

THE VOICE OF DOOM

#74

March 8, 1983

Circulation: 125

by BRUX

A couple of issues ago I printed a letter from Mike Barno (VD #72, pp 9-10) which contained some personal comments about Julie Martin. At the time, I felt that some of the comments had nothing to do with the topic under discussion (the Vacation Dip Affair) but I ran them anyhow. It is now my feeling that I made an editorial error in judgement by not editing out the offensive comments, so I apologize to Julie (and to Konrad Baumeister) for this error. I will be a bit more careful about printing certain types of material in the future.

About a year ago, I mentioned that I would be publishing a special issue of VD, similar in some ways to the Horton issue (#13). This issue has finally come to fruition, so expect it shortly. However, anyone who does not want to receive (and pay for) this issue should let me know now. The issue will not contain any of the material you're used to reading in VD (games, letters, articles, etc.) but will be very funny. Thou art warned!

I am pleased to plug four new zines, all published by hobby friends of mine and all well worth looking into (send a SASE when requesting a sample).

Dave Kleiman, 8315 Spyglass Dr. #1B, Indianapolis, IN 46260 is a relative newcomer to the hobby, and he has begun publication of The Diplomat. An interesting discussion on the use of secret passwords appeared last issue, and will continue next ish if Dave prints my letter. Dave plans to borrow some of my house rules.

Bob Howerton, 4510 Treeline Dr., Pensacola, FL 32504 publishes Festungs Hof. Bob's a hobby old-timer who left for several years and has come back recently. He was publishing a subzine in the late, great Just Among Friends. Last ish has a cartoon about me!

Mark Luedi, 730 Atwater #15, Bloomington, IN 47401 has one of the best senses of humor in Dipdom, and he publishes Thirty Miles of Bad Road. I really enjoy Mark's light-hearted approach and feel that he will go far as a publisher.

Paul Rauterberg, 4922 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, WI 53208 plans to run articles emphasizing the psychological aspects of Diplomacy in his new zine Midlife Crisis. Paul is one of the hobby's outstanding (but unrecognized thus far) writers. He's been playing postal Dip for a decade, including three VD games, and is one of my very best friends.

I wish all four of these guys good luck; all four zines look very good (I'm subbing to 'em all). The hobby is lucky to have these promising new zines making their debuttals.

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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 game openings.

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The deadline for all games contained herein is April 1, 1983.



BRUX Speaks

2.

And Knocks the Hobby's Socks Off!

A well-liked and respected hobby member writes a letter for publication to a widely-read zine. The letter contains nasty comments about the morals of another hobby member's wife. The publisher to whom the letter is sent publishes the letter unedited.

A publisher engaged in a dispute with someone refers to the person as a "drunkard" in his zine.

The wife of the publisher mentioned above writes a letter containing a nasty crack about the same person's drinking habits. The letter is published unedited.

A publisher prints an anonymous letter attacking another publisher, in which the victim is sneeringly referred to as "the Drip".

A publisher writes a vicious letter to a second publisher, ostensibly not for print, but in fact sent to about two dozen people. The letter refers to the victim as "scum" and to his zine as "trash published by a nigger".

A well-known and well-liked publisher writes a letter containing vicious cracks about the personal life of a young girl. The letter is sent to the girl, and (according to the letter) about a dozen other people.

A publisher prints a comment in his zi...

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! I didn't join this hobby in order to have my personal life torn apart, nor do I care to see anyone else's feelings hurt by vicious remarks. Since I am as guilty as anyone else of printing hurtful material, and since I have seen some close friends get hurt by this below-the-belt type of feuding; I feel it's time for me to rethink my position about the role my zine will play from now on when it comes to this sort of material. In the past, I have had a print-just-about-anything policy. Because of this policy, certain letters were printed here recently which have hurt certain people in the hobby -- people who in some cases I consider my friends. For over three years, I've had the image of liking and promoting pointless feuds.

I don't mind some kinds of controversy and I will continue to publish such items as house-rule debates, disputes between players and GMs about the game, and exposés of shoddy or unethical GMing or pubbing. Nor do I object to humorous fun or satire, even when the humor is of the biting sort that pokes fun at controversial people in the hobby. What you will no longer find in these pages is the type of personal attack that could easily drive many people from the hobby. This represents a fairly major change for VD, and I know it. I know that some readers will appreciate it, and others will figure that the ol' BRUKer has at last mellowed out, and still others (maybe) will not care for the change. Well, I have mellowed out, for better or worse. I've just seen too many vicious happenings in the hobby, especially in the past few months, not to change my opinion. I feel bad that I have been involved in as much feuding as I have, and I feel equally bad that some totally innocent people had to suffer as a result of certain feuds.

I have a lot of friends in this hobby, and I intend to keep them. To those friends I have lost through feuding lately, let me pose this question: Is it really worth all this senseless bloodshed? If we can't be friends, at least can't we just ignore each other -- for the sake of those who want to enjoy the hobby without getting involved in personal feuds concerning someone's sexual preference or drinking habits?

The ironic thing is that there have really only been a few of us -- myself included -- who have been the guilty parties over the past few months. But the fighting and feuding of perhaps eight or ten of us has left a bad taste for the hobby in several times that number of people. I plan now to avoid feuding as much as possible, and personal attacks entirely, both in private and VD. I hope some of the other people I've described above will make the same sort of resolution. We can all learn a lesson from the Pat Conlons and Jeff Notos, the Cathy Cunnings and Mark Luedis, the Alexs and Jakes and Chuffs and Mark Pauls who know how to have fun without tearing each other apart. Are the remaining few of us capable of having some good, clean fun too? I think so, and starting now I'm ready and willing to try.

J U P I T E R

19800jk

THIS GAME IS BEGINNING TO ROTATE AROUND ITS AXIS!

Summer 1912

RUSSIA: NRR! A Bul r OTB

Fall 1912

AUSTRIA (Carter): A Bud-RUM (A BUL S), A VIE H, A MAR S GERMAN A Bur-Gas (NSO),
A LON-Syr (imp), A NAP-Rom

ENGLAND (Barno): F Nwg-Nwy, F ROM S A Fleet Move to Get Us out of El Salvadore (H),
F Nth S F Nwg-Nwy (d; r Hol, Bel, Yor, Edi, OTB)

FRANCE (Sherwood?): NMR! F ENG U, A GAS U, A POR U

GERMANY (Rauterberg): A Nwy scowls at Russia (H), A DEN whistles in the dark (H),
F Hlg-NTH (F SKA S), A Par-BRE, A Bur-PAR, A Bel-BUR

RUSSIA (Lew?): NMR! A BOH U, A WAR U, A MOS U, F MID U

TURKEY (Olsen): A SPA-Bre, A SYR U, F EAS C A Syr-Smy (NSO), F GRE-Bul(sc), F Arm-BLA

Supply Center Chart:

AUSTRIA: Tri, Bud, VIE, Ven, Lon, Nap, Mar, Ser, BUL, RUM	10, build 4 (room for 2)
ENGLAND: Lvp, Edi, Tun, Rom	4, build 1 *
FRANCE: Par , Yor , Por	1, remove 2
GERMANY: Home, Swe, Den, Nwy, StP, Hol, Bel, PAR, BRE	11, build 4 (room for 3) *
RUSSIA: Yor , War, Mos, Yor , Sev, Yor	3, remove 1
TURKEY: Home, Gre, Spa	5, even

Game Notes: (*) If the English fleet retreats to Bel or Hol, then England will be at 5 and will get 2 builds, while Germany would then be at 10 and would get 3 builds.

I must have drunk when I last adjudicated this game! There were several errors with the last season's game report, and I apologize to the players, who were informed of all the errors. The press release datelined "Brux" was English. The Russian build of F StP(nc) and move of F StP(nc)-Bar did not succeed because Germany owned StP, so that Russia could not build there. I neglected to list the order for the Turkish A Spa-Gas, which failed; and for the Russian F Wes-Mid, which succeeded.

The paragraph above should begin, "I must have been drunk...".

The Turkish army in Syria was double-ordered this turn and so is considered to be unordered.

Will George Leritte, 600 West Avalon St., Apt. 153, Longview, TX 75603 please stand by for France, and would Dick Martin, 26 Orchard Way North, Rockville, MD 20854 please stand by for Russia? Thanxalot.

The units should be ordered as follows next season (for autumn, winter, and spring): Barno orders the German units, Rauterberg orders the Russian units, Lew (or Martin) orders the Turkish units, Olsen orders the Austrian units, Carter orders the French units, and Sherwood (or Leritte) orders the English units. Remember to submit backup moves in case your proxy NMRs. Also, I am declaring a separation of seasons; autumn and winter 1912 only are due at the next deadline. Lew must inform me of his intent to continue, or drop.

Press:

BERLIN to MOSCOW: Are you getting my letters? I really hate writing to a blank wall, you know. Thanks for the position you left me in St. George and the Dragon 1981AH; it looks interesting!

AUSTRIA to ENTERPRISE: There is intelligent life down here...but I'm only visiting.

SULTAN to FESS UP (THAT'S THE BROTHER OF FESS PARKER): Not only do some of us write orders without referring to the chart of who's ordering whom, but some of us adjudicate the game without referring to where the units are!

((JUPITER continues next page))

JUPITER (continued)

SYRIA: The scene--the ancient city of K'ntvsee on the shores of the Tigris. A team of Turkish archaeologists have been dispatched to this bleak desert location; at their head, or maybe that's in the head, is the Fearless Leader, Bruce Linsey--a dedicated seeker after truth (hahahahaha) who has spent his entire life in pursuit of K'ntvsee. The entire team is equipped with shovels (well as Ronnie said, with enough shovels, we'll all be safe from nuclear attack, or at least be about able to get through an entire issue of Voice of Doom) and every man is digging frantically through the sands, digging up treasures unseen for centuries.

"Peerless leader!" Linsey halts his inspection of a millenium-old copy of Graustark #102 as one of the Turks rushes up and hands him a fragment of stone--obviously originally part of the monolithic structure of the Diplomacy hobby, before the Dark Ages began, before VD #1.

Linsey shows his gratitude. "Jerk!" he screams. "Moron! Imbecile!" He hurls the fragment into the Turk's face, utterly destroying it. "Get this useless bum out of here!" he shouts. "He's bleeding on my sand!"

Just at that moment a great shout arises from the main excavation--Linsey rushes over for at last his moment of vindication is at hand. If only Berch was here to see this moment! But that is not to be, for Mark has disappeared, up in the mountains somewhere, 'tis said.

Kicking and punching his way into the center of the crowd of men in the excavation, BRUX beholds a huge granite sarcophagus. His moment of triumph! At last he has been vindicated! With trembling fingers he and several of the Turks shove back the lid of the sarcophagus to reveal the dusty, tightly-wrapped mummy within.

Linsey goes berserk and does a crazy dance of joy. "They said it couldn't be done--but I have done it! Finally I have dug it up for all to see and admire!" Crazed with victory BRUX begins to whirl like a dervish and pour sand on his head.

Off to one side two Turks whisper to each other. Says the first: "The great mensahib, he is loony in the tunes, is he not?"

The second replies, "Well--aargh!" With quivering fingers he points to the ancient mummy which has suddenly come to life and walks toward BRUX, muttering incomprehensible sounds.

Smirking, Linsey addresses the walking corpse--"Speak, you worthless hock puck."

The rags fall away--the dessicated lips part in speech. An unearthly voice cries out--"I need a pair of cat handcuffs and I need them fast! Let's get small! King Tut--whooo-oo-oo! Looking for a different kind of thing tonight...my brother Yortok and I..."

Linsey laughs insanely. "I've done it!" he gloats. I've actually managed to dig up--the Masters Affair! What a triumph!" A strange insane light glints in his eyes as he turns to his Turkish employees. "Do any of you know," he says, a fiendish gloating smile on his lips, "where the Curtis Gibson Affair is buried?"

ENGLISH BARNO to OLSEN (GODDAMMIT BRUCE, I WROTE MY OWN DATELINE, HAPPY?) ((YES, I'M FUCKIN' PLEASED AS ALL HELL!)); Frankly, I'd rather not go to the Bible. You can find anything you want in a socio-historical document spanning several thousand years, but it's been used to justify so much harm over the centuries that I'd rather not deal with it. I am a Heinlein fan, though -- he helped me shape many of my values. I don't know why Rhymes-With-Laserman dislikes him. Unfortunately, I have none of the books, and my sister's copies are in Virginia. Do it anyway. Actually, I believe last month's "meek shall inherit the earth" was from Laz Long's notebooks.

AUSTRIA to SICK JOKE TELLER: Loved 'em, Tro! Got any more?

MUNICH to WORLD: I don't think it is possible for one country to win this game. A two-player alliance COULD eventually triumph, but it will take forever. I'm willing to settle for the six-way draw, or I can continue to submit moves indefinitely. It is up to you.

ENGLISH BARNO to SHERWOOD: Oh, geez, if you like my press, I must be in serious trouble. I'd better swear off the peyote.

((JUPITER continues next page))

From Jim Chatfield (1/20/83):

Bruce,

The most accurate way to resolve votes on draws and concessions is NVR = I don't care. In other words, YES. There is one change you may consider. If you were to list these proposals first in the game notes, players would be less likely to overlook them. I suppose there is a houserule that forbids overlooking game notes ((yes, Amendment #54)). but some small percentage of people may defy this rule (or may have overlooked it) ((that circumstance is covered in Amendment #68)), and not read every word. I think I know what you are going to say: "If you can't take the time to..." and I agree with you. Nevertheless, I still think it would be nice if all the game proposals were made very obvious. That way, if a silly concession is passed the parties involved must have wanted it that way.

Wait a minute, after checking a few issues, I see that you already do put the proposals first (almost) (usually). Well...uh...put them last then. Yes, that's it, they would be most obvious if they were last. But really, it would be a mistake in my opinion to change the very good rule of NVR = yes. In other words 1) yes, I think this is a good proposal, but I just didn't feel like writing the word yes, or 2) I don't care, or 3) I forgot and you might want to record all our phone conversations for a while, or 4) I forgot to send in my orders, so I might as well be consistent.

((I'll take this letter as supporting my current NVR = yes houserule, but I still plan to amend it -- soon, don't get impatient!

It is the player's responsibility to read the game notes each season as they contain whatever info is vital to the running of their game. You're right, if you can't take the time to read the game notes, you shouldn't be playing here. Press, on the other hand, is purely optional reading; I'd never make a serious game-related announcement in the press.))

From Tro Sherwood (1/28/83):

Dear Bruce,

Could I trouble you to look through your zine box to see if you've got any of the zines I'd trade you my brother for (he's Alex's age)? If you've got them, or indeed could make up a box of your zines 'specially for me without duplicating anything I've got, I'd buy it from you.

I see nothing wrong with what Bill Quinn is undertaking. The info is already published, he is merely compiling. If one is not interested in it, one doesn't have to buy the service. It does take a little fun out of it -- doing it all yourself on your own computer in secret strictly for your own use.

Another one joins the "In 2 dozen". Welcome, Ed Wrobel.

Damn, damn, damn. The Cowboys didn't make it. I knew they couldn't make it past Washington. Oh well, the second year in a row I couldn't care less about the Superbowl. One consolation, though: we both know Dallas will be right in there again next year, while Washington is just as likely to do well as San Francisco next year. Go Cowboys. Fouts won't QB for the Chargers next year.

((You're right; the Cowboys will be back because year in and year out, they are the best team in pro football.

Send \$4.50 for a box of 40 to 50 old zines or \$7.50 for a box of 90 to 100. If you go for it, I'll be sure not to duplicate any of the zines you listed in your archives zine Every Little Thing. However, my back issues of EE (and a few others) are not for sale. The box-of-zines offer applies to any interested Doomies, by the way.))

From Rick Ragsdale (1/14/83, excerpt):

BRUX,

Pictures in VD now! When do you start running centerfolds?

((I dunno. Ask Alex. (Joke!)))

From Jake Halverstadt (2/11/83):

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Dear Master of Games:

Stocks and Bonds? You bet! Sign me up.

Frankly, I think A/H's stock market game (I thought it was called "Wall Street something-or-other," but my A/H catalog has it listed as "The Stock Market Game") is much better than Stocks and Bonds, but I'll take what I can get. The A/H game operated on supply and demand -- no dice rolling -- and thus was closed to reality.

I'll be quite interested to see how many people sign up to play. If I could break even on the proposition, I'd love to do a zine of economics and political games. Could I easily find 15-20 people who'd want to play? I dunno.

I play around at inventing games, most of them better than Contract Diplomacy. As long as I've got your ear (eye), I'll give you a thumbnail sketch of each:

Economics Diplomacy: Game begins with each country in possession of a token military force, as well as supplies of agricultural products, raw materials, finished products, energy, and cash. One's home country needs each of these items for civilian subsistence, but isn't blessed with a natural source of each. Thus, trade must be conducted. This opens the game to economic as well as military warfare, offering players the chance to negotiate on two levels. Am I crazy, or have I seen somewhere an Economics Diplomacy variant being offered by one zine or another?

Gonzo Monopoly or Pennsylvtucky: Players are born into a parallel universe as citizens of Pennsylvtucky, one of the Commonwealths of the New World -- a nation quite like the USA. Armed with a modest bank account, the players can buy into real estate, farming and ranching, drilling and mining, railroads and shipping and so on. To raise additional funds, players can incorporate their ventures and buy and sell stock.

Presidential Politics: I invented this one in 1977, it's based on the 1976 campaigns. Each "candidate" starts off on equal footing, and must raise funds, take stands on a number of real-life issues, and compete for votes in primary elections. Voting is based on the assumption that a state's congressmen vote the wishes of their constituents. Their votes are tabulated by state, the state's voters going to each candidate in proportion to his stands on the issues. I really haven't explained this very well -- the damned thing works great!

Looking forward to seeing how you run Stocks and Bonds, and to playing the game with everybody. I hope you'll continue to run side games! I'm up for it.

((I'd like to see more details on Presidential Politics, if you could provide them. Sounds like a lot of fun.

Peter Ansoff invented (or helped to invent) a monster game called Hypereconomic Diplomacy, which I believe has been running now for over a decade of real time.

I'll bet you could easily get over 20 people to sign up for your proposed zine, especially with a little advertising help from your friends! Heck, maybe I'd even join up. Let me know what's happening.

I once invented a simulation football game, which is very playable and produces more realistic results than any commercial game I've ever come across. I have in mind that I may someday want to patent it, so I won't go into detail here, though...))

From Rob Lowes (2/17/83, excerpt):

Hi Bruce,

...No news on the birth of our child yet. We should be seeing him/her in a bit more than a week -- March 1. I haven't tried to convince my wife that we should use the name BRUX. Maybe while she's groggy right after delivery. How many free issues did you say? Actually, I'm still trying to convince her that she will not deliver during the last episode of MASH. Would fate do this to me?

((Thanx for writing. Three free issues to the first Doomie who names his kid BRUX.))

From Larry Saleski (1/12/83):

Dear BRUX,

Well, I've been putting off this letter for some time now, and here it is, finally. Enclosed is an advertisement that you may find interesting. It turns out that the term "bruxing" has a legitimate meaning.

I hope that everyone can tolerate just one more comment on the MILKY WAY "Fiasco". It really is not as big a deal as everyone is making it. The players made the big goof by forgetting to vote (myself included) and I believe you did the right thing by continuing the game. However, I believe that this incident most definitely calls for a change of the houserule that states NVR = "yes". If a proposal was voted down because some players forgot to vote, it could always be proposed again. But if a three-center power gets a victory over a fifteen-center power for the same reason, there is nothing that can be done.

Concerning Jake Halverstadt's article on hunting, I think he made some very accurate points about the poor sportsmen. However, it is a fact that hunting prevents literally thousands of deer each year from slowly and painfully starving to death, and I do not understand how he could possibly compare killing a deer to taking a human life.

((So what automatically makes humans more valuable than deer? As far as I'm concerned the argument you give could be used to justify hunting starving children in India too -- keep 'em from starving to death! With any luck, the houserule amendments should appear elsewhere in this issue.))

From Steve Langley (1/7/83):

Dear BRUX,

Today I got two SASE requests for Magus. What am I to do with the SASEs? Write the requestors a letter each?

Thanks for the mention in Supernova. Next edition why not change the SASE part to "a couple of stamps and your name and address"? It would make it easier on us pubbers!

((Thanks for the constructive criticism. I should have realized the problems some pubbers will have with a SASE, due to the size and shape of their zines. I have made the correction you suggested.))

From Bob Olsen (1/28/83, excerpt):

Dear BRUX,

...You must have been a barrel of laughs at ByrneCon...both Dick and Kathy have mentioned the shocked silence when you pronounced controversies better than friends. Whatsa matter, an excess of toxic spirits? Think you will find an anti-controversy backlash developing...

((I figured I'd better print this, since apparently some people take my facetious remarks seriously. Controversies are not better than friends -- they ARE friends! Really now, if I did make such a remark, it weren't meant with a straight face...))

From Jeff Noto (2/12/83, excerpts):

BRUX,

Time to take a look at the last issue of VD. Twenty-four pages, but still great reading. I don't know where you get the energy.

It seems strange reading letters about "Tro" and "Jane Proskin". I remember the first issue of VD I got was the initial reaction to A Vie-Tro. Has it been that long? God, I feel so old!

In regards to my comment about Woody's houserules, of course you (or I or anyone else) would be foolish to give your orders to another player over the phone. But the

fact remains that the door for this to happen is left wide open.

Enclosed should be a \$3 check for the Stocks and Bonds game. Please note that I don't own the game and have never played it before, so I would greatly appreciate an explanation of the rules along with my initial prices.

Is Rich Reilly the first hobby member from Idaho?

Doomie of the Year; It's your contest and you have every right to choose the winner you want. I felt Alex deserved to win too, but I saw the opportunity for a great essay from the Frank DeLalla letter (and look what happened).

KaneKon? When? Got a feeling I won't be in NY by then.

Enclosed is a picture of Lisa and me. I would've sent one sooner, but family members came first, and I ran out. Just got some more prints back.

((Thanx for the pic. I have added it to my collection of Dippy photos.

Jeff Albrecht used to live in Idaho, but moved to Utah shortly after he began subbing to VD.)

From Pat Conlon (2/13/83):

Dear BRUX,

What a nasty surprise the last ish brought me. Enclosed is four stamps (five, really). Please send a copy of the novice packet to the following individual; ((Pat names another hobby member.)) That should give him a jolt! And I'd say he definitely needs one.

The Second Fall of the Roman Empire was a marvelous bit of BS. I was going to challenge you on it, claiming that I had set up the board and discovered that there was no possible way all of those units could have gotten into the position they were in. I had originally thought that you made this up without actually trying to work out the previous moves. But I suppose that anyone crazy enough to hand-type (is there such a thing as hand-typing?) the equal signs on the cover of each individual copy of VD was just crazy enough to insure beforehand that the incredible position in Second Fall could actually be achieved (but only in JUPITER).

I had never heard the pacifist argument phrased quite the way that Larzelence put it. The image of a world-wide Soviet government trying vainly to maintain control over the entire world population is startling, and very pleasing. My idols have always been the most radical of American revolutionaries: Tom Paine, et al. But in today's world there's no chance for a revolutionary at heart to secretly publish and disseminate seditious material, or light lanterns in church towers and warn the countryside of imminent attack. I guess freedom is just not all it's cracked up to be. A little tyranny would be fun!

I too was very surprised when you printed Barno's letter about VacDip. Well, not really surprised so much as disappointed. I seem to recall a lot of noise about ethics and rules for feuds. But to print such libelous material and character assassination is very irresponsible. I can understand running with an exposé of VacDip, but to allow some of those personal comments past the editor's red pen was inexcusable. You can be held responsible for such actions. I seriously considered dropping from VD's role call, just because I refuse to support such irresponsibility. It leads to much pain among members of this hobby. But I don't flatter myself that such action would make much difference to you. And I do have a game and (erstwhile) allies here. So I'll stick around, maybe just become a bit more vocal on this type of matter. You were wrong, dead wrong, to print that letter without editing. I can only assume that you enjoy promoting senseless feuding wherein people's feelings get hurt.

((I appreciate your taking the time and effort to set me straight. You are right; I was wrong to print that letter unedited. See page 1. Also, it would make a lot of difference to me if I lost a long-time, loyal subber like you.

I'd be willing to bet that any legal position in which no country has more than 17 units, and with a total of no fewer than 1 and no more than 34 units, is possible.))

From Billy Highchair (1/25/83, excerpts):

Dear Bruce,

First, I'd like to say "goodbye" since the phone went dead during our conversation last night. Hello!

Second, I'd like to state publicly that while Alex was Doomie of the Year by a longshot, Jake's article was better than mine.

Thirdly, I'd like to say that Pete Gaughan's a great guy...too bad I can't. (Ha ha) After 4 issues of The Modern Patriot, Pete still doesn't realize that my right wing radicalism is a joke. See what California does to you?

Fourth, Ig Lew is an Alaskan so just what does he know? He is right (?) though, now we can blame the dumb Demos. (Pete Gaughan, please notice topic #3).

Fifth, Barno is a pacifistic S.O.B. who makes me sick. Most defense spending is for maintenance, fuel, pay, and if there's some left, procurement of new material. Did you know that a non-nuclear aircraft carrier burns 1000 gallons of fuel per hour? 24 hours a day, 250 days a year (average). The fuel bill is about \$15,000,000! Think about it! When Barno was standing in line for brains, he thought god said "pains" and said, "No, thank you."! He also overreacts. During a game at ByrneCon, he disappeared. When I went to find him, he was on the phone. I thought he was shootin' the shit. He threatened to break my legs. I don't like threats.

Alex's story was top-rate. What more can I say?

Kidnap people to collate a zine? I'll tell the world! Bruce beat us and beat us. We begged for mercy telling him we'd do anything, and so we spent 4 hours putting #70 together!

I think D&D sucks moose! Fantasy games indeed! Hell, I know it's a Communist plot to warp the minds of America's youth!

I can't understand how pacifists get into a hobby about war. It seems to be a contradiction to me! Explain your reasons, Gaughan, Tallman, and Barno!

Plug DIJAGH? Are you kidding? Taylor's dopey (like Tretick/Oaklyn)!

...I believe Bruce said that Doomie of the Year would not just be determined from the essays. Alex was clearly Doomie of the Year! Of course he's biased, so am I. Why do you think I offer 2 free issues to those who are/were in the Navy and only 1 to those in another branch of the U.S. Armed Forces? All pubbers are biased in polls/contests, that's why I'm against one single hobby pollster. Having a few polls proved that EE was #1 in 1982! EE was not just a one-time thing!

Well, that's enough for now! Keep in touch, Bruce, and I'm glad you liked TMP #7. Say "Hi!" to the family.

Bill the Lordy Toady

((Thank you for another typically brilliant and cogent letter. I hereby dub you the John Kelley of the East!))

From Pete Gaughan (1/25/83):

Attention, presumed holder of VD --

I believe (sort of) that you really did probably want to get this question regarding your standby list, I think:

"Who the hell is 'God'?"

Anyway, I hope that you can have some fun with that question, but it's probably a completely futile effort to try and inject any humor into something called VD. And anybody living on Quarry Drive is probably too rocky already to merit any trust.

I think you must publish a pretty strange zine to have subbers named Ig, Chuff, and Ty, but then again I could be wrong.

This message provided as a public service, hopefully.

((("God" is some joker who sent me a post card a while back requesting to be on my standby list. Normally, standbys have to sub, but I figured I'd better honor the request.))

From Mike Barno (3/2/83):

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Dear Bruce,

There are a few things I feel I need to say regarding my letters of January 4. First off, I apologize to all involved for letting emotions affect my R9 discussion. I said several things in the heat of anger that were not appropriate. My legitimate points were lost in what became a personal attack. I'm sorry for causing harm when I was trying to rectify it.

Second, and perhaps more important, I owe Dick an apology for revealing confidential information in my other letter. I didn't even realize it at the time, but my "hypothetical question" let Dick's secret out. Not that it should have been kept confidential by Dick in the first place, but I don't wish to violate such a trust. I also apologize to VD's pubber for drawing fire to him through that letter.

A number of outside parties have also gotten involved. Some have expressed legitimate questions or concern; but others have used the occasion as an excuse to attack Bruce or to make cheap cracks about Alex. For such people I have only disdain. Mark Berch offered some reasonable comments, but I must correct him: I was not making assumptions about Julie's motives. I could quote from many letters and conversations with her to back up what I wrote, but that is no longer the issue.

What is important is the way we treat each other. It seems that virtually all my friends from my early days in the hobby -- the "East Coast Clique" -- have been hurt by feuding and hatred, and have responded in kind. I've tried to stay away from it. At last, it got to me, and I wrote some things I shouldn't have. I attempted to smooth things over with a private letter (which, I admit, didn't make my apologies too clear), and got blunt hatred back. A phone call to Dick and Julie brought only more hostility, not the least bit of desire to maintain a friendship of many years. And, as I mentioned, others have done more hating. Let's face it: we're doing no better than the feuders of the IDA, TDA, and so forth that we swore never to be like. Jeff Noto's right; the vicious circle always repeats itself. I no longer care what people believe about R9. What does concern me is our need to re-evaluate the way we treat each other. Damn it, how can we play games together if we won't even try to get along, to resolve our problems peacefully?

I can live with the loss of a friendship. I cannot live with a system of relationships treated the way we've treated ours. Think about it, friends.

((He's right, you know. One hundred per cent.))

From Bill Quinn (1/30/83):

Dear BRUX,

Thanks for passing along Rick Ragsdale's letter of 12/29/82. Unfortunately I have little time to give my reply the justice it deserves. Briefly, my reaction is that, "Yes, Rick, you are a paranoid." Furthermore his use of phrases like "some gnome sitting up nights" and "a smart flip of the big bird to him for starting his KGB-like files" aptly demonstrate his immaturity. Besides, a cardinal rule of war is Know Thy Enemy. Now everyone knows about you, Rick.

((For a while I considered deleting this letter as I deleted or edited certain other letters this issue, under my changed editorial policies. But, Bill does get the right of reply to Rick's criticism, and his comments are not terribly personal.

My own opinion is that Bill hasn't even replied at all to Rick's valid points, choosing instead to heap insults like "paranoid" and "immaturity" on Rick. I have been friends with Rick for over three years and do not feel that either of those descriptions is accurate. I wish that Bill would come up with a more persuasive reason why Rick's protests should not be considered valid.))

VD's houserules have been criticized (incorrectly) for being too long, and (correctly) for being too hard to use or disorganized. I'd like to reorganize them some day, but I don't foresee having the time or space to do so soon. To make them easier to use, then, here is an index of some of the major points on which players may find it necessary to locate my potential rulings. (Listings with Roman numerals are part of the original houserules; listings consisting only of a number refer to an amendment.) This is not intended to be a complete listing, only a helpful guide covering some common situations. (Underlined listings have been subsequently amended; see below.)

Abbreviations: II.A, II.B, 4
 Adjudication Format: II.A, II.B, III.O, 45, 53, 54, 60
 Amending the Houserules: VII.M, 67, 79
 Civil Disorder: IV.F, VII.G, 8, 39
 Conditional Orders: V.H, V.I, V.J, 13, 16, 57
 Deadlines: III.G, III.H, III.I, III.J, 49
 Delay of Game: III.J, III.P, V.B, 39, 49, 65
 Draws: V.K, VII.E, 9, 17, 16, 22, 37, 38, 87
 GM Errors: III.P, 13, 52, 73, 85
 GM-player Disputes: I.A, 1, 67, 73
 NMRs: IV.E, IV.C, IV.D, IV.F, V.A, V.G, 5, 8, 39, 44, 59, 65, 72, 84
 Ombudsmen: I.A, 1, 73
 Orders: III.A, III.B, III.C, III.E, III.K, IV.B, 5, 6, 19, 27, 41, 42, 47, 48, 50, 72, 74, 75, 77, 82, 83
 Postal Delays: III.L, III.R, VII.D, 70
 Preference Lists: I.F, 3, 51, 81
 Press: VI.A, VI.B, VI.C, VI.D, VI.E, VI.F, 10, 30, 34, 35, 45, 54, 56
 Resigning: IV.A, IV.E, IV.F, 34, 37
 Rulebook Ambiguities or Paradoxes: V.E, V.F, VII.G, VII.H, VII.I, VII.J, VII.K, 28, 29
 Separation of Seasons: IV.C, V.A, 30, 86
 Standbys: IV.E, IV.F, IV.G, IV.H, 25, 33, 44, 59, 64, 65, 71, 78
 Substitutes: VII.C, 23, 55
 Telephones: III.F, III.G, 7, 20, 21, 43, 58
 Two-coasted Provinces: II.B, III.E, VII.H, 48, 50
 Votes: V.K, 9, 22, 24, 37, 38, 59, 61, 66, 87

I'm sure some of you will let me know certain important categories I've omitted, but I hope this makes the job of locating certain topics easier in most cases.

Since many of VD's houserules have been amended, here is a handy-dandy guide to those cases where you may want to consult a certain amendment before resting assured that your favorite houserule is still operative. The listing on the left of a pair gives the houserule which was amended; the listing(s) on the right of a pair tell where to find the amendment(s) which affect it.

I.A -- 1, 73	IV.A -- 31	VII.F -- 11
I.C -- 2, 69	IV.B -- 44, 63	1 -- 73
I.E -- 3, 81	IV.D -- 8	2 -- 69
I.F -- 51	IV.F -- 39	3 -- 81
II.B -- 4	IV.G -- 71	9 -- 22
III.B -- 83	V.A -- 86	19 -- 41
III.C -- 5	V.C -- 40	20 -- 43
III.E -- 6, 82	V.K -- 9, 22, 87	23 -- 55
III.F -- 7	VI.B -- 30	27 -- 41
III.M -- 36	VI.C -- 10	72 -- 84
III.P -- 52	VII.D -- 35	73 -- 85
III.Q -- 26	VII.D -- 70	

Mein Kampf -- VD

by Adolph "Bill" Hightler

This is the story of my struggle with VD. No, not venereal disease, but the Diplomacy zine.

It all began one day at the weekly meeting of the Nazi party. I was rapidly advancing up the chain of command and would soon be fuhrer. However, our conquests over the liberals were not frequent enough. I expressed this concern to Porter Wightman, my attaché and sidekick.

"Porter, our conquests are not quick enough for my appetite. I don't know what to do."

"My vice-fuhrer, I have just the thing, postal Diplomacy. There, you can conquer whole countries in just one month!"

"Yes, yes, I see!" I said excitedly.

"Vice-fuhrer, you could even start your own zine and advocate our rightest struggle against communism!"

"Yes, yes! I like the idea," I said, "but who do I contact?"

"Well, I started with Dogs of War."

"Then that's where I will start too!"

Later that month, I received word from John Daly. I was taking over a Turkish position which was under attack from the Ruskies. Quickly, I spread until I was in 10 postal games. My success rate was poor because of school, work, NROTC, and the party, which cut down my spare time for letters. But now I was addicted.

But the zines I received were not controversial enough for me. Sure, Europa Express allowed me to contact Europe to continue our struggle, but it wasn't enough. Again, I asked Porter.

"Well, I remember hearing of one zine which was reportedly controversial, but I don't sub to it," he said.

"Which one?" I asked.

"Voice of Doom," he said.

Soon after that I was subbing to VD and writing all kinds of controversial stuff. BRUX was the only pubber who'd print it! We quickly became friends and then he told me that he too was dedicated to our cause. Correspondence was frequent as we tried to wipe the cancerous wave of communistic liberalism out before it spread through the hobby. Once we had purified the hobby, we could spread much more quickly throughout the country. At this time, I became fuhrer of our party and made BRUX vice-fuhrer in charge of Albany's division, and made Tom Swider vice-fuhrer of Endwell and Carl Russell vice-fuhrer of Binghamton. We were growing quickly.

My zine was also growing quickly as the masses flocked to me for leadership. The Modern Patriot was a leader of the hobby.

Bruce and I decided to meet in Albany with a couple of possible new members in December. It was here that I met his personal secretary, Alexandra Lord. Immediately charmed by her pleasant manners (?), I worked to impress her. I gave her one of my personal, official party pens to write with. She was startled by my tact and grace and frequently I caught her staring at me in awe. We even managed to have a little fun as she tickled me and I whipped her with my leather belt. Boy, was she kinky.

At any rate, I have been addicted to Voice of Doom and Alex's ~~Bill~~ Column ever since and I encourage everyone in Diplomacy to subscribe. Well, that's all. This is your beloved fuhrer, Adolf Hightler, signing off.

((Thanks, and three free issues to ~~Adolf~~ Bill for this cute little piece of writing. Bill "Hightler", indeed!))

The Stocks and Bonds game advertised last ish has begun with the following nine players: Brian Linsey, Rob Proskin, Howard Proskin, Rob Lowes, Bryan Jurkowski, Jeff Noto, Jake Halverstadt, Bob Osuch, and Konrad Baumeister. Good luck to all!

Alex's Column!

Dear Doomies,

Once upon a time a green Hornet flew over the cuckoo's nest. Sound weird? Well, that's what I thought until I was introduced to BRUXie's car. A green Hornet AMC. Ever since, I've dreaded hearing that idling, straining engine, those cheap car doors slamming, and BRUX yelping warnings that he may need starters, a push, or a kick in the tires. It used to be such a good, dependable car. Occasionally, it would overheat in the winter on the way to some activity that BRUX would happen to be chaperoning that night. I would just happen to be catching a ride with him and we would hear a roar in the engine. Then, we would have to pull over, and BRUX would have to add water to something and get thanked for it with a scalding hot stream of radiator water being shot at his face (who wouldn't use self-defense against a face like that?). That was no problem for me because I just sat inside the car where it was warm laughing my head off. We made it to school all right and that was the main thing.

But recently the minor uncomfortable accommodations inside Bruce's car have turned into serious disasters. My parents have forbidden me to ride with Bruce-poo since he cannot shift into reverse any more. This forces him to commit a serious crime, making a U-turn in the middle of heavy traffic. This is a task which is impossible to perform when he drives into our driveway. We have six-foot snowdrifts on either side of our driveway. This is lucky for me because now BRUX can't always pop in.

The last time BRUX and I took a joy ride through the big city of Albany, we almost got assaulted by Ralph Nader's Raiders. A whole gang of them came running after us swinging crowbars and oversized wrenches, screaming that we were defying their purpose, ruining their reputation, and were not a good example to their campaign. BRUX and I couldn't understand why they were so upset since they could look right through BRUX's locked, rusty car door and see that our seat belts were fastened securely in place.

But the last episode that has truly convinced BRUX to turn his lemon into the junkyard was the scariest and funniest of them all. One day BRUX and I were coming home from school and feely slightly adventurous. As everyone knows BRUX is terrified of me and permits me to do anything I like because he knows if he doesn't I'll make him quite sorry for it. Bruce is also over 18 and basically knows how to drive, so it's all right if he accompanies me when I'm driving. Little did I know that BRUX didn't have any snow tires when I asked him to give me the wheel. I was slowly driving along when I told BRUX I was going to show him the notorious bar that all the hicks down our way go to. Bruce thought it was a great idea since he loves the boondock country scenery around my house. It turned out that I showed him simply Silver Lake because I couldn't find the bar so appropriately and honorably named after it. Believe me, we weren't going to go in because this place is sleeeezy. Plus, if I went in with Bruce I would have to protect him if I ever wanted to see him again (it was a hard decision). Anyway, we came close to seeing it, but didn't, so then we turned around and were heading back. Everything was going fine until I started to turn a long bend and began skidding. I was only going about 15 miles per hour, but I couldn't straighten it out. There was a patch of ice pretty well packed down since more snowmobile tracks traveled this road than automobiles, or plows for that matter. About halfway through the bend the Hornet started to misbehave. As calmly as I could (with Bruce bracing himself against the dashboard and screaming, "I love my family and VD...") I tried to steer to the left to even out the skid. To no avail. Slowly but swiftly we heard a loud SNAP and then a CRUNCH followed, which lasted for fifteen seconds. I'll admit that at this point I feared for my life and was scared to look up, for I thought that I might see BRUXie-poo hovering over me with a harp and a halo. I pried my head up and all I saw were dark dark crystals of snow packed against the windshield and side doors. I realized then that we were helplessly embedded in a snow bank. You know me, I closed my eyes as soon as I knew we were skidding and hadn't opened them since. Visions of my mother grounding me to my room for months on end played across my mind like a cheap movie, and even worse I pictured BRUX and me dying together in a cold snowbank on some

deserted road near some forbidden bar. How would it look to all my friends?! To my poor family? To the poor confused readers of VD?! I got a hold of myself and turned to look at BRUX for answers. He was sitting there laughing hysterically. I almost slapped him; I thought he was hysterical or something. I started shouting that I was in big trouble and he'd better pull this piece of ---- out of this ----- snowbank before I lost my temper. We both struggled to get out and stomped through the knee-deep snow to the bloody road that had caused this mess. I whirled to take a look at our predicament. My eyes fell upon the most pitiful scene imaginable. The poor little green Hornet was stuck up to her midriff in a chilly snowbank. It doesn't seem funny now, but it was a riot then. Bruce and I tried to pull it out but couldn't manage it. I should have known Bruce had no muscle. Bill Highfield's arms are bigger than BRUX's, for pete's sake! Anyway, we had to find a solution and fast because it was starting to get dark and my mom would be wondering where I was. BRUX and I looked around for answers but found none. Then I saw the house or something that resembled a kind of half----- shelter. We slowly trudged up to the shack. There were old tires stacked all over the yard. Boards and boxes wilting with moisture were scattered all over, and there was even a child's shoe. I wondered if this was the day they were going to the Greene County dump or if this was the Greene County dump. We tiptoed up the delicate cement-block pathway that was crumbling like saltines and knocked on the door. Bruce identified it as a door, I thought it was a barricade. The windows were placed in the outer plywood walls and were insulated with out newspapers to keep drafts out. I'm painting a pretty picture, eh? Actually, I'm leaving out half of the contributing details.

Bruce timidly knocked on the door, which rattled accusingly like a grumpy old martyr who was being rudely disturbed. Later BRUX discovered that he had cut his knuckle on a nail that was sticking out; at the time he didn't notice. Like some kind of Walt Disney booby trap, a split second after BRUX knocked on the door a chorus of vicious dogs started to bark and growl. Various shaped fangs were visible through the spaces in the door and siding. I waited for drool to leak out the bottom of the door. Gross!

Actually, I didn't wait, I was down the steps and through the junkyard in no time. Bruce, wide-eyed, turned to discover that I was standing on the hood of an abandoned old Chevy, mechanically repeating the phrase "Good doggy" over and over. Bruce, seeing me so scared, ran also. I didn't even laugh this time when I saw him run which was definite proof that I was scared. It's hard to keep a straight face when you see BRUX run. I think he could make more money with that run of his than teaching and that's fer shere! (For you, John MacFarlane, since you're convinced that I'm like totally a Valley Girl!) Anyway, BRUX and I were scared as hell and didn't know what to do! Just as we were going to go sit in the car and give up, the door cracked open like a haunted house and a face like the late Marty Feldman's peeked out. It was worse, though, because he had no teeth -- didn't have his ol' choppers in. Talking about illiterate people, this man spoke with a slang that was even hard for me to understand. Luckily, I know how to relate to people like this, since I'm such a country girl. Bruce just stood there pointing, I think he thought that the man was a deaf-mute, who knows? I explained our situation and this man proceeded to tell me that we weren't the first to "go off that there cerner." Obviously his "house" wasn't furnished with such luxuries as a phone because when I inquired about it, he looked at me as if I was from outer space (no comments, BRUX).

Well, what happened next was a miracle. To make a long story short, he started his ol' tractor up and pulled us right out. We were home safe and sound in no time. The funniest thing was that we snapped out four feet of this kind man's barbed-wire fence. Guess who got stuck footing the bill, my friends. BRUX.

BRUX and I swore that we would never tell any of our friends about this secret incident. But, I told my parents about it. And, I'm telling you about it because it was just too tempting not to write about it. It was a lot funnier when it was reality; it's hard to capture this comedy on paper. But, Doomies, I hope you liked it because I risked my social life for you, to tell you about it. No, I didn't get in trouble, but it was a 50/50 chance before I knew that I wouldn't.

Bruce, get your guts up and go to the bank and ask for a loan. You need a new car and you know it as well as I do. Plus, I can't ride with you until you do, so that should be reason enough. (Har, har.) It's hard to part with an old car that holds so many dear memories but Bruce, just think how many memories weren't so dear!!!

Best,
Alex

((I ran right out and bought a '72 Ford Torino within an hour of reading the above article -- no kidding!

Alex's Column is published by Alex Lord, Doomie of the Year, Box 178, Hannacroix, NY 12087. Some of my newer readers may be wondering by this time just who Alex is, and what is my relationship with her. Alex is a tenth grade student, age 15, who was in my math class last year. She started writing her column one year ago, and has become very popular among VD's readers because of her witty, entertaining writing style and sweet personality (not to mention her unmatched ability to pick on BRUX). Her articles are sometimes factual and sometimes fictional (as is part of the above article), but they are always in fun.

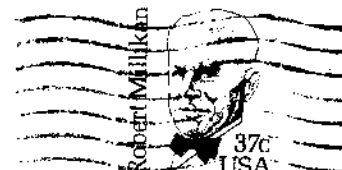
I have become very close friends with Alex and her family, and have spent many evenings at their house for dinner and stayed over several times for various reasons. Alex's brother Howie goes to Siena College a couple of miles from my house and is one of my buddies. Alex I regard as a little sister. I owe a lot to her and to her family, for all the favors and support they have given me over the past year.

Alex's mother is an avid Doomie (HI, DEBBIE -- GOTCHYER NAME MENTIONED HERE FINALLY!) and is very proud of Alex's successful first year as a publisher -- and so am I. VD would not be nearly as fun for me without her column.

Alex and I plan to celebrate her first anniversary very soon -- but I'll let her tell you all about that when it happens.))

BRUX

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Your sub expires with issue # 79