



The picture of the frog and the coconut was drawn by Lynne Watts Johnson and is to be an illustration for a story by Gregory Russell, "In the Garden of Whitestonia" which is inside.

This is Whitestonia, a FUNZINE put out by John Caruso, 160-02 43rd Ave, 2nd Floor, Flushing, New York 11358 (212)-353-9695. W is the zine from Queens at least this time if I picked the right mailbox. If you check #45, you'll see that it was mailed from Long Island City. Sub fees are \$15.00 for 10 issues. That's the highest in North America and you get a lot for your \$1.50 in each issue.

This month we have, as always Kathy's Korner, which is the icing on the cake in Whitestonia. We've got several articles from Gregory Russell, Keith Sherwood and Mark "Fazwho" Fassio. We have two subber profiles, a time chart and a ByrneCon Chart. W carries its diplomacy games in a separate game zine called M-7. In W, we have a Mastermind game played by mail but still no winner. Come on Del Grande!!

This issue is going out to many people who don't ordinarily get W. Why you may ask? Why not! Or Why Me? Whitestonia shows no mercy!! Anyway we wanted to show off our new center staple.

If you're getting this issue before April 3rd and are in the New York area, we want you to be sure and come by to our home. That weekend which is this coming weekend we are having a Diplomacy stabfest, in fact the ninth one. It is called ByrneCon IX! The more the merrier.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: Don Sigwalt: "Got Shogun's Sword today - a sample. Barno says he's moving to Rochester, this August. Something to look forward to besides the warm weather."

WELCOME TO PAGE 2 OF THE CORRECTLY SPELLED.....CATHY'S KORNOR!!!!!! STILL #111111!!

I have another letter which is from a guy in an international game I'm ~~and~~. The guy who plays France lives in Germany (the real Germany) and the guy who plays Germany lives in the real France. I'm Italy and I just took Munich with the help of France who is the German. Anyway I got this letter from the German player who is actually living in France.

Dear Kathy, may I ask why you attacked me? I thought you were going after Austria (Malc Smith) who is obviously allied with Turkey (Michel Van Lede). But you and France (Thomas Franke) pick on me. You know if you keep this sort of thing up, you will get a reputation which you might not like.....David O'Hare

Dear David: Well, Thomas promised me more than you did. He said he would take me ~~on~~ in the real Alps. I kept waiting for you to offer to take me ~~on~~ in Marseilles (the real one) but you didn't even offer me the Marseilles on the board! As for Malcy baby--his time will come. I'm still trying to read Michel Van Lede's writing. It's as bad as Mark Lew's!!!

Dear KK: Who is Leo and what does he mean to you?.....your secret pal

Dear Caruso: Hold it, Hosea! First, I get all of the gory details about you and Elizabeth Taylor at Bacigalup's and then you hear about me and Leo.

Well that's it for another month. See y'all sooner than you think! Oh, before I go here is an article I wrote about women in Diplomacy.

HOW WOULD I KNOW?

Can you imagine someone asking me to find out how come more women aren't attracted to Diplomacy? Well several have so I will humor them.

The first person I asked was my mother - her response was "You really are sick, playing games by mail with a bunch of grown men, wasting money on stamps and writing letters to a bunch of dirty old men, the guys in the white jacket will get you yet." (The reason she knows about the dirty old men is Phyllis told her about Toots Michalski's and Woody's letters.)

Then I asked my sister Maureen, her typical response was "Are you crazy, mommy would kill me, she thinks you're nuts now!"

Sister Maria told me, she'd never play in a game where lying is encouraged - but what does she know - she doesn't even go out with men.

Woody's sister told me, that she doesn't have enough time for her gambling in Atlantic City now, and she certainly won't spare any of her time for a dumb game, what a waste of postage. Well tough on her, she always wastes money in slot machines.

Bob Osuch's wife said "The Ponies" are the only game in town for her.

Frauke (the future Mrs. Hanson) said she can't stand to watch Scott get stabbed (isn't that cute?), but she'd much rather see him in pain than herself.

Ardyce Masters said she has enough trouble putting out Black Frog, and keeping Jack from spending all of his time in front of Jane Proskin's post office box.

Linda (the future Mrs. Linsey and yes she does have my condolences) says Bruce won't allow her to play until she memorizes the entire rule book, and all 432 of his houserules. She says she'll never be able to play as once she memorizes those houserules he'll probably have added another 100 or two.

Jim Williams would not let his wife talk to me, he said I'd be a bad influence, and his answer on why she can't play is "How will I keep her working the farm, once she plays Dippy?"

Claudine Michalski says she doesn't have enough time for her boyfriend now. Besides John would have to teach her how to play and that would require spending more time with him (Too bad Toots doesn't live in New York).

Phyllis Byrne said "You're very wierd, why can't I have a normal mother like everyone else - besides I do play in one game, and that is all I can handle - I already had to write two postcards in six months."

~~Bob~~ Bobby Joe Coughlan said she can't give out her address as the revenueers might find out where her still is.

Helen Scudlan said "XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!" And on that note I'll leave you all and no need to thank me for such a great job - especially all the research.

NEW MESSAGE!!!! "CATHY'S DANISH KORNOR" - How's it goin. Good day. I hope all players ~~are~~ G.D., if you have some backbacon and some beer, remember ~~that~~ ~~the~~ beer will stay cold in the car. So Good Day.

Whitestonia publishes people profiles from its subbers and we want yours! We have some for this month. Send yours today!

PROFILE JOHN BOARDMAN

Hi. My name is John Boardman and I'm 65 years old. I have shoulder length black hair which is obviously dyed or its natural washed out white color would show! Some have called me an aging senile hippy but I feel they are much too kind. I think I have views which are vastly different from most of you reading this. This following passage sums up my international and national views pretty well:

"We must not merely support President Reagan, but we must support him completely and without reservation. If he should follow the recent advice of William F. Buckley and order Congress to declare war on Iran, it will be up to us to support him without cavil in every action which he may order in the prosecution of that war. It would be far better to have the world a radio-active wasteland, than to let even one small country dispute the imperial power of the United States of America. Let this glorious prospect stand before us, as we enter the era of conquest, victory and prosperity which President Reagan has promised us. And let America and the world not be disfigured by even the least word or thought in opposition to our President. Hail Reagan! May he be President of the United States of America for the rest of his life!"

I have recently been reading a fascinating account of the 1924 experiments of Svarts Graham and Warren H. Cole about "An Roentgenologic Examination of the Gallbladder". Even so, I am deeply interested in history of another sort. I have finally, after years of trying, put a lie to Lord Palmerston's statement about no one understanding the greatest difficulty of the nineteenth century, the Schleswig-Holstein Question which presaged the superb Bismarckian triumphs of the 1860s. Lord Palmerston prematurely stated that only three persons had ever understood the intricacies of the Schleswig-Holstein question and they were the Prince Consort (known as Albert, husband of Victoria Regina) who was dead, a German professor who had been driven insane by its complexities and Palmerston himself who had forgotten what he had once knew about it. Now the world can add another personage: myself. By that, I mean another personage that understands the Schleswig-Holstein Question not that I am either dead, insane or forgetful.

In my college days and also while I went through the male menopause in my 50s, I was dabbling in acting. My favorite role was that of Bottom in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream and many thought that I could have played that role all the way through without any makeup. I usually played the heavy in plays which complimented my overweight pomposity. And on that highlight I will end my profile.

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PROFILE BOB OSUCH

Chicago is my kinda town. Oops, forgot to tell you my name. It's Bob Osuch and I run black press games so I can increase my vocabulary of smutty terms. I name these games after murderers 'cause I think Diplomacy is a fun game full of stabbing.

I'm really into disco and I think Donna Summers is just fab. Love to love you baby, aaannnnnnnnhhhh. Whew! Not stuff!! But when I've been drinking, I get really mellow and get into Barry Manilow. Oh Mandy! I have been known to even sleep under sinks instead of on the bed in one of my mellow states!

I thought for awhile that I might have to leave Chicago since I got laid off and couldn't find a job that I liked. I mean, geez, can you imagine not living in Chicago! Anyway I went down to Texas where jobs are said to be plentiful and considered moving to Houston until I had a couple of unpleasant incidents. All, and I mean A-L-L All of the bars down there are cowboy bars. I was standing at the bar and these cowboys just elbow you out of the way! They were just damn lucky that I wasn't in a fighting mood that night. Another bad time was when I went wading in the Gulf of Mexico. Oh, it was beautiful and warm alright, but I had to go and get stung by a jellyfish! They really sting let me tell you. So I hightailed it back to Chicago.

Back home in God's country, I got a job refinishing bronze. It's shitty pay but it'll do. In the meantime, I'm getting humongous muscles.

Oh, yeah and if anybody ever tells you that I don't like elves, you just tell them that they are a liar! Next week I've been promised a bit part as an extra in the new TV series "Chicago Story". I'm part of the crowd scene. Watch for me!

Hi, this is Kathy again. As you know ByrneCon IX is being held this weekend on April 3rd and we are expecting a lot of people. But some people have attended most of the ByrneCons and so they get written up often. After the 4th and 5th ByrneCons I finally got wise and wrote out who I was going to talk about in advance with some blanks for surprise attendees. Then for ByrneCons 6, 7 and 8 all I had to do was go down the list and jot in a comment. Check them out and you will see that I mention the people in this order. I thought you would like to see it. Here it is: (Oh, Dick's nickname is Crud in case any of you don't know it by now!)

The first bunch arrived at 10 AM

The rest of the group showed up at 2 PM

Then Crud said

Barno's shirt

Then Crud giggled and

Eric and Ken and Brian and the Great Neck guys exclaimed

Swider wrote Deb Osborne another love letter

I stabbed Crud then Crud stabbed me

Fast-Fingers Mainardi started talking Italian and...

Several went out for hamburgers

Suddenly _____ said, You guys are really...

John told Phyllis, Phyllis you Francine and Frank go....

Then Crud said

We decided to call (one of three): Scott Hanson, Gary Coughlan, John Michalski

Then Crud said

Konrad's sense of humor

I stabbed John

Lousylere won again!!!

The phone rang. It was _____

Crud laughed and laughed and said

Everybody stabs Woody

Then Crud said

Julie _____ on the couch

Then Crud said

Everybody takes us out for supper at Bacigalup's

We decide to play Chutes and Ladders

Then Crud said

Then everybody went home.

Wish me luck at this ByrneCon. I'll need it!!

6

This time chart was sent to us by Patrick Conlon who is a US serviceman stationed in West Germany. He got it out of the back of one of the Army telephone books there. The armed services have units stationed everywhere in the world in many time zones and it is essential that they know what time it is when they call overseas. I thought it would be a good idea to print this for those of you, especially those of you, who live on the West Coast and call here in New York too late!! We are three hours ahead of you---remember that. The initials stand for(in the United States): PST is Pacific Standard Time and is like California. MST is Mountain Standard Time and is like Colorado. CST is Central Standard Time like Dallas and Chicago. EST is Eastern Standard Time like New York City and Washington D.C. GMT means Greenwich Mean Time and is England. Thanks Patrick!

PREVIOUS DAY									
-----U. S. A.-----									
KOREA	JAPAN	HAWAII	PST	MST	CST	EST	GMT	GERMANY	THAILAND
0100	0100	0600	0800	0900	1000	1100	1600	1700	2300
0200	0200	0700	0900	1000	1100	1200	1700	1800	2400
0300	0300	0800	1000	1100	1200	1300	1800	1900	0100
0400	0400	0900	1100	1200	1300	1400	1900	2000	0200
0500	0500	1000	1200	1300	1400	1500	2000	2100	0300
0600	0600	1100	1300	1400	1500	1600	2100	2200	0400
0700	0700	1200	1400	1500	1600	1700	2200	2300	0500
0800	0800	1300	1500	1600	1700	1800	2300	2400	0600
0900	0900	1400	1600	1700	1800	1900	2400	0100	0700
1000	1000	1500	1700	1800	1900	2000	0100	0200	0800
1100	1100	1600	1800	1900	2000	2100	0200	0300	0900
1200	1200	1700	1900	2000	2100	2200	0300	0400	1000
1300	1300	1800	2000	2100	2200	2300	0400	0500	1100
1400	1400	1900	2100	2200	2300	2400	0500	0600	1200
1500	1500	2000	2200	2300	2400	0100	0600	0700	1300
1600	1600	2100	2300	2400	0100	0200	0700	0800	1400
1700	1700	2200	2400	0100	0200	0300	0800	0900	1500
1800	1800	2300	0100	0200	0300	0400	0900	1000	1600
1900	1900	2400	0200	0300	0400	0500	1000	1100	1700
2000	2000	0100	0300	0400	0500	0600	1100	1200	1800
2100	2100	0200	0400	0500	0600	0700	1200	1300	1900
2200	2200	0300	0500	0600	0700	0800	1300	1400	2000
2300	2300	0400	0600	0700	0800	0900	1400	1500	2100
2400	2400	0500	0700	0800	0900	1000	1500	1600	2200

I guess I forgot to tell you that the time chart is in military time so like 2000 is actually 8 PM at night. On midnight a new day begins. So like when it is 1 o'clock in the morning in Japan on May 2nd, at the same time it is 11 o'clock in the morning in New York City on May 1st---remember the International Dateline and how we are one day behind Japan. Now you know when it is wherever you are.

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Me and Elizabeth Taylor

Those of you who are familiar with Whitestonia know that I work part-time at La Guardia Airport here in New York. I say part-time because I was working for Sir Freddie Laker's Laker Airlines which has now gone bankrupt. Laker Airlines was a cheap no-frills airline for those on little budgets who wanted to see Europe economically (or for Europeans who wanted to see Brooklyn cheaply).

Anyway, I as the baggage checker, often got to meet the rich and famous--people you read about in the headlines. I know you're saying, "Hey, Caruso! Why would rich people want to fly on an economy airline when they can afford the best?" I guess it's because they want to see how the other half lives. I've met Clint Eastwood, Ronald Reagan, Sir Laurence Olivier and John Boardman. Lots of women too--like Farrah Fawcett--Majora, Bette Davis, Ursula Andress, Jane Proskin and Elizabeth Taylor. Don't mind telling you that all these women found my Italian charm appealing. I dated the ones I wanted to, too, but my date with Elizabeth Taylor was probably the highlight of her life. I, on the other hand, have had better. But let me tell you about Liz.

Now Liz has had some bad times---I mean 7 or 8 failed marriages(let's be kind). Anyway, she's been in New York here doing a Broadway play and has just left her U.S. Senator husband.

One day she came to Laker Airlines saying she wanted to get away from it all, that she wanted a ticket to Brussels, Belgium or Helsinki, Finland or Oegstgeest, Holland or some socialist-sounding place like that. Well, I knew I had to talk her out of that, and since it was obvious that both of us were strongly attracted to each other, I proposed we have a Dutch treat lunch at my favorite Italian restaurant---Bacigalup's. We got there and here's what happened. (I'll bet you're already noticing that this zine specializes in long, unbroken paragraphs, aren't you?!)

Liz: Bacigalup's? That doesn't sound very Italian, darling.

John: Trust me, would I tell you a "fiction"? Bacigalup's is just as Italian a name as.....as.....as....as well as Mazzer.

Liz: Mazzer? Oh no, smookems, that must be a German name. It sounds so Teutonic.

John: Nope, it's an Italian name just like Bacigalup's and furthermore it is the name of the owner here of Bacigalup's. Here he is now. Buona sera, Mike

Mike: Save the Whales, John. Who's the foxy chick with you this time, hey-hey-hey!

(Mike Mazzer is from Southern California and that's all you need to know to understand his behavior. One other fact though, Mike is very tall. He's 6' 10")

John: Mike Mazzer, I'd like you to meet Elizabeth Taylor.

Mike: (really gushes) Oh, Miss Taylor! What a moron I must have been to not recognize you. You right away! Why, I must be one of your biggest fans!!!

Liz: I'd have to agree with you on that. How tall are you anyway----seven feet?

Mike: Oh, ho ho ho, Miss Taylor! Actually I'm 6' 11"! Let me just tell you that I'm totally stoked meeting you. Far out! Let me get you both some water before you order.

Liz: Are you sure he's Italian?! He doesn't sound Italian. And what's that earbob that he keeps jangling on his left ear?

John: Mike's from Southern California....you know how they are.(winks knowingly)

(Mike Mazzer returns with 2 glasses of water)

Mike: Miss Taylor, I've seen every movie you've ever made I guess! My favorite was Elephant Walk where the elephants stampede through your mansion in Ceylon but Rutterfield is also a good one!

Liz: I've seen butterfield 8. May we order now Johnnykins?

John: Sure thing, doll. Uh, Mike what's good to eat today?

Mike: Bacigalup's Best Beats All the Rest--that's our motto here! The macaroni and cheese looks good or so the new cook says.

John: You have a new cook now? What happened to Dave Grabar?

Mike: Grabar got real intense, man and jelled out on us. I think he went to Chowchilla.

Liz: Don't tell me, Grabar is an Italian name too. Are there any Italian Italians in New York?

John: Certainly Grabar is an Italian name. He even published an Italian newsletter called Italiano Pribe.

Liz: I'll skip it. Let's have the macaroni and cheese.

Mike: Done! (continued on page 9)



ME AND LIZ TAYLOR continued

So Liz and I ate the excellent macaroni and cheese dinner while we talked over her troubles. I convinced her to go to a country where they at least spoke English. She agreed to go to England and perform her Broadway play for the London audiences. By the end of the meal, I had restored her self-confidence. Only one thing I couldn't convince her of: that this was really an Italian restaurant run by Italians.

Liz: That was an excellent meal, I have to admit. I'd like to congratulate the cook if I might.

Mike: Sure, you can interface with him if you like. (Gives a loud whistle). Hey, Benny, get out here!

(From the swinging doors of the kitchen, a 5'7" blond-haired and blue-eyed man came—the cook. He is wearing a white shirt and white pants over which is a white apron. On his head is a tall(about 3 feet high!) white chef's tophat)

The Cook: You calla me, boss?

Mike: Yeah, the lady here wants to congratulate you on the macaroni and cheese meal that you fixed for them. Miss Elizabeth, this is our cook, Tom Mainardi.

Liz: This is the cook? He sounds Italian but he looks German or Irish to me. Oh, who cares anymore....I thought the macaroni and cheese was most marvelous.

Tom: Grazie, Signorina Elisabetta! I recognizea you face. I'ma most honored that you like my pasta asciuta! Grazie, lovely lady.

Liz: Prego. Ciao, John?

Mike: More food? But you just ate!

Tom: Ah, cretino!--fool!! "Ciao" means "goodbye" not "chow" lika food! Stupido!

Mike: No need to get totally intense, Benny!

Tom: Don't calla me Benny! I tella you before. Aaeessssiiiiiii!! (starts beating on Mike with his huge tophat).

Mike: Aaaarrrrggggghhhh!!! Have a nice day, peace bro!

(Anyway Liz and I slipped out while Mike and Tom were going at it tooth and nail. I put her on the plane for London and if you read the newspapers you'll know that she's been a big success there. Next month I'll tell you about my date with Britt Ekland.)

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(Some of you normals, that's anyone who's not South Californian, might not have understood some of what Mike was saying at Bacigalup's, so Keith Sherwood, a New Mexican living in South California wrote about this. Thanks Keith, you get a free issue.)

Mike Mazzer's Southern Californian dialect was a good attempt but it was incomplete. But this is not really Mike's fault; consider where he comes from: that cement and neon jungle called Los Angeles. Plus Mike is over 20, probably not blond and, horrors, married. I, on the other hand, am eighteen, live a half mile from the beach(whore half of popular Californian vocabulary is born), and am surrounded by Californian young adults on a college campus (where the other half of popular vocabulary is born).

Living as I do, crowded in with others of my ilk in a dorm, cafeteria and lecture halls, I often hear slang before it bursts into national prominence and peons at the University of Maryland start using it. For the last couple of weeks, I've been keeping mental notes of slang I've heard. Quotes, wherever possible, are actual verbatim by genuine Californians.

Jelled: To fail; weasle out; get out of obligations. "We were going to go camping this weekend but half the people that signed up jelled out on us."

Wench: Term referring to a female, used mostly by males, as females consider it derogatory. "Come here, wench." SHAP!

Totally: A superlative adverb to use with superlative adjectives. See here after for totally great examples.

Buzzed: In British English readers, it does not mean what it means in England. Americans, if you want to know the English meaning, ask John Marsden (Er, not that John should know; he's just English. Sorry 'bout that John!) In Californian, it means brought down, buzzed, buzzed, buzzed, buzzed. "I was buzzed by my paper, I'm really buzzed."

Stoked: (pronounced "stoked", rhymed, hyped). (You do know what "hyped" means, don't you?) "I was stoked when I saw the movie. It's totally stoked."

Neato: (pronounced "neato", rhymed, neat). "I was neato when I saw the movie. It's totally neato."

Sherwood Slang 'Splanations continued

Awesome: Just what you think it means. Just as in the following sentence: "Have you been to the beach today? The waves are totally awesome!"

Gnarly: The quintessential Californian slang word. Means difficult, tough, hard. Born on the beaches, spread by a punk rock song: "Gnarly surfing because the waves are too gnarly."

Radical: (or "rad" in your vernacular) means great, with a touch of gnarly. "That party last night was really radical."

(Thanks again, Keith)

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(Most of you know Mark "Fazwho" Fassio, aka Faz. He recently went to Saudi Arabia for the air force and when he came home through New York here, we tried to meet him since we've never seen him. But he wasn't where he said he would be. Do you know where Fazwho was? On Dec. 20th, he wasn't at Kennedy airport, at 9 AM like he was supposed to be. He also wasn't at La Guardia airport at 10 AM. Boy, will I give Fazwho a "break" when I meet him. He must know this as he sent me an article. He is from Pennsylvania but is presently suffering in South Carolina. Here is Faz's article.

Hey, gorgeous women-types! Life got you down? Tired of the same dull routine every day? Well, get away from it all! For a limited time only, Kram Oissaf Tours, Inc. is offering an all-frills trip to sun-drenched Wedgefield, South Carolina. Yes, for only \$500 (in small bills, please) you can be on your way, via your car, to this metropolis among the sand dunes.

When you arrive at the scenic, "weathered" mansion (similiar in every respect to Graceland, home of classical singer Elvis Sanders.), a short Italian kid will greet you at the door and immediately ask for tips. That's tips, guys, not...never mind. You will be ushered up the steps into a veritable wonderland of mediocrity. We have the following goodies lined up for you on your tour:

You will be served breakfast-in-bed, consisting of a French entree, Frostee Le Flakes, and an English equivalent, Golde Bred. If you still have room in your Army Cot for more food, we'll refty that pizza you had from last night--anything for you! Top it off with beer served warm and you'll be ready for more.

In addition to this, we will have a local band serenade you every night before you go to bed. The Bobby Lee Three, consisting of the South's finest hog-callers (Gary, Patrick and Mark-boy) will play the theme from "The Dukes of Hazzard" for you over and over, until you finally drift off to sleep in your cot. There is even running water for you here---we cut no corners for your stay here!

Lastly, we offer, for an additional price, a ONE NIGHT FLING with the man of your choice (providing you pick Mark Fassio) in the "Dip Room", our secluded lovers' room. Listen to what these women had to say about their night:

"That Fassio sure could spread the blueberry whip when it counted."
---Jane Proskin

"Mark who?" ---Kathy Byrne

"I'd renounce my Canadian citizenship for another night in Wedgefield with Faz."
---Mickie McAuley

"I'll kill him for acting like this." ---Margie, fiancee of said Faz

So there you have it---who could pass up such an irresistable offer? Certainly not a learned babe like yourself. So stop in at Oissaf's Agency and sign up for your tour today. Remember---the South can be fun, but only if you stay out of it....

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You see this space? This is big enough to print a plug for some zine, or run an ad. If you have such a desire, and the space is permitting, which it always is, just drop me a line. It's better than reading a plug than some of these stupid "Quotes of the Month" that are submitted to me. (Not this month's though!). I don't make them all up, contrary to what you all believe.

IN THE GARDEN OF WHITESTONIA

---by Gregory Russell

I am sure that most of you are familiar with the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden where the serpent's schemings caused God to cast them all from "Paradise." This well-known story is contained in the Book of Genesis in the Bible.

However, the "genesis" of the idea of the idea of this article came from one line of the interview in Whitestonia #44 which was:

Woody: "I think Gary Coughlan is a God sent to this Dipdom, and Dick Martin can go to hell and take Jack Masters with him."

The storyline was further developed by what I saw as mutual misunderstandings between several, normally, good friends which resulted in a flurry of press attacks in various zines and in letters-to-the-editor in Whitestonia, Eric Kane's Anduin and Mark Larzelere's Appalling Creed.

"In the Garden of Whitestonia" is dedicated to hobby humour and is loosely based on the incidents in the Garden of Eden. (But here everybody keeps their clothes on!). The "stars" of this play are:

JOHN CARUSO	as	ADAM	hereafter known as	"John C."
KATHY BYRNE	as	EVE	" "	"Kathy"
STEVE "WOODY" ARNAWOODIAN	as	THE FROG	" "	"Woody"
JOHN MICHALSKI	as	THE TIME TRAVELLER	" "	"John M."
DICK MARTIN	as	THE SALESMAN	" "	"Dick"

THE SETTING IS: The Garden of Whitestonia, a tropical paradise not unlike the swimming scenes in the old Tarzan movies. Palm trees gently sway in the breeze. The garden is surrounded by mountains and a snowcapped volcano dominates the skyline. One gets the feeling that here, in Whitestonia, the sky is always the bluest blue and the grass the greenest green(except on the other side where it's always greener). Birds are singing everywhere in the palm trees amidst the coconuts.

In the center of the garden is a huge stone statue of a cow, standing proud and majestic(in a cowlike way of course). The cow has a humongous udder, made of latex, and it obviously has had all that could possibly be squeezed out of it, squeezed out! Trees are planted next to each of the cow's legs. (That's four legs so that means four trees--remember this fact!). Nearby is a sun dial.

As our story opens, Kathy Byrne, fresh from a swim in the lagoon and dressed in a Dorothy Lamour-sarong, walks out of the water, then lays down in the sand under the cool shade of a palm tree. One of the coconuts from this tree falls down causing Kathy to look up and see a large green frog with an ugly fat green mole on its right cheek.

Kathy: Aaaaarrrrrggghhh!!!

Woody: There's trouble in Paradise!

Kathy: You're.....you're....a.....FROG!!!

Woody: Well, you're no Raquel Welch in One Million Years BC, yourself!

Kathy: No, no, I meant I thought you were supposed to be a serpent, not a frog. Isn't that how this story goes? The only talking animal was the serpent?

Woody: Obviously you have never met Dave Carter when he's on the make.

Kathy: Well I'm not touching any apples anyway! Woody, if it weren't for your green mole, I wouldn't have known you at all. What has happened to you?

Woody: God, I mean Gary, turned me into a frog. Now I have to make frog sounds every hour on the hour. What time is it now?

Kathy: The sun dial says high noon---12 o'clock on the hour.

Woody: Okay, here goes....BRUX, BRUX, BRUXXX, BRUX-BRUX-BRUX, BRRRUUUXXXX.....

Kathy: What kind of god-awful frog sounds is that?

Woody: I'm an Armenian frog.

Kathy: Oh, that's awful. John C. and I are having trouble with Gary too. He's so touchy at times. There he goes grumbling again--just listen to that volcano roar!

Woody: Where is John C.?

Kathy: Oh, he's off playing the saxby or harmonica or some other musical instrument this week. Last week he treated the animals and everything else in all of Dipdom. Next week the old "beard" guy, now known as "the Mark Berch"; and

Garden of Whitestonia(continued from page 11)

Kathy: and the snake, now known as "the Keith Lerner"; and as for the vine of -Consciousness, he renamed that "the Steve Langley"! To be frank, a rose is a rose is a rose. Say, why did Gary turn you into a frog?

Woody: I came in as a stand-in for one of his garden and he took a strong exception to what I wanted to do. He didn't like it at all!

Kathy: So, what!?! (The volcano rumbles loudly)

Woody: Well, he wrote me a rather nasty letter about how I was botching up his game.

Kathy: Oh, the fiend! The Lowlife! That's unheard of! But why did he then go ahead and turn you into a frog?

Woody: Well, I xeroxed that letter and sent it to someone and asked their opinion about it.

Woody: Who did you send the xerox to?

Woody: Bruce "Brux" Linsey.....and Jack Fleming....and Ron Brown of California...and Steve Heinowski...and Konrad Baumeister...and Scott Hanson...and (Fire leaps out of the volcano)

Kathy: Stop! I see why you got turned into a frog. You're lucky Gary didn't give you warts too!

(At that moment, John Caruso walks up out of the forest with a sackbut in his hands. He is a big powerfully built man but you get the feeling that, since Adam, things have definitely declined!)

Kathy: Hiya, John C.! Guess what?! Gary turned Woody into a frog!

John C.: No, my dear, you mean Gary "changed" Woody into a frog, not "turned into" a frog.

Kathy: Whaddaya mean?! "Changed into" a frog or "turned into" a frog--it's the same thing!

John C.: No, it's not. They are two very different concepts entirely. It's similar to a statement being a "truth" or a "fiction".

Woody: You mean a "truth" or a "lie" don't you?

John C.: No, I mean a "fiction." A "fiction" is not a "lie". A novel is a fiction. It's based on life, you wouldn't call that a lie would you?

Kathy: But, if it's not the truth, it must be a lie, John C.!

John C.: We are friends, Kathy, and I'm not going to argue with you. You're obviously hysterical. Don't pull a Coughlan tantrum on me. (Turns to Woody) So, Gary changed you into a frog. Ribbet, ribbet!

Woody: BRUX, BRUX-BRUX

Kathy: See, he's an Armenian frog.

John C.: That's impossible. There are no frogs in Armenia. That's a fiction, it's not the truth.

Kathy: Aaaarrggghhhh!!!!

(Suddenly, in a nearby clearing, a man sitting in a machine materialized out of nowhere. He has sparse hair on the top of his head, and a genial grin which makes him resemble a kindly Irish priest...an impression immediately shattered by the rifle in his right hand and a beercan in his left hand and his shabby white t-shirt!)

John C.: Who or what are you?!

John M.: I'm John Michalski and I've just accomplished what those fools said couldn't be done---time travel! But that was only Part I of my theory!

Kathy: What is Part II?

John M.: To find a primitive society, dominate it and prove my economic theories are right and all socialist economic crap is wrong!

John C.: But what if the society doesn't want to be dominated by you?

John M.: Simple. I waste them with this baby here(pats his rifle). Ever seen the damage one of these AP-74 military carbine U.S. semi-automatic rifles with a .32 ACP caliber can do?! (laughs maniacally)

Kathy: So you're "Toots" Michalski. We have long wanted to meet you. Except for that rifle, you look too nice to be Michalski.

John M.: Shaddup. I'm in charge now. If you see me coming better step aside, a lot of men didn't and a lot of men died! Who's the frog in the tree. Is that a Boardman Toady?!!!

Woody: (Very frightened) BRUX, BRUXXXX, BRUX, BRUX-BRUX-BRUX-BRUX

John M.: Is that Bruce Linsey?! I know Bob Arnett said he was ugly but, sheesh, I never expected to see anything that repulsive. (continued on page 13) 12

Garden of Whitestonia (continued from page 12)

Kathy: No, he's an Armenian frog and that's the sound Armenian frogs make. This is....
....gulp....Woody.

John M: Woody!!! The guy that stabbed me in "Fade Away" where I was Austria and he was Turkey?!! The one I call "Buddyfucker"??!!!

Woody: Hi, Michalski, my, my, what a pleasant day. I was just saying to Kathy here...

John M: Shaddup or I'll croak ya! I'm here to run this garden on the capitalist, non-socialistic, God-fearing, free-market, supply-side, Reaganoical American way. No welfare! You there (prods John C. with his rifle), give me the low-down on the operation here. What's that cow statue over there?

John C: That's where we hold our pagan ByrneCons! It's a monument to Elsie, Gary's cow. Whitestonia is the leader in teasing Southerners like Gary and Steven Duke about eating grits and hog jowls, watching "The Dukes of Hazard" and their farmboy lives. Elsie inspires a lot of jokes.

John M: Yeah, well, from the looks that shriveled up udder, it's looks like you've about "milked" those Southern jokes dry. Har-Dee-Har-Har. Did you get any real milk from that statue?

Kathy: Shoe-er, but I usually get our milk over in Joisey for a buck seventy--seven myself.

John M: What's those four trees by each of the cow's legs?

Kathy: The biggest tree, by the cow's front right leg is "The Tree of Fun, Humour and Friendship."

John M: It really seems to thrive in Whitestonia's climate which seems to be a very friendly atmosphere--open to all new comers. What's the tree by the cow's front left leg? It has no leaves at all!

Woody: That's what we call "Kathy's Kormor of the Cow". It's "The Tree of Kathy's Diplomacy Stabs." Everytime she stabs someone in a game, she has to pluck one leaf off of the tree.

Kathy: Yeah, looks like I'll have to plant another tree now or wait till some more leaves grow out!

John M: And the tree by the cow's left rear leg?

John C: "The Tree of Theories and Hobby Generalizations." Like my theory about the "In 6" who try to dominate the entire North American hobby.

John M: Who are the "In 6"? Frankly, I consider it impossible for any one to dominate this hobby unless they got one of these AP-74s (pats his rifle lovingly) and the will to use it.

John C: Well, I don't like to name specific names. Generalizations will do quite nicely. Besides.....they know who they are.

Woody: Master, is it I?

John C: Do you think you are?

Woody: Do I think I am what?

John C: What we're generalizing about.

Woody: I forgot what we're generalizing about. Could you be a little more specific?

John M: Obviously not. Cut the chatter and tell me about that last tree over there.

(John C., Kathy and Woody all visibly shudder and look quite frightened.)

John M: I said tell me about the last tree. And I don't like to repeat myself. (Cocks his rifle menacingly)

Kathy: Of all the trees in the garden we may freely eat and do with them what we wish. But, not with THAT tree.

John C: We are not allowed to even touch it.

Woody: Well, that's not quite true. We are allowed to touch it but we are ordered to be most careful with how we treat it. (Then in a reverent tone--for a frog) It is "The Tree of Real Reputations."

John M: You say "not allowed to" or "ordered to". By whom or by what?

(The volcano rumbles real loud and fire belches from it. John C., Kathy and Woody appear in a state of panic-stricken terror.)

Woody: By HIK! He turned me into a frog!

John C: You tried to change you into a frog. And he put the mark of name' on me!!

Kathy: And it was Appalling (as in Greed) what he did to me!

John M: Who said you must do these things?

John C., Kathy and Woody: (In unison) Gary said so!

John M: Yea, well Gary said..... (Continued on page 14)

Garden of Whitestonia continued:

Woody: Well, not in so many words, but...

Woody: I'll say in no so many words, but...

John C: He attacked me in a letter in ARI March 1981!

Kathy: And he wrote snotty comments about me in ADD June!

John M: Why? What does this have to do with "The List of 100" "opinionists"? Has you written something about Gary?

Kathy: Well Woody xeroxed a letter of his and sent it out to a lot of publications who weren't even in his game.

Woody: John C. wrote some....uh..."fictions"...about Gary faking a wife that he didn't fake and some other things.

John C: And Kathy only ever wrote more words about Brad Wilson and criticized Jeff Noto who had criticized Brad Wilson.

John M: Brad Wilson.....the guy who stopped publishing and no one heard from him and he didn't give anybody's money back? And then he stayed in the hobby playing his own games? I'd say he needs to be criticized...and often...and by someone who knows how.

Kathy: That's Gary! He holds grudges like you wouldn't believe! Anyway John C and Dick Martin covered Brad's losses and he's paying them back.

John C: Yeah, Brad keeps the grass cut here in the garden. I see he missed that spot over there by Kathy's Kormor again, too.

Woody: He probably doesn't want to get stabbed again.

John M: So that's partly how the economy runs here---Brad cuts the grass. Does he get paid?

John C: No, he pays us.

John M: Good! That's definitely not socialism. What are your other sources of income here in the garden? And what do you eat? I'm hungry.

John C: Coconuts, oranges and mangoes....

Kathy: But no apples!

Woody: Lately.....flies and insects.

John M: What about one of my favorites-----frog legs? Ummmmmm unnnnnnnnn!

Woody: BRUX, BRUXXX, BRUX-BRUX-BRUX, BRUUUUUUUUUU~~XXXXXX~~

John C: Oh, other sources of income...Dick Martin was here with a money-making proposition for us....why here he is now...let him tell you about it himself.

(Dick Martin, a (usually) cheerful, friendly and eager young man strides into the Garden of Whitestonia carrying a bag full of products for use around the house and garden.)

Dick: Greetings, friends and potential recruits! I have started a business of my own as an affiliate of Carlo Enterprises. At the moment, it is still a small business but with the proper nurturing, it'll go crazy once I really get it rolling. John Carlo, whose success I hope to emulate, started Carlo Enterprises from an investment of less than \$100, and has developed a business doing an estimated \$300,000 of volume annually! What is even more important is that he is personally interested in seeing you and me do the exact same thing!

Woody: Sounds like Amway to me.

Dick: You, frog, you! And just what is Amway? That word means nothing to me! I guess I can wait 5 years to "retire" if I really have to. And I want to give all of you a chance to retire at age 27 too like me!

Kathy: Well it's a little bit late for me to retire at age 27.

John C: A "little bit late"---Ha!

Woody: Ha, ha, ha, yeah why in 5 years she'll be.....

Kathy: Clam up, Frog!

Dick: I talked to John Carlo about all of you, and he agrees that you sound like the kind of sharp, dedicated individuals who we'd like to work with. If you are willing to work as little as 2 hours per day, 5 days a week, 50 weeks a year---consistency counts-----for 2 years, you'll have developed a permanent income in the \$50,000/year range for the rest of your life. Think of it---for 500 hours a year for 2 years you can have economic freedom for life.

Woody: Yup, it's Amway all right.

John M: I was in that once. I got my money back and got out. Now you get out, Martin (Draws his rifle up and aims it at Dick's bag full of SA-8 Plus Laundry Compound) and remember when I draw it doesn't include any survivors!

(continued on page 15)

GARDEN OF WHITESTONIA Continued

Dick: I won't live in a world without DIAS! (He leaves taking his SA-8 with him)
Kathy: That's really unusual. Dick didn't even mention Julie's name once.
John M: Now back to "The Tree of Real Reputations" business. As I understand it, you three wrote letters and Gary wrote rebuttals to them, right?
Kathy: Yeah, the noive of him! It wasn't so much his writing them, it was like he was actually looking for a quarrel.

(The volcano really roars this time. Michalaki fires repeatedly at it and blows the top of the volcano off!! All gets real quiet.)

John M: So fire back at him or stop writing "fictions" about him. When you write anything publicly, you can expect any number of people to comment, publicly, about it. It is obvious to me that he doesn't mind your teasing him about his being Southern, his accent or eating grits---he just doesn't like "fictions" written about him on topics when it isn't obvious that you are joking.

Woody: But his letter to me was the real truth.

John M: But it was also inside a game. You sent copies of his letter to people who had nothing at all to do with the game. Players in a game should have to deal only with the other players. Granted, he did overreact. Not talking to you was very childish of Gary. But, then, didn't you overreact too?

John C: Yeah, well why does that volcano roar everytime Gary gets piqued at every little thing?

John M: Is it because he is piqued? Maybe you are misinterpreting his actions like he has obviously done yours at times.. Communication--that what's this hobby is all about. (Aims his rifle at Woody) Now "Buddyfucker", hop on out and bring me back some grub. Did I communicate (pats his rifle) that to you clear enough?

Woody: Perfectly clear! But, why did Gary turn me into a frog?

John M: Well, when you fake a zine you can do anything you want. You should know that!

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MASTERMIND No winner (winners?!): yet but inching closer and closer. Del Grande is still ahead with Wilson and Langley coming up close behind.

Del Grande	x,x,x,x,x,o	5 right, 1 wrong place
Wilson	x,x,x,x,o,-	4 right, 1 wrong place
Schaller	x,x,x,o,o,o	3 right, 3 wrong place
Langley	x,x,x,x,o,-	4 right, 1 wrong place
Wyatt	x,x,x,o,o,-	3 right, 2 wrong place

PRESS: Langley: I got to have at least 4 right this time. Right? ((Right))
DDC to GM: I hope the issue that you sent to Judy Winsome didn't come back.
GM to DDC: Nope, it didn't. Judy is signed up for the next Mastermind too.
EW to John: I'm sorry that I could only send you a quarter this month but I had to subscribe to The Schemer and that cost me \$4.75 for 12 issues. Just think, if it had been a \$5 sub fee, I couldn't have sent you anything. Thanks for being so understanding, buddy.

Due date for the next turn is April 24, 1982

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HOBBY NEWS AND OTHER JUNK

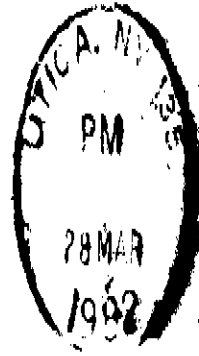
ByrneCon IX is this coming Saturday for the weekend starting at 10 AM. We hope to see many of you here. We'll all go out to Bacigalup's for supper.

To get Coat of Arms now, you send your checks to Woody not to Tom. Woody's full name and address is: Steve Arnawoodian, 602 Hemlock Circle, Lansdale, Pennsylvania 19446. The sub fees for COA are 12 issues for \$6 or 60 cents an issue. Game fees are \$3.00

The "In 6" who run the whole North American Diplomacy Hobby are: Dave Manuel, Jane Proskin, Nikita Probinch, Dr. Don Cagney, Trouble Linsey and Leapo Stabo. Now you know.

Mike Mills will be reviewing Dick's new, Sabbain Macha, in the very near future. He is also putting out the World Directory listing all the zines of the world. The ZD cost 75 cents and his address is: 42 Mayer Drive, Suffern, New York 10901

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16