star) servicing her on the business end, and if that weren't enough(!), she performs fellatio on another guy at the same time!!!! Well, if that's not being a good sport, I don't know what is! And THAT'S what she is doing in this sports quiz! Anyone who knew anything about her X-rated film career got credit.

No. 4: This was a gimme. The Pontiac Silverdome was the host of the 1983 Super Bowl. Thats all I wanted.

I don't have a quiz for you this month as I guess I just got too lazy. Hope to have one next month for all you sports trivia buffs. I guess I'll sign off for now. And remember, till next month, keep your bottoms up!!!

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Since Bakko wrote his column, the Wisconsin Badgers have been invited to the Hall of Fame Bowl in Birmingham, Alabama, on Dec. 29, where they will face the Kentucky Wildcats. I know very little about the Wildcats, but if the Badgers play like they did in the second half of the season they should win handily. However, any team that can lose to the Minnesota Gophers can lose to ANYBODY! (Ain't that right, Scotty?)

College basketball season is upon us, and Dale made no reference to the Badger buckets team. There's a very good reason for this, as the UW has a virtual lock on the cellar even before the season starts. Look for the Badgers to win a few pre-season games, then serve as a walking mat for the rest of the Big Ten. Speaking of that division, watch out for Illinois, who should be ranked in the Top Five most of the Season. There'll be Indiana again, as always, and don't be at all surprised if Ohio State does very well. The NCAA final could well feature Illinois vs big, bad Georgetown. Don't see even the Fighting Illini beating them. As for pro buckets, ho-hum. Wake me up when some parity is reached and the final doesn't involve Boston, L.A., or Philly. Our own perenial second-best Milwaukee Bucks are sort of rebuilding, but winning quite a number of games in the process. Deja vu: Bucks win their division, then either lose to Philly or Boston, or beat the one and advance only to lose to the other. It's about a seven-year tradition, and until the Buck get An Awesome Center, it won't change.

By the way, folks, any sports comments/ramblings for print are more than welcome.

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Although this zine generally deals with the Midwest crowd, we will now take a small hiatus, and enter the world of the ECC, where we see John Caruso giving Woody some tips on meteorology:



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Did you ever wonder about the true story behind some of the wierder headlines you read? Well, me too, and I had the rare opportunity to hear one of the more bizzare, sordid tales behind the headlines from someone who knew the inside story. A few years ago, a couple of people were murdered in a Pittsburgh supermarket parking lot. It seems that the Italian owner of a bar named Georgio's found out that his wife was cheating on him. Furious, he "hired" a friend of his, Arthur Simmons, an ex-hit man for the Mob, to do his wife in. Art Simmons agreed to do the job in payback for favors owed for the price of \$1, much as someone will sell his car to a friend for one dollar. Anyway, Simmons picked the back lot of a local supermarket where the Mrs. shopped for the job. As she approached her car he stepped out from behind it and strangled her. Unfortunately for him, a stocking clerk came outside for a cigarette break at that moment, and the hit man was forced to use his wire to strangle the clerk as well. Because of this delay, Art Simmons was observed by two other customers, and although he got away that night, he was identified and apprehended the next day. Of course, the following day the supermarket's flyer read--you guessed it: "Artie chokes two for a dollar!!"

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It seems that it has become a tradition to print my address in my even numbered issues so here it is for those of you who have little idea who I am: James Wall 1805 University Ave. #5 Madison, WI. 53705. My phone number is 608-238-6938 in case any of you have any extra money that you want to waste talking to me.

It appears that hobby members no longer have the right to speak their mind and defend someone on an issue when they think that a friend has been wronged. This weekend I received a refund check from Ed Wrobel with no explanation as to why my money was being returned to me. My best guess is that he took exception to the fact that I defended Brux on the single issue of the Highfield affair. To date I have NEVER mentioned Ed in print (with the exception of the Ed Wrobel's favorite zine poll) so unless he is planning an unannounced fold it appears that guilt by association threatens to enter hobby politics. It's not the abrupt ending of my subscription that bothers me as much as the fact that Ed wouldn't even do me the dignity to explain his actions. I'll probably end up a target in Feudesse now.

As long as I'm talking about hobby unpleasanties I think that I'd better clarify my interpretation of my relationship with both Brux and with Kathy Byrne. I like Brux. I like Kathy. I'm not of the opinion that their friendships are mutually exclusive of the other. Since I've stood up for Brux on the Highfield business I've been labelled a Brux toady, had a subscription to Politesse cut without any explanation, and been abused by a couple of ECC'ers for my troubles. The reactions to all this bruha between Brux and Byrne is beginning to take on a lynch atmosphere. For the record, I have no opinion regarding their current dispute. I do feel that the Highfield crap was dug up by those who are fanatically opposed to Brux and who subsequently stooped to inuendos to discredit him. That is wrong people. Please leave me out of the rest of it. Frankly, the whole ball of wax bores me. They have both undertaken actions which I would view as improper. Those who defend them seem to have done far worse. I hope that this will end any part I might have played in the whole mess. I will not be a part of the East Coast feuds. I refuse to be defined into a camp on one side or the other simply because I could not sit by without letting the hobby (or those who cared) know what I knew about the mess. End of discussion.

Game Opening: I will be running 1 regular dip game in these pages. 3\$ game fee, 2\$ NMR refundable fee. I will send out results to the players separately on a flyer plus they will appear here. Four signed up with another as a maybe. Come on people, given some of those 10\$ fees I see being charged this one is dirt cheap.

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# Conversations With Ludie

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This issue is being dedicated to one of my first Dip friends, Veggie Ludie. He's been a good number of things to me over the last 2+ years that I've been in the hobby. He's been an intractable liar any number of times in ftf games at Rrrrrrusnak Cons. He made the extraordinary effort of coming all the way from Indiana to attend my New Year's party last year. He has also come up for both the Mad-Cons to date. His humor and his absolutely first-rate zine 30 Miles of Bad Road have brightened many a dreary, study filled day. He's even tolerated me, while GMing two separate games of mine, which incidently he has done an excellent job of running. Best of all he gave me brownie points. Not many people give away nothing for nothing these days. I never did reach my goal of being #1 in the Brownie ratings, mine came in groups of 2 & 3 while others were getting 25 & 50 at a time, oh well. Thanx, Veggie, for Brownie points.

In case any of you were wondering, yes indeed, I did have a conversation with the human vegetable to inspire this page. Every time I talk to Lues on the phone I always feel like I'm actually living out a mark lew letter. Our conversations seem to come straight from lew's wavelength. An example of the flow of topics from one segment of the conversation:

- 1) How it's tough to be too poor to fold a zine.
- 2) Our various opinions on the Wilcox Gunboat scandal.
- 3) The above went right into a conversation about how Ludes has an absolute phobia when it comes to mail which explains the P.O. box that he keeps.
- 4) Edible clothing and how we could make 1,000,000's of dollars with the right backing.
- 5) You are what you wear, especially if you eat it.
- 6) The ups and downs of a symbolic logic course and how logic is impossible to make interesting.

At this point the converstations entered heavy into logic and what it all involved and in attempting to keep up with Mark I stopped taking notes.

Don't take this all wrong however. The point of all this pseudo-psychological-esoteric babbling that I've filled the page with is this, he is simply one of the most interesting people that I've ever met. He's original, he's fun, and he has a great sense of humor. I guess the best way of saying this is that Mark Luedi is one vegetable that adds freshness to the hobby.

By the way, Mark, don't think that all this semi-glowing praise will in any way change our relationship in the Wilcox Gunboat game. too much has gone on there for that to happen.

((James won't mind me butting in here... Everything James speaks of Mark is true, and much more in addition, for Ludes has many facets. The thing I like best about Veggie is that he's far easier to swallow than spinach, yet twice as good for you... Note: James undoubtedly meant OUR New's Years party, didncha, Buddy? (One happy "family".))

\*\*\*Yup, this is it; EXPLETIVE DELETED, the only subxyn to boycott the 1984 Summer Olympics! This is the ECC's bastion inside of "the most wretched hive of scum and villiany", also known as So I Lied! the xyn dedicated to MadLeds. Can I get away with saying that word in their own xyn? If not, Puppy sent a thug after me. To see if I'm still alive, call me at (212) 976-2727. Or drop me a line at: PO Box 1324; SUNY Binghamton, NY 13760.

## An ED-torial

\*\*\*Marc-ie says I got to keep this issue to 8-10 pages. Last time, I sent him a bunch of pages, and told him to print as many as he wanted, but he got carried away (or maybe I got carried away?). You may see a format change in terms of SIL, as Marc is debating whether to go to reduction or not. I say YES. The readability is good for the most part, and I'm sure it's more economical for all concerned. More pages for the reader, and less postage for Marc. How about letting Marc know if you're for/against reduction. Perhaps we could run a poll about it???

\*\*\*The most important thing in this issue is Dippies & Hippies game report, coming to you via The Vicious Hate Sheet. The game should be on its merry way for next time, as I expect some outright character assassinations to start popping up.

\*\*\*As it appears, my Stellar Conquest game should be over within 6 months, as is the case with PHOENIX and PLIEADES (the Final Conflict games I'm running here). I will plan on opening games once each of the above three games end. I plan to always have one game of Final Conflict running, and will broaden ED's boundaries in variant coverage. I may try getting interest in my two other variants (Delayed Stab Diplomacy or Plutonomy), or try some other variants that deserve play.

\*\*\*Speaking of variants:

### PDO Variant Package

Yours truly plans on doing a variant package. A lot of work has already been done on it, but there's a lot more to do. There will be around 10-15 variants included in the PDOVP, some hopefully from the UK hobby. Also planned are some articles on the variant hobby and variants in general. This will be sort of a "novice package" for the variant hobby. Anybody wishing to contribute their words of wisdom in the form of variant articles should drop me a line.

### VariMary Con Update...

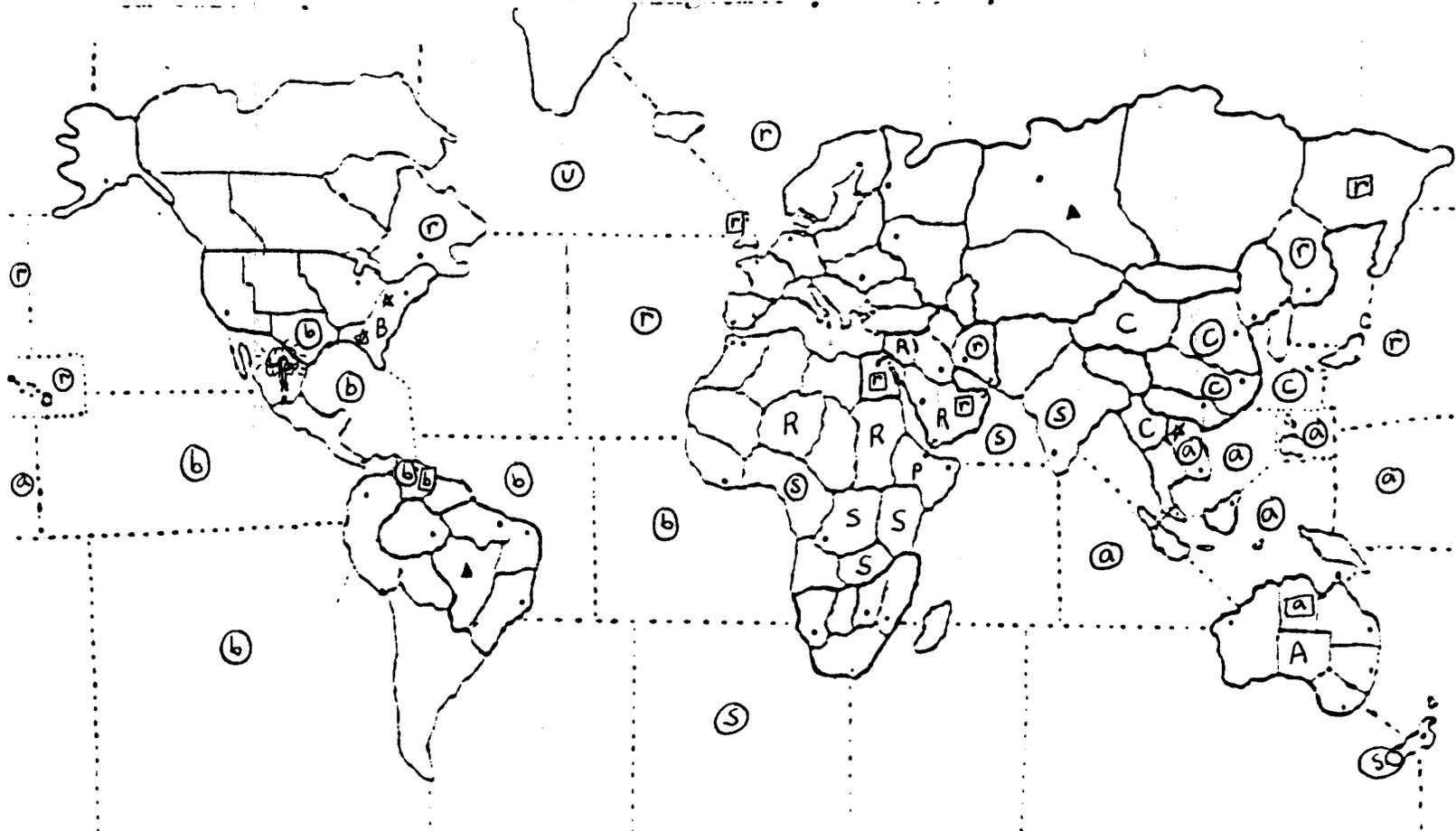
As variant director, I've written a tentative draft of the rules to be used for the Gunboat tournament which will be running throughout the MaryCon weekend. The rules are such that players organize their own boards at their convenience, with results turned into myself. The only catches are that you may only play the same person twice, and you may not play the same country twice until you've played all seven countries. Points earned with emphasis on the game's result, and bonus points for achieving "best country" status for any country. Bonus points for weak powers (Aus, Ita, Ger) are higher than those for the stronger powers (E/F/R/T).

One possible variant to be played for playtesting will be the fifth revision of The Downfall Of The Lord of the Rings and The Return of the King, which is a "super Sauron" scenario (Sauron has an early game advantage that necessitates an early alliance, but for how long will such an alliance be needed? Will players strike a deal with Mr. Scratch?). My understanding is that the variant has received a lot of playtesting revision, though much of it was probably by theory instead of actual play. I will fall back to this variant unless others are proposed.

\*\*\*PUBLISHERS: Please plug the two projects above. Variants are an important facet to out hobby. ①

## The Cast

AUS: Bob Olsen (6818 Winterberry Cr; Wichita, KS 67226)  
 BRA: Nelson Heintzman (2255 Delaware Ave #C-4; Buffalo, NY 14216)  
 CHI: Jeff Bohner (509 Twist Run Road; Endwell, NY 13760)  
 RUS: Marc Peters (~~29 East Wilson #202; Madison, WI 53703~~) } 1814 Cameron Dr #3  
 SAF: Brad Wilson (Box 327; Lake Forest College, IL 60045) } Mad Wi 53711  
 USA: Eric Ozog (1526 North Lawler Ave; Chicago, IL 60651)  
 GM: Tom Swider (PO Box 1324; SUNY Binghamton, NY 13901)



USA (Eric) a mex-cen(a!)/s p mex(a!)/; \*f new-car/s\*p new/  
 AUS (Bob) f NEI-s-(saf)-f nwi-ind; f mal-VIE/s f CHS/; f bor-JAV;  
 f jav-PHI; f MWF-nwp; a dar-ADE; p per-DAR.  
 BRA (Nelson) n ama-l-MEX; a cen-NEW/c f CAR s f DAL p VEN/; f VEN-s-f car;  
 f rio-MWA; f swa-SEP; f col-MEP; f sen-MEA.  
 CHI (Jeff) NMR. Has a's BUR, SIN; f's \*vie(r:Can,OTB), PEK, SHA, YEL.  
 RUS (Marc) NMR. Has a's NIG, SYR, SUD, SAU; f's VLA, TEH, QUE, NWG, NEA, HAW, NWP,  
 ALA; p's SAU, EGY, ENG, KAM; n's OMS, MOS.  
 SAF (Brad) a moz-KEN; a rho-ZAM; f mea-IVO; f SEA-h; f nwi-IND; f sei-NEZ;  
 f PSG-s-(pal)-a som.

\*\*\*No standby players will be called as I've heard from Marc and Jeff in the recent past, and assume they plan on continuing.

\*\*\*Proposed is a concession to Russia. NVR is "NO" unless you also NMR.

\*\*\*On the next page will be a document called "Nelson's Press". You've waited a long time for it, so enjoy!

\*\*\* FALL 2105 moves are due to me by November 30, 1984

USA retreats: f new r NWA, OTB p new r Chi, Neb, Los, Sas, OTB.

# Bits N Pieces

← Note the  
"hi-res"  
graphics!!

Featured Review: CALAMITY! The International high-risk insurance game

I have always liked games with money involved, such as Monopoly or Acquire. I bought CALAMITY! at Atlanticon '84, and though I didn't get a chance to play it there, I did eventually get around to trying it out (usually if I don't play a new game quickly, it sits on the shelf). This is a nice short game, perfect for cons. It doesn't require too much brainpower to play the game, but it has enough things going on to keep your interest in the game for its entire length, usually about one hour.

The playing board is a track with 52 spaces, like a Monopoly board, though there aren't any "property" spaces. The board is divided into four quarters, representing one business cycle. One playing piece moves around the board by ALL players (ie: all players use the same token) by the use of a deck of cards with numbers one through five printed on them. The lower numbers are the most common in the deck. During a turn, a player plays a card, moves the token and follows the instructions written on the space.

The most common space in the first quarter are "Policy" spaces. When a player moves onto a Policy space, he has a chance to buy up to three policies at the price listed in that quarter. In the first quarter, all policies may be taken at no charge, and prices increase in the second through fourth quarter. Players optimally try to get monopolies on a given policy type. Example: there are 4 policy cards in the Very High Risk category stating "Glamorous actress insures her legs". When taking policies, players try to form their own sets, while trying to break up the sets of his opponents.

Other spaces on the map are "Claim" spaces, which result in a series of dice rolls being made to see whether a policy pays off or not. The higher the risk category, the more likely you will have to pay off against the claim. Very High Risk policies have a 50-50 chance of being hit, whereas Low Risk Policies (such as "Zoo insures against theft of unique penguin") have a one in nine chance of maturing.

Players who manage to hold onto their policies until the end of the year receive an End of Year Premium for doing so. These bonuses are doubled if the player owns a set of four identical policies.

Other spaces on the map include "Open Market" (allowing players to wheel and deal their policies), "Forced Buy" (allows player to buy up to three policies from other players against their will, paying the quarterly rate) and "San Francisco Earthquake" (all policies are rolled against without players given the chance to divest their policies).

In Calamity!, your number sooner or later comes up, and it really hurts when you have to pay a claim. Players can therefore sell their policies back to the bank prior to moving. This allows them to take a quick profit, and concentrate on moving the token onto claim spaces in hopes of making their opponents pay off more often. Also, players may try divesting their policies once a claim space is landed upon, but the investment holder has lost bargaining power and must either pay the bank to take the policy, or else strike a deal with another player.

Players can either play it risky and try holding onto high risks for the entire year, or spread their risks and sell off part of their holdings before the fourth quarter, where many claims are often realized.

The game costs \$18.00. The only complaint I have is that they didn't give enough money in some denominations. Otherwise the cards, board and box are colorful, and the rules easy to understand. You can get the game at conventions or mail order. Since its made by Games Workshop (the same people who made "Apocalypse" and "Dr. Who"), in London, it is hard to find in the states.

The Cast

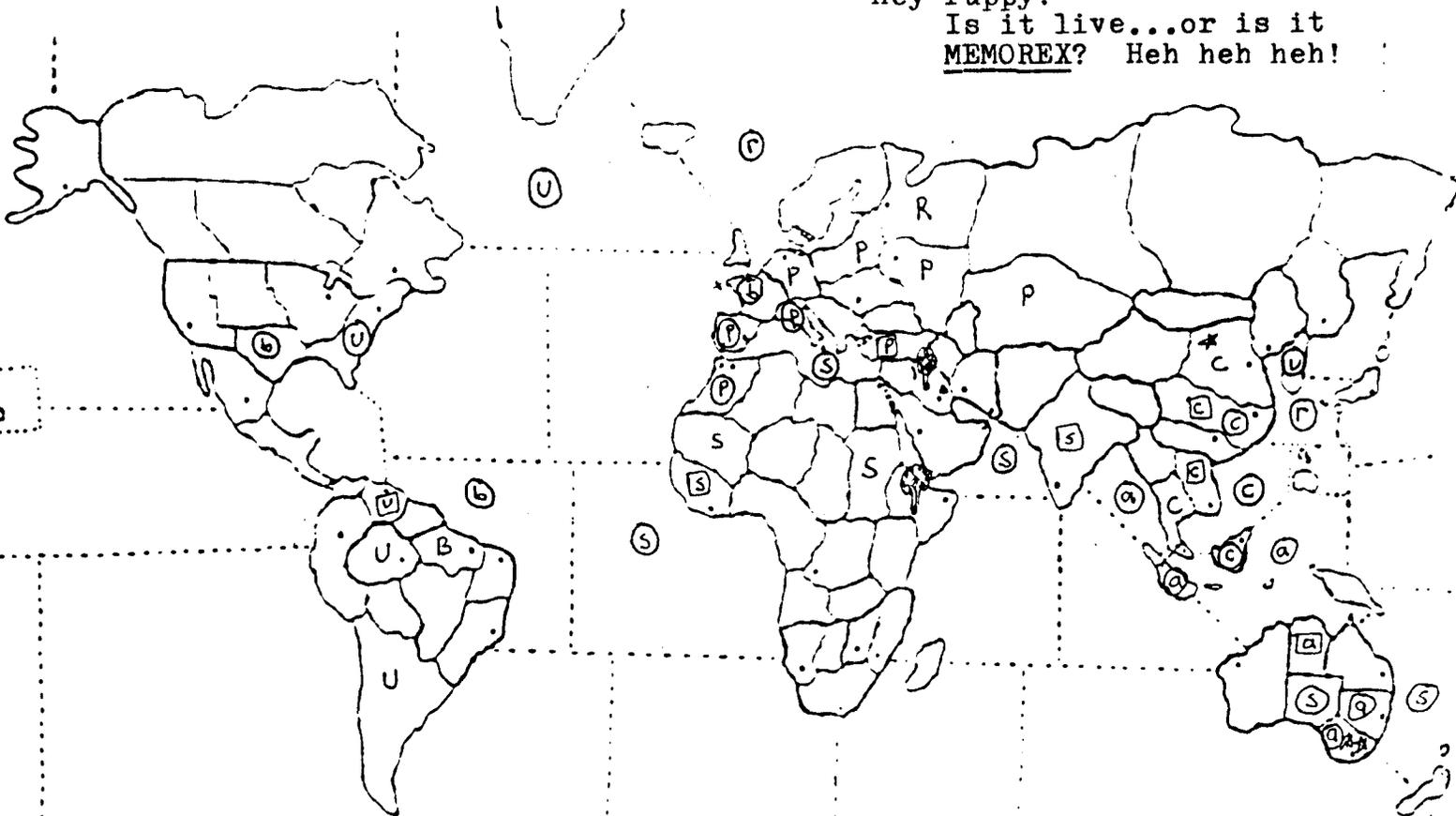
AUS: Nelson Heintzman (2255 Delaware Ave #C-4; Buffalo, NY 14216)  
 BRA: Paul Rauterberg (4922 W Wisconsin Ave; Milwaukee, WI 53208)  
 CHI: Eric Ozog (1526 N Lawler Ave; Chicago, IL 60651)  
 PAL: Mark Frueh (1013 Milton St Apt 304; Madison, WI 53715)  
 RUS: John Crosby (830 Hunterhill Trail; Roswell, GA 30075)  
 SAF: Mark Susko (15 Longview Ave; Binghamton, NY 13905)  
 USA: Dave Anderson (PC Box 3761; Pontiac, MI 48059)  
 GM: Tom Swider (PC Box 1324; SUNY Binghamton, NY 13901)

THE FAKE ADJUDICATION

Notice the mushroom  
clouds above the  
skies of Arabia...

Hey Puppy!

Is it live...or is it  
MEMOREX? Heh heh heh!



AUS (Nelson) f ade-MEL/s p DAR f SYD/; f JAV-ade(imp); f SUM-jav/s f BOB/.  
 BRA (Paul) f FRA(NC)-nea; f MWA-nwa; f mex(ec)-DAL? a BEL-ama.  
 CHI (Eric) f BOR-s-(saf)-f per-jav(nso); p VIE-s-f bor; p SHA-s-f sha;  
 a MAL-h; f CHS-yel; a man-PEK/s f SHA/.  
 PAL (Mark) n BAG-h; f IBE-fra(nc)/s a GER/; f MOR-nea; f bal-ITA/s p TUR/;  
 a hun-POL/s a MOS/; a teh-KAZ; a som-h(a!)/s f psg(a!)/.  
 RUS (John) f NWG-ger; a ARK-pol; \*a pek-man/s f YEL/(r: Mon, Sin, OTB). <sup>A IIA-s-f</sup>  
 SAF (Mark) n rho-l-SOM; f nea-MED; a sen-MAU; f nam-MEA; p nam-SEN;  
 p moz-IND; a ken-SUD; f ind-PSG; f nez-SWP/s\*f mel(r:SEI,OTB)  
 \*p mel(r: Ade, Per, Nez, OTB)/; f per-ADE.  
 USA (Dave) n los-l-BAG; f gre-LAB; f NEW-nea; a col-ARG; a ven-AMA/s  
 p VEN/; f vla-KOR.

Ill-Gotten Gains: AUS: Mel CHI: Pek PAL: Pol SAF: Sud, Adr USA: Arg, Ama.

\*\*\*Due to school commitements, Mark Susko resigns as SAF. Since I have  
no other standby players to call, in order for the game to continue, I

must call CARL RUSSELL (21 Morgan Road; Binghamton NY 13903), to assume Mark's position. I realize that Carl was the original SAF player, but I have NO other standby player to call whatsoever. I'd be happy to give the position to another player if somebody could supply me with a name and address.

\*\*\*Exciting game, eh?

PRESS:

USA to PAL: Are we still P.A.L.'s? Ha ha ha. Apologies to Edi Amin.

USA to GM: How's your typewriter?

ARIES: Sears is working once again. Hope she lasts a little longer. When my printer comes back from Santa Monica, I hope to have this thing on word processing.

MARK to DAVE: Your idea is good--you will have no fear from me.

ARIES: At least you got the last part right....he's got nothing to fear from you at this point, whiner!

MARK to PAUL: Your getting to become pretty inept lately. Your zine must be taking up too much time.

MARK to TOMMY: What's up with our beloved super hero--Carl "Super-Knife" Russell? He's resigning games.

ARIES: Oh really? He's in this one now. Actually, I recruited him just like I had to recruit Blarfo for my PLEIADES game.

WHITE WHINER to RED WHINER: Oooh Tooomm, Australia was threatening me with an imaginary nuke. What should I do? Make his country glow Red? Or what?

RED WHINER to WHITE WHINER: Geeeee Maaaarrrrrrk, I guess Nellson got sommmmmme-body to nuke you foocoor him! Awwwww, you should have listened to "your" Nelson....you're gonnnnnnaa be SOOORRRRRRRYY! Awwwwwwwwww.....

Fall 2104 moves due NOV 7, 1984

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\*\*\*I am taking up room in ED to print two special adjudications. A while back, Woody did a fake adjudication for Mark Fassio in his game in COA, and got a lot of laughs with it. I decided to do the same thing to Mark Frueh in PHOENIX. There haven't been too many fakes recently, so I thought I'd do a fake for an audience of 7 people.

\*\*\*When Mark found out about the fake, he was outraged by the thought, but admitted it was funny. I knew I could do it to Mark. In fact, I pick on Mark like this because he's a good friend and has a sense of humor. Also, I knew that other gamers like Quirk and Makuc would enjoy seeing Puppy squirm a little.

\*\*\*Mark has sworn revenge on Carl, Mark and myself. These days, to be on the safe side, I avoid buying flowers at airports from Moonies, and have Mom scan our mail with a metal detector.

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Space filler Dept:

Hear List:

Abacab (Genesis) \*\*\*\*\*  
London Calling (Clash) \*\*\*\*  
Cindi Lauper (The Brooklyn Baglady) -\*  
Semeramides (Rossini) \*\*\*\*  
Day & Night (Joe Jackson) \*\*\*

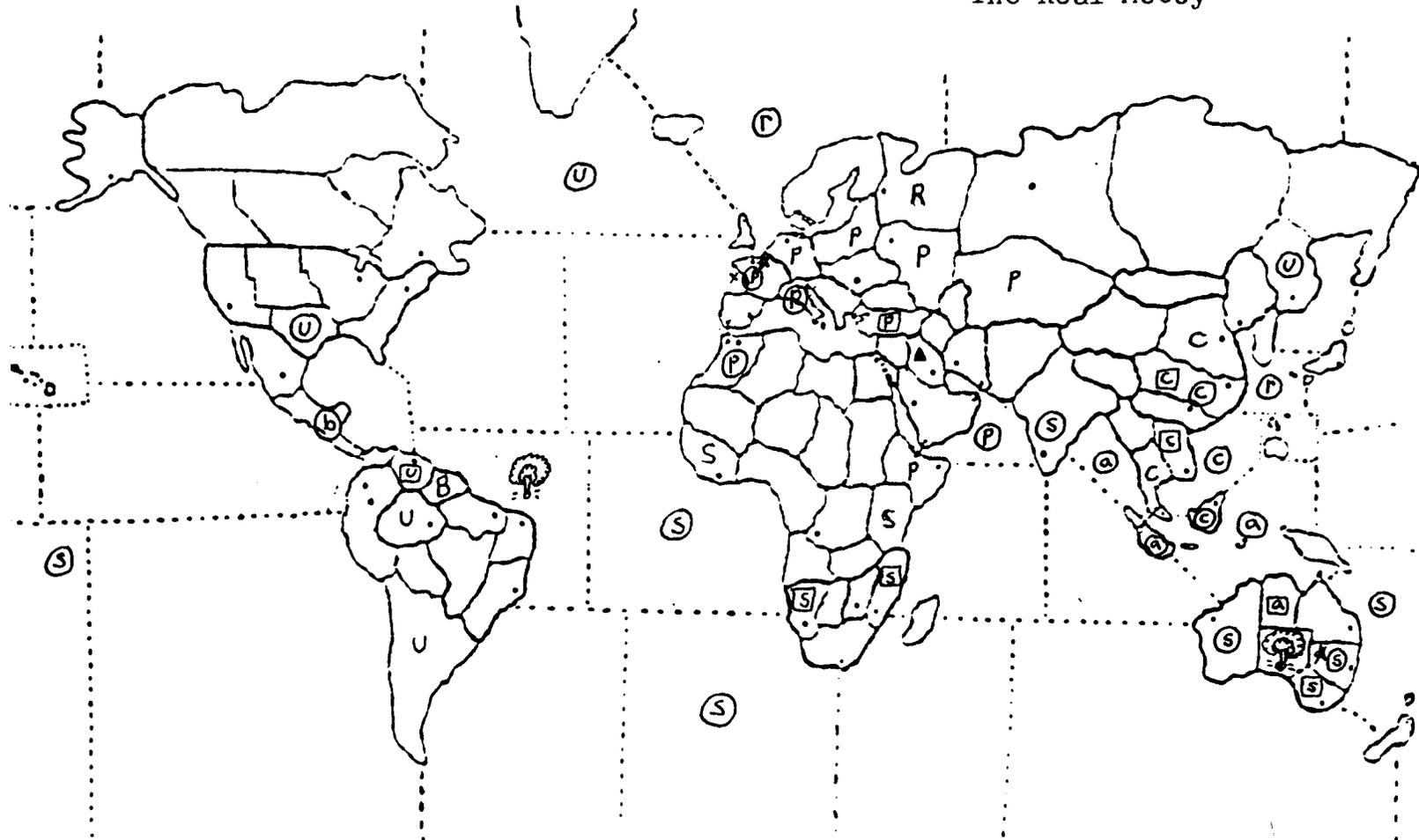
Read List:

Different Seasons (King) \*\*\*\*½  
Dune (Herbert) \*\*\*\*\*  
People, Work, and Organizations (Bass) \*\*  
In Search of Excellence \*\*\*\*½

## The Cast

- AUS: Nelson Heintzman (2255 Delaware Ave #C-4; Buffalo, NY 14216)
- BRA: Paul Rauterberg (4922 W Wisconsin Ave; Milwaukee, WI 53208)
- CHI: Eric Ozog (1526 N Lawler Ave; Chicago, IL 60651)
- PAL: Mark Frueh (4729 A Morganford Rd #6; St Louis, MO 63116)
- RUS: John Crosby (830 Hunterhill Trail; Roswell, GA 30075)
- SAF: Mark Susko (Porter Quad Box D 323; SUNY B Amherst Camp; Buffalo NY 14216)
- USA: Dave Anderson (PO Box 3761; Pontiac, MI 48059)
- GM: Tom Swider (PO Box 1324; SUNY Binghamton, NY 13901)

"The Real McCoy"



- AUS (Nelson) f ade-mal(a!)/s p DAR \*f syd(r:Bri,OTB)/; f JAV-ade(imp);  
f SUM-jav/s f BOB/.
- BRA (Ken) f mex(ec)-CEN; a bel-GUI/s f mwa(a!)/; \*f fra(nc)-nea(r:Eng,OTB).
- CHI (Eric) a MAL-h; f BOR-s-(saf)-f per-jav(nso)/s p VIE/; f CHS-yel;  
a man-PEK/s f SHA/; p SHA-s-f sha.
- PAL (Puppy) n BAG-h; f ibe-FRA(NC)/s a GER/; f MOR-nea; f bal-ITA/s p TUR/;  
a hun-POL/s a MOS/; a teh-KAZ; a SOM-h/s f PSG/.
- RUS (Cybil D. Orde) Has a's \*pek(ann); ARK;\*ita(ann); f's NWG;YEL
- SAF (Mr Boscov) f nea-MEA/s p NAM/; f nam-SEA; f IND-h/s p MEZ/;  
n rho-l-ADE; f PER-h; f mel-SYD/s p MEL/; f nez-SWP. Ax SEN + KEN-h
- USA (Dave) n los-l-MWA; a ven-AMA/s p VEN/; a col-ARG; f VLA-h;  
f gre-LAB; f new-DAL.

Ill-gotten Gains: BRA: Cen CHI: PEK PAL: Ita Fra SAF: SYD  
USA: Arg AMA Dal Pa

6

Fall 2104 due NOV 13, 1984. Holidays Schedule: W'04 due around Dec 2  
and S'05 in mid January.

I should make a note that this is the REAL PHOENIX adjudication, and the other adjudication is a phoney. All of you (except Puppy Poison Pen) will receive both of these together. Mark will be receiving the phoney adjudication first, and the real one a few days later.

Why am I doing this? Just to get back at Mark for not allowing my 2 center Austria (which I built back up to 4) in Scott Hanson's Great White North game to survive. Besides, Carl and I needed a good laugh and decided to burn Mark with a fake adjudication. I bet his whine turned into a growl! I went to great lengths to make this appear legitimate; even got Mark Susko to write him to say he's resigning, and Carl Russell wrote him a letter about this game and that Carl and Mark "could still be allies".

PRESS:

AUSTRALIA to SOUTH AFRICA: That's fine by me....

USA to BRAZIL: Why do I feel your going to nuke me next year?

ARIES: I dunno, probably because it'd be loads of fun?

USA to PAL: Are we wtill P.A.L.'s?

MARK to DAVE: Your idea is good. You will have no fear from me.

MARK to PAUL: Your getting to become pretty inept lately. Your zine must be taking up too much time.

ARIES: Ain't that the truth. I have to say that I'm quite disappointed in Paul NMRing out. I thought he had the reputation of being a consistent player. Such is life.

PEKING: When in doubt, and all else fails, stab Herr Weintzman!

USA to GM: How's your typewriter?

ARIES: Not bad; got it fixed up. I am expecting my printer to come back from vacation soon, and I believe I'll be selling it. I should be able to get by on the printer, and if I need a typewriter badly, I should have no problems scronging one up. Like right now, I'm using a quarter rental machine over at SUNY; it's not too bad actually.

MARK to TOMMY: What's up withour beloved super hero--Carl "Super-knife" Russell? He's resigning games.

ARIES: Carl's in about 10 games, six of them: standby calls. He's dug himself into a hole he can't get out of. Next thing you know, he'll NMR in Coyote!

WHITE WHINER to RED WHINER: Ooh, Tooomm, Australia was threatening me with an imaginary nuke. What should I do? Make his country glow red? Or what?

RED WHINER to WHITE WHINER: Maaarrrrkkk, Why not get the OOOTTHER Mark to do your dirty work? Or did you already get him to do so? Maybe NOW "Our Nelson" has seen the light? The light that glows brightly above Adelaide!

I'll have to wait till I get home to type in the rest of the press; that is, all of Nelson's backlog. Remember, you read it here first!

Do note that Ken Peal; 8708 First Ave Apt T-2; Silver Spring MD 20910 is now the ~~XXXXXXXX~~ Brazilian player. Sorry 'bout this Ken. Why don't you write Rauterberg and give him a piece of your mind (or whatever's left upstairs)? And no, I won't put you on the player roster list until next time. And yes, I will tell Anderson how to knock you out of the game just like I did in XEVIIOUS. Don't forget who runs the hobby, according to The Vicious Hate Sheet!

Note: USA saves \$5... while I'm here; here's a cash saved run-down

Aus : 0  
BRA: 15  
CHI: 0

PAL: 0  
SAF: 3  
USA: 5

If Fresh calls, give him  
info from the fake adjudication.  
Don't spoil the joke! ⑦

# "What-a-bahgon" Dept

Games For Sale:	Titan	\$9.60
	Acquire	\$10.80
	A House Divided	\$6.00
	Illuminati	\$4.20
	Civil War	\$10.80
	Druid	\$9.00
	Battle & Leaders	\$12.00

↖ "Low-Res"  
Graphics

All these games...and more.... are unpunched, unused. In fact, these games are still in the wrapper.

For those of you who like to get games at cheap prices, check out The Guild of Adventure Gaming. If you buy games on a regular basis, or have enough friends in your area that do buy games, then it behooves you to join.

It costs \$10.00 to join the guild, plus it costs \$2 to get additional catalogues (you get one free when you join). Since you save 40-50% on each game you buy, it is definitely worth joining.

You should remember though that by mail order, you incur a time wait before you get your games (as long as 6 weeks, but usually quicker than that) and you have to pay shipping. So, I feel that you should only join The Guild if you buy more than 4 games a year. Of course, you can get local gamers to order along, which helps out a bit. You pay for the subscription, and they pay any postage costs.

If you want your games quicker, you can also send a money order instead of a check, since they won't have to wait until your check clears.

Also, you get a \$2.50 check from The Guild for each new member that you get to sign up.

Guild of Adventure Gaming  
PO Box 8111  
Kentwood, MI  
49508

.....and please mention that Tom Swider sent you. Oh, one last item of interest is that The Guild does offer discounted lead miniatures and computer software, but you have to ask them specifically for those catalogues (which are free), since they want to lower costs in only forwarding those catalogue to those people needing them.

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\*\*\*Marc just called and said he needed an ED pronto! As I didn't have the time to do justice to the Dippies & Hippies game, The Vicious Hate Sheet will have to wait until next time. Issue #3 promises to be interesting.

\*\*\*Speaking of Linsey...did you see how he called his EE subxyn ED? And I do know that some people think our handwriting is the same. Am I just a pseudonym for Bruce? Let's hope not. I guess if I can rip-off his format for TVHS, he can steal the letters "ED". Too bad my patent on "ED" didn't come through...

\*\*\*Look for more info on game openings next ish. I am thinking of running one of the following games: Dune; Ancient Empires III; Plutonomy or Woolworth IID. Possibly a two-week deadline Dip game (or variant) if any of you speed freaks (not you, Bakko!) are into that sort of thing.

\*\*\*In case the mails slow up, I wish everyone a Happy Holiday! Do indulge, but take it easy...

## A MINI INDYCON REVIEW

As usual, Gary has already done this sooner and better, so this will be a short review. At first it seemed that I'd not even be able to make it to "Name-That-Con", as it was so inventively known, because that weekend coincided with a UW home football game, and my job is such that I simply cannot get off football weekends. But because of his numerous trips to Chicago and Mad-City, I felt that I really owed it to Mark Luedi to appear that weekend, and so I managed to talk my assistant into coming in at the unreasonable hour of 6 AM on Saturday, which allowed me to finish about noon. Rushing home, I performed the essentials: showering, throwing together The Overnight Stuff (a change of clothes and sleeping bag), and of course, stopping off to buy a case of Augsburger. By one o'clock I was on I 90 and starting my solo seven hour trek.

This was the longest trip I'd ever traveled solo, and proved quite interesting; it also provided several "don't"s of traveling. For starters, don't travel without music; seven hours of isolation AND silence is too much for even a reclusive person. (Fortunately, I eventually figured out that there wasn't any music because the speaker was disconnected.) Secondly, NEVER take any Chicago exist unless flames are pouring out from under your hood, or Smokey is after you. Some insidiously diabolical engineer decided that just because there was an exit on the freeway was no reason to have an entrance too. I now realize just how good a civil engineer Frueh is going to be--his mind is perfectly suited to the job. Dsicovering this travelers tidbit too late, I was forced into a twenty mile "detour"; which consisted of following what I hoped was a parallel road to the Interstate for what seemed like an eternity. Finally spotting the Holy Grail--a red, white, and blue interstate sign, I was back on track. Mile after boring mile followed (now I know why all those FlatLanders flee to Wisconsin), with only my radio and imagination to entertain me. This actually turned out to be an interesting part of the trip; I thought a lot of thoughts I'd never taken the time to think of (yes, that sentence is supposed to confuse), but after awhile I began boring even myself, and I became anxious to reach Indianapolis. It's amazing what one will do relieve the monotony: about an hour out of Indy my gas gauge reached the red zone, and slowly sank closer and closer to The Big E. I know my car, and it's good for a few miles even after the needle is buried on the E. As the needle passed through the red zone, I passed one exit, then another. With the needle fractions of a millimeter from being buried, I approached an exit that announced "twenty miles to next exit". I actually entertained notions of going for it, just to add excitement and uncertainty to the journey. Fortunately I came to my senses fifty yards from the exit, realized how furious I'd be if I ran out of gas, and slammed on the brakes in time to make the exit.

Gary called his review "The Con That Time Forgot". Upon arriving at the Kleimans' residence I discovered a better name might have been "The Con That Ludes Forgot"! Yes, the very reason I'd traveled seven hours for a stay of less than twenty hours wasn't even there! Apparently Mark had left a couple hours before my arrival. (If I had a Shit List, Mark, you'd be on it!) IndyCon proved to be very enjoyable. I was in one gunboat Dip game sharing a three-way, and a regular game, where for the third time that I can recall of my second largest country--about 12--took a back seat to Eric Ozog who won the game. Eric decided to "spare" us all of Rrrrrrusnak, who was being his usual obnoxious self, by leaving his ally (yes, me) in the lurch and taking the dots Russ offered him for the win. Not that I blame Eric in the least, but the script is getting very moldy indeed. Still, if one has to lose, one might as well lose to the best. For my money, Eric is easily the best ftf player I've encountered. But more important than Dip, I got some ping pong lessons from Mike Barno. Barno has all the makings of a hustler: I beat him a number of times at first, then suddenly couldn't win a game to save my life. Table tennis is a lot of fun, and if Mykey moves to MadTown I'll really get some lessons. After awhile I got tired of eating Blarfo's smash returns, and as it was 5:00 AM anyway, packed it in.

I don't recall much of Sunday, except seventeen Dippers storming some restaurant. (This is one of my favorite parts of cons: "Yes, that's right, waitress, we need a table for two dozen people.") I believe it was Sunday that the gunboat game ocured. Eventually it was time to leave, even though it seemed that I'd just arrived. Lori and Dave said goodby, and actually managed to convey the feeling that they'd like to do this again sometime. Well, some people just have to learn the hard way, I guess. The trip was back was just as boring as the one down, and was punctuated by many pitstops for the ingestion of massive amounts of caffeine, and after that for the elimination of massive amounts of... I didn't, however, repeat the error of exiting anywhere in Chitown. Many thanks to the lovely Lori and the undeserving Dave for their sincerely warm hosting. (If I had that many maniacs running around my abode, trying to eat me out of house and home, my shotgun would get a good workout!) And thanks to all who showed up and made the weekend another excellent Midwest Con. See y'all again next year, same place, same time?

... there should be something going on over New Year's weekend, either in Mil-  
...s or here in MadCity--give one of us a call

\*\*\*\*\*  
Deb's Filler - 4  
\*\*\*\*\*

This article is a bit hard to start. It was easy talking about myself in the last two and putting together sayings for the first article. It's more difficult now that I know people read what I wrote. So with The Band's Last Waltz playing in the background, I'm going jump right into it. I never was one to think about emotional things before shooting my mouth off.

I received two letters, addressed to me, after SIL #4 came out and the first one I read was from Joan Extrom. It was filled with so much encouragement, I spent two nights writing outlines and drafts for different articles. The only thing that stopped me from spending more nights down there was the painters coming to redo the walls. Thank you, Joan, for your advise and encouragement.

Joan also took me up on my offer to relate some other facets of the people involved in Diplomacy. It was great to have confirmation that someone else feels Diplomacy is a way to meet people. Like myself, Joan is especially interested in finding out more about the women in the hobby. She has a 21-month old daughter, Samantha, and three dogs. One of her dogs needs extra care. It needs hormone pills twice a week to keep control over a bladder problem. After watching our cats simply miss their litter boxes, it definitely is a problem that needs control. I appreciated Joan telling me that she has shared living spaces with other people, and I'm envious of the four-bedroom house they have recently moved into. Joan, I've never been out to Oregon, but I hear there is rain out there instead of snow. Since you only recently moved to your new home, I wouldn't invite myself over yet; however, I might try it someday.

Both letters that came to me arrived on the same day and excitement gave me the giggles while supper was cooking. It Was Great! Marc finally told me not to take it too seriously!

The other letter was from Bruce Linsey. Unlike Joan, he did not say much; in fact, nothing about himself, but he did make the same suggestion as Joan. I should change the name of the article because it was too demeaning. Bruce even provided some rather good ideas for new names, but I'm not sure I'm ready to change it yet.

As I mentioned last time, this was supposed to be used only when we needed a last page. If I went "professional", I might lose my place in the zine. It would be against my morals to use my influence on the editor to keep "Debi's Filler" on the last page if wasn't truly filler. Another definition of the word "filler" is to mean something that fills in a gap left by the Diplomacy and other news in the rest of SIL. That's how I look at it.

Joan and Bruce wrote to me directly. Many others mentioned their reactions to my article in correspondence to Marc, Marc and me, and even Bakko. I loved it all...probably because everything I read was good. And, I appreciated it all.

I have not been alone in my attempt to write non-Diplomacy news...the most outstanding has been CATHY'S RAMBLINGS. The editorial/comments is written in such a way that I felt I was having a conversation with her. In the last issue, she described why she enjoys playing the game and that her zine is open to non-diplomacy articles. While I reading Cathy's reasons for playing Dip, I kept saying to myself "That's why I don't play the game." I kept wanting to say, "But, I do enjoy other games." When I go into those reasons it will probably be another article.

In upcoming articles, there will be a recipe for making lefse, an introduction to my pet Cocomo, a description of teaching Lisa how to drive and perhaps one day, the other games I enjoy most. Is the suspense puttng you at the egde of your chair?

FIRST CLASS MAIL

SO I LIED!  
C/O Marc & Debi Peters  
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Madison, WI 53711-3357

ROD WALKER  
1273 CREST DRIVE  
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CA 92049

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Robert Millikan



THIS IS THE LAST PAGE. Under penalty of the Gods of Chronology, do NOT read this page first; rather, open this zine and read all preceding pages before Last Page. As many of you undoubtedly noticed with gratitude, there was no editorial this month. No ranting this month nor preaching, just a bit of friendly advice: be nice to someone this month, and preferably someone it takes real effort to be nice to. Yeah, that sounds pretty wimpy to me too, but try it anyway. Dipdom especially could use a break from the almost mindless hostilities burdening us all lately. Why not put some of that X-Mas cheer/energy-ated by the merchandisers to good use? Spread it around.

Long ago, a knight returning from one of the Crusades observed that, although he had left his fiefdom in a prosperous state, fields now lay in disarray, and his people looked fearful and beaten. Nearing his castle, a page ran out to him, crying in distress "Thank God you've returned, my lord! Whilst you were away, a most calamitous thing has occurred! A plague of golden hands grow in our fields. No, this is true!" the page exclaimed as he saw contemptuous disbelief growing on his master's face. "These golden hands grow first out of one field, then another--never is it known which field is next. Today they grow behind the castle." Commanding his page to follow him, the knight went to examine this absurd story. But to his great shock, it was true: there in the fields were innumerable huge hands protruding from the ground. He started forward to investigate, but the page stopped him. "No, no, sire, it is far too dangerous for you to go. Many have already perished--send me in your place!" Stating that he would have no one venture where he himself dared not tread, the brave knight went forth. And of course he was dragged beneath the surface and never seen again. Which just goes to prove you should always let your pages do the walking through the yellow fingers!

At the recent IndyCon, the vote to make Gary Coughlan an honorary member of the MWM succeeded. Congrats, Gary. I assume this means we can count on you for MadCon II?!!? Kathy Byrne seems to think she's an automatic member just because she's been accused of being a lush. Fat chance, Kathy--a sleezy rep don't mean diddle-squat to a MadMan. We gotta SEE some proof; show up for MadCon 84, put in a good performance, and we'll think about it. Heh, heh.

Mail is slow this time of year--send in prelims NOW. The best of the season to all of you. Take care of yourselves and the ones you love. They need you.