

THE VOICE OF DOOM

#71

January 11, 1983

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by BRUX

This issue of The Voice of Doom is dedicated to the sweetest Doomie of them all...



Miss Alexandra Ann Lord
Doomie of the Year, 1982!

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The Voice of Doom is a journal of postal Diplomacy published every now and then by Bruce Linsey, 24A Quarry Drive, Albany, NY 12205. Phone (518) 459-9250. Subs are 10 issues for \$5.00. Standbys are wanted. There are no games openings, nor will there be any for a long time.

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The deadline for all games contained herein is February 4, 1983.

No NMRs this month!

J U P I T E R

19800jk

ENGLISH FLEET ROMES ALL OVER THE EARTH, BUT THE AUSTRIANS GO TO MARS!

Fall 1911

AUSTRIA (Carter): A Tri-BUD, A Gre-SER, A MAR S FRENCH F Por-Spa(sc) (NSU), A NAP-Smy,
A LON U

ENGLAND (Barno): F Tyr-ROM, F NTH-Hol, F Cly-NWG

FRANCE (Sherwood): F ENG C AUSTRIAN A Lon-Bre (NSO), F Nwg-NAT, A GAS H, A POR H

GERMANY (Rauterberg): A Fin-NWY, F Bot-SWE, A DEN H, F HLG-Nth, A BEL-Hol, A BUR-Bel,
A MUN-Bur

RUSSIA (Lew): A SEV-Arm, A Mos-UKR, A War-GAL, A Rum-BUL, F WES-Tun

TURKEY (Olsen): A SPA S FRENCH A Gas-Mar (NSO), F ION-Tun, F Aeg-GRE, A ARM stabs itself (H)

Supply Center Chart:

AUSTRIA:	Ven, Lon , Tri, Lon, Nap, Gre , Mar, BUD, SER	7, build 2 (room for 1)
ENGLAND:	Lvp, Edi, Tun, ROM	4, build 1
FRANCE:	Par, Bre, Por , Por	3, remove 1
GERMANY:	Home, Swe, Den, Nwy, StP, Hol, Bel	9, build 2
RUSSIA:	Vie, War, Mos, Byd , Rum, Sev , Sev, BUL	6, build 1
TURKEY:	Home, Byd , GRE, SPA	5, build 1

Game Notes: I mistakenly neglected to type a right parenthesis following the Turkish order for F Ion last season. This error was noticed too late to be corrected. My profuse apologies to all players. This is the second consecutive season in which I've made this error!

The proposal to form a new country did not pass. Austria wants it known that he voted yes.

Proposed for next season are the following draws: A/G, A/E/G, A/F/G, A/F/R, A/F/T, A/G/R, A/G/T, E/F/R, E/G/R, A/R/T, and A/F/R/T. Additionally, concessions to England and France have been proposed. Please vote on all proposals by the next deadline.

Ig Lew's sub expired, and he hasn't renewed yet. In case I don't receive a renewal by next deadline, would Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way North, Rockville, MD 20854 please submit standby orders for Russia? I expect Ig to resub, though.

The winter 1911 and spring 1912 orders should be submitted as follows: Barno orders the French units, Rauterberg orders the English units, Lew (or Martin) orders the German units, Olsen orders the Russian units, Carter orders the Turkish units, and Sherwood orders the Austrian units. Remember to submit backup orders in case your proxy NMRs!

Proposed for next season is a rule legalizing deception of the GM. NVR = no.

Press:

THE SULTAN'S CHAMBERS: Hmm. An interesting situation. I can actually make some progress here, if good old Tro doesn't annihilate that army in Spain. Things are looking up for a change...too bad it has to be in this game. Ah, I see I can get Greece if I want it. Hmm, a build? Two builds? But will the bozo who makes my builds do it for me? Let's see... that great guy Barno did great, but what about next year...OH NO! Rauterberg! Aargh! That guy -- that sicko -- he's never made an honest move in his life. Calling him the world's greatest authority on the human posterior probably didn't help my cause any. Well, let's just make stupid moves and see what happens. Sigh. Moan.

FOOL ((ENGLAND)) to SULTAN: No, no, no. When Lew bends over, what's exposed is Rauterberg's "province".

OLSEN to LEW: It's got to be you that made the proposal. Is Bill Becker on the list? Will this be the return of "Scruyuland"?

HERE'S A TRUE DOOMIE ((ENGLAND)): Jake Halverstadt has balls.

((JUPITER continues next page))

JUPITER (continued)

BARNO to BRUX: Not "Magical Mystery Tour"! "Mystical Magery Tour"! (Or "Mystical Menagerie Tour"?)

GET BACK ((via ENGLAND)):

Keither was a lad who dominated Dippers,
Playing in their houses' rooms.
Keither left his home in LA, New Mexico
For some California 'shrooms.
Get back, get back, put the locals in their tombs.
Get back, get back, get back and out of Voice of Doom.
Get back Keither...

Commie Johnny Packman thought he was a Dipper,
Learned the tricks from -- yes -- Sherwood.
Johnny left his home in LA, New Mexico
Published worse than Linsey could.
Get back, get back, go back home, you really should.
Get back, get back, get out of VOD for good.
Get back Pack-man...

MacFarlane's waiting for you
He's got his dagger sharp
And he's Kathy's buddy.
Get on home LAers.
Get back, get back, get back to where you once played Dip.

LET IT BE ((via ENGLAND)):

When I find my country's dot count dwindling
Dipi Master comes to me
Speaking words of wisdom, just toady.
And as my units retreat
He is standing right in front of me
Speaking words of wisdom, just toady.
Just toady, just toady, just toady, just toady.
Sacrifice your honor, just toady.
And when the more successful players
Playing in this game stomp me,
I'll have to start writing, I'll toady.
For though this game I've farted there is
Still a chance they'll let me be.
I'll just have to beg them, I'll toady.
I'll toady, I'll toady, good old me, I'll toady.
Give up all of my pride, I'll toady.
And when my master's winning,
Even though a stalemate line could be,
I'm not gonna worry, just toady.
I wake from dreaming Beatles lyrics,
Dipi Master comes to me.
Saying there's no choice, you must toady."
I'll toady, just toady, let me be, must toady,
Write some BS "yes" press, and toady.

STOLEN FROM LIFE, THE UNIVERSE, AND EVERYTHING (and, of course, paraphrased extensively) ((via ENGLAND)): Bob Olsen sat alone in his residential Wichita home. He had been stranded here for five years. Since the first months, he had talked to no one. Oh, sure, he had many hobbies: he played postal Diplomacy, and talked with trees. He was now contemplating going mad, just for a change of pace. But, all in all, he was lonely and bored.

((JUPITER continues next page))

Bob heard a sound not unlike that of an overloaded washing machine. A mantis-like craft descended on his front lawn, shattering the souls of innumerable tufts of crabgrass with its washing machine harmonics.

Slowly the sound ebbed away, leaving only the faint bubbling of half-spent laundry detergent. An opening appeared in the craft's side, and a walkway was lowered to the ground. A tall, greenish alien emerged and descended to meet the stunned Olsen.

"Olsen?" it asked.

He nodded.

"Robert James Olsen?"

Again he nodded.

"You're a jerk, Olsen. A complete kneebiter." With that, the creature made a mark on its notepad, returned to its vessel, and blasted away into the heavens.

OLSEN to BRUX: You mean you accept F Hol-Hell? How could you, Bruce? The order was unambiguous! Hell is not an abbreviation, Hell is a word. Hell is ~~not a word~~ ~~not a word~~ ~~not a word~~ quite specific. If you're going to accept Hell as a province, then I wish to change my order A Nwy-Fin, which I only made to avoid the silly "Tro" situation of umpteen years ago, to A Nwy-Hosea.

BRUX to OLSEN: No way, Hosea!

OLSEN to ALL DOOMIES: I hope you have all read and pondered BRUX's responses to his "Off the Record" poll. Did anybody notice that there is no scurvy stunt, not one, that BRUX will not stoop to? Believe me, too, he's utterly sincere about this! The stories I could tell... anyway, is there anybody here who wants to sign up for a game containing BRUX? Please raise your hands and a nurse will come around to begin admittance to the sanitarium.

MUNICH to ANKARA: Hey Olsen! You may have a kindred spirit in MILKY WAY! Check out the press over there.

ARMY BELGIUM to NTH: Hey! Convoy me over to England!

ARMY HOLLAND to NTH: No! Me first! I've been hanging around longer!

ARMY DENMARK to NTH: ME! ME! I've been trying for seasons, and I've got the most experience with failed convoys!

ARMY NORWAY to NTH: Let those guys mess up one more time, and then convoy me. I'll do it the right way.

WASHINGTON, 1986 ((ENGLAND)): Newly-elected senator Jeff PUNCHES introduced a resolution today which, if it passed, would silence Bill Highfield "in the public interest". Little opposition is expected.

OLSEN to WOODY: I suggest you do what I've done and hire your own full-time ombudsman. With all the abuses going on the hobby today, it's the only way. Everybody's getting an ombudsman these days -- it's the trendy thing. Wait till my ombudsman hears about F Hol-Hell! Hahahaha!

CONFESSIONS OF THE SULTAN: Actually, there was one game where I was going to make it my policy to pass all letters received to somebody else. Fortunately for me, it was JUPITER.

~~~~~

L U N A

1982V

R-T? WHAT A LOUSY ALLIANCE!

Spring 1905

AUSTRIA (Gorham): A Alb-Tri (ann), A VEN S A Alb-Tri, F Nap-ION, A Rom-NAP

ENGLAND (Lew): A Lon-BEL (F NTH C), A Hol S A Lon-Bel (d; r Ruh, OTB), A Nwy H, F SKA S F Nwy, F Nwg S F Nwy

FRANCE (Osuch): A Mun-TYO (A PIE S), A Bur-MUN, F Tyr-ROM, F Tun-TYR, A Par-BUR, F Mar-LYO

GERMANY (Jurkowski): A Kie-HOL (F HLG S), A Ber-KIE

RUSSIA (Ditz): A War-SIL, A StP-FIN, A Mos-STP, F SWE-Nwy (F BAR S), A Bud-VIE, A Rum-GAL

TURKEY (Larzelere): F Smy-EAS, F Bul(sc)-AEG, A Con-BUL, F Ion-ALB (A GRE S), A SER S F Tri, F TRI S A Nuclear Freeze (H)

((LUNA continues next page))

LUNA (continued)

Game Notes: Ig Lew's sub expired and he hasn't renewed it. Just in case I don't get a renewal from him by the next deadline, would Mike Jones, 5811 E. Northern Lights Blvd., Anchorage, AK 99504 please submit standby moves for England?

COA: Bob Osuch, 19609 South Poplar, Mokena, IL 60448. This will be only for a short time, but Bob doesn't know what his new address will be just yet.

Press:

PINK FLOYD: If you couldn't hold Trieste, you can't have any builds! How can you have any builds if you couldn't hold Trieste?

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: Stab the president of The American Cross-Gaming Association? Why... why that's...unethical!

BER to MOS: Nice card.

BER to E/F: Charge!!!

MALTA: It looks like the Turks and the Russians have got it! Got what? The Wop hop not what!?

FLOYD: In the high school halls. In the shopping malls. Be cool or be wiped out. (Wait, something's wrong here...)

THE WALL to PINK FLOYD: Drop dead.

ANDORRA: These frogs will never guess what the Turks have planned next. Will they hit the Russians? Don't hold your breath! So who is left?

LUNA to OLSEN: Ooh, such clever orders! "A Bur-ried Paul"! "Mon Kie See Mon Kie Do"! Gag me with Apu! Trotally! Fer Ser!

~~~~~

M I L K Y W A Y

1982W

TURKISH RAIDER FORCE POPS UP IN SMYRNA!

Autumn 1904

AUSTRIA: NRR! A Bre r OTB

TURKEY: F Tun r OTB

Winter 1904

AUSTRIA: Build A VIE (Will play 1 short)

ENGLAND: Build F LON, F LVP

FRANCE: Remove F Wes, A Bre

GERMANY: even

ITALY: Build A VEN, A ROM

RUSSIA: even

TURKEY: Build A ANK

Spring 1905

AUSTRIA (Arnawoodian): A Ser-TRI (A VIE S), A Sev-ARM, F CON S ITALIAN F Rum-Bla, A Pic-Bre (NSU), A Sil-PRU (A WAR S, A LVN S), A Boh-SIL

ENGLAND (Mazzer): A Bel-PIC, F Lvp-NAT, F Lon-ENG, F Den-BAL, F Nwy-BAR, F Iri-MID

FRANCE (Rauterberg): A GAS-Bur, F Mid-POR

GERMANY (Kador): A Kie-BER (A MUN S), A RUH S A Mun

ITALY (Angle): F Lyo-WES (F SPA(sc) S), F Tun-NAF, F Tyr-TUN, F Rum-BLA, A TYO-Mun, A VEN-Tri, A ROM-Ven, A Mar-BUR (A PAR S)

RUSSIA (Saleski): F STP(nc) H, F Bal-BOT, A Pru-Lvn (ann)

TURKEY (Blitstein): A Ank-SMY

((MILKY WAY continues next page))

MILKY WAY (continued)

Game Notes: It has come to my attention via two sources that one player may want this game to be moved. If this is true (and I haven't heard it directly), then the procedure for doing so would be to formally propose it (just as one would propose a draw). I would announce the proposal with the game notes, and the players would be asked to vote by the following deadline.

As for the situation regarding Woody; I do not plan to throw him out of the game based on what has occurred so far. However, should this business of misstating phone conversations keep recurring, then I would feel I have no alternative. (In other words, if a player says that he submitted a certain set of moves over the phone, when he actually didn't, e.g.) I believe the situation in this game to have been mostly resolved anyway.

Proposed for next deadline are a concession to Italy and an A/E/I draw. Please vote by next deadline. Also, players should note that no vote can be cast on a proposal until it is formally made; that is, if you propose a draw or concession, you must wait till the following season to vote on it as I don't accept "future" votes.

Press:

WOODY to BRUX: Glad to know that you thrive on my press! It's always nice to be appreciated.

WOODY to MAZZER: OK, you're the Kathy Byrne of the West Coast. What an insult to Byrne!
ANONYMOUS INFORMER to INFORMEE: You see, I wasn't lying. If you would have believed me you could have had an extra center.

RAUTERBERG to WOODY: Whadaya mean I'm no good playing France? It is 1905, mister, and I am still alive after being attacked by Austria and Italy, and being betrayed by England and Germany! I am proud to be a Frog, and I bet my bottom dollar I'll outlast your Turkish Turds in the Pudgecon Invitational as France too!!!

ANK: This year probably will see me leaving this game, so good bye all, it's been a good game.

RAUTERBERG to WOODY (AGAIN): You say that my play of France is better than BRUX's GMing? That means that if BRUX is a "middle of the road" GM, I must be an "over the hill" Frog! Of course, if BRUX gets run over in the middle of the road, do I get to survive with just a glancing blow (like your other toadies, Turkey and Russia)?

LONDON to VIENNA: My toadies can lick your toadies any day of the week!

AUSTRIA to GM: Well, four-eyes, who's the new Austrian player or am I still in?

WOODY to LINSEY: Thanks for dedicating page 1 of VD #69 to me. If it wasn't for me you would have had a blank page (you know, empty like your head). So how about giving me four free issues of Voice of Doom, that's the right thing to do!

DID YA EVER NOTICE?: Italy seems to be angling for a win in this game. That is, unless he is too obtuse to see Woody cutting corners on him.

PUDGE to GM: If Woody is expelled from this game due to GM deception (or is it deception of the GM) can I take over his position? It will come naturally to me!

ENGLAND to TURKEY: Attaboy, Pete, you've got them on the run!

AUSTRIA to GM: Yes, you are such a patient person, what with all the trouble we have caused you & you are still allowing that all-time hobby trouble maker, Woody, lead us to victory.

BRUX: Huh?

LONDON to BRUX: "No" to all proposals, real or implied!

LONDON to BREST: You probably thought I did that on purpose. Tell him, Woody. Tell him how stupid I am. I'm so sorry, Paul.

((NO DATELINE)): Rumor has it that Woody just loves 13-year-old boys. Is that what last month's press release was referring to, when it spoke of "...an insidious spy secreted deep within his personal retinue."? MOONWATCHER LIVES! Bob Olsen, EAT YOUR... HEART OUT!!

BRUX: No, no, Woody's still mine! I think you're just trying to make me jealous!

((MILKY WAY continues next page))

MILKY WAY (continued)

MERDE RADIO PRESENTS: WONDER TOAD (sung to the tune of Springsteen's Thunder Road):

A Bunch of Hams
 Woody's love slaves
 Like good Munchkins they overrun the Frog
 Just don't know how to behave!

Bruce Linsey makes the Houserules only
 Break 'em once more and you'll be lonely
 Don't end this game again
 Or you'll lose Steve as your good friend.

Don't turn your backside
 That's just what Woody is here for
 You are now in Paris and thinkin
 That maybe you ain't that way anymore
 Show a little faith in Armenian might
 You ain't rated, but don't be uptight
 You'll get more points than me.

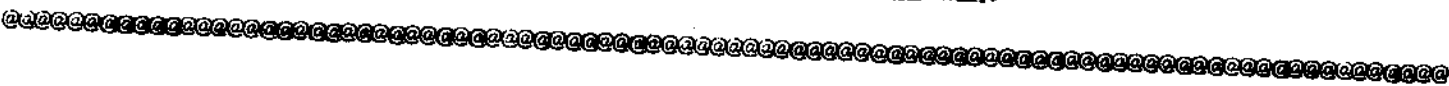
You can occupy the West Med
 And settle in Spain
 Get four units around Munich
 And maybe get it back again
 I still have two units playing in vain
 With two goliaths left to defeat
 Well I won't be the winner
 That's understood
 All my alliance, boy can offer is
 Sure more than Woody could
 With a chance to steal a win somehow
 Hey, what would Michalski do now
 Except stab into Trieste
 And let the Wog
 Expose his lair
 Well this game's bustin open
 The endgame will take us anywhere
 We got one last chance to make a steal
 To show Woody just how it feels
 Stab him in the back
 Victory's waitin' for your hack
 Oh oh come knife this man
 BRUX would give his right arm to see his ol' buddy canned
 Oh, oh Wonder Toad, Oh Wonder Toad
 Oh, Wonder Toad

Well I got a fleet in Mid
 And Portugal is still securely blocked
 It is to Paris I'll be back
 If I only keep Marseilles in hock
 It's a long road to my defeat
 Get outa the kitchen if you can't take the heat
 And I know you're searchin'
 For bad words to be spoken
 Put your knife in Woody and all the rules'll be broken

((MILKY WAY continues next page))

MILKY WAY (continued)

There are hoards of flies
 Where Woody's boys are left to stay
 They're just numbers for the book
 In final reports of long forgotten games
 They wail at night and then they gnash their teeth
 So easy was the road to defeat
 And before their Master they will fawn
 That Woody sure can lead them on
 In the endgame reports they're gone
 Such a sin, so Angle join in
 There'll be only five losers and only these two shall win!



NEPTUNE

1982X

GERMANY IS CRUNCHED!

- Fall 1904
- AUSTRIA (Lynch): A BUD S ITALIAN A Tri-Ser, A VIE S A Bud
- ENGLAND (Duarte): F Nwg-NWY (F NTH S), F NAT-LVP, F Wal-LON
- FRANCE (Conlon): F Mid-WES, F Iri-MID, F Eng-BEL, A Bel-HOL, A Bur-MUN (A RUH S)
- GERMANY (Orloff): A Kie S A Mun-Ber (ann), A Mun-Ber (d; r Tyo, OTB), A Sil-Mun (NSU),
A BOH U
- ITALY (Cameron): A TRI-Ser (A ALB S), F Aeg-ION (F TYR S)
- RUSSIA (Kane): F SEV S A Rum, A RUM S A Ser, A GAL-Bud (A SER S), A SIL-Mun,
F Bal-KIE (A DEN S, A BER S), F Nwy-Nth (d; r Bar, StP(nc), Swe, Ska, OTB)
- TURKEY (Wrobel): F Smy-AEG (F EAS S), F GRE S A Bul, A BUL S F Gre, A CON S A Bul

Supply Center Chart:

- AUSTRIA: Vie, ~~Txx~~, ~~Sst~~, BUD
 - ENGLAND: Home, ~~Mxy~~, NWY
 - FRANCE: Home, Spa, Por, Bel, HOL, MUN
 - GERMANY: ~~Mxx~~, ~~Kld~~, ~~Dxx~~
 - ITALY: Home, Tun, TRI
 - RUSSIA: Home, Swe, Rum, ~~Nxx~~, ~~Bxd~~, Ber, SER, DEN, KIE
 - TURKEY: Home, Bul, Gre
- 2, even
 4, even
 8, build 2
 0, remove 2 (out)
 5, build 1
 10, build 1
 5, even

Game Notes: Two players requested a separation of seasons, but since there were no orders due for summer 1904, the request was not granted.

Press:

LE PRESIDENT'S LAMENT ((FRANCE)):

SCENE: A department store in Paris. Although many shoppers are milling about, there is a big, empty circle around the store's Santa. There are many bright lights and television cameras pointed at Santa. On his lap is the President of France.

SANTA: And what is it you'd like for Chistmas this year, Charlie?

PRES.: That's "Mr. President" to you, Santa.

SANTA: Now don't be rude to Santa, Charlie, or you'll get coal in your stocking this year.

PRES.: Yes, Santa.

SANTA: Has Charlie been a good boy this year?

PRES.: Oh yes, Santa. I haven't NMRd once this year. And I've tried real hard to keep all my promises too.

((NEPTUNE continues next page))

NEPTUNE (continued)

SANTA: Well then, did you keep all of your promises?

PRES.: Almost all of them. I really tried, honest I did.

SANTA: Which ones did you break, then?

PRES.: Only the ones I made to England and Germany. But everything's OK now because Germany is gone and England is attacking Russia. Can I have a Russian NMR if I promise to eat all my veggies?

SANTA: I'll tell you what I'll do, Charlie. If you're extra-specially good, behave your mommy, and give me Spain, Portugal and Marseilles I'll even vote in favor of a concession to you. Who knows, you may even become as famous as whatsisname in MILKY WAY. (But as Santa is saying this, Charlie, er, le President is pulling off Santa's wig and false beard.)

PRES.: Aha! You're not Santa. You have a super-short crew cut. Why, you must be that jarhead, Craig Cameron. You tried to trick me, but it didn't work. (And as the Italian impersonator is led off camera by three gendarmes, we hear le President's lament: "Is there no Santa Claus? Where are the gifts of yesteryear?"

GERMANY to ALL APLICABLE:

There once was a man named Orloff
Who took over where another left off.
With the Czar he thought he'd stand a chance
So he started his attack against France
Then he felt the blade in his back.

There once was a man named Wrobel
Who met who he thought was a noble.
He went to his knee
And said, "Your Ma-jes-tee"
Then the whight knight stabbed him with glee.

There once was a man named Lynch
Who thought this game'd be a cinch.
Then along came the Czar
And Tim didn't get far
But you can count on Craig in a pinch.

There once was a leader named Craig
Who ran his country like Haig.
"Peace through strength!" was his phrase
But no one heard from him for days,
and all because of a nine-pound jarhead!

There once was a man named Pat
Who took over the Frogs -- just like that.
When he saw the Russians go to sea
He rushed to support Ger-man-y
If he was too late we'll probably soon see.

There once was a man named Duarte
Whose men fought and died for Norway.
The Commies invaded
The loss was much debated
Now has he the guts to take it my way?

There once was a man named Kane
Who fought and fought in vain
He went out on a limb
Now the world's against him
How long before he goes insane?

((NEPTUNE continues next page))

NEPTUNE (continued)

BRUX to NEPTUNE:

There once was a Kaiser named Brian
Whose limericks failed to rhy-um.
What also came with 'em
Was complete lack of rhythm
Thank God that this turn, Brian's dyin'!

PAR to BOARD: Who will be my Santa Claus?

KAISER to TSAR: I'll bet you even have a sister named "Candy", don't you? (I know, BRUX, that joke is so old that it predates the one about you thinking a square root was part of a square tree, right?)

REUTERS (PARIS): The government here has vehemently denied the rumor that le President is in Moscow seeking Santa Claus. The official line is that deGalled is wintering in Switzerland and is unavailable for comment.

KAISER to GAY PAREE: If you stabbed me, you're a slimy, disgusting maggot. Whereas if you sliced that worm Russia, then you are truly concerned with the safety of the world. If you did none of the above, don't read this.

CON to ROM: How's that for cooperation?

KAISER to JOLLY OL' ENGLAND: Why did you cooperate with that imperialist Kane last turn? Don't tell me you're imperialist also!? Austria and I are the only non-imperialists around, all we want is our home countries back.

LE MONDE ((FRANCE)): Investigative reporters at this paper have found in le President's private chambers an encyclopedia with a bookmark in it. Upon turning to the page with the bookmark, they found an entry for St. Nicholas, Patron Saint of Russia.

GERMANY to ENGLAND: The following was recorded by one of my spies in the Russian court, it's the Czar practicing back-stabbing on his court jesters!

CZAR: "...NEXT!"

JESTER #1: "Have you seen Joe today, Sire?"

CZAR: "Joe? Joe who?"

JESTER #1: "Joe Mama! Ha ha!"

CZAR: "Heh heh. Pretty good. Say! Is that a blood-sucking monkey on the ceiling?"

JESTER #1: (Pause) "Huh? I don't see any...arrrrgh!"

CZAR: "Take him away, and get me another knife. This one is rusty." (Momentary pause) "NEXT!"

JESTER #2: "Well, Sire, I was wondering, do you like bananas?"

CZAR: "Not exactly."

JESTER #2: "I do. You know why? I like bananas because they have a-peel! Get it, a-peel. Tee-hee."

CZAR: "Ho ho. Say, is that a double-breasted sap-sucking leech-larva on the ceiling?"

JESTER #2: (Pause) "Gee, I don't know, it seems a little too gray for a double-breasted...arrrrgh!"

CZAR: "NEXT..."

BRUX: Stick to limericks, hey?

#####

I have a correction to make to my reply to Dick Martin's letter of last ish. I said, among other things, that there had been delays of several weeks in his R3 game. This was wrong, I meant R12. I also wish to state that I feel Dick has taken more than enough criticism over his GMing in these pages, and barring further developments, I don't plan to comment further. There have been long delays and some other actions I haven't liked, but so far as I can tell the problems (or at least the delays, anyway) seem to be less severe than they were a few months ago. As for Dick's complaints in Swedish Roundabout, again I have nothing new to say unless more comes up concerning that game.

I also mentioned that Kathy Byrne never played in the BLACK HOLE game. In case anyone was confused by this comment, it was the DOG STAR game from which she resigned.

O R I O N

1982Y

RUSSIA IS REDUCED TO SINGING PLAINTIVE NURSERY RHYMES!

Autumn 1904

RUSSIA: A StP r FIN, A Bud r VIE

Winter 1904

AUSTRIA: NBR! Remove A Tyo, F Ion (out)

ENGLAND: even

FRANCE: even

GERMANY: Build A BER

ITALY: Build A VEN, F NAP

RUSSIA: even

TURKEY: Build A CON

Spring 1905

ENGLAND (Newell): A EDI H, F BAR-Nwy (A STP S), F Iri-MID, F NWY-Swe

FRANCE (Wrobel): A Gas-MAR, F Mid-POR, A Pic-PAR, A Lon-BRE (F ENG C)

GERMANY (Wittmond): F DEN-Nth, F BOT S ENGLISH A StP, A BUR S FRENCH A Gas-Mar, A Ber-PRU, A Ruh-MUN, A Bel-RUH

ITALY (Howerton): F Lyo-SPA(sc), A Mar S F Lyo-Spa(sc) (ann), A TRI S TURKISH A Bud-Vie, A Ven-PIE, F Nap-TYR, A ALB H, F ADR-ION

RUSSIA (DeLuca): F NWG-Nth, A MOS-StP, A Gal-SIL, A Vie-BOH, A FIN-Swe

TURKEY (Leritte): A Con-SEV (F BLA C), A Ser-RUM, A Bud-VIE, F WES S ITALIAN F Lyo-Spa(sc), F Tyr-TUN

Game Notes: Rob Wittmond is back at his Calle Salto address, though by the time this is published (I think) he'll be back in the Mudd. So no COA.

Thanx to John Davies for the standby orders which, it turned out, were not needed.

Press:

ROME: Last month's announcement concerning the liberation of Spain was premature. Government officials stated that this was the result of a news leak on the part of a minor official in the War Ministry. He was shot because of the disclosure of sensitive information.

NAPLES: Naval authorities announced the formation of a new fleet which will be dispatched westward in search of new colonies for the nation. Baron Roberto is determined to restore the glory of the Roman Empire.

LISBON to ROME: Precisely whom are you liberating from oppressive French rule in Marseilles, O good one? A near-Italian-speaking people? Perhaps that premature Spanish press release was the result of too much imported wine and Greek love, eh? I hope your Turkish friend wakes up and decides to slip the knife in next time instead of opting for a cruise.

BER: Go east, young man, go east.

MOS to CON: I think I've been to too many Foreign Policy classes to go for the old "Oops, wrong move" business.

ROME: Trade officials announced a ban on all French imports pending clarification of customs regulations pertaining to imports from protected areas. Merchants claim that goods from southern France should now be considered as domestic goods and no duties should be charged. A ruling is expected in a few days.

KAISER to BARON ROBERTO: Deafening silence.

MOS to MOS: He stabbed me, he stabbed me not. He stabbed me, he stabbed me not. What do you know, he didn't stab me! Or did he?

GAS to BUR: All the tea in China for support into Marseilles -- how about it?

((ORION continues next page))

ORION (continued)

MOS to UNIVERSE: Just to get you in the old Christmas mood, here's a little tune:

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.

He called for his wife in the middle of the night

And he called for his Russians three.

"Let's fall asleep for a turn," said the Russians,

"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to the Airborne Infantry.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.

He called for his wife in the middle of the night

And he called for his Turkeys three.

"Stab the man to your right," said the Turkeys,

"Let's fall asleep for a turn," said the Russians,

"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to the U. Penn. R.F.C.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.

He called for his wife in the middle of the night

And he called for his Romans three.

"Let's have boring press," said the Romans,

"Stab the man to your right," said the Turkeys,

"Let's fall asleep for a turn," said the Russians,

"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to the VOD Dippies.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.

He called for his wife in the middle of the night

And he called for his Frenchmen three.

"More moves that are bizarre," said the Frenchmen,

"Let's have boring press," said the Romans,

"Stab the man to your right," said the Turkeys,

"Let's fall asleep for a turn," said the Russians,

"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to the bums of dear Philly.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.

He called for his wife in the middle of the night

And he called for his Germans three.

"Waffle back and forth, back and forth," said the Germans,

"More moves that are bizarre," said the Frenchmen,

"Let's have boring press," said the Romans,

"Stab the man to your right," said the Turkeys,

"Let's fall asleep for a turn," said the Russians,

"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to the toadies of VD.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.

He called for his wife in the middle of the night

And he called for his Limeys three.

"F Barents must stay," said the Limeys,

"Waffle back and forth, back and forth," said the Germans,

"More moves that are bizarre," said the Frenchmen,

"Let's have boring press," said the Romans,

"Stab the man to your right," said the Turkeys,

"Let's fall asleep for a turn," said the Russians,

"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to the virgins of U. of P.

((ORION continues next page))

ORION (continued)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his Austros three.

"Please kiss me goodbye," said the Austros,
"F Barents must stay," said the Limeys,
"Waffle back and forth, back and forth," said the Germans,
"More moves that are bizarre," said the Frenchmen,
"Let's have boring press," said the Romans,
"Stab the man to your right," said the Turkeys,
"Let's fall asleep for a turn," said the Russians,
"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to the studs (?) of Albany.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he.
He called for his wife in the middle of the night
And he called for his GMs three.

"Vague under Houserule IV.A., subsection f-3, paragraph 27," said the GM,
"Please kiss me goodbye," said the Austros,
"F Barents to St Pete," said the Limeys,
"Waffle back and forth, back and forth," said the Germans,
"More moves that are bizarre," said the Frenchmen,
"Let's have boring press," said the Romans,
"Stab the man to your right," said the Turkeys,
"Beer, beer, beer," said the Russians,
"Merry, merry men are we."

But none so fair as can compare to a fifth of old J.D.

Note 1: RFC stands for Rugby Football Club. If there are any other ruggers out there drop a line -- I'm trying to figure a way to make Diplomacy a contact sport.

Note 2: There is no note 2.

Note 3: Bums equals "ventmen" -- I just didn't have enough syllables.

SEV to CON:(SUNG TO GET OUT OF DENVER):

Get outta Black Sea baby go!
Get outta Black Sea baby go, go, go.
'Cause you look just like big yellow
And you might not be too mellow baby
Get outta Black Sea baby
Get outta Black Sea baby.

ROME: Baron Roberto wishes all of Europe a Happy New Year. He expressed his regret that this year would probably be the last for some governments.

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P E G A S U S

1982Z

THREE OUT OF FOUR ITALIAN UNITS DISAPPEAR!

Autumn 1904
RUSSIA: A StP r LVN
TURKEY: A Con r OTB

((PEGASUS continues next page))

PEGASUS (continued)

Winter 1904

- AUSTRIA (Husk): Build A VIE
- ENGLAND (Halverstadt): Build A LON
- FRANCE (Chatfield): Build A PAR, A MAR
- GERMANY (MacFarlane): Remove A Boh
- ITALY (Jones): Remove F Ion, A Apu, F Adr
- RUSSIA (Meisner): Build F SEV
- TURKEY (Punches): Build F SMY

Press:

ENGLAND to EURAFASIA: The Minisrty of Culture has reported to the Prime Minister that leaders of several nations in parallel universes have taken to parodizing the efforts of a future Liverpool musical quartet. The PM has repeatedly stated that the best thing that ever came out of these Beatles was the Plastic Ono Band. To stimulate maximum effort from our boys in uniform, the PM has commissioned a new battle anthem from Poet Laureate Pete Townshend.

WON'T BE RULED BY THEM

We'll be dancing in the streets
 When the Kaiser takes St. Pete
 And the Russian troops in Kiel will be gone.
 And the Turks are on a roll
 Sitting in Sevastapol
 The Black Sea
 Looks quite yellow now to me...
 We'll take a slap at the French force in Munich
 Take a crap on the baby-blue-block eunuchs
 While our fleet
 Grabs their ample Brest
 Pick up one or two this turn
 Watch those Frogs and Russkies burn
 When will these suckers ever learn?
 We won't be ruled by them...

- ENGLAND to QUASAR FRANCE: Boulder, and now Louisville? What's next, Broomfield? By my calculations, at this rate you'll be living in Commerce City by late 1983. God forbid!
- ENGLAND to PEGASUS: For those of you keeping score at home, Commerce City is Denver's answer to New Jersey. For those of you living in New Jersey, substitute Pittsburgh.
- ENGLAND to BRUX: Was Albany named after Albania?



Q U A S A R

1982AE

POPE MARK PAUL II RETREATS INTO THE BOX!

Summer 1904

- AUSTRIA (Spector): No retreats necessary
- ENGLAND (Glaspey): No retreats necessary
- FRANCE (Burd): No retreats necessary
- GERMANY (Howerton): No retreats necessary
- ITALY (Paul): NRR! A Ven r OTB
- RUSSIA (Lansing): F Kie r HLG
- TURKEY (Stebbins): No retreats necessary

((QUASAR continues next page))

Ladies, gentlemen, and other Doomies; it's that time of the year once again. Time to elect from among our ranks the one Doomie who best exemplifies the qualities that BRUX, in his infinite wisdom, intended for all Doomies to have. Time to crown the Doomie of the Year for 1982. Time to make one lucky (?) member of dipdom hide his head in shame for a loooooong year! The non-winning entries are first;

Doomie of the Year

by Steve Langley

There is only one possible choice for Doomie of the Year. Who is it that has returned controversy to VD? Who has decided to tilt against the windmill of the "most complete houserules" in the hobby? Who is it that has a skin as thick as a rhino yet can't see beyond the tip of his horn? I give you the Doomie's Doomie, Woody.

Yes, Steve Arnawoodian is the Doomie for all seasons. His name has been linked romantically with that of BRUX for nearly two years. He has published a zine, Coat of Arms, for the sole purpose of making VD look good by comparison. He has been such a BRUX fan that he has even tried to take credit for "faking" a VD that wasn't a fake. He has started a feud with BRUX because he knew BRUX was feeling left out, what with feuds both old and new circling around but none coming home to VD. With all this (and much more if the truth were to be told) going for him, who can doubt that Woody is the Doomie of the Year?

The Ultimate Doomie

by Jeff Noto

My nominee for Doomie of the Year faces a stiff uphill battle. For not only has he never (at least to my knowledge) played in a game of postal Diplomacy, he doesn't even subscribe to The Voice of Doom. However, I'm sure that after reading this article, most of you will agree that Frank DeLalla deserves to be Doomie of the Year.

What? You don't know who Frank DeLalla is? Well then, get out your copies of VD #60 and read pages 33-35. Oh, THAT Frank DeLalla. Well now that we've become acquainted with him, let's look into his qualifications.

Considering the fact that Bruce has accumulated quite a number of enemies in this hobby, our Doomie of the Year should possess a lot of courage. Frank DeLalla certainly has that. Not only does he tell us that he spent his childhood years growing up with BRUX (a frightening thought in itself), he even goes so far as to say that the two of them were best friends! (And as the saying goes, Frank, if that's your best friend, I'd hate to meet up with your worst enemy.)

What's more, Frank has treated BRUX in ways that the rest of us can only dream about. Can you imagine what would have happened at DipCon if Steve Hutton had stolen BRUX's underwear and the only way BRUX could get it back was by commending Bernie Oaklyn on his GMing? Wouldn't Olsen and Osuch have loved to knock BRUX off a tightrope -- that was over a burning cauldron of his houserules? Can you imagine locking BRUX in a broom closet -- with Bob Arnett? Frank DeLalla has opened the door to a great many ways to abuse BRUX.

But more than this, Frank DeLalla has shown us the true BRUX. For years we have all thought of BRUX as a self-centered, obnoxious, power-hungry, egotistical SOB. WRONG!! Thanks to Frank DeLalla, we now know that BRUX is nothing more than this skinny wimp who is punishing his subbers for the crimes committed against him by his childhood "friends".

Before I close, I should also thank Alex for having the guts to print Frank's letter. Without your help, Alex, this would not have been possible. For now we have heard from the man who has shown us the way BRUX really deserves to be treated. And I can think of no better way to thank him than to give him that prestigious award, Doomie of the Year.

((Heh, heh. It's time for the old BRUXer to make a confession at last. Yes, there really is a Frank DeLalla; and yes, he and I are very good friends. So good, in fact, that he had no qualms about permitting me to sign his name to that classic letter which appeared in VD #60, and even pass it on to Alex for me so that it would have the right postmark. Yes, Doomies, I really wrote the letter. It was my April Fool's joke on

all of you, but particularly on Alex! That's right, folks, the very first issue of Alex's Column was the result of that joke! This will be news to Alex when she reads it and she's going to kill me. Or better yet, maybe she or somebody else will think up an even more elaborate April Fool's joke to play on me this year in retaliation. But a warning: I'm not as easy to fool as the other 117 of you so obviously are.))

Fer Shere!

by John MacFarlane

It's Doomie time once more and we must pick from BRUX's loyal, screaming following one, and only one, for the dubiously glorious title of Doomie of the Year. Indeed, this choice is not always easy, but this year, there's simply no competition.

A Doomie has been defined by Bob Olsen, a one-time Doomie of the Year himself, as one whose ultimate purpose in life is to humiliate Bruce Linsey. Whether this is to gain the respect of that monstrous ego or to hide an obsession by cutting down the very object of one's dreams to an incredibly low level, the Doomie will stop at nothing to attain this ultimate goal: humiliating BRUX, yes, the one, the only, Bruce Linsey: God's ultimate GMing mistake.

But who? Who has succeeded at this incredible feat in the past year? Those who are capable of humbling BRUX have long since graduated from the slums of Doomiedom to higher levels of achievement (such as picking on Ralph Morton). In fact, so few publishers are so cruel as to force a hapless novice to remain a Doomie for too long that most do not; before any potential Doomie of the Year material can fully develop, it is whisked away by the Good Fairies of Diplomacy.

Ah...but there is one -- isolated and alone for a full year in the insanely jumbled paragraphs of VD -- yes, Good Lord! Who else has caused even the staunchest of Linsey Toadies to roll on the floor, holding their bellies at the expense of their illustrious toady-master? Who has made it a tradition to have BRUX "run" out for pizza every DipCon, just because watching him "run" is so much more fun than eating pizza? Who else connives to find mistakes in BRUX's math just as some Greenville School Board officials walk in the door?

Gag me with a Turkish fleet! Isn't it obvious? Alex Lord for Doomie of the Year!

((Like, totally! Alex deserves the title as much as anyone. But read on for another excellent essay...))

Doomie of the Year

by Pat Conlon

Ladies and gentlemen (and all the rest of you out there), welcome to the third annual Doomie of the Year Award. This year's winner, perhaps more so than in previous years, exemplifies the true spirit of a Doomie and the mentor of Doomies everywhere: Bruxus Linseed. So it is only fitting that we consider the qualities that make one a Doomie.

Anyone can be a Doomie, especially at 50¢ per issue. But the true blue Doomie does more than just sub to this rag. The true Doomie must be a nobody who becomes famous, a sort of rags-to-riches story. He must be a center of controversy. And lastly, the Book of BRUX (the fifth Gospel, the immortal Houserules, those commandments that were too big for Moses' stone tablets) must play an important part in the true Doomie's life.

But why, you might ask, are these qualities important? I remind you of the now-legendary beginnings of BRUX. And as you read this, remember: all true Doomies recreate themselves in his image.

Once upon a time; a long, long time ago BRUX was just an ordinary, unimportant Doomie. Reliable reports state that he was "just another dipper", as hard as that may seem to you to believe. But then God came to BRUX in a dream and gave him one hundred and twenty ditto sheets of commandments and a mission: to clean up the sloppy playing of Dip in the world. For forty days and forty nights, BRUX sat cloistered in Phyllis Byrne's room, writing his Gospel, which was based on the one hundred and twenty ditto sheets given him

by God. When he emerged, he became instantly well-known, for his Gospel as well as the strange fungi growing all over his body. Soon thereafter, BRUX was embroiled in all manner of controversy. He became famous for his strict adjudications, based on the commandments in the one hundred and twenty ditto sheets given him by God, which became popularly known as BRUX's Houserules.

In the stormy three year history of this rag, no one has emulated BRUX's example quite like tonight's recipient. This year's Doomie of the Year is none other than... (drum roll)...the envelope, please...PETER BLITSTEIN!

Just think of it (says our moderator to a hushed, dumb-struck audience): today Peter Blitstein is famous, because he won by concession a game in which he had only a one-center Turkey. But only this past summer Paul Ruaterberg was heard to say, "Peter Blitstein... that name rings a bell...who is he?" How unknown can you get!? But today, even the Dipmaster, high upon his Tibetan mountain, has heard of Peter Blitstein. Even the yeti know and fear him. True to Doomie tradition, Peter gained his notoriety through his clever use of an obscure verse in the Gospel according to BRUX. But the controversy surrounding a one-center win was not enough. By use of double reverse psychology Peter managed to elicit even more controversy through his seemingly innocent and honest refusal to end the MILKY WAY game. Indeed, he has "milked" far more notoriety out of this latest development. This man was a nobody, worse than even Ken Dorfman. But did that stop him? ...No! Did he let BRUX's Houserules get the best of him?...NO! Did he give up when he was reduced to one center?...NO! NO! NO! I submit to you, ladies and gentlemen (and others), the next Doomie of the Year, the irrepressible underdog, the champion of the Houserules, Mr. Controversy himself...PETER BLITSTEIN!!!

((Blitstein? Blitstein? He's about as likely a candidate to win Doomie of the Year as he is to win the MILKY WAY game (snicker).))

Doomie of the Year

by Eric Kane

Fellow Doomies,

The time has come once again to elect one from among our ranks as "Doomie of the Year". This cannot be a light decision nor is it an easy one to make. First of all, one must consider what qualities are necessary to hold this most important position. Obviously, this person must have contributed a great deal to VD in the past year, but in what way? The person who has contributed the most, of course, is BRUX himself. But I just don't feel that BRUX deserves to win. Besides, if we based the Doomie of the Year award on just that one single quality, BRUX would win every year!

I feel that there are two basic types of possible winners: 1) BRUX's toadies, and 2) people who constantly batter and annoy BRUX. In the first category, it would probably be a very close race. Mark Paul could certainly be considered, as could Jim Finley, John Pack, Jake Halverstadt, John MacFarlane and of course Bob Olsen. Naturally, there are many other toadies sucking up to Bruce, but these guys are the ones in top contention. A hard choice indeed.

As for the second category, the only possible winner is way ahead of the rest of us and, I believe, the clear choice for Doomie of the Year -- Alex Lord. For almost a year now, Alex has been constantly harassing Bruce. She insults him at every turn, taking each and every opportunity to bring poor BRUX down a notch or two. Unfortunately, Bruce is the one who decides who wins, so the odds are stacked against her. Still I will try.

Over the Christmas vacation, I and several other Doomies came to visit VD Headquarters and to meet Alex. It is incredible and almost impossible to describe the transformation BRUX undergoes in Alex's presence. From being a calm, normal (?), rational, sophisticated human (?!) being, he becomes a screaming, wild fanatic! In other words, she brings out the ~~best~~ best in BRUX! If I didn't know better, I'd venture to say that Bruce is Alex's toady, but then we all know that Bruce doesn't toady to anyone, right Bruce? Bruce initiated poor innocent Alex into the hobby, and has forced her to endure the most

unbelievably torturous events since then, such as meeting Willy Highfield (ughh!). Bruce and I showed her a picture of Willard before he got here and she rightfully exclaimed, "God, he looks like E.T.!" In the end, however, Alex, Willy and I agreed that it was much more fun to team up on BRUX, and much more easy! Anyway, she has endured everything Bruce has thought of to throw at her and has come out smelling like a rose, and looking like one too, I might add! Alex's ability to humiliate Bruce is unsurpassed, and in these past few months, she has proved this time and time again. I don't even feel I need to cite specific examples, just look at any recent issue of VD. And if you happen to chance upon an issue in which she wrote poetry or a serious article like the one about hunting ~~Woppy~~ deer (I finally got it right!), you still won't be disappointed.

As far as comparing to her to toadies in category 1, forget it. Alex has them all beat.

So I say to all ye faithful Doomies, elect Alex (this means you, BRUX!), she has earned it. It seems to me that she has made all the right decisions so far -- picking on BRUX, picking on Highfield (yer gonna hear a lot about this in upcoming issues of VD, Anduin, and maybe even The Modern Patriot!), and also not getting too involved in the game of Diplomacy itself. Wise choice!

In conclusion, I will leave you with one more reason why I feel Alex should have the honor -- she's obviously the prettiest Doomie of us all!

((And that's an understatement! If looks and personalities alone could decide this contest, then Alex would be the Doomie of the Century! We go now to the runner-up essay.))

Doomie of the Year Nomination

by Jake Halverstadt

John MacFarlane for Doomie of the Year? And, why not?

Were there more than one award to be given away at the VD Awards Banquet, John would perhaps be a more viable candidate for something along the lines of Rookie of the Year. A newcomer to the zines, his name is perhaps not on the lips of the average Doomie. But, as BRUX himself put it in VD #66, John is one of those people who is going to be a power in the hobby five years down the road. A totally class person.

Such recognition is a new thing in John's life -- as far as respect goes, he makes Rodney Dangerfield look like Walter Cronkite. Soon after his birth at Albuquerque's Florence Crittenden Home, one of the nurses found his mother looking through the phone book.

"I'm trying to find a name for the baby," his mother said.

"Why, we have a book of 1,000 first names for boys," said the nurse. "I'll go get it for you."

"But I'm looking for a last name," she said.

John comes from prize stock on the maternal side of the family, though. His grandfather, an electrician, put power into the local Navajo tribal washroom. He became known as the first man to wire a head for a reservation. The man was also a fighter -- in fact, John comes from a long line of boxers. And one collie.

John grew up in a home full of love, though. His mother treats him like a Greek god -- every night she places a burnt offering before him. As a child, he had many pets. He'd sit before the fireplace while the dog chewed its favorite bone -- John's shin. The MacFarlanes had a cat for a while, but they had to get rid of it. Every time John played in the sandbox, the cat tried to bury him.

Most people who haven't spoken to John are not aware that he has overcome a severe speech impediment. He had almost cured it with the old trick of putting pebbles in his mouth, but he caught a case of the hiccups, and broke two mirrors and a picture window.

Despite all the handicaps he overcame as a child, he went on to become an accomplished high school swimmer. For two weeks, he suffered the taunts of his teammates before discovering that he had been lied to -- that a jockstrap was not a noseguard for

protection against swimming into the end of the pool. To this day, while John swims laps in practice, his coach follows him along the poolside with a bottle of Lime-Away.

I was privileged to have John visit me in Fort Collins recently. We had a great time. Despite his youthful appearance, I managed to get him into several of the local bars. We drank more beers than you can swing a dead cat at. He got lucky and picked up a girl -- well, if you'd seen her, you'd question his luck. We have a rating system here for ugly women -- a "one bagger" is so ugly you need to put a bag over her head. A "two-bagger" is so bad that you feel the need to put a bag over your head, too. What John got is what we call Coyote Ugly. She's the kind that, when you wake up in the morning with your arm around her, you chew your arm off at the shoulder so you can sneak away without waking her up.

Despite my protests, he tried to bring this girl home with us. We were all pretty loaded, so, rather than driving, we walked home. Took a short cut -- went down the railroad tracks.

"Goddam long flight of stairs," the girl said.

"Yeah, I know," said John, "but the thing that's killing me is the fucking low railings."

The next morning, after the girl had gone (I got up early and dropped a line of corn out the door and down to the bus stop), I asked John how things had gone.

"I slept like a log," he said. "I must have -- I woke up in the fireplace."

So, indeed, we'd all be doing John MacFarlane a great favor by making him Doomie of the Year.

((Indeed we would. I will freely admit that this was the best essay submitted, and that John MacFarlane has all the necessary credentials. However, as some people have already noted, there is one candidate who truly deserves the honor head and shoulders above all others this year, and the winning entry is about her...))

Doomie of the Year

by Bill "Mad Dog" Highfield

Author's Preface: This trial has two purposes; 1) to prove that Alexandra A. Lord should be Doomie of the Year, and 2) to show that I can toady better than Eric "Whatshisname". In any event, I'd like to thank Alex for being so nice to me and for writing her column in VD. Good work!

The scene is a courtroom in Albany...

Guard: All rise!

Judge Berch: Be seated, please. (Judge overlooks the immense crowd of Doomies in the room.) We hereby begin the trial of Alex Lord for the charges of being Doomie of the Year and Toadymaster for her loyal followers. Prosecution, you may begin.

Prosecutor Highfield: The Voice of Doom would like to start by calling Mr. Bruce Linsey to the witness stand. (BRUX swears in as the prosecutor glances at Alex and smiles.)

Prosecutor: Mr. Linsey, would you say that Alex is a Doomie?

BRUX: Of course, she's a reader of The Voice of Doom and she writes a column for me.

Prosecutor: Judge, we submit past issues of VD as state evidence.

Judge: Very well. Continue.

Prosecutor: Has Miss Lord humiliated you often?

BRUX: At every opportunity!

Prosecutor: Are these attacks warranted?

BRUX: Of course not! Houserule number 5643 says clearly that "No reader may deliberately attack the GM and publisher." She does just that!

Prosecutor: Thank you, Bruce. Your witness, Woody. (Defense attorney Steve Arnawoodian approaches the stand.)

Defense: BRUX, is it not true that you attack Alex?

BRUX: Yes, but she deserves it!

Defense: Is it not true that your houserules suck...

Prosecutor: OBJECTION, Your Honor! Bruce's houserules are not the case here!

Judge: Sustained. Defense will keep to the matter at hand.

Defense: No further questions, Your Honor.

Judge: Bruce, you may step down. (Bruce leaves the stand and Woody staggers back to his seat.)

Prosecutor: I call as witness Eric Kane, publisher of Anduin. (As Eric swears in, Bill sticks his tongue out at Woody, who gives him the finger.)

Prosecutor: Eric, you were at Bruce Linsey's house on 29 December, 1982, correct?

Eric: Yes.

Prosecutor: Did Alex attempt to hit Bill Highfield, myself, with a scoop of ice cream?

Eric: Yes.

Prosecutor: Did she not think it was funny?

Eric: Yes, she laughed for about five minutes.

Prosecutor: Did you not call Alex a "Valley Girl"? Remember, you are under oath.

Alex: Eric, you're toady to the max.

Defense: OBJECTION!

Judge: Prosecution will refrain from these questions in the future, but Eric will answer this time. I'm dying to find out.

Eric: Well...

Prosecutor: Yes or no will do, Eric.

Eric: Yes.

Prosecutor: Your witness, jerk, I mean Woody.

Defense: Thank you, HIGHJERK.

Judge: Watch it, guys!

Defense: Aren't Bruce's house rules terrible?

Judge: I told you once, Woody, his immense house rules are not the case.

Defense: No further questions, Your Honor. (Woody trips and falls flat on his face as Bill sticks out his foot.)

Defense: I'm gonna kill you someday!

Prosecutor: You and what army, jerk?

Judge: Cut it out, NOW!

Prosecutor: I call Alex Lord to the witness stand, Your Honor. (All heads turn towards Alex as the attractive but troubled Doomie swears in.)

Prosecutor: Hi, Alex.

Alex: Why are you doing this to me?

Prosecutor: I ask the questions, honey.

Defense: Objection, Your Honor.

Judge: Overruled.

Prosecutor: Did you not tickle me during BRUXCON on 29 December, 1982?

Alex: Yes.

Prosecutor: Was it good for you?

Defense: OBJECTION! OBJECTION!!!

Judge: Overruled, this is getting interesting.

Alex: I'm taking the Fifth Amendment.

Prosecutor: OK, it isn't relevant anyway. (Woody fumes in his seat over Berch's injustices.)

Prosecutor: Did you not also state, "Bill, your underpants are showing!"?

Alex: Yes, but...

Prosecutor: Yes or no, Alex.

Judge: Let her explain, Bill.

Alex: We were playing a game called SPOONS. I became a spoon and had to try to make Bill talk. So I tickled him and said some things.

Prosecutor: But you didn't have to say them, did you?

Alex: It was all I could think of at the time!

Prosecutor: What were you thinking about?

Defense: OBJECTION!

Judge: Woody, shut up and let them continue, this is interesting.

Alex: I'd rather not say.

Prosecutor: What about dinner, tomorrow night?

Defense: OBJECTION!

Judge: Sustained.

Prosecutor: The Voice of Doom has much more evidence which has been delivered by truck to your quarters, Your Honor. VD rests its case.

Judge: The jury may leave to examine the evidence. Court will reconvene at 1:00 PM.

(1:00 PM, court reconvenes.)

Jury: We find Alex Lord GUILTY of being the Doomie of the Year.

Judge: The sentence is 1) two years of active writing for VD; 2) she must remain a Doomie until death. Court is adjourned!

Alex: NO! NO! (Sob, sob, sob) I don't want to be a Doomie for life. I'll kill myself. Yes, that's it.

Bill, Bruce, Eric, and Court: Don't do it Alex, don't do it.

Alex: I will! I will! (She pulls out a plastic spoon from her sock and attempts to gag herself.)

Eric: See! She is a Valley Girl!! (Two medics take her away.)

Bruce: It's a damn shame! Now, she'll fail science!

Bill: What about our dinner date?

Woody: Bruce's house rules SUCK!

All: WOODY, SHUT UP!!!

Gary Coughlan: Hi, y'all! Am I too late fer da party? (Gary pulls out two water pistols and opens fire.)

Bill: Hit da dirt!!!! (Everyone ducks as Gary opens fire again, blowing BRUX into bits.)

Gary: I'm heah, I'm heah. (Two men in white uniforms carry Gary away.)

((And so Alex wins the award for Doomie of the Year, 1982! She follows in the footsteps of Bob Olsen (1980) and Garry Hamlin (1981). There has never been a more deserving or beautiful candidate! Four free issues to Bill for his winning entry and five free ones to Jake for taking second place, and one freebee to everyone else who entered.

I only wish that all of you Doomies could have been there to hear Alex's squeal of delight when I told her she won -- it was priceless! Thanx to all.))

Alex receives her orders via the phone from an anonymous Doomie: "Celebrate your rise to fame by stabbing BRUX!"



Alex's Column

Alex's Column is published by Alex Lord, Doomie of the Year, Box 178, Hannacroix, NY 12087.

Dear Doomies,

Recently, I had a very rewarding experience that has changed my life. I knew someday that I would meet a real Doomie, so I guess I prepared myself unconsciously. But, when I finally met real Doomies over my Christmas vacation, I actually liked them. It was weird, I wasn't expecting that. All the boys I met were polite, interesting and fun to be with. Not like BRUX.

First, I met Eric Kane, who is a very nice boy. The only thing I didn't like about him was that he remembers everything I ever said in all my articles. Later, during dinner at BRUX's, I met Mike Barno, Billy Highchair (Highfield) and Mark Larzelere. I had seen a picture of Billy-the-10-year-old earlier and he was just as described...a big talker and a Reagan fan. He is also a good boy...the kind moms like. Mike Barno had me hysterical most of the time with his dry sarcastic humor for which I really have a place in my heart. He seemed like a boy dads like...firm handshake, etc. Mark Larzelere was first introduced to me as "Lousy" though later I learned his real name. He was kind of quiet at first, but then he livened right up. I think he passed his tapeworm after two platefuls of Momma Linsey's spaghetti. Mark is a very nice boy too, and all my mother kept asking was, "Who was that cute little boy from Maryland with the denim jacket on?!! He was CUTE, Alex!!!" Mark is the kind of boy moms beg you to marry. I just wonder how he got his nickname...

Anyway, after dinner and a lot of private jokes that kept whizzing over my head (just like BRUX's April Fool's joke) we played a violent game called Spoons. But, that was after Judy (BRUX's sis) made us jog around the block. I came panting back inside, and the next thing I knew I was grabbing at spoons for my dear life. In fact, Bill almost broke my prize fingernail greedily grabbing at my spoon. The game really got fun after I turned into a "spoon" and I could attempt to make the people who were still playing talk to me. This is illegal, but for some reason I think the whole night was illegal. Especially since Eric finally won! (Only kidding, pal!) No matter how hard I tried, Mike Barno and I could not make anyone talk. I used such traps as "Billy, your underwear is showing!" He almost talked on that one, but didn't. However, he didn't forget that quote and I know I'll never live it down! I'll probably be known as the "Fruit of the Loom Girl" from now on. But, I sure have a lot of blackmail quotes if anyone ever slips. Even though I don't have a memory like Eric, I still remember the best ones. Like Billy proudly saying, "When I write in The Modern Patriot, I can really let myself go, but only when I'm putting it down on paper." Mike said a lot of things too, but for some reason I don't remember them. Gossip. Gossip. And more gossip. If you listen to just four Doomies once a year for three hours or so, you can learn a lot. Especially when you're an eavesdropper like me. I now know that Kathy Byrne never, ever is without a cigarette or a beer. Is that true, Kathy? Is this true?!! You sat on BRUX's lap at some convention or something after a few too many brews?! As long as you were incapable of knowing who you were sitting on, you are excused. Under no other circumstances!!!

Bruce keeps begging me to go to a convention sometime. I don't know. I just don't think I could sit on Bruce's lap. I'd feel like Billy Highchair or something. HA HA HA Billy. You know, I could start a lot of fights between Doomies, if only I were a tattletale. But, I don't want anyone hating me yet, since I just met these poor boys. I could tell about how we all started talking in southern accents during our visit at Bruce's, apparently imitating some southern guy who had bad breath the morning after his stupor. Who was that? Maybe Eric will know. Eric knows everything!!! He tells me everything too, 'cause we're buddies.

The day after the party at Bruce's, on their way to ByrneCon, Mike, Eric, Mark, Billy, and BRUX stopped by my house. I was all alone too. If anything had gone wrong, I don't know how I could have gotten away. Mark would have saved me. Or Mike, he's a tough guy. But, not too tough when he has a cold and the sniffles. I'm sorry I missed driving through the ghettos and dark alleys of Harlem with you guys, but a psychic told me not to travel in

a green garbage can with a highchair and a bunch of loudmouths in the near future because it would be dangerous. Maybe next year!

Seriously, though, every Doomie I have met so far is really someone that I can relate to. I'm really glad that I put up with BRUX so I could meet the rest of you. It was worth it. There is always a silver lining to every black cloud. The black cloud hangs over 24A Quarry Drive, but the silver lining is all those cheery faces who greeted me with such hospitality and warmth. Can you believe I got presents from Billy, BRUX, and Eric? I thought that was very sweet and I was deeply touched! Thanks again, guys! Also, thanks to everyone who wrote an essay about me to win the Doomie of the Year award. I'm glad I won (even though I didn't have a lot of competition) because I think I'm odd enough to fit in. Not as odd as some of the Doomies I've been informed about, but odd enough. Thanks!

Best,
Alex

((Alex, you are indeed odd enough -- and nice enough -- to hold the title of Doomie of the Year. All of the guys who were here enjoyed meeting you very much.

I am determined to bring Alex to a con this year so she can meet more of her fans, and so they can meet her.))

Recently I offered three free issues to any Doomie who named his kid BRUX. Well, nobody took me up on that offer, but I am awarding Jeff Albrecht three big ones for the name he and his wife Jean gave their new daughter, born December 21. Her name? Why, Alexandra Anne, of course. May she someday become the Doomie of the Year too! What a happy coincidence -- and what a happy occasion! Congratulations, Jeff and Jean!

Chuff Afflerbach recently joked about the grim possibility of the hobby acquiring a second Bruce Linsey (actually, there is a Bruce Lindsay in California who plays postally), but I don't think anybody would object to another Alex.

BRUX

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