

What a blast! It's...

# THE VOICE OF DOOM

#77

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signed and  
May 1983  
towards each  
by BRX  
1983

I just have all kinds of miscellaneous poop to tell you lucky souls.

Mike Barno wants me to mention that the lack of press in JUPITER this issue is a protest against Paul Rauterberg's face.

ORIGINS, the national gaming con of 1983, will be held at Cobo Hall in Detroit, Michigan July 14-17. DIPCON will be held in conjunction with ORIGINS. For information and/or registration forms, send a SASE (self-addressed stamped envelope) to MDG ORIGINS 1983, PO Box 656, Yandotte, MI 48192. Act now! See you there!

Our own James Woodson is about to come out with the first issue of his new zine, Raging Main. For a sample, send a SASE to Ensign James Woodson, Naval Aviation School Command, Building 633, N.A.S., Pensacola, FL 32508. I have a good deal of optimism regarding James as a publisher, as he has been around in the hobby for quite some time, and I've already sent him a sub check.

As I type this, no entries have arrived for the Great Diplomatic Coup Contest, though about four people have promised to deliver. Remember, the prize is 17 free issues.

The latest issue of Diplomacy World is out, in my opinion the best issue I've ever seen. Subscriptions are \$8 per year in the U.S., from Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Drive, Encinitas, CA 92024. This ish features a typically hilarious Mark Berch article about Shep Rose: the Sleaziest Diplomacy Player of All Time. Reminds me of me!

Has anyone seen Lone Star Diplomat or Damn the Torpedoes lately? I have sent politely worded inquiries to publishers Mike Conner and Greg Frits, but have received no reply. Both zines are very late. However, I do know that Mike (of LSD) was quite sick a while ago, so that could explain his lapse. Also, Mike Barno informs me (again) the The Shogun's Sword will be out shortly. I hope so; I miss it!

The postal disservice has really outdone itself lately. Consider the following: last issue of VD took three weeks to reach Bob Osuch. A few weeks ago, I had to drive 5 miles to the Albany post office to get my mail after work. Turned out it wasn't delivered because a neighbor's car was in front of my mailbox, and the postman didn't want to step out of his truck. A few days ago, I received an issue of Irksome postmarked in January. But now for the crowning touch: About two weeks ago, I received a copy of The Schemer #2, stamped, "FOUND IN SUPPOSEDLY EMPTY EQUIPMENT". The Schemer has long since folded. The postmark? July, 1981! (There was 18¢ postage on it -- I was surprised they didn't try to collect 2¢!

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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 May 27, 1983.

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

Dear Dennis,

When I start writing this month's article, and before you start reading it, please answer or think about the following two questions. A) Can you imagine BRUX acting romantic with a member of the opposite sex? B) Can you imagine the member of the opposite sex who is acting romantic back?

Now that you have those two puzzling questions in your mind you may read on to find the possible answer.

Surprisingly enough, I have recently found out that BRUX is quite vain. The other day, or to be accurate the other morning at 7:12, I am sitting at my dressing table attempting to put on my face. This includes hair, eyes, mouth and rosy cheeks, when all of a sudden a car roars up our driveway and screeches to an abrupt halt. As I stumble to my window to see who is dropping in, I wonder if it is Bruce getting out, or are my eyes playing tricks on me because I haven't put my visine in yet. Peace ho! It is BRUX because I hear my mother calling out a hearty "Good Morning!" greeting to him. I rush downstairs and catch the ending of Bruce telling my mother that he has forgotten to shave and may he please use our facilities. I come around the corner and there stands BRUX holding his electric shaver with its cord dangling and a 7-o'clock shadow that is worse than the New York City blackout. Flopping myself down at the breakfast table, I demand some kind of nourishment fast before I black out. Is that a riot! BRUX driving all the way down to school without shaving. The fun has yet to begin!

Bruce also has many marital problems, the biggest of all being that he isn't married, not yet that is. Bruce dropped in the other night and had to talk to my mother and me because he needed some advice on dating and how to go about it. Bruce tells us that he has a date tonight and it is very obvious that he is very excited. Bruce met his date at a singles party recently and the two of them really hit it off. We notice that he keeps looking at his watch and we ask him if he is getting the first date jitters. "No, it's just that I'm worried that my mother won't have my dinner on the table in time and then I'll be late!" Bruce answered. We reassure him that late is better than early because she will get the idea that Bruce is a casual guy and it will make her feel right at home. But, you know Bruce, he is stubborn, so he calls his mom twice making sure that the soup is on.

Could it be that BRUX's new car makes him think that he is a big wheel? "What does she look like, Bruce?" we all ask him eagerly. Bruce replies, "Well, she is kinda heavy," and as he compared her to our oak table which has five leaves we all pictured a small, petite, tiny girl who has anorexia nervosa. Then BRUX asks my mother if he should bring her home tonight to meet his mother. This sent us all into hysterics and we promptly said, "No!" We thought we had made it pretty clear but, to our horror, he later told us that he had taken her home, at midnight! Even worse, he had woken his mother up and she had come downstairs in her robe to meet his new-found goddess. We all gathered that Bruce is an eager lover. He has the itch but doesn't know what to scratch. Actually, Bruce's girl lives right across the street from Bruce's aunt and uncle. So, BRUX must really like her because even after they told him that when she was younger and playing in the sandbox her cats kept trying to bury her, but there wasn't enough sand, he kept asking her out.

We were quite impressed with BRUX's loyalty and we wanted to give him encouragement and confidence so we kept praising him. My mother said innocently, "Well, Bruce, we think you two seem to go together like bread and butter." Then she asked, "When is your next date?" BRUX, all smiles and giggles, choked out while blushing profusely, "Tomorrow night, we're going to a weight watcher's meeting!" As far as we know, everything went OK that night until BRUX's date had to weigh in according to meeting rules. They sent BRUX into their back room to load the beef scale onto the forklift, and he pulled a muscle.

Bruce has been spending a lot of money lately between buying dinner for four and making deals with the Goodyear man, due to all those flat back tires. He has no extra spending money. At least he's not going hungry; they spend all their time eating out.

I know the jobbing weekly rule, crude and socially unacceptable, but I really could have tolerated it with this article, if only Steve didn't write for Bruce. I have got you but not in sheets of paper to know where she has gone, so I won't continue this cross paper.

love,  
Alex

P.S. If any of you have any questions just write to me and I will fill you in on all the details concerning BMK and his new love.

(I save it to Alex to publicly spill the beans about HSH's strange relationships! Our boy I'm gonna get her back. Next month, watch for an exposé of all the intimate details of Alex's first date -- that is, if she's had one by then. Or watch for a complete summary of Alex's report card -- oops, sorry, I can't type numbers that low. Well, then, watch for a discussion of all the nice meals Alex has ever cooked -- and you thought earlier issues of VL made you puke. Or watch for an article about Alex playing tennis -- at age 20, everybody said "there" to her!)

Alex don't even let you reveal all of my personal secrets, yet still precious!)

~~\*\*\*\*\*~~

By the way, here come the results of Jim Williams' "Games People Play" poll. (I don't know how long the full results; those can be obtained by sending a BASK to Jim at 2500 W. 5th, Phoenix, AZ 85009.) I have listed people's ten favorite games by mail and face-to-face, further broken down into European voters and North American voters.

#### Postal Results

Europe	North America
1. United	1. Diplomacy
2. Diplomacy	2. Machiavelli
3. Railroad Kings	3. Kingsmaker
4. After the Holocaust	4. Wooden Ships and Iron Men
5. Diplomacy (variants)	5. Chess
6. Ed Duke	6. Star Wars
7. 1829	7. Bill Bower
8. Sepvith	8. Diplomacy (variants)
9. Wooden Ships and Iron Men	9. Third Reich
10. Executive Decision	10. Empires of the Middle Ages

#### Face-to-Face Results

Europe	North America
1. 1829	1. Diplomacy
2. Sepvith	2. Anti Baron
3. Diplomacy	3. Chess
4. Wooden Ships and Iron Men	4. Hungarians and Dragons
5. Chess	5. Kingsmaker
6. Hungarians and Dragons	6. Cards
7. Cards	7. Third Reich
8. City Beatdown	8. Midway
9. Railroad Kings	9. Civilians Inc.
10. Junta Encounters	10. Squad Leader

Wonder to Jim for running this poll. I was surprised that Monopoly didn't grace in the top ten face-to-face games in North America, but this is understandable considering that most of the respondents were undoubtedly die-hard gamers.

J U P I T E R

19800 jk

GERMANY STUMBLES OVER HIS OWN ARMY!

Spring 1913

- AUSTRIA (Carter, ordered by Olsen): A RUM-Sev, A BUL-Con, A Bud-TRI, F Tri-ALB, A Vie-TYO, A Nap-ROM, A MAR S TURKISH A Spa-Gas (NSO), A LON-Bel
- ENGLAND (Barno, ordered by Leritte): F Lvp-WAL, F Edi-NTH (F NWG S, F HOL S), F Rom-TYR
- FRANCE (Leritte, ordered by Carter): F ENG-Iri
- GERMANY (Rauterberg, ordered by Barno): F Nth-Den (d; r Yor, Nwy, Ska, Hlg, Bel, OTB), A Nwy-STP, A BUR S TURKISH A Spa-Mar (NSO), A Bre-GAS (A PAR S), A DEN-Kie, F Ska-SWE, A KIE U
- RUSSIA (Davies, ordered by Rauterberg): F MID-Iri, A MOS-Sev, A War-UKR
- TURKEY (Olsen, ordered by Davies): A SPA U, F GRE-Bul(sc), F Bas-AEG, A Syr-SMY, F BLA-Con

Game Notes: All proposals made last season failed. Proposed for next season are an A/E/G draw, and A/E draw, an E/G draw, and a concession to Italy (illegal). Please vote on the draws by next deadline.

Thank to John Davies for taking over the Russian position. Thanks also to Jim Williams and Dan Stafford for volunteering to join JUPITER's standby list.

Dave, please be careful to date your orders!  
John Davies' correct postal code is VON 2PO.

Press:

FRANCE to WORLD: We now have some intelligence in this game.

BRUX to FRANCE: Huh? Where?

SULTAN to GREG ELLIS: What are you, some kind of novice? There's nothing strange about this game, nothing at all. We are all normal. I'm not so sure about you. If you think there's something wrong with the way we are playing perhaps it's time you reread the Rulebook! It plainly says that the saps rise in the Spring. If this research does not convince you of the error of your ways, perhaps you could make an appointment with Paul Rauterberg, the Hobby Proctologist.

TURKEY to GERMANY: Wow, I'm impressed, you're in the DW demo game with Dipimaster Scoop Berch himself! I can see the endgame now -- Berch goes, "Well, Rauterberg is a pretty decent guy but all this talk about the dark side IN the moon -- what does it all mean? I'll be like Linsey and stab him!!!!" Better watch it, Paul!

OLSEN to BARNO: Thanks for not going along with my plan. Ask me a favor sometime.

THE SULTAN QUOTES THE VELVET UNDERGROUND: "Then I really don't care any more/ About all of you Doonies in this town/ And everybody putting everybody else down/ And all the politicians making busy sounds/ And all the dead bodies piled up in mounds"

I have some statistics taken from the last 11 game issues of VD; statistics which may interest some readers. Namely, I have counted up all the NMRs in VD over that period of time. Here they are:

<u>VD #63</u> -- 1 NMR	<u>VD #67</u> -- 3 NMRs	<u>VD #74</u> -- 3 NMRs
<u>VD #64</u> -- 0 NMRs	<u>VD #69</u> -- 2 NMRs	<u>VD #76</u> -- 1 NMR
<u>VD #65</u> -- 1 NMR	<u>VD #71</u> -- 0 NMRs	<u>VD #77</u> -- 1 NMR
<u>VD #66</u> -- 0 NMRs	<u>VD #73</u> -- 0 NMRs	

Total for the last 11 game issues is 12 NMRs. There were 68 moving seasons played. That's an average of one NMR for almost every six seasons played! I think that VD's players are among the most reliable in the hobby, and this statistic helps to prove it. Keep it up, folks!

NEATO MOSQUITO FRENCH ORDER FAILS TO FOIL REAL DECENT-LIKE GERMAN SELF-BOUNCE!

Fall 1906

AUSTRIA (Gorham): A Nap S A Rom (ann), A ROM S A Nap  
 ENGLAND (Edison): F NTH-Kol, F DEN S F Nwg-Nth, F Nwg-Nth (d; r Cly, Edi, OTB), F NAT-Nwg  
 FRANCE (Osuch): A TUS-Rom, A PIE-Tyc, A MUN S GERMAN A Hol-Kie, F Spa(sc)-MID (F WES S),  
F Pic-ENG, A BEL H, F TUN H  
 GERMANY (Jurkowski): A EUR S FRENCH A Mun, F HLG-Kie, A HOL-Kie  
 RUSSIA (Ditz): F Bar-NWG (F Nwy S), A SWE S F Nwy, A FIN S F Nwy, F Bot-BAL,  
A BOH-Mun (A TYO S), A Pru-BER (A SIL S)  
 TURKEY (Larzelere): A Ser-BUD, A TRI-Ven, A VEN-Rom, F ADR S A Tri-Ven, F Ion-NAP (F APU S),  
F All-ION

Supply Center Chart:

AUSTRIA:	<del>NAp</del> , Rom	1, even
ENGLAND:	Home, <del>NAp</del> , Den	4, even
FRANCE:	Home, Por, Spa, Mun, Tun, <del>NAp</del> , BEL	8, even
GERMANY:	Kie, <del>NAp</del> , Hol	2, remove 1
RUSSIA:	Home, Swe, Hun, <del>NAp</del> , Vle, Nwy, BER	9, even
TURKEY:	Home, Bul, Gru, Ser, Tri, BUD, VEN, NAP	10, build 3

Game Notes: Thank to Richard Edison for assuming the English position. All proposals made last season failed. Proposed now are a concession to Russia, an R/T draw, and an A/G draw. Please vote by next deadline. For the information of new readers, LUNA is black Press.

Press:

OSUCH to BRUX: Hey, quit interfering with my strategy! I'm counting on those English NMRE.  
 MOSCOW to PARIS AND BERLIN: What SCUM you two are! I try all year to get the two of you together, but NO you would not go for it. Now I join England and what happens? USI that's what! (USI = United Scum Inc.)  
 CON to MOS: Sorry about Bud, but I've got to even things up a bit.  
 LON: For those curious souls, the English position in this game is assumed by standing on the bow of the ship in the North Sea, sticking out one's tongue, and turning around in a circle while putting one's thumbs in one's ears and wagging one's hands to and fro.  
 RUSSIA to ENGLAND: If you are not going to attack France at least let me by so I can.  
 FRANCE to GERMANY: Good little toady.  
 TURKEY to AUSTRIA: Would you please leave Italy? Or at the very least make your miserable life worth something and attack France. Now wouldn't that be better than cowering in a corner?  
 OSUCH to LOUIS: May the force be with you my son.  
 ITALY to WORLE: Please get out the green paint and recolor the little red armies green so I can get back into the game.  
 SWISS to WORLE: Bob Osuch, according to our reports, has been keeping Mark Lew prisoner to keep from being stabbed by him. He has also been blackmailing another player into being his toady. It is our belief that these two acts violate the Geneva Convention of War and that Bob should be punished.  
 BRUX to SWISS: Of course, as you know, I don't approve of such tactics as a person...  
 CON to PAR: How can I support A Tus-Rom if you're retreating to Pie?  
 OSUCH to LEW: May a diseased yak defecate on your shrimp cocktail.

LUNA (continued)

LUNA to JUPITER: Just so you won't be the only game with weird Beatles jingles  
JOHN LENNON: You light up my game, you give me builds... now wait a minute  
JOHN YAKSON: I am the Dip!

I stab he as they stab we as he stab she and we all Dip...  
See how they bleed from appalling greed see how they feed...  
I'm balding

Hitting a Rome fleet, waiting for the French to come  
NVRing Kaiser, writhing weary Wopland, fighting limes and...  
they let their line break down.

I am the A Ven, they are the A Ven, I am the Dip! GUGGXXXACRGG  
Hissing pissing hitting shitting swearing little Dippers in a row  
See how they lie like Brucie on the sly see how they die  
I'm balding.

Purple dither field dripping from a dead vine's eye,  
waiting for the mailman, plucked about his orphans, career...  
vices in every one

I am the A Ven, they are the A Ven, I am the Dip! KILYNDY VITYNY XXX  
Stalmated English fleets all waiting for a crack  
If a crack don't come, you get a win from throwing all your cots away

I am the A Ven, they are the A Ven, I am the Dip! YABBA WBBB DOO  
Tricking cliquing folding pollister don't you think the fencer...  
Ho ho ho Wa na ha Hyork Hyork Hyork!

See how they reach like victims of treach see how they snow  
I'm balding.

NVRing draws pass, ceding to a trifle power  
Coogleples of housewives, Beardman going senile, man you sound...  
kicking Nixon's Dip Award.

I am the A Ven, they are the A Ven, I am the Dip! GXX GXX...  
GUGGXXXACRGG...  
~~XX~~

### MILKY WAY

1962

MISORDERED FUN RAMPANT AND SO DOES ITALY!

#### Autumn 1906

GERMANY: A Bel r RUH, A Mun r KIE

#### Winter 1906

AUSTRIA: Build A TRI, A VIE (imp) (even)

ENGLAND: Build F EDI

FRANCE: NBR! GM Recovers A Gas (out)

GERMANY: Remove A Ber

ITALY: Build A VEN, F NAF

RUSSIA: Build A STP

TURKEY: even

#### Spring 1907

AUSTRIA (Arnawoodian): A ARM-Ank (F CON S), A Mos-STP (Cy r UFR, War, (FB), A MUN S / fan  
A Bel-CAL, A Pru-BER (A MUN S, A SLL S)

ENGLAND (Masser): F HAL S GERMAN A kie-Den (NSO), A Bel-NWY (F NBR GR, F Bel-MC  
F FOR-Mid, F ENG-Mid

GERMANY (Kador): A RUH S AUSTRIAN A Mun-Bur (NSO), A Ber S A fan-Ang (NSO), A NBR M, A FAN S

ITALY (Apalis): A MAR-Gas, A PAP-Gas, F SEV-Arm, A Bul S RUSSIA (Salonki): A SLD NBR (A LAN S)  
F BUL(ad) U, F Ion-ALC, F Nap-TYR, A Spa S...  
A Tyo-VIE (A TRI S), A Ven-Tio

RUSSIA (Salonki): A SLD NBR (A LAN S) F DCH P EBT

TURKEY (B. Itate): A SMY-Gas (A ANX S)

MILKY WAY (continued)

Game Notes: The-concession to Italy failed, and is repropoed. Please vote by next deadline.

As all of you players are aware, there is one of you who is trying his hardest to make this game unenjoyable for all concerned. I am trying very hard to do a good job of running this game (and I think I've been succeeding). I will continue to do this, and will do my best to ignore the attacks on my character which are sent my way. OK?

Lots of miscorders this turn...John, please remember to date your moves. I received two sets of orders from you, one dated and the other undated, and used the orders common to both or which appeared in only one. Also, please note that for orders to be valid, the unit must be correctly named (A or F).

In last season's adjudication, in the order A BER S A Mun, I neglected to capitalize BER. This was caught and corrected in the players' copies before the issue was sent out.

Press:

KIEL: What we need here is a futile gesture.  
RUER: This game should've ended long ago.  
BERLIN: Goodbye, cruel world. Why hast thou forsaken me?  
BRUX to BERLIN: It ain't over till it's over!



N E P T U N E

1982X

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME, IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME. LA DE DA DE DA DE DA...

Summer 1906

- ENGLAND (Duarte): No retreats needed
- FRANCE (Conlon): F Tun r OTS
- ITALY (Jedry): No retreats needed
- RUSSIA (Kane): F Kle r HLG
- TURKEY (Wrobel): No retreats needed

Game Notes: The seasons were separated in this game at the request of at least two players. Fall 1906 will be played at the next deadline. Normally, I would hold all press over until the fall, per house rule amendment #30; however, one player requested specifically that his press be printed this issue, and since Ed Wrobel is resigning this season, in my judgement it would be appropriate to print his press now, too.

Speaking of which, Ed Wrobel resigns. Would Rob Schunk, 802 North Hedges Hall, Bozeman, MT 59715 please take over the Turkish position? Thankshelvalot, Rob.  
COA for Pat Conlon, effective May 10; Pat Conlon, RFD 5, Abilene, KS 67410.

Press:

ITALY to FRANCE: Public radio technology first became practical in 1913, and television was not marketed until 1945 -- LATE 1945. Why quit the game with all those atomic bombs laying around collecting dust? E.J. end.  
BRUX: The Wred-breasted Wrobel is leaving the game  
To find a GM with a different name.  
He leaves with one last bit of poetic rage  
To find out why, simply turn to the next page!

((NEPTUNE continues next page))

NEPTUNE (continued)

CON to EUROPE:

The Wred-breasted Wrobel is a sad bird indeed,  
He's been stuffed with BRUX houserules until he can't feed.  
Of course he's unbalanced; he must live in a cage!  
Not allowed to support, he just flutters in rage.

Doctor Breuss runs the zoo. He's a hard one to please.  
He's got many more rules than the Sacks-Yaks has fleas.  
You can't stay in place and your neighbor support,  
If you write "H" plus "S" your move will abort.

It's just like those boy's in Wrobe's old habitat  
Who are known to you all as D.C. bureaucrats;  
Oh, they busy themselves penning laws, rules and regs  
For no reason at all. It might make you beg

For easier times when birds could fly free  
Before checking with houserule six thousand and three,  
When logic might count for far more than fine print  
And men did not fear to use their judgement.

Now the Wred-breasted Wrobel lifts off to the sky,  
For dear Dr. Breuss has allowed him to fly!  
The cage door is open, the Wrobe takes to flight  
And departs very quickly from BRUX' narrow sight.



O R I O N

1982Y

OUT OF ALL THIS, ONLY THREE UNITS MOVE!

Autumn 1906

RUSSIA: A Pru r WAR

Winter 1906

ENGLAND: even

FRANCE: even

GERMANY: even

ITALY: even

RUSSIA: even

TURKEY: even

Spring 1907

ENGLAND (Newell?): NMR! F MID U, A NWY U, F SKA U, F NWG U

FRANCE (Wrobel): F ENG S ENGLISH F Mid, F POR S ENGLISH F Mid, A GAS S A Mar,  
A MAR S A Bur, A BUR S A Mar

GERMANY (Wittmond): F NTH S ENGLISH A Nwy, A MUN S ITALIAN A Ven-Tyo (NSO),  
A RUH S A Mun, A BER S A Mun, A PRU H (F GAL S)

ITALY (Howerton): A PIE-Mar (F SPA(sc) S, F LYO S), A VEN-Pie, A TRI H, F TYR H, A TUN H

RUSSIA (DeLuca): A Fin-SWE, A STP-Nwy (F BAR S), A WAR S TURKISH A Gal-Sil, A SIL-Mun,  
A Mos-LVN

TURKEY (Leritte): F Aeg-ION, F WES B ITALIAN F Spa(sc), F NAF-Mid, A GAL-Sil,  
A TYO S RUSSIAN A Sil-Mun, A BOH S RUSSIAN A Sil-Mun

Game Notes: The E/F/G/L/R/T draw did not pass.

Would Peter Ancoff, 5777-162 Reading Ave., Alexandria, VA 22311 please submit standby orders for England? Dave, I must have moves and a sub check from you by next deadline if you wish to keep playing. Would Brent Bennett, 4205-42 St., Laduc, Alberta, CANADA T9E 3B6 please assume the French position, as Ed Wrobel has resigned? GOA for Peter DeLuca, 105 Center Lane, Reading, PA 19606



ORION (continued)

Bob Howerton has asked me to give his regrets to the other players for his lack of communication lately; there has been a death in his family.

Press:

TURKEY to WHOEVER WROTE THAT DISGUSTING PRESS LAST SEASON: Nice try but it didn't work.  
MOS to BER: I wave my private parts at your auntie.



PEGASUS

1982Z

ENGLAND AND FRANCE ENJOY A TUNIS SANDWICH?

Summer 1906

ENGLAND: A Nay r OTB  
TURKEY: NRR: A Bul r OTB

Fall 1906

AUSTRIA (Husk): A Vic-TYO, A BUD S GERMAN A Ukr-Rum, A SER S A Gro, A GRE S F Bul(sc),  
F HUL(sc) Splits into the Ionian (H), F Nap-ROM  
ENGLAND (Halewstadt): F DEN H, F Ska-NTH, F ENG-Bel (F BOL S), A NAF-Tun, F Mid-POR,  
FRANCE (Chatfield): F Waa-MID (F SPA(sc) S), F Lyo-TYR, A BRE H, A Bur-MUN, F ION-Tur,  
A RUK-Hol (A BEL S)  
GERMANY (MacFarlane): A Ukr-RUM  
RUSSIA (Meisner): A Swa-BER (F BAL C), A Sov-MOS (A WAR S), A Sny-ANK, A NWY H,  
F BIA S TURKISH F Aeg-Bul(sc)  
TURKEY (Punches): F ARG-Bul(sc), A Con S F Aeg-Bul(sc) (NSU), F EAS-Aeg

Supply Center Chart:

AUSTRIA: Home, Ser, Gre, Ven, ROM, BUL 8, build 2  
ENGLAND: Home, ~~WZ~~, ~~WZ~~, Hol, Den, Por 6, even  
FRANCE: Home, Spa, Mui, Tun, ~~WZ~~, Nap, BEL 8, even  
GERMANY: ~~WZ~~, RUM 1, even  
RUSSIA: War, Sev, StP, MOS, Fer, Sny, Swa, Kle, ~~WZ~~, ANK, HWY 10, build 2  
TURKEY: ~~WZ~~, Con, ~~WZ~~ 1, remove 1

Game Notes: All draw proposals failed. That's because there weren't any.

Press:

AUSTRIA to WORLD (IN A HIGH FALSETTO): Help me, please help me! That dastardly white bear has lied to po' little ol' me again!  
AUSTRIA to TURKEY: Why can't we be friends? I certainly can't trust Russia any more. You, at least, I can trust. OK, OK. So I've fibbed to you before. I can certainly change my ways. And you know that you can't trust France. At least write!  
AUSTRIA to FRANCE: Tah, tah. Now, how did I know that you were going to violate our agreement? Was it because you have stabbed everyone you've gotten a chance to? If you had not moved into the Ionian (in violation of our agreement), I would not have gotten into Naples. (Say, you wouldn't be BRUX in disguise, would you? I don't want to insult you, but...)  
AUSTRIA to EUROPE: If Germany has gone the way of all flesh, then let us shed a silent tear for a valiant foe and friend. And those of you who treated him nastily should (censored).



IS THAT TURKISH ARMY ABOUT TO GET KISLEUR?

Full 1905

- AUSTRIA (Spector): A TRI-VEN (F ADN S, A TUS S), A MM H
- ENGLAND (Glaspar): F IEN-RIA, F Nth-NEL, F BAL-PRU, A Noy-SWE, A Eds-NWY (F RUS C), A STP(OR)H (F BAR S)
- FRANCE (Dard): A NAF-Gry (NSU), F ION C A NAF-Gry (NSU), A TUN O F NYR S (NSU), A Pie-TYO, A MUN S GERMAN A Bar, A RUM S A Mun.
- GERMANY (Howerton): A IFR S ENGLISH F Den-Ris.
- ITALY (Paul): A IRI-Ven (A APC S), F NAP H
- RUSSIA (Lanslog): A WAR S A Sit, F Bot-LVN (A MOS S), A DIL S TURKISH A KIE-Ven
- TURKEY (Gweney): A KIE-Ven A PRI-Bar, A Smy-ARM, F Aeg-GRC, F Coo-BUL(OR), F Ank-RIA

Supply Center Charts:

AUSTRIA: Home, Ven, VEN RIF	0	bulld 2
ENGLAND: Home, Del, Noy, Den, Hc), StP, SWE	1	bulld 1
FRANCE: Home, For, Spa, Tull, MUN	2	bulld 1
GERMANY: IFR, BEN	3	aven
ITALY: IRI, Rom, Nap	4	removs 1
RUSSIA: Mos, Sev, WAR, WAR	5	aven
TURKEY: Ank, Smy, Bul, Coo, KIE, KIE	6	removs 1

Game Notes: Bob Howerton has asked me to give his regrets to all players for his lack of recent correspondence, due to a death in his family. Sorry 'bout the news Bob.

Press:

- ANY to MOS: Who's the dummy?
- ANY to GERMAN GOVERNMENT IN BERLIN: Great news!
- ITALY: Thanks to all GUSAR players who sent me notes concerning my dinner.
- FRANCE to MOSCOW ENGLAND: Didn't make it to Crosser Con (the weather was really soupy!). Gentle Con is coming up June 17-19 in Denver. I'll be there the 18th. Sounds like it's going to be a good time!
- LONDON to BERLIN: Chin up, stiff upper lip, pip-pip etc. etc. at nausou. Mary Poppins is on her way with a thermos of ~~chicken~~ Turkey soup under her arm, so swear not. Yurkwy, Hevave Eveelo).
- ANY to PARIS: Where are you going?
- PARIS: The French government today announced the capture of former Sultan Greg the Ugly. It is rumored he was found in a Munich brothel. The President asks all heads of state to help decide his fate; should he live or should he die? What form of execution or punishment should be imposed on him for his acts of treachery? Please respond by next session.
- ANY to MOS: Surprise, surprise! You got to Moscow anyway.
- ANY to BAR: How far east are you coming?
- ANY to HUD: Russia isn't only after me.
- QUEEN VICTORIA to THE OTTOMAN SULTAN: Sorry, Most Exalted Servant of Allah, you blew it. An Prince Albert was fond of saying, "If it looks like Turkey, and it sounds like Turkey, and it moves into Kiel like Turkey, then maybe it's time to think about Turkey soup."
- ANY to BER: I love it!
- PARIS: The French government announced the expulsion of several Russian diplomats caught spying.
- ANY to LON: Why howdy?
- WASHINGTON to MUNICH: Luck may yer lust rock, tall!
- ANY to MOS: What did you build F Nap for?

EUROPE ARMS FOR THE UPCOMING CONFLICT!

Autumn 1901

ITALY: A Trä r OTB

Winter 1901

AUSTRIA (Knight): Build A VIE

ENGLAND (Sweeney): Build P LVP

FRANCE (Hare): Build P BNE, P MAR

GERMANY (Heinzman): Build A MUN, P KIE

ITALY (Prick): Build P NAP

RUSSIA (Kleinman): Build A MOS, A STP

TURKEY (Reilly): Build P ANK

Game Notes: The concession proposal to Turkey failed. COA for Rich Reilly, effective May 13, to 3007 Gustafson Circle, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

One player requested a separation of seasons between W '01 and S '02. Winter 1901 is always separate under the VD house rules, because it is usually more complex than other winters, so such a request is not necessary.

Press:

KAISER WILHELM II to EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF I: Are you aware that by usurping the title "Kaiser" in a public communique that you have violated German copyright laws?

ENGLAND to FRANCE AND GERMANY: He who expects to be stabbed plans ahead for the event. I cannot harm both (too much) but harm I shall. Need we this discord?

PHETTY-SITTIE ((FRANCE)) to TWO-FRONTIER: A jerk...churlish...intransigent...immature...paranoid; I love it! (How long did you say this would last?)

ENGLAND to AUSTRIA: I know what it feels like -- believe me.

GERMANY to THE DIPLOMATIC TYPOCHONDRIAC: Keep up the good work! I shall never use the word "aroma" in a pejorative sense again.

GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY SUPPLY CENTER ((FRANCE)):  
 Reilly took Bulgaria  
 And Hare took Portugal;  
 Sweeney's fleet took Belgium out of greed.  
 And Heinzman over lunch one day  
 Took two smiles up the coast,  
 And told him, "That's not quite what we agreed."

ENGLAND to RUSSIA: Enlightening letter, huh!

GERMANY to GM: Dittos are fine! Being a teacher, I would have thought that you'd have thought of them sooner (how's the syntax on that one, John?).

BRUX: Omgod! Help! I'm

falling off the page!

Ignore this guy, he's crazy.

Also weird!

Oh no

BUDAPEST: Two insurrectionists were shot today after having been found guilty of treason and producing seditious material. The two, who are believed to have collaborated with the Russian army now occupying Galicia, were discovered last week in a basement, where they had just begun printing up leaflets explaining the Russian attack on Budapest as an attempt "to regain yet another Russian territory that is now Russian. was then Russian, shall be forever Russian, with which all of Mother Russia cries out to be rejoined. where we shall eat Russian food and dance Russian dances in the streets built with Russian sweat and toil. even though it now be filled with Russians who look and act and smell very much like Austrians, and focey on whoever says anything different." The leaflet went on to exhort the Austrian citizenry to open its arms to the Russian army "coming purely for Russian defense" and to be reunited with its "rightful Russian homeland." It is doubtful whether or not the leaflet would have been as effective against the Austrian audience it was intended for as an earlier leaflet intended for Russians, as both were printed in Cyrillic. From the reports of various foreign journalists, it appears that the earlier leaflet had succeeded in persuading the Russians that the appearance on the map of a thick, black line along the Galicia-Warsaw/Ukraine border was merely an illusion. Due to the fighting around Budapest, trade out of the city has virtually stopped, although it is hoped that several shipments of eyeglasses and books on cartography may eventually make their way to some of the larger cities of the north.

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Reprinted from Bruxus Bulletin #61...

### Fuck

We received a comprehensive and altogether enlightening essay on the subject from among our faithful correspondents which details how that much-maligned four-letter word is in fact the most versatile word in the English language!

It is a verb -- both transitive and intransitive (John fucked Mary) and (Mary was fucked by John). It can be both an active verb (John really gives a fuck) and a passive verb (Mary doesn't give a fuck). It is an adverb (John can fucking run), a noun (Mary is a terrific fuck), and an adjective (Mary is fucking beautiful).

Further, it can denote anger (Oh, fuck it!), fraud (I got fucked by my insurance agent), aggression (Fuck you!), dismay (Fuck me), apathy (Oh what the fuck) and confusion (What the fuck...?).

It can be deeply philosophical (Who really gives a fuck?) or religious (Holy fuck). It can suggest incompetence (He's all fucked up), lethargy (He just fucks around all day long) and displeasure (All right, what the fuck is going on here?). It is the perfect rejoinder for those who don't wish to be disturbed (Fuck off!) and it is perfectly suited to expressing surprise or amazement (Far fucking out, man!).

Not only that, but...

It can be used to tell the time (It's four fucking thirty).

It can be used in a character analysis (He's a fucking asshole).

It can be a prediction (Uh-oh, I'm fucked).

It can be used in business (How did I get this fucking job).

It can be used in politics (Fuck the Prime Minister).

It can be used to describe deep mother/son relationships (Motherfucker).

And of course it can help you make friends (Wanna fuck?).

When you stop to think about it, that word is...well, far fucking-tastic.

The Gossip Column

From Ronald Brown (3/21/83):

Dear BRUX,

Just wanted to let you know that I applaud your decision to stop printing senseless personal attacks. That was one aspect of VD I disliked; otherwise, it's a great zine. I'm certain that there are others who feel the same way, though they probably won't write to tell you that. Some have told me they stopped subbing to American zines because of the pointless feuds -- and there have been times when I have felt the same way.

You know I have a policy of not commenting in Snafu! on the negative aspects of the hobby -- unless they get out of hand (eg. Courrier and Sacks), but the "Barno letter" nearly was the subject of a scathing attack on all that is wrong with American zines. In light of your and Mike's apologies, I am glad I held off. I'm glad I didn't print it because it may have caused friction between me and you and Barno. That goes to show how these ridiculous feuds can have harmful effects far beyond the parties directly involved.

To give you another example, Dick Martin has sent me what I consider to be pointless attacks on my character simply because I wrote a few letters to Gary Coughlan. I don't even know Dick Martin and yet there are negative feelings between us because he and Gary had a disagreement. See how silly and hurtful this all is?

I don't know what the answer is to stop all these feuds, but they must be stopped. Your decision to stay clear of them is a step in the right direction.

((Letters like this have convinced me to redouble my efforts not to let VD become a forum for feuding or personal attacks ever again. Thank for the support.

Ironically, Kathy Byrne and one or two of her friends have chosen this time to clobber me throughout the hobby's zines. I see no particular reason to respond to her stuff, however, especially since I doubt whether most of the hobby is interested in reading this sort of stuff. So I'll stick to my resolution and just watch, amused, from a distance.))

From Rich Peably (4/20/83):

Dear Bruce...and fellow Doomies,

Yes, there is Diplomacy in Idaho. Has been since my wonderful roommate (here at Upham Hall) bought the game for me a little over a year ago. But of course, I'm not the only diplomat in Idaho...at least one other among the Doomies is also from this beautiful state. I won't mention his name, as he perhaps wants this fact kept secret. And there are others... not as many as I'd like, as it's sometimes a struggle to get together seven players for a game... but the struggles usually pay off, and I have managed to play in a few dozen games this year.

As for me being a native of Idaho...sorry. I'm from Ohio. Small town called Huron. Only thing good about it was that we were only a block from Lake Erie, so I got to go swimming in the filth and muck a lot. Idaho, with its spectacular scenery -- on a clear day I can see the Grand Tetons 100 miles off -- is an immense improvement over that. Ohio just doesn't have anything to compare to the Tetons, or the Sawtooths (Sawteeth?). I love it, and hope I never have to leave...

((Of the 43 states I've visited, I count Idaho among the most beautiful too. Nothing in the East can even come close.

As for the other Doomie from Idaho, gee, I wonder who that might be...))

From Rob Schmunk:

Dear BRUX,

My God, you'd think that Idaho Diplomacy players were as rare as passenger pigeons (my hunter statement) from the letters in VD 74 and 76. Sorry to blow the whole thing up,

but I have a variation on the theme, me. It seems that I'm going to school in Montana, but am actually from, gasp, Idaho and in fact live about two miles from Richard Reilly's (who do you think recommended your rag to me in the first place?). (Howdy, Rich.) By the way, are there any Dip players in Montana?

I'd dearly love to enter the houserules controversy, but I first need a copy of them. All I've got now are the revisions from issue 74, and this is like trying to put together a linear accelerator with two bags of cement and some copper tubing. (By the way, I think the double-order hold and support should be interpreted as support.)

You will get a good rating from me in the Runestone Poll, especially since I'm only subbing to two zines right now and haven't had time to check out your competition too much. Honestly, VD is great even though it does come out infrequently enough that I suffer withdrawal pains if I think it's late.

Now, could you explain what a Bruce Linsey is? All I've heard so far is that you teach something somewhere, Alex's comment that you resemble a sasquatch, and a statement by Rich Reilly that you're similar to a friend of ours in New Hampshire (defined as: willing to lose your shirt gaming 'cause it's so much fun).

All for now, I'm feeling sunstroke from skiing today and need to hit the sack. (103 inches on the hill and they're going to close tomorrow, sick.)

((There is indeed another Doomie from Montana, Bob Worthy. However, I have never heard from him (he received his VD sub as a gift from another Doomie) and I don't know if he's a Dippy player or not.

By now you should have a copy of my houserules.

A Bruce Linsey is a 27-year-old teacher with a passion for postal Diplomacy, especially publishing. He loves this hobby and the friendships he has made through it. He is well-liked by many people and hated by many others. He is weird.))

From Peter Ansoff (4/15/83):

Dear BRUX,

Regarding VD #75, I would like you to know that I am very offended by your "little humorous satire". I complain about your houserules just as much as Ed Wrobel, I write articles that are just as boring as John Kador's, and my play in HERCULES was just as sneaky as Mike Mazzer's... SO HOW COME ALL THESE PEOPLE WERE INCLUDED AND I WASN'T??? Is THIS what you call "avoiding feuds"??

Regarding issue #76, I'm assuming that either 1) it was a fake, or 2) your decision to go ditto is an April Fool's joke. (And #1 is unlikely as Ed Wrobel tells me that the moves in that issue were legit.) Just in case it wasn't a joke, my humble opinion is...well, it's better than digest format, but not much. Frankly, I'd prefer to see smaller, more legible issues if that's what it takes to stay within your publishing budget.

Comment on Jake Halverstadt's letter in issue #74: Would he, or anyone else, be interested in Parlement, a 7-player, chanceless game about European politics in the 20s? It was designed by Charles Wells back in the early 70s, but apparently died out after a brief spurt of interest. I did some research on it recently, and would be interested in playing in (or even perhaps GMing) a game if there were any interest.

It appears that I'm in the final stages of talking myself into buying a new sailboat. I've had a Buccaneer '18 day sailer since 1977, and while I am still strictly a small-boat type I'd like to try something less racy and more traditional. Right now the best prospect seems to be a little Drascombe Lugger yawl which I saw in Annapolis last weekend. She is fiberglass, but patterned after a clinker-built dory (and made in England). If I do buy her I'll send you a photo of her cruising the high ~~del~~ Potomac.

((Hey, can I come down for a cruise sometime?

Doomies interested in Peter's proposal for a Parlement game should write him at 5777-162 Reading Ave., Alexandria, VA 22311.))

From Billy Higdon (3/1/81)

Dear Bruce

I LOVE "Edge of Edge #77" The only problem was the cartoon about me. I should have been A.T. I don't get no wrong; I was glad to be noticed. The best cartoons and poems were about Lousy, Kathy, Igloo, and, of course, the lovely Alex. Well, at least all of that garbage I write has at least brought me fame (if not fortune)

I'm on my school camp now and this weekend I spent \$20 total to go see two hockey games. Both were of the greatest AHL minor league team of all time, The ROCHESTER AMERICANS (I love their name, don't you?) who in Rochester have shortened their name to "Amerks" to make things easy.

On Friday night, they played Fredrickton (Canada). Fredrickton has clinched the Northern Division and the Amerks clinched the Southern Division. Rochester is the king of the South (if you can understand that) and I can see why those Northerners are so violent!

Anyway, the Amerks crushed the Fredrickton Express 10 to 3. Cries of "Amerks, amerks, AMERKS!" spread through the Rochester War Memorial (our stadium). I have never been part of anything, just a fan, but I can still feel the emotion flooding through the audience. When the Amerks scored, a war blasted through the crowd and continued for minutes after. Near the end of the third period, the cheering became even more furious as Fredrickton struggled to score back. We counted down -- 5 -- 4 -- 3 -- 2 -- 1 -- ZERO! And all hell broke loose. The Amerks had trounced our main enemy and you couldn't help but get a warm feeling in your chest. Every car in the parking garage started honking their horns (a special goal in the national "high" of winning. I haven't felt that good in a long time and I forgot all of my problems. Only the US Hockey Team will or the Gold in the 1980 Winter Olympics beats the Amerks win!

Saturday I headed down to the box office and, by some act of the Lord (no, not Alex), managed to get 2 tickets near the front (five rows back from the rink). The Amerks play Moncton (Canada) and although they didn't break them, they did win 6 to 4. This game was even more fierce than Friday's. At one point of heavy man-to-man checking, an Amerk was slammed head first into the wall by a Moncton jerk. The Amerk came up aching (by the way those gloves were off!) As the Amerk swung with his right, his left grabbed the hair of the Moncton player and held his face still while the Amerk bashed it with multiple blows from his powerful right uppercut. Since we were all ringside, the clarity of the fight was unbelievable. When the fight was broken up, we were all cheering and screaming. Both players received 7 minute penalties (5 for fighting, 2 for holding or something). The Amerk has a few scratches, the Moncton player had a bloody nose and a black eye. The Moncton player learned the reason why you should wear a helmet (so the enemy can't grab your hair!). Checking continued to be rough, and once some of the plexiglass was knocked out. (Really? I've seen plexiglass get shattered before, but never killed!) Another time, a Moncton player was met with a head-on hip check while he was heading toward the Amerk goal at full steam. The result was his learning how to fly, the hard way! He went up, and then he came down -- right into the wall! Poor moron, we all felt sorry for him as he was carried off the rink and we cheered with genuine blood-lust. GOOOOOOOO AMERKS!!!!

As for Kame's "unique" challenge for a toady war, I think it sounds just a little familiar. In fact, I remember saying it just a couple of months ago. Even if I wanted to compete with him for the, I wouldn't. Why? Because a toady doesn't hurt his master intentionally and if Alex had to pick me over him (which she would, it would hurt her (and her conscience)). So I refuse his co-challenge on the grounds that it would hurt Alex (which I do not want to do. I like Alex too much to stoop that low. I don't hurt my friends (I'm excluded)). I bet that Terry Tallon is laughing his head off. Terry is a nice guy recently put out a self-laced beard (some of his wins: North South West Co. (a "Prize" for Terry). Hey, I wish I like Alex, who couldn't (besides heartless people like Tallon, Byrne and Amosman)?

Well, time to go. I have to do my nightly exercises (sit-ups, push-ups, and knee

movements. Ha ha! For some reason I think of Bruce and Eric while doing that last one. Oh well, HFI, be careful out there, will ya? If you don't take care of yourself and Alex, I'll kill ya, OK? If you do not follow what Alex instructs you to do, I'll kill ya, OK? Bye bye, Bozo!

Alex's loving toady,  
Midshipman ~~Mc~~ William S. Highfield  
USN NROTC

((Good to hear your reaction to my "Zoo" issue.

Bill is the publer of The Modern Patriot, a zine which tends to express views that might be construed as, um, opposed to communism. It is also devoted to the love of the United States of America - and Alex, though not necessarily in that order. Write Bill at 2012 Ridge Road East, Rochester, NY 14622 for a sample, and tell him I sent you!))

From Mark Luedi (4/9/83):

Hi Bruce,

Another great issue! I wish I had the guts to write what I want to write. You have a great collection of subscribers/readers/contributors. I appreciate not only your zine, but also the contributions your readers make very much. (Maybe John Fador can fix that sentence.)

I hope you keep your resolution, expressed in #74. I hope everybody else will keep the same thing in mind. Not only interpersonally, but intrapersonally as well. We're all Jekyll/Hydes. It's a matter of housekeeping.

I was kidding from square one about the \$50.00 mutual sub. Imagine an experienced dipper like you being gullibilized that way!

Sorry, but I'm leary of the ditto. I'd rather pay double for a zine that is easily read. It's like compromising the quality of VD, but I don't want to be telling you how to run your zine, but I'd be willing to pay \$1.00 per issue for VD. (Maybe give people a choice?) (Well, seeing as how I'm up to my ankle bone, I'll move along.)

What happens if I've never done a Great Diplomatic Coup? The only things I've achieved have been stopping a stab in midair and changing a three-way draw to a two-way draw and a one-center England. I think you should also run a Great Diplomatic Blunders contest too. I think I can give Bob Olsen a run for his money.

Thanks for all the plugs; maybe I will be able to open a third game.

See, I ought to fill this page up! Look at all the paper I'm wasting! Zoo issue was certainly interesting. Some of it I found hilarious, some of it gross, eh. But if you had fun doing it, that's what counts!

I'll stick with the ditto; I don't expect the quality to be generally as low as it was in VD #76 because I don't expect to be running off 230+ copies in the future. Remember that that issue went to over 60 people as a sample, so there were a lot more copies made than the usual 130 or so, and consequently a lot of readers got pages that were tough to read. I hope this issue turns out better; I won't know for sure till I run it off.

Don't worry, I will keep my resolution regarding personal controversy in 1/2 the pages.

You make a very good point: VD is successful because it probably has a higher degree of participation by its readers than any other zine around. I surely couldn't do half of this on my own, hey? Thanks for the compliments.))

From Donn Davies (4/15/83, excerpt):

Hi Bruce,

Thank you for asking me to stand by in the JUPITER game. I have waited for you to come new and it paid off. Issue #75 was great! Will you try to have it a second issue? It's for you going ditto, you are right, it does have some desirable aspects. A few pages that were barely readable, but I made it.



((Sorry again about the poor printing quality in VD #76. I don't plan to make Dr. Breuss an annual event; in fact, it's unlikely I'll ever do another such issue. But this one was fun to do and I'm glad you got your money's worth.))

From Jake Halverstadt (5/30/83):

Dear Uncle BRUX:

Here's the latest for the stock market game. So, after one turn, I repose in a tie for fourth place -- I guess I'll keep it.

Glad you seem a little interested in the Presidential Politics game. I'm working on whipping together a 1930 version of it, and intend to send you the details in a few days. I'm really inclined to try publish a little PEM version of it, as I said before, if I can get a dozen or so people wanting to play. I've already got a couple of possibles, and a couple of people I want to solicit. Any suggestions?

How did you make the photocopies of the certificates for the Stocks and Bonds game? Is it a black-and-white copy on colored stock, or a color photocopy? Just curious.

I'm surprised you didn't call me about VD #75 -- face it, it's your track record. anyhow, I'm not pissed or anything -- and maybe I've finally convinced you that you don't have to worry much about offending me. Good for us! I just wish I were more familiar with some of the characters you parodied.

Damned if we didn't reach 65° today -- one hell of an afternoon to be stuck in the store.

And, speaking of the store, I didn't tell you that I caught my first shoplifter a few days back. To make a long story short, one of our security folks waved me to the front of the store to witness the bust. Two guys had stuffed fishing rods, reels, sneakers, underwear and stuff under their clothes, and tried to leave the store. The security guy cut them off on the sidewalk, flashed his badge, and asked the thieves back into the store. One acquiesced, the other -- the one closest to me -- hit the bricks!

So, old Jake, (6', 215 lbs., and a confirmed cigarette smoker) finds himself chasing this guy across an icy parking lot. As I overtake him, I'm alternately thinking "tackle the fucker," and "not on this blacktop you don't!"

Well, I didn't tackle him, but I did collar him. The guy proved to be 5'9" and 190 lbs., and one of the few people these days who is slower than I.

The next day -- my day off -- they grabbed another lifter. He wound up pulling a nickel-plated 28 and talking out! The cops nabbed him later. I'd have shit my pants on that one!

Sorry about my last letter. I know I wrote, but I've been quite ill and worn out (slept 13 hours the other night) and frankly remember writing only a very stream-of-consciousness tone.

Enough, I say! Watch your mailbox for details on the politics game. I hope -- and rather expect -- you'll like it.

((I'm looking forward to seeing it. I'm sure we can recruit enough players from the ranks of the Doonies to fill your game. I'll run a description of it after I get it.

Your store sounds like an interesting place to work. For security people, not shoplifters.))

From Jim Finley (3/26/83):

Yo BRUX!

How goes it? What's new? What's old?

Problems here. Due to increased activity, unpredictability, mobility, and universal chaos in my Marine Corps career of late, and more to come, I've not been doing my games justice for some months, and am now resigning from those games. That means, of course,

that I won't be of much use to anyone as a standby.

I will still be playing PFF whenever I can, and reading the zines we sub to, and hope that in the future things will stabilize enough to make keeping up with a postal Dip game reasonable. At the moment it's become a chore -- choosing between food, sleep, or correspondence -- and that's not recreation, and if it's not recreation, why do it? Life is short.

I'm having to cut back on my sleep a lot of nights lately, too; something different going on every week on a different schedule. Next week, I'll be up at 4 AM every day to go shooting (annual rifle requalification -- if I shoot expert, and I will, this will be the seventh year running. Haven't had the chance to qualify with a pistol since I traded my mortar for a computer in '79).

The basic problem is that the folks running my shop don't know what the hell they're doing, so they keep shuffling things around so fast no one else can spot their ignorance. Or so they hope. Change the shifts! Change the structure! Change the billet titles! Move the furniture! Paint the building!

Needless to say, I'm working on getting out of computers and back to combat arms, either tanks, or infantry. I can't get tanks. Also trying to get them to make me an officer. Getting busted when I was a DI will hurt me, but maybe they'll take me anyway.

Well, this is probably boxing you so I'll shut up. I'll keep you posted -- if I make it into this program I'll be in Virginia for training in a few months. (At which point I'd have had to call all my games anyway.)

Robyn says hi! she'll be carrying on as usual with her games and correspondence, and the occasional tournament. Fortunately, she doesn't have the Marine Corps using her as the pin in a steel game, although sometimes she has to put up with some crap being married to a serviceman. She knows what it means to me, though, and doesn't give me a hard time. I'm very lucky to be married to such a patient, understanding type. (Also a good poet, cook, and of course, Diplomacy player.)

It's getting late, so this will be about it for now. Keep up the good work -- if we're ever in your area, we'll call -- and if you find yourself near San Diego look us up. So long for now -- take care.

((Sorry to hear that real-life pressures are forcing you to pull back from the postal hobby. Good luck to you and Robyn, and keep in touch.))

From Richard Edlund (6/12/83).

Dear BRUX,

Thanks for the opportunity to play in your rag. I had been hoping to weasel my way in somehow, but since I lost the coin toss to Ty when you called (Richard and Ty have been roommates and flipped a coin to see who would get into the RAG's games.) I accept the challenge.

Well, it looks as though I forgot to engage my brain before putting my mouth (actually, pen) in gear on this lousy stinking thing. Ty, by the way, gave up his plans to check out the story by drawing down there. I told him it wasn't worth the effort -- as long as the game I'm in is well-lit, I have no real complaint.

Not speaking of which, I much enjoyed John Kador's last Diplomatic Byzantinian article. What made it even better was the comment he made on your word "darcimercious". He says, and I quote, "if the Oxford English Dictionary (unabridged) fails to list the word (and it doesn't) something is definitely out of whack." What John actually should have said in his parenthetical was "and it does", since this implies that the dictionary failed to list the word. What he says is that it doesn't fail to list the word, when he obviously meant the opposite. Beyond which, I have a feeling that the word "darcimercious" is much like my seventh-grade math teacher's favorite number, seventy-seven, which exists somewhere between ten million billion trillion zillion and googolplex.

If Mike Smith still reads this rag, tell him I know an old buddy of his, Casey in Berkeley. He plays Diplomacy PFF, and he's pretty good.

Long live the Emperor (a loyal, screaming Doornie!)

From Steve Knight (4/15/83)

Dear BRUX:

...As for your HRs: I'll go ahead with editing as soon as the semester's over. If you're worried about credentials, I GMD 1982CK (which was a game played over a computer network that got killed due to the inefficiency of the communicating method), so I'm at least familiar with what's involved. In any case, you won't have to accept 'em if I screw up. I'm planning to start just by typing in the verbatim HRs and then editing in the amendments; if you're open to additional editorial suggestions, I'll make another copy then and try my hand. (I hope this doesn't seem too presumptuous.) As for printing, we have a high-quality printer available, so I see three options: 1) use it to make a master for offset printing; 2) use it to make ditto masters themselves; 3) print a copy that you'd then type in for ditto yourself. Let me know which would work best for you, although we certainly will have time to hash it all out. Now that I think of it, I'll print this out on the Spinwriter (the high-quality one) to give you an idea of what it comes out like. If you like the idea of offset and want to save on paper to hold down costs (or even for ditto), it can also print in elize type.

To finish up my comments on the Zoo issue that I briefly mentioned over the phone: even though I didn't have the context for roughly half the stuff in it, seeing it gave me some for the future. For example, I hadn't seen any of Kador's articles before #76, but got a big kick out of that one because I had #75 for background. Plus, I think you pulled off a well-done parody of Seuss. Most parodies pay only cursory attention to meter and have all sorts of metric inconsistencies, but I didn't find any holes in your verses. And for a long-time Dr. Seuss fan like myself, what more can I say?

Here's \$.02 more on the Quinn files: I'm really intrigued by the reaction they're getting. Since the consensus seems to be that there's nothing wrong with someone combing through the back issues of Everything on their own for such stats, I assume that what makes this situation different is that he's offering the information for sale. So I wonder if it would be equally objectionable if:

- 1) the files themselves didn't exist, and Bill's offer was: "for \$X I'll sort through all my back issues of Everything by hand to collect the stats on whoever."
- 2) he had all the info down in separate manila folders for each person, but wasn't offering it for sale.
- 3) he had the manila folders and was offering it for sale.

In short, I'm trying to pin down whether or not what bugs people is just the fact that he's selling the info, the fact that the files exist, or the fact that the computer makes the info quick to retrieve. My own opinion is that I see nothing wrong with what he's doing; since there's nothing to prevent anyone from offering such a service anyway or from assembling manila-folder files, I suspect that what's at the heart of many objections is the fact that the files are on a computer instead of in folders. As the computer only speeds up the operation, what's the harm? Of course, I may be way off base, but I don't think I've really heard why people object. How about you -- what are the specific reasons they rub you the wrong way?

Finally, the articles in #76 were all top-notch. I especially loved "Ally with Me..." Point well made -- I nearly (\*ahem\*) died laughing. Good luck with the ditto machine, and keep up the usual good work.

((My own objections to the Quinn files are simply that I feel that too much attention is already paid to players' records, ratings, and the like. I think that as a result of this, some players lose sight of the fact that postal Dippy is for fun. But I don't have any serious objection to Bill carrying through his project; I just don't see it as useful. I'll be discussing your revision of my house rules more with you privately; I really appreciate your offer and think you are capable of doing a good job with the project.))

The following entertaining story was sent to Alex by Fitzpeter T. Quiddipoo Jr. Both of them have given me permission to run it in VD. Enjoy, it's a riot!

The True Story of Creation

translated by Eva Snickerbocker

Introduction: Recently, a team of German archeologists exploring caves in the area where the Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered found an important new scroll entitled "The True Story of Creation." It was signed "Sarah, the first granddaughter of the first woman who was called Eve."

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the Earth. God enjoyed watching the animals play and fight. One day, She wondered if an animal shaped after her own image could survive on Earth. To satisfy Her curiosity, God reached down and picked up a piece of clay from which She created the first woman whom She called Eve.

God planted the Garden for Eve. This garden had all kinds of delectable fruits and vegetables. In the middle of the garden She planted the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil which was the banana tree. God said unto Eve, "Eat not of this tree or you will surely wish you were dead."

One morning Eve was playing with the other animals near the Tree of Knowledge. A huge serpent wrapped around the tree said to Eve, "Come hither and taste the fruit of this tree. It will give you pleasure greater than any you have ever known."

"No!" Eve replied. "My Mother in Heaven told me never to do that."

The Serpent said, "Just look at these bananas. Don't you feel a strange pleasant exciting feeling come over you when you look at them? How could anything so good to look at be so bad to eat? Besides, your Mother eats of this fruit every day and she enjoys it more than any other fruit. She just doesn't want you to experience the same pleasure She enjoys."

Eve reluctantly reached for her first banana saying, "If Mother does it, it must be okay." As Eve grabbed the banana, an electrifying thrill shot through her body. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "I never dreamed anything could feel so good!"

The Serpent with a wicked grin on his face said, "Now peel back the skin of the banana and put it in your mouth."

Eve did as instructed. The banana tasted so good that Eve ate banana after banana until her stomach swelled to an enormous size. She felt peaceful and serene and fell into a deep sleep.

Eve awoke feeling a strange new desire she did not understand.

God looked in on Eve and immediately saw what was wrong. God asked "Did you eat of the forbidden fruit?"

Eve answered, "There was a wicked old serpent wrapped around the banana tree and it did tempt me into eating the forbidden fruit."

God said, "Now you have aroused the same desire all the other female animals crave, but you don't have a mate to satisfy that desire."

Eve pleaded, "Please God, make me a mate."

God said, "I'm going to make you a mate from a small part of your body. Bend over and grab your ankles." Eve bent over and God reached down and yanked a hair from Eve's anus.

"Ouch! What a pain in the ass!" exclaimed Eve. And so it was that from the very beginning man was a pain in the ass to woman.

God failed to notice a small ball of crap stuck to the hair. This crap fouled up everything because it wound up between man's ears and made him agnostical. God is pained some sort of divine magic to this crap for men often expect it out of their mouths with a thunderous sound when they talk about God or Eve.

Eve named her mate Adam. She was very pleased because he was good for satisfying her sex desire. When their children became old enough to understand and speak language, Eve led them in prayers to their Heavenly Mother. She even made them recite "I do" for God the Lord to scratch.

Adam saw that after the children worshipped their Mother in Heaven, they showed much more respect toward Eve than him. Adam reasoned, "The children respect Eve more than me because they worship a superior being who looks like Eve."

Adam took a lot of plaster to a huge cave and made a twenty-foot tall statue which looked as much like himself as he could make it. He called the children before the statue and proclaimed in his thunderous voice, "God looks exactly like this statue. He has commanded me to lead you in worshipping His statue every morning."

After several weeks of worshipping the imaginary male god, the children treated Adam like a god. This greatly pleased Adam and made him so egotistical that he started giving orders to Eve. Eve wouldn't obey Adam's orders so Adam learned to watch Eve, and just before she was about to do something, he would order her to do it. Adam deluded himself into believing that Eve was obeying his orders. One evening Eve was starting to prepare dinner when Adam said, "Hurry up and cook dinner, woman."

Eve shouted, "Quit trying to boss me around!"

Adam answered as if he were giving friendly advice to a small child. "It is only natural for males to boss females. The bulls boss cows. The stallions boss mares. It's part of God's plan for males to boss females."

Eve shouted angrily, "You're not my boss! You're just a hair off my ass!"

Adam became red with anger but he couldn't think of anything to say because he still had a dim recollection of his origin. Adam became depressed as he dwelt on the fact that he had been made from a small part of Eve and not a very respectable part at that.

During a deep sleep that night, Adam dreamed that he was created first and that Eve was made from one of his ribs. This dream pleased Adam so much that he summoned the children before the statue and proclaimed that his dream was a revelation from God. The children believed Adam because he told every lie as if he was absolutely certain it was the truth. Adam only had to tell a lie three or four times before he believed it himself.

To avoid the agony of being proven wrong, Adam claimed that this knowledge came from God. When Eve asked him how he knew the sun was made of fire and the moon was made of cheese, Adam angrily replied, "My explanations are from God. To doubt my word is to doubt God's word. If you question God's word He will send you to a very bad place when you die."

Eve complained to God, "Oh, Heavenly Mother, Adam just won't listen to reason. He's becoming a bigger pain every day. Will you please take some of the crap out of him?"

God chuckled and answered, "The crap will remain in Adam because I enjoy watching you cope with his egotism. I'm giving you and all women the task of keeping men from making you feel inferior."

Eve gave up trying to reason with Adam because he was too egotistical to listen. She decided to study Adam's strange behavior instead of arguing with him.

To Eve, the most interesting thing about Adam was his incessant mental masturbation. (Mental masturbation is running the same thought back and forth through one's mind to produce pleasure.) Adam loved masturbating with the delusion that he was superior to Eve.

One day, Adam was feeling all deflated and his head was hanging down after Eve reminded him of his origin. He started masturbating with his favorite delusion and swelled with pride as he stood erect with a swollen head.

Adam tried to get Eve to join him in masturbating with his delusion of his superiority, but Eve put him down by saying, "I realize that you get a better grip on your delusion and it seems more real when other people masturbate with you. But if you must masturbate with your delusion, you should do it in private."

Adam's face contorted with rage as he shouted, "The wrath of God will come down on you for your insolence toward your superior!"

Eve walked away nonchalantly saying, "The Earth hath no fury like that of a masturbating man who has had his grip on his delusion of superiority weakened."

-- Carl McFarlin

((Thank to Carl for writing this gem, and to Flumphier and Alex for letting me run it. I also was able to contact the story's author and got his permission, too!))

An interesting story. I wonder how many correct answers regarding the time of the attack were provided by James Maloney. Her "long suspense statement" from that evening (initially written in 1964. I went on to a work table in a three-way room, as it happened.) A blind game is a variant in which a player learns only the positions of his own units - in theory. I am reprinting this from HR 263 to perpetuate its notoriety.

Hold it, folks: Please save all your congratulations on my win until you finish reading this. I don't quite know how to break this to you guys, but in the interest of good sportsmanship, I must lay down a win which I richly deserved. Something so totally unique, so totally unexpected and freaky as happened during this game, might happen once in a lifetime with a great DM such as John ((Michalaki)), but it happened to me, and because of it I cannot accept the win which was sure to be mine anyway.

What is this crazy person talking about, you ask? Just this. As most of you know, I am publishing my own zine, The Voice of Boom. At the time that this game entered fall, 1964, I got a letter from John Michalaki asking if I would please send copies of my third issue to Dave Grabar and Bill Shaffer, as it contained a lovely written piece that John wanted those two to see. There was nothing strange about the letter itself. What was strange was the fact that John enclosed their addresses on a separate sheet of paper, despite the fact that they were both playing in the game and that John must have known that I had their addresses. So what's here's what! That sheet of paper that had those two addresses on the back with a conference map on which John had drawn in the positions of NEED FOR EVERY UNIT IN THIS GAME FOR SPRING, 1964! It was an uncanny feeling, looking at the Turkish units on that map, and realizing that they were MY Turkish units in the board game, and then seeing that John had penciled in all the other players' units and had obviously adjudicated the game from this very map! And that, gentlemen, is how I know exactly where everybody stood at that point in the game. (Some earlier "old-game" statements from me had been published and had discussed in detail the board position at the time, with the intent of leaving no stone unturned.)

Two things struck simultaneously. First, that by position and strategy at the time were going to win the game regardless of the fact that I now know the entire board situation. I'd not altered my plan (or moves or subsequent strategy one bit. Second, that although I was going to win, I would have anyway. There was no way that I could accept the victory! I'd still probably try to apologize for costing us a nice win or that is not necessary. I had no choice in the matter. I would care less that my win will be declared void.

After, I hope that the others in this game see this as I do as a hilarious situation. A terrible good by the DM, true, but also a hobby incident which I suspect will be the source of much future laughter (and much headling directed at Michalaki, to be sure. May that name never be forgotten!

I officially decline my victory in 1979/1980.

How would you boozies have handled it? Would you play the game out as I did and then reveal it, or reveal it at the time (thus possibly spelling the game), or just not have said anything at all? Or what? Let us know. It's a tricky situation!

1980

Steve  
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Steve -  
I'll be writing soon regarding the HRs.

BAD  
J